

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

APPROPRIATED
 SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

For JUNE, 1805.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates:

- 1 BOTANY, Two Plates.
- 2 LONDON FULL DRESS, elegantly coloured.
- 3 A new and elegant PATTERN for a VEIL, &c.
- 4 Music—'HOLY, HOLY, LORD.'—Composed by Mr. HANDEL.

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Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall be much obliged to A. P. the author of the *Monks and the Robbers*, for the communication he proposes : his request shall be punctually complied with.

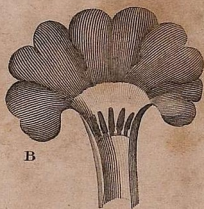
Our several correspondents who have recommended longer continuations of the *Romance of the Pyrenées* will see that we have complied with their wishes : we shall endeavour to do the same in future, as far as may be consistent with our general plan.

The letters mentioned by Leonora will be very acceptable.

M. L.'s Essay shall have a place.

Clara's poetical communications are received ; as are the *Ode to Merit* ; the *Happy Tar*, a Song ; and *Lines on Solitude*.

Flora's epigram in our next.



THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE.

For JUNE, 1805.

BOTANY FOR LADIES.

By Dr. Thornton.

THIRD LESSON.

WE have learnt in the foregoing lessons that the *Pistillum* was the lady in the flower, and the *Stamen*, the gentleman.

These were differently constructed, as having distinct offices, and are in their early state enveloped by expansions, which are most frequently two-fold.

The inner, and more delicate and beautiful expansion, vulgarly called the flower, is named by botanists *Corolla*.

This word is from *Corona*, Latin, a crown; and *Corolla* is Latin for the diminutive, and it means therefore a little crown.

It is of all colours, and most conspicuous for beauty.

Take, for example, the *Primrose* (pl. 5. A): it is composed of one entire piece, which is called the *Petal*, or, in the language of botany, *monopetalous*, one *Petal*.

Petal is no other than an Anglicized Greek word; *petalon* signifying a leaf of a flower, and *monos* is Greek for one.

There is no great difficulty in these terms, except from want of use; for

to a Greek, *monopetalous* would be easier than saying a *petal constituted of one leaf*.

In the *Dianthus*, or *Pink*, the petals are five (pl. 5. B).

In the *Lilly*, six (pl. 5. C), called hexapetalous, from the Greek *ex*, with an aspirate, signifying six.

Flowers are sometimes deficient in this part, having only one covering, or protection, as in the *Lilly* (pl. 5. C). But more generally there is another covering of coarser materials, usually green, and seldom very conspicuous, called *Calyx*, from *kalupto*, Greek, to conceal.

It protects the embryo generative organs of plants, is the first to expand, and then it serves as a prop to the *Corolla*, or more delicate inner expansion.

In the *Pink* (pl. 4. A), and *Primrose*, it consists of one leaf, when it is called *monophyllous*, not *monopetalous*, for *phyllon* is Greek for the leaf of a tree.

In the *Poppy* (pl. 4. C), it is composed of two leaves, which very early drop (pl. 4. B E E).

To recapitulate. Flowers, besides

the organs of generation, viz. *Pistilla*, and *Stamina*, have other parts destined for protection; sometimes only one part of a beautiful appearance, when it is called *Corolla*, composed of one or more petals. But generally it likewise possesses

1. *Corolla*, and
2. *Calyx*, also composed of one or more leaves.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

AMONGST too many other instances of the great corruption and degeneracy of the age in which we live, the great and general want of sincerity in conversation is none of the least. The world is grown so full of dissimulation and compliment, that men's words are scarcely any signification of their thoughts. The old English plainness and sincerity, that generous integrity of nature, and honesty of disposition, which always argue true greatness of mind, and are usually accompanied with undaunted courage and resolution, are in a great measure lost amongst us: there has been a long endeavour to transform us into foreign manners and fashions, and to bring us to a servile imitation of none of the best of our neighbours in some of the worst of their qualities. The dialect of conversation is now so swelled with vanity and compliment, that if a man who lived an age or two ago were to return into the world again, he would really want a dictionary to help him to understand his own language, and to know the true intrinsic value of the phrase in fashion, and would hardly at first believe at what a low rate the highest strains and expressions of respect and esteem do commonly pass in current payment:

and when he should come to understand, it would be a long time before he could bring himself, with a good countenance and a good conscience, to converse with men upon equal terms, and in their own way.

And, in truth, it is hard to say whether it should more provoke our contempt or our pity to hear what solemn expressions of profound respect and ardent friendship will pass between men on the slightest occasions; how great honour and esteem they will profess to entertain for one whom, perhaps, they scarcely ever saw before, and how entirely they are all on a sudden devoted to his service and interest—for no reason; how infinitely and eternally obliged to him—for no benefit; and how extremely they will be concerned for him, and even deeply afflicted—for no cause. I know it is said, in justification of this hollow kind of conversation, that there is no harm, no real deceit, in compliment; but that all is well enough, as a matter of course, so long as we understand one another. But let it be remembered that such habitual deceit, however practised as a matter of course, and assuming the name of politeness, will insensibly deaden all regard to truth, corrupt the heart, and vitiate the whole moral system of the man.

DECIUS.

AN APOLOGUE.

THE most frequented road in this great empire, says a traveller, speaking of Tartary, is intersected by a rapid and deep river, which is bordered with rocks at the edge of the water, and full of crocodiles and alligators. There are few inhabitants in the empire who are not obliged to pass this dangerous river at least once in their lives, and many perish

in it. The first contrivance to diminish the danger of the passage, was to fasten some narrow planks on the points of the rocks in different parts; but these planks being ill secured, the violence of the stream, and the unskilfulness of the guides, occasioned frequent accidents; and those of the travellers who escaped with their lives were almost certain to be mutilated or disfigured by the rocks and ferocious animals in the river.

Some strangers, however, made their appearance, and offered to carry over the passengers in a boat. 'Our boat is safe,' said they, 'and we know how to manage and guide it. Go over with us, and you will be exposed to no danger.' This advice was not much approved; it was rejected by the common people, and condemned by the grand-lama, as a defiance to the decrees of Providence. Some persons of more sense, however, followed it, and found their advantage in it; and many young and handsome women, who were especially fearful of the passage of the river, as it frequently occasioned the disfigurement of their blooming features and the destruction of their charms, availed themselves of the boat, with great success. Even the chiefs of the tribes at length entrusted their safety to these new argonauts.

But after some time, unskilful and imprudent boatmen, who attempted to ferry people over, ran on the rocks, and occasioned many to lose their lives, and others to suffer the mutilations so much dreaded. The prejudices at first entertained against this mode of passing the dangerous stream now revived and took deeper root, and the enemies of the boat grew more obstinate than ever.

It was then that a man of genius, applying himself to discover some mode of passing the river with less danger, devised means to throw a

bridge over it. The first persons who passed on this bridge were hooted by the boatmen and the multitude, but their vain clamours were carried away by the winds. The most delicate and beautiful women, and the tenderest infants, passed over the river without the least danger, and crowds of passengers of all descriptions soon followed. No persons passed either on the unsteady planks or in the boats, which were sold as of no further use, and the boatmen dismissed. All ranks of people, the poor, the rich, and even the grand-lama himself, acknowledged the utility of the bridge. From that time the number of disfigured and mutilated persons has diminished throughout Tartary; and the women have preserved unimpaired the beauty which nature bestowed on them at their birth.

It will be scarcely necessary to inform the reader of this apologue, that the solution of the enigma is — the *Vaccine Inoculation*.

THE MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

PART II.

(Continued from p. 270.)

AMONG the birds very nearly related to the jays and magpies, is

THE NUTCRACKER.

OF this bird two varieties are distinguished by Klein, one of which is speckled like the starling, has a strong angular bill, and a long forked tongue, like the whole tribe of the magpies: the other is of a more diminutive size, and has a more slender and rounder bill, composed of two unequal mandibles, the upper of which is the longer: the tongue

is deeply divided, very short, and almost lost in the throat.

The shape of the bill is the principal distinction between this bird and the jays and magpies, it being straighter, blunter, and composed of two unequal pieces. The instinctive habits and character of the nutcracker likewise differ from those of the two latter birds; as it prefers frequenting high mountains, and is not so remarkable either for cunning or cautious suspicion. It is, however, very closely related to these two species of birds, and likewise to the jackdaws, which, as has been before observed, and is well known, have a great affinity to magpies; and it is more addicted to chattering even than any of these. Linnæus places it in the genus of crows, by the name of *corvus caryocatactes*, a compound Greek name given it by Gesner, and which signifies the nut-breaker, or nut-destroyer. It is called by Buffon *caisse-noir*, a name of the same import. The Germans call it by different names, signifying the wood-crow, the fir-jay, and the wood-starling. Aldrovandus terms it *merula saxatilis*, or the rock-blackbird.

