

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

For MAY, 1805.

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- 5 Music—A CAVATINA, composed by W. SHIELD, esq.

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Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The *Third Lesson of Botany for Ladies*, by Dr. THORNTON, with an appropriate plate, will appear in our next.

The continuation of the Comedy of the *Country Town*, in our next.

The favours of J. R. are only deferred for want of room.

Laura's communication shall be attended to.

Orlando's *Soliloquy*, the *Ode to Evening*, and J. K.'s Acrostics, are received.

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE.

For MAY, 1805.

THE HEROIC ORPHAN.

A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

THAT the offspring of men of high birth and noble endowments will early manifest their descent by brave and generous acts, is a doctrine which the philosopher will probably ascribe to pride and prejudice; yet will it be found a beneficial prejudice, if it excite to great and useful achievements those who are born in the more elevated classes of society; and, perhaps, it may be even found, on impartial and dispassionate enquiry, that the faculties and qualities of the mind are in a great degree transmitted from parents to their children, as well as the lineaments of the face and the constitution of the body.

In the age of chivalry, when personal courage, bodily strength and agility, and address in martial exercises, were exclusively honoured, and the sciences and arts were either unknown or contemned, Raymond count of Provence ranked among the most renowned knights of his time for undaunted bravery and generous spirit. In obedience to the dictates of that superstition which was then considered as genuine religion, he had

made a campaign in Palestine; where he had distinguished himself in numerous encounters with the infidels, and returned, crowned with the laurels of victory, to arrange the affairs of his own states, and enjoy repose in the arms of his beloved consort Isabella, the daughter of the count of Toulouse.

Soon after his return, he walked out one evening, completely armed, as he had returned from a martial exercise in which he had been engaged, to visit, accompanied by his dear Isabella, the neighbouring monument of the lord of Uzes, who had fallen by his side in the Holy Land, whose memory he honoured, and whose death he regretted. The monument was a cenotaph, raised by the lady of the deceased knight to the memory of her lord, in a retired part of an extensive park adjoining to the mansion he had inhabited. She was since dead; and the domains had passed into the possession of Henry, the brother of the late lord William.

While the count and his amiable consort were surveying the sculp-

tured memorial of departed valour, and meditating on the transiency of earthly enjoyments and honours, a boy in loose and mean attire approached them, and gazing on the count burst forth into a rapturous exclamation expressive of his love of arms and his ardent wish one day to share the labours and the dangers of a military life. The count, struck with his appearance and manner, which likewise engaged the most favourable attention from the countess, enquired who he was, and put to him a variety of questions. The stripling told them, that he scarcely knew himself who he was: that his name was Stephen; that he had neither father nor mother, but that he had been received into the service of the lord of Uzes, who however employed him in the meanest occupations, and had made him the slave of all the domestics, treating him on all occasions with what he conceived to be the most undeserved severity: that still he felt in himself a spirit superior to the degraded state in which he now lived, and was confident that he should one day rise far above the meanness of his present condition.

The child—for so he might be called—expressed these aspiring sentiments with so much animation and enthusiasm, that what he said made a strong impression on count Raymond, and a still greater on the lady Isabella. So much, in fact, was she surprised and charmed with his bold and noble manner, that she immediately became his warm advocate with the count, requesting him to listen to his complaint, and enquire into his real situation and the treatment he experienced; adding, that the present lord of Uzes was universally known to be of a disposition directly opposite to that of his late brother.

William was frank, generous, and noble-minded; while Henry was at

all times mean, selfish, and treacherous. He had privately done many injuries to his brother, which the latter had nobly forgiven him; and what was, if possible, still more base and contemptible, had been the cause of much vexation and uneasiness to his sister-in-law, after the departure and since the death of her husband.

The count, at hearing that injuries had been done to the late lord of Uzes, and to her who from the tenderest of connections must have been most dear to him, expressed the utmost indignation, and involuntarily, as it were, clapped his hand upon his sword: for the warmest friendship had from early youth existed between him and William of Uzes, to whose valour he had been deeply indebted on many occasions, and in most critical circumstances.

Count Raymond now asked the boy whether he thought he should prefer his service to that of his present master.

‘Most assuredly,’ replied the little Stephen; ‘I have never seen my present master in armour: he is unacquainted with a soldier’s generosity.’

The count then dismissed the youth, assuring him that he would soon make further enquiries concerning him. The boy expressed a kind of rapturous gratitude, and took his leave with an air of freedom and dignity, though tempered with the most conciliating modesty, which at once astonished and delighted both the count and his lady.

The next day the count sent a very polite message to the lord of Uzes, requesting his attendance at the castle, and desiring him to bring with him the little Stephen; alleging that his lady, having accidentally met with him, had conceived so very favourable an opinion of his docility and good qualities, that she wished

to engage him, with his consent, in her service.

Lord Henry accordingly repaired to the castle, as he held his estates under the count, and was in fact his subject. He took with him, as requested, the little Stephen; concerning whom, when the count interrogated him, he related that he was the son of one of his vassals, named Torcial; that his father and mother being both dead, he had taken him when almost an infant to bring him up. He was employed, he said, about the house in any thing he was thought able to do, but he could not say much in his commendation. He manifested on many occasions the most extraordinary pride, though he knew not where he could learn it; and his confidence and obstinacy were equally remarkable. Such, indeed, he said, were his ill qualities, that he could have little objection to getting rid of him; but the duty he owed to his lordship, and his respect for the lady Isabella, required that he should warn them against taking into their service one who, when he grew up, might occasion them much trouble, and who, from the symptoms he already manifested of an enterprising ambition, might even prove dangerous.

The count, however, observed, at the same time, in the manner and language of the lord a very manifest and remarkable embarrassment, as if he were apprehensive that some secret which he was anxious to conceal might unexpectedly be brought to light. But of this he at that time took no further notice; though it served to confirm him in his desire to have the boy, who appeared to display such extraordinary qualities about his person. The little Stephen was accordingly transferred from the house of the lord of Uzes to the castle of count Raymond, where he

was employed as a page to wait on the lady Isabella.

Established thus in a family where he was both respected and admired, and in favour at once with his lady and his lord, young Stephen rapidly distinguished himself by his native good qualities. He grew tall and well-proportioned; his features, as he advanced towards manhood, became regular and expressive; and his whole deportment was peculiarly easy and graceful. He excelled in every manly exercise, and gave abundant proofs that the strength of his understanding corresponded to his bodily vigour. As he became of mature age, he passed from the service of his lady to that of the count, of whom he soon became the particular favourite; and a dispute arising between count Raymond and one of his powerful vassals, which could only be terminated by both parties having recourse to arms, he obtained permission to attend his lord to the field, where he signalized himself by deeds of the greatest valour, and on one occasion, by his courage, strength, and address, saved the life of the count, and turned the fortune of the day, changing what appeared to be inevitable defeat into victory.

From this time the gratitude of the count scarcely knew any bounds; and he accumulated on the brave Stephen the marks of his favour with an unsparing hand. He bestowed on him a very great part of the estates of his vanquished vassal, observing, that but for him he should have lost his own, or, at least, his life. To this largess he added many other valuable presents; till the riches of his favourite much exceeded the wealth of many lords and knights, of whom he was nevertheless the acknowledged inferior, from the obscurity of his origin, and the want of nobility of birth.

Soon after his return from the campaign which he had made with the count, the gallant Stephen felt for the first time the soft anxieties of the tender passion. The resplendent charms of the beauteous Adelaide, daughter of the viscount of Narbonne, whom he had seen at a tournament, made on his heart an impression never to be effaced. He found means to apprise her, with the most delicate modesty, of the sentiments he had conceived, and, to his inexpressible delight, had soon reason to believe that his affection was returned with equal warmth and sincerity. He engaged the count of Provence, who could refuse him nothing, to second his applications to the viscount of Narbonne for his consent. But here the pride of birth was an invincible obstacle. The viscount of Narbonne, of an ancient and illustrious family, and who could reckon a long line of noble ancestors, all distinguished by some great achievement, would not listen for a moment to the proposal of marrying his daughter to a man who, whatever might be his personal qualities or brave actions, was still only the son of an obscure peasant of the lowest condition. From this determination he could not be moved, till count Raymond had promised to exert all his influence with the lords and knights of Provence to consent that he should be raised to the rank of nobility, which he would willingly confer upon him. Yet even this proposal did not perfectly satisfy the viscount, who objected both to the practice of thus conferring nobility and to its recency when conferred. In case, however, nobility should thus be granted, he was at length persuaded, though very unwillingly, to promise his consent.

But when count Raymond proceeded to enquire into the disposi-

tion of his great lords and knights with respect to concurring in such a grant, he found them almost all decidedly averse to it: some from envy of the wealth and reputation which their rival Stephen had already acquired, and by which they were sensible that their own honours appeared diminished and degraded; and others from jealousy of the privileges and dignity of their order. In vain was it that the count endeavoured to prevail on them either by munificent offers or by persuasion; it was generally objected that his favourite, though he had indeed displayed undoubted courage and great abilities, and though for the personal services he had rendered the count he certainly well merited the favour and wealth that had been bestowed upon him, was yet deficient in his claims to so distinguished a reward: something more was wanting to entitle him to the great and rare honour of being raised to the dignity of nobility, which had never yet been, or at least ought not to have been, conferred on those who could not claim it by birth, till after a long series of the most incontestible proofs of valour and prowess, and the most extraordinary achievements.

The count, in consequence, saw himself under the necessity of relinquishing his design of raising his brave favourite to the order of nobility. He sent for him, therefore, and thus addressed him:—“My endeavours to bestow on you that reward to which I consider you as so well entitled, and which to you would now have a double value, have proved ineffectual. My nobility refuse their consent: jealousy of their honours and privileges, and, possibly, envy of your merits, have proved an insuperable obstacle. Shall I advise you? The lord of St. Remy,

my nephew and your friend, goes within a month to Palestine, to commence his career in arms. You shall accompany him. I know your zeal and courage; the brave actions you will there have an opportunity to achieve shall banish every objection to your elevation to that rank for which you appear born; your Adelaide shall prove as constant as amiable, and success shall finally crown your valour and your love.'

The gallant youth, in whose breast martial ardour vied with tender affection, readily acquiesced in this proposal. He sought his Adelaide, and communicated to her what had passed between the count and himself. She dropped a tear at the thought of the long separation that might ensue, and especially the dangers of the field; but as she knew that nothing could reconcile her father to their union but her lover's attaining to the honours of nobility, she consented to his departure; solemnly vowing inviolable fidelity till his return. She repaired with him to the count, and, in his presence, repeated her promise of constancy. The interview was tender on all sides; tears moistened every cheek; but the complexion of the scene was suddenly changed by a most unexpected incident.

The count was informed that a person in mean attire had made the most urgent application to be admitted to him immediately. He had been told with whom he was; but had only become more pressing, saying that the business on which he came concerned the gallant youth whom the count had honoured with his favours not less, but even still more, than the count himself.

This intelligence excited equal surprise and curiosity; and the count, after conferring a short time with Stephen and Adelaide, ordered that the stranger should be admitted. The

man on entering threw himself at the feet of the count, but immediately afterwards turned towards the brave youth his favourite:—'If,' said he, 'this is my sovereign, you are likewise my lord, to whom I owe homage. You are William, lord of Uzes; and to reveal to you this secret, and prove its truth, am I come. He who now bears that title has usurped the honours and the fortune which are your due. Let Henry, the pretended lord of Uzes, be confronted with me, and I will prove his treachery and his baseness.'

On being interrogated by the count, the man related the following circumstances.—He said, that when the lord of Uzes had met his death in Palestine, bravely fighting against the enemies of his faith, his lady, on receiving the sad tidings, had sunk into a gloomy melancholy which could no more be dispelled, but which in a few months brought her to the grave, leaving a child of less than two years to the guardianship of Henry, the brother of the late lord. 'I was,' said he, 'at that time a principal domestic in the service of the late lord William; and with the bitterest shame and compunction I now confess the part I had in the base transaction that followed. At the instigation of the present usurper of the honours and fortune of this noble youth, I contrived and conducted the pretended illness and death of the child, who was afterwards introduced to the family as the son of a vassal, named Stephen Torcial; for to do justice to this treacherous uncle, with all his baseness, he could never reconcile himself to the idea of shedding blood. I need not mention that my brave young lord here present was this child. Let him I have accused meet me face to face. The very sight of Jullion—that is my name—will confound him,

and I will produce such proofs as shall render it impossible for him to deny his guilt.'

A messenger was now dispatched by the count, requesting the immediate attendance of Henry of Uzes. He came, and the moment he saw Jullion appeared as if thunder-struck, and overwhelmed with the utmost confusion; he, however, soon recovered himself sufficiently to deny positively any knowledge of him, or that he had ever seen him before. But his accuser coolly produced several letters in his own hand-writing, which contained directions with respect to this infamous plot, and rendered his guilt manifest beyond the possibility of a doubt.—'With the cursed reward,' said Jullion, 'which you bestowed upon me for assisting you in the accomplishment of your treacherous and villainous scheme, I travelled, by your advice, to a far distant country, and endeavoured to obtain riches by trade, for which I conceived myself well qualified. But Providence, as I might well have expected, appeared to thwart all my endeavours, though for a short time I seemed successful; and at length, near Constantinople, I was robbed of all the little property that remained to me. My losses, and the miseries I suffered in my poverty, turned my thoughts to the vile action to which I had been accessory, and to which I attributed all my misfortunes, and all my wretchedness. My conscience upbraided me day and night; the anger of Heaven appeared to pursue me; and I found that I could hope for no rest but by making a full discovery of all I knew, and procuring justice to be done to an oppressed orphan. After a journey of indescribable difficulty and danger, I have arrived here; I have lightened my soul of the burthen that oppressed it; and this is the first moment in which I have experienced peace of

mind and self-approbation for many revolving years.'

Henry found it in vain any longer to attempt to deny the truth, and made an ample confession of his guilt, pleading only in palliation his tenderness of the life of his nephew. The brave Stephen, now recognized by his true name and title, William lord of Uzes, was restored to the estates which were his right; and the viscount of Narbonne, now finding that he was noble by birth and descended from a line of ancestors not less illustrious than his own, readily gave his consent to his marriage with his beauteous daughter. The treacherous uncle retired, to conceal his shame, to a foreign land; where he subsisted principally on the bounty, which was not small, of the generous nephew whom he had so long defrauded: a suitable provision was made for the repentant Jullion, who had atoned for the crime he had committed by the discovery he had made; and William and his beloved Adelaide lived long and happily, beloved, esteemed, and honoured, by all who knew them.

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS.

HAPPINESS is a sun-beam which the least cloud may intercept.

Wit is the flower of life, reason the fruit.

While enjoying the fine days of autumn, forget not that the winter is nigh.

Labour if you wish to reap; think if you propose to write.

In whatever situation we may be, no good is certain and unchangeable, no evil such as to justify despair.

To expect experience in a young man not arrived at the age of experience, is to expect that he should foretell to-day what will happen to-morrow.

THE
ROMANCE of the PYRENEES.

[By a Lady.]

(Continued from p. 186.)

CHAP. XXVI.

THE sails again were filled, and fluttered in the wind; the sea and seamen were once more in motion, and the vessel making considerable way. Hippolyto, employed by the mariners, was no longer by Victoria's side to beguile, by his fascinating conversation, the inconveniences of an ill-provided voyage; and beginning to perceive the effect of a thick haze that was coming on, Victoria took the advice of Pedro, and retired to the cabin; whither he accompanied her, and, with a view of amusing her, sketched a slight outline of his own history.

'My father,' said he, 'was a respectable but unfortunate merchant at Carthage, where he failed, and shortly after died, leaving my widowed mother with seven small children (myself the eldest), with a pittance so scanty, that she could with difficulty educate and maintain us, and apprentice her boys out as fast as we attained a proper age for it. I was placed with an eminent surgeon; and during my apprenticeship I formed an attachment for an amiable and lovely young woman in the neighbourhood, but whom, being poor as myself, I loved in secret, resolving that, unless fortune should smile upon me, I would never strive to inspire her with a mutual flame, since to plunge her into all the difficulties attending wedded poverty would not be to evince a true affection for her.

'By the interest of my father's

friends I was appointed surgeon to a Spanish regiment then stationed in the West Indies; and the moment I was out of my time I embarked to join my regiment at Hispaniola. For seven years I continued abroad; during which I visited various climes, and was so successful in my profession, experience affording me knowledge which my years must have else denied me, that, crowned with fame and riches, I returned to my native country at the age of twenty-six, when I had the inexpressible happiness of finding my long-loved Isabella unmarried; who falling senseless into her mother's arms at unexpectedly beholding me, I flattered myself that I was not disregarded by her. I was not deceived. I proved a successful wooer, we were speedily united, and for one year I was one of the happiest of mankind.

'I had abroad acquired sufficient wealth for my Isabella and myself, without further practice in my profession; but my family wanted assistance: I placed them all in comfort, and continued my profession, from which I derived almost incredible advantages. I just wanted a few weeks of being one year the happy husband of my Isabella, when, returning from a village in the neighbourhood of Carthage, where I had been to a patient, I, in a wood through which my road lay, discovered a respectable-looking man extended upon the ground apparently lifeless; but, upon examination, found he yet breathed, though his skull was fractured, and his body severely bruised and wounded in many dangerous places. I had him as quickly as possible conveyed to a lodging approximate to my house, and attended him with such unremitting care and success, that in a few weeks I made a complete cure.

'He appeared to me an intelligent respectable man, who, although a

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little rough in his manners, was by no means insensible to my kindness. He informed me that he was a native of Messina, and was master of a merchantman, which traded in the Mediterranean, and had now brought a rich freight to Carthage; that having gone out to ride, to view the surrounding country, he had lost his way, and, with his mule, had fallen from a high precipice, at the foot of which I found him; and indeed many people I found at Carthage knew him as a merchant, who occasionally traded to the port of St. Barbara. When I judged him able to venture out, I had him to dine every day at my house, where he was a witness of my domestic happiness; and when sufficiently recovered to quit Carthage, he presented some valuable jewels to my Isabella as tokens of gratitude to us both:—but little did I imagine how soon the gem of peace was to be wrested from me in return.

‘About this period I was sent for to the superior of a neighbouring monastery, whose case had been universally pronounced hopeless. He was the idol of all the devotees in that part of Murcia, and I was promised an immense reward if I restored him to health. I had a favourite sister who was addressed by a worthy, although not affluent, young man, a relation of my Isabella’s; and I resolved to give my sister a marriage portion that should make her and her lover comfortable in life, if I accomplished the superior’s cure. I was so fortunate as to prove successful; I received the reward, and portioned off my sister. On the evening of this union, when all around me was happy, and innocent mirth reigning, a country lad arrived half breathless at my house to implore my immediately going to the relief of his poor father, who was just seized with a paralytic stroke. It was well known

that the calls of humanity were those first attended by me. I therefore instantly accompanied the lad into the suburbs of the town, where, he said, his father lived. I entered with him an humble habitation, and was instantly surrounded by ruffians, who gagged, bound, and placed me in a carriage which moved rapidly away.

