

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,
OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR APRIL, 1805.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates :

- 1 BOTANY.
- 2 LONDON AFTERNOON DRESSES, elegantly coloured.
- 3 A new and elegant PATTERN for a SLEEVE, &c.
- 4 GARCIA carrying VICTORIA to the Dungeon of GONZALVO.
- 5 Music—'The favourite Air of, LORD, REMEMBER DAVID;' as sung with the greatest applause by Mr. HARRISON, in the Oratorios, Theatre Royal, Covent Garden; composed by Mr. HANDEL.

LONDON :

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

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The *Conclusion* of the *Monks and the Robbers* was received too late for insertion this month; but it shall certainly be given in our next.

The continuation of the *Moral Zoologist* in our next.

We are sorry that we are not able to answer Clarinda satisfactorily, with respect to the *Elville Family Secrets*.—We should be glad to hear again from the author of that Novel.

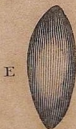
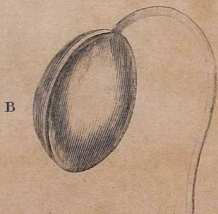
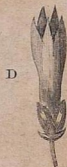
The *Female Characters* communicated by Mentor are under consideration.

The contributions of R. S. and J. M. are intended for insertion; as are the pieces signed Decius and Flavilla.

The *Lines on Easter Day* require revision.

The *Essay on the Contemplation of Nature* is very incorrect.

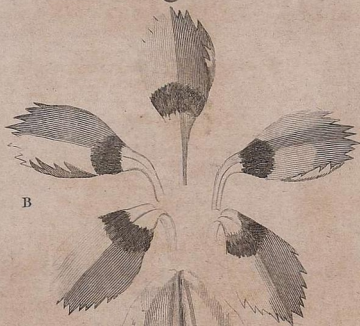
* * In the next number will be given a CAVATINA, composed expressly for this work, by W. SHIELD, Esq.



A



B



C



THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE.

For APRIL, 1805.

BOTANY FOR LADIES.

By Dr. Thornton.

SECOND LESSON.

HAVING overcome our first terror, the difficulties yet to arrive will appear less formidable, by explaining the origins of the scientific terms used in Botany.

Surrounding the PISTILLUM, which was in the center of all the flowers examined, we find other *projecting* bodies, and these are called the STAMINA. As the plural of the word Phænomenon is Phænomena, so this is the plural; for *one* of these bodies would be called a STAMEN. (Vide pl. 3. E, F, G)

Accustomed to this word, as when we say of a good *stamina*, that is *foundation*, *stay*, or *prop*, so this part is thought to be most essential, as being the *male* part of the flower, and as it were the foundation of the rest.

It may be also esteemed the most essential part, as forming the classes of the Sexual System.

These stamina are found to vary as to numbers. In the Primrose (pl. 3. B) they are five. In the Poppy (pl. 3. E), numerous. In the Tulip

(pl. 3. F) and Lilly (pl. 3. G), the number is six.

As the PISTILLUM, or female, was composed of distinct parts, so are the stamina.

For example, if we examine the PRIMROSE, we shall find in the tube of the Corolla (pl. 3. B) five oblong bodies attached to it, which are the five stamina.

These are composed of only one part, called ANTHER.

This word is usually derived from anthos, Greek, a flower. Has botanical pride, as before observed, dignified this part, as the most essential, with the general appellation? or is it not rather derived from a medicine of this name, of a yellow colour? or is it taken from the Latin word anthera, which means the yellow dust in the center of the Rose; for the anther is a part which always contains a fine powder, or FARINA, usually of a yellow colour? (Pl. 3. G. h.)

FARINA is a Latin word signifying common flower, and as these corpuscles are only themselves cases

enclosing a still finer powder, this more subtle powder is denominated **POLLEN**.

POLLEN is a Latin word for *flower* used to make the best bread and for sacrifices.

Descending to our first specimens (pl. 3. E, F, G), we observe in these *two* parts,

1. The **ANTHER**, elevated, or supported by

2. The **FILAMENT**.

This word is derived from **FILAMENTUM**, Latin, a *thread*, as resembling it; and as in the **PISTILLUM** the *style* was sometimes wanting, so is the *filament* sometimes deficient, as in the Primrose (pl. 3. B), where the filaments at least are not sensible to the naked eye.

To recapitulate; the essence of every **STAMEN** consists in the

1. **ANTHER**, containing the **FARINA**, which itself encloses the **POLLEN**. The **STAMEN** is, however, generally composed of *two* parts,

1. **ANTHER**,

2. **FILAMENT**.

MODE OF IMPREGNATION.

The **FARINA** possessed by the **ANTHER** is carried away by winds, or bees, to settle on the **STIGMA** of the **PISTILLUM**, or *female*, and from thence passes to each **SEED** within the **GERMEN**, to render *these fruitful*.

Thus, the all-wise **CREATOR** hath formed *male* and *female* in all animated creatures, and through this second means the varied race of beings are continually produced, keeping up the face of *Nature* constantly the same: nor can a knowledge so wonderfully displaying the power of the **CREATOR** sully the minds of us **HIS** creatures; but must awfully draw us to the contemplation of **HIS** power, who hath instituted these laws, and who must design therefore that they should be known.

(To be continued.)

ACCOUNT of the INSTALLATION of the **KNIGHTS** of the **GARTER** at **WINDSOR**, on Tuesday, April 23, 1805.

THIS splendid ceremony exhibited a pageant which exceeded any thing that could have been conceived, and was certainly far superior to any exhibition of a similar nature that has ever taken place in this country, or, perhaps, in Europe. It would indeed require the highest flight of a poet's fancy to imagine such a scene of magnificence, and the man who should attempt to give it a full description, if any man were competent to the task, would expose himself to the suspicion of dealing in a poet's rant. Much as public curiosity was excited—high as public expectation was raised by the rumours some time afloat respecting the vastness of the preparation—the scene itself was equal to any thing the warmest fancy could wish, and far, very far indeed, beyond what the most sanguine expectation could look for. It resembled altogether something of that visionary grandeur to which romantic writers are fond sometimes to introduce their heroes—It was the magnificence of Asia chastened and enriched by the refinement of Europe. Every thing that even the the most extravagant *amateur* of grandeur could wish for was to be seen, and yet there was nothing tawdry—there was no superfluity of ornament. Nothing was offered to the eye or the ear, but that which was calculated to afford gratification. Every thing that taste could devise, that judgment could execute, that wealth could procure, seemed combined to produce a *tout ensemble* which should please the eye, fascinate the fancy, and astonish the mind. Astonishment was certainly the first feeling, but that was soon softened

into delight.—There is nothing at Europe, that is entitled even to a all on record in the history of the comparison with the proceedings of Garter, or any similar institution in this day.

PROCESSION.

At eleven o'clock precisely the procession moved from the royal apartments in the following order :

Kettle Drums and Trumpets.

Poor Knights, two and two.

Prebends, two and two.

Pursuivants and Herald, two and two.

Norroy (King at Arms). Clarendieux (Ditto).

Knights Elect (having their Caps and Feathers in their Hand); viz.

Earl of Chesterfield. Earl of Winchilsea.

Earl of Pembroke. Marquis of Abercorn.

Duke of Beaufort.

Duke of Rutland.

Knights Companions, viz.

Earls { Camden,
Spencer,
Carlisle.

Westmoreland.

Salisbury.

Earl of Chatham.

Marquis of Buckingham.

Duke of Devonshire.

Prince William, Duke of Gloucester,

Duke of Cambridge, Duke of Sussex,

Duke of Cumberland, Duke of Kent,

Duke of Clarence, Duke of York,

Prince of Wales,

The Register (the Dean),

Having Garter King at Arms on his Right,
and

Deputy Black Rod on his Left, Hand.

The Chancellor, with the Purse,

Having on his Right Hand the Prelate.

Lord Chamberlain. The Sword of State.

THE SOVEREIGN.

His Train borne by the Marquisses of Worcester
and Tavistock.

Band of Gentlemen Pensioners.

Immediately after the procession of the Knights had left the Royal apartments, Her Majesty and the Princesses in the following order :

HER MAJESTY, attended by two Gentlemen, one on each side.

The Princess of Wales.

Princesses Augusta and Elizabeth.

Princesses Sophia and Sophia of Gloucester.

Princesses Amelia and Mary.

Two Sergeants at Arms, a
little before the Sword of
State.
Gentlemen Pensioners.

Two Sergeants at Arms, a
little before the Sword of
State.
Gentlemen Pensioners.

After whom succeeded fourteen ladies dressed in garter blue dresses, trimmed with silver, walking two by two. Her majesty and her royal party entered the chapel by the northern gate, and proceeded directly to the gallery prepared for their reception, on the right of the altar. The royal party sat in a line along this side gallery, the queen at the extremity on the left: the princess Augusta being on the right of the whole. The princess of Wales sat next to her majesty, then the princess Elizabeth, Sophia of Gloucester, Amelia, Mary, and the princess Sophia next to the princess Augusta. Her majesty and the princesses were settled in their places before the procession entered.

The procession instead of entering by the north door passed on to the southern door, through which it entered and passed down the south aisle, and back again up the north aisle to the chapter-house; the organ and band playing the march in '*Hercules*;' and from thence, after the investiture of the knights elect, the procession moved down the north aisle and up the middle aisle into the choir. Here the ceremony of offering up the achievements of the deceased knights was performed, whilst the organ and the band, placed in the organ loft, played the solemn dead march in Saul, and the dirge in Samson.

Words are little adequate to express the glow of feeling which a view of this procession as it passed along the different aisles gave rise to. A beloved monarch surrounded by such a numerous family of illustrious princes is really a gratifying sight. The smile of inward complacency and satisfaction appeared on his majesty's countenance, as he moved along and looked alternately on his royal sons, and on the spectators. The motion of the plumes and the consequent undulation of

the scene when the procession was viewed in perspective had the finest effect imaginable. When the procession advanced into the choir, his majesty took his seat on the right of the door, opposite the altar, in the bishop's box; and the prince of Wales on the opposite side of the door. The knights elect, after having been separately and successively introduced between two of the senior members, received their robes and collars, and were installed, after having their admonitions and their oaths administered to them by the register, garter king at arms, &c.

Divine service then commenced, being the same with that used in St. George's chapel on the Obiit Sundays.

The proper Psalms were the 21st, 146th, and 147th.—The first lesson was the 44th chapter of Ecclesiasticus.—The *Te Deum* was composed by Gibbons.—The second lesson was the 11th chapter of the epistle to the Hebrews.—The anthem, which is a celebrated composition of Handel's, was selected for the occasion by his majesty, from Psalm 21st, and sung at the conclusion of the first service; the words were as follow: Chorus, The King shall rejoice in thy strength, O Lord.—Verse, Exceeding glad shall he be of thy salvation.—Chorus, Glory and great Worship hast thou laid upon him.—Thou hast presented him with the blessings of goodness, and hast set a crown of pure gold upon his head.—Full Chorus, Hallelujah.

In the Communion service, at the words '*Let your Light so shine before Men*,' a rich cushion and carpet were spread by the officers of the wardrobe, on which his majesty knelt while he made his offering: these being removed, the other knights made their offering, during which, the air in Bernice. These offerings were made in the following manner:

The knights walked up the aisle to the steps leading to the altar, two at a time, where they made their obeisance, and then turned round and did the like to the throne. Then ascending the steps they uncovered their heads, and kneeled on the two crimson velvet cushions placed near the railing at the foot of the altar, again bowed, and presented a silver net purse, containing ten guineas and ten shillings, to the dean, who received the same on a gold salver. The knights then arose, bowed, and descended the steps, walking backwards; when they reached the bottom of the steps they bowed again to the altar and to the throne, and then retired down the aisle to their stalls.

The solemn service finished about six minutes after five o'clock, when the queen arose and passed from her seat down the aisle, and out at the northern gate, followed by the princess of Wales, princess Augusta, Elizabeth, Sophia, and Sophia of Gloucester, Mary, and Amelia; the duchess of York was the last of the royal party; the maids of honour followed. The queen and the princess of Wales were each escorted by two gentlemen in court dresses; and the other ladies were attended by one gentleman each. The procession of the knights reached St. George's hall precisely at forty minutes past five. His majesty being seated, with the prince of Wales on his right hand, the duke of Gloucester on the right of the prince, and the duke of York on his left, the rest of the princes took their seats at the royal table, in all ten. The knights, sixteen in number, then seated themselves.

The dinner commenced about six o'clock, previous to which the queen and the princesses had taken their seats in the gallery on the western side of the hall. The knights' table was not decorated with any kind of

frame work or ornaments, which is said to be owing to the order for the distributing the fragments among populace. When the dessert was placed on the table, a variety of splendid ornaments covered the table, consisting principally of several figures of knights on horseback, composed wholly of silver, surmounted by the Star and Order of the Garter, in solid gold. Other devices, equally rich and appropriate, were introduced. The plate on the king's table, consisting wholly of gold, was said to be worth 12000*l*. This service of plate was made for George I. and his majesty was so well pleased with the execution and moderate charge of the goldsmith, that he is said to have presented him with 500*l*. more than the amount of the bill. The knights dined off silver. When the knights had dined, the queen and princesses retired; and then the company invited to dine at the twenty-seven tables, set out in the different rooms of state, sat down to table, over each of which presided lords and ladies of the bed-chamber.

About a quarter past eight, the tables, eighteen in number, which had been previously placed in the castle-yard, and set out in a triangular form, were covered with provisions of all kinds, and nine hogsheads of ale were placed on three large tables or benches.—During the time the dinner was getting ready for the populace, all the gates leading into the castle-yard were closed, and sentinels, both horse and foot, were stationed without to keep the unruly in awe, and prevent them from approaching too near the entrances. The scene of confusion which ensued on opening the gates exceeds all description, every one being more anxious to plunder than to eat; they carried off that which came soonest to hand, whilst the less robust were frequently robbed of their booty in retreating to a place of safety.

From the windows of the queen's apartments the king and the princes of the blood surveyed the scene. From what we could learn, no accidents happened. This may be accounted for from the circumstance of very few knives being placed upon the tables.

DRESSES.

The Queen.

Her Majesty was dressed in white satin covered with silver netting, with bracelets and loops to the sleeves of the dress of garter blue, with the motto of the garter in diamonds, and the same kind of bandeau head-dress, together with a magnificent aigrette and diamond plume.

Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.

Morning Dress—Truly magnificent; it was composed of purple and silver tissue, with an excellent border of gold and silver lyre, and crescents embroidered on purple velvet; the petticoat of very rich silver wove sarsenet with a most superb silver fringe at bottom; over the dress was worn a silver mantle, tastefully trimmed with an elegant vandyke silver fringe; the whole had a most brilliant appearance and well suited for the occasion.

Evening Dress—Of gold imperial sarsnet with an elegant border richly composed of stones and topazes, forming bunches of grapes and vine leaves; the sleeves richly trimmed with wreaths of diamonds, and diamonds round the shoulder and waist; at the bottom of the dress a superb silver vandyke tassel fringe.

Princess Elizabeth.

A white satin petticoat, with a very rich border of flowers in festoons. A rich silver tunic, composed of lace, with the same kind of embroidery as the satin petticoat.

Princess Augusta.

Same as the princess Elizabeth. Head-dress, diamonds and feathers;

Princess Sophia.

A white satin petticoat, with an elegant border of British lace, richly embroidered with silver; Algerine spangles on the bottom of the petticoat. A rich silver tunic of spangled net, with a magnificent border, containing the Order of the Garter, superbly emblazoned with gold. The sleeves of all the princesses' dresses were looped up with a brilliant Star of the Order of the Garter.

Princess Mary.

Morning Dress—A royal purple tissue of silver, with silver spangle sleeves.

Evening Dress—A white satin spangled, and worked with royal purple and red; a crape drapery spangled, falling from the right shoulder to the ground, and supported with demaut on the left side.

Princess Amelia.

Evening Dress—A white satin petticoat (short dress), with an uncommonly rich Grecian vandyke border of scarlet, garter blue velvet, embroidered with silver spangles, in a spiral form, and surmounted with Algerine waves, wholly composed of silver and extremely elegant. A tunic of white British lace, with the same kind of embroidery as the satin petticoat, and covered with a shower of silver spangles to correspond with the costume of the other parts of the dress; the body and sleeves to correspond: the whole was very magnificent. The brilliancy of this dress was rendered additionally attractive by her royal highness being in perfect health and spirits.

Duchess of York.

Her Royal Highness was remarked for the taste and elegance of her dress, which was an entire new invented purple and silver gauze; the front and bottom of the train richly embroidered with an arabesque in silver spangles and foil; the body and sleeves ornamented with diamonds.

THE
ROMANCE of the PYRENEES.

[By a Lady.]

(Continued from p. 133.)

CHAP. XXIV.

IN all that agitation of mind and frame which hopes and fears like hers inspired, Victoria walked along unconscious whither she was going, until she found herself at the foot of the great staircase. Alarmed, she instantly stopped, and hastily demanded where Juan was leading her?

‘To your chamber, donna.’

‘This is not the way to my chamber,’ said she in faltering accents expressive of her anticipating fears.

‘Not to the one you lately slept in,’ he replied; ‘but thither you go no more.’

Half shrieking she wildly exclaimed, ‘I must, I will return there!’ Then clinging to the balustrade to prevent his forcing her up the staircase, she earnestly and pathetically supplicated to be allowed to pass that one night in the last chamber she had occupied; but Juan was inflexible.

It was his duty, he said, to obey Don Manuel, who had ordered him to conduct her to the chamber she first had in the castle, and there he would take her dead or alive.

Victoria now, in wild affright, fled from him; and, winged with despair, hastened back to the parlour to implore Don Manuel to grant her petition; but he was gone, and no one appeared there but Garcias. Struck with dismay, and with all the agony her mind endured depicted upon every line of her countenance, she eagerly demanded where Don Manuel was.

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‘Why, what can you want with him?’ answered Garcias sullenly.

‘I want him to pity me; to have the humanity to allow of my returning to the chamber I last night occupied; and to spare me the horrors of that dreadful chamber I first inhabited.’

‘What!’ said the savage, with a sarcastic grin, ‘What! do you pretend to dread a return to that room?—you, who could magnanimously sit in the dusk of evening, and alone too, in the library, where I dare not remain? Oh! abominable affectation!’

‘I have no cause,’ replied Victoria, bursting into a convulsive passion of tears, ‘I have no cause to fear any supernatural power; but from that room, which I tremble at passing my night in, you are no stranger, seignior, to the mysterious manner in which my respected attendant was conveyed away. Oh, where is Don Manuel? in pity let me, oh! let me see him. He is not cruel—he will compassionate my misery; he will, I know, accede to my petition.’

‘Will he?—then I’ll take care you shall not see him. I am cruel, or at least resolved; and to that very dreaded chamber you this instant go.’ Victoria, shrieking, strove to elude the ruffian’s grasp, but in vain. She sunk upon her knees, and in the most pathetic terms supplicated for mercy; but the heart of Garcias was invulnerable to the attacks of pity.

‘No, no,’ said he unfeelingly; ‘these counterfeited fears can avail you nothing, my lovely novice. If your old attendant was mysteriously conveyed away from one chamber, you forget that your young attendant was equally so from the other; so no more of this flimsy nonsense. Besides, you who are so very sanctified, such an exemplary devotee, have no cause for fear, since your piety is an impregnable shield; and the rosy little che-

A a

rubim and seraphim will certainly, if not quite negligent of their duty, in case of an emergency, fly away with you from the clutches of the profane.' Then, regardless of her tears, her groans, her struggles, her supplications, her despair almost arising to phrensy, he bore her to the chamber she so much dreaded; and there leaving her with a lamp, her dismaying fears and agonising disappointment for her companions, fastened the door after him and departed.