The nutcracker is in length about thirteen inches: the plumage is of a dusky brown colour, dotted with white triangular spots over the whole body, except the head. These spots are smaller on the upper part, and broader on the breast: their effect is increased by the contrast of the brown ground over which they are scattered. The wings and tail are of a blackish colour, without spots; the quills of the tail are in general tipped with white; the bill, feet, and nails, are black; the iris is of a hazel colour; the nostrils are round, shaded with whitish feathers, straight, stiff, and projecting. There are, however, some varieties in different individuals, and the descrip-

tions given of the bird appear to confirm the division made of this species by Klein into two races or varieties.

Both these varieties, according to the same author, eat hazel-nuts; but the one breaks them, and the other pierces them. They feed also on acorns, wild berries, the kernels of pine-tops, which they pluck with great address and dexterity, and even insects. Like the jays, magpies, and jackdaws, they will conceal what they cannot consume.

These birds are natives of many countries of Europe, and some of the north of Asia. They are common in Auvergne, Savoy, Lorraine, Franche Comté, Switzerland, the Bergamasco, and in Austria, among the mountains covered with forests of pines. They are also found in Sweden, principally in the province of Smoland, for they rarely occur in any other part of the country.

Though the nutcrackers are not properly birds of passage, they sometimes fly from the mountains to the plains in considerable flocks; and it appears that they will occasionally leave one country for another adjoining. Frisch says, that flocks of them are often observed to accompany other birds into different parts of Germany, especially where there are pine forests. The common people in that country call them Italian birds, Turkey birds, and African birds; by which they only mean that they are foreign, and not natives of, or continually resident in, their neighbourhood. In the year 1754, according to Buffon, great flights of them entered France, particularly Burgundy, though there are there but few pines. They were so fatigued on their arrival, that they suffered themselves to be caught by the hand. That naturalist was likewise informed by Dr. Lottinger, a skilful ornithologist of the town of Sarbourg,

who was well acquainted with the birds of Lorraine, that in the same year (1754) such numerous flights of nutcrackers passed into Lorraine, that the woods and fields were filled with them. Their stay continued during the whole month of October; and hunger had so much enfeebled them, that they were easily knocked down with sticks. Dr. Lottinger likewise added, that these birds appeared again in 1763, but in smaller numbers; that their passage is always in autumn; and that six or nine years commonly intervene between their visits. This, however, Buffon observes, must be restricted to Lorraine; for in France, especially in Burgundy, they appear much seldom.

These birds are very rarely seen in Great Britain; though in the month of October, 1754, when, as above mentioned, such large flights of them came into Lorraine and Burgundy, one was killed at Mostyn in Flintshire, which was supposed to have come either from France or Germany. It is to be remarked, that that year was extremely dry and hot, and that the want of rain, and failure of the springs, probably, greatly affected the fruits on which the nutcrackers usually feed; as, besides, they seemed to be almost famished, and were easily caught by any kind of food offered as a bait, it is probable they were obliged to abandon the former places of their residence from want of subsistence.

The nutcrackers resemble the woodpeckers in several particulars. Like them, they do considerable injury to the large trees by piercing the trunks; on which account perpetual war is waged against them by the proprietors of woods, who destroy many of them, and force the rest to seek an asylum among the mountains and unfrequented forests: hence it has been said they seldom

settle and breed in the milder climates and more cultivated countries.

They resemble the woodpeckers, likewise, in making their nests in the holes of trees, which perhaps they have themselves formed; for the middle quills of the tail always appear worn near the end, which shews that they as well as the woodpeckers climb up trees. 'In short,' says Buffon, 'Nature seems to have placed the nutcrackers between the woodpeckers and the jays; and it is singular that Willoughby has given them this precise arrangement in his ornithology, though his description suggests no relation between these species.'

Little appears to be known with respect to the number of eggs which these birds lay, their hatching or training of their young, or even the duration of their lives; their habitual resort to high mountains and inaccessible places having prevented many observations of this kind.

Another tribe of birds related to the crows and jays, is that of

THE ROLLERS.

THESE, however, Linnæus has classed as a separate genus, under the name of *coracias*; but this name sufficiently shews, at the same time, that he acknowledged their affinity to the crows, as it is the term used by Aristotle to denote the bird now called the Cornish chough. This genus is likewise placed by the Swedish naturalist immediately after that of *corvus*, or the crow. There are seventeen species, of which that principally known in Europe is

THE GARRULOUS ROLLER.

THIS bird, the *coracias garrula* of Linnæus and Gmelin, is likewise called the Strasburg jay, the sea magpie, the birch-magpie, and the

German parrot. Its plumage is extremely beautiful, exhibiting an assemblage of the finest shades of blue and green, mixed with white, and heightened by the contrast of dusky colours. The breast and belly are blue; the head green; and the wings variegated with blue, black, and white. The nostrils, which are long and narrow, are placed obliquely on the bill near its base, and open; the tongue is black, not forked, but ragged at the tip, and terminated towards the root by two forked appendices, one on each side. The wings, when extended, are about twenty-two inches from tip to tip, and consist each of twenty quills, or, according to others, of twenty-three: these quills, it has been observed, wherever they are black on the upper side, are blue underneath. The female, according to Aldrovandus, differs considerably from the male; the bill being thicker, and the head, neck, breast, and belly, of a chesnut colour, bordering on an ash-grey; while these parts in the male are of the colour of the beryl, with different reflections of a duller green. In some individuals, the outside quills of the tail are very long; and there are two naked tubercles, or warts, near the eyes, which are suspected by Buffon to be likewise distinctive marks of the male.

The roller is a wilder bird than the jay or the magpie, frequenting the thickest and most solitary woods. Like the latter birds, it makes a chattering noise, but it does not appear that it has ever been tamed or taught to speak. Rollers are often seen in company with the woodpeckers and crows, in the tilled grounds on the skirts of the forests they haunt. They feed on the small seeds, roots, and worms, which the plough throws to the surface, and the grain that has been lately sown. They will also

eat wild berries, caterpillars, grasshoppers, and even frogs. Schwenkfeld says, that they will even devour carrion; but this must be during winter, and only in consequence of want and absolute necessity, for they are in general considered as not carnivorous: and the same author tells us that they are very fat in autumn, and are then good eating, which cannot be supposed to be true of birds that prey on garbage. Frisch says, that the taste and flavour of their flesh resembles that of the ring-dove.

This is a bird of passage, and migrates regularly once a year, in the months of May and September. It is found in Sweden, and also in Africa, but not in all the intermediate countries. It is unknown in many parts of Germany, France, and Switzerland, and seldom, if ever, appears in Great Britain. According to Buffon, its passage from Sweden to Africa may be traced in a kind of narrow tract through Saxony, Franconia, Suabia, Bavaria, Tirol, Italy, Sicily, and, lastly, the island of Malta; which, as he observes, is a sort of general rendezvous for all the birds that cross the Mediterranean. One has been described by Edwards which was killed on the rock of Gibraltar, probably in its way to Africa. It is also seen sometimes in the vicinity of Strasburg, though not so commonly as to entitle it to the denomination mentioned above of the Strasburg jay.

The rollers build, when they have an opportunity, in birches; and only lodge in other trees when they cannot find these. Their eggs are of a pale green, with numerous dull spots, and about the size of a pigeon's.

(To be continued.)

THE
ROMANCE of the PYRENEES.

[*By a Lady.*]

(Continued from p. 242.)

CHAP. XXVIII.

THE night was impenetrably dark, and the seamen augured from some portentous appearances in the clouds an approaching tornado. Victoria, therefore, retired to her little cabin, to offer up to the throne of mercy her thanksgivings for her late miraculous escape, and to supplicate for protection through the expected tempest. Hippolyto also, by the positive mandate of Pedro, retired to another part of the brigantine; where, with the rest of the wounded men, it was hoped he might obtain a little rest. Vain hope the angry elements destroyed; since, after grumbling and jarring for some time, they at length burst out into a degree of tremendous violence which no seaman on board had ever before witnessed.

The storm on the preceding night might be termed a gentle breeze when compared to this; and the vessel was much less able to contend with it, considerably damaged by the late action; and although she had gained four capital hands from the caravel, three of her last night's crew were disabled by wounds, and Hippolyto could now be scarcely of any service. Victoria soon was chased by terror from her little cabin to the deck; where the wounded men crept too, and where every instant, immersed by the boiling surges, they expected to be washed away.