‘I will not fatigue you, donna, by relating the dreadful horrors which agonised my mind, since you, alas! can now better conceive than I describe them. From the carriage I was conveyed into a ship, where I was fastened down in the hold, and passed my time miserable as despair could make it. At length we came to an anchor; I was blindfolded, conveyed some length of way in a boat, and afterwards supported by men along a rugged path upon terra firma. In short, from the moment I was taken out of the ship, I was not suffered to behold any thing until the bandage was taken off my eyes in Don Manuel’s parlour, where Don Manuel then was, with the wretch whom I had rescued from death. Scarcely need I now tell you, donna, that wretch was Garcias, who presented me to Don Manuel, with these never-to-be-forgotten words:

“This is the skilful surgeon to whom I owe my life; and I am happy in having procured such a valuable acquisition for you, seignor.”

‘Language can convey no adequate idea of my sensations, or the horrors I endured when the certainty of the calamity of my fate unfolded itself. It is now eight years since I beheld or heard of my Isabella, or my family; during which period of misery I have ever done my duty in my profession, and still looking forward to the goodness of Providence, which I doubted not, in its own time, would permit my escaping

from my dreadful captivity. You cannot——

Pedro was here dreadfully interrupted by a shout of alarm from aloft; and immediately after Hippolyto appeared in the cabin with a countenance expressive of horror and dismay, which fortitude in vain struggled to conceal. He spoke a few words in a low voice to Pedro, who, turning pale as death, staggered to the seat the shout had called him from. Hippolyto, now advancing to Victoria, took her hand in trepidation, and with a broken voice and a look of anxiety for her safety—of more than anxiety, of anguish that shook his very soul—

‘Cruel fate, I fear, lady Victoria,’ said he, ‘has not yet done persecuting you, and there will, alas! ere long, be new demands upon your unexemplified fortitude.’

‘We are pursued!’ cried she in the piercing tone of deep despair: ‘we are pursued, and my friends will fall victims to their humanity.’

‘Tis true,’ replied Hippolyto, ‘that a vessel is in chase of us, which from the thick fog, and having no glasses, we perceived not until too late. It may be an Algerine corsair; it may prove our persecutors. Be who it will, we shall not tamely surrender; and I must leave you, to go and assist my brave companions in defence of that treasure which a deprivation of my life or liberty shall alone wrest from me.’

Words cannot pourtray the situation of Victoria’s mind at that moment. In anguish and despair she looked upon Hippolyto; when gratitude painting in her agitated breast her obligations to him in much more glowing colours than her own personal danger, she suddenly darted by him out of the cabin. But ere she reached the deck, as she intended, Hippolyto overtook her, and, catching her by the hand, demanded, in

breathless amazement, whither she was going.

‘It is me they seek,’ cried she in a tone of animated firmness; ‘I will deliver myself into their hands, to save Hippolyto and my other friends.’

‘Angelic, generous Victoria!’ said he, affected almost to tears, ‘they seek us all, and you are the last victim they shall find.’ Then, tenderly clasping her in his arms, he, in despite of her struggles, bore her back to the cabin.

‘Take care of, support, this angelic being, Pedro,’ cried he; ‘and, as you value your eternal peace, suffer her not upon deck, where the generosity of her feelings would transport her to precipitate herself into destruction, with the delusive hope of saving us, her friends.’

Victoria sobbed convulsively as she sunk into a chair. Hippolyto, rapidly advancing to Pedro, continued—‘Take care of her, comfort her, if you love me, Pedro; and should your professional exertions be requisite for any of our brave companions, I doubt not but lady Victoria’s humanity will lead her to assist you.’ Then turning to her he hastily took her hand, which he pressed to his heart—to his lips.

‘Pray for our success,’ said he, ‘most pure, most exalted of human beings!’ He gazed on her for a moment with looks of agonising tenderness and despair; then, as if fearing to trust himself longer there, he darted out of the cabin; when Pedro, with a countenance of hopeless sorrow, began, with a sad heart and trembling hand, to make horrid preparations to assist the wounded, while Victoria devoutly raised her heart and hands in earnest prayers for deliverance.

The tumult upon deck, which had never ceased since the first alarm, now rapidly increased, and soon all

the horrors of a sea-fight commenced. The superiority of valour, with desperation added to it, was manifestly upon one side; whilst upon the other was that of treble numbers of men and guns. The din and shock of the ordnance became so powerful, that they sunk our heroine upon her knees, where she fervently implored divine succour, until summoned by Pedro to assist him in dressing the wounds of a seaman who was just brought to him. She sickened at the task, but it was assigned her by gratitude and humanity, and she roused every faculty to perform it as she ought.

The wounded man gave hopes of victory. The intrepid valour of Hippolyto, who was fighting like a lion, he said, would insure it. Exultation and fear bounded through Victoria's heart on this intelligence; but the latter soon reigned solely there. To be foremost in fight was to be first in danger; and although she would have been mortified and disappointed had Hippolyto acted otherwise, her heart sickened at what her reason approved, and, pale, faint, and trembling, she could scarcely perform her task. In a moment more another man was borne down, his arm dreadfully shattered by a splinter. This was a horrid demand upon Victoria's humanity; yet, painful as the effort was, she hesitated not to comply with it.

'This is a shocking wound, my poor friend!' said she tremulously, as she was, by the direction of Pedro, washing the arm.

'Ah!' replied the man, 'but it does not pain me half so much as the one our brave young champion has received does: but, unmindful of it, on he fights like a hero, although the whole fury of the enemy is levelled at him.'

'What! is it Hippolyto you mean?

Is Hippolyto wounded?' Victoria in alarm demanded.

'Yes, donna.' (The sponge fell from her hand.) 'Yes, and they vow to put him to the most torturing kind of death, if he does not instantly deliver you, signora, up to them.'

Victoria waited to hear no further, and was upon deck before Pedro was aware of her meditating such a rash design; and through firing, smoke, and all the horrors and confusion of battle, she made her way to Hippolyto, whose left arm was bleeding copiously, and who was surrounded by a party of ruffians who had just boarded the brigantine, and rushing into the midst of the clashing hangers—

'I am here!' she wildly cried; 'I am here! then spare, oh spare Hippolyto, and let me be the only victim to your insatiate cruelty!' Then grasping the hand of a ruffian which held a sword uplifted to fall with mortal vengeance upon Hippolyto, she sunk, overpowered by her feelings and her exertions, in a swoon into the arms of Garcias.

In the first dawn of returning perception our heroine found herself laid in a birth in a much larger and better cabin than that she had lately occupied; and she also perceived that two strange men were busily employed administering restoratives to her: by these circumstances being convinced she was no longer with her friends, her senses fled again for some moments, and on her second recovery she observed Garcias with the other men. On sight of this diabolical being, the keenest sensibility of her desperate fate assailed her, and convulsive sobs and groans broke from her bosom, which seemed, as they heaved, to rend her bursting heart; while Garcias, with that ferine cruelty he was no stranger to, bantered her upon the failure of her and her

wise confederates' scheme for liberty; and jeeringly condoled with her upon the loss she had just sustained in being deprived of her ebony champion.

'Detestable, barbarous fiend!' exclaimed Victoria in a voice rendered almost inarticulate by agitation, 'Have you then murdered Hippolyto?'

'Not yet,' replied the savage. 'Safe in custody the hero now is, smarting from innumerable wounds; but the day he is to suffer the punishment due to his enormous crime and temerity we have deferred until our return to the castle, when you will be sufficiently recovered to be a spectator of our ample vengeance.'

Victoria, now uttering a deep groan, became again insensible to her wretchedness, which insensibility continued a considerable length of time; and when her senses were once more restored to perception, so complete was her misery, that despair seized upon her tortured heart; and that dreadful kind of torpor it sometimes inspires influenced all her faculties. Wan, languid, and sadly woeful, was her lovely countenance; whilst her sunken eyes sometimes wildly wandered, or were intently fixed, unconscious of the object they seemed wistfully to fasten on. Her bosom still heaved keen agonising sighs; but she remained ignorant of every transaction around her. Imperceptible to Victoria was now the evening's close, the lighting a lamp in the cabin, or the departure of Garcias and his two companions, who, believing her perfectly composed, retired to take food and rest after the toils of battle.

CHAP. XXVII.

In this state of almost utter insensibility Victoria continued until

about midnight, when she was aroused to perception by hearing her own name several times softly repeated in a voice that at once awakened her shattered faculties to superstitious horror. With difficulty, from excessive tremor, she raised herself upon her elbow to learn from whence the voice proceeded; when, observing the figure of a man standing at a respectful distance, she shuddering exclaimed—

'The shade of poor Diego come to warn me of my fate!'

'Come to save you from a dreadful one,' said he, gently approaching. 'Dare lady Victoria venture with me upon a bold enterprise?'

She took his hand, and with difficulty suppressed a scream of joy. 'It is Diego's self!—Merciful Heaven, I thank thee!'

'Dare you venture with me through that window, lady Victoria? There is a boat lying-to beneath it to receive us, and convey you to a place of safety; but we must be speedy.'

Victoria attempted to rise, then suddenly stopped. 'Will my doing so expose Hippolyto and his brave companions to greater evils?' said she.

'No, lady Victoria, it will extricate them from every threatened danger, since it is to them I will convey you; and with them, I trust, we shall escape from your ruthless persecutors.'

Joy and hope darted a renovation of spirit, health, strength, and activity, through Victoria's mind and frame. Assisted by Diego she bounded from her berth, and without noise or difficulty followed him through one of the cabin windows, and from the stern gallery easily descended into a boat, where another man was, who, to her great satisfaction, she quickly discovered to be Thomas; but ob-

serving they wished for silence, she forbore to ask any of those questions she panted to have answered.

Cautiously, but rapidly, they plied their oars, and in a few moments she found herself close to the brigantine she had left the castle in. Instantly she was hoisted upon deck, where she was received by Pedro and several of the seamen with every demonstration of pleasure. She was placed by them in a chair upon the deck, when the feelings of joy and gratitude which agitated her susceptible heart forced tears in torrents from her eyes.

All was instantly in commotion; the sails were soon unfurled, and in a few moments more the vessel was making considerable way. Victoria looked anxiously around; but not perceiving the object of her solicitude, at length asked Pedro where and how Hippolyto was.

'The wound in his arm,' Pedro replied, 'is of little consequence; but he has suffered so much mental anguish on your account, that I would not permit the generous brave Diego's gallant achievement and anxious enterprise relative to you to be mentioned to him, so fearful was I of raising a hope that might be cruelly disappointed: but Diego has happily completed his daring and glorious project, and I will no longer delay giving joy and liberty to the gallant Hippolyto, who was fettered in the cabin, whilst all the rest of us were stowed and ironed in the hold.'

Pedro now disappeared, and in a moment after Hippolyto was at the feet of our heroine: but joy and amazement had deprived him of the power of utterance, and he panted for words to speak his raptures. Victoria sweetly expressed her pleasure at their thus happily meeting, and tenderly deplored the wound he had received, which now confined his left

arm in a sling. The sound of her voice, which he for some hours thought would never more charm his ear, increased his transports; but not his power of articulation; and almost subdued by the poignancy of his feelings, he leaned his head against the seat occupied by Victoria, who, alarmed at his situation, requested Pedro to give him something to compose his agitation. Pedro complied; and, with a view of giving time to Hippolyto's mind to recover its native tone, requested Diego to inform them how he had contrived and managed the perilous and glorious attempt of liberating them.

'I have nothing to relate, signor Pedro,' Diego modestly replied, 'but that I am happy in finding Heaven has kindly deigned to prosper the first effort of virtue in a repentant sinner.'

'My good Diego,' said Victoria with that fascinating sweetness of voice and manners peculiar to her, 'you will not, I am persuaded, refuse to gratify my eager wish of learning by what miracle you, who so short a period since was confined by illness to your bed, got into that ship your humanity and friendship have just released me from?'

'Your wishes, lady Victoria,' he replied, respectfully bowing, 'are commands to me which I shall ever willingly obey: and in my little narrative, lady Victoria will please to remember that she is the daughter of my dear lamented lord, to whose memory I owe a debt of gratitude that with my life I would freely pay: that I, wretch as I am, assisted to involve her, the child of my benefactor, in her —'

'Diego, on to your narrative: no further preface, I beseech you. If ever you loved my father, distress not his child by such reflections upon a friend he regarded.'

'Loved your father! Ah, lady

Victoria!—But your command is that I should hasten to my narrative, and I obey.

‘In a very short time after the unexpected arrest of Pedro in my chamber, my bed was surrounded by Don Manuel and several of my comrades. My master commanded me to silence, while his attendants, seizing my bedding, conveyed me, as I lay in it, out of the castle into that vessel we have just quitted, where I was commodiously placed in one of the best births. Don Manuel himself accompanied us; and, in spite of the interdict, I broke silence, to plead for my dear suffering lady, when Don Manuel bade me “not fear for her, since for worlds he would not injure her; but his word was given to a friend to assist in urging her into a measure that would ultimately redound to her advantage.” He further added, “that he had me removed from the castle to be out of the way of interfering, as he learned from Alonzo I was likely to do, and also to be out of the way of those who might injure me for that interference.”

‘All the medicines which seignor Pedro had prepared for me were taken with me; and one of my comrades, Felix, was ordered by my master to take care of and attend me; and when Don Manuel bade me good night, he desired me not to fear for lady Victoria or myself, since he would protect both from every real evil: and grieved to the soul was I that I could not esteem the man who was kind to me.

‘Felix continued with me, and paid me every possible attention; and as my dreadful alarms upon my lady’s account had been allayed by Don Manuel’s solemn assurances—who, although so criminal in many instances, I never knew to forfeit his word—the violence of my indisposition almost immediately sub-

sided; and by morning, although weak and dejected, I was able to leave my birth and take my station upon the main-mast head, with my eyes invariably fixed upon the castle terrace, in hopes of catching a glimpse of lady Victoria, that I might be convinced of her safety: but I saw her not; and the only comfort I had was in teaching Felix to pity her.

‘It is unnecessary for me to tell all the inquietude of uncertainty I experienced: and it is impossible for me to describe my feelings when, in the middle of the night before last, the bark I was in was suddenly manned and put to sea in quest of my poor lady. I supposed, in the general hurry and confusion, that my being in that vessel was forgotten, as I considered it strange policy to take a known well-wisher to the fugitives in chase of them; and I looked upon the circumstance as an auspicious omen, and thanked Providence for it. I was not mistaken in my conjecture.—But when Garcias found I was on board, he seemed more pleased than otherwise; for my being an avowed enemy of Alonzo’s recommended me to his favour; and, by a strange infatuation, he believed that I had opposed Alonzo’s vile attempt solely to do my duty by Don Manuel.

‘As I knew not who beside seignor Hippolyto were the companions of my lady’s flight, I could form no conjecture of what port you were likely to make for; and every knot we advanced appalled my heart, lest we should be gaining upon you, which we were but too likely to do if we were in the same course, as the caravel we were in was by far the swiftest sailer in Don Manuel’s possession. At length the gale arose, and, as I am considered to have some share of maritime knowledge, Garcias found full employment for

me; but, perhaps, you will scarcely credit me, when I say that I did not exert myself so much as I might have done, hoping that our distress would at least gain time for you.

'The calm succeeded, and I vainly hoped that, as you had sailed an hour or two before us, you had, notwithstanding the superior swiftness of our vessel, got so far a-head as to be out of our reach; but in that I was fatally deceived. I cannot describe the agony, the distraction of my mind during the engagement. Every gun we fired shot my heart through and through. But what could I do, separated from you? Felix and I were stationed to the same gun: need I say that gun was never fired? but at last I left Felix to his inactive station, and flew upon deck, to see how matters were likely to end. I beheld seignor Hippolyto's glorious conduct, and when Garcias boarded you I followed him.

'The evening was closing in, and, as our dresses were uniform, it was scarcely possible to distinguish friends from foes; but I instantly joined the side I favoured. We could not hope to conquer such a superior force as that against us; but I believe it was the universal intention to yield liberty and life together. However, my lady Victoria soon terminated the desperate contest. I saw her not until I beheld her falling into the arms of Garcias. My sword dropped from my hand in this moment of terror and amazement, and I silently followed Garcias, who instantly bore my poor insensible lady to the cabin in his vessel, where he left her to the care of surgeon Sancho de Gumbo, and ordered me to accompany him to the brigantine; when I found my being a traitor was yet undiscovered, and learned that, upon sight of lady Victoria, seignor Hippolyto lost all self-possession, and became an easy prisoner. Garcias now ordered seig-

nor Pedro to be expeditious in dressing the wounds of his companions, whose deaths he chose to be himself the cruel perpetrator of, in vengeance for their apostacy; and when the surgical business was completed, the wretch had seignor Hippolyto strongly fettered in the cabin, and seignor Pedro, with the rest of the prisoners, ironed in the hold. All this he saw executed himself, increasing their misery by threats and insults. By his command I attended him, when the only good I could do was to purloin a large quantity of laudanum from seignor Pedro's stores.

'On my return to the caravel, Garcias ordered me to assist the cook in preparing supper—a matter which, from his voluptuous disposition, I foresaw; and in obeying him, I took care to infuse a great portion of the laudanum among the food intended for Garcias and the ship's company's supper, while into the drink I took different opportunities of throwing the rest; and whilst I attended Garcias at supper, I saw him and his associates, Sancho, Ramirez, and Fernandez, eat voraciously, and drink in proportion. I now wonder my agitation, lest the surgeon should discover the taste of the drug, did not betray me; but Garcias seemed governed the whole evening by infatuation, for he mistook my trepidation for the effect of my late illness, and ordered Sancho to give me some composing medicine when I should retire to rest; but that friendly service I had rendered him, and soon after had the rapture of beholding my nostrum taking effect. Ramirez fell off into a profound sleep; Sancho soon after closed his eyes; when Garcias and Fernandez, declaring they were invincibly drowsy too, drank more wine to rouse them, which quickly reduced them to the state I wished them to be in. I then joined my messmates, whom I found

carousing so heartily, that I doubted not of their speedily being in the situation of their officers. Many I soon heard snoring most satisfactorily; and the rest I conjectured, from their extreme fondness for liquor, would shortly find the irresistible influence of the opium.