Victoria's feelings were now tortured up to such a pitch of anguish, that her faculties were benumbed by suffering; and she happily for some time became almost insensible of her misery. With eyes fixed, and folded arms, she sat motionless, while deep groans alone indicated her having still some recollection of her wretchedness.

At length the castle clock struck one—to our heroine a dreadful sound. It tolled the knell of her departed hope, and roused at once her almost torpid faculties to acutest feelings. Tears of the bitterest woe burst in torrents from her eyes; and the certainty of her forlorn situation struck her heart with the direst pangs of despair. At length a new agony of horror suddenly assailed her in the terrible apprehension of her intended escape having been discovered, and that her amiable generous friend would become a victim to his humanity. This was the hour appointed for her flight; and this was probably the moment in which the most benevolent of human beings might fall an unsuspecting prey to the diabolical assassins of the castle.

Images of murder, torture, and death, in every dreadful shape, now presented themselves in horrid array to her dismayed imagination, and floated in ghastly forms before her. In this moment a hollow sound of

approaching footsteps struck her ears: eagerly she glanced her eyes around the room, in a hopeless search for succour, when a lengthened though half-stifled groan issued from one of the beds. Her eyes rested on the spot from whence it seemed to proceed, and for the first time she perceived the small bed Hero had reposed in was occupied. With difficulty could she repress a shriek; breathless with dreadful expectation, she looked upon the object of her consternation; and conceiving by the head-dress that it was a female who rested there, she hastily advanced to the bed, with a half-formed hope of finding Teresa, when a spectacle so unlooked for, so afflicting, so appalling, struck her dismayed senses, that, uttering a piercing cry of horror, her trembling knees sunk with her to the ground; and, scarcely possessing power to retain her panic-struck faculties, she fixed her eyes in a gaze of dreadful amazement upon the bed, while she strove to breathe forth with energy a prayer for the repose of signora Octavia's soul, whose body lay on that bed disfigured with gore and ghastly wounds, clothed in a shroud and winding-sheet, all stained with the blood the murderer's hand had shed.

It was in this awful moment of terror and dismay that the chamber door was softly opened, and conte Vicenza, armed with a sword, entered alone. With an air of compassionating tenderness he approached our woe-struck heroine, whom with the gentle words of kindness and encouragement he raised from the ground. The powers of her mind harrowed by despair, horror, and apprehension, Victoria seemed to have lost all recollection of the causes she had to fear and despise the conte; her now imperfect memory represented him to her as the husband of her aunt, the kind and indulgent

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



Victoria entreating Count Vicenza to leave her.

Romance of the Pyrenees Chap. XXIII, p. 379.

protector of her innocence and youth, whom Providence had conducted to her aid in the moment of hopelessness. She attempted not to disengage herself from his support; her head rested contentedly upon his shoulder, and after some feeble efforts to speak she softly articulated, 'Oh my uncle, save me, rescue me, conduct me to my aunt!'

'I will, my beloved, my injured child!' he tenderly replied: 'I came hither for that purpose; be therefore composed, be pacified, be no longer alarmed, my love, for I will protect you from every danger. He led her to a seat, and then continued:

'By means of that disaffected follower of the miscreant Manuel, who guided my wandering way to find you in this infernal castle, I have just learned that the most diabolical plot the fiends of cruelty ever suggested is preparing to be executed against you this very night. Assisted by the contrivance of this man, and at the peril of my life, I hither came to save you. This man, Urbino, with a chosen band, are now in waiting to convey us to a secure retreat; from whence, as speedily as our safety will admit of, we shall proceed to my château, where your beloved Farinelli shall be in readiness to receive you; and I will conduct you from this soul-harrowing place the moment your spirits are sufficiently composed to enable you to encounter those difficulties which must necessarily attend our escape.'

'I am composed, I am ready, I am equal to encountering every difficulty that can present itself,' exclaimed Victoria, wildly starting from her chair and giving her trembling hand to Polydore, who taking the lamp from the table supported his lovely niece to the chamber-door; but there he suddenly stopped.

'On one condition alone, Victoria,

will I save you from the calamitous fate that awaits you even in the next moment,' said he solemnly.

Victoria shuddered. 'Name it, my lord,' she faintly articulated. Conte Vicenza led her back to the table, where depositing the light, he drew the contract from his bosom, and took a pen from an inkstand which lay upon the table.

'Affix your name,' said he, 'to this solemn promise of becoming my wife the moment I obtain permission from the see of Rome for our union.'

These words, with a sight of the contract, like an electric shock, roused at once to fullest vigour Victoria's before enfeebled mental powers.

'Never! my lord,' she exclaimed firmly: 'no, never will I sign it, or become your wife!'

'Then will I leave you, deluded wretched girl! to the horrors of your approaching fate.'

'That fate cannot entail guilt upon me; therefore I prefer it, and beg that I may be left to prepare my mind for meeting it.' She waved her hand for his departure, and then intrepidly walked to the bed where Octavia's body lay, on which she gazed in silent anguish; and then, sinking upon her knees, devoutly prayed to Heaven for its support through her approaching trial.

The conte beheld her with surprise and mortification; but at length advancing to her, said, 'Silly, infatuated Victoria! you know not the tortures which await you.'

'The tortures of conscience shall not be amongst them,' she firmly replied. 'Leave me, my lord, I entreat you. You inform me, my time is short; and do not you rob me of those moments for which I have such necessary, such awful, employment.'

'Well then, be it so,' said the conte furiously; 'but the moment is at hand when you will rue this rashness, when you will too late repent

your injustice to me.' He then rushed out of the chamber, and Victoria heard him draw the bolts which fastened her in with the murdered body of her friend, without once wishing to recall him; and yet it was to her an awful scene. The first time in her life that she had knelt by the bed of death, enclosed with the mangled corse of her murdered friend, who was so mysteriously withdrawn from, so horribly returned to that chamber, and expecting every moment to meet with a fate similar to that Octavia had experienced, her senses sickened, but her soul remained undauntedly firm to its purpose, until another doleful groan assailed her ears.

'Gracious Providence!' Victoria exclaimed, starting from her knees, 'can it be possible that she yet lives?' and with all the sanguine energy of hope she grasped one of Octavia's pallid hands, to try her pulse; but instantly she let it drop in horror. Its clay-cold, clammy, stiffening touch extinguished every ray of hope at once: and now, appalled with direful superstition, she almost formed a wish that she had been less precipitate with conte Vicenza; but in one instant that wish was recoiled from with horror.

Bernini was no more; yet twice she heard distinctly a groan of anguish burst from the bed on which her body lay. What could they portend? She listened in breathless expectation to hear them repeated; but all continued silent as the grave, until she heard the bolts of her chamber-door suddenly draw back, when conte Vicenza rushed in almost breathless with agitation.

'The blood-hounds are approaching,' exclaimed he, advancing to the spot where Victoria trembling stood: in a moment more they will be here; and ill as you have used me, I risk my life to save you; for by Heaven

you shall not become a prey to your own deluding obstinacy! I will, insulting, suspicious, inexorable girl, in despite of your cursed, cursed prejudices, save you from destruction! This instant shall you sign the contract and accompany me, or I will myself become your assassin, and spare you the horrible fate preparing for you.' Then seizing her in his arms, he dragged the struggling shrieking Victoria to the table, to compel her to sign the contract, which she resolutely exclaimed against doing; when, by the interposition of pitying Heaven, she was rescued from his grasp by strength more powerful than his own.

Victoria, turning to see by whose intervention she was withdrawn from conte Vicenza's power, beheld Hyppolito. Now shrieking with joy she sunk upon her knees and breathed a fervent thanksgiving to Heaven, while the conte, with phrenzý strongly marked upon his countenance, rushed frantically with his unsheathed sword upon Hyppolito, exclaiming—

'Villain! miscreant! take my vengeance!'

Hippolyto was also armed, and parried off the furious attacks of Polydore. 'I owe conte Vicenza much,' he replied; 'but this is not a moment for retribution. In lady Victoria's presence I only act upon the defensive, unless compelled to other conduct for her preservation.'

Victoria now starting from her knees, flew to the door to call for succour; but there recollection coming to her aid, she was struck with the conviction that to summon assistance would be for the conte's safety and Hippolyto's destruction: she therefore flew back, intending to place herself between their swords, when Hippolyto disarmed the conte, who, in the blindness of his fury striving to regain his own weapon,

rushed impetuously upon the point of Hippolyto's, and received from it a deep wound in his breast; when, execrating fate and his adversary, he fell, and, in his fall overturning the table, extinguished the lamp.

Hippolyto, now mindful only of Victoria's safety, took her in his arms, and carefully steering clear from every annoyance, swiftly conveyed her behind the state bed, where upon pressing his foot against a pannel it instantly receded, when leaping through the chasm with his lovely burden, he alighted upon the summit of a narrow deplorable flight of brick steps. Cautiously he fastened the pannel with several rusty bolts, and then, guided by the glimmering of a light proceeding from below, he quickly descended with his lovely charge, who, overpowered by joy, surprise, and apprehension, found herself incapable of uttering one sentence of that gratitude to her gallant deliverer which her heart was full of.

The beaming light now brightening at each step they took over mouldering bricks and heaps of rubbish, Victoria at length beheld a man standing at the foot of this long flight of steps holding the torch by which they benefited, who, on first catching a glimpse of them as they descended, rapidly advanced to meet them, and discovered to our astonished heroine the humane Pedro.

Finding another of her friends escaped from what she had believed to be a general massacre, could not but inspire the grateful heart of Victoria with the purest joy, and tears of genuine pleasure burst from her eyes, restoring at once her powers of articulation; and she would have breathed forth some of those acknowledgments her heart was full of, but Hippolyto gently imposed silence as necessary to their safety.

Preceded now by Pedro with the

torch, they begun a dangerous descent of a long cylindrical staircase, even more out of repair than the flight of brick steps; and it required the most wary circumspection to reach the bottom in safety, which they at length effected, and entered a narrow winding damp passage of considerable length; and as they reached its termination, Pedro desiring Victoria not to be alarmed at the sight of her friends, they suddenly entered a frightful cavern, where several men were waiting, all armed with carabines, and from whom Hippolyto demanded if all was ready.

Thomas now stepped forward, with heart-felt glee depicted upon his honest weather-beaten countenance, and with genuine simplicity spoke the joy he felt at seeing Victoria in safety, while the other men answered Hippolyto's question in the affirmative; they therefore now hastened to extinguish all the lights, except what two dark lanterns contained, the feeble rays of which were alone to guide them through the intricate passes of the rocks to the sea-coast. The men now taking up their arms, they all issued from the cavern, some preceding, others following Hippolyto, who led or rather bore our trembling heroine along a shelving and dangerous path through some of the most rugged parts of the rocks.

The night was impenetrably dark; but there came a refreshing breeze from the sea, that, with the gentle assiduities of Hippolyto, helped to sustain the almost expiring spirits of Victoria, who feared no danger from the path, so overpowered was she by the apprehension of a pursuit; and every new projection of rock she could indistinctly see she conjured up into the form of Garcias: and her heart almost bounded from its seat with dismay, when, by a sudden turning in the path, she found herself close to the beating surges of the sea,

on which was tossed a boat that a couple of men were in, lying-to upon their oars, whom she instantly conceived to be Garcias and Juan, and she doubted not the sea-coast was encompassed by their creatures: but soon were her wild chimæras put to flight, by Thomas calling in friendly terms to the men to row in to shore, which they instantly did, and Victoria was seated in the boat between Hippolyto and Pedro. The rest of the men followed; and, arranging themselves in proper order, they swiftly rowed off to a brigantine which lay at a small distance from shore, the side of which was instantly manned from the brigantine's boat, and Victoria carefully conducted to a chair upon the deck; where, looking around her, and perceiving the rapidity and dexterity with which the mariners were preparing to put to sea, she for the first time believed her escape certain; and, subdued by joy and gratitude to Heaven and her deliverers, she burst into a flood of tears, which relieved her full heart, and which Hippolyto and Pedro attempted not to restrain.

CHAP. XXV.

EVERY thing having been prepared for a precipitate departure, and as all was now conducted with cleverness and activity, the brigantine soon was under weigh. The waning moon now arising, glimmered its pale light just sufficiently to show the receding rocks which enveloped the castle to Victoria, who, wrapped in a watch-coat, sat upon deck with Pedro and Hippolyto, who both endeavoured, by the strongest assurances of their faith and honour, to dispel those apprehensions and agitations she was evidently struggling with.

Of their truth and honour she had no cause to doubt; but, without the

society of any other female to inspire her with confidence, she had embarked upon an element hitherto unknown to her, under the protection of men who were almost strangers, who for humanity's sake alone had undertaken the dangerous enterprise of rescuing her from destruction, who might be very possibly betrayed by their companions, or pursued from the castle: but even if successful, where would they have it in their power to place her secure from the machinations of conte Vicenza? At length Hippolyto terminated this last uncertainty by desiring to know what port of France she wished them to make for, as being nearest to those friends she meant to put herself under the protection of.

'Alas!' she replied, 'I have now no friends in France to whose protection I can safely fly; and my brother is unfortunately with his regiment at Cadiz.'

Hippolyto instantly asked the pilot if it was possible to steer for Cadiz?

The wind was against them, and in so long a passage the pilot feared they might encounter some of Don Manuel's cruisers.

Victoria sighed, but acquiesced in the propriety of adhering to the original design of making for some port of France; where on landing she resolved instantly to place herself in a convent, to inform her brother of her forlorn situation, and inquire from signora Farinelli's friends in Tuscany where to find her.

It was now fully determined that they should steer for Toulon, to elude pursuers who would naturally seek them in nearer ports: and this point being finally settled, they made way with tolerable rapidity for several leagues, during which time Victoria had been removed by the vigilant care of Hippolyto to the little cabin, which afforded but few comforts save

shelter from the cold breath of night, and where our heroine, to divert her anxious thoughts, requested to know from Pedro and Hippolyto how they had been spared from what she had conceived to be a general massacre? by what means they had escaped from their dungeons, and been guided to her rescue in the moment when hope itself was just forsaking her?

‘What you, donna, believed a massacre,’ said Pedro, ‘was in fact a circumstance still more cruel. It was the daily sport of Garcias torturing the wretched victims who have fallen under his displeasure. As to ourselves, donna, Francisco opened our dungeons, planned the means of your escape, and directed us where to find you.’

‘May every power that loves the compassionate and brave,’ exclaimed Victoria, ‘recompense him, and you, my other generous protectors! you, who after suffering imprisonment, indignity, and cruel severities upon my account, have thus hazarded even life itself to rescue me from destruction. To Francisco, and every one engaged in this benevolent enterprise, heavy is indeed my debt of gratitude; but to you, signior Hippolyto, who have twice ventured—’

‘Cease, lady Victoria, I conjure you cease the effusions of your grateful heart, which lead you on to magnify the little service I have been to you,’ said Hippolyto, eagerly interrupting her. ‘The time may come when lady Victoria will find she owes me less than she imagines; when it will be discovered to her how interested have been the motives of my conduct: and until that period arrives, the highest recompense I desire is to see her mind at ease, and to behold her in a place of safety.’

Victoria could make no reply. There was a solemn dignified respect in his manner, that awed into

silence every suggestion of his being presumptuous; but, for the second time, he perplexed, distressed, and startled her. Covered with blushes, she bent her eyes to the ground; and after a thoughtful and timid pause she ventured to relieve her embarrassment by inquiring if they could give her any information relative to Sebastian, Diego, and Teresa?

Of Diego they knew nothing; Pedro had been arrested in his (Diego’s) chamber the night of Don Manuel’s last return to the castle, and had never heard of Diego since; but Hippolyto informed her that Teresa was safe under Francisco’s protection, and Sebastian well, and preparing to set out to Rome upon business of importance.

Victoria was charmed, was delighted, to hear of Sebastian’s emancipation from captivity, which this intended expedition seemed unequivocally to imply. Teresa’s safety gave her infinite pleasure; but, deeply sighing, she wished, she said, that she knew something of Diego’s fate, and of—— Suddenly she ceased, whilst conscious blushes overspread her cheeks.

Hippolyto, attentive only to her, caught alarm from her too apparent confusion, and eagerly asked ‘Who else was so happy, so honoured by lady Victoria’s flattering anxiety for their safety?’

Victoria was dreadfully embarrassed: her confusion and perturbation increased; tears started to her eyes, and several times she essayed to articulate, but without success; until, at length, her ardent wish to learn if possible whether her horrid apprehensions were too fatally just conquering every obstacle, she faintly said—

‘I know not if I do right in mentioning him, even to you: but it is a stranger, a gentleman whom I accidentally met during my captivity,

who, taught by humanity to pity my sufferings, promised to effect my escape. Even on this very night his project may have been discovered. I have reason to think it has; and, oh horror most direful! his life exposed to danger from the sanguinary bravos of the castle.' At his shocking idea, Victoria's voice fell to a cadence of woe so piteous, she trembled to such excess, and seemed so subdued by anticipating terror and distress, that Hippolyto, trembling almost as much as she did, attempted to present her with a glass of water; which he could scarcely hold, so great was his agitation, and which he was at last obliged to resign to Pedro, who expressed much astonishment at this anecdote relative to a stranger whom he had never before heard of, and therefore could not lull Victoria's but too evident apprehensions; while Hippolyto, after several struggles to conceal his very visible emotion, hesitatingly stammered out—

'Of that stranger, lady Victoria, I can—' suddenly he ceased, sunk into a chair, and, leaning his elbow upon a table, covered his face with both hands as if to hide the expression of his countenance from observation, sighed heavily, and, after a few moments starting from his seat, took several turns up and down the little cabin, as if irresolute, or that his bosom laboured with some powerful secret.

Victoria's fears caught such an increase of alarm from Hippolyto's conduct, that, her feelings breaking through all restraint, she exclaimed, in a tone of piercing anguish—'For the love of the Holy Virgin, speak, Hippolyto! nor thus torture me by fears too terrible to bear.' Then, inexpressibly shocked at her want of self-command, and still shrinking with her apprehensions, she burst into tears, and, striving to apologise

for the excess of her anxiety, tremulously articulated—'You certainly, signor Hippolyto, know something dreadful relative to this stranger; and I should be a wretch, unworthy the compassionating friends I have met with, could I bear with insensibility any well-grounded fear of calamity having befallen him who pitied me, and would have served me.'

The conflict in Hippolyto's mind seemed by this time over; he approached Victoria in much distress at his conduct having augmented her alarms—'Be convinced, lady Victoria,' said he, 'that he whom your gratitude and benevolence thus interests you for has not fallen into the power of Don Manuel, or any of his people; nor could the smallest suspicion have been entertained of your intended flight with him. Your chamber was merely changed to further the vile schemes of conte Vicenza. That extraordinary and mysterious being, Francisco, this morning appointed that stranger to be your conductor from Don Manuel's castle; then, wishing still to be more ambiguous, in the evening delegated that happiness to me, but under the most solemn restrictions of what I may, and what I must not, communicate to you. But a period is fixed by him for the termination of this mystery; and when the painful interdiction is removed, lady Victoria, believe me you will have much to hear; and in the intermediate time be satisfied that all those you have known in Don Manuel's castle, who are honoured by your good wishes, are protected by those whom the iniquitous associates must submit to.'