The horrors of the tempest increasing fast, every man exerted himself in the performance of his duty; in which kindness and attention to

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Victoria were not forgotten. Hippolyto scarcely left her a moment, since he could now be of little use to the harassed seamen. The fetters of Rodriguez and Guzman were struck off, since their assistance became necessary in the moment of general danger; and dreadful was that moment. The howling and ungovernable wind rushed with headlong fury to the bottom of the deep, to stir up rage and strife; while the indignant sea, agitated to convulsive foam, arose in boiling surges to the clouds, to dare the bold disturber of his serenity. The heavy sable clouds, hurried impetuously along, all clashed in discord, and rolled in awful peals their most tremendous thunder, whilst livid lightning flashed almost incessantly; and the whole expansion of the Mediterranean sea now appeared like columns and rocks of flaming fire; except when at intervals the most horrible darkness rested on its surface, shutting out for a moment even the foaming billows from every mortal eye.

Against this dreadful conflict the vessel had not power to contend. The masts and rigging were shattered to pieces, and borne away from time to time by the un pitying winds; whilst the raging billows attacked her with equal violence, hurling her from hill to valley, which the surges made, without mercy or respite.

Hippolyto still anxiously supported Victoria, whose fortitude was terribly shaken by the painful reflection of her being the means of destruction to so many humane individuals. Wounded gratitude drew torrents of agonising tears from her, whilst her heart and lips devoutly breathed forth prayers to her Creator, into whose presence she now each moment expected to be summoned; and Hippolyto's attention was divided between those serious thoughts which sincere piety inspired and the most tender care of our heroine,

P P

whose fate appeared to disturb his mind infinitely more than his own.

Disaster upon disaster succeeded through this night of horrors; and the morning's dawn found them completely dismayed, deprived of their rudder, and the shattered hulk nothing better than a wreck. Whilst there remained any thing to be done for the general safety, the mariners had been indefatigable in their exertions and toil; but, when dreadfully convinced that the possibility of being useful was past, they threw themselves, certain of inevitable destruction, upon the deck, in desponding hopeless groups. In this moment of awful inaction, thought acquired full dominion over all. The days that were past recurred to some in terrible array, and told them a tale they had long refused to hear. Those who had scoffed at the existence of a Deity now felt conviction unbidden arise, and, as the delusions of life were passing off, believed and trembled; whilst those who through their existence loved and revered their Creator found the ties that bound them to him draw closer round their hearts, as they believed themselves approaching to his presence.

Diego and Thomas crept close to Hippolyto and Victoria, still offering them every assistance in their power, and striving by the means of some wet sails to screen them from the impetuosity of the angry surges; evincing their fidelity, and the warmth of their attachment, in a moment when interested motives could no longer actuate.

The boats had been long since washed from the deck; and each instant large planks of the hulk were torn off, and carried away with dreadful violence by the implacable billows. They had, whilst in their power, fired signals of distress. They had heard the same dreadful signals repeated by many fellow sufferers; but no one

came to their relief. The cruel and outrageous elements had now wrested every hope away, and in awful silence they all sat expecting the moment of inevitable death:—some with eyes raised to heaven; others with their heads sunk upon their breast, in gloomy despair; while some more, with lingering fondness for life, looked wistfully around for succour, which departed hope no longer promised them.

At length, when morning's dawn advanced to clear and certain light, Guzman, suddenly exclaiming that he saw rocks at no great distance, as suddenly disencumbering himself from his upper garment, plunged into the sea and made for them. This break upon the general awful silence, by restoring the soother hope, roused at once the faculties of all to action, and many of his messmates on the instant instinctively followed Guzman; while others, more wary, paused to observe the fate of their precipitate companions before they ventured. But as Guzman and his group were seen to buffet successfully with the waves, and to emerge constantly, unsubdued from the foaming whirlpools, after having appeared to the hoping, fearing, panting beholders to have been engulfed, these determined, as a forlorn hope, to make also for the rocks, which they now distinctly saw.

Dreadfully the wounded mariners now groaned, as if their misfortunes were augmented by the prospect of their comrades' safety. Pedro, Thomas, and a few more, advancing to Hippolyto, desired him fearlessly to venture with them, as they would take it by turns to supply the loss of his disabled arm.

'Come, come, dear heart, cheer up and launch!' vociferated Thomas: 'I could swim for a wager with any lubberly fish in the deep. I'll therefore warrant to tow you safely into

harbour, curse me but I wull! So weigh anchor, my prince of heroes! I'll be your rudder; and Diego, as swift and steady a sailor as e'er skimmed the ocean, shall be your helmsman.'

'Can lady Victoria be saved?' Hippolyto anxiously demanded.

'No; that would be an utter impossibility,' was mournfully reiterated by all.

'Then go, my friends—delay not; and may Heaven conduct you in safety!' said Hippolyto, with a farewell and hurrying motion of his hand; and then sadly turned with a countenance of tenderness and anguish to the care of Victoria, from whom his attention had for some moments wandered to observe the progress of Guzman's attempt.

'What!' exclaimed Thomas, 'and leave you here to founder with the Victoria?'

'Yes, certainly. But go, my friends, delay not,' replied Hippolyto mournfully—but without averting his face from his lovely charge, whose struggling feelings at that moment created new alarms in his anxious breast.

'What! sail without you? Then I'll be d—n'd if I do!' and down Thomas squatted close to Hippolyto, whose legs he clasped with the utmost energy, as if apprehensive of being torn by violence from him. 'Split my heart now if that was not a most cruel and unreasonable order for any commander to issue!—But these signals we Britons ever mutiny at. No, we never sheer off from our captain or our friends in distress, and leave them to founder without us. But such of my messmates as can prove such dastardly renegadoes, let them weigh anchor in the d—l's name, and may they live to be stranded upon the shoals of ingratitude!'

The men now, all but Pedro, plunged into the sea, attended by the

piteous moans of their wounded messmates, and a thousand hearty curses, hisses, groans, and hoots from the indignant Thomas, who in vain assured them, 'the Lord High Admiral aloft would one day have them before the mast for deserting their captain and friends in distress.'

Pedro, looking for some moments irresolutely, at length firmly said, 'My fate is fixed; I cannot leave you.'

'You must, my good Pedro,' replied Hippolyto: 'if you have any friendship for me, you must strive to save yourself, and seek out those who are interested for my fate. Gently break this sad catastrophe to them, and comfort those who will feel it most severely. You must also go to conte Ariosto, and impart to him all that has befallen his angel sister. Great is your feeling, Pedro, and you will execute this sad commission as sympathy shall guide you. Then delay not, Pedro; instantly depart, I conjure you:—and, Thomas, to you it is my earnest, my last request, that you accompany Pedro.'

'I'll be d—n'd if I do then! that's flat,' returned Thomas sulkily: 'so heave no more lingo about it.'

Victoria, who had long been struggling with those painful feelings which gratitude awakened to such excess inspired, found not the power of articulation until the moment when Pedro seemed yielding to the importunities of Hippolyto, when in the most emphatic tones of ardent supplication she exclaimed—

'Go not, I beseech, I implore you, Pedro, without Hippolyto. Save him! save him! Lead him to his friends and family! Let them not curse me as the occasion of their grief! And oh! if you hope again to be happy with your Isabella, let my last sad moment be spared the agonising pang of knowing myself the destroyer of Hippolyto.'

'Spare your entreaties, generous, lovely Victoria! since vain is every effort to alter my fixed determination,' said Hippolyto.—'Go, then, Pedro. I will not leave her,—no, never, never. Go: delay is dangerous; and friendship commands you to be gone.'

Pedro now, after snatching a parting look at the sad group he was compelled to leave behind him, plunged amid the foaming surf, and made after the other swimmers. Victoria shrieking wildly, as her hope of Hippolyto's safety was thus cut off, started to her knees, and entreated, supplicated, but in vain, that he would follow Pedro.

'Oh, Hippolyto,' she cried, 'be not thus cruel and inexorable! On you depends the life of your faithful Thomas. Embitter not, I conjure you, my last sad reflections, by making me the cause of your and his destruction. Too many fellow-sufferers! must I inevitably have these hapless wounded friends; must—' In looking towards the men she spoke of, she beheld Diego standing near, gazing with looks of anguish on her.

'Diego too!' she exclaimed in a tone of horror, 'what, what detains you here?'

'My duty, lady—stationed here by gratitude to your dear father's memory; and I dare not leave my post.'