'The moment drew near to change the watch. The dead calm of the evening did not allow the caravel to be worked, and there were only the helmsman and one watch upon deck. The men by degrees fell into a deep sleep; I therefore, without apprehension, armed myself, and hastened to Garcias, whom, with his companions, I found in a state of total insensibility. I took their lamp away, locked them in their cabin, and put the key in my pocket. Again I looked upon my messmates, and found them all exactly as I wished them to be. I extinguished all the lights and got upon deck, where, without noise, I fastened down the hatches. My lady's cabin had been locked by Garcias, and no where could I find the key; and I feared to burst the door, lest I should alarm her and awaken any of the sleepers: one only way remained for me to get her out of the power of Garcias, and I hastened to effect it.

'The darkness of the night favoured my design: I approached the watch at the prow, a mere lad, who, believing me the relief, felt no apprehension, until, with my pistol at his breast, I terrified him into my service. I ordered him to follow me in silence: he did so; and I advanced to the helmsman, an athletic fellow, possessing a daring and intrepid spirit. To subdue him I thought would be no easy task; but Providence still favoured me. He had for some days been afflicted with a severe cough and hoarseness, and the exertions he had been forced to make during the last night's storm

and the evening's battle so increased the latter, that he could now only articulate in low and indistinct whispers. I had therefore nothing to fear from his calling for assistance, though much from his resistance; and upon my conquering him depended my lady's escape, and not only my own life, but those of many whom I esteemed. I advanced to him with a pistol presented—

"Henriquez," said I, "I am desperate: you must either yield to me, or one of us must die upon the instant."

"What can you mean?" he replied, alarmed.

"That you either accompany me instantly to the brigantine, suffer me to tie you to your post, or fight with me until one of us conquers and the other dies."

"The man is mad," said he.

"I am so with desperation," I replied. "The ship's company I have already secured to a man, and sleeping profoundly under the operation of opium, so that you have no assistance to expect from them. Come, Henriquez, be speedy in your determination."

"I will fight no more to-night," said he. "Go to bed, Diego. The fatigue you have undergone has proved too much after your late severe illness, and you are feverish."

'Whether he really thought me delirious, and had no idea of my design, or that he was unaccountably panic-struck, I know not, but he seemed afraid of me; and, without much difficulty, I and the lad Vasquez (who luckily had a strong enmity to Henriquez) fettered and bound him to the helm. Now, preceded by Vasquez, I hastened to the boat, which was lying-to in readiness for Garcias to board the brigantine during the night, to see that Roderiquez, Guzman, and Felix, whom he left to guard the prisoners,

did their duty. Without delay we rowed hither, where, as I concluded there must be some little commotion at first, I considered it better not to fetch lady Victoria until all hostilities were over, and every thing in readiness for her reception.

‘Roderiquez and Guzman, believing I was come with orders from Garcias, had no suspicion of me, and therefore I conferred with Felix safely. At first we thought of liberating the prisoners before we attacked Roderiquez and Guzman; but we afterwards considered that, while we were engaged below, they might discover our design, make off to the caravel, rouse the sleepers, and cut off all hope of rescuing my lady, for whose sake I had thus become a traitor to my master. Together then we set upon them. Not so easily were they subdued as Henriquez; but we did conquer them without bloodshed. Vasquez then raised the hatches, and we descended with our new-made prisoners.

‘It would be impossible for me to describe the transport our intelligence conveyed to the poor devoted victims in the hold. I only waited to liberate Thomas, who accompanied me to the stern of the caravel. With some difficulty we got a window open, without noise, in the cabin where lady Victoria was, whom, thanks to Providence! we succeeded in bringing hither; and the moment I beheld her in safety was the first of happiness I have felt since my dear departed lord, her noble father, left me at the castle of Paulino.’

When Diego finished his eventful narrative, he was hailed by his messmates with loud acclamations, in which Victoria’s, Hippolyto’s, and Pedro’s less boisterous applauses and acknowledgments were lost: but to deserve their praise was the highest gratification to Diego’s heart.

(To be continued.)

To the EDITOR of the LADY’S
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I AM naturally an admirer of poetry, yet I do not think it necessary to attribute to it a divine origin, or suppose that it cannot be produced without something resembling preternatural inspiration. I can allow it to arise from the greatest excellency of natural disposition, or the greatest power of native genius, without exceeding the reach of what is human, or granting it any approaches to divinity, which is, I doubt, debased or dishonoured, by ascribing to it any thing that is in the compass of our action, or even comprehension. Nor can I allow poetry to be more divine in its effects than in its causes; nor any operations produced by it to be more than purely natural, or to demand any other sort of wonder than the effects of music, or of what has been called natural magic, however extraordinary any of these may have appeared to minds little versed in the force of numbers or of sounds, or in speculations on the secret powers of nature. Whoever talked of drawing down the moon from heaven by verses or charms, it is most obvious either believed not himself, or too superstitiously and foolishly believed what others have told him, whose simplicity, it may be, had been practised on by some artful poet, who, knowing the time when an eclipse would happen, told them that he could by the charm of his verses call down the moon at such an hour, and was by them thought to have performed it.

When I read that fine description in Virgil’s eighth eclogue of all sorts of charms and fascinations by verses, by images, by knots, by numbers, by fire, by herbs, employed upon oc-

casion of a violent passion from a jealous or disappointed love, I have recourse to the strong impression of fables and of poetry, to the easy mistakes of popular opinion, to the force of imagination, to the secret virtues of several herbs, and to the power of sounds.

If the forsaken lover, in that eclogue of Virgil, had expected only from the force of her verses, or her charms, what is the burden of her song, to bring Daphnis home from the town where he was gone, and engaged in a new amour; if she had pretended only to revive an old fainting flame, or to extinguish a new one that was kindling in his breast; she might, for aught I know, have obtained her end by the power of such charms, and without other than very natural enchantments. For there is no question but true poetry may have the force to raise passions or allay them, to change or to extinguish them; to temper joy and grief; to excite love and fear; or even to turn fear into boldness, and love into indifference, and into hatred itself; and I can easily believe that the disheartened Spartans were re-animated, and recovered their lost courage, by the songs of Tyrtaeus; that the cruelty and revenge of Phalaris were changed by the odes of Stesichorus into the greatest kindness and esteem; and, that as many men were passionately enamoured by the charms of Sappho's wit and poetry as by those of beauty in Phryne or Thais. For it is not only beauty that inspires love, but love gives beauty to the object that excites it; and if the passion be strong enough, let it arise from what it may there is always beauty enough in the person who inspires it. Nor is it any great wonder that such force should be found in poetry, since in it are assembled all the powers of eloquence, of music, and of paint-

ing, which are all allowed to make such strong impressions upon human minds. How far men have been affected with all or any of these needs little proof or testimony; the examples have been sufficiently known in Greece and in Italy, where some have fallen absolutely in love with the beauties of works of art produced by painters or statuaries; and even painters themselves have become violently enamoured with some of their own productions, and doated on them as on a mistress or fond child. To this some allusion seems to be made by the Italians, in the distinction they make of pieces done by the same hand, into those produced *con studio, con diligenza, or con amore*, of which the last are always the most excellent. But no more instances of this kind are necessary than the stories related and received by the most authentic ancient writers of the two Grecian youths, one of whom ventured his life to be locked up all night in a temple, that he might admire and embrace a statue of Venus there set up, and designed for another kind of adoration; the other pined away and died, in consequence of being prevented from perpetually gazing on, admiring, and embracing a statue at Athens.

The powers of music are either felt or known by all men, and are allowed to act in a most extraordinary manner on the passions, and even the frame and constitution of the body; to excite joy and grief, to give pleasure and pain, to compose disturbed thoughts, to assist and heighten devotion, and even to cure such diseases as affect the nerves, or the more subtle and delicate parts and fluids of the body. We need not have recourse to the fables of Orpheus or Amphion, or the power of their music upon beasts and fishes; it is enough that we find

the charming of serpents, and the cure or assuagement of possession by an evil spirit, attributed to in sacred writ.

As to the force of eloquence which so often raised and appeased the violence of popular commotions, every person must be convinced of and acknowledge it, when he considers Cæsar, the greatest man of his age, and possessed of the most powerful mind, taking his seat on the tribunal, full of hatred and revenge, and with a determined resolution to condemn Ligarius; yet by the force of Cicero's eloquence, in an oration for his defence, by degrees changing countenance, turning pale, and becoming so agitated that some papers he held fell out of his hand, as if he had been terrified with words who never feared an enemy in the field; till, at length, all his anger changing into clemency, he acquitted the brave criminal instead of condemning him.

Now if the strength of these three mighty powers be united in poetry, we need not wonder that such virtues and such honours have been attributed to it, that it has been thought to be inspired, or has been called divine; and yet I think it will not be disputed that the force of wit, and of reasoning, and sublimity of conceptions and expressions, may be found in poetry as well as in oratory; the life and spirit of representation or picture as much as in painting; and the force of sounds, as well as in music; and how far these natural powers together may extend, and to what effects, even such as may be mistaken for supernatural or magical, I leave to be considered by those who are inclined to such speculations, or who, by their natural conformation and genius, are in some degree disposed to receive such impressions. For my part, I do not wonder that the famous doctor Harvey, when he was reading Virgil,

should sometimes throw the book down on the table, and say he had a devil; nor that the learned Meric Casaubon should feel such pleasure and emotions as he describes, on reading some parts of Lucretius; that so many should shed uncontrollable tears at some tragedies of Shakspeare, and others experience the most violent agitation on reading or hearing some excellent pieces of poetry; nor that Octavia sank down in a swoon at the recital made by Virgil of the celebrated verses allusive to the death of Marcellus, in the sixth book of the *Æneis*.

This is, no doubt, sufficient to evince the powers of poetry, and shew on what were founded those ancient opinions which ascribed it to divine inspiration, and attributed to it so great a share in the effects of sorcery or magic. But as the old romances seem to lessen the honour of true prowess and valour in their knights, by giving such a part in all their chief adventures to enchantment; so the true excellence and just esteem of poetry seem rather debased than exalted by attributing to it a preternatural origin and powers. This opinion among the northern nations grew to be so strong and so general, that about five or six hundred years ago, all the Runic poetry was condemned, and the characters in which it was written forbidden to be used, by the zeal of bishops, and even by orders and decrees of state; which has greatly injured or rather caused the irrecoverable loss of the history of those northern kingdoms, the seat of our ancestors in the western parts of Europe.

The more true and natural source of poetry may be discovered by observing to what god this inspiration was ascribed by the ancients. This was Apollo, or the Sun, esteemed

by them the god of learning in general, but more particularly of music and of poetry. The mystery of this fable means that a certain noble and vital warmth animating the subtler organisation of the body, but especially the brain, is the true spring of these two arts or sciences. This was that celestial fire which gave such a pleasing motion and agitation to the minds of those men who have been so much admired in the world, and which raises such an infinite variety of images of things, so agreeable and delightful to mankind. By the influence of this sun are produced those golden and inexhaustible mines of invention, which have furnished the world with treasures so highly esteemed, and so universally known and used, in all the regions that have yet been discovered. From this arises that elevation of genius which can never be produced by any art or study, by labour or industry; which cannot be taught by precepts or examples, and therefore is agreed by all to be the pure and free gift of Heaven and nature; and to be as it were a fire kindled from some hidden spark in our original constitution.

But though invention be the mother of poetry, yet this child is, like all others, born naked, and must be nourished with care, clothed with exactness and elegance, educated with industry, instructed with art, improved by application, corrected with severity, and accomplished with labour and with time, before it arrives at perfection. It is certain, that no composition requires so many several ingredients, or of more different sorts, than this; or that to excel in any qualities there are necessary so many gifts of nature, and so many improvements of learning and of art. For there must be an universal genius, of great compass, as well as

great elevation; there must be lively imagination, or fancy, fertile in a thousand productions, ranging over infinite ground, piercing into every corner, and by the light of that true poetical fire discovering a thousand images and similitudes, unseen by common eyes, and which could not be discovered without the rays of that sun.

Besides the warmth of invention and activity of wit, there must be the coolness of good sense and soundness of judgment to distinguish between things and conceptions, which at first sight, or upon transient glances, seem alike; and to choose among infinite productions of the imagination such as are worth preserving and cultivating, and to neglect and throw away the others. Without the force of wit, all poetry is flat and languishing; without the aid of judgment it is wild and extravagant. The wonderful quality of poetry is, that such contraries must meet to compose it: a genius both penetrating and solid; in expression both delicacy and strength; and the frame or fabric of a true poem must have something both sublime and just, both astonishing and pleasing. There must be a great agitation of mind to invent, and a great calmness to judge and correct; there must be upon the same tree, and at the same time, both blossoms and fruit. To work up this metal into exquisite figure, there must be employed the fire, the hammer, the chisel, and the file. There must be a general knowledge both of nature and of arts, and to succeed in the least, genius, judgment, and application, are requisite. Without the latter all the rest will prove unavailing, for no one was ever a great poet who applied himself much to any thing else.

R. S.

ELIZA;

OR,

The HERMIT'S Cell.

A NOVEL.

By Miss ELIZA YEAMES.

(Continued from p. 199.)

CHAP. VI.

MARY ANN and Eliza in their rambles had discovered a cave, which they named 'The Recess:' it was cut in a rock, and so shaded by tall trees as to be concealed from common observation. This they supposed to have been the retreat of a solitary hermit; and as Eliza looked over the relics of his piety, a tear dropt from her fine eye to his sacred memory.

Hither did the two sisters bring their books, their drawing materials, an old harp, and conveyed to the little dwelling every necessary convenience. At the entrance of 'The Recess,' flower-shrubs and trees formed a bower; the outer room was lined with vases, that perfumed the air with the most refreshing sweetness, and the inner one set off in a very elegant manner. Often would Eliza, as the sun declined, while gazing on the infant buds and vegetable shrubs saluted with the yellow radiance of the setting sun, with ethereal harmony, imperceptibly raising her thoughts to the abode of angels, wildly irregular strike her harp, and in that moment forget that such beings existed as the inhuman lady Goddard, her persecutor Fortescue, or Harriet St. John.

'Such thoughts become a monarch—but behold,
The glimmering dusk, involving air and sky,
Creeps slow and solemn on.'

By means of the repair the Recess had undergone, a manuscript was

found; and one day, by miss Goddard's desire, Mary Ann unfolded it, and read *The History of the Hermit of the Cell*. It was as follows:

'WHOEVER chances to meet with this, peruses the life of a wretched recluse, whose days were devoted to sorrow.

'At the age of twenty-two I returned from my travels, as I fondly hoped, to be greeted by my fond father; but, alas! I found my parent a cold breathless corse, and for some time was inconsolable for my loss.

'Time at length healed my wounds, and I no longer repined at what the Almighty had willed.

'Amongst my numerous vassals was Griffith, a man of plain sincerity and honest authority, the decided favourite of his deceased master. He had a daughter, Portia, the beauteous Portia, whom I had often a few years back remarked, and I now found myself too much overpowered by the fascinations of love, to regard the distance of our situations, till Griffith pointed it out to me; I then owned myself in the wrong, forsook Portia, and endeavoured to forget her. But the spark would not be extinguished; it burst out into a flame, and I married her.

'My wife was not one of those beings who seek wealth for happiness; she sincerely returned my passion, and wedded me as the lord of her heart. She was truly lovely: her majestic form graced the British court, her elegant manners charmed every one, and I perceived she was greatly admired by several of the courtiers. But this did not please me: Portia's smiles on them offended me; and I was vexed to think that, in return for my love, she possessed not the gratitude to retire from those dangerous serpents. This I hinted to her. "Claudius," said she, "I merit not this from you: you cannot surely doubt my love; why then speak thus

to me? If you wish me to retire to Wales, I will cheerfully obey; for it shall not be said that you were jealous of me."

"Her tears affected me—"Indeed, beloved Portia," returned I, tenderly imprinting a kiss on her lovely lips, "you shall not be forced from court; no, truly, you must not have to call me cruel, but henceforth will I believe you free from untruth. Oh, should your tears again flow on account of my too hasty tongue, may each drop blot out the sin I commit against you, by supposing your purity could be stained, or man be so vile as to attempt to corrupt it."—"Happy, happy days! would I had ever retained those sentiments, and firmly believed that her soul was free as her form from spot or blemish! Portia again revived; I was again blessed; but our happiness was to be destroyed, and Portia fell a victim to him who should have protected her.

"About this time we were sent for to close the eyes of old Griffith. That honest man, fixing his last trembling looks on me, conjured me ever to respect the peace of his child—"Love her," said he, "cherish her as a precious gem: let not jealously or false appearances disturb you. Portia is truth itself: repose every thing in her; and trust—"He could no more.—Portia's father was gone, and I, and I only, left to console her.

"Soft, soft," cried a youth the most beautiful I ever beheld, entering at this moment, and approaching the bed on which the inanimate body lay. Picture to yourself the most graceful figure in a kneeling attitude, with long dark ringlets hanging round his neck and falling on his polished forehead—a full dark eye, raised to Heaven, suffused with gushing tears—the bloom in his cheek varied by his emotion.—"Soft,

soft," said he, and he took the still warm hand of Griffith, and pressed it with ardour to his lips. "Venerable, venerable man!" murmured he, "you are gone—and we all slowly follow.—Man, like a piece of mechanism the work of an ingenious artist, finishes his appointed course, and then moves no more.—The tender herb and variegated flower when death descends are lost, and so is he."—"The youth paused; tears stopt his utterance. The sweetness of his voice, the elegance of his air, charmed me. I was gazing on him with peculiar sentiments of admiration, when slowly the door opened, and Portia, pale and trembling, entered. A scream of joy issued from her lips at the sight of the youth. He ran and pressed her in his arms; a fierce fire ran through my veins. "O Portia," he said, "see there!" Portia leaned her head on his shoulder. "Julius," said she softly, "Julius, alas! what mournful faces greet your arrival! Ah, times are changed indeed—you now see me a mourning wife." And she drew him slowly out of the room. "Now by my soul," cried I, coming forward and bending over old Griffith, "thou father of the false Portia, I will avenge thy honour and my disgrace.—Yes, inhuman faithless woman! both thou and Julius shall bleed."

"I met my wife with assumed kindness—I beheld her colour returned, and her eyes brightened; a thousand times I cursed the detested cause of this alteration, while fiercely my soul panted for revenge—but I exerted myself to smother my resentment, as my wife's condition seriously occurred to me; and in this attempt I perfectly succeeded, for Portia dreamed not of my intentions.

"Griffith was now laid in the cold earth; and while the tender

Portia with tears deplored his godlike goodness, my conscious heart overflowed with concealed troubles.—

“Tis night, and the landscape is lovely
no more ;
I mourn—but, ye woodlands, I mourn not
for you ;
For morn is approaching, your charms to
restore,
Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glitter-
ing with dew.
Nor yet for the ravage of Winter I mourn ;
Kind nature the embryo blossom will
save :
But when shall Spring visit the moul-
dering urn ?
O when shall it dawn on the night of the
grave ?”