Victoria's mind was tranquillised by this intelligence; and she could not but feel convinced of its being a fortunate circumstance for her peace that this too interesting stranger had

not been allowed to be the companion of her escape.—In this moment a sudden squall of wind arose; at the same instant a crash was heard, and a shock received; and, as if in consequence, a loud uproar upon deck succeeded.

Hippolyto, desiring Pedro to remain with Victoria, hastened aloft to learn the cause of the commotion. He staid away for some minutes, during which the gusts of wind were repeated; and when he returned he entreated our heroine to disband her fears, since all danger was happily over.

‘Upon account of the almost dead calm,’ continued he, ‘we had crowded too many sails, and a sudden squall arising carried off some of our rigging that was not in a very perfect condition. But our ingenious mariners have repaired the injury, and we are, it seems, in a better state than we were before this accident. However, lady Victoria, I must remind you of the caprice of those elements to which fate has at present consigned you; and should this prove a squally or tempestuous night, as some of our seamen portend, I doubt not, from the fortitude you have upon many late, and, I trust, more serious occasions evinced, that you will not suffer much from alarm, particularly as the seamen on board are all experienced hands, who assure me that our vessel is fully equal to weathering a much more formidable gale than that we are threatened with.’

Victoria promised to exert all her heroism if necessary, and soon this promise was exacted from her. The wind speedily increased with augmenting violence, and it required all the efforts of every hand on board to save the vessel, which was borne to the leeward, far from the port they wished to make.

Victoria, as she had promised, re-
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pressed every appearance of alarm; but during the whole night, through which the tempest continued, she experienced the most kind and soothing attention from the humane Pedro, who chiefly remained with her, as the strength, activity, and cleverness of Hippolyto, though unskilled in maritime knowledge, made him of such essential service to the seamen, that they would scarcely allow him to absent himself one moment from deck to go and see how his lovely charge bore the horrors of the storm; and to whom, in the presence of Pedro, his manners were marked by the tender solicitude a fond and anxious brother would evince in a similar situation. But the moment he found himself alone with her, his deportment instantly changed to the attentive respectful distance of an inferior; a delicacy and propriety of conduct that was not lost upon Victoria, who each moment found her gratitude to, and admiration of, Hippolyto fast increasing; and she almost looked up to him with an awful reverence, as a being far superior to the rest of human kind.

At length the tempest subsided as suddenly as it had commenced, and Aurora, when ushering in the morning, struck the before jarring elements motionless with the beautiful serenity of her aspect, and presented our adventurers with the flattering hope of soon reaching some friendly harbour. The port of Toulon was still much nearer than Leghorn, though far they had been driven eastward; yet Hippolyto strongly advised their steering for the latter; since now, having been so long at sea, they might, in making back for Toulon, fall in with those who now had full time to be sent, and who probably were in quest of them.

This advice was too reasonable for rejection; but the day seemed deter-

minately inauspicious to their making towards the haven of any of their wishes. The Mediterranean sea appeared as one plate of looking-glass, and the whole face of nature was hushed into an awful calm; and notwithstanding the united efforts of the indefatigable mariners, who ardently longed to ride in a safe harbour, they gained little by their tacking, but remained for several hours almost stationary; during which time *Victoria* left her little cabin, where, after the storm had subsided, she obtained a refreshing and tranquil slumber; and when she revisited the deck, she partook of the best food the brigantine afforded, which was not very choice, as, anxious only for escape, they bestowed not their thoughts upon refreshments of a superior kind. But they were now out of *Don Manuel's* castle, and *Victoria* had appetite to eat some of the homely food, which she thought delicious when presented to her by *Hippolyto*, who seemed every moment to possess more and more—from her increasing admiration of his virtues and his manners—the power of making all she met with, if he was near, appear to her in the most pleasing point of view.

As evening approached, a gentle breeze sprung up, propitious to the pilot's wishes, who, being a native of *Toulon*, secretly wished to make for that port, and therefore now started innumerable objections to their steering for *Leghorn*, with the wind unfavourable, and the hands on board nearly exhausted from the exertions of the preceding night; and *Hippolyto*, although apprehensive of the dangers they must be exposed to, was unwillingly compelled to acquiesce.

(To be continued.)

ACCOUNT of the PROVINCE of ST. SALVADORE, in BRASIL, and of the CHARACTER, DRESS, and MANNERS, of the BRAZILIANS.

(From Lindley's Narrative of a Voyage to Brasil.)

THE province of *St. Salvador** comprises fifty leagues of coast, chiefly in the environs of the bay, and a small slip to the northward adjoining. Though one of the smallest provinces of *Brasil*, it is the most fertile, populous, and luxuriant, yielding invaluable riches.

Next to the city of *St. Salvador* or *Bahia*, which is the see of an archbishop, the chief town is *Cach-seira*, fourteen leagues from *Bahia*, most delightfully situated on the banks of a small river, and the mart for the northern gold-mines, and the produce of the surrounding cultivated interior. A seminary called *Belem* (or *Bethlehem*), was established near this town by the jesuits, for the instruction of youth, both colonists and Indians, on the most liberal principles; but it has declined with the extinction of the order.

Jagoaripe, *Amoro Jacobine*, *Do Sitio*, and *San Francisco*, are all bustling towns of the province; to which the valuable islands of *Itaporico* and *St. Paul* also belong.

The country in general is cultivated even to a considerable distance inland, and is divided into very extensive plantations, many having two or three hundred slaves, with horses in proportion to work the *engenios*; except in those situ-

* More generally known to the natives and Portuguese by the name of *Bahia*, or the Bay (of All-Saints); no other appellation being in present use.

ated where water is introduced to set in motion the sugar-mills, in the machinery of which a considerable improvement has lately taken place, through the assistance of a French emigrant.

The rich owners of these plantations have very handsome seats (with chapels adjoining) where they generally reside, except during the winter-rains, when they repair with their families to their houses in the city; and by this intercourse, their manners and habits assimilate so much with those of the citizens as to form the same character.

It is remarkable how indifferently the province and capital itself are served with meat: mutton, lamb, and veal, are nearly unknown, and never seen in the market. Beef, during flesh days, preserves the same unvarying round. It is extremely lean, flabby, and tasteless, and so dirtily slaughtered, that its appearance alone would condemn the use of it, did not necessity and habit palliate this unpleasant inconvenience. This is owing solely to that want of stimulus and enterprise which disgraces in so many instances the colony, joined to a confirmed avarice, that will never pay more than the usual price for the article in question, and so encourage the fattening of cattle, which in so warm a climate requires great care to obviate the immense perspiration and waste of solids that is experienced here through the whole animal creation.

Bahia is miserably provided with accommodation for strangers. An inn is unknown; and those who wish for a temporary residence on shore have no other alternative than taking the whole or part of a house, and furnishing it themselves; which, however, is easily done, a few chairs, trunks, and a table, being amply sufficient, and in character.

The eating-houses are distinguished by a tri-coloured flag over the door; but they are so inconceivably dirty, and the cooking is so horrible, that a St. Giles's cellar is far preferable. Coffee-houses abound in every street, if you can dignify by that name a dirty shop, where a few tables and benches are ranged in front, with a kind of bar in the back-ground; whence a filthy liquid, called coffee, is distributed, which is rendered still more disgusting to the eye by being served in glasses. These places are every morning crowded with persons of different classes, the respectable and the vulgar, who for four vintins (five-pence halfpenny) procure a breakfast, consisting of a glass of coffee, and a roll spread with rancid Irish butter, the refuse of the Lisbon market.

The city and country are alike too much infested with beggars, a subject of real or affected distress presenting itself every moment. The probable reason of this is the want of public charities for the relief of the poor, the aged, and the distressed; together with a weak police, inattentive to the idleness and tricking practices of vagabonds, who are here impudent to an excess, and intrude themselves every where. The monasteries and convents occasionally distribute donations both of money and provision, as do wealthy individuals, on recovery from sickness and other occasions. I have witnessed several assemblages of these mendicants thus receiving benefactions, and the number seldom fell short of five hundred miserable objects.

The slaves of Brasil are chiefly from the Portuguese colonies of Angola and Benguela, a sturdy kind of negroes, very docile, and very active and lively, particularly the Benguelese; but these good qualities are spoiled by the habit of familiarity

and idleness which they contract after their arrival.

An edict was passed by the late king of Portugal, that the slaves should only continue in bondage for the term of ten years, and should immediately on their arrival in Brasil be instructed in the Catholic faith. The first part of this law met with immediate opposition on the part of the planters, who ventured to remonstrate and petition, but received no answer: they have nevertheless continued to evade it, which the government pretends not to see. The other injunction of the edict was nearly unnecessary, as it had long been customary to baptise the slaves, and the custom is still universally continued.

This participation in the religion of the country, and the inconsistent familiarity to which the slaves are admitted, render them very impudent and licentious; and the negro feels his consequence increased by the great numbers that are emancipated through service, favour, or purchase; who are of course *Senhors*, and frequently assume the character, and act it with full as much propriety as their late possessors.

The male inhabitants generally dress as in Lisbon, following the English modes; except when visiting, or on a holiday, they have an excess of embroidery and spangles on their waistcoats, and lace to their linen. The sword they have totally thrown aside (except in office), and cocked hats are going out of fashion. Shoe and knee-buckles of solid gold, and of their own manufacture, are very common; and they are fondly attached to every species of finery. On their return home these gala clothes are instantly taken off, and a gown or thin jacket adopted by some in their stead, while others content themselves with remaining in their shirts and drawers,

The usual dress of the ladies is a single petticoat over a chemise. The latter is composed of the thinnest muslin, and is generally very much worked and ornamented: it is made so full at the bosom, that on the smallest movement it drops over one or both shoulders, leaving the breast perfectly exposed; and besides this is so transparent, that the skin is every-where visible underneath. This violation of feminine delicacy appears the more disgusting, as the complexion of the Brazilians is, in general, very indifferent, approaching to an obscure tawny colour. Stockings are scarcely ever used; and during the rainy season, which is to them cold, they shuffle about in a pair of slippers, and are accommodated with a thick blue and white cotton wrapper, or a woollen great coat faced with shag, similar to the German cavyos. They let the hair grow to a great length: it is twisted, fastened in a knot on the head, and always loaded with a profusion of pomatum and powder of tapioca. On some public occasions, and visits of ceremony to each other, a few ladies of rank adopt the European dress.

The singular custom of permitting the nail of the thumb or fore-finger (sometimes both) to grow to a hideous length, and then paring it to a sharp point, is common to both sexes. This excrescence, however, is not without its use; as it serves the men to divide the fibres from the tobacco leaf, and cut it into shape, preparatory to the rolling it into segars, to the smoking of which they are greatly addicted. Their viols and guitars are also thrummed with this nail, the flourishing display of which adds, in their conception, a beauty to the instrument. And lastly, these sacred nails are considered as distinguishing the wearers for an easy indolence, which, in this

country, is no trivial recommendation.

The carriages of Bahia are merely a few *cabrioles*. The inequalities of the city rendering this mode of conveyance inconvenient, they are less common than at Rio Janeiro; but chairs abound in proportion, and are to be procured in every street. These chairs are not like ours, but are much higher, and open on the sides from top to bottom, so that a person on stepping in is at once seated. They are carried on the shoulders of two stout negroes, by means of two fixed pieces of wood, projecting from the upper part of the chair both before and behind. On the top they are profusely ornamented with carving and gilding, and are hung with deep curtains of silk or stuff, stamped with gold or silver leaf to a variety of patterns.

The richness of these chairs, and the gaudy livery of the bearers, are articles in which the Brazilian gentry endeavour to excel; and sometimes they proceed in this point to the most ridiculous extreme. I once observed, at Rio, a chair completely loaded with cupids, and other emblematic carving, and carried by two robust blacks, clothed in a light blue silk jacket, short pantaloons, and a petticoat over them (similar to that of a waterman), the whole deeply vandyked with a red pink. This flaming dress formed so strange a contrast with their delicate skins—for they were without either shoes or stockings—that it seemed altogether the completest burlesque on equipage that could possibly have been attempted.

It appears to foreigners a strange deprivation to which the females of this country are subjected, who cannot pass the streets without being closely shut up in a chair, or secluded in a *cabriolet*; yet such is the force

of custom, that none are seen openly, except within doors.

Bahia has a Portuguese comic theatre, under the management of an Italian. The house with us would be termed a barn; and its avenues are so dirty as to render the going to it very disagreeable. The actors, drama, and scenery, are equally wretched; the music is the best, and only tolerable, part of the performance.

The chief amusements of the citizens are the feasts of the different saints, professions of nuns, sumptuous funerals, the holy or passion week, &c. which are all celebrated in rotation with grand ceremonies, a full concert, and frequent processions. Scarcely a day passes that some one or other of these festivals does not occur; and thus is presented a continued round of opportunities for uniting devotion and pleasure, which are eagerly embraced, particularly by the ladies. On grand occasions of this kind, after coming from church, they visit each other, and have a more plentiful dinner than common, under the term *banquet**, during and after which they drink unusual quantities of wine; and when elevated to an extraordinary pitch, the guitar or violin is introduced, and singing commences: but the song soon gives way to the enticing *negro-dance*. I use this term as best assimilating with the amusement in question, which is a mixture of the dances of Africa and the *fandangos* of Spain and Portugal. It consists of an individual of each sex dancing to an insipid thrumming of the instrument, always to one measure, with scarcely any action of the legs, but with very licentious motion

* A few of the superior classes give elegant entertainments, have family concerts, balls, and card-parties.

of the body, joining in contact during the dance in a manner strangely immodest. The spectators aiding the chorus with an extemporary chorus, and clapping of the hands, enjoy the scene with an indescribable zest. The orgies of the dancing girls in India never equalled the flagrancy of this diversion. It is not that minuets or country dances are not known and practised by the higher circles; but this is the national dance, and all classes are happy when, throwing aside punctilio and reserve, and, I may add, decency, they can indulge in the interest and raptures it excites. The effect of this scene on a stranger can hardly be conceived; and though, as an amusement, it may be intentionally harmless, it certainly breaks down the barriers of decency, and, of course, paves the way to depravity and vice.

These amusements, with parties into the country, and a few others of a trifling nature, added to the enervating idleness in which the Brasilians are plunged, constitute their whole happiness; a happiness very incomplete and unsatisfactory, while subject to the effects of those baleful passions avarice, revenge, and cruelty. Happily, however, the two latter have considerably declined from Bahia to the southward; assassination there is seldom known to take place, and never but on the greatest provocation: though still in use, the deadly knife is sheathed, and murders are scarcely more common than with us.

That this has not always been the case is certainly true, and it is difficult to say to what the change in the national manners of these people is owing. Their neighbours to the northward, particularly of Pernambuco, despising the pusillanimity (for *they* possess the *gentle* attributes and reproach of their forefathers un-

degenerated) assign cowardice as the cause; but, surely, it rather originates in the improved civilization of this part of Brasil, which restrains the passions of the inhabitants, and prevents their extending to their former licentious bounds. Deceit, pride, and envy, are still prevalent among them; and, while the mass of the people continue ignorant as they are, and under the discipline of a church and government wanting in a solicitude to enlighten and reform them, these national characteristics must be long in eradicating.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I RECOLLECT seeing some months ago in your magazine an elegant copy of verses addressed to Mr. George Dyer on the publication of his poems. It turned on love of truth: but, on referring to his essays, I find he makes fiction almost the basis of poetry.

Thus, in his essay on Representative Poetry, he says:

‘But when the poet represents another person, he of necessity resigns his own individuality, and, over and above all the creative energies which he, by his very character, possesses, he is introduced by the presumption of a foreign character into a new system of sensations and passions, into new relations, new associations, and new capacities. He ceases to be himself; he no longer appears the mere narrator of his own affections or his own sentiments, but a man of other times, an actor of other manners, an appropriator of other habits.’

I wish some of your readers would point out the precise boundaries of poetical truth and fiction.

P. B.

ELIZA ;

OR,

THE HERMIT'S CELL.

A NOVEL.

By Miss Eliza Yeames.

CHAPTER I.

LOVELY and accomplished was Eliza Goddard ; respected, followed, and admired, by her fashionable friends ; the idolized daughter of her fond widower parent, whose consolation was centred in her ; for as he gazed on her charms, all he had once admired in her mother he now again contemplated in her angel-like countenance. Never for a moment had he repented the vow he breathed over the corse of his beauteous Jane—never to make another choice ; but hitherto, faithful to his oath, he still remained unmarried, and seemingly experienced no pleasure equal to that of evincing his unbounded affection for the offspring of his departed wife.

Eliza was, at this time, on a visit at Sheerness, at the house of her friend miss Cleora Harrison. Cleora and a brother in the navy were the surviving offspring of an adoring father, left to the tender but feeble guidance of their mother when they were too young to be sensible of that loss ; nor did any parent ever more truly deserve reverence and love from her children than this best of women, who fulfilled her duties with the greatest exactness, leaving no means untried to make them virtuous. Her endeavours were finally crowned with success, and Mrs. Harrison felt herself the most blessed of mothers.

The Royal Charlotte of fifty guns, the ship which captain Harrison commanded, was lying at Sheerness when miss Goddard arrived at his house. He appeared quite delighted at the meeting ; and Eliza's eyes sparkled with pleasure while greeting the elegant youth. But he was in company with a young officer still more engaging than himself, and miss Goddard felt sensations hitherto quite unknown when her eyes met the piercing glances of Godolphin Danvers. He was tall and gracefully made, his eyes were dark and brilliant, his smile heavenly, his voice harmonious, and his address soft and insinuating.

As they walked in the garden at twilight, William Harrison took his place by the side of Eliza. He observed her to be pensive and absent ; and, after laughing heartily at her apparent inattention to what he had been saying, exclaimed—

‘Have you left your heart behind you, Eliza, in town ?’ She blushed. His speech recovered her scattered thoughts, and she replied—

‘Oh ! no ; I yet know nothing of love.’

‘You don’t !’ said the captain. ‘Then let me assure you that you will shortly learn to know something of it.’

‘But I mean to escape that lesson,’ said Eliza.

'If you can, you should say,' returned Harrison.

She sighed, and was silent.

'You cannot answer me,' continued he; 'I see you cannot; for I shrewdly suspect your heart is gone.'

'Fie,' said Eliza, 'fie! you talk of love!—abjure it,' cried she, smiling, 'and only seek this fame,' presenting him a sprig of laurel.

'Why must we abjure love, Eliza?' answered he. 'Our duty performed, we may think of ourselves: for is it not delightful on our return from a hard-fought battle to be saluted by a loving and beloved wife? When clasped in her arms, when bathed with her tears of excessive joy, a ray of consolation would gleam upon my countenance; and in the pleasures of virtuous love I should forget past scenes of horror, and lull to repose the bitter recollection of an early departure from all I held dear. Yes, indeed, Eliza, I shall quickly, I hope, be blessed with a wife.'

Miss Goddard replied not, and they turned towards the house. Soon after Cleora entered with lieutenant Danvers, followed by her mother, and a young midshipman named Warburton.—'It is a fine evening,' said miss Harrison to Eliza; 'I could have remained for ever in the garden, if I had not remembered my sweet friend's apparent fatigue after her journey.'

'Most pleasant, demme, ma'am,' said Mr. Warburton, going towards the window where Eliza stood, with her eyes fixed on the moon, which arose in full majestic splendour, emerging from behind a dark stupendous hill, and, slowly advancing, brightened all the vale. Still and tranquil was the scene; every thing seemed at rest; and for some time the objects which charmed the eyes of Eliza suspended every faculty.