Victoria burst into a violent flood of tears; whilst Thomas vehemently shook Diego by the hand, shouting—'A staunch heart, curse me! Who's afraid of foundering in a good cause, do you see? And belike, Diego, if we sail with such a convoy, we may not be sent adrift from heaven; but be stowed into a snug birth there, out of respect to the virtues of those who towed us thither.'

'To die while performing the duty which Heaven itself dictates,'

Diego replied, 'may mitigate the doom I am conscious I too well merit.'

That gratitude which the conduct of these men inspired conquered every feeling of personal danger in Victoria's mind. But for their safety her heart was tortured to direst anguish; and softened to the most infantine weakness by their extraordinary kindness, she sunk quite subdued from her knees upon the wet deck, and wept abundantly—Hippolyto in vain endeavouring to assuage the excess of her affliction; for every new instance of tender attention she received from him, or act of kindness from their faithful humble friends, only increased her anguish.

For near an hour after Pedro left them they continued in this distressing hopeless situation, each moment augmenting their calamities by depriving them of more and more of the wreck upon which they floated. At length Thomas, who had been for some time intently gazing at something which the angry billows were tossing roughly about, suddenly plunged into the sea; and Diego, in a few minutes more, discovering it to be a boat, swam after Thomas with a hope of gaining it; which they at length providentially did, and, after inconceivable difficulty, dangers, and fatigue, succeeded in towing it to the wreck by a cable which the angry elements had allowed to remain fastened to it.

The duration of this attempt was a moment of agonising solicitude. The most fervent prayers for success broke from the lips of every one, and great was the transport, almost amounting to phrensied joy, when the bold enterprise was achieved which restored the truant hope: and when they had torn some shattered planks from the wreck to supply the place of oars, and had made all ready for the embarkation of their fellow-

sufferers, Thomas exultingly exclaimed, with evident satisfaction—

‘Providence, do you see, has heaved up this here pinnacle from the hatches of the deep, to bilk that shark Davy Jones of his prey. And be of good cheer, do you mind, for by the boat’s name and make I know her to be English; and that there old dog Neptune, loving the British oak, will splice out the care of Providence in steering us into a safe port.’

These shipwrecked sufferers all now entered the pinnacle, and, consigning themselves to the care of Providence, were soon borne from the wreck, when they found, notwithstanding every exertion, their oars of little use. Diego and Thomas attempted to steer by turns, but soon were compelled, by the ungovernable fury of the breakers, to consign the helm to the mercy of the elements, which bore them to leeward with dreadful velocity; one moment mounting them aloft to a most terrific height, the next hurling them with headlong precipitance to the gulfs beneath; and in about an hour after they had abandoned the wreck, by the ordinance of Providence they were driven in safety upon the leeshore; but in what clime or latitude, from the frequent shifting of the wind after they had been bereft of their compass in the night, they were totally unable to ascertain: from the aspect of the country, however, they conjectured it to be the south of France.

Dripping with wet, and almost stiff with cold and fatigue, they lost no time in quitting their friendly bark; and the moment they found themselves upon terra firma, they all, as if inspired by some resistless impulse, at the same instant, intuitively sunk upon their knees and offered a pious and fervent thanksgiving to that beneficent Being who had been gra-

ciously pleased to save them from a fate they had for many hours believed inevitable.

The tumult of joy and gratitude which they all naturally experienced cannot be described, and only conceived by those who have been in a similar situation; and Victoria’s happiness upon the safety of her generous deliverers was as exquisite as her grief had been poignant, and like that too it expressed itself by tears,

CHAP. XXIX.

THEIR solemn and devout acknowledgments for the mercy of Heaven being ended, our adventurers advanced some way up the country, Hippolyto supporting Victoria, while Diego and Thomas gave their assistance to their wounded messmates, without meeting any person or discovering any habitation, or even shelter from the violent torrents of rain save some large spreading trees. But they were all now too much accustomed to wet garments to shrink from the heavy rain. Cold, weary, and faint, they panted for the comforts of some hospitable dwelling; and still hoping to meet the object of their eager search, they proceeded onward as quickly as their exhausted frames, and the weight of their clothes drenched by the sea and rain, would admit of.

The further they advanced, the more were they persuaded of their being cast upon the southern coast of France. And they were right in their conjectures; they were in Provence, not many leagues from the confines of Italy. But an almost impenetrable mist, arising from the rain, prevented their distinguishing objects at any distance; and without any friendly beacon to guide them, they wandered about until, almost

subdued by toil and exertions, they began to despair of finding what they so anxiously sought. And Victoria, Hippolyto, and the wounded seamen, were agreeing to shelter themselves beneath the luxuriant branches of some orange-trees, while Diego and Thomas should penetrate further, with a hope of meeting with some accommodation, when their ears were suddenly greeted by the sound of a convent-bell tolling for matins at no great distance from them. It was the peal of hope and joy to them; and with renovated strength and spirits the before-fainting adventurers were led on by the sound to the gate of a monastery, which had been obscured from their view by the thick foliage of the wood in which it was embosomed.

Thomas, in his eagerness to serve his distressed companions, outstripped their speed, and by a loud peal summoned an aged porter, of the Carthusian order, to the gate, and demanded admittance and food for his shipwrecked companions and himself. This was humanely assented to; when Thomas, in the turbulence of his joy, gave a loud whistle, followed by three cheers; which so alarmed the holy man, who believed them to be signals for a banditti to approach, that he instantly closed the gate. Nor could all the protestations and entreaties of Hippolyto and the rest of the distressed party prevail upon him to disband his fears, until the piteous tones of Victoria's magical voice reached his ears; at the sound of which every apprehension vanished, and the gate flew open, not for her admission, but for the reverend man to announce his commiseration and concern at being compelled to the cruel inhospitality of refusing to let her enter;—but it was against the rules of their order, he said, to admit any female without a licence from the bishop of the diocese.

Victoria's head sunk in despondence upon Hippolyto's shoulder, and she burst into tears; while Hippolyto and Diego looked on each other in grief and consternation for advice in this unexpected dilemma. But the rage and indignation of Thomas, breaking through all bounds of respect for the poor Carthusian, burst forth in the most virulent abuse, which fortunately his vehemence and strange medley of languages rendered almost unintelligible.

'And you will not then admit her, holy father?' said Hippolyto mournfully—'Behold the sad state she is reduced to—only look upon her, and then refuse to shelter her if you can.'

'Poor child!' replied the porter, 'from my soul I pity her; but I dare not transgress the rules of our pious institution.'

'Pious institution!' repeated Thomas contemptuously. 'A pretty sham that! Hoisting false colours with a vengeance! A d—d piratical renegado hanging out a government flag! Fair weather faces, but foul weather hearts! A pious institution! Old Will o' th' wisp! that refuses an almost foundering little bark a safe harbour! A pious institution, to snug yourself up like a snail in your own inhospitable house, that will admit no one else! A pious institution, that—'

'I will assist my afflicted daughter as much as lies in my power,' interrupted the porter meekly.

'Well,' cried Thomas impatiently, 'heave no more lingo then; but pipe all hands, and tow her into harbour, do you see.'

'I will conduct her to the church,' said the porter, 'and take refreshments to her there. I can do no more.'

'What, to the cold church!' exclaimed Thomas.

'Yes; the church is a sanctuary for all who take refuge in it.'

'Then you should navigate your piety by that chart, do you see. God, you say, harbours all who sail to his port for refuge; and he has made that signal for you to steer by.'

The porter, not in the least offended by Thomas's bluntness, probably from not perfectly comprehending his strange mixture of broken French and Spanish grafted upon his English sea vocabulary, stood gazing intently at our heroine; and at length he said in a voice of compassion—'There is no fire in the church, and this poor child is shivering with cold, and dripping wet—what can I do?'

'Do!' cried Thomas: 'why, run her into dry dock to refit, to be sure.'

'I dare not take it upon myself to do what my heart dictates; but I will hear what brother Anselmo says,' replied the porter, ringing a bell.

'Oh!' exclaimed Thomas, clinching his fists, and stamping his feet in a paroxysm of rage, 'Oh, that you were but a *young lubber, mojn-seer*, that I might knock you and your scruples down together.'

In a moment more two monks appeared at the gate. One was young, heavy-eyed, enveloped in a mass of flesh, and evidently fonder of the luxuries than the mortifications of life: the other, an aged man, seemed Piety personified. In his deportment were dignity and grace, happily blended with unaffected modesty; while his fine venerable countenance legibly displayed the sparkling intelligence of superior intellect, softened by the sweetly interesting brow of placid serenity, humility, and beneficence. The porter briefly announced to him the distress that urged for admittance; when hastily advancing to our heroine—

'My child,' said he in a voice formed from the sweetest tones of nature, and improved by the harmony

of conscious virtue, 'my sweet child! were I superior here, I think for your sake I should be tempted to infringe the austere rules of our order; but, alas! for you I am but of little consequence in this monastery: yet will I trespass for you. A little penance will rectify all; and I think I would willingly encounter a great one to do you service. I will venture to take you to the porter's lodge, where a cheerful fire blazes; and I trust my rendering you this little service, my daughter, will not impede my way to heaven.'