“It was one calm sun-set that I strolled from my castle; the glow-worm spangled the nocturnal green.—“Pale melancholy poured through the mellow flute her pensive tale,” and filled me with a tender sadness. My meditation was broken in upon by the voice of my wife, and casting my eyes around the garden I beheld her seated in her favourite grotto, with my tormentor Julius by her side. One of his hands grasped hers; the other was employed in wiping away her tears, which I observed fell fast. “O Julius,” I heard her say, “beloved Julius! do thus we steal visits!” “My Portia,” returned he, “do not despond; we shall yet, by the interposition of Heaven, be blest in each other's tender affection.” What were my sensations at this moment! I rushed home, and running to my chamber I pointed a pistol to my head, but my rash arm was stopped by my valet, and to his reasonings I listened with passive calmness.

“I now determined to leave the castle: I penned a letter to Portia, telling her I was under the necessity of so doing, and, without bidding her farewell, privately left my home.

“Now it was I commenced my pilgrimage. Would I had closed

my weary life long before! but it was fated otherwise. My brain was bewildered—Julius and Portia haunted my tortured soul. The words of the former—“Be blest in each other's tender affection,” continually rang in my ears. “Perish such criminal hearts,” cried I, “and sink them both into eternal perdition!—They as yet triumph, but soon, soon will I stand before her with my avowed wrongs, to load on HER guilty head, and for Julius, he shall pay the forfeit of his life.”

“One evening, as the twilight faded away, I sought refuge from the inclemency of the weather at a small cottage near G——s, where a young welshman, of an elegant person and pleasing manners, received me, and my heart acknowledged a fellow-sufferer as I gazed on the lines of his handsome countenance. My hospitable host, as he trimmed his fire—

“And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily press'd and smil'd,
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguil'd,”

informed me his aged mother was bed-ridden in one of the upper rooms. He said it gave him much consolation to know that his labours were for the good of her, as he could support her through her numbered days. “For,” added he with a sigh, “but for her I should have long closed mine.” Tears started in his eyes.

“But will you never marry?” asked I.

Jenkins blushed. “No,” answered he, “I was once going to enter that state; but Emma was torn from me by death; and on the wedding day too!”

“I wiped a tear, then tried to force a smile at seeing his eyes a briny flood.—“Very possibly you may call it fortunate,” said I; “for women

are fickle.—Yes, most women are full of deceit.' And I turned my face from his penetrative glance.

'Jenkins now conducted me to my chamber. I was pleased with the neatness I observed so visible about me, and for once tasted sweet repose since my departure from Portia.

'I quitted Jenkins with a forcible pang of regret. As I cast my eyes, for the last time, on his lowly cot, I exclaimed "Ah, amiable young man! women are our destroyers—their graces captivate us—the dart is but to kill, and we mourn our weakness when too late. You sigh for one snatched from you by death;—I regret a fallen deceiver: better is it to weep for deceased innocence than lament lost virtue." I soon forgot Jenkins, while reflecting on my own sorrows. With my harp, I now traced Wales; at the gates of the opulent and noble I struck my chords, and in the character of a pilgrim passed unobserved.

'At one gentleman's I was received with more than common hospitality by the porter, and instantly admitted into the presence of his lord, and his lord's daughter. This young lady I observed to be of a very pensive cast; for though she smiled with great affability on me, yet did she never once open her lips. When I retired from the company of the lord Ap Morgan and his daughter, I went into the servants' hall, where was a most elegant repast prepared for me. Here, when the strains of my harp died away and I drank from the sparkling goblet, I heard from the butler the true cause of his young lady's melancholy.

"This unfortunate girl," said he, "was an alien to her house in infancy, being placed out at nurse. My master seldom heard any thing of her, for he bore an invincible hatred to her; as in giving Helena life his wife had closed hers."

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"Years passed over. My lord's two sons, Romeo and Alberto, were the most promising young men: both handsome and amiable, the prop of their father's declining years, and the delight of the whole country.

"In the pursuit of pleasure, chance conducted their steps to the cottage of Helena's nurse. This woman had one daughter, a most lovely girl, and little inferior in that respect to her foster-sister.

"The affections of these unfortunate brothers were here fixed: Romeo was captivated with Helena, and Alberto's heart could own no other mistress but the humble Andromache. Their sentiments were not communicated to each other, and little did they think this would prove their ruin. Alas! the love of the young men met return. Helena now knew love whenever her eyes met the piercing ones of Romeo, and Andromache's heart betokened the same at the appearance of the elegant Alberto.

"Helena never knew that the mother of Andromache was not her own mother, for she had not been told her noble birth. Thus then she was not informed of Romeo's near kindred to herself, and, most unfortunately, the nurse was ignorant of their interviews with each other.

"One night, as the clock struck the hour of midnight in the ear of Helena as she lay musing on Romeo, she was roused by a slight noise in the next apartment (which was that in which Andromache lay), and, starting up, she, with an omen of something wrong, went immediately thither.

"Alarmed she beheld the bed unruffled, no sister on it, and the casement open. As she approached the window, the splendid queen of night darted her beams upon the spot, and discovered to the fearful Helena her sister Andromache descending.

K k

rope-ladder, handed by a gentleman, Helena saw her feet touch the ground, and beheld the pair locked in each other's arms. At that moment a pistol was fired, and she heard Andromache utter a piercing shriek :—Helena shrieked too, and almost immediately was joined by their nurse, whom the noise had awoken.

“Clashing of swords now was heard.—In a moment they were by the side of the combatants, when what a spectacle presented itself!—the corse of Andromache covered with blood, Romeo Ap Morgan wounded and disarmed, and Alberto, like one insane, holding a dagger to his own breast! The nurse threw herself on the corse of her lost child, and from her wild agony a mutual understanding took place. Romeo breathed his last in the arms of his sister, after casting a look of horror on Andromache, whom he had mistaken for Helena, which mistake had caused this fatal mischief.

“Alberto in a fit of madness rushed on the point of his sword, then clasping his lifeless wife in his arms (for such he pronounced her to be by a private marriage), breathed his last sigh upon her cold bosom.”

“The butler further added, that the nurse never recovered the loss of her child, but soon after sunk to the grave, a dangerous maniac. “My penitent master,” said he, “after seeing the remains of his two sons interred, met his forsaken daughter, whom he now idolizes. For five long years has she attended with affectionate zeal, and though she never could obliterate so severe a shock, yet did she mellow the violence of his grief, and nearly forgot her own sorrows in soothing his. Helena’s story being known to every one around, she is never visited by suitors, as the young men feel too much respect to hurt her acute sensibility. Thus does she pass her life, honoured and

compassionated by all.” Here ended the butler ; and I could not avoid letting a tear fall to the memory of the two unfortunate youths and the lovely Andromache.

“I continued wandering at random some months, and then slowly returned back to my castle.

“Here every thing was in disorder: my vassals were running different ways weeping and wringing their hands with loud lamentations. Alas! their expressions told me all. Portia had mourned my strange behaviour, her sorrows enfeebled her frame, she was now the mother of a dead daughter, and her life despaired of. O Heavens! what were my feelings at this moment! I was nearly distracted—I begged, I insisted on seeing my wife—remonstrance was in vain. I flew to her chamber. Here she lay, the image of her former self, pale, emaciate, consumed by a burning fever, and trembling with her emotions.—“O Portia,” said I, “my dying love! do I indeed see you thus?—’tis I, ’tis I have done this!” and I flung myself in an agony by her side. Portia fixed her eyes with unutterable sensations of tenderness on my face—“I blame not you, my Claudius, best of men!”

“Worst of men, rather say,” returned I.—Portia could not answer, her frame having suffered by my sudden return too great a shock for her feeble constitution; she closed her eyes, and the colour forsaking her cheeks, she heaved a gentle sigh, and fainted. I then was forced from her presence; I went and shut myself in my own apartment, which I paced with hasty and disordered steps.

“The castle was buried in profound silence, when suddenly I took it in my head to visit my wife’s chamber and watch her slumber. I no sooner formed the resolution than, snatching up my lamp, I advanced quickly forward.

‘The door of her apartment was half ajar, and I beheld Julius, my tormentor, kneeling by her bed-side, conversing with her in a low tone of voice.—I spoke not one word; but, rushing back to my own room, I snatched down a loaded pistol, and was by his side again in a moment. Julius turned to a death-like paleness, as his eyes fell upon me—Portia let go her hold of his hand—she attempted to speak—I heard not what, but fired at my destroyer. He fell—Julius fell—and by my arm! He groaned and expired. Portia gave successive shrieks. Her attendant started up. I know not what besides occurred, for as she pronounced the words—“Claudius, you have killed my brother!”—I fell senseless by my victim.

‘Dreadful, dreadful recollection! Oh! what direful effects do jealousy and concealment produce! Portia grew delirious; her physicians pronounced her dying, and I was called to receive her last adieu. From the bed of sickness I rose to obey her summons, but before I could reach her a servant entered.—My eyes glanced upon him—his countenance, his message, spoke Portia was gone. I heard no more—but rushed past him with the wildness of a madman, and reached the scene of death.—Oh! what an angel she represented! Arrayed in spotless white, her snowy hands clasped on her clay-cold bosom—her golden hair falling round her face—in her cheeks might be traced a ray of red in despite of death. In truth, her closed eyes shewed but as in sleep; for a tear still stood upon their silken lashes. I gazed speechless on her, till my agony forced from my lips a frantic exclamation. I could no more; my swelling breast was torn by struggling passions, my eyes rolled with a frightful wildness. Pausing for a

moment, I imprinted on her lips a thousand frantic kisses—my soul seemed hanging on the brink of fate. Another and another time I pressed the cold insensible remains; when a footstep approached. It was my faithful valet, who tried to force me from the apartment. I resisted his endeavours with all my strength, but to no purpose; for, in spite of my shrieks and prayers, he carried me from the side of my departed Portia.

‘What a constitution I must have possessed at this period, to survive all those horrors! for still did I withstand them all, and beheld the day arrive which was to see Portia laid in her grave.

‘I viewed from my chamber-window the approach of the weeping villagers: my heart seemed bursting as I marked the mournful footsteps of each virgin, who carried on her arm the flowers which were to deck her grave; but oh! with what horrible sensations I looked on when came the funeral!—It was too much—I rushed from home, and arrived in the church-yard in time to witness the tears of unfeigned sorrow, and the sighs of affection uttered by every one present during the awful ceremony.

‘The crowd retired—I took my place over my Portia’s body. The moon arose—night began to close around.—Grisly phantoms flitted in my brain.—The yells of angry spirits roared in the wind, and, nearly convulsed, I gazed on the blazing orb of the labouring planet. “May Heaven,” cried I, striking my clasped hand upon the vault in which Julius and Portia reposed—“May Heaven now raise up the forms of my victims, and let them in horrible array crush their destroyer!” A groan struck terror to my soul. I started up with horror, and awaited the appearance of the dead. But

saw nothing, and conceived the sound to be merely an illusion.

"I now settled my affairs, and with a wallet and staff travelled in quest of some lonely retreat. I had quitted my castle more than a month, when one day I reached the summit of a hill covered with soft herbage; finding myself something weary, I seated myself here, and took out the papers which Portia had given me in her last moments.

"Claudius, sir Claudius Thompson, my darling husband! you have deeply wronged me. Julius is my brother—from childhood we were brought up as relations, though not in our true characters; for Julius knew not his real birth. But a letter which my father sent to him at college, begging him to fly to him and receive his last breath, acquainted him with the whole truth—that he was Griffith's son. I believe, Claudius, that you never heard me mention this youth. I must avow I dreaded to confess that I felt such an affection for a mere cousin—Fatal timidity!" *****

"I now quickly found the papers written by Griffith, which spoke of Julius's birth.

"Portia, my beloved Portia! Julius equally dear!—when I am numbered with the dead, you will first discover your very near affinity. You are both my children!—start not, but go on.—My father was of noble birth, but through his love of pleasure reduced his wife and one male infant to abject poverty. With my widowed mother to support, I in early youth felt the bitter sensations of want:—she fell sick—I never left her bed-side, I paid every possible attention to her, and she resigned her life in my arms. It was too much for me to bear, and for some weeks I lay on the bed of sickness.

"All that time I lived on the bounty of the good lord of the manor.—He had one daughter—Oh! how can I describe her! she was all beauty, grace, and accomplishments. Nature had endowed me too amply with her gifts, and I shortly found the admiration that I felt for Clara was returned with passionate fondness.

"Her father now took me under his protection; and I became rich, in comparison to what I was before.—But, oh horrid recollection! how did I repay him? By violating the honour of Clara; and when first I beheld my child Julius, my lord lost his. Shame and disgrace were now heaped upon me. I left that part of the country, and in a distant one obtained an employ in the family of a nobleman. Here was Portia, the beautiful Portia, first beheld by me: my heart, softened by affliction, became hers, and soon affection on her side following, we were married. Julius never was mentioned to her.—Alas! how have I sighed to see my boy acknowledged by her! But it could not be; and while you, Portia, flourished under your mother's care, Julius was left and abandoned by his father. But soon, soon she was torn from you, my child! In consequence. I sent for Julius, and had him brought home. Ah, my children! if you value the peace of my spirit, still keep this confession a secret, as I swore to the mother of Julius never to divulge her dishonour. Beloved children, farewell, a last farewell! GRIFFITH."

"Portia thus continued: "Ah! Claudius, how could you suspect my truth? Could not my eyes have confessed the sincerity of my heart, and have told you I was virtuous? Fatal mistake! Alas, poor Julius!—I can no more—tears drown me, and pangs hasten my conclusion.—Adieu—adieu!"

"As I finished reading the papers,

I was saluted by a fine venerable old man, who appeared as a hermit. He courteously invited me to his cave, and I accepted the offer. Here I partook of a repast of dried fish and fresh fruit, and was charmed with the sensible conversation of the recluse.

‘As we sat at the entrance of the cave, the mild breeze waving his grey locks, and saluting his venerable cheek that “bore the rosy hue of a serene old age,” he told me, with a languid smile of melancholy, that, from a disappointment in his early affections, he had retired hither to indulge his sorrow.—“Besides,” said he, “in quitting for ever the phantoms of pleasure, my devotional duties are more sincerely fulfilled towards my glorious Creator!” And a “sainted tear of holy inspiration” fell on his venerable cheek.

‘The hermit enjoyed my confidence, and in return he cordially invited me to take up my abode with him. I consented, and he appeared delighted.

‘Alas! one morning, on leaving my rushy couch earlier than usual, I beheld near me my good old friend a lifeless corse. I need not say how much I deplored his loss, for I had now seen the exit of my last friend. It occurred to me this was too good an opportunity of a secrecy for life to be withstood; and, having consigned his aged limbs to earth, I assumed his manner of life. I changed my clothes for others similar to his—my beard I suffered to grow—and in a little time I was the counterpart of the deceased.

‘I have now sketched my life at large: whoever reads it will pity me. But I want not the pity of man—let me experience the mercy of Heaven.—My devotion cheers my soul, till recollection brings before me the form of the murdered Julius; then, then I despair of ever joining my Portia in the regions of the blessed,

and murmur out—Oh, my God, may forgiveness be thine!’

Mary Ann laid down the manuscript, and silently gazed on Eliza, whose eyes wandered round the cell, while involuntarily she shuddered as she reflected that a murderer had inhabited and breathed his last in it.—‘Mary Ann,’ said she, taking her sister’s arm and grasping it closely, ‘twilight approaches: let us away. Undoubtedly we shall be missed from the castle.’ Miss Goddard then, taking up little Picnic, sallied forth with Mary Ann. They met lord Jordan and Mr. Fortescue not many paces from the hermitage.—‘For Heaven’s sake, where have you tarried?’ asked the former. ‘You have quite alarmed me,’ cried Fortescue, as he took Eliza’s arm. ‘That I would not willingly have done,’ returned miss Goddard. A clap of thunder at this moment rattled over their heads. Eliza screamed, and clung to Fortescue, who tried to appease her alarm, and now spoke to her in the most tender tone. Mary Ann thought it advisable to return to the hermitage, but this Eliza refused to consent to, and, faintly smiling at her own fears, endeavoured to keep pace with lord Jordan and her sister.

They now reached home. Sir Gilbert met them in the hall, and conducted them to his lady.—‘I hope, miss Goddard,’ said she, addressing Eliza, ‘your temerity in staying out so late is amply repaid—But, Eliza,’ continued she, softening, ‘I have got a letter for you.’ ‘For me?’ ‘Yes, indeed, my love; and what will you say for it?’ ‘Any thing, every thing, madam.’

Her mother then produced a letter written by Cleora Harrison.

Eliza blushed, and was retiring to peruse it.

‘Stop,’ cried lady Goddard. ‘Child, have you heard the news?’

‘News, madam?’

‘Your friend Cleora’s marriage?’

'Marriage!' repeated miss Goddard; and pale and speechless she sank on a chair.

'Is it possible, Eliza,' said her mother, while leaning over her—'Is it possible your friend's marriage can affect you thus? You are shortly to be a bride, and—'

'Hated title!' said Eliza, weeping.

'What do I hear?' cried Fortescue starting.

'Hear! she's a simpleton,' said lady Goddard. 'But come,' continued she, taking Eliza's arm, 'come, my love! your spirits are affected.—And she led her out.

'I can't think,' said Harriet St. John, 'how some people sham fainting fits.'

'Sham, madam!' replied Fortescue: 'Eliza possesses not art, she is all sensibility.'

'SENSIBILITY!' retorted Harriet; 'that girl chooses to shew a counterfeited feeling whenever convenient.'—

'Hush, Harriet!' cried lady Goddard; 'see sir Gilbert.' And she, going to meet him, said, 'I left your daughter quite composed.'

'Your news is pleasing,' returned he, saluting her cheek.

'You delight me,' said his lady; and the evening passed cheerfully with all, except Edwin Fortescue and Mary Ann.

The next morning lord Jordan introduced to lady Goddard, sir Dennis O'Calloner, a young Irishman of very pleasing manners and elegant person, who completely captivated Harriet's fond heart, and extremely charmed lady Goddard.

Mary Ann was delighted to see Eliza this morning look serene. 'I am happy,' whispered miss Goddard, pressing her hand. 'Cleora Harrison a few weeks back was united to lord Germain, a youth whom she fondly loved and by whom she is beloved, and she invites you and me to Richmond.

'How will you ask my mother's consent?' cried Mary Ann.

'I will speak first to Sir Gilbert, to—'

'But do not mention me, miss Goddard—I shall not be suffered. Besides, I would rather—'

'Remain with lord Jordan,' cried Eliza. Miss St. John blushed deeply.

'You will not accompany me?' cried Eliza, surprised at seeing her words concerning his lordship have such an effect on her sister.

'Lady Goddard will not suffer us both to go,' said Mary Ann. 'Besides, I do not wish.'—

'Vainly, vainly you try to hide it, beloved girl!' said Eliza, gazing affectionately on her: 'in vain, charming Mary Ann! you try to conceal your love of lord Jordan.'