The next evening a ball was given by Mrs. Harrison, at which a num-

ber of naval and military officers were present. Danvers first danced with Cleora, he then led out Eliza. Her whole frame trembled at the pressure of his hand, and her face and bosom were of a crimson hue. When he conducted her to a seat, Eliza declined dancing again; and Danvers, not choosing to quit her side, said he intended following her example for a time, and entered into a spirited conversation with her. Cleora was the first to interrupt their *tête-à-tête*. Tripping up to miss Goddard and patting her cheek, she asked if she had quite forgotten her.—'What is become of your gaiety?' said this pleasing girl: 'Do you reserve none for us? Must all your thoughts be placed on noisy London?'

'Selfish Cleora!' returned Eliza quickly, 'London does not engage my thoughts.' Lieutenant Danvers sighed, and involuntarily threw a glance on the handsome figure of Harrison. At this moment, Warburton joined them.—'Demme, ma'am,' said he, catching Cleora's fair hand, 'I am rejoiced to meet you: Where, in the name of God, has your attractive form been hid?' Cleora smiled at his simple foppery, and accepted his hand for the next two dances. 'Miss Harrison is charming!' said Danvers, following with his eyes her graceful movements. 'Incomparably so,' replied Eliza.

'She is bewitchingly lively.'

'Extremely,' said she. 'She is very like her brother.—Do not you think so?'

'Certainly,' said Danvers; 'but his eyes are something darker; his complexion—most assuredly her beauty surpasses his.'

Eliza faultered out a 'Yes;' and a deep sigh heaved her bosom.

CHAP. II.

The Royal Charlotte was now

about to quit Sheerness, captain Harrison and Danvers took a hasty leave of the fair friends; the latter saluted a hand of each, gently pressing Eliza's, and, faltering out a last farewell, quitted the house. Cheerless was every thing now to the pensive Goddard, and the beauteous Cleora; and, leaving Sheerness, Mrs. Harrison accompanied Eliza to town, where sir Gilbert Goddard received his daughter with paternal rapture. Repeatedly did he clasp her delicate form to his heart, and shed a tear of joy, while Eliza, not less affected, appeared overwhelmed by a thousand tender emotions.

But sir Gilbert shortly grew alarmed at the alteration he discovered in the behaviour of Eliza; and one day, finding himself alone with her, he said—'Ah, my sweet child, my beautiful Eliza, though you dwell so much on Sheerness yet you appear for ever uneasy since your visit there, and pain my heart severely by your changed appearance: tell me, my love, what ails you?'

'Nothing, sir, nothing, believe me,' answered Eliza blushing deeply; 'your anxious eye sees vain alarms—indeed I am most happy.'

'Heaven be thanked! Heaven be thanked! may you be ever so, my beloved child!'

The conversation was here ended by the entrance of company, and Eliza forced herself to appear cheerful.

'Miss Goddard is returned!' 'Miss Goddard is returned!' was now the general cry: 'Did not you observe her cap yesterday evening? Oh, I must have that cap.'—But though Eliza Goddard was the vogue, Eliza Goddard was not happy, and at length it was noticed by her fashionable friends. 'Do you not hear how Goddard sighs?' 'Do you not see how Eliza is changed?' was the universal cry, and it reached her father's

ears.—'My darling Eliza,' said he to her one day, 'my darling girl, you can no longer deceive me; you must be unhappy—Why starts that tear? Speak, Eliza; speak, my angel; place confidence in your father, no more let busy tongues be employed, ease your troubles, and be happy.'

'Whose tongues, sir?' enquired Eliza.

'Those of your fashionable friends, my love.'

'I abjure such fashionable friends,' said Eliza peevishly.

'Then retire from them, my love.'

'How, sir! I cannot, will not, take you from town to follow my whims; I—'

'But go with Mrs. Harrison to Richmond; the air will revive your bloom, my Eliza, and restore your spirits.'

'Ah, sir, I know not how to leave you.'

'Think not of me,' said sir Gilbert; and he received her promise to accompany Mrs. Harrison to Richmond.

A few days after Eliza found herself again separated from her father. 'Welcome, my Goddard, welcome to these peaceful shades,' said Mrs. Harrison, saluting her: 'happy, happy am I to greet my charming Eliza!' Miss Goddard pressed her hand. 'Ah, madam,' returned she, 'how good, how different you are from my fashionable friends! Oh, how much superior I prize your good opinion!' 'The world is strangely altered!' said Mrs. Harrison, a flush of spirit overspreading her fine face, and laying her hand on her blameless bosom: 'the world is, indeed, strangely altered!'

'Would it were not!' said Eliza; 'Would every being resembled thee!'

Mrs. Harrison sweetly smiled on Eliza, though she detested compliments, and returned a suitable re-

ply ; after which she said—‘I hope William may escape your town-bred ladies, and that he may wed a female of virtuous principles. Oh, my Eliza, that fate had ordained you for my daughter!’—Miss Goddard smiled.—‘My boy,’ she continued, ‘is amiable ; his person nearly equal to Godolphin Danvers’—Miss Goddard blushed—‘and I flatter myself he is worthy the love of any woman : I am therefore in continual fear lest he should be insnared by some artful female. I could wish too, that his sister Cleora were likewise happily settled :—she is giddy and thoughtless ; but her principles are pure, and her mind the seat of heavenly truth. Lieutenant Danvers is sedate, is amiable ; and, in short, being of noble birth, I fondly hope my Cleora may find in him an admirer.’—Eliza trembled, and Mrs. Harrison, chancing to turn her eyes on her, exclaimed—‘Are you indisposed?’ At the same time, lifting up the sash, she supported her young friend’s head on her bosom.

Having for some time indulged this painful weakness, miss Goddard gently disengaged herself from Mrs. Harrison’s arms, and at the same time sweetly smiling excused her sudden illness, ascribing it to a usual complaint in her head. The good lady gave credit to the assertion, and, wiping off the tears that rested on Eliza’s eye-lids, led her to her chamber, and left the lovely girl to seek repose.

But no sleep came to the unhappy miss Goddard : her tears flowed. The form of Danvers haunted her imagination, and sighs heaved her tender breast.—‘Danvers, oh why did I ever behold you!’ she exclaimed ; ‘or rather, why did I ever see Cleora ! Unhappy Eliza ! thou art no longer worthy thy friend’s esteem, for thou shrinkest from a misery thou hast drawn upon thyself ; and cowardly

resignest thy heart without any prospect of a return of love.’

Miss Harrison now entered.—‘How does my lovely friend?’ said she. Miss Goddard coolly replied she was better. Miss Harrison looked surprised, the blood rushed into her transparent cheeks, and an unbidden tear stood ready to start from out her azure eye.—‘I’ll rise,’ said Eliza, ‘and take an airing in the garden ; for I cannot sleep.’ Cleora helped her to arrange her dress, and then accompanied her to that bower of sweets.

Miss Goddard felt herself nearly unable to support her frame. Cleora, seeing this, took her friend’s arm, and while leaning on her, Eliza, revived by the refreshing air, imperceptibly recovered.

The harmonious warblers sounded their carol notes at her approach, as if to cheer the lovely mourner. Every thing was gay ; all nature smiled. The happy cottagers tuned their simple ditties in the air. A shepherd’s flute sweetly warbled in the vocal grove, and Eliza, while listening to the melody, forgot her sorrows, and hushed every ‘jarring passion’ of her soul to rest.

CHAP. III.

At the end of a month Eliza’s father visited her. He came in his sociable, with Mrs. Ophelia St. John, a lively widow well known by miss Goddard, and her two daughters, Harriet and Mary Ann.

Mrs. St. John was about thirty-five years of age. Her person was handsome, her manners fascinating ; she was followed and admired, courted and caressed, but envied by thousands for her distinguished wit and beauty.

Harriet, her idol, was her exact counterpart. Mary Ann, her youngest

daughter, was a pretty slight delicate girl, and in the opinion of Eliza by far the most amiable of the three.

Sir Gilbert Goddard met his daughter with his wonted affection: he himself appeared most cheerful, and Eliza's pensiveness passed unnoticed.

'You must return to town with us, miss Goddard,' said Mrs. St. John, after returning her salutation, sweetly and affectionately smiling on Eliza—'You must return to town, you have been too cruel already in forsaking it so long; I must insist you do relent.'

Eliza looked at sir Gilbert, who seemed to wait her answer.—'I could yet wish to give my company a few weeks longer to Cleora,' replied Eliza: 'but if my father wishes—'

'No, I cannot think of robbing my child of her desires,' said sir Gilbert, interrupting her. 'I will give my Eliza some weeks more to her friends, and then, sweet girl! I must claim you.'

Miss Goddard kissed his hand, and a lucid tear swelled for a moment in her fine eye. Mrs. St. John seemed displeased, and was for some time silent. Sir Gilbert appeared unmindful of it, and in the mean time conversed with Mrs. Harrison on various topics. Mary Ann, who sat opposite Eliza, fixed her eyes on her face; a deep-drawn sigh issued from her bosom; as for a moment she glanced them upon her mother; and, casting another look at miss Goddard, she withdrew her eyes to the ground, extremely confused at seeing it raised a blush on the cheek of our heroine.

Sir Gilbert staid a week at Mrs. Harrison's. The day preceding their departure, as the party was riding out after breakfast, Eliza met a beautiful child crying on the road within a few paces of her horse's heels. Miss Goddard was exceedingly terrified; she eagerly restrained her flying courser, after bidding the boy

retire from the path, and, alighting on her feet, addressed the crying child with—'What do you cry for, my sweet cherub?'—'Willy took my cake! Willy took my cake!' answered the lisping boy. 'Ah, he is very naughty,' said Eliza, kissing his blooming cheek, and at the same time carrying her hand to her pocket. Here the child began to caper, and Eliza, turning to the direction of his speaking black eyes, beheld the little thief coming towards them, mischievously eating the cake.

Eliza appeased the still crying child by her bounty, telling him the money she had given him would buy more; and the delighted infant flew to a cottage at a little distance, where his mother sat spinning at the door, to present her the gift, and procure his deplored loss. Eliza, smiling, saw the last sight of the little cherub; then turning to Mary Ann St. John, who was by her side, she said, 'How fondly I love children! how much I wish that were my father's boy!—But, alas! I am his only child!' and she sighed. Mary Ann coloured, and turned her face from the unsuspecting Eliza. 'I have often wished,' continued Miss Goddard, 'Heaven had designed some amiable woman to have repaired the loss of my beloved mother to my father; but he was very averse to a second marriage, so now it cannot be thought he will ever change his determination.' Mary Ann still remained silent, though her eyes became all animation; and at this moment they caught sight of miss Harrison and her companions.

'I am glad to find you, my charming miss Goddard!' said Mrs. St. John. 'We have been looking for you, my love!' Eliza smiled, and replied she wished that she had quickened her pace.

Sir Gilbert was very much affect-

ed at parting from Eliza : twice did he press her trembling form to his heart, and twice heartfelt sighs issued from his breast. Miss Goddard promised to attend his call : she then bade him adieu with composure, after shedding a tear or two at his astonishing perturbation.

Cleora was charmed to think Eliza was still to remain at Richmond, and in her pleasant society the days and weeks quickly passed away unheeded. Every day miss Goddard expected to be sent for by her father ; yet still no news from him arrived. Eliza was surprised, and knew not what to think : each hour she grew more alarmed at his long silence, and at length determined to write to him, and tell him her design was to join him in London by the end of a week.

In answer to this, sir Gilbert immediately wrote. Eliza broke the seal with trembling haste, and glanced her eyes on the contents—then faintly shrieking, the letter fell from her hand, and she had nearly fainted. Mrs. Harrison was alarmed, she ran to her support, and Cleora flew for a glass of water. This soon revived her—she lifted up her drooping head, and made an attempt to force a smile. ‘Ah,’ said she, ‘my good Mrs. Harrison, without doubt I am very silly to start at my father’s marriage.’

‘Marriage!’ repeated Mrs. Harrison and Cleora in a breath. ‘To whom is he married?’ asked the former.

‘To Mrs. St. John, dear madam : she adds a postscript, to request me to join my two sisters.’—‘Mrs. St. John!’ said Mrs. Harrison, and she shook her head. ‘Heaven grant she may make you a good mother, my child!’

‘No doubt but she will,’ replied Eliza ; and she now recollected the strange behaviour of Mary Ann,

and felt convinced she was then perfectly acquainted with her mother’s connexion with sir Gilbert.

Eliza now began to prepare for her departure, and the next day she quitted the lovely Cleora and her worthy mother. She was received by lady Goddard with apparent fondness, and by her father with his wonted affection. Eliza wept, and felt uneasy at enjoying but a divided part of her father’s love, nor could Mary Ann restore her gaiety. Harriet attempted not to console her, but paid all her attentions to her new papa ; and lady Goddard, affecting a head-ach, reclined her delicate frame on a sofa, without noticing her grief.

CHAP. IV.

LADY Goddard’s conduct gradually changed : she was now no longer assiduous to please sir Gilbert, or willing to behave with tenderness towards Eliza. She passed her time more abroad, received company much oftener at home, and appeared never happy but when something presented itself with which she could find fault.

At her card-parties Eliza seldom made her appearance, but with Mary Ann sought more rational amusements. Sir Gilbert sometimes attended them ; but, alas ! Eliza seemed daily to lose her hold on his affections ; and to the gentle Mary Ann she deplored her fate, who listened to her sorrows with a friendly participation, and employed every attention to dissipate the gloom that now shaded her angelic countenance, and stole the bloom from her polished cheek.

One evening that Eliza was invited to accompany her step-mother to Drury-lane theatre, lady Goddard thought proper to be mortified at the attentions a gentleman of her age

quaintance, named Fortescue, paid Eliza in preference to the misses St. John, and, determined to put an end to them, she complained of a sick head-ach, and left the house, followed by sir Gilbert and the three young ladies.

When arrived at home and somewhat recovered, lady Goddard raised her discontented eyes to Eliza, and addressed her with—‘ You seemed much pleased with the piece this evening, Eliza.’ ‘ I was, indeed, madam ; your indisposition proved the only alloy to my pleasure.’

‘ That was unfortunate, noticed as you were by Mr. Fortescue.’

Eliza, blushing deeply, replied, that his attention had passed entirely unobserved, if he had paid her any. She then retired.

Sir Gilbert Goddard now removed from London to Bridge, where was situated a very delightful seat, which he constantly resorted to in summer. Here our heroine met congenial air to that her spirits breathed. Arm in arm with Mary Ann she visited every humble cottage, and relieved the wants of their distressed dwellers. Not so the haughty lady Goddard, nor Harriet St. John : the former wept and could not bear the sight of poverty, and the latter never gave any thing but reproofs. ‘ Ah !’ sighed Eliza, as she reviewed the conduct of lady Goddard ever since her marriage—‘ Ah ! vain, vain are the desires of man ! how inconsiderate are his wishes ! How often have I thought I should delight in a second mother ! now, what do I find her ?—But I will not complain : Heaven has reserved me one friend—Yes, charming Mary Ann ! thou art my kind gentle consoler, my admirable beloved companion.’

CHAP. V.

LADY Goddard now exercised the power she possessed over her hus-

band with harshness and caprice. He with great tenderness tried to conciliate her and restore her to good humour, but failed in the attempt ; and now, deeply regretting his want of steadiness in not fulfilling the vow he had breathed over his departed Jane, and his consequent behaviour to Eliza, he found himself deeply wounded by the idea of his injustice, and justly entitled to his new lady's scorn.

With this conviction, he one day sought his daughter. He found her in an arbour in the flower garden, reclining on a bed of violets, her tearful eyes fixed on the blue serene of heaven, while her lips gently moved. Sir Gilbert's heart melted ; all his former affection rushed with impetuosity to his breast. He approached her, and, taking her in his arms, kissed her a thousand times, while gentle tears ran down his face.—‘ Eliza, my sweet child !’ said sir Gilbert, ‘ I have unkindly used you ; but I repent, my blooming cherub ! and am come to ask your pardon.’ Eliza's eyes brightened—a heavenly smile illumined her countenance—she darted on him a look of tender gratitude—but, breaking from his hold, rushed out of sight at the view of lady Goddard advancing towards them. ‘ What is the reason Eliza shuns me ?’ asked her ladyship.—‘ You must ask that of her,’ was the reply.

‘ Unkind sir Gilbert !’ sighed lady Goddard : her husband fixed his eyes on the ground and said—‘ Undeserving Ophelia !’ ‘ Not undeserving, sir,’ she answered—‘ Of my love,’ he returned. ‘ You never gave it me,’ said her ladyship, her eyes filled with a lucid tear.—‘ You possess my best affections, Ophelia,’ returned he very tenderly, ‘ but you shut your heart against me.’ ‘ Indeed, indeed, you wrong me,’ said she, sobbing. Sir Gilbert pressed her delicate form

to his heart, and imprinted on her lips a tender kiss of reconciliation.

Eliza was in the drawing-room at the time lady Goddard entered, fondly reclining on the arm of her husband. Sir Gilbert seated himself by his lady on the sofa without speaking to Eliza, and while pressing her soft snowy hand conversed with her alone.

'I feel much depressed and dejected,' said lady Goddard, speaking aloud for the first time. 'Will you have music?' asked sir Gilbert. 'I don't care,' yawned out her ladyship. 'Eliza, take your seat by the piano,' said sir Gilbert.—'Ophelia, my love, tell her what to play.' 'Oh, what she pleases,' cried lady Goddard. Eliza, who had been hanging over little Picnic her lap-dog, now rose, and as she touched the chords her tears fell fast upon her flying fingers.—'You seem dull, miss Goddard,' said her mother: 'for Heaven's sake, don't play such plaintive airs; you absolutely kill me.' And she leaned her head on sir Gilbert's shoulder. 'Eliza, rise,' said the tender husband; 'you affect my lady's spirits.'—Miss Goddard ceased playing, and again took up little Picnic.—'How much I hate that ugly creature!' said her ladyship, fixing her bright eyes, darting spitefulness, on the puppy.—'Child, you have a strange taste!' At this moment Mary Ann entered, and Picnic began to growl. 'Take him out of the room—take him out instantly!' cried lady Goddard. Eliza made an attempt to pacify him, but in vain. 'Obey your mother!' said sir Gilbert in a peremptory tone.—'Eliza, leave the room!' Miss Goddard burst into tears, and instantly retired. Mary Ann's heart beat high with pity for the lovely outcast, and, taking the first opportunity, she soon followed her.

She found Eliza weeping bitterly in her own room: she tenderly offer-

ed her consolation; and Eliza, leaning her head on her friendly bosom, said—'Ah, Mary Ann! dear kind miss St. John! you must pardon my weakness; but I have been so accustomed to every indulgence that the least reprimand affects me, and it is hard, very hard, to see a parent hate his child.'

'Cruelly so!' sighed Mary Ann, casting her eyes on the bright moon, which darted through the window. Eliza looked in her face, and perceived a tear resting on her cheek. This she tenderly wiped off, and, pressing her to her bosom, cried, 'Mary, I cannot bear to see you grieved! I'll support any thing myself; but indeed, indeed you must be cheerful.'

'Eliza,' returned miss St. John, 'why should I not feel sorrow? I have been early taught in the school of disappointment; but you have ever been happy, therefore find the trial severer than myself.'

The next morning Eliza and her sister-in-law walked round the village. As they were returning, they were met by Mr. Fortescue, who stopped his horse and saluted them. He informed Eliza that he was on a visit at a castle situated within a quarter of a mile of sir Gilbert's. He added, that, being so near this gentleman's seat, he should certainly do himself the pleasure of calling on him, to pay his respects in person. Lady Goddard, when informed of his intentions, appeared hurt at his visible partiality to Eliza, and, frowning on the sweet girl, told her she could very well dispense with his politeness.