'Impede!' vociferated Thomas. 'No, no, old True Blue, it will be both wind and tide in your favour. Good actions are the best passports to heaven. So, do you see, be getting under-weight for that harbour, and run the dear little bark into snug mooring.'

Father Anselmo kindly led Victoria into the porter's lodge, and placed her in a comfortable easy chair, before an excellent fire, while the rest of the party followed the good man's steps. Victoria, looking around and beholding all her protectors in safety and comfortable shelter, wept the sweet tears of gratitude and pleasure. Father Anselmo ordered the porter to hasten to the refectory for some cordials and other refreshments for their weary guests, and to bring something particularly delicate for their poor daughter, who seemed quite subdued by fatigue and suffering.

'Oh! think not of me, holy father,' exclaimed Victoria, 'think not of me, I conjure you, until these my wounded companions are attended to. It cannot be against the rules of your order to shelter them, and they have been severely wounded in the cause of humanity; and all they have encountered, during the horrors and fatigues of the tempest, must have proved dreadfully inimical to their

wounds, and I tremble for their safety. Oh! delay not your attention to them, I entreat, I implore you, dear good and reverend father! To assist them will be the highest act of kindness you can show to me, and will renovate my strength and spirits more effectually than any anodyne your humanity can bestow upon me.'

'My daughter, your grateful anxiety shall be relieved,' said the holy man. 'Brother Augustine, conduct these our wounded sons into the house, where our daughter may rest satisfied that every possible care shall be taken of them.'

The wounded seamen departed with the fat Carthusian; but Hippolyto, inexorable to the entreaties of father Anselmo and Victoria, absolutely refused to quit our heroine before he should leave her in a safe asylum.

'There is a convent of Benedictine sisters, dedicated to St. Marguerite, not much more than a league from hence, where she would be safe and tenderly attended to,' said father Anselmo. 'The prioress is a sister of mine, who has been lately exalted by her virtues to that high station; and she would, I think, love and cherish this drooping child. But, short as the distance is, it would be impossible for her to walk there in her exhausted state; and to wait until we could procure a conveyance from the nearest town might prove a dangerous delay, for she ought instantly to be put into a warm bed, and every precaution taken to rescue her from the unpleasant consequences that may else attend the fatigue, cold, and terror, she has encountered.'

Hippolyto was in an agony of alarm about her.—'What could be done for her immediate accommodation,' he eagerly demanded. Thomas proposed that he and Diego should make a raft of their arms to heave

her up on, and bear away with her to the port of St. Marguerite's; and Diego was planning to carry her thither in the porter's chair, when father Anselmo suddenly thought of a nearer asylum.

'There is,' said he, a château at a very inconsiderable distance from this monastery, which is generally let to invalids who come into Provence for the benefit of our salubrious air. The family who inhabited it this year past are just gone: but I hear it has already got other tenants; and if the principals are not yet arrived, there must surely be some female domestic there, who would for a proper gratuity give the requisite assistance to our poor child, whom by tomorrow I trust we shall be able to remove to St. Marguerite's; and if not, we can procure from thence, and our own convent, every medicinal and other aid she can require.'

The porter now returned loaded with refreshments; of which Victoria eagerly partook, and was so much renovated by them and the good fire, that, with her remaining companions, she was soon able, after making their acknowledgments to the humane porter, to bend their way to the château, which from the convent-gate they saw through a vista, at a very trifling distance.

Soon they arrived at the gate of the château; when the good father Anselmo, who accompanied them, requested an asylum for a young shipwrecked female from the porter, who sullenly replied—'they harboured no mendicant friars or pilgrims.'

'Nor does any mendicant friar solicit admission,' returned Anselmo with dignity. 'The monks of St. Lewis want not the assistance of any human being for themselves; but it is for this young fainting female, who was wrecked upon our coast in the tremendous tempest of last night,

that I now supplicate an asylum here.'

'I do not want for charity,' said the porter; 'but I might lose my place were I to shelter such objects as those.'

The appearance of our adventurers too well sanctioned the contemptible opinion this man entertained of them. The garb of Hippolyto, Diego, and Thomas, was the uniform worn by Don Manuel's people; and the impetuous winds, rain, and billows, had rent and washed away every symptom of former respectability. All Victoria's ornaments had been removed or lost, during her indisposition in the caravel of Garcias, or been blown away in the subsequent storm. Her beautiful hair, liberated from all confinement, deluged by the sea and rain, literally flowed around her neck and shoulders; her garments, which, when she fled from Don Manuel's castle, were elegant and superb, now hung in dirty, tattered, half-wet, remnants round her; and nothing could be more deplorable and poverty-struck than the aspect of them all.

Hippolyto, to remove every suspicion of poverty, put some pieces of gold into the porter's hand; when instantly the gate was thrown open, and the whole party admitted into the hall, where a large fire blazed, and where chairs were now courteously set before it for them all. The porter was informed by Anselmo, that it was necessary for Victoria to go immediately into a warm bed, to prevent if possible any fatal effects from the severe cold she had but too evidently caught.

'That is out of my power to accommodate her with,' said the porter; 'but the moment the housekeeper rises, which will not be this hour or two, I will speak to her about it; and I think a little of that black gentleman's arguments will quickly

persuade her; as my lord is not yet arrived, and there are, therefore, plenty of spare beds in the château.'

'Curse the swab!' cried Thomas; 'won't she turn out a bit sooner to steer a sick body into a snug birth?'

'I dare not wake her,' replied the now civil porter; 'for if she has not her sleep out she is as cross as the d—l all the day.'

'If I knew what port to come alongside of her in, I'd pipe her from her hammock,' said Thomas, whistling loud by way of specimen; which in a moment drew half a dozen lacqueys into the hall, who entered yawning and stretching, and, with eyes half open, demanded the cause of the uproar: which the porter telling, they drew chairs into the circle to gratify their curiosity by staring at our poor heroine, and in a moment more a female domestic made her appearance, and inquired the reason of such a tumult. One of the lacqueys briefly stated the fact, and then continued—'Do, dear Annette, be like yourself, compassionate: go and awake madame Bourdaloue, and tell her how sick, wet, and weary the poor girl is who wants a bed.'

'Poor thing!' cried Annette, 'I will do all I can for her:' and she turned to go out of the door she had entered by.

'Do, pray, good Annette,' said the injudicious young man; 'do pray, for I feel quite interested for the poor girl, she is so young, and so very beautiful.'

'Beautiful!' repeated Annette contemptuously. 'Oh, I had quite forgotten: 'tis not madame Boudaloue's hour for rising, and I will not awake her, let the girl be ever so beautiful, monsieur François!' and she walked scornfully across the hall to another part of the château.

'Curse your squinting eyes,' vociferated Thomas: 'because the vessel's well built, you sheer off from

her in her distress, you ugly wizen swab you !'

'I would myself go to madame,' said the humane François, 'only that by awaking her before her time I should make her cross and disobliging.' Then perceiving that Diego, who was standing behind Victoria's chair, looked fatigued, asked him with kindness, why he did not take a seat.

'It would but ill become me,' replied Diego, 'to sit in the presence of my lady.'

'Lady!' repeated the rest of the lacqueys, smothering a laugh, whilst they cast a sneering glance upon Victoria's tattered drapery.

Diego could bear no more. Such repeated insults to his lady's consequence taught him at once to forget the importance of secrecy, and with mien erect and indignant frown he haughtily said—'And I must add, that it ill befits any of the persons present, excepting the holy father and seignor Hippolyto, to sit in the presence of lady Victoria di Modena, the daughter of the late, and sister to the present, most illustrious conte di Ariosto.'

In a moment the porter and lacqueys were upon their feet, and seats and all removed to the farthest extremity of the hall; where bowing obsequiously, they offered a hundred thousand apologies for their indecorous conduct; then threw open the door of a grand apartment, where two of the men instantly set about lighting a fire, and Annette was loudly summoned to go and awake madame Bourdaloue; while the compassionate lacqueys precipitately retreated from the hall, and in a few moments returned, following a very pretty young woman, who, pale, trembling, and almost breathless with agitation, rushed in, and, throwing herself at Victoria's feet, rapturously caught both her hands, which she

pressed to her heart, to her lips; while sobs and tears of joy deprived her of the power of utterance.