Miss St. John blushed, kissed her hand, and run out of the room.

Eliza immediately went to her father's library. She gently tapped at the door.—He bade her enter. 'Oh it is you, Eliza?' said he; and, blushing, he laid aside something he was writing.

'Yes, dear sir!' she replied; 'I am come to make a request.'

'For what?' he asked, somewhat hastily.

'To visit my friend lady Germain, agreeably to her invitation.' Sir Gilbert looked down—paused—and at length said, 'Eliza, I can say nothing, my child: you must apply to lady Goddard.'

Eliza curtsied, and walked out of the room.

'Eliza,' said he, calling after her—Miss Goddard returned—'when do you propose going?'

'Almost immediately, sir.'

'Well, come to me for some cash before you leave the castle, my child,' said he; and Eliza, thanking him with a starting tear, went to seek lady Goddard.

She found her walking round the

grounds with lord Jordan and sir Dennis O'Calloner. Eliza begged a private audience in a whisper, which lady Goddard, being in a good humour, granted, and she was told to repair to her ladyship's dressing-room about the dinner hour.

At the time appointed, Eliza went to seek lady Goddard, who said with a smile at her approach—'Well, my dear! what is it you would say?' Miss Goddard told her of her desire to see lady Germain. 'I grant you leave to visit her, Eliza,' said she; 'I cannot deny you so small a favour, though I think you should not, child, have applied to your father first.'

Miss Goddard's eyes sparkled with joy; she kissed Ophelia's hand a thousand times, and thanked her for her goodness.

(*To be continued.*)

ACCOUNT of the ORIGIN of the ORDER of the GARTER, and of the CEREMONIES with which the KNIGHTS are INSTALLED.

THE institution of this illustrious order did not originate from so trivial a cause as the dropping of a lady's garter, as some have pretended; nor had king Edward III., who was the founder of the order, any regard to the garter, or leather thong, which king Richard I., in his attempt upon Cyprus and Acon, ordered to be tied about the legs of his officers, to animate their courage by such a particular distinction: but Edward III., being a prince of a warlike disposition, and engaged in a war with France, made it his business to engage the best soldiers in Europe in his interest.—With this view he projected the setting up king Arthur's round table, and proclaimed a solemn tilting, to invite foreigners of courage and quality to the exercise.

The place for this solemnity was fixed at Windsor, for which purpose, on New-year's day, 1344, he published his royal letters of protection, for the safe-coming and return of such foreign knights as were willing to hazard their reputation at this public tilting; and ordering, that this entertainment should be held annually at the same place, at Whitsuntide. All the knights, during this solemnity, were entertained magnificently at the king's expence, eating together at a table six hundred feet round, which he called the round table.

To countermine this project, Philip de Valois, the French king, made use of a similar expedient at his own court, inviting the martial men of fame and character in Italy and Germany, for fear they should be pre-engaged to Edward. This thought proving successful, gave a check to king Edward's design. Edward having lately given his garter for the signal of a fortunate battle, he took occasion from thence to institute this order, making the garter the principal distinction of it; from whence that select number, whom he incorporated into a fraternity, is called knights of the garter. By this garter, the knights companions are symbolically put in mind to act by the maxims of good faith, sincerity, and religion; to push an enterprize with resolution, but not to undertake any thing contrary to the statutes of the order; not to violate the engagements of friendship, the law of arms, the privileges of peace, or to do any thing contrary to articles of probity and honour.

This noble order was founded in the twenty-third year of the reign of king Edward III., anno 1350: the patrons or protectors of it were the Holy Trinity, the Blessed Virgin, St. George, and St. Edward the Confessor; and as it is the most noble, so it is the most ancient, of any lay-

order now in use in Europe. The number of the knights companions of the order is twenty-five, besides the king, the sovereign of the order. To qualify a person for this honour, he must be a person of an unblemished character, not under the degree of knight, and one that cannot be charged with abetting a party or faction against his prince. He must be a gentleman born, that is, as king Henry VIII.'s statutes explain it—a gentleman by name, arms, and blood; so that no knight that has been convicted of heresy or treason, or can be charged with cowardice, is capable of being elected a companion of the order, and may forfeit it upon conviction after he is chosen: he is likewise liable to be degraded at the pleasure of the sovereign, if by libertinism and extravagance he spends so much of his patrimony as renders him incapable of maintaining his character honourably.

The habit of the order, upon solemn days, is the garter, mantle, surcoat, hood, collar, great George, and cap: upon the collar days they are only obliged to wear the garter, the collar of the order, and the great George: at the middle of the collar hangs the picture of St. George, sitting on horseback, who, having thrown the dragon upon his back, encounters him with a tilting-spear: the garter, which is blue, was at the foundation of the order appointed to be worn a little below the knee of the left leg, which still continues, having this motto wrought on it—*Honi soit qui mal y pense*, which was in French, because at that time our king possessed the greatest part of France, and was at war for the whole; and our laws were then in the French language, which was also universally spoken at the English court. Besides the twenty-six above mentioned, this college or corporation consists of a dean and twelve

canons, besides petty canons, vergers, and other inferior officers, to which are added twenty-six poor knights, who have no other maintenance but the allowance of this college, which is given them in consideration of their prayers in behalf of the sovereign and the companions, and by way of reward for their former service in the field. There are also some considerable officers belonging to this order; as the prelate of the order, which is only an office of honour, without any profit annexed, and this is settled on the bishopric of Winchester. The chancellor of the garter is the bishop of Salisbury for the time being: the office of registry belongs to the deanery of Windsor. There is also an officer, called garter principal king at arms, whose business is to manage and marshal their solemnities at their installation and feasts. Lastly, the college is in the castle of Windsor, with the chapter-house, and chapel of St. George, built by king Edward the Third.

The ceremonies observed at the installation of the knights will appear from the following account of the late installation at Windsor, which will form a proper supplement to that which we presented to our readers in our last number.

The commissioners appointed to instal the knights elect, after having robed themselves in the complete habit of the order, met in the great chamber of the deanery, where garter and the other officers of the order, in their habits, and the knights elect in their under habits, attended with their caps and feathers in their hands. The knights not named in the king's commission were first conducted to the chapel, preceded by the poor knights, canons of Windsor, and officers at arms, all in their proper habits, who, on entering the choir, made their *obeisance*, first to the altar, and then to the sovereign's

stall; after which they seated themselves in their respective stalls. Then the poor knights, canons, &c. returned to the dean's hall, from whence the procession began in the order described in our last.

The knights were conducted into the north aisle of the chapel, where the knights elect retired to their seats, placed behind the altar, and the officers, register, garter, black rod, and knights commissioners, seated themselves according to their seniority. After some further ceremonies the *garter* presented the lords commissioners with the surcoat of the senior knight elect, who invested him with it, at the same time reading this admonition:—

‘Take this robe of crimson to the increase of your honour, and in token and sign of the most noble order you have received, wherewith you being defended, may be bold, not only strong to fight, but also to offer yourself to shed your blood for Christ's faith, the liberties of the church, and the just and necessary defence of them that are oppressed and needy.’

Garter then presented the crimson velvet girdle to the lords commissioners, who buckled it on over the surcoat, also the hanger and sword, which they girded on. The commissioner then leaving the knights elect in the chapel house, proceeded to the choir, and offered up the hatchments of the deceased knights, proceeding thus:—The poor knights, two and two, entered first, and made their reverence, first to the altar, and then to the sovereign's stall, and proceeded to the altar, placing themselves on each side. The canons followed, making the like reverence, standing below the poor knights, except two, who were conducted to the altar, in order to receive the hatchments as they were offered. Pursuivants and heralds at arms two

and two, next entered, making their reverences, and placed themselves on each side below the canons. *Garter*, register, and black rod followed, and stood before their respective seats. The commissioners repaired to their respective stalls, and *garter* advanced to the middle of the choir, when various other ceremonies took place. Every thing we have thus far related was conducted in St. George's Chapel, to which a new Gothic entrance has recently been made, by order of his majesty, for the express purpose of the procession. The knights remained standing in their respective stalls, and a number of forms were gone through, after which the knights elect were conducted to their seats below their stalls, and took the following oath, administered by the register of the *garter*:—

‘You, being chosen to be one of the honourable company of the most noble order of the *garter*, shall promise and swear, by the holy Evangelists, by you here touched, that wittingly and willingly you shall not break any statute of the said order, or any article in them contained, the same being agreeable, and not repugnant to the will of God and the laws of the realm, as far forth as to you belongeth and appertaineth, so help you God and his holy word.’

The knights afterwards received the mantle with this admonition:—

‘Receive this robe of heavenly colour, the livery of this most excellent order, in augmentation of thy honour, ennobled with the shield and red cross of our Lord, by whose power thou mayest safely pierce the troops of thine enemies, and be over them ever victorious; and being in this temporal warfare glorious in egregious and heroic actions, thou mayest obtain eternal and triumphant joy.’

The *garter* presented to the knights the collar and George, while the register thus addressed them:—

Wear this collar about thy neck, adorned with the image of the blessed Martyr and Soldier in Christ, St. George, by whose imitation provoked, thou may'st so o'erpass both prosperous and adverse encounters, that having stoutly vanquished thine enemies, both of body and soul, thou may'st not only survive this transient combat, but be crowned with palms of eternal victory.'

The statute books of the order were then presented to the knights, and the ceremony of the Installation was then complete. Divine service was afterwards performed, commencing with the Lord's Prayer, *Venite exultemus Domino*, 21st Psalm, a Prayer for the Sovereign, and Companions of the Order, &c. &c.

SCENE from the NEW COMEDY—
'WHO WANTS A GUINEA?'

(Andrew Bang, Lord Alamode's Game-keeper, is discovered sleeping in a chair—Sir Larry M'Murragh rings the bell violently without.)

Sir Larry—(entering with a piece of the bell-rope broken.)—What!—is there nobody in this house?—If they don't hear at all, why don't they say so?—(Discovering the Gamekeeper) Oh, by the powers, here's a nose—I'll pull that.—(Goes up and tweaks his nose violently.)—My compliments of the sleeping sason to you.—Where's Mr. Carrydot, the steward?

Bang. Gone out to take a morning ride.

Sir Larry. Upon business, I suppose.

Bang. No—upon Dobbin.

Sir Larry. Ha! ha!—But go and discharge these post-boys—They went as slow as flies upon treacle.—If they had driven fast I would have given

them half-a-crown a piece; but as it is, there's only a seven-shilling piece between them.

Bang. Icod—an' they had stood still, he'd a gi'en them half-a-guinea!

Sir Larry. But what are you in this family?

Bang. I'm the gamekeeper.

Sir Larry. We shall have at the partridges, Mr. Bang.

Bang. Are you a good shot, sir?

Sir Larry. I am an Irishman, you devil—I shoot very well with a single ball.

Bang. Shoot partridges with a single ball! Egad, you shoot with a long bow, or I'm mistaken. [Exit.

Enter CARRYDOT.

Sir Larry. Are you Mr. Carrydot?

Carrydot. Sorry I was not at home when you arrived.

Sir Larry. Cast you spectacles over that, my old boy,—(presents a letter).

(Carrydot reads the letter, in which Alamonde states that Sir Larry is to use his house for some time, and advises Carrydot to be discreet if the Baronet should put him in his confidence.)

Carrydot. You are Sir Larry M'Murragh, of Bally—Bally—Bally—macren.

Sir Larry. That's the name of my estate.

Carrydot. I can't get through that name.

Sir Larry. I found it very aisy to get through the estate. In short, to let you into my confidence, before you can throw sixes, I am dish'd.

Carrydot. Dish'd!—What's that?

Sir Larry. Oh, I am a plaguy hand at derivations, but the learned are agreed that dishing comes from dashing.

Carrydot. I am still in the dark.

Sir Larry. By St. Patrick, its the clearest thing in the world—it means in the city a *duck*, and in the west end of the town a *pigeon*. It is all very *disy*—you have only to bet high—subscribe to the clubs—keep a stud—keep a dolly—

Carrydot. A dolly!—What's that?

Sir Larry. Only a *moveable* in a man's house, my dear, generally of very little use to the owner.

Carrydot. I am afraid you have been duped, sir.

Sir Larry. Sir Larry M'Murragh duped!—no—it was done in the handsomest manner in the world, just at five in the morning, by my dear friend *Lord Alamode*. I had a run of ill luck and grew desperate—Will you bet 10,000*l.* against the remainder of my estate? said I—With all my heart, said he—Seven's the main, said I—It's mine, said he—Well, d—n the luck, said I—you have made a beggar of me, like a man of honour as you are, at one stroke.

Carrydot. A stroke of thunder, I should suppose.

Sir Larry. It was more like an earthquake—for it *swallowed* my estate.

Carrydot. I hope, by economy, you may save a wreck out of your fortune.

Sir Larry. I am the most economical man in the world—There's a particular account of my expences for the year 1803—(*Presenting a small pocket-book.*)

Carrydot (reading.) 'To sweeping the crossing in Bond-street, 1*s.*'—This is being very particular indeed, sir.

Sir Larry. To be sure; I always loved method and particularity.

Carrydot (reading.) 'To sundries, 7000*l.*!!' This is not so particular, sir Larry!

Sir Larry. Oh! I was busy that

day, and I lump my expences when I'm busy.

Carrydot (reading.) 'To a collar for lady, 10*s.* 6*d.*'

Sir Larry. A female that belonged to me—of Dutch extraction—a pug, sir;—that's cheap.

Carrydot (reading.) 'To a necklace for Eliza, 900*l.*'

Sir Larry. That's not so cheap.

Carrydot. Its monstrous—Who was Eliza?

Sir Larry. Another female that ran about the house—But they both left me one day, and I put an advertisement in the newspapers—'Whoever will bring back the lady without the collar, or the necklace without the lady, shall be handsomely rewarded.'

Carrydot (reading.) 'Lost to my best friend—all I have in the world.'

Sir Larry. So end my accounts for 1805.

THE MONKS AND THE ROBBERS;

A TALE.

(Concluded from p. 119.)

HE then by a few questions to each brought on a long and interesting conversation, in which all the proofs that were necessary to substantiate the assertion he had made were produced, and every thing that tended to elucidate the story or situation of each of the three was mutually and fully communicated.

Many years previous to this period, the families of Fiorvaldo and Verruci resided in the same neighbourhood; yet the nearness of their dwellings made them not friendly towards each other. An inveterate hereditary animosity raged between

them, and made each seize every opportunity of injuring the other.

The count Verruci, at that time a young man, being accidentally in company with the lovely heiress of the rival house at a public festival in Messina, was fascinated by the charms of her conversation and the graces of her person, and every moment served to strengthen the impression which she had made upon his heart. From her behaviour towards him, he thought the hatred-subsisting between their houses injured him not in her regard, and that thought gave him encouragement to attempt conciliating her affections. He knew the difficulties he had to surmount, but he knew not that the chief of them would arise from the artifices of the marchese's nephew, the cavalier Montrili. This person, who to a graceful form and insinuating manners and address joined a total deficiency of every moral principle, had entertained the most sanguine hopes of succeeding to the vast possessions of his uncle, on whose bounty he was entirely dependent, by marriage with his cousin, the sole heiress of the house of Fiorvaldo; and those hopes were encouraged by the marchese, who was strongly prepossessed in his favour. But not so was his daughter. Montrili had not the faculty of conciliating her good opinion in an equal degree; she had ever received his addresses with the utmost coldness and indifference, and the mutual affection which had by this time arisen between her and Verruci rendered them utterly disgustful. This change, which the behaviour of the lady soon revealed, alarmed the suspicious Montrili, and he presently found means to discover the cause of it. But he spoke not to the marchese of this discovery; for the marchese having hinted some desire of a reconciliation with the rival house, he

feared, if this matter should be known, that he would not oppose the inclination of his daughter, but give her to Verruci as a bond of friendship and of union between their families; and in that case he should for ever be excluded from those vast estates which he so ardently coveted, and which he did not even yet despair of obtaining: he therefore, as the necessary step towards the completion of that design, which Verruci's pretensions so formidably opposed, left no means unessayed both to break the secret communication which his rival had formed with the lady, and to destroy all hope of accommodation with the marchese; and though he failed in the first, the artful and villainous measures which, unrestrained by any principle either of honour or honesty, he scrupled not to use, rendered him completely successful in the last. Every attempt which Verruci made towards a reconciliation with the rival house was rendered abortive by the machinations of Montrili; and at last, finding the hopes he had flattered himself with of gaining the consent of the marchese to an union with his daughter destroyed by the rejection of his amicable advances, he endeavoured to prevail on the object of his affections to consent to a private marriage. Overcome at length by his representations and intreaties, by the fear of eternal separation, and by the obstacles which Montrili perpetually threw in the way, she gave a reluctant assent. He conveyed her from her father's house, and quitting for ever the neighbourhood of Fiorvaldo, he hastened to a distant part of the kingdom, and was there united to his beloved Rosalthe. By means of a connection with the count's sister, these transactions were, a few days afterwards, communicated to Montrili. This con-

nection had existed for some time between them: being in habits of intimacy with her husband, the baron de Morena, he had basely seized the opportunities that intimacy afforded him to seduce the affections of his wife; and, formed to captivate the affections of the fair, his insidious attacks were found irresistible. Their intercourse remained a considerable time undiscovered, but at length the suspicions of Morena were aroused. His wife fled to her infamous paramour, and all the treachery of his supposed friend burst at once upon the unhappy husband. With the deep sense of his wrongs boiling within him, chance threw in his way the guilty Montrili. His rage kindled at the sight of him, and, instantly unsheathing his sword, he prepared to punish the base destroyer of his honour and happiness. Montrili drew likewise; but after a furious conflict, the avenging arm of Morena levelled the proud ravisher to the dust. Recovering, however, though tediously, from the wounds he had received in this combat, he, from that moment, cherished the most deadly animosity against the baron. Not content with the injuries he had already heaped upon this man, nothing less than his total destruction could now satisfy him; and that satisfaction he would have obtained, had not Verruci, by interfering, baffled his villanous attempts, and snatched him from the artifices of this miscreant. His interference strengthened the hatred that already rankled in his bosom against Verruci, and he meditated the most cruel and sanguinary revenge upon them both; but the count was the first to feel the effects of this savage propensity. He contrived privately to steal the only son of Verruci, the infant Rudolpho. At the first intelligence of this, Verruci and Morena,

with a strong party of servants, set forward in pursuit. The latter, crossing the forest of Reveldi, overtook Montrili's party on the road to Palermo, and rescued the child from his clutches; but, reinforced by a band of bravoës, the villain waylaid him on his return through the forest, and, after a desperate encounter, slaughtered most of his attendants, and left him for dead in the midst of them. But the child fell not again into his power: it was on this occasion that one of Morena's retinue snatched it from their grasp, and rushed into the thickest of the forest. He had been desperately wounded in the fight, yet he contrived to elude the pursuit of the assassins and to proceed onward, till, overcome by the loss of blood and the many wounds he had received, he sank almost lifeless upon the earth. The marchese de Fiorvaldo, happening to pass through the forest on his way to Messina at this period, discovered him in that situation, and directly recognizing him for a domestic much attached to his daughter, whom he had attended from her childhood, and had accompanied in her flight, he hoped to gain some intelligence respecting her; but he was already struggling in the pangs of death, and it was with difficulty and interruption that he could speak at all.—'This child,' said he, in dying accents, 'is the son of your daughter: save him from Montrili—restore him to my beloved lady—protect him, the count.' He could no more: his last words were scarcely articulate, and death sealed his lips for ever.