But Mr. Fortescue brought with him lord Jordan, a young nobleman lately come to the title by his father's death, and a most prepossessing youth. At his appearance the views of lady Goddard instantly changed, and Mr. Fortescue's attentions to

Eliza now became pleasing, as they would prevent his lordship from being sensible of her attractions, and she did not doubt but Harriet's charms would carry off the prize.

Proposals were now made to sir Gilbert by Fortescue for miss Goddard's hand; and Eliza, the sorrowful Eliza, was commanded to receive his addresses. Mary Ann alone commiserated her repugnancy: lady Goddard saw it, but in threatening words upbraided her simplicity, and with artful blandishments thwarted the tenderness of her father. Thus situated, miss Goddard in silence vented her anguish, and tried to behold Mr. Fortescue as destined for her husband. Thus did her lips pronounce compliance, though her heart was shut against him.

Lord Jordan's attentions were equally divided between lady Goddard and her three daughters: her ladyship possessed his friendship, Harriet his admiration, and the two young ladies his esteem. Of him miss St. John appeared sure, she therefore gave him every encouragement that he could hope.

(*To be continued.*)

THE COUNTRY TOWN.

A COMEDY.

(*Continued from p. 152.*)

ACT II.

SCENE IX.

DESROCHES, DUBOIS.

Dubois. HERE is an answer.
(*Giving Desroches a letter.*)

Desroches. Give it me instantly:
I am all impatience. (*Reads*) 'I

know that I do wrong in answering your letter; how then can I think of granting the interview which you request? Every day, about this time, the stern and severe Argus under whose guardianship I am secluded relaxes his vigilance, and indulges in sleep. I can take advantage of that moment to come down and speak to you, if your intentions are as pure as you declare them to be. This opportunity may be expected within half an hour. My heart cannot disapprove that you should address yourself to me before you make application to my relatives: but, in the name of all that is most dear to you, do not deceive a young female, who is too artless and too susceptible. NINA VERNON.—Charming letter!—in half an hour!—Do you not think, Dubois, that I am the happiest of men?—You have had a near view of her: is she not very handsome? is she not beautiful?

Dubois. Every one, sir, has his taste, and especially in these affairs.

Desroches. Half an hour! why, it is an age when one is in love. I shall return into the inn; for it is impossible I should remain so long in one place, in the state of impatience, of intoxication, that I am.—Oh! how fortunate it was that the chaise was overturned at the entrance of this charming town!

SCENE X.

DUBOIS alone.

Well, I am unable to comprehend all this. Where the deuce is all this beauty that he talks of? At any rate, however, I have been well paid for my message: a piece of gold from my master for carrying the letter; and a crown from the young lady, as I suppose she calls herself, with the answer.—

SCENE XI.

DUBOIS, VERNON *at the bottom of the Stage.*

Vernon. A plague on my sister, her amours, and projects of marriage! She has detained me so long with her nonsense, that wherever I go there is nobody at home.

Dubois. I'll go and look for old Champagne, and we'll take a turn, while his mistress, Madame Belmont, is fretting, and see if there are not some good public houses, as well as extraordinary beauties, in this fine town. *[Exit.*

SCENE XII.

VERNON, *alone.*

She imagines that I have nothing to do but listen to all her idle reveries. Oh! here she is.

SCENE XIII.

VERNON, *Miss VERNON.*

Miss Vernon. I am glad you are come, brother; I expected you with impatience.

Vernon. What, are you going to pester me again with the old nonsense? You have already made me lose the whole morning: I have met with nothing but disappointment in all my affairs.

Miss Vernon. The affair I have in hand may, perhaps, be of almost as much importance to you as it is to me.

Vernon. What, some amorous youth is dying for you, I suppose?

Miss Vernon. Dying for me!—Well, and why not?—But since you are so much occupied with your business, will you not retire to your closet, where you will not be disturbed?

Vernon. Retire to my closet!—You, who are always so ready to talk

with me on the interesting subjects of love and matrimony, now wish to send me away: What can this mean?

Miss Vernon. Nothing, brother, nothing; but every thing will soon be cleared up, and we shall see whether I am quite so foolish as you are pleased to say I am.

Vernon. You are engaged in some intrigue, I suppose, that will render both yourself and me ridiculous.

Miss Vernon. What language! No, no, brother, do not be afraid: nobody shall blame my choice; and that amiable young gentleman—But no—I do not, I ought not, to think of him.

Vernon. Nay, nay, sister, there is no occasion for this squeamish delicacy with me; you need not conceal any thing, as if I were your guardian or your father.

Miss Vernon. But indeed, brother, you question me with so much warmth, harshness I may say. Believe me, I am innocent. Can a young person prevent a gentleman, whose passions perhaps are ardent, from conceiving a favourable opinion of her, from finding means to convey to her a letter?

Vernon. What, has he had the courage to write? Faith! he is a brave man!

Miss Vernon. I answered him only to shew him the impropriety of the step he had taken, and of my granting the interview he requested.

Vernon. He requested an interview, too, did he?

Miss Vernon. Which I have refused, brother: I entreat you to believe me. I know my duty too well to fail in a point so essential.

Vernon. Yes, you are very reserved and punctilious, I know.

Miss Vernon. But, brother, you have always been used to retire to your closet every day after dinner, to look over and arrange your pa-

pers; I hope nothing that has happened will prevent that. I should be sorry to obstruct or delay any business.

Vernon. To my closet.—(*Aside*) She is desirous to have me out of the way. The interview is appointed: that is sufficiently clear.

Miss Vernon. You need be under no fears with respect to your sister: I have perfected my education by reading, and I am incapable of doing any thing that can bring any reflexion on my family.

Vernon. Yes, yes, I know it well. (*Aside*)—If it could be true, now! if I should at last have the happiness to see her married out of my way! This young gentleman, it is said, is very rich.—But if he had not a farthing—

Miss Vernon. What are you thinking of, brother?

Vernon. Nothing; nothing at all, sister. As you have said, I usually go to look over my papers in my closet after dinner; and this afternoon I have some particular business to arrange. (*Aside*) I will watch her carefully, however; and if it should be possible that this young gentleman—(*Aloud*) And so, without ceremony, sister, I wish you all possible success in your amours. Adieu, Nina. (*He goes into the house.*)

SCENE XIV.

Miss VERNON alone.

What does he mean by that ironical tone, and that gloomy and mysterious air? I have seen so many examples, in the novels I have read, of the extravagances of which Italian and Spanish brothers are capable—In France, it is true, they are generally somewhat more accommodat- ing—But my brother may act as he pleases; it will be to little purpose. —Good Heavens! what an agitation seizes me! How I tremble!

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There is the young gentleman! Alas! my reason equally condemns my letter and my conduct. What shall I say!—(*She goes in.*)

SCENE XV.

DESROCHES, *Miss VERNON.*

Desroches. (*Coming out of the Inn.*) 'Tis her! Now, O Love! aid me in my suit to this young and amiable fair-one!

Miss Vernon. I know not which way to look, nor how to act.

Desroches. She hesitates: I must attack briskly. (*He advances to her.*) *Miss*—(*Looking surprised, and examining her closely*) Heavens! Who? What am I to think?

Miss Vernon. My conduct, sir, must surprise you, no doubt.

Desroches. (*Aside*) It is not her; it cannot be her!

Miss Vernon. Your behaviour, indeed, does not less surprise me.

Desroches. (*Aside*) Who can this woman be?

Miss Vernon. (*Aside*) I scarcely dare to lift up my eyes.

Desroches. Madam!

Miss Vernon. Sir!

Desroches. Do not entertain a too unfavourable idea of me.

Miss Vernon. My heart, indeed, is but too much inclined to excuse you.

Desroches. No; to speak the truth, I alone am to blame in this affair.

Miss Vernon. I wish to persuade myself so.

Desroches. Your daughter, madam, I assure you, is innocent.

Miss Vernon. My daughter, sir?

Desroches. No, no—your—your niece, madam.—(*Aside*) Perhaps she is an aunt.

Miss Vernon. My daughter! my niece! What can this mean, sir?

Desroches. I alone have been the cause of all that has passed. I first adventured to write, but the answer

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I received was adapted to check my too eager—or at most to ascertain whether my intentions were so pure, so honourable—

Miss Vernon. How, sir! was it to insult me, to mortify me, that you solicited this interview which I was so weak as to grant you? What do you mean by talking of my daughter and my niece?

Desroches. Is it possible? Are you the charming object?—

Miss Vernon. (*affectedly*). Yes, this is somewhat more proper language.

Desroches. How! Could it be you? (*Aside*).—Oh! this cursed nearsightedness of mine!

Miss Vernon. You appear to be embarrassed, confused.

Desroches. Not at all, madam. (*Aside*) Plague on that Delille, who told me she was adorable!

Miss Vernon. Besides confessing the real impropriety of the step I have taken, I must tell you that I am under the greatest alarm lest I should be surprised by that severe and watchful Argus I mentioned to you in my letter.

Desroches. Very true. We must therefore separate as soon as possible. I would not for the world cause any uneasiness to you. (*Going*.)

Miss Vernon. Stay one moment. Permit me to say—

SCENE XVI.

Enter VERNON, with a letter in his hand.

Vernon. I am sure of it. Here they are both. This is manifest collusion; a mere trick.

Miss Vernon. Heavens! my brother!

Desroches. Your brother! Mr. Vernon your brother! I might have suspected it, indeed, from the portrait which Riffard drew of his sister.

Vernon. So, sir, it was to se-

duce our women, and to cause dissension and mischief in families, that you left your fashionable abode at Paris—Very fine, truly, very fine!

Desroches. What do you mean, sir?

Miss Vernon. Oh! how unfortunate!—

Desroches. Fear nothing, miss; no blame belongs to you. Believe me, I have too much respect for you and for your sister—

Vernon. Do you think this language sufficient to justify you? Does not this letter, which my imprudent sister forgetfully left in her chamber, indicate but too plainly your insidious intentions?

Desroches. Permit me to explain to you.—

Vernon. No explanation, sir: You intended to seduce, and you must marry, my sister.

Desroches. I must marry this lady!

Miss Vernon. Heavens! how shall I calm and pacify these violent and inflamed spirits? Let me entreat you, brother, to be more moderate. Such language can only irritate a person of a generous disposition, and make him rashly reject even what he himself desires.

Desroches. What I desire myself?—Not at all, miss; I certainly am sensible of the respect due to you, of your merit, but—

Vernon. You will not marry her? Well; we shall see, we shall see.

Miss Vernon. In what a situation am I placed! What a strange contest is this between my brother and this gentleman! It is a scene for a romance. Oh! how shall I stop the blood that is about to flow?

Vernon. No, no, sister; be under no such alarm. Here is no question of blood nor of battles, but only of a notice of action which I shall cause to be served on this gentleman; and as he is a man of honour and gene-

rosity, he will no doubt act as his duty and the law require.

Desroches. A notice of action! I begin to lose all patience. Go to the devil with your notice of action!

Miss Vernon. What language!

Vernon. Take care what you say, sir: do not insult us; that may have more serious consequences than you are aware of.

SCENE XVII.

Enter DELILLE.

Delille. What is all this noise? How! you, my friend, quarrelling with Mr. Vernon!

Desroches. Oh, you are come! I must tell you that you are the principal cause of this quarrel. Is this the way that you deceive and make a jest of your friends?

Delille. I! What have I done? I told you that the lady was young and amiable. Did I deceive you?

Miss Vernon. Yes; answer, ungrateful man! did he deceive you? See the tears which your shameful conduct forces from me.

Desroches. My conduct!

Delille. Ah! my dear sir, can you resist the tears of beauty?

Miss Vernon. There, you see your friend takes my part.

Vernon. Let us put an end to this. *(To Desroches)* Do you intend to marry my sister?

Desroches. No; be assured of it, I do not intend to marry her.

Miss Vernon. You will not marry me? Cruel, barbarous man!

Vernon. That is sufficient: you shall soon hear from me

Miss Vernon. I am undone. I shall be the talk of the town; and you alone are the cause of all my sufferings, of my death.

Vernon. No, no, sister, you shall

not die; but this gentleman may repent.—Go, sister.

Miss Vernon. Yes, I will go, and conceal my tears and my shame. Perfidious, ungrateful, barbarian!

[Exit.]

Delille. But may we not, Mr. Vernon, find some means to accommodate—?

Vernon. A marriage or a lawsuit.

Delille. *(to Desroches)* Two cruel extremities, my friend.

Desroches. I am in no humour to be jested with.—Let him do what he pleases; I do not fear him.

Vernon. You do not fear me? Oh! you do not know yet with whom you have to deal.—But we shall see; we shall see. Here is intrigue, seduction, breach of confidence. Can there be stronger grounds for action? However, we shall see. *[Exit.]*

SCENE XVIII.

DESROCHES, DELILLE.

Desroches. Yes; we shall see—But did ever any body see a bigger fool, with his head stuffed with law, than this? We have some such at Paris, no doubt; but none I think so incomparably absurd.

Delille. What you begin to think more favourably of Paris, do you?

Desroches. No, not at all. You have been to blame too in this affair: but I believe the best way will be to laugh at it. Well, I must return to Madame Senneville. With respect to her you cannot deceive me. She certainly is handsome. In the mean time, before we wait upon her according to appointment, shall we—

Delille. Shall we go and see madame Guibert?

Desroches. Whatever ridiculous characters we may meet with in this town, they must at least have fewer

ill qualities than Mr. Vernon and his celestial sister.

Delille. Who can tell? Do not be too positive.

Desroches. At any rate, let us find another inn. I do not like the neighbourhood. We are in continual danger of marriages or law-suits.—I will be with you in a moment. *[Exit.]*

SCENE XIX.

DELILLE, Madame BELMONT entering on the opposite side.

Delille. Is it you? Why are you come? Desroches will be here in a moment. Should he see you it will ruin all.

Madame Belmont. What is it to me that this miss Vernon is neither young nor handsome? it is the inconstancy, the desertion of your friend, unmerited on my part, that enrages me.

Delille. Spare him your anger. He is unhappy enough; he has got into a law-suit. Come, come; you know it was your intention to give him a lesson he may remember, but not to punish yourself by renouncing him entirely.

Madame Belmont. I punish myself by renouncing him!

Delille. Yes, I shall not recall my words. Why should you dissemble with me, who wish only his happiness and yours? All these adventures will only make him regret that he left you.—But begone.—Heavens! what shall we do? He is here.

Madame Belmont. *(letting down her veil)* Do not be afraid; he will not know me.

SCENE XX.

Enter DESROCHES.

Desroches. Well, my friend, now we may go. *(Perceiving Madame*

Belmont, who makes a low curtsy, and goes off) Oh! oh! I no longer wonder that you made me wait. Who is this mysterious fair-one?

Delille. You see I have not neglected to profit by your lessons, and follow your example. I, too, have had my adventures in this charming town.

Desroches. Ah! you rogue! what you think it is charming, now?

Delille. Oh! delightful, exquisite, divine!—Come, let us go to Mrs. Guibert's. *[Exeunt.]*

END OF ACT II.

(To be continued.)

THE INTRIGUE;

OR,

The LOVERS who were PERSUADED to be in LOVE.

A TALE.

(Concluded from p. 155.)

WHEN Fonrose arrived, the viscount ran to him, and embracing him, exclaimed—

‘Make your most grateful acknowledgments, my friend, to Madame de Forlis; she consents to your union with her you love.’

Fonrose, as might be expected, now doubted not that his secret was discovered: he supposed that the hand of Juliette was meant to be offered to him, and, transported with joy, threw himself at the feet of madame de Forlis, who, greatly affected, said to him—‘It is to your generous rival that your thanks are due.’

These words were a thunder-stroke to Fonrose: they gave him a glimpse of a part of the truth; but he had presence of mind enough to say no-

thing, and to drop his head on the knees of madame de Forlis, to conceal the surprise and consternation which must naturally be painted in his countenance.

'Yes, my dear friend!' cried the viscount, 'I resign to you miss Louisa de Forlis. I shall instantly leave this place. My father will arrive to-day; I will go to meet him; and, to relieve you from all cause of uneasiness, I shall immediately marry the person he intends for me.'

'No, no,' exclaimed Fonrose, rising hastily, 'never will I abuse so much greatness of mind. I yielded to a first emotion which I had not power to suppress; but reflection has restored me to myself.'

'My dear Fonrose!' replied Verdac, 'my resolution is taken; I shall set out this moment.'

'I will not suffer it,' cried Fonrose. 'Adieu, madam,' said Verdac, making a profound bow to madame de Forlis, who, during this heroic dialogue, wept with admiration—'adieu.'

Pronouncing these words, the viscount precipitately left the room; Fonrose followed him, and when they were on the stairs seized his arm, and drew him with him in despite of all his efforts, giving orders at the same time to a servant to send away the post-horses.

Verdac, thus led to his chamber by Fonrose, still declared that he persisted in his determination.—'The question is not,' said Fonrose, 'concerning either your love or mine; our attention ought to be wholly turned to Louisa. You are the object of her affection, and it is not permitted you to be generous towards me at the expence of her happiness. Besides, can I accept the sacrifice which you wish to make to me? Will honour permit me to receive the hand of a woman who only marries me under the influence of

constraint, of a woman whose heart is not free?'

'In time, she will love you.'

No, no; a first passion is never cured. Miss de Forlis is not the first object that has excited love in my breast; and I feel that reason can triumph over an inclination which is already enfeebled. You, whom she loves, you ought to be faithful. If you abandon her, you will be no other than a seducer.'

'Oh! that I can never be.'

'I am certain you cannot. Do not suffer yourself, then, to be misled by a false generosity: accept the happiness which is offered you.'

'But, my father—?'

'You shall have his consent. In the first place, however, you must take that step which you owe to the sentiments of Louisa; you must ask her of her mother. In the agitation in which you are you cannot speak to madame de Forlis.'

'Yes, I am greatly agitated; I know not what to do.'

'You cannot even write. I am more calm; and I will draw up a letter, which you shall copy and send. Afterwards you shall tell me how you discovered that I was in love with Louisa; some one must have suggested to you this idea.'

'Not at all: it was your illness, which you called a cold, that opened my eyes.'

'My cold opened your eyes?'

'Yes, I perceived you were ill of grief and disappointment.'

'Oh! no; my passion was never so extreme as that. I confess, that if Louisa had loved me I should have adored her; but never being able to flatter myself with that happiness, I feel for her only an involuntary sentiment which causes me no violent pain, and which will be extinguished the moment she shall be your wife.—But we must at present

think only of the letter to madame de Forlis; we can afterwards resume this conversation.'

Fonrose then took pen and ink, and wrote a letter addressed to madame de Forlis, and conceived in the following terms:

'Madam,

'After a long conversation with my friend, I am convinced, by proofs that no longer permit me to doubt, that his passion is infinitely less ardent than mine. He can live without miss de Forlis; and I confess that I cannot exist without her. He has himself authorized me to open to you my heart, and to manifest to you, without disguise, the excess of a love of which friendship could nevertheless obtain the sacrifice. Deign, madam, to restore me to hope, which will restore me to life.'