Victoria's recollection, at first suspended by astonishment at the young woman's conduct, at length returned, and she almost frantically exclaimed—

'Roselia! my dear Roselia!' and, sinking from her seat upon the young woman's neck, wept aloud.

'Oh, my dear, dear, dear, my own lady!' at length sobbed out the affectionate Roselia, who was the identical little Tuscan girl mentioned in our first pages, who had been Victoria's playmate and attendant from her infancy, and was tenderly and deservedly beloved by her, 'little did I think I should ever behold you or my lost happiness more! To sink speedily into an early grave was all the hope I had to save me from despair; for from that fatal day you were torn from me I have been a forlorn miserable wretch, and my health so rapidly declined, that the duchessa sent me hither, with a hope this air might be of service to me. But surely I should soon have fallen a victim to my grief, had I not found my own darling lady again. But how have I found her? Oh my bursting heart! Cold, wet, and ill. Oh, what a situation this for my lady Victoria to be in! Alas! alas! what can I do for her, to evince my affection, my gratitude.'

Hippolyto approaching Roselia, took one of her hands, and pressed it with grateful fervor. 'Put lady Victoria instantly into a warm bed,' said he. Roselia, precipitately turning to answer the speaker, on perceiving her white hand grasped by a black one, shrunk from its touch; which Victoria observing, and alarmed and hurt lest Hippolyto's feelings should be wounded by such a manifest appearance of disgust, hastily, but tremulously, said—'My Roselia,

this gentleman, this friend, restored me to you. Love him for my sake, since to him, and these his brave companions, am I indebted for life, for more than life. They rescued me from wretchedness; and, oh! what wondrous tales have I to recount to you of all their goodness to me!" and she wept anew.

"Is it to him I owe my lady Victoria's life? Then he is my friend, and I shall love him for his own sake," sobbed out Roselia, carrying with eager gratitude that hand to her lips which but a moment before she had shrunk from the touch of.

"But cannot you, Roselia, procure me a bed?" said Victoria. "Indeed, indeed, I am unable to sit up much longer."

"Go instantly, François," said Roselia, "and order Jeanne to light a fire in the duchessa's chamber, and Annette to warm the bed. I shall myself undress my lady, and give her some of the duchessa's night things."

"What duchessa do you talk of, my good Roselia?" faintly demanded Victoria.

"Of Manfredonia, madam; your aunt."

"Holy virgin!" exclaimed Victoria starting from her seat. "Exhausted as I am, Hippolyto, I must wander further on. Here I cannot remain."

Roselia assured her that she might safely; for though they had expected the duchessa the preceding day, by which means her bed was ready aired, an express had arrived late in the evening, to say she should not come for three weeks longer; and as Hippolyto strongly urged her to remain there for a day or two, she at length assented.

Father Anselmo now gave some directions to Roselia relative to the treatment of Victoria, to prevent, if possible, any unpleasant effects from all she had lately suffered, and pro-

mised to return in an hour with one of the fathers of St. Lewis, who was a skilful physician.

Annette now appeared, to announce the apartment being in readiness for our heroine's reception. Victoria instantly arose, and, throwing one hand upon Roselia's shoulder, extended the other to Hippolyto.

"Hippolyto, my friend! my deliverer! farewell!" said she, "and believe me I carry with me a just impression of your kindness to me. You now leave me in a place of safety; and delay not, I conjure you, to return to St. Lewis with this holy father, who will, I am sure, be careful of you. But remember, Hippolyto, you must not neglect yourself. Be assured I shall know no peace until I hear you are not to suffer more for your humanity to me. Adieu then, my preserver! my friend! and believe me, I shall think each hour a century until I see you restored to health." Then raising her eyes to give a last look to this her amiable, her highly estimated friend, she beheld him so dejected, so grieved, so full of anguish, at the idea of their separation, that her head sunk upon Roselia's shoulder to conceal her emotion, which now was nearly equal to his own. He had taken her offered hand; she had felt, in his tremulous grasp, the convulsive agitation of his frame: her sympathising frame caught the infectious tremor, and she wondered what it could mean; and after a thoughtful pause she again raised her head, betraying a face suffused with the sweetest blushes of timid sensibility, while down her lovely cheeks strayed the pearly drops of sorrow, caught from Hippolyto's grief, or prompted by her own. And to Thomas she now addressed an unembarrassed, and, in consequence, eloquent acknowledgment for his humanity to her; entreated his particular attention to Hippolyto and Diego; and

requested to see him the subsequent day, that she might learn from him how his invalid companions were going on. Then turning to Diego, she was about to speak her farewell and thanks to him, when he, respectfully bowing, interrupted her by saying—

‘Lady Victoria forgets that, in being her domestic, I have a claim to an asylum here.’

Victoria, happy in the idea of Diego’s remaining near her, recommended him in the most effectual manner to the care of the domestics, and desired the same directions father Anselmo had given for her should be observed towards Diego. Then making her acknowledgments to the benevolent monk, she left the hall to retire to rest.

CHAP. XXX.

VICTORIA, attended by Annette, was led by Roselia to an elegant apartment, where a cheerful fire blazed, and where the anxious Roselia, with the two other females, Annette and Jeanne, hastened to obey the good monk’s injunctions, and then put our heroine into a warm and comfortable bed; where madame Bourdaloue, who had been informed what guest the château was honoured with, made her swallow some very potent wine whey, which soon threw her into a heavy slumber, in which she appeared so restless and uneasy, and moaned so piteously, that poor Roselia was in an agony of apprehension, and watched with trembling impatient solicitude for the promised visit of father Anselmo and his medical brother, who, punctual to their time, at length arrived; when the physician, father Pierre, after observing her pulse, and her uneasy sleep, declared, to the concern of all,

but to the inconsolable grief of the affectionate Roselia, that he apprehended a fever was coming on, and of a kind that would make rapid advances. And he spoke but too prophetically; for on his return in the evening he found her in the delirium of a raging fever, which continued for five days with augmenting violence; and it required all the exertions of this good monk’s skill—and he possessed almost as much as the humane Pedro—to bring her through it. But from the moment the disorder arrived at its crisis it took a favourable turn; and her amendment became so rapid, that in eight days after her fever’s height she was able to quit her bed, and in the course of four subsequent days to go into the adjoining dressing-room, and to walk a little about her apartments, assisted by the almost heart-broken Roselia, whom no persuasion could tear from the bedside of her adored lady as long as she was confined to it, although two hospital sisters had been sent from the Benedictine nuns to nurse Victoria.

In the first dawn of returning reason, our grateful heroine anxiously inquired from father Pierre for her friends under his care; and he relieved her solicitude by assuring her they all were well. But in this the good monk’s humanity led him to deceive her; since Hippolyto and Diego had, like herself, been dangerously ill, and were now, like her, only just giving faint hopes of recovery; but both in total ignorance of her indisposition, a knowledge of which the monk soon found would but augment theirs. The wounded seamen were going on surprisingly even from their first entrance into the monastery; and Thomas had suffered little bodily inconvenience since the first two days after his shipwreck: but of mental infliction he had his share, since he knew of Vic-

toria's and Diego's danger; and never left the pillow of Hippolyto, even to take a short repose, but sat by the side of his gallant captain, as he called him, blubbering over him like a child, notwithstanding all the eloquence of the good Carthusians, who strove in vain to preach back his manhood to him.

When abating illness allowed Victoria to be sufficiently collected, she employed Roselia—whose attendance she now would not suffer to be so unremitting, as she saw by the languor and striking alteration in her countenance how infinite had been her fatigue and anxiety—to write to conte Ariosto a slight account of her situation; and to entreat him, as she could have no hope of his being able to quit his regiment at such a juncture, to send father Alberti to her immediately. Roselia also wrote a letter to signora Farinelli, requesting to see her as soon as possible; which letter Victoria desired her to direct to the care of Ursuline's brother at Florence.

Victoria's anxiety for her removal to St. Marguerite's hourly increased, as the time for the duchessa's coming approached; and in fifteen days after her arrival in Provence, father Pierre—in answer to her earnest entreaty for permission to remove to the convent of St. Marguerite, the abbess of which had visited her twice, and won her highest admiration—promised her that in three days more she should go, as he thought by that time she might remove without much danger; and that he and father Anselmo should accompany her and Roselia there in a coach, which he would order from Nice to convey them.