The marchese had the child conveyed home, and bestowed on him an education becoming his grandson and the heir of the illustrious and opulent house of Fiorvaldo, and acknowledged him as the son of his

daughter, to the utter disappointment of Montrili, who sought by a variety of means the destruction of an object that kept him from the rank and wealth he so ardently longed to enjoy. But his vile purposes were detected and defeated; and he was drove for ever from the presence of the marchese, in shame and disgrace.

In the mean time Morena, whom we left at the point of death, was succoured by a chief of some banditti, who for years had revelled undiscovered in the caverns near Reveldi. The humanity of this man snatched him from the arms of death, but he made him his prisoner. The robbers feared he would betray their secret holds, and in a manner constrained him to join their troop. Morena was in hopes that he should, in the course of this new life, find some means of escaping, but in this he was deceived; his comrades watched him so narrowly, that, during a period of nearly twenty years, he never found an opportunity to effect his purpose. At last, the death of the chief, and his succession to his post, left him somewhat more at liberty; but he was prevented from taking immediate advantage of those events by a circumstance which engrossed all his attention, and detained him yet for some time among the banditti. He discovered the communication between the caverns and Reveldi, explored his way through the subterraneous passages, and, ascending into the interior of the castle, at length, by his frequent visits, made a discovery which considerably surprised and disturbed him. In the person of the lady Rodigona he recognized his faithless wife, and in that of father Apostolico her base seducer.

This discovery brought him often to Reveldi, and it was he whom Juliet saw in the chapel the night the

storm caught her upon the ramparts of the castle; it was he also who so alarmed Tancred and his reverend associates in the vaults, the night they murdered Rodigona. He was not then acquainted with the extent of their designs; but the knowledge he gained of the secret passages about the castle, afforded him opportunities of overhearing their conferences, and he was not long at a loss to fathom their purpose. In watching their proceedings, and in endeavouring to counteract them, he passed a considerable portion of his time till the night when Sanguigno and his comrades took shelter from Verruci's party in the cavern of his troop, and gave him fresh employment. Finding from them that Verruci was so near him, and finding as well who Rudolpho was, he laid the plan of restoring them to each other; but his men being present the first night he encountered the former under the disguise of a spectre, he was prevented from relieving him from the alarm, and the anxiety his appearance occasioned, so soon as he intended. He postponed it, therefore, till both his guests should be in a condition to travel.

In the interval discovering who Manfredi was, he revealed to him the treachery of his brother, gave him access to the castle, and advising him to satisfy himself of the truth of what he had said, by secretly obtaining communication with his daughter, assisted in seeking the chamber where she was confined. Rudolpho also joined in the search. Often at midnight, as the time most favourable to their researches, did they traverse the castle; and more than once, though unconsciously, occasioned Juliet considerable alarm. At last Manfredi himself discovered her chamber, and effected her escape in the manner already related.

The discussion of these matters, and the conversation they gave rise to, engrossed the time till past sunrise; and when at length they were concluded, Rudolpho, first explaining his situation with regard to Juliet, informed his father of the hopes he had been flattered with that a bull might be obtained from the court of Rome to dissolve her marriage with the lord Tancred, and sanction her union with him, introduced her and Manfredi, and briefly explaining to them the events which had happened, they joined in congratulating both him and his father on their discovery of each other.

Every thing being thus explained, the whole party prepared to return with the count Verruci, except Morena, who, apprised of the treacherous designs which his rebellious troop had formed against his life, and the league they had entered into with Sanguigno's ruffians, remained behind to watch their movements, and to seize them when collected in a body. Verruci, Manfredi, and Rudolpho, at the head of a numerous band of armed men, set forward on the evening of the same day to rejoin him; and proceeding to the dingle near the cave of the banditti, where he had agreed to wait their coming, they waited for his appearance: but, previous to their arrival, he had been driven for concealment into the cave which communicated with the subterranean vaults of Reveldi by the sudden appearance of the robbers, who, at the approach of Verruci's party, were forced likewise to secret themselves in the same place. But they were noticed, and followed. The intricacies, however, of the way, and their precautions, protected them; and their pursuers, losing in a few moments all means of tracing them, wandered for some time about the

vaults beneath Reveldi, unable to discover any outlet but that by which they had entered. At length, however, they found themselves above ground, and within the castle. The way was clear before them, and they passed on without interruption to the great hall, and, falling suddenly upon the guard Montrili had left there, occasioned that confusion and alarm which has before been described.

In the mean time, Morena, after being seen and mistaken by Fidele for a supernatural appearance, and after throwing their whole party into the utmost consternation, followed them from the vaults into the castle, overheard their murderous designs, and, ascending by the secret passages, roused the lord Tancred, warned him of the danger that threatened him, and endeavoured by again exciting their superstitious terrors, to deter them from their purpose. He it was who appeared in that disguise which struck such horror into the guilty bosom of Montrili and his associates, when Tancred lay lifeless and bleeding at their feet. Hearing the uproar occasioned by Verruci's arrival, he descended to the place whence it proceeded; and finding who it was he joined the party, and informing the count of what had happened since his departure in the morning, that Montrili had quitted his sacerdotal habit, and was now at the head of the banditti, they with increased eagerness took measures to secure him and all his fraternity.

From some of them who were made prisoners they obtained knowledge of the lurking-place of Sanguigno's troop; and, in the hope that the runaways might shelter there, Verruci, Morena, and Rudolpho, with a strong party, and some of the robbers as guides, set off to seize

them. Proceeding by the nearest way, they arrived before the fugitives, and, entering their retreat, placed themselves in ambuscade; one half taking post within the cavern, and the other half without, among the adjacent rocks. The success of this disposition is already known.

Those few of the banditti who survived the conflict were immediately conveyed to prison, with their wounded chief Montrili, and in due course of time were tried, condemned, and all met, from the hands of the executioners, the just punishment for their manifold and atrocious crimes.

Immediately after those miscreants had been resigned into the hands of justice, Rudolpho hastened to Messina to the marchese di Fiovaldo. The venerable man was still alive; and his sensations at once more embracing his grandson, so loved and so deeply deplored, were joyful in the extreme, as well as his astonishment when informed of the events which had restored him to his father. Rudolpho introduced them to each other, and the marchese received the count with the most heartfelt satisfaction and cordiality.—‘I was deceived, my lord,’ said he, ‘when Verruci, by assigning his motives, sought to extenuate the clandestine steps he took with regard to his daughter,’ by the basest means; was imposed on by the artifices of a serpent which I cherished till it stung me—and how deeply! But for that dishonour to the house of Fiovaldo, my beloved Rosalthe might still have been alive—and I, even now, blessed in her presence. She was’—But his rising emotion impeded utterance—he paused, and, changing the discourse, added, speaking to Verruci, —‘Though scarcely known to each other, the hereditary feud that raged between our families made us enemies; but let us now bury our animosity

in eternal oblivion. Our common interest in this youth,’ continued he, taking Rudolpho’s hand, ‘the sole heir of both our houses, will form between us and our families a bond of union, and I hope of friendship, which can never be broken.’

A few months after this, Rudolpho was united to his beloved Juliet, and the happy pair experienced in the arms of each other a state of felicity which rarely falls to the lot of human kind. But

‘Blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds;
And tho’ a late, a sure, reward succeeds.’

CONGREVE.

‘The tempest which roots up the forest is driven over the mountain with unabated rage, but from the mountain what can it take more than the vegetable dust which the hand of nature has scattered upon the moss that covers it?—As the dust is to the mountain, so is all that the storms of life can take from virtue to the sum of good which the Omnipotent has appointed for its reward.’

HAWKESWORTH.
THE END.

LONDON MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES.

1. THE Roxborough hat, ornamented with roses; Cornelian necklace; black lace robe, lined with peach blossom; muslin dress; York tan gloves, and coloured kid shoes.

2. Brown satin hat, with white plumes; dress of coloured muslin, or crape; sleeves white, confined with an armlet; gloves white or yellow.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

IT is still winter with the ladies of Paris with respect to their full dress; they wear satin, and even velvet robes, and velvet toques: but their walking dresses are principally white robes, or printed linens with

straw hats. Robes without trains, and short sleeves, are becoming numerous; as are corded shawls. The straw hats, as well as the taffety capotes, have the brim turned up in front, and advanced considerably. The colours for ribbons most in vogue, are the rose, lilac, and apple-green. Artificial flowers, imitating those in season, are worn in full dress. Lately, at the opera, several diadems of violets were observed; there were examples likewise of a diadem of antiques over a bandeau of diamonds. Head-dresses in hair in general display the forehead, the smooth hair being combed to the right and left.

In undress, nothing is more common than laced *collerettes*, forming a point behind and a *jabot* before: in an adjusted undress an apron of fine muslin, with an embroidered border, and trimmed with lace, is distinguishedly fashionable.

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

PART II.

(Continued from p. 77.)

THE JACKDAW.

THE jackdaws are nearly related to the crows; and as there are three species of the latter—the black, or carrion crow; the ash-coloured, or hooded crow; and the bald crow, or rook;—so there are three corresponding species of the jackdaw—the black, or daw so properly called; the ash-coloured, or chough; and a bald species, which is a native of America, and has but little black in its plumage.

The common jackdaw (the *corvus monedula* of Linnæus) is in general smaller than the crow, and about

the size of the pigeon. Its plumage is black, except some white streaks under the throat, some small white spots round the nostrils, and some of a greyish colour on the back part of the head and neck. The black colour on the upper parts of the body is deeper than on the under, and is glossed sometimes with violet and sometimes with green. The head, it has been observed, is large for the size of the body, which some have supposed to shew that he is ingenious and crafty.

The jackdaws, like the rooks, fly in large flocks, and, like them, form a kind of society, crowding their nests one upon another, in a large tree, a steeple, or among the ruins of any old deserted building. The male and female, when they have once paired, continue long faithful to each other, and when the genial season returns eagerly court each other's society, and toy and prattle incessantly. The female lays five or six eggs marked with a few brown spots on a greenish ground, and after the young are hatched, watches, feeds, and rears them, with an affection which the male is eager to share. The jackdaws are birds of passage, the greater part of them leaving this country at a certain season of the year. Some, however, always remain, and are frequently seen among flocks of rooks and hooded crows. They live upon insects, grain, fruits, and even flesh, though very rarely; but they will not touch filth and carrion. In this particular they resemble the rooks and hooded crows, and not the carrion crow, though, like the latter, they will hunt for, and devour in great numbers, the eggs of partridges.

They may be easily tamed and taught to speak, and seem pleased to live in a domestic state; but they are by no means faithful servants.

M m

They conceal their meat after they can eat no more, and will steal almost any thing they can carry away, particularly any shining substance; and it is said, that a jackdaw has been known to carry off a pair of spectacles from a man's nose while he sat reading. They have frequently occasioned much perplexity in families by stealing money, and other small articles of value.

Several varieties of the jackdaw are found in different countries. In Norway, and other cold countries, there are some entirely white. Some of the same colour have likewise been found in countries where this peculiarity cannot be attributed to the effect of cold. The bald daw mentioned before, called the bald crow by Latham, has the fore part of its head bare like the rook, and its throat only shaded with a few straggling feathers. But the length of its wings, the shape of its feet, its port, its bulk, and its wide nostrils, which are almost round, shew its relation to the daws. It is a native of Cayenne. The Alpine daw, called by Latham the Alpine crow, is of a middle size, between the jackdaw and the carrion crow: its bill is smaller and more arched than that of either of these birds; and its cry shriller and more plaintive than that of the jackdaw. Its favourite residence is the summits of lofty mountains in Switzerland, and the country of the Grisons, where it is found in numerous flocks. The inhabitants of these mountains draw conclusions concerning the weather from its manner of flying. If it soars aloft they expect cold, and when it flies lower milder weather.

THE MAGPIE.

THIS bird so much resembles the crow, in shape and external appearance, that Linnæus has classed it in the same genus, under the name of

corvus pica; and it has been remarked by Belon that if the tail of the magpie were shortened, and the white feathers in its plumage changed to black, it would be really a crow; since it has the bill, feet, eyes, and general shape, of the crows and jackdaws. It is a bird so well known that a minute description of it is unnecessary; I shall therefore only say, with Goldsmith, that 'were its other accomplishments equal to its beauty, few birds could be put in competition. Its black, its white, its green and purple, with the rich and gilded combination of the glosses on its tail, are as fine as any that adorn the most beautiful of the feathered tribe. But it has too many of the qualities of a beau to depreciate these natural perfections:—vain, restless, loud, and quarrelsome, it is an unwelcome intruder every-where; and never misses an opportunity when it finds one, of doing mischief.'

The magpie is much smaller than even the jackdaw, not weighing more than eight or nine ounces: its wings are shorter, and its tail longer in proportion, whence its flight is neither so lofty nor so strong. It is a stranger to long journeys, and flies only from tree to tree, or from steeple to steeple. When on the ground, it is in a continual flutter, hopping more frequently than walking, and wagging its tail with great briskness. It is in general more restless and active than the crows, and appears disposed, says Buffon, to a species of railery; in support of which assertion he quotes Avicenna as cited by Gesner, who tells us that he once saw a magpie flying towards a bird which happened to be fastened to some place, and as it was reaching to eat a bit of flesh the magpie removed the morsel with its tail. I from this, says he, concluded that the magpie delights in tantalizing other birds. The magpie greatly resembles the

butcher-bird in its bill, which has a sharp process near the end of the upper mandible; as well as in the shortness of its wings and the form of its tail, each feather shortening from the two middlemost. But it agrees still more in its food, living not only upon worms and insects, but also upon small birds, when they can be seized. A wounded lark, or a young chicken, is sure plunder; and a magpie will sometimes even attack a blackbird. It alights on the backs of hogs and sheep, like the jackdaw, and searches after the vermin which infest these animals:—a service which the hog seems to receive with complacency; but which the sheep, perhaps more delicate and tender, appears to shun.

The propensity of the magpie to chatter and prattle is well known. It will imitate the cries of all animals, as well as the human voice. We are told of one which could exactly mimic the calf, the kid, the sheep, and even the notes of the shepherd's pipe. Plutarch relates that a magpie which was accustomed to repeat certain words, and imitate the cries of various animals, and the sounds of different instruments, having one day heard a flourish of trumpets, became on a sudden dumb, which greatly surprised those who had been used to hear it chatter incessantly: but they were much more surprised when, some time after, it broke silence, quite unexpectedly, not in repeating its former lessons, but in endeavours to imitate the sounds and modulations of the trumpet.

The magpie is liable to be caught by the same snares, and in the same manner, as the common or carrion crow; and, like that bird, seems to take pleasure in stealing, and is addicted to the practice of hoarding up provisions: but in the construction and contrivance of its nest it displays much greater art; and more cunning and foresight in the place it

chooses to build it in. The latter it takes care shall be always difficult of access, though the nest itself is usually conspicuous enough, being either in the middle of some hawthorn bush, or on the top of some high tree. The tree chosen, however, usually grows in some thick hedge-row, fenced by brambles at the root; or sometimes one of the higher bushes is fixed upon for that purpose. When the place is thus chosen, as inaccessible as possible to men, the next care is to fence the nest above so as to defend it from all the various enemies who have wings. The kite, the crow, and the sparrowhawk, are to be guarded against: as their nests have been sometimes plundered by the magpie, so it is reasonably to be feared that they will take the first opportunity to retaliate. To prevent this, the magpie's nest is built with surprising labour and ingenuity.

The body of the nest is composed of hawthorn branches, the thorns sticking outwards, but well united together by their mutual insertions. Within, it is lined with fibrous roots, wool, and long grass, and then nicely plastered all round with mud and clay. The body of the nest being thus made firm and commodious, the next work is to make the canopy which is to defend it above. This is composed of the sharpest thorns wove together in such a manner as to deny all entrance, except at the door, which is just large enough to permit the old ones to go in and out. The female lays six or seven eggs of a pale green colour spotted with brown, and breeds only once a-year, unless the nest be destroyed or deranged, in which case she constructs another, and both the male and she labour with such industry that they frequently complete it in less than a day. They have afterwards a second hatch; and if they be again disturbed

they will rebuild the nest, and make a third hatch, though still smaller than the preceding. It is probable that this instinctive habit has given rise to the report that the magpie has always two nests, in order to disappoint the birds of prey by removing from one to the other; for the same reason, says Buffon, that Dionysius had thirty chambers.

The young when they are first hatched are blind, and in a manner shapeless; and it is some time before they attain their proper form. The mother not only rears them with the most anxious care, but seems to have a solicitude for them and attachment to them after they have grown up. They do not get their long tail till the second year, which seems to be the time when they become adult. Magpies moult like other birds; but it is observed, that the feathers drop off successively and by degrees, except those of the head, which are detached all at once, so that at the annual return of the season they appear bald. The duration of the life of the magpie may be inferred from what we are told by Dr. Derham, who says he kept one twenty years, when it grew blind with age.

This bird is very common in France, England, Germany, Sweden, and in every part of Europe except Lapland: it is rare in mountainous countries, which shews that it is unable to endure excessive cold.

Brisson mentions five species of magpies of foreign countries that seem very nearly allied to ours: that of Senegal, that of Jamaica, and that of Mexico, are black, mingled with green and violet. The small pie of Mexico, and that of the island of Papoe, are also black. The last, called also the vardiole, from the tip of the bill to the extremity of the claws measures nine inches, and has a tail double the

length of the body, whence it has been improperly called a bird of paradise.

THE JAY.

THE last of this tribe of birds is the jay, the *corvus glandarius* of Linnæus, whose characteristic marks are sufficient to distinguish him from every other of this family; yet whose manners and instincts are, at the same time, so similar to those of the other species, as to prove his affinity to them all.

He is much smaller than the magpie, and is distinguished by a mark of different shades of blue on each wing, and also by a tuft of small feathers, black, blue, and white, upon his head, which he can raise or depress at pleasure. The male is distinguished from the female by the larger size of his head, and the lively lustre of his colours. The old jays also differ from the young in their plumage, and hence the variations and inconsistencies in different descriptions of this bird given by different naturalists.