Fonrose left this letter with Verdac (who promised him to copy it and send it immediately), and went in quest of Juliette, in order to inform her of all that had passed. Scarcely had he left the room, when Adrienne, extremely uneasy at the conference of the two friends, advanced softly, on tiptoe, and with an air of mysterious caution, through the gallery. She was perceived by Fonrose, who, however, pretended not to see her, but went on, and, concealing himself behind a folding door, watched her, and saw her go hastily into the room to Verdac. He then strongly suspected some perfidy on the part of Adrienne, though it was impossible for him to divine the motive of it. He was at first inclined to return immediately to Verdac; but, considering that Adrienne would probably have address enough to assign plausible reasons for this clandestine and abrupt visit, he thought it better to seem not to have any suspicion of her, but carefully to observe all her conduct, the more certainly to detect

her in her intrigues. Having made these reflexions, he hastened to find Juliette.

Adrienne found Verdac cutting a pen, to copy, in his very best handwriting, the letter written by Fonrose. She questioned him eagerly, and he answered with his usual simple frankness. He assured her that he had not pronounced her name, and that no person could suspect that she had the least share in the steps he had taken; at the same time renewing his promise of inviolable secrecy. Adrienne maintained that Fonrose dissembled; that his passion for miss de Forlis was violent in the extreme: and she spoke with so much address and vehemence, that she persuaded Verdac to return to his former determination, which, in fact, was most agreeable to him, since he greatly feared the opposition and anger of his father.

'But what would you have me do?' said Verdac.

'Perform an action as noble as that of Fonrose,' replied Adrienne: let this letter, which he wrote for you in despair, ensure his happiness.

'In what manner?'

'Give it to me, and I will carry it to my aunt, on the part of Fonrose, as if he had written it for himself. In the mean time, order your horse to be saddled, and set off without delay to meet your father, who expects you.'

Verdac greatly approved this idea, and, calling his valet, ordered him, in presence of Adrienne, to saddle his horse immediately, and lead him to the end of the avenue, for he was determined to set out without speaking to any person.

Adrienne, delighted with his ready compliance, then left him, taking with her the letter written by Fonrose, and on the back of which he had also written the words—*For*

Madame de Forlis. With this she flew to her aunt, and, giving her the letter, told her that she had found that paper in the gallery, and, having only read her name on it, thought it her duty to bring it to her. Adrienne then added, that a messenger had that moment arrived from her father, who requested her to return to him at Paris as soon as possible. She therefore took her leave, and left her aunt alone.

Madame de Forlis read with impatience the letter of Fonrose, and the error in which it confirmed her gave her the greatest joy; for Fonrose was the son-in-law she wished. She sent for Louisa, related to her the generous contention of the two friends, and concluded by reading to her the letter which had just been put into her hands. Louisa heard all she had to say with the greatest calmness; she knew not what she ought to think, or which most to admire, Fonrose or Verdac. Her mother, however, put an end to her indecision, by telling her that these two virtuous and most ardent lovers were equally worthy of her; but, added she, the viscount is not certain of obtaining the consent of his father, and in this uncertainty we ought no longer to rely on him. Fonrose adores you; he is subject to no controul: can you be insensible to an attachment so tender and delicate? Louisa assured her that she was not ungrateful; and that, since she could not marry M. de Verdac, she would consent without the least repugnance to a union with M. de Fonrose. At these words, madame de Forlis, having obtained her utmost wish, sent immediately for Fonrose, who instantly came.—‘My dear Fonrose!’ said she, shewing him Louisa, ‘she is yours, and she consents.’—Fonrose was petrified.—‘Perhaps,’ resumed madame de Forlis, after having written the af-

fecting letter now in my possession, you have again repented, and again formed the noble resolution to sacrifice your happiness to friendship. But Heaven has not permitted it. You have dropped this letter, and it has been brought to me.’

She then produced the letter which he had written for Verdac to copy, and gave it to him. Fonrose, scarcely able to dissemble the anger and indignation which rose in his breast, immediately perceived the effect of the interview between Adrienne and Verdac. After a moment of silence and reflection, he advanced to madame de Forlis, and clasping her hands between his—‘Dear madam,’ said he, ‘could you read my heart you would see how much I am penetrated by your goodness.—But so violent are my emotions, and I am so little able to command them, that it is impossible for me to express what I feel. Permit me to retire for a moment, to recollect myself and reflect on my extraordinary situation.’

He instantly left the room, without waiting for an answer; and having written a few lines with a pencil to Juliette, to inform her of this most singular incident, hurried to the stables, and, mounting Verdac’s horse, set off full gallop for Paris. He had no doubt that Adrienne had advised and engaged Verdac to leave Chevilly, and he knew that she herself was already gone. He therefore gained to his interest the valet of Verdac, and the grooms and servants about the stables, who contrived to interpose invincible obstacles to the departure of the viscount. He was at first told, that his horse had lost his shoe. He ordered post-horses; and was made to wait three-quarters of an hour before he was told that none could be procured. He then gave orders for his horse to be shod, but no farrier was to be found. The viscount, while he was detained in

this manner, walked, with great calmness, up and down the avenue, never once suspecting that Fonrose was already gone, and on his horse.

In the mean time, Juliette had not been inactive on her part, but had produced a great change. Louisa, after the conversation with her mother, had gone up into her chamber, and, with a seriousness suitable to the occasion, told Juliette, that, in obedience to her mother's recommendation, she had consented and promised to marry Fonrose. At these words, Juliette, who had already been informed of what had passed by the note which Fonrose had procured to be conveyed to her, threw herself on her sister's neck, with all the appearance of the most affectionate concern:—‘Ah! my dear sister!’ exclaimed she, ‘what have you done?’

‘It gives me pain,’ said Louisa, ‘it is true: you know that I loved M. de Verdac;—but I must think of him no more.’

‘My dear sister,’ cried Juliette, ‘how pale and ill you look!’

‘Yes; it will cost me some struggles.’

‘If you could shed tears, that perhaps might relieve you.’

‘No, I cannot shed tears; but I feel a great oppression at my stomach.’

‘Believe me, that is very dangerous.—Bless me, sister, how you tremble! let me unlace you.’

‘Oh! no; we are going to dinner, directly.’

‘To dinner! you would not surely think of it, in the condition in which you are.’

‘I ate but very little breakfast, and I feel a kind of throbbing at my stomach.’

‘That will be much worse if you eat: I am sure you have a fever. Let me feel your pulse.—Heavens! it is absolutely convulsive!’

‘Really!’

‘You are in a high fever, I am sure. What a misfortune it is to have too much sensibility!—Be persuaded—you must go to bed.’

Juliette now began to undress her sister as fast as possible. Louisa made some resistance; but Juliette talking to her of Verdac, and insisting on the disappointment and despair she must feel, prevailed on her to follow her advice; and Louisa, half voluntarily and half by force, went to bed. It was agreed that Juliette should tell madame de Forlis that Louisa had a violent head-ach, and that she requested permission to dine in her chamber. Juliette, recommending to her sister to take some balm-tea which she had made for her, left her, promising to return to her immediately after dinner. She then went in quest of Verdac, whom she found in the avenue, where he had been waiting more than an hour and a half. He found himself tired, and, as there were no seats in the walk, had sat down in a swing, fastened to two trees; and while he considered how he should act, and partly from absence of mind, was swaying himself backwards and forwards, when Juliette came running to him, apparently out of breath and in much agitation—‘Heavens!’ exclaimed she, ‘why are you here, while Louisa is in such a state?’

‘What do you mean?’ said Verdac, getting down from the swing—‘What is the matter?’

‘Her nerves, poor young lady! have suffered a terrible shock. Can you seriously believe that she could willingly consent to marry Fonrose, with the affection she has for you?—She is in bed with a violent fever, and can you be barbarous enough to set off for Paris, and leave her in such a state?’

‘I do assure you,’ said Verdac, ‘I knew nothing of it.’—At this mo-

ment the dinner-bell rang, which put an end to the hesitation of the viscount whether he should stay or go.—‘Well,’ said he, ‘I will not leave Chevilly to-day;’ and offering Juliette his arm, they returned together into the house.

Madame de Forlis and two or three intimate acquaintances who were with her on a visit were sitting down to table. Juliette whispered her mother that Louisa was somewhat indisposed, and requested that she would dispense with her leaving her chamber. Madame de Forlis readily consented, imagining that Louisa wished to avoid again seeing the viscount; but she was both surprised and uneasy at learning that Fonrose had set off for Paris. The viscount appeared dull and thoughtful; he said little, but he ate a great deal: the exercise he had taken in the morning had given him an appetite much more remarkable than his grief. After dinner, the company returned to the saloon; and a moment after a carriage was heard driving up to the door. Verdac went to the window, and almost immediately uttered an exclamation of astonishment—for he saw his father and Fonrose alight from the carriage.

Madame de Forlis, not less astonished than the viscount, went into her parlour, to receive this unexpected visit. Fonrose, now triumphant, presented the baron de Verdac to madame de Forlis, telling her that he came to solicit for his son the hand of miss Louisa de Forlis. ‘I should have been too happy to obtain it,’ added he; ‘but, madam, besides my friendship for Verdac, an invincible obstacle opposed my happiness. I have but too distinctly seen, notwithstanding the extreme reserve of miss de Forlis, that she secretly entertains a lively affection for the viscount. It was,

consequently, on every account, my duty to sacrifice my sentiments to his—to those of my friend. I went therefore to the baron de Verdac, represented to him the whole truth, and, to render him favourable to the wishes of his son, it was sufficient, madam, to mention your name.’

The baron now spoke, confirming all that Fonrose had said; and madame de Forlis, lost in admiration of these extraordinary incidents, gave her consent.

Louisa was taking her eighth cup of balm tea when this intelligence was announced to her. She appeared delighted; and Juliette, as may be supposed, sincerely participated in her joy. At supper all were very cheerful, notwithstanding the pity inspired by the *generous* Fonrose, whose fortitude and greatness of mind none could sufficiently praise.

Some days after, madame de Forlis asked Fonrose if he were really cured of his passion?—‘Yes, madam,’ replied he; ‘Louisa is now, in my eyes, only like a most amiable sister.’

‘She may, perhaps, become such in reality,’ answered madame de Forlis.

‘Ah, madam!’ exclaimed Fonrose, ‘the happiness of being related to you will ever be to me the most powerful of all consolations.’

At these words, madame de Forlis embraced him, saying—‘Juliette is not the daughter I could have wished to have given you; but it will be, at any rate, extremely agreeable to me to have you for a son-in-law.’

Juliette was now consulted on the subject by her mother, and her answer may be easily imagined. It was determined that the two marriages should be celebrated within the course of a fortnight. This conclusion was a severe blow to the intriguing Adrienne, but it was not her only punishment; the baron de

Verdac proceeded in his law-suit against her father, and gained his cause. She also lost for ever the friendship of Juliette and Fonrose. Madame de Forlis married her two daughters on the same day, telling all her friends that the history of her sons-in-law might form the subject of a most interesting romance or pathetic drama. The insipid and discreet Louisa became the most irreproachable and truly happy wife; and Verdac frequently observed that his domestic felicity was a sufficient proof of the falsehood of the proverb which says that—love-matches are never happy. The gay and acute Juliette, too much addicted to coquetry, and too apt to indulge her taste for intrigue, was frequently imprudent, and guilty of numerous acts of levity and extravagance; while the brilliant Fonrose often gave her much cause for uneasiness, and even ill-treated her in fits of jealousy; till at length this accomplished and ardently enamoured pair envied the lot of the lovers who had only been persuaded that they were in love, and whom they had united by their intrigues.

ACCOUNT of the NEW COMEDY called WHO WANTS A GUINEA? OR, THE YORKSHIRE IRISHMAN, performed for the first time at the Theatre-Royal Covent Garden, on Thursday, April 18.

THE characters were thus represented:

Sir Larry M'Murrough	-	Mr. Lewis.
Barford	- - - -	Mr. Kemble.
Torrent	- - - -	Mr. Munden.
Heartly	- - - -	Mr. Chapman.
Henry	- - - -	Mr. C. Kemble.
Jonathan Oliskirt	- -	Mr. Simmons.
Hogmore	- - - -	Mr. Waddy.
Carrydot	- - - -	Mr. Davenport.
Andrew Bang	- - -	Mr. Emery.
Solomon Gundy	- -	Mr. Fawcett.
Funny	- - - -	Mrs. Gibbs.
Mrs. Glastonbury	- -	Mrs. Mattocks.
Amy	- - - -	Miss Waddy.

THE PLOT.

ACT I.—*Scene, Yorkshire.*—The rising of the curtain in the first scene discovers an apartment in the house of *Heartly*, a benevolent Yorkshire gentleman, and *Hogmore*, an opulent farmer in the neighbourhood. From their conversation it appears, that a fire had happened in a village in the vicinity, and that the cottage of a poor labourer had been burnt to the ground, an event which brought ruin on himself and his family. The case is rendered more deplorable by the labourer having been some time before struck with the palsy. *Heartly* strongly solicits *Hogmore* to bestow some charity on the unfortunate sufferers. The latter endeavours for a long time to wave the subject; but at last it is pressed by *Heartly* in such a manner, that he is forced to come to the point, and then gives a flat refusal with expressions of unfeeling brutality. *Hogmore* having taken his leave, *Solomon Gundy*, a half-starved rat-catcher, who had suffered by the fire, enters with his sign-board, which he had saved from the wreck. *Solomon*, who was admirably represented by FAWCETT, had been in France to receive, as he himself said, his last polish, and jabbbers a strange mixture of bad French and bad English, in order to shew the improvements which he had made by his foreign education. After a short dialogue, which discovers his character, he gives *Heartly* a letter which had been sent by *Torrent*, *Heartly's* friend, who was come down from London to take possession of his estate in Yorkshire. *Heartly* reads the letter, and finds that *Torrent*, by the fall of his carriage, had been thrown into a horse-pond, or, as he called it, "tumbled into his estate." *Heartly* immediately sets off to find his friend, who had stopt at the Spread Eagle, the village inn. The scene then changes to an apartment in the Spread

Eagle. *Torrent* is discovered conversing with *Amy*, the landlord's daughter; the former with his boots all dirty, as if he had been newly taken out from the horse-pond. Here it appears that *Torrent* is a merchant, who, having amassed a fortune in London, had bought an estate in Yorkshire to enjoy the pleasures of the country, and do all the acts of benevolence in his power. His benevolence, however, is of an ardent sort; for he instantly obeys the dictates of his heart, in affording relief, without troubling his head about enquiry into the merits of the object. He rejoices at the miserable state in which he finds his tenants, in order that he may have the pleasure of relieving them. Having called for a newspaper, he sits down to read it, when *Barford* (Captain *Declamere*) enters with a bundle in his hand, which he throws down on the table, and says, 'There is the whole of my property.'—A dialogue ensues between him and *Torrent*. *Barford* appears to be a misanthrope, and his misanthropy is combated by *Torrent*, who, after declaring his conviction of the general goodness of men, concludes with the words, 'I don't know what you may think, but dam me, if I don't believe there may even be *honest attorneys*!' *Barford* observes, that love and friendship are two faded roses; but that he who has nothing to do with either escapes many a *thorn*. 'D——n it (replies *Torrent*), why don't you lose your *legs*!—Your legs are useful, to be sure; but then you may have the *gout*, and by losing them you may escape many a *twinge*!' *Barford* observes, that he, *Torrent*, must have met with few misfortunes in life, and that its sweets had to him been unmixed with *acid*. *Torrent* answers that he had met with many rubs, 'but dam me if I don't believe that when you were sent to nurse you *sucked a lemon*!' He discovers, however, that *Barford* had been a lodger in the house which had

been burnt; and, touched with his misfortunes, he slips a pocket-book into his bundle, containing notes to the amount of 150*l*. *Barford* departs, and *Heartly* enters, and from him *Torrent* learns, that *Barford* had saved the father and his child from the flames, so that he was not a misanthrope in practice, though he professed to be one. '*He lies*!' (exclaims *Torrent*); God bless him, *he lies*!

ACT II.—Opens with a conversation between *Jonathan Oldskirt*, an old linen-draper, from the back of St. Clement's, and *Fanny*, who had been hired by Mr. *Torrent*'s agent in London, as his house-keeper. It appears that *Fanny* had some time before come from Jamaica with a young physician of the name of *Henry*, to whose care she had been bequeathed by her dying mother. As soon as they landed in England, *Henry* had unaccountably disappeared, and left her destitute. She took a lodging at the house of *Jonathan Oldskirt*, who, finding her destitute of a situation, supports her till she finds a place. The place where they are discovered is in the fields, about half a mile from *Torrent*'s house. She prevails upon *Oldskirt* to go to the inn, while she went to the house. *Oldskirt* expresses dreadful apprehensions of the danger of being so far from town, and complains bitterly of the miseries of a stage-coach: 'Six within,' he says, 'and two squalling brats; a fat sleeping alderman, who pitched his head into the pit of my stomach. I did but pop out my head to take a little air, when a confounded fellow on the top gave me a *kick in the jaws* with his heel!' He goes back to the inn, and *Fanny* proceeds to the house. The second scene discovers a room in Lord *Alamode*'s house, with *Andrew Bang*, his game-keeper, asleep. Sir *Larry McMurragh*, an Irish baronet, enters, and pulls him by the nose, and *tips* him the compliments of the *sleeping sea*.

son. He sends *Bang* to pay the postillions, and says—'I promised them *half-a-crown a-piece* if they drove fast, but they were d——d lazy, so there's only a *seven-shilling-piece between them*.' *Bang* goes out, observing that the postillions were fools for not stopping altogether, and then he might have given them *half-a-guinea*. *Bang* re-enters, introducing *Hercules*, the Lilliputian foot-boy of *Sir Larry*, who carries the ready cash in a small box in his hand, and a large green bag full of tradesmen's bills on his back. *Carrydot*, Lord A.'s steward, enters, and receives a letter from *Sir Larry*, written by his master. From this, and a subsequent explanation of *Sir Larry*, it appears, that the latter had been ruined at play by his dear friend Lord A. who lent him his house in the country to evade the pursuit of his creditors. He told the steward that he was *dished*; which *Carrydot* not understanding, *Sir Larry* explained the term:—'Why now,' says he, 'tis as *aisy* as nothing at all at all; for the learned agree that *dishing* comes from *dashing*!' In order to persuade *Carrydot* that he was the most careful and regular man in the world, he shows him a book of his memorandums, which are found to contain the following items:—

To sweep-crossings	=	£.	—	1	0
To sundries	-	-	7000	0	0
To a collar for a pug dog	-	-	—	10	6
To a diamond necklace for Eliza	900	0	0		
Promised my tailor	-	-	4000	0	0

ACT III.—The third act opens with the discovery of *Sir Larry* in *Alamode's* house. *Fanny* comes to the house, having mistaken it for *Torrent's*. *Sir Larry*, who is charmed with her beauty, bribes the game-keeper to confirm her mistake. When she asks who is the master of the house, *Sir Larry* holds out half-a-crown behind him to *Bang*, who, as he puts it in his pocket, declares that

Sir Larry is *lundlord in fee*! *Fanny* is surprised at the manner of the gentlemen of the house, and remains in her mistake for that time. The second scene opens with the discovery of *Torrent's* house. *Torrent* and *Heartly* are conversing, and the former informs the latter of his benevolent acts, which *Heartly* finds out to be squandered on undeserving objects. *Heartly* departs, and *Jonathan Oldskirt* enters. *Torrent* mistakes him for a surveyor whom *Heartly* had recommended. A curious *equivoque* ensues, while *Oldskirt* talks of *Fanny*, and *Torrent* of his grounds. *Torrent* surprises *Oldskirt* by saying with the poet—

'To clothe the goddess like a modest fair,
'Not overdress'd—and yet not wholly bare.'