From this time, her mind being more at ease, Victoria's health and strength rapidly augmented. The presence of the hospital sisters being no longer necessary, they returned to

their convent; and Victoria's renovating spirits soon enabled her to enter into long conferences with Roselia, from whom she learned all that had occurred in conte Vicenza's family since her banishment. After pathetically recounting the distress of herself and the rest of Victoria's domestics, at losing so mysteriously their beloved young lady, Roselia continued—

‘All lady Victoria's poor sorrowful attendants were immediately dismissed, except myself, whom the duchessa chose to retain in place of Hero: and not very long after lady Victoria's departure, the comte de Montfort and conte di Urbino returned from the chase; when the latter learned all that had happened during his absence. Conte di Urbino, I had reason to know, beheld my dear young lady with partiality too great for his repose; and upon this sad intelligence he flew, half frantic with grief and dismay, to the duchessa, with whom he had a long conference, but left her with his fine countenance pale as death, his air dejected, and his whole frame almost convulsed by agitation, and hastened to conte Vicenza, with whom he had some high words: after which several of the domestics saw conte Urbino, during the day, wandering about in the wood, or lying on the banks of the lake, like one subdued by sorrow and despair. But from that evening neither he nor conte Vicenza was ever seen or heard of during the time I remained at the château, which was until a few days before lady Victoria's arrival here.

‘Comte de Montfort did not quit the château as the other guests did, upon the mysterious departure of conte Vicenza; for the duchessa was so low-spirited, she entreated his stay until some intelligence could be obtained of her husband or his nephew,

the extraordinary absence of whom she appeared totally at a loss to account for.'

Roselia now changed colour, and hesitated for a few moments in evident embarrassment: at length she proceeded—

'It would but ill become me to animadvert upon the conduct of my superiors. Particularly lady Victoria, I hope, will believe the painful intelligence I am compelled to communicate to her I would not for worlds shock her by, were it not, alas! become too public for concealment. Almost from my first residence at the *château di Vicenza* I remember to have heard the domestics often talking of the light conduct of the duchessa; and when I grew old enough to form opinions upon what I heard, I concluded their scandal arose from enmity, or the depravity of their own hearts. But soon, alas! when about her person, I learned that their innuendoes were but too well grounded; for I then plainly saw how very regardless she was of fame, and how deficient she was in all that could make a female estimable. Reared by signora Farnelli, and being through life the constant humble companion of lady Victoria di Modena, my mind from precept and example had caught the flame of genuine purity; and my countenance, too ingenuous to conceal my feelings, betrayed my detestation of her conduct; and in consequence, under pretence of this air being beneficial for my declining health, I was sent with some of comte de Montfort's domestics to this *château*, which he has lately taken, and where it is expected the duchessa will reside until the divorce takes place between her and comte Vicenza, which is now publicly talked of: and here, I find, her nuptials with comte de Montfort are to be celebrated.'

Victoria, although prepared by Polydore and Hero for this intelligence, felt dreadfully shocked at this incontestable confirmation of her aunt's depravity: and she wept in silence; for as such conduct could not be defended, so she was too dutiful to raise her voice in condemnation of her father's sister. But she now mentally resolved, as soon as father Alberti and Ursuline should arrive, to take the proper steps for enabling her to choose another guardian; and the hour for her departure to the Benedictine convent was now more ardently wished for than ever, since to remain longer under the roof of her aunt's paramour she thought a most reprehensible degradation to her purity. But she found father Pierre inexorable to her petition for hastening her removal; although he informed her with a good-humoured smile, that he had another petitioner for her speedy removal to St. Marguerite's. 'Monsieur Hippolyto,' said he, 'longs most impatiently to have the happiness of seeing you. But know, he must not plead for the honour of an interview until, under the protection of the prioress of St. Marguerite's, you can with propriety grant it to him; for now, he says, necessity no longer compels you to measures from which your spotless and trembling purity was ever revolting.'

'Tell him, reverend father,' replied Victoria, 'that my wish to see my preserver has not been the least powerful in urging my anxiety for my removal.'

The day preceding that fixed on for Victoria's little journey, she ventured, supported by Roselia and Jeanne, into the pleasure-grounds, where for the first time since her residence in the *château* she saw Diego: and sincere was their pleasure at meeting, although the altered ap-

pearance and visible weakness of each proclaimed to the other their recent indisposition; and Diego, in speaking of his, mentioned with the most animated gratitude Roselia's attention and humanity to him; for although Roselia had totally dedicated herself to attend her adored lady, she yet forgot not him who had befriended that lady, and had therefore taken every precaution to prevent his experiencing any neglect; and since Victoria had ceased to require her whole attention, she had often visited Diego, to see that every thing was done for his comfort and restoration to health.

'My beloved Roselia,' said Victoria, affectionately embracing her, 'how have you increased my obligations to you by this kindness to my friend, my good Diego!'

'If lady Victoria loves me,' replied Roselia, 'she will not talk of being obliged to me, who owe to her every comfort I possess. Monsieur Diego was kind to my dear lady in her distress, and well he merits the esteem and attention of all attached to her: as for myself, I shall ever regard and reverence him as if he were my father.'

The before pale cheeks of Diego now flushed to a deep tint of crimson. 'And from your attachment to our amiable and honoured lady, and from your humanity to me, I shall ever behold you with the attention of a tender friend and brother,' said Diego, laying a marked emphasis upon the last word.

On Victoria's return to her apartment, she found herself so much fatigued by her little walk, that she was easily persuaded by madame Bourdaloue and Roselia to lie down to rest; when she soon fell into a gentle slumber, from which she awoke considerably refreshed; and, wishing to arise, looked around for Roselia to assist her; when she, to

her utter dismay, beheld Bianca in earnest conference with Jeanne. An exclamation of surprise from Victoria announced her being awake, and Bianca instantly approached her; but not like the same Bianca she had last seen; she was now humble, meek, and respectful even to servility.

The duchessa, Bianca now informed Victoria, had arrived in the last half-hour, and was so much shocked by hearing of lady Victoria's shipwreck and subsequent dangerous illness, that she had retired in great disorder to another apartment to recover herself, and had sent her to await the moment of her beloved niece's awaking, that she might then hasten and fold her in her fond arms.

Victoria shrunk with terror and disgust at the idea of an interview: but the duchessa was her honoured father's sister, and by him elected her guardian; and, repugnant as it was to her feelings, she thought she could not with propriety decline it. But, too ingenuous to affect pleasure which she did not feel, she coldly said, 'she was ready to receive the duchessa di Manfredonia.' Bianca and Jeanne instantly after retired; and in a few moments Roselia entered and told our trembling heroine, that the duchessa had arrived during her slumber, and that nothing could equal her consternation on hearing who was in the château. 'And who could wonder at her emotion?' continued Roselia. 'She must tremble at the idea of seeing the dear persecuted innocent, whom her cruelty and injustice drove from her, to encounter perils unparalleled. She has been fortifying herself against the interview with a potent dose of laudanum; and was lady Victoria to take a little *sal volatile*, it would not be a wrong measure, I think.'

Victoria followed Roselia's prescription, and called up all the forces

of her mind to sustain her in the dreaded interview; for though her mind felt all the dignity and support of conscious rectitude, and that her own conduct could give birth to no unpleasant retrospections, yet the idea of meeting a woman who had, when last she saw her, stood high in her esteem and love, now so sunk and degraded in the opinion of her own niece, and of all the world, gave to her delicate and feeling mind the most acute pain; nor could she divest herself of some apprehensions of being again delivered into the power of conte Vicenza by her perfidious guardian.

(To be continued.)

LADIES' DRESSES

ON

HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

Her Majesty.

A PETTICOAT and train of light green and silver sarsnet, with draperies of rich black real lace, ornamented with a profusion of emeralds and diamonds, in a variety of devices, with silver cord and tassels, and other ornaments; the *tout ensemble* had a most noble appearance. The mantle of the same green and silver sarsnet, trimmed with fine black lace.

Princess of Wales.

Her royal highness's dress was one of the most superb and elegant at court; likewise well calculated for the occasion and season. The petticoat was of rich silver tissue, embroidered at bottom with high polished steel crescent, stars and spangles, &c. to form a mosaic border; at the bottom of the border was a most superb silver fringe, entirely different from any thing of the kind made before; the

pocket-holes were tastefully ornamented with large bunches of silver laurel; the train, which was very long, was composed of the same as the petticoat, trimmed all round with the same embroidery and fringe; round the waist was a most elegant embroidered band: the whole had the effect of an entire mass of silver, and was universally admired: head-dress consisted of diamonds and ostrich feathers.

Princess Elizabeth.