In general, however, the jay may be thus described. The forehead is white with black streaks; the head covered with very long feathers, which it can erect into a crest at pleasure; the whole neck, back, breast, and belly, are of a faint purple tinged with grey; the wings are beautifully barred with a fine blue, black, and white, and the feet are of a pale brown.

The jay is lively, petulant, and quick in his motions. In his domestic state he is much addicted to violent transports of anger, and impatience of restraint; whence in a cage they entirely lose their beauty by continually rubbing and tearing their feathers.

The ordinary cry of this bird is harsh, and he will imitate other

birds whose notes are not much preferable to his own, such as the kestrel, the tawny owl, &c. He will, likewise, sometimes, imitate the cries and sounds of almost any animals which he habitually hears, and even articulate words. Buffon says, the word *Richard* is that which the jay will most easily imitate. When the fox or the brown owl, to which he has a particular antipathy, appears in the woods, he utters piercing cries, at which all the other jays quickly assemble, to attack the common enemy, presuming, no doubt, that they shall be formidable by their numbers, at least by their noise.

Jays in their wild state feed on acorns, filberts, chesnuts, peas, beans, and various small fruits, as gooseberries, cherries, and raspberries; they will likewise prey on the young of other birds, when they can surprise them in the nest while the parents are absent. In a domestic state, to which they easily become reconciled, they will eat almost any kind of food. They usually live eight or ten years.

In building their nests the jays neither display so much art, nor so much caution in the place they choose for them, as the magpies; they however usually build them in woods at a distance from any human dwellings, generally choosing the tallest and most branching oaks, and especially such as have their trunks entwined with ivy. They form their nest with roots and small twigs woven together; but they do not furnish them with a lining. They usually lay four or five eggs of a greenish grey, with faint small spots. The young leave the nest in July, but accompany their parents during the winter; after which the family separates in pairs, which proceed to rear new progenies.

The jay is found in England, Scot-

land, Sweden, Germany, and Italy, 'and is,' says Buffon, 'I believe, a native of every country in Europe, and even of the corresponding climates of Asia.'

There is a species of this bird which is white; it has the blue mark on the wings, but is distinguished from the common jay by the almost universal whiteness of its plumage; and by the bill and claws, which are also white. The eyes are of a red colour, a peculiarity observable in many other white animals.

Of foreign species, or foreign birds related to the jay, Buffon enumerates seven:—the red-billed jay of China, which differs from the European jay principally in having the bill and feet red, and in being somewhat larger; the Peruvian jay, a bird of singular beauty; the brown Canada jay, called by Latham the cinereous crow; the Siberian jay; the white coif, or Cayenne jay; the garlu, or yellow-bellied jay of Cayenne, which has the shortest wings of any of this race of birds; and the blue jay of North America, noted for the beautiful blue colour of its plumage, which, with a slight intermixture of white, black, and purple, is spread over all the upper part of its body, from the crown of the head to the extremity of the tail. It is brought from Carolina and Canada, whence many are sent to Europe.

The American jay, it is observed by Catesby, has the same petulance in its actions as the common jay: its notes are less disagreeable, and the female is distinguished from the male by its duller colours.

I SHALL here add, at your request, a description of a bird which you tell me has lately attracted your attention; though it neither belongs to the genus, nor even to the order, we

are at present considering. This bird, as you may remember, is

THE GOAT-SUCKER.

THE goat-sucker is nearly allied to the swallow tribe, and may indeed be properly termed a nocturnal swallow, as it differs from the common species of that bird but little, except in the time of its feeding—commencing the pursuit of its prey about sun-set, and continuing it all night. Its eyes are so delicate that they cannot bear the broad light of noon, it therefore never takes wing in the middle of the day, unless in very dark and cloudy weather, or when obliged to make its escape from some threatening danger.

This bird, like the swallow, has a wide mouth, a small bill, and short legs: its colours, though plain, have a beautiful effect from the elegance of their disposition, consisting of black, white, brown, grey, and ferruginous, dispersed in form of bars, streaks, and spots. The male is distinguished from the female by an oval white spot near the end of the first three quill feathers. The British species is ten inches in length, and weighs about two ounces.

Like the swallow, too, the goat-sucker is a bird of passage. It makes but a short stay in Britain, not appearing till the end of May, and taking its departure about the middle of August, in consequence, perhaps, of the failure of its food, which consists of moths, gnats, chafers, and other insects. These it takes as it flies with its mouth, which is not less than an inch and three quarters wide, continually open; nor is it necessary that it should be shut to secure its prey, since it is lined with a glutinous substance which prevents their escape. These birds have a

peculiar habit of flying occasionally a hundred times in succession round some tall naked tree, with a very irregular motion, and at intervals diving rapidly and rising suddenly. It is probable that they are then in pursuit of their prey, and catching the insects which usually flutter about the aged trunks.

They take little trouble to form their nest, being content with any small hole which they happen to find in the earth, or among small stones upon the ground, without any lining, in which the female lays two or three eggs, larger than those of a blackbird, and of a darker colour.

M. Montbeillard, the author of the account of the goat-sucker in Buffon's Natural History, observes, that though the affection of parents is in general proportioned to the care bestowed in providing for their accommodation, the goat-sucker is not wanting in tender attentions: on the contrary, he says, I am assured that she hatches with the greatest solicitude; and when she perceives the threats or keen observation of an enemy, she changes her site, pushing the eggs dextrously with her wings and rolling them into another hole, which, though not better fashioned, will she imagines afford a safer concealment.

The goat-suckers, though now where common, are widely scattered; being found in almost all the countries of Europe, and in many parts of Asia and America, of which latter quarter of the globe, according to some naturalists, all the species and varieties different from that known in Europe, the number of which they say is fourteen, are natives.

(To be continued.)

POETICAL ESSAYS.

LINES

ON SEEING THE BUD OF A CARNATION
VERY FRESH LATE IN NOVEMBER 1804.

THOUGH now thou smil'st array'd in verdant pride,

Thy full-blown beauty we shall ne'er behold;

Though the bleak winds so long thou hast defy'd,

Thy glowing bosom never must unfold.

An emblem thou present'st reflection's eye:—

'Tis thus oft genius withers in its prime;

'Tis thus it droops 'neath poverty's rude sky,

Or blasts assail it from misfortune's clime.

Grief damps the flame, extinguishes the fire,

By Nature planted in the genial breast:
Now should these feeble fingers strike the lyre,

Which sorrow or fell poverty arrest.

The young ideas are but born to die;
Mere ignorance her icy fetters throws:

The tints of genius veil'd in darkness lie;
Her frosts forbid the flow'ret to unclothe.

In her oblivious cave the soul immur'd
Struggles in vain to assert its native right;—

That soul by education's sun matur'd,
Had shone resplendent on our raptur'd sight.

Its inborn energies, malignant pent

In the close barrier ignorance has set,
Harrows the soul in vain to find a vent,

Then dies in silent and unseen regret.

The faithful thorn portrays youth's fleeting pride—

The bud of beauty nipt ere fully blown;
Disease our prospects and our hopes deride,

And death has mark'd the victim for his own.

Eight summers, dearest Jane, have not effac'd

Thy image from fond mem'ry's pensive page;

In this devoted bud my fancy trac'd

Th' unequal conflict thou wast doom'd to wage.

I saw thee blooming as the vernal flow'r,

Nor aught desirable from thee withheld;

New beauties seem'd to open ev'ry hour,
And thy fond father's expectations

swell'd.—

Alas, how vain! Death triumph'd o'er thy bloom:

I saw (and with a sorrow how sincere!)

Thy ling'ring footsteps bending to the tomb,

And mine it was to follow thy sad bier.

Ah! lovely girl, thy premature decease,
Thus to surrounders seem'd to cry

aloud:—

'From vain pursuits, unthinking mortals,
'cease;

'Like mine, your fate may be—an early shroud.

'Health thrills thy veins, and sparkles in
'thine eye—

'That eye undimm'd by sorrow's scalding tear,

'That tranquil breast as yet untaught to
'sigh,

'Gay-bounding spirits unremitting
'cheer.

'Yet, ah! distrust them;—those precarious
'ous staffs

'Too oft th' incumbent's easy faith deceive;

'Death at such frail supports contemptuous
'ous laughs,

'In vain to them his destin'd victims
'cleave.

'If those had pow'r to avert the fatal
'blow,

'Could wit or beauty an exemption
'buy,

'Pity's soft streams had found no cause to
'flow—

'The rich possessor of those gifts was I.'

Al-t, 1805.

BELINDA.

JUDGE IF MY WIFE IS A SCOLD.

OF sayings, no doubt, some are false and
some true,

For by musty old proverbs we're told,
That in females you'll find—and the story's
not new—

A sharp elbow's a sign of a scold.

'Tis thus speaks the proverb in anger and
spite;

But to answer it I will make bold:

I can prove that untrue is this saying so
trite—

That sharp elbows are signs of a scold.

To vindicate virtue I come volunteer,

And soon my short tale will unfold;

For sharp elbows has one whom to me is
most dear—

Yet Nancy my wife is no scold.

In her fair perfections each pleasure I find,

In her form ev'ry beauty behold;

Her manners are mild, sweet content fills
her mind,

Then judge if my wife is a scold.

O fairest of women! thus blest with thy
charms,

Could I e'er to your merits prove cold,

Could I e'er quit the happiness found in
thy arms,

I deserve to be curst with a scold.

But no, dearest Nancy! on thy fostering
breast,

Form'd in Nature's most exquisite
mould,

At night I will lull all my sorrows to rest,
And smile at the thoughts of a scold.

Then no more let this stigma to beauty re-
main,

No more let the proverb be told;

Nor more let be spoke what to virtue gives
pain,

For sharp elbows *don't* point out a scold.

April 9, 1805.

J. M. L.

QUEEN'S GARTERS.

MY humble profession, though mean it
may seem,

Is better than infamy's lot;

It contributes of comfort a heart-cheering
beam,

To enliven my straw-covered cot:

And my mind is more clear than the wretch
who for gold

Each sweet sense of innocence barbers,

While I pensively cry, both in heat and in
cold,

Come buy of poor Clara queen's garters.

A mother I have—but, alas! she is blind;

My father was slain long ago;

And but for the help of benevolence kind,

We, too, must have perish'd with woe:

For 'tis better to want than to plunder for
gold,

Like the thief who his innocence barbers;

So I pensively cry, both in heat and in
cold,

Come buy of poor Clara queen's garters.

I've all kinds and colours, to suit ev'ry
taste:—

I've white for the unmarried maids;

I've blue for those lovers whose passion is
chaste;—

For blue, like true love, never fades.

Thus I gain a small pittance, nor envy the
gold

For which too oft innocence barbers;

But pensively cry, both in heat and in
cold,

Come buy of poor Clara queen's garters.

April 9, 1805.

J. M. L.

LINES

On a BUTTERFLY which came forth from its
CHRYSLIS in a LADY'S HAND.

(By DR. SHAW.)

BORN in Aspasia's fostering hand,

My finish'd form I first display'd,

And felt my plummy wings expand,

While gazing on the beauteous maid.

No sunshine glow'd upon the scene,

With kindly warmth those wings to dry;

Yet fair each painted pinion grew

Beneath the lustre of her eye.

No zephyr rose, with gentle gale,

To fan my infant frame with air;

But fann'd by fair Aspasia's breath,

The zephyr's gale I well might spare.

No rose or lily near me grew,

On which my downy limbs might rest;

But these in brighter tints I found

Upon the virgin's cheek and breast.

Thus nature, with indulgent care,

Propitious grac'd my natal hour;

And with superior sweetness gave

The gale, the sunshine, and the flower.

ETERNAL CONSTANCY.

A CAVATINA.

With an Accompaniment for the PIANO FORTE or HA
Composed by W^m SHIELD.

sym

ANDANTINO E CANTABILE. *fz*

2^d Time the small notes are to be sung instead of the large

If nature niggard of her treasure, Should rob thy ha

all its gold. Poor but content I still with pleasure Thy

tressesshall be-hold. *cres^{do}* *dim^{do}* If nature n

FOREIGN NEWS.

Camp before St. Roch, March 7.

YESTERDAY a detachment of Spanish troops marched against the English Guards at the Devil's Tower, which they surprised, and made prisoners, after a slight resistance, during which two English soldiers were killed. The Spanish fire-ships came out of the river, but, the night not being sufficiently dark, they could not attempt any operation.

St. Thomas's, March 23. On the 5th instant, the French squadron, which had attacked Dominica, arrived in the Roads of Basseterre, St. Kitt's, consisting of the following ships:—Le Magistrat, of 120 guns; Le Magnanime, of 74 guns; L'Indefatigable, of 44 guns; La Cygne, of 16 guns; and L'Active, of 16 guns; with two armed schooners and transports. The president of the island, with the militia, having joined the garrison at Brimstone-hill, no attempt was made to defend the town of Basseterre. The colours of Fort Smith were struck on the first shot being fired by the enemy, and a committee from such of the inhabitants as resided at Basseterre was appointed to go on board the French fleet, and obtain from the commander the best terms they could for the town and its dependencies, and for the estates throughout the island. A detachment of the French troops was landed and stationed in the fort, and on Tayler's estate, in the neighbourhood of the town. The negotiation between the committee and the French commander, after some difficulty, terminated in the acceptance by the French of about 10,000*l.* sterling in money

from the inhabitants, and of the same sum from the collector of his majesty's customs, by a bill drawn by him on general Mathews, an American gentleman, who happened to be on a visit to St. Kitt's, which bill was accepted by general Mathews, and immediately paid by that gentleman's draft on the American consul at Paris, in favour of the French commander. On the 7th of March, the French squadron departed from St. Kitt's for Nevis, where a contribution was levied, without any troops being landed.

Constantinople, March 25. Official dispatches have been received from Egypt, of the date February 25, which state, that a few days before a battle had taken place between the Turks and the Mamelukes army, in which the latter gained the victory; in consequence of which Hourchid Pascha, governor of Egypt, was under the necessity of consenting to a capitulation, which the Beys will restrict to Cairo.

Petersburgh, March 26. On the 24th instant a courier departed from hence for London; and to-day the Swedish baron Crassow set off on a mission to Stockholm. On the arrival of these dispatches at the two courts, it is probable that England and Sweden will be enabled to judge how far they may expect support in their hostile views from the Russian emperor.

A report is generally circulated here, that M. Novosiltzoff will shortly make a journey to Paris, with an important mission. The Russian gentleman lately returned from London, on a mission, is also called by the same name; if he be the same person, then

may one consider these successive missions as a favourable omen for a perfect reconciliation between France and Russia; nay, it may even bring about a peace with England.

Charleston, March 29. On the 21st instant, Capt. Legare spoke the ship *Eliza*, Browne, out nine days from St. Christopher's, bound to Edenton. Captain B. stated, that the French had taken the islands of Dominica, Nevis, Montserrat, St. Vincent's, and St. Christopher's. Captain B. was present when they took possession of the latter place. The French sent three frigates into the harbour, when the colours on the fort were hauled down. The French admiral demanded, as a ransom for the town, 15,000*l.* from the inhabitants, and 10,000*l.* from the collector; which sums were paid. Most of the English shipping in the harbour were burnt, but the Americans were unmolested. Eight hundred troops were landed; but they observed the strictest order, and were not suffered to plunder the smallest article. The French fleet remained but one day at St. Christopher's, when they sailed to intercept the Cork fleet, which was hourly expected.

Captain Duncan, from Havannah, informs us, that a heavy gale of wind from the north commenced on the 15th instant, and blew with great violence for three days. It was reported when he sailed, that the British 74, *Vanguard*, was lost in this gale on the Florida Reefs, and the Princess Charlotte frigate on the Martyr's Reef: the crews of both vessels saved. Captain Duncan spoke, off the Havannah, a British sloop of war, the captain of which, on being informed of this report, observed, that he had little doubt of its truth, not having seen any thing of the frigate or *Vanguard* since the gale.

St. Petersburg, March 30. A report is generally circulated here, that a considerable corps of troops on the frontiers have received orders to hold themselves in readiness to march.

Boulogne, April 5. The convoys bound to our ports come in with the greatest ease; two have arrived from Havre within a month, consisting of

80 sail. Two divisions of the flotilla, the one from Ostend, the other from the Scheldt, fell in with the English, beat, and pursued them.

Vienna, April 6. While numerous reports are circulated in various places that a war again threatens to break out on the continent, our cabinet labours with more activity than ever to preserve that neutrality which it has hitherto maintained; and it is certain that all proposals for forming such connections as may lead to war have been positively rejected.

The Russian general Lacy has arrived here in the course of the present week, as have also couriers from London and St. Petersburg, with dispatches to our court.

The day before yesterday a Turkish courier from Constantinople passed through this city with dispatches for the Turkish ambassador at Paris.

The preparations that were making at Venice for the reception of their Imperial majesties have been discontinued.

Advice has just been received, that Belgrade is completely invested by the insurgents of Servia.

Berlin, April 9. At the audience held at Potsdam on the 6th inst. the French ambassador, M. Laforest, delivered the seven grand badges of the Legion of Honour, one of which was destined for his majesty the king of Prussia. The distribution of the others was left to the ambassador by the king: they were for his royal highness prince Ferdinand, the reigning duke of Brunswick, field-marshal Mollendorf, and the cabinet minister count Von Schulenburg Kehnert, baron Hardenberg, and count Haugwitz. Prince Ferdinand, on the receipt of his, presented the French ambassador with a valuable snuff-box. The badge destined for the duke of Brunswick was confided to the care of M. Sartan, the duke's minister here, to be by him transmitted to Brunswick.

Palermo, April 10. Lord Nelson's squadron arrived yesterday in our moorings. At midnight one of the ships had a communication with the land, and an officer came to call up Mr. Acton. A report got into circu-

lation this morning, that the Toulon fleet had sailed, and that its destination was Sicily, and that admiral Nelson proceeded with all speed in pursuit of it. This evening we are assured that the French fleet is directing its course for Egypt, and it is said that several mercantile houses have received the most positive assurances to that effect.

Hague, April 13. Yesterday the Roman Imperial ambassador at Paris, count Cobentzel, arrived here. He resides with the Austrian envoy, and has permission to continue here during the absence of the emperor Napoleon from Paris.

By the result of the votes given at the Hague, the new constitution has been accepted. The number of citizens who did not inscribe their votes, and who are consequently considered as having consented, is ten times greater than that of those who voted.

Paris, April 14. On the 10th inst. their imperial majesties arrived at Bourg, and on the 12th at Lyons, where they were received with great pomp. We hear that their imperial majesties will pass Mount Cenis on the 20th instant, and afterwards repair to the castle of Stupinis.

Paris, April 21. On the 16th, at seven o'clock in the morning, their imperial majesties departed from Lyons, amidst an immense crowd, who rent the air with the cry of "Long live the emperor! Long live the empress!" On the same evening they arrived at Chambéry, where they had been so long expected by the inhabitants.