He sends *Oldskirt* to walk in his park, without any explanation having taken place.

ACT IV.—This opens with a conversation between *Torrent* and *Barford*, who comes back with the pocket-book. He informs *Torrent* of his story, of his wife having been seduced in the West-Indies by *Torrent's* brother, who had been afterwards killed by accident. He had learnt, that his daughter *Fanny* had been hired by *Torrent* as his house-keeper, and demands to see her. *Oldskirt* here enters in a passion, and, by the arrival of *Heartly*, an explanation takes place. *Oldskirt* loudly demands to see *Fanny*, and much amusement follows from the singularly expressed rage of the old linen-draper, who thinks he is imposed upon. The parties set out, in order to search for *Fanny* in the neighbourhood. The second scene discovers *Hogmore's* house. *Henry*, in the dress of a sailor, appears; and it is found that he had been taken by a pressgang on his landing from the West Indies with *Fanny*; that he had been hurried to actions, and captured by the French; and that from that time he had been

confined in a French prison till he made his escape. He asks a lodging for the night from *Hogmore*, who refuses, saying, he had no lodgings to let. A child of *Hogmore's*, however, who had heard the conversation, appears at a low window, and hands out a basket with some provisions and liquor, and supplies the necessities of *Henry*. *Solomon Gundy*, in his search for *Fanny*, passes by, and takes *Henry* to *Alamode's* house.

ACT V.—Commences with the discovery of *Mrs. Glastonbury*, the housekeeper, and *Fanny*, in *Lord Alamode's* house. *Fanny* has discovered her mistake, and wishes to depart, but is restrained by the housekeeper. *Gundy*, *Henry*, *Torrent*, and *Barford*, successively arrive, and endeavour to prevail upon *Sir Larry* to say whether *Fanny* is in the house. At last she enters with *Oldskirt*, and meets *Henry* and *Barford* (her father). The father gives her hand to *Henry*—*Torrent* promises to take care of their fortunes—and with this the piece concludes.

The style of this comedy, which is the production of *Mr. Colman*, a writer of deserved celebrity, is for the most part terse and elegant; there are many sentiments justly conceived, and most happily expressed. The first act, so far as regards the dialogue, is very happily combined, and abounds with many pleasantries or witticisms. It kept the house in a roar. The second act is less luxurious, but it has several intellectual felicities which stamp a superior genius. The third shews an exhaustion or carelessness of powers; and the fourth and fifth acts are languid.

There was much to applaud in the performance. *Mr. Kemble* both conceived and acted *Barford* with that judgment and impressive effect that might have been expected from him. *Mr. Fawcett* was flippant and diverting

in *Solomon Gundy*; and *Munden* did as much for *Torrent* as the author could have hoped. The churlish *Farmer* was characteristically represented by *Waddy*; and although much praise is due to *Mr. Lewis*, for having lent the aid of his pleasant and animated talents in comedy, we are compelled to observe that the part of the *Irishman* did not, in his hands, afford us all the entertainment we expected. It will cost him some time and trouble before he can acquire that accent which chiefly constitutes the humour and eccentricity of such characters. *Simmons* was the most favoured performer in the piece, and certainly deserved it. *Mrs. Gibbs* was exceedingly interesting throughout. *Mrs. Mattocks* also merits much encomium.

LONDON AFTERNOON DRESSES.

BLACK crape turban, with jet ornaments; crape dress, with lozenge black velvet trimming down the front; drawn crape tucker, and black velvet shoes. Two-figure *Lenon* muslin turban, with long lappets; the hair straight over the forehead; worked muslin dress, *Circassian* sleeves; armlets with pebble ornaments; brown velvet shoes.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

WHATEVER was in vogue during the four winter months is partially combined with the dresses which announce the spring. Thus, though *percale* and straw are worn, there are still velvet great-coats, and cloth hats. Taffety has not excluded satin; and two ladies may be seen arm in arm, one of whom shall have a robe of fine muslin, and the other a *fichu* of scarlet cashmere, or white satin trimmed with fur.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

TO BLOOMFIELD WEBB,

ON SEEING HIM FEEDING SOME BIRDS
ON A SEVERE FROSTY MORNING.
1805.

BLOOMFIELD, to thee a father's rustic muse
Chaunts his wild woodnotes; fondly to record
Thy bounty to the little bands of song.

To yonder bower, where budding woodbines
form

A slender covert from the sleety shower,
Repair the feather'd suppliants. Expectation
Beams in each eye, and hope anticipates
The coming good! Haste, haste, my little
Bloomfield,

And give thy plummy friends their crumby
meal.

Tis done; the rosy cherub has perform'd
The charitable deed—the want-pinched tribe
Devour the wheaten morsel, soon dispatch'd:
On agile pinions, lo! they soar aloft,
And seem to twitter thanks.—Still, still, my
Bloomfield!

Pursue the kind benevolent amusement,
And feed the chirping paupers, till fair spring
Spangles earth's verdant robe with various
flowers,

Clothes the bare trees in green habiliments,
And beams around delight. Then, Bloom-
field, then

The harmless redbreast will repay thy kind-
ness

With many a rural ditty; while the sparrow
Will chirp his gratitude in rougher accents.
Dear sportling! by such tender acts as these
May thy young mind imbibe humane ideas,
And learn to sympathize with human woe!
Should Heaven be pleas'd to gild thy days
with affluence,

Dispense its favours with a liberal hand
But give (if thou hast nothing else to give)
The kind consoling word, the pitying tear.

Haverhill.

JOHN WEBB,

ADDRESS TO A SNOW-DROP.

Written February, 1805.

WHY dost thou, silver-vested flower,
While tempests howl and snow-storms lower,
Thus boldly brave stern winter's power,
And rear thy head?
Why so impatient? why not stay
Till Zephyrs drive rude blasts away,
And potent Sol, with chearing ray,
Warm thy cold bed?

Why stay not till the primrose pale,
With simple beauty, spots the vale;
Till vi'lets load each passing gale
With luscious balm?
Till moist-ey'd April's genial showers
Rouse Flora's train of painted flowers,
And songsters fill the leafy bowers
With music's charm?

Fair flower! thy hardy front defies
The rigour of inclement skies:
The blast pernicious o'er thee flies,
Nor chills thy form.
Thus virtue stands with placid mien
While whirlwinds desolate the scene;
And, cheer'd by hope, with mind serene
Smiles at the storm.

Haverhill, March 20, 1805. JOHN WEBB.

VERSES ON LEAVING H-----N.

THE time is arriv'd I must now be returning,
Tho' to leave my companions I feel rather sad;
But since 't must be so, why what signifies
mourning?

'Tis always the best, when we can, to be glad.

My heart is n' gay one, a stranger to sorrow;—
That word in my ear has a very harsh
sound;—

Present time I employ, and ne'er think of to-morrow—

'Tis a period, we're told, 'that's no-where to be found.'

But, ah! when I think how our time we were spending—

In composing of poetry, or reading a book—
We were ever obliging, and never offending,
And the smile of good-nature appear'd in each look.

But now I must go, so accept of my farewell;
And I hope your good-nature 'll excuse my weak strain:

And I still have the pleasure to hope, as we are well,

We all shall meet happy and well once again.

Holbeach Marsh. JANE C--K--G.

ACROSTIC.

W HILE others write of Shakspeare's fame,
I 'd raise to memory your name;
L oud sound the trumpet of your praise,—
L ouder than Shakspeare's, Pope's, and Gay's.

I n ev'ry part how nice and true!
A nd merit e'er should have its due;
M ay you e'er live in peace and ease,

B elov'd by her you wish to please!
L uckless the youth who's doom'd to mourn
A cruel maiden's cold return;
N o peace nor comfort does he know,
C ondemn'd to spend a life of woe.
H ere may you meet with nought but joy
A nd pleasures such as never cloy:
R ich in each virtue that we can
D esire to see a happy man.

Holbeach Marsh. JANE C--K--G.

VERSES ADDRESSED TO MISS HARRISON, LINCOLN.

MAY your life, my lov'd Nancy, e'er be
As calm and serene as the morn!
May a time never come which shall plant
In your virtuous bosom a thorn!

And if 'tis decreed that you are
At the altar of Hymen to attend,
May you, in the youth whom you love,
Find a faithful protector and friend!

Then your days will be happily spent,
Uncloved with care or with pain;

Until you that life which is lent,
Resign to its Maker again.

Holbeach Marsh. JANE C--K--G.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF MISS MARY COOLING,
LINCOLN.

FROM this uncertain stage remov'd

Is Mary, once the gay;
Emaciated, cold, and pale,
She in the earth does lay.

Yes, in the cold and frozen earth
Her lovely form is laid:—
She in the bloom of youth, alas!
The debt of nature paid.

Her crimson cheeks they might for bloom
Have with the roses vied;
And 'gainst her neck the lilies fair
Might sure with envy 've died.

But, ah! these graces bright had not
Sufficient power to save
The lovely maid that them possess
One moment from the grave!

Ah me! how transient were her charms!
Death did them all entomb:
He cropp'd the roses of her cheeks
Ere they attain'd full bloom.

Now, farewell, Mary, blooming maid!
I see thee more shall never;
Yet will I cherish, dearest girl!
Thy remembrance for ever.

Holbeach Marsh. JANE C--K--G.

ACROSTIC.

I MPRINTED on the mind be ev'ry grace,
A nd every beauty that adorns the face!
N ever let false-hearted swains your heart
insnare;
E 'er of the fickle shepherd's tale beware.

H ere may you live in peace and affluence,
E nlighten'd be your mind with true good sense:
R est calm and humble, if your lot be poor;—
B ut if it's rich, be humble as before.

B e ever peace and virtue in your breast!
And may you with the youth you love be bless'd!
S ense and good-nature on you ever attend!
S ure then you'll find in ev'ry one a friend.

Holbeach.

JANE C--K--G.

VERSES

ON A PLEASANT WALK NEAR LINCOLN.

FAREWELL, lovely scene! I must go,
And leave thee, ah! leave thee behind!
But I this, as some solace, shall know,
Thou wilt e'er have a place in my mind.

Ah! how peaceful I oft have sat down,
Enjoying thy beauties serene!
Und start'd by the noise of the town,
I've hail'd thee the charmingest scene.

But now I must bid thee adieu,
Tho' 't will certainly give me much pain;
Much more, as I certainly know
I shall ne'er see thy beauties again.
Halbeath Marsh. JANE C.-K.-G.

TO AN ENTHUSIAST.

BY MR. G. DYER.

WERE you, my friend, some nimble-winged thing,
That could with eagle wing extend your flight,
Then might you range the world,
Then pierce each lonely place;

Whether 't were lazar-house, or dungeon drear,
Or hill, or beating cliff, or time-worn cave,
Where misery sat and sigh'd
Her troubles, still unseen:

And there, perchance, at eve her hollow eye
On the hard stone at times might drop the tear,
As once the dame*, who mourn'd
Her hapless children's fate.

Then had you, gentle friend, the chemic art
Of some young bee, that roves from flow'r to flow'r,
How fondly might you rove!
What balmy sweets inhale!

Then, blest employment! with what tender skill
Wondering might you those honour'd treasures mine,
And form a generous balm
To heal each mourner's heart!

Were you, my friend, some dart-emitting god,
Like him who pierc'd in Græcia mortal hearts.

How might you range the world,
And find each gladsome place;

Whether 'twere village green, or city gay,
How might you roving find each cheerful scene!
Where youths and maidens smile,
And carol through the day!

And when, perchance, with joy-illumina'd eye,
Thoughtless of love, they frolick'd in the dance,
How might you throw your dart,
And flee away unseen!

Then you again might change your tiny form,
Stand forth the god, protector of the fair,
Your head with roses crown'd,
And in your hand a torch.

Then you might light the lovers on their way,
Then sing the song, that should delight their hearts,
Till they should love and love,
And still in love grow old.

Oh! could you fondly climb yon orient sun,
Ride on his beam, and travel round the world;
How might you, crown'd with light,
The nations cheer around!

Yes! friend, were you like that refulgent sun,
How might you in your daily course dispense
Light, liberty, and joy,
Still travelling to bless.

Were you—But cease, enthusiast, cease your speed;
For what avail, O man! fantastic flights?
Why muse ideal schemes,
Heedless of real life?

You are nor bee, nor sun, nor sprite, nor god;
You are a humble, weak, unwinged thing,
The frail inhabitant
Of this poor clod of earth.

And has not this poor earth, this very spot,
Where thou art wont to move, enough of range?
Ah! where then wouldst thou haste?
Behold your proper sphere.

Cease, then, enthusiast, thy slender bark;
How should it hope to tempt the boundless ocean?
Keep close to shore—or, ah!
You soon, too soon, will founder.

"LORD, REMEMBER DAVID!"

As sung with the greatest applause by Mr. HARRISON in the Oratorio. Composed by Mr. HANDEL.

Lord, re-mem-ber De-vid!

teach him to know thy ways; to know thy ways; teach him to know thy ways. Lord . .

. . . . re-mem-ber De-vid! teach him to know thy ways. Lord! Lord! teach him

to know thy ways. Oh

guide his tongue with meekness, dai-ly to sing thy praise; dai-ly to sing thy praise. Lord—

FOREIGN NEWS.

Italy, Feb. 10.

IT now seems as if the Toulon expedition were deferred till a future time, as letters from the south of France assure us, that they are very busy in disarming the ships, and sending back the troops on board into their cantonments.

On the 31st of January lord Nelson passed the Straits of Messina, on his way to Malta, where he will continue some time.

Madrid, Feb. 19. Our land army is going to be considerably augmented. In all parts officers are employed in recruiting to place the regiments of infantry on the war footing, and our government never shewed more activity to carry on the war against England with all possible vigour. The six regiments of Swiss infantry in the pay of Spain will form, according to their new organization, an effective body of 11,000 men. The fine regiment of the Walloon guards will be increased one hundred men per battalion, in the same manner as those of the Spanish guards. The formation of several battalions of grenadiers has also been ordered. These measures produce no relaxation in those in regard to the maritime armaments.

20. To provide as much as possible for the extraordinary expences which will be incurred by the fitting out of our navy, recourse has been had to the commercial class. Cadiz and Madrid have each contributed a million of piastres, and an equal sum is expected from the other commercial cities. By means of these and other contributions, we shall be able to fit out 26 ships of the line. There is, however, a want of sailors; as within the last two or three

years more than 10,000 of them, falling victims to poverty and famine, have been obliged to enter into foreign service.

We are assured the prince of peace will be appointed sole first minister, and that the other will be dismissed. Thus much is certain, that the prince, in the meeting of merchants at Madrid, when he stated the new order of things, expressed great dissatisfaction with respect to the direction of the finances, and expressly asserted that an approaching change in the same, as also in the ministry of justice and war, was no longer doubtful.

Constantinople, Feb. 25. The Porte has announced to all the foreign ministers, by a circular note, that the tariff of customs for all nations trading to Turkey has been definitively regulated; but the French government not having explained itself on this subject, the Porte transmitted to Paris the tariff, in which it is distinctly expressed that French ships arriving in Turkey shall pay 3 per cent. *ad valorem* on the merchandize they bring; to which it has been added, that if the French do not declare themselves on this subject in the space of six months, the officers of the customs in Turkey shall have orders to take the 3 per cent. on the merchandize of all ships arriving in the Levant Seas. The Porte concludes this circular note by requesting all the ministers not to occasion any impediment to the new system of the customs.

The last accounts from Georgia state, that it was not at Phosis that the Russians have landed, but at Anacria, called in our maps Anagea; that there are a number of troops with provisions and ammunition and that they have begun

to build a fort, for the erecting of which they have brought some large blocks of stone from Crimea; that they have not only met with no opposition, but that many Georgians have joined them, and assisted them to complete their works.

Messina, March 2. The English fleet appeared, in the latter end of January, between Palermo and Messina, in expectation of meeting with the Toulon fleet. When admiral Nelson found himself mistaken in this expectation, he sailed, on the 31st of January, with 11 ships of the line, and several frigates and corvettes, through this strait, with a moderate breeze, for Malta, leaving one frigate for observation at the Faro, where she still lies.—Since that time we here know nothing of lord Nelson and his fleet; some believe that he has sailed for Egypt in quest of the French fleet, which, however, it is now known, has put back to Toulon.

Madrid, March 6. So uncommon are the exertions making in the port of Cadiz, that fifteen ships of different sizes are quite manned, and six are already in the Bay. Sailors from all parts of the kingdom are flocking to Cadiz, as well as artificers in prodigious numbers. Commodore Orde cruises continually in sight of our ports: but in spite of the reinforcement which he expects, he will by no means be a match for his opponents. It is, indeed, time that the Spanish flag resent the injuries done to our commerce by the English: they have again captured two of our American ships, laden not only with piastres, but a considerable quantity of merchandize of all kinds.—What has been said of the zeal and activity manifested in the port of Cadiz, may also be applied to that of Ferrol. Our army is augmenting daily; and thus we shall shortly be in a condition to bid defiance at least, if not to punish our enemies.

Lisbon, March 6. Six English ships of war, under the command of admiral Cochrane, have arrived in our road. It is not known for certain if it is the same squadron which has blockaded Ferrol, or the one sent in pursuit of the fleet which lately escaped from Rochefort.

On the 4th the captain of the *Emerald* frigate, in violation of our neutrality, caused a great number of men to be pressed from on board the neutral ships lying under quarantine here. Our government, however, have issued peremptory orders, that said frigate shall not be suffered to sail before all the seamen, thus unwarrantably seized, have been restored.

Semlin, March 10. A report is in circulation here, that 150,000 Russian troops are assembled on the frontiers of Wallachia; that they are to march through Servia for Albania, and afterwards to embark for the Seven Islands.

Cadiz, March 12. Our squadron, composed of twelve ships of the line and ten frigates, have entered the road, and wait only for orders from the court to put to sea.

Paris, March 13. The fate of the Italian republic is now decided: it is declared an hereditary monarchy by the title of the *kingdom of Italy*. Yesterday at one o'clock, his imperial majesty the emperor of the French being seated on the throne, surrounded by the grand dignitaries and great officers of the empire, the grand master of the ceremonies introduced M. Melzi, the vice-president of the Italian republic, M. M. Marscalchi, Caprara, Paradisi, and four other members of the Italian state consulta, as also fifteen deputies from the Italian republic; when M. Melzi addressed the emperor in the name of the consulta and the deputation, and expressed their wish that the government might be changed into a monarchy, and that his majesty would be graciously pleased to accept the title and office of their king.

M. Melzi then read the act of the constitution, which establishes hereditary monarchy and declares the emperor Napoleon, the founder of the Italian republic, *king of Italy*.

His majesty answered in a gracious speech, accepting the crown thus offered him, and is now *king of Italy*.

The emperor will soon set out for Milan, where his coronation is to take place on the 23d of May, being Ascension day.

Rome, March 20.—The sudden de-

parture from Naples of the English ambassador, Mr. Elliott, gave occasion to many false reports; he had, however, only gone to Gaetta, to wait personally on his Sardinian majesty.

The celebrated naturalist, Felix Fontana, died at Florence on the 9th inst. in the 76th year of his age.—He was buried close to the coffin of Galileo.

Frankfort, March 26. One of our newspapers contains the following article:—According to intelligence from Marsilles, great exertions are making at Toulon to fit out several additional large and small ships of war. It is added, that several thousand troops had arrived there, and that the fleet would again shortly sail, after being considerably reinforced. Every thing is conducted with the greatest secrecy; the captains even knew nothing of their late destination: they had been furnished with sealed orders, which were only to be opened in case of great necessity, or when separated from the fleet. Of the English fleet nothing is known since its fruitless cruise to Sicily; it is conjectured to lie off Sardinia.

Ratisbon, March 27. We have just learnt here, that the emperor Napoleon has accepted the crown of Italy. The news has produced a great sensation. Our sovereign the elector arch chancellor has acknowledged the new king, and the princes of Germany are all disposed to do the same. The grandeur of the proceeding, and the moderation which it exhibits, strike every one, and augur favourably for the continuance of the peace of the continent.

Vienna, March 30.—The French ambassador here has officially notified the nomination of his sovereign to be king of Italy.

The French ambassador has requested and obtained permission to follow the French emperor to Milan. He will there meet with his predecessor at Vienna, the present minister for foreign affairs.

Paris, March 31.—It appears that no alteration has taken place in the emperor's intention of setting out on his journey to Italy, and that he will leave Fontainebleau the day after to-morrow. M. Remusat, his first-chamberlain, is charged with the conveyance of the or-

naments destined for the coronation of his majesty as king of Italy. Cardinal Fesch set off yesterday for Milan, for the coronation.

The *Moniteur* of this day contains a long senatus consultum relative to the regency of the kingdom of Italy, the grand officers of the kingdom, and the oaths to be taken. The majority of the kings of Italy is fixed at 18 years—till they are 18 the kingdom is to be governed by a regent, who must be at least 25.

April, 1.—The pope's departure is said to be fixed for next Thursday.

Eight pages set off yesterday from St. Cloud for Milan.

2. A letter from Milan of the 14th of March, states, that the Venice gazettes have officially announced that the Venetian provinces will this year be visited by the emperor and empress of Austria.

The tribunate have waited on the emperor (Bonaparte), and congratulated him on his acceptance of the crown of Italy, respecting which country several more regulations have been decreed.

They write from Marseilles, that the equipment of large and small ships of war is carried on with the utmost activity at Toulon, and that some thousand soldiers have arrived there to be embarked, when the fleet will make another attempt to sail. Every thing is carried on there with the greatest secrecy. Some English spies have lately been discovered on the coast; the fishermen are also suspected of maintaining a correspondence with the English fleet. The latter has not again appeared off Toulon, but resumed its station off Sardinia.

Mentz, April 3. Yesterday the French formally took possession of the Rhine Islands; barriers are planting there, having the Imperial eagle with outstretched wings placed on them.

Stockholm, April 4, 1805. We have been for some time past in expectation that the embargo put upon our ships in the harbours of France would be taken off, and that matters between the two countries would be accommodated; but to-day we hear that orders have been sent to Carlseon to fit out immediately two frigates and two cutters for the protection of our trade.

HOME NEWS.

Portsmouth, March 23.

YESTERDAY morning early colonel Smith, and a king's messenger, charged with dispatches of considerable importance, arrived here, and embarked on board the Decade frigate, Capt. Rutherford, and she sailed for the Mediterranean. The colonel is gone direct for Naples. They travelled all night, and the Decade was under weigh in half an hour after they arrived.

Plymouth, March 23. A melancholy accident happened last week at Tamerton Follist, near the river Tamar, in Devonshire. A Mrs. Felix, of Dock, near Plymouth, lady of Dr. Felix, of the royal navy, went to Tamerton to place her daughter at a lady's academy situate at that pleasant village. She appeared rather flighty at different periods of the evening, but, with the family, retired to her apartment: at the breakfast hour she was missing, and upon questioning her little girl, it appeared she had put the child to bed, but did not retire to rest with her.—Inquiries were then made from that period through the neighbourhood as to a person of her description being seen in the lanes or woods of the vicinity of Tamerton. She was seen the night of her leaving the academy in a lane near Mariston, by a farmer's man, who passed her, but did not take any notice of her. Though every search by her friends was made for several days, she was not found till last Sunday, when her remains were discovered floating near the shore of a branch of the river Tamar, near Mariston; one side of her face was much bruised. The coroner's jury of Saltash held an inquest on the body, and brought in a

verdict of *lunacy*. She was a lady of easy unaffected manners, and her melancholy death is much lamented by all those who knew her. Dr. Felix, her afflicted husband, in a surgeon in the royal navy, and is now abroad on the service of his country.

London, March 23. Mr. Pitt yesterday brought forward the new taxes, to replace the husbandry horse duty, which was estimated at 320,000*l.* and the discontinuance, in deference to the opinion of many gentlemen, of the proposed duty on the exportation of salt, estimated at 80,000*l.* The new taxes are—

New duties on glass	- -	£. 80,000
bricks and tiles	- -	37,000
auctions	- - -	31,000
coffee, at the rate of 6d.	} 28,000	
per pound		
Cyder and perry	- - -	15,000
Vinegar	- - -	11,000
Gold and silver wire	- -	5,000
Slates and stones carried coastwise	-	4,400
Barilla, turpentine, &c.	-	22,000
Duty of 2½ per cent. on	} 176,000	
goods imported		

Total 409,400

Deal, March 23. The imperial Boulogne flotilla have again began to display their manoeuvres. By an officer who is this instant arrived in the Downs from the blockading squadron, I am informed, that yesterday about 150 of their gun-boats, and several large praams, made their appearance in the outer road, practising their usual gasconading feats, but with the most especial care to be under the protection of their numerous batteries. This officer reports, that there appear to be nearly 2000 ves-

sels of different descriptions in the inner basons and harbour of Boulogne.

London, March 29. Last night, as one of his majesty's carriages and six were conveying generals Manners and Fitzroy, two of his majesty's equeries, to Kew, as the carriage was passing near Knightsbridge-green, several persons called to the postillions, and informed them there was no coachman on the box; upon which they stopped the horses, and upon enquiry, it was discovered, that as the carriage was passing opposite Knightsbridge chapel, one of the fore wheels went over a very large stone, which threw the coachman off the box, and he was found with his right arm and leg broken lying in the road, occasioned by the hind wheel of the carriage going over them: proper assistance was immediately procured, and he was conveyed to St. George's hospital. His name is West. The equeries were obliged to wait till another coachman arrived from the King's Mews.

A young man of very respectable family has been under a private examination for several days past, charged with uttering a forged draft for a considerable amount, with an intent to defraud Messrs. Forster and Lubbock, bankers, in the city. The following circumstances have transpired. The prisoners went to a jeweller's, in the Strand, and agreed for the purchase of a quantity of goods, and tendered a draft on Messrs. Forster, Lubbock, and Co. But the jeweller hesitated at giving change, as he was not sure it was a good one; the prisoner observed that the change was of no consequence, he would call again the next day for it, when they had ascertained that the draft was a good one. In the mean time application was made to the banker's, and the draft proved to be a bad one. The prisoner, according to his promise, called the next day (which was more the act of a madman than a rogue); he was of course taken into custody.

On Monday morning an aged uncle of the prisoner, and a very respectable man, called upon the prosecutor and requested a sight of the draft, for the purpose of taking a copy to make a case to lay before counsel, which the prosecutor

complied with, but held one end in his hand, when the old gentleman suddenly snatched it and tore it. A scuffle ensued between the parties, but the old gentleman succeeded in getting it into the fire, and it was burnt; he was in consequence conveyed to Bow-street, when he declared upon his honour it was not his intention to attempt to destroy the draft till the moment he did it, when the sudden impulse of nature came into his mind, that he probably had it then in his power to save the life of his nephew. Yesterday both of them underwent a final examination, when the magistrate being satisfied with the production of the draft on the first examination, he was fully committed for trial. The uncle was admitted to bail, himself in 400*l.* and two sureties in 200*l.* each, for a violent assault upon the plaintiff. Mr. Const, who attended for the bankers, was of opinion that it would prove to be a misdemeanour.

Falmouth, March 31. This day arrived the Lady Arabella packet, captain Porteus, with mails from the Leeward Islands, in thirty days' passage from Tortola: by her we learn the arrival on the 19th of February of the Rochefort squadron at Martinique, consisting of five sail of the line, three frigates, and two brigs, having on board 3000 troops; and that on the 21st of February they landed in prince Rupert's Bay, Dominica: after some resistance by 300 troops under the command of general Provost, the French succeeded in taking possession of the town, which they set on fire; our troops retiring to the forts, which, by the last accounts received at Tortola, held out, having been reinforced by 500 men from Barbadoes.

Portsmouth, April 2.—Arrived a schooner, with dispatches from commodore Hood, which brings intelligence of the Rochefort squadron having made three attacks on the island of Dominique, in which they were severally repulsed.

After this unsuccessful enterprise, they anchored at Fort Royal, Martinique, where the schooner saw them lying.

A circumstance occurred here yesterday, which, although it originated in a mistake, is unpleasant in its nature:

An order was received for the shipwrights in this dock-yard to work from five o'clock to seven, and to have an hour allowed them for dinner, which they have not lately had. A number of these men considered that they were to go home to their dinners, and accordingly went out of the yard, contrary to the opinion and direction of the officers. This unadvised act produced some emotion for the moment, but the gates were soon closed, after about three hundred of them had gone out, and the guard was instantly mustered. The men remained out the rest of the day. This morning it was made known that they might return to their work again, as they afterwards appeared satisfied with the explanation, and were convinced of the error under which they acted.

London, April 8. A discussion took place in the house of commons, on Mr. Whitbread's motion founded on the tenth report of the commissioners of naval enquiry; that lord Melville had been guilty of a gross violation of the law and breach of public duty, for the purpose of private emolument to Mr. Trotter; when the house divided, Ayes 216, Noes 216; and the speaker gave the casting vote for the motion.

Lord Melville's resignation was tendered to his majesty at Windsor yesterday by Mr. Pitt, and accepted. His lordship's successor has not yet been appointed. Mr. Yorke, lord Buckinghamshire, and lord Castlereagh, have been mentioned.

Dublin, April 12. Yesterday Thomas Fallon was indicted, tried, and found guilty of only a common assault (the law would not have it otherwise) on Eliza Buller, a decent young woman, by pouring a bottle of aqua fortis over her back, on the night of the 3d inst. in consequence of which she still remains under surgical care, and her life by no means safe, under a threatening mortification. Several articles of genteel attire, such as a silk cloak, velvet bonnet, &c. were exhibited in court, almost reduced to tinder. He confessed the crime after being apprehended, offered terms of accommodation, which he had the presumption to renew in court; but they were indignantly spurned at. He was sen-

tenced accordingly to imprisonment for two years in Newgate, fined 50 marks, and to procure security to be of the peace for seven years himself in 200l. and two sureties in 100l. each.

London, April 17. On Monday night Miss F—— S——, the second daughter of an opulent merchant in the vicinity of Hanover-square, went to a public ball, in company with her sister and a party of friends; while the couples were indulging in the merry dance, she suddenly disappeared. This circumstance caused some momentary confusion in the room; but it was soon discovered that a military officer, employed on the recruiting service, had also absented himself. An immediate search in all directions took place, and the fugitives were traced to Knightsbridge, whither they had gone in a coach from Portman-street stand. The parents of the lady have taken every step to find out the actual retreat of the fugitives, but in vain. The lover is the nephew of a colonel in the army, and the lady is in expectation of considerable property.

Windsor, April 23. The splendid ceremony of the installation of the knights of the Garter, which had occupied so considerable a share of the public attention for some time previous, took place at Windsor yesterday. The extensive scale of preparation, under the immediate direction of his majesty, had given additional importance to this otherwise highly interesting spectacle, and it derived all the charms of novelty from the time that had elapsed since the preceding installation. See *the Account*, p. 172.

London, April 24. Dispatches were yesterday received at the Admiralty from admiral sir A. Mitchell, who commands on the Halifax station, giving an account of a gallant action fought by the Cleopatra of 32 guns, with the Ville de Milan French 50-gun ship, which terminated in the capture of the British frigate; she had a number of men killed, and her rigging all cut to pieces. We are happy, however, to add, that the Leander, of 50 guns, soon after fell in with the French ship, which she captured, and retook the Cleopatra, her prize.

BIRTHS.

March 27. At Walthamstow-house, Essex, the lady of Robert Wigram, esq. M. P. of a son.

27. At his house in Hertford-street, the lady of Charles Jenkinson, esq. of a daughter.

29. At Bath, of a son, the lady of the late Thomas Jarvis, esq. of Haverstoke house, Hampshire.

31. At his house in Old Burlington-street, the lady of William Milner, esq. of a daughter.

April 1. At his lordship's house, Greddington, Flintshire, the right hon. lady Kenyon, of a son and heir.

3. At the duchess of Rutland's, Sackville-street, lady Catharine Forester, of a daughter.

At Hythe, in Kent, the lady of lieutenant-colonel Sidney Beckwith, of a daughter.

4. At Chalk-hall, near Derby, the lady of sir Henry Harpur, bart. of a son.

6. At his lordship's house in Bloomsbury-square, lady Ellenborough, of a daughter.

9. In William-street, Dublin, the lady of R. N. Bennett, esq. counsellor at law, of a son and heir.

The lady of E. Ackermann, esq. of Broad-street-place, of a son.

13. The lady of H. J. de Michele, esq. of a daughter, at his house, in Charlotte-street, Portland-place.

15. At his lordship's house, in Hanover-square, the right hon. lady Le Despencer, of a daughter.

Mrs. Litchfield, of the theatre royal, Covent-garden, of a son and daughter.

MARRIAGES.

March 23. At Lancaster, the rev. Thomas Postlethwaite, of Emanuel-college, Cambridge, to miss Elizabeth Satterthwaite, third daughter of John Satterthwaite, esq.

At Petersham, Mr. John Wiggins, of Danbury, Essex, to miss Danvers, eldest daughter of James Danvers, esq. of the above place.

25. At Hull, Charles E. Broadley,

esq. of that place, merchant, to miss Willock, youngest daughter of the late Alexander Willock, esq. of Bedford-square, London.

26. At Bilton, near York, capt. Croft, of the royal navy, son of Stephen Croft, esq. of Stillington, to miss Plumer, daughter of Hall Plumer, esq. of Bilton.

29. At St. Mary-la-bonne church, C. B. Wyatt, esq. surveyor-general of the province of Upper Canada, in America, to miss Rogers, of Frith-street, Soho-square.

April 2. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Augustus Hamilton, esq. son of vice-admiral Hamilton, to miss Hyde, daughter of the late judge Hyde.

At Bideford, Devonshire, Mr. Richard Langton, banker, in Lombard-street, to miss Susanna Bartlett, third daughter of the late John Bartlett, esq. of Bideford.

4. Major John Silver, of the 88th regiment of foot, to Mrs. Catharine Donald, widow of lieutenant-colonel Donald.

6. At the cathedral church of Lichfield, Dr. Robert Patrick, inspector of the hospitals in the southern district, to miss Harriet Gardiner, second daughter of lieutenant-general and the hon. Mrs. Gardiner, of Lichfield-close.

At Hammersmith, captain Wilkie, of the 38th regiment, to miss Elizabeth Hales, second daughter of the late sir John Hales, bart. of Mundale, Lincolnshire.

9. At Kingsbrampton, in Somersetshire, J. Chafey, esq. Taunton, to miss Emma Lucas, daughter of Stuckley Lucas, esq. of Baron's-down.

13. John Routh, esq. of Austin-friars, to miss Dunbar, of Camberwell-grove.

14. Captain Varlo, of the royal marines, to miss Pritzer, daughter of Theo. Pritzer, esq. of Austin-friars.

16. At St. George's church, Hanover-square, sir Drummond Smith, bart. of Tring park, to the hon. lady Sykes.

At St. Margaret's, Cordell Brooks, of Great George-street, Westminster, esq. to miss Stubbs, eldest daughter of George Stubbs, esq. of Parliament-street.

At Mary-la-bonne church, the rev. William Paget, to miss Deake, only

daughter of the rev. John Deake, of Edward-street, Portman-square.

16. At St. George's church, Hanover-square, T. Boddington, esq. of Upper Brook-street, to miss Mary Comerford, daughter of the late P. Comerford, esq.

17. Mr. G. Hamley, of Fish-street hill, to miss Seward, daughter of the late Wm. Seward, esq. of Romsey.

18. At St. George's church, Bloomsbury, John Henry Deffell, esq. of Gower-street, to miss Mackenzie, of Russell-square, eldest daughter of the late John Mackenzie, esq. of Bayfield, North Britain.

At Mary-la-bonne church, Alexander Oswald, esq. of Dean-street, Soho, to miss Grey, of Upper Harley-street.

DEATHS.

March 15. Suddenly, near Calderabbey (whilst giving directions to some workmen), Joseph Tiffin Senhouse, esq. of that place, and one of his majesty's justices of the peace for Cumberland.

23. Wm. Butler, M. D. of Lower Grosvenor-street, in the 79th year of his age.

26. At the Small-pox hospital, Pancras, Dr. Wm. Woodville, who had been a physician of that institution fourteen years.

Mr. Clark, of Leeds, dyer; the gentleman who first discovered the art of dying cotton-wool a scarlet colour.

27. In the 59th year of his age, at his house in Portland-place, the right hon. Martin Bladen, lord Hawke, baron of Towton, in the county of York. His lordship married Cassandra, youngest daughter of sir Edward Turner, bart. by whom he had issue Cassandra Julia, Edward Harvey, Martin Bladen, Edward and Anna Bella. His lordship is succeeded in his titles and estates by his eldest son, the hon. Edward Harvey Hawke.

At his house in St. James's-street, in the 46th year of his age, Joseph Browne, esq.

28. At his chambers in Gray's-Inn, Mr. Benj. Way, aged 78.

29. At Somers-town, in the 57th year of his age, Mr. Thomas Clark,

late lieutenant and pay-master of the royal West Middlesex regiment of militia.

30. At his apartments, royal hospital, Greenwich, Arthur Edwards, esq. lieutenant in the royal navy, aged 77 years.

31. Aged 81, James Garnar, esq. of Grantham, Lincolnshire.

April 1. At Exeter, major Wm. Erskine, of the 71st regiment, youngest son of the deceased James Erskine, esq. of Cardross.

5. At Bath, Joseph Reubidge, esq. in the 46th year of his age, many years a respectable member of the whig club.

8. At his house in Great Charlotte-street, Blackfriars-road, Edward Falkingham, esq. many years of the navy office.

Thomas Ayliffe, esq. of Surbiton, near Kingston, Surrey.

At Bristol Hot-wells, capt. W. Walker, of the late 28th regiment of light dragoons, son of W. Walker, esq. of Erdington-hall, Warwickshire.

Aged 80, at his son's house, Dean-street, Soho, Gawin Hamilton, of Killileagh castle, county of Down, Ireland, esq.

On Tuesday, at Windlestone, in the county of Durham, miss Eden, fourth daughter of sir John Eden, bart.

10. At Hampton-court palace, lady Edwards, aged 98, grand-mother to the present earl Cholmondeley.

12. In his 76th year, John Wyche, esq. many years an alderman, and one of his majesty's justices of the peace for Winchester.

At Plymouth, a few days after his arrival from the East Indies, lieutenant David Pringle, of his majesty's ship *Cenurion*. He had been absent eleven years.

13. At Debden-hall, Essex, lady Vincent, wife of sir Francis Vincent, bart. and daughter of the hon. Edward Bouverie, M. P.

On the 13th instant, at his house in Idol-lane, Tower-street, Thomas Pecholier, esq. aged 79.

15. At his villa, at West-end, in Surrey, the earl of Tyrconnel, aged 54 years, of an apoplectic fit. His lordship dying without a male issue, his title devolves to his nephew, George Carpenter.