A magnificent dress of amber crape, superbly embroidered with silver; the ground-work of the petticoat richly spangled in stripes the cross way with silver rings; the drapery on the right most tastefully embroidered in bunches of grapes, with the tendrils of the vine in silver bullion, richly interspersed all over; the edge embroidered in scollops of rings at a small distance, and as a relief to a massy border of silver foil, which composes this superb and striking part of her highness's dress; two smaller draperies of Venetian chain to correspond with the bottom; the whole trimmed with a profusion of broad black lace, and looped up with elegant silver cord and tassels. This truly superb and elegant dress displayed the usual taste and style that is ever remarkable in her royal highness. Train amber and silver tissue, trimmed with broad silver fringe and point lace. The head-dress was particularly admired for its splendid appearance; it was a turban cap of amber-coloured crape, most superbly embroidered and spangled with silver, with a plume of eleven beautiful amber-coloured ostrich feathers.

Princess Augusta.

A white and silver sarsnet petticoat, with draperies of striped white and silver, with very rich ornaments of silver foil and bunches of large silver

flowers, elegant silver cord and tassels; the body and train of the same silver sarsnet, with a pointed rich silver fringe.

Princess Sophia.

An elegant robe of brown and silver tissue, the petticoat brown crape, superbly embroidered with silver l'ecaire, silver drapery of rich net trimmed, and looped up with bunches of roses and jessamine; sleeves of brown crape, very richly spangled, and fastened with beautiful loops of diamonds.

Princess Mary.

The same as princess Elizabeth, in white and silver without the lace; train, royal purple and silver tissue.

Princess Sophia of Gloucester's

Dress attracted particular notice from its brilliant and splendored appearance; white sarsnet petticoat, with rich embroidered border, net drapery richly spangled with small sprigs, tastefully festooned with a beautiful wreath of pink flowers; train white and silver tissue, trimmed with a very handsome broad silver fringe; sleeves and front spangled to correspond with the drapery. Head-dress diamonds and feathers.

Princess Castelvicala.

Petticoat of yellow crape, richly embroidered in silver draperies of beautiful white lace and yellow crape, ornamented with rich thick silver rollos in festoons, having an elegant and picturesque appearance; the bottom of the petticoat a superb border, a quarter deep of embroidery in diamonds; train of yellow crape and silver, trimmed to correspond with the dress.

The Duchess of Bedford.

A most superb Brussels lace pet-

ticoat, drawn up in elegant draperies, and tied with branches of blue and white lilacs; a sash folded across the top of the petticoat, and tied up on the right side with lilacs; the sash richly trimmed on each side, and round the corners, with the finest point lace; a chevaux-de-frize of lilac crape round the bottom of the petticoat, and the pocket-holes; the robe of lilac crape, trimmed all round with fine summer point, and the body of the dress entirely composed of the same lace, and diamond epaulets; head-dress formed of three lilac feathers, with a most splendid display of jewels. Her grace was accompanied by her sister.

Duchess of Manchester,

Who appeared at court after a long absence, was dressed entirely in white, which is the etiquette on those occasions: her grace's dress was composed of white crape over a rich white satin, the crape drawn up in elegant draperies, which were tied up with foxgloves, and every other part of the dress was handsomely ornamented with the same flower; the robe of white crape, fully trimmed with fine blond, and blond net; head-dress, six white ostrich feathers, and a profusion of diamonds. Her grace was of the party at the queen's house in the evening, and wore a most elegant dress, the train of which was muslin, worked in beautiful stripes of green and gold; the bottom of the dress trimmed with gold, and rich gold sleeves, gold cord and tassels round the waist; the pocket-holes, and every part of the dress, handsomely trimmed to correspond.

Marchioness of Hertford.

Lilac crape, embroidered in triple draperies of the most exquisite work, fastened with elegant roleau and sumptuous tassels; a robe of lilac

crape superbly embroidered to correspond; head-dress of diamonds and ostrich feathers.

The Marchioness of Thomond.

White crape coat, most curiously embroidered with the wings of the real Indian fly, on white satin, in wave of perpendicular stripes, with chenel, the stripe edged with silver spots; at the bottom narrow green ribbon and silver fringe, the coat covered over with spots of silver very thick; pocket-holes of the turban kind, with green and silver flowers; truly elegant body, white crape, ornamented with silver and green train; the sleeves fastened up with loops of brilliants of the first water, diamonds, bracelets; head-dress of the Grecian form, with brilliant bandeaus and feathers.

Countess of Cardigan.

One of the richest dresses at court; crape coat, covered over with silver spangles, in shell work, covered over with snail creep in spangles between each shell, royal purple foil sprig imbossed with white at the bottom; a grand running pattern of the passion flower in purple foil, intermixed with silver mosaic; the imperial handkerchief at pocket-holes; and imperial half-sleeves, which had a charming and beautiful effect; body and train white crape, trimmed with imbossed purple sprigs, to correspond with the coat. This dress was universally admired.

Countess Charleville.

A presentation dress, white crape petticoat, Etruscan border and rich mosaic in silver; draperies of white crape, richly embroidered in the real silver oriental lammé, the design of which was uncommonly elegant. This dress was enriched with silver rouleau and rich tassels, with sarsnet train, trimmed with rich vandykes of silver embroidery: head-dress, turban tiara, enriched with diamonds and five feathers.

Countess of Euston.

White crape petticoat, covered with bugles, with rich draperies looped up with Roman chain, made of pearls; the border of the petticoat was beautifully embroidered with bugles and pearls, intermixed with white satin leaves; the train of blue sarsnet, trimmed with pearls and fine point lace; head-dress, a white crape turban bandeau, covered with silver, and a plume of white ostrich feathers.

Countess of Hereford.

A petticoat and drapery of white crape richly appliqued with silver, finished with an elegant embroidered border over yellow, and trimmed with deep silver fringe, sashes of yellow crape richly appliqued and embroidered to cross the drapery and petticoat, tied up with rich silver cord and tassels; train white crape, ornamented with yellow and silver; body and sleeves of rich silver net and fine summer point.

Countess of Kenmare.

A superb white and silver crape petticoat, with Turkish draperies of yellow crape, richly embroidered and fastened up with chains of silver; body and train of yellow crape to correspond, with sleeves, very elegantly embroidered; Turkish head-dress, ornamented with a profusion of diamonds.

Viscountess Carleton.

A rich lilac petticoat, drawn up in elegant draperies, and very handsomely ornamented with beautiful bunches of blue and white lilacs; the robe of the same materials, very fully trimmed with fine blond lace; head-dress two lilac and four white ostrich feathers, with a bandeau of the lilac gauze, and a profusion of diamonds: her ladyship's evening dress was of white crape, richly embroidered in silver, with a lilac crape, tunique

over it; head-dress white and silver bandeaus, with white ostrich feathers.

Viscountess Sidmouth.

A dove-coloured sarsnet petticoat, with a most elegant lace drapery; silk tassels, to correspond; train dove-coloured, trimmed with lace. This dress was universally admired, from the great taste displayed in forming the drapery.

Viscountess Somerton.

Crape coat in stripes, the front of which represented the weeping willow in silver and steel bugles, admirably well executed; the bottom of the coat a running pattern of silver flowers and steel bugles, in the center of each flower a large paste stone; the whole of this dress was raised, which had a grand and beautiful effect: body and train white poplin, trimmed to correspond, with the pocket-holes and half-sleeve imperial handkerchief; head-dress, bandeau of diamonds and feathers.

Viscountess Villiers.

A dress entirely formed of apple-green crape, universally admired for its unique elegance. The scrole draperies were from the antique, bordered all round, in a superb Egyptian border in bronze, and matted gold beads. The rope and tassel were suspended from a point of the scrole, above the mantle corner, on the left, and passed to the right, to support the drapery, which was open nearly to the top, in front, and with very little fullness. Train and body of the same, ornamented *en Nunatine*. Head-dress, a superb plume of bronze feathers, and a profusion of diamonds. Her ladyship's evening dress for the Queen's-house was formed of Turkish silk, with a very curious embroidered border.

Lady Borringdon.

Petticoat and drapery of white

crape, richly embroidered in silver, with cord and tassels. Train of the same, embroidered. Head-dress, a fine plume of feathers, and diamonds. Her ladyship's evening dress for the Queen's-house was formed of apple-blossom silk, over which was a dress of white imperial net, ornamented all round with an elegant wreath of apple-blossoms: same ornament round the neck and sleeves.

Lady, Calthorpe.

White crape coat, in front of which was one good stripe of the ivy leaf in brown applique of satin running round a wave of gold leaves, imbossed with brown and raised, with large sprigs of gold and brown across the coat, the same in form of a drapery, which had a very novel effect: the whole covered with imbossed brown and gold raised sprigs; the same drapery went on the other side, but in a different form; pocket-holes, imperial