On the 16th, the pope arrived at Lyons.

Several persons have been arrested here, as well as at Antwerp, on suspicion of trading in English merchandise.

The Prussian ambassador, M. De Luchesini, will, it is said, repair to Italy, to be present at the coronation of the emperor Napoleon, at Milan.

Vienna, April 24. Three days ago a courier was dispatched to France by the minister of state, count Cobentzel. It is supposed that he carries the answer to the notification of the newly assumed dignity of king of Italy. At

the same time the Russian ambassador sent off his nephew, the young count De Rasumovsky, as a courier to St. Petersburg.

The report that general Mack will go with a particular commission to Milan appears to be unfounded.

Schiedam, April 26. This evening his excellency M. Schimmelpennink is expected at the Hague; and on Monday next it is said he will take the oath in his new quality of pensionary.

The French general Drouais, who, for some time past, has resided in this republic, lately departed from the Hague for Paris.

The French papers observe the strictest silence as to the sailing of the Toulon and Brest fleets.

Amsterdam, April 27. The squadron in the Texel, consisting of five ships of the line and two frigates, is expected soon to sail, under the command of admiral Kikkert.

Paris, April 29. From Turin they write, that his imperial majesty, on the 22d inst. summoned general Menou to attend him at four o'clock in the morning, and that the interview lasted several hours.

Jerome Bonaparte arrived at Lisbon on the 3d inst. and intended to set off for Paris on the 6th or 7th of May.

The army assembling in the celebrated plain of Marengo will consist of 30,000 select men; which are to be reviewed by his majesty the emperor.

A letter from Madrid of the 13th ult. inserted in the Leyden Gazette of the 3d, says, that the Toulon fleet first stopped off Carthage, to be joined by the Carthagena squadron; but that as the squadron would not be ready before the expiration of 48 hours, the fleet proceeded on to Cadiz. The accounts of the amount of the French and Spanish force correspond with those which have already been published. The Spanish ships are the Argonaut and St. Raphael, of 80 guns; Terrible and Fermo, of 74; America and Espana, of 64; and the Madalena, of 34. The number of Spanish troops is 2280; 1170 infantry, and the rest artillery.

April 30. Bonaparte made his public entrance into Turin on the 24th.

HOME NEWS.

London, April 22.

LAST night about nine o'clock, one of the extensive flour mills of Messrs. John and Charles Millwood at Bromley, near Bow, in Middlesex, was discovered to be on fire, and every possible exertion was used by the inhabitants of Bow, Bromley, Stratford, and the surrounding neighbourhood, to get it under, but without effect, as it soon communicated to the second mill.

About eleven o'clock the first fire-engine arrived from London, and was soon followed by several others, which immediately commenced playing on different parts of the premises. By this time the fire had got so much a-head, that every exertion to stop it proved ineffectual, and the flames communicated to two other large flour-mills belonging to Mr. Hatchard, which were also consumed, together with several out-houses and cottages.

At an early hour this morning the four mills were entirely consumed; but the fire was by no means completely got under, the greatest apprehension being entertained that it would extend to a large distillery belonging to Mr. Hatchard, to which premises as many engines as could possibly be employed were directed. The whole exhibited a most terrific appearance.

The mills were extremely full of corn and flour, which burnt with astonishing fury.

Dover, April 24. Several gun-boats, schuyts, &c. came out of Calais this morning at dawn of day, to go down to Boulogne, the wind being to the

southward of east: a cannonade commenced at 6 a.m. and continued about three hours; the weather was so thick that we were only able to discern the flashes of the guns: between 10 and 11 it cleared away a little, and six of the enemy's craft were seen standing in to Dungeness to rear-admiral Douglas. We suppose the wind shortened when they came to Cape Blancnez, and being out of cover of their own batteries they were obliged to submit to the tars of this island as usual.

Dover, April 26. Some very heavy firing has been heard here at times since my last on the French coast, but the weather has been thick and squally, so that little could be seen. Last night, however, about 6 p.m. it was very clear, and by the help of good glasses the French troops were seen at parade in front of their camp, near Boulogne, and two of our brigs were seen with something in tow, and several of the enemy's craft close in shore. This morning we perceived the brigs towing two schuyts (gun-boats) into the Downs, one of which is said to have 68 soldiers on board. The eight taken before are said to be gone for Ramsgate Pier, and are stated to have twenty soldiers each on board; some have two, and some four guns: they are, however, miserable things. The enemy begins to be much on the alert, and the large lugger privateers begin to show out again.

London, April 27. William Cooper was tried on an indictment, charging him with unlawfully, and in an indecent manner, exposing himself to several persons in the parish of Hackney.

It will be recollected that the prisoner is the person who exposed himself to different ladies about Hackney in the most indecent way. The prosecution was conducted by Mr. Knapp; and the witnesses who established the prisoner's guilt were women of great respectability, and Charles Earle, the grave-digger of Hackney, who secured the prisoner. The jury, without turning round, found the prisoner Guilty. The Chairman informed the prisoner, that he had been convicted of a misdemeanor, punishable by the pillory, public whipping, &c. The court, however, were inclined to put a more favourable construction on the offence than such delinquency deserved, and they therefore sentenced him to two years' imprisonment in the House of Correction.

Off Ushant, May 1. We joined the fleet this morning, and find here sir John Orde and his squadron (who joined yesterday), being forced to quit their station off Cadiz by the Toulon fleet, who surprised them taking on board provisions from transports, which they, in their hurry to clear for action, were obliged to throw overboard. The French ships had troops on board, and could have brought our ships to action had they pleased, but that did not appear to be their object. It is not known whether they went into Cadiz or not, or where they have gone to. As soon as any information is received respecting the course they have taken, or as soon as lord Gardner receives advices from England, we shall most likely be detached after them. The fleet here consists of 22 sail of the line. The French have our signals (both private and others), which they made to sir John Orde's squadron. It appears they got them out of one of our ships which was lost on the coast of France. A frigate was left to watch the enemy's ships.

Liverpool, May 2. The Higginson, Capt. Collan, from St. Thomas's, is arrived here. She sailed from thence on the 22d of March, in company with the Sovereign, for Dublin; and parted with her four days afterwards. At the time captain Collan sailed, the

only account of the proceedings of the French fleet received there, were by a French schooner that arrived on the 14th from Guadaloupe. The master of the schooner reported, that fourteen prizes had been sent there from Dominica; that the French force, after carrying that island, had proceeded to Nevis and St. Kitt's, where they had destroyed all the shipping and levied contributions, and then returned to Guadaloupe. To this is added, that their next attack was to be on Antigua, and that several ships had arrived at St. Thomas's from St. Kitt's, which got away before the French force arrived there.

Other letters state that the French had been not to Nevis, but to Montserrat and St. Kitt's.

Paisley, May 2. A dreadful occurrence took place on Monday's evening, at the Hurlet coal-work, near Paisley. About nine o'clock, while the men were at work, the inflammable air in the pit took fire. Four men were blown from the bottom of the pit into the air; the mangled parts were scattered about in all directions. One of them was found at the distance of 300 yards from the mouth of the pit. There is every reason to fear that the other thirteen, who were below, have all been killed. The father of one of the sufferers went down, in the hope of saving them, but was instantly suffocated by the foul air. A horse at the mouth of the pit was killed, and the whole of the machinery blown to atoms.

London, May 3. Last night, at a late hour, as Mr. Porter, who plays at the Royal Amphitheatre, at Westminster Bridge, was returning home down the Westminster Road, he observed a blaze, like the furniture of a bed burning, at a pawnbroker's, who, is generally called *Dirty Dick*. Conceiving the peril the persons must be in, he endeavoured to alarm the family, but in vain; and his humanity prompted him to burst open the outer door, and rush up stairs, where he found the bed and window curtains in flames, and the mistress of the house and a child of six years old in the bed asleep. He awakened the mother

with difficulty, and ran down stairs with the child in his arms: the peril may be conceived, his clothes being partly burned, and wholly singed in getting into the road. The mother, who is lusty and heavy, as well as advanced in life, also got out, though much hurt. The fire was soon after got under, after consuming a number of pledges, as well as sale articles.

On Thursday evening, about nine o'clock, an attempt was made by a Jew to murder N. Brown, a quaker, a very infirm old man, residing near the Marsh Gate Turnpike, Lambeth. The fellow had been in the habit of dealing with Mr. Brown, who keeps a broker's shop; and a few days before Mr. B. lent him 2*l*. which he was to repay on the Thursday. On that day he came to the shop, with three or four other Jews, and wanted to borrow 3*l*. in addition. Mr. B. refused to lend him any more. About nine o'clock at night he came again, just after Mr. B. had closed in his shop; and after some altercation drew out a knife and cut his throat. Mr. B. called out "Murder!" a Mr. Miller, with some of his men, came to his assistance, burst open the door, and secured the villain, who was conveyed to prison. Mr. Brown was found lying on the ground, with his throat dreadfully cut, and bleeding profusely: he was conveyed to a surgeon's: fortunately the villain had missed his windpipe; the wound was sewed up, and he was taken and put to bed in the house of Mr. Bodenham, the Crown, corner of the Marsh Gate.

May 4. On Tuesday last passed through Carlisle, Stephen Phillips, esquire, with lord Petre's daughter, for Gretna Green, at which place they were married the same evening, after eluding every enquiry made after them by the young lady's parent. What renders the affair more surprising is, that a person has been on the watch at Gretna for some time for the lovers; but, wearied out at length, he departed a day or two before the young couple arrived.

Plymouth, May 6. Came in from Spithead the *Acastor*, of 44 guns,

captain Dunn, to be paid; she will go up the harbour to refit. By the *Frisk*, of 10 guns, lieutenant J. Nicholson, which arrived yesterday from off Cadiz, Ferrol, and last from admiral lord Gardner, is learnt that the French fleet did actually pass our little squadron in Cadiz Bay, under sir John Orde, the 12th ult. to go into Cadiz: the enemy made a sweep as if to avoid him, entered the bay and anchored, supposed to hurry out the tardy Spaniards; then the whole with a large body of troops, to push through the Gut again for Egypt; their fleet being so superior to lord Nelson's. The *Frisk* left rear-admiral Calder's squadron off Ferrol, all well, the 20th ult. with seven sail of the line and several frigates, having been informed of the above event by the *Orpheus*, of 32 guns, from sir J. Orde; he immediately had all his squadron cleared for action, and put his ships in that state of readiness, with his wonted activity, to fight or retreat as the occasion of the moment might require. On the 24th the *Frisk* (having left rear-admiral Calder and his squadron in high spirits) joined admiral lord Gardner off Brest, who had twenty sail of the line; having been joined by vice-admiral sir John Orde's squadron of five sail of the line from off Cadiz; also by the *Courageaux*, of 74 guns, and the *Colossus*, of 74 guns, from hence.

London, May 6. A general press and embargo took place in consequence of an order in council by his majesty. The embargo extends to all shipping in the ports of the united kingdom, coasting vessels, and vessels laden with grain and provisions, or such as have cleared out at the Custom-house, excepted. A general and very hot press took place likewise at the different out-ports. Many good hands were procured at Cowes, Portsmouth, and other places. In the river every vessel was cleared of all the hands that could possibly be spared; no protections were regarded. A great number of hands were put on board the *Enterprize*, off the Tower, and the *Unité* frigate, captain Ogle, at Deptford.

BIRTHS.

April 10. At Haverfordwest, the lady of major-general Gascoyne, of a son.

At Castle Bernard, Ireland, the right hon. countess of Bandon, of a son.

13. In Lower Grosvenor-street, the lady of colonel Anson, of a daughter.

23. At his house in Charles-street, St. James's-square, the lady of Robert Ward, esq. M. P. of a son.

25. The lady of Charles Allen Phillips, esq. of St. Bride's Hill, of a daughter.

26. At Cookham, Berks, the lady of lieutenant-colonel Wheatley, of the 1st regiment of guards, of a daughter.

30. Mrs. D. Walker, of Gloucester-street, Portman-square, of a son.

May 1. At Stanwell Priory, Middlesex, the lady of major Miller, of the royal regiment of horse-guards, of a son.

2. At his house in Upper Fitzroy-street, the lady of major-general Burr, of a daughter.

3. In New Cumberland-street, the lady of Robert Beecher, esq. of a son.

In Guildford-street, the lady of John Mitchell, esq. of Riga, of a son.

4. The lady of lieutenant-colonel Davis, of Nottingham-place, of a daughter.

8. At Beau Desert, near Litchfield, the right hon. lady Caroline Capel, of a daughter.

At Lower Tooting, Surrey, the lady of captain Curry, of the royal navy, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

April 20. At St. Clement's church, Clement's-lane, Lombard-street, John Jaques, esq. of Upper Thames-street, to miss Hallifax, of Kentish Town.

23. William Ford Stevenson, esq. of Lincoln's Inn, to miss Maddock, eldest daughter of Henry Maddock, esq. of the same place.

25. At the parish church of Rochdale, Mr. Robert Peel, eldest son of Laurence Peel, esq. of Ard-

wick, Lancashire, to miss Elizabeth Entwisle, second daughter of John Entwisle, esq. of Foxholes, in the same county.

Sir Thomas Tancered, bart. of Sidney-lodge, in the county of Southampton, to miss Harriet Crewe, second daughter of the rev. Offley Crewe, of Muxton, Staffordshire.

30. At Coltishall, William Simpson, esq. attorney, at Norwich, to miss Catharine Palgrave, fifth daughter of William Palgrave, esq. of Coltishall.

At St. Mary-la-bonne church, the rev. Charles Dimock, rector of Great Mongeham, in Kent, to miss Elizabeth Honeywood, of Sibton, in the same county.

At St. Mary-la-bonne church, by the rev. Saxby Penfold, Wolfenden Kenny, esq. of the 31st regiment, to miss Kettle, of Baker-street, Portman-square.

May 1. At St. Margaret's church, Westminster, Mr. John Charles Denham, of Parliament-street, to Mrs. Hamilton, of Cleveland-row.

At St. James's church, Philip Francis, jun. esq. to miss Johnson.

2. At St. Margaret's, Lothbury, James Farlow, esq. of Tokenhouse-yard, to miss Helen Sophia Whitfield, daughter of the rev. doctor Whitfield, rector of the said parish.

John Carr, esq. to miss Wilson, of Bolton by the Sands, near Lancaster.

J. P. Payne, esq. of Margate, to miss Davis, of Broad-street, London Wall.

At Tinwell, in Rutlandshire, S. N. Cowley, esq. to miss Christian.

3. William Cumming, esq. of Rockfield, county of Down, to miss Corry, eldest daughter of Isaiah Corry, esq. of Corry Vale, near Belfast.

Alexander Maconochie, esq. advocate, to miss Anne Blair, eldest daughter of Robert Blair, esq. of Avenlough, his majesty's solicitor-general of Scotland.

6. At Flimby, Cumberland, by the rev. Mr. Mawson, John Francis Plane, esq. of New York, to miss Hutton, daughter of the late James Hutton, esq. of the general post-office.

7. Lieutenant-colonel Lemon, of the 92d foot, to miss Hobbs, daughter of G. Hobbs, of Barnaby, King's county, Ireland, esq.

At Odiham, Hants, Coningsby Cott, esq. of the Middle Temple, to miss Hannam.

8. At St. George's church, Hanover-square, Mr. Simeon Howard, of Rickmansworth, Herts, to miss Morten, eldest daughter of Joseph Morten, esq. of Denham, Bucks.

11. At Hanwell, Thomas Hume, M. D. of University college, Oxford, to Caroline, eldest daughter of the reverend George Henry Glasse.

DEATHS.

April 24. At Chester, captain J. C. Lee, of the 31st regiment foot, brigade major in that district.

25. The hon. Arthur Duff, youngest brother to the earl of Fife, at Orton, in the county of Murray.

The rev. Erasmus Middleton, A. M. rector of Turvey, Bedfordshire.

At Bath, Mrs. Rowles, sister to R. B. Robson, esq.

At her house, Kentish Town, Mrs. Anne Noble, relict of the late Mr. Francis Noble, many years a respectable bookseller in Holborn.

At St. Catherine's, Dublin, Mrs. Latouche, lady of the right hon. David Latouche.

27. At Dublin, sir Thomas Lighthton, bart.

At Stafford, Dr. Campbell.

30. At Bridge Foot Farm, near Ripley, Surrey, in the 56th year of his age, Mr. John Devnesh, sen. formerly of Fiddleworth, Sussex.

May 1. At Winchester, in the 71st year of his age, John Jenkinson, esq. brother to the earl of Liverpool.

At Tiverton Castle, sir Thomas Carver, bart.

In Arlington-street, miss Elizabeth Glyn, youngest daughter of sir Rich. Carr Glynn, bart.

2. The right hon. William Power Keating, earl of Clancarty, viscount Dunlo, lord and baron Kilconnel, &c. He is succeeded in his titles by lord viscount Dunlow, member for Galway.

At lord Auckland's apartments, in Greenwich hospital, Thomas Eden, esq. brother to his lordship: he has left a widow and eight children to lament his loss.

5. At Bath, George Redhead, esq. late of Hutton-hall, Cumberland, and deputy lieutenant for that county.

At Bath, John Llewellyn, of Welsh St. Donats, Glamorgan, esq. one of his majesty's justices of the said county, and for which he served the office of sheriff in 1780.

At his house, in Charterhouse-square, John Campbell, esq.

6. At her house at Hampstead, Mrs. Mary Magdalen Blaquiére, widow of John Peter Blaquiére, esq. in the 65th year of her age. Also on the evening of the same day, at the same house, Mrs. Ann Rebecca Grant, widow of captain Lodovick Grant, of Knockando, North Britain, and sister of the above, in the 69th year of her age.

At the Prince of Wales's coffee-house, Conduit-street, Francis William Barlow, esq. member for Coventry, and captain in the 1st regiment of dragoon guards.

At her house in Harley-street, Mrs. Jones, widow of the late lord bishop of Kildare.

7. The right hon. the marquis of Lansdown, earl of Wycombe and earl of Shelburne, K. G. Succeeded his father, May 1761. Born 1737. Married February 3, 1765, Sophia, daughter of John, earl of Granville, and by her, who died 1771, he had issue John Henry, earl of Wycombe, born December 6, 1765; William, died January 27, 1778. His lordship married secondly, July 19, 1779, Louisa Fitzpatrick, sister to the earl of Upper Ossory, by whom, who died August 7, 1789, he had Henry, born July, 1780; a daughter, born December 8, 1781—died an infant. His lordship is succeeded by his eldest son, the earl of Wycombe.

In Bruton-street, in the 79th year of her age, the right hon. lady Walpole, the only surviving daughter of William, third duke of Devonshire.

8. Richard Smalbroke, LL. D. Chancellor of the diocese of Litchfield, aged 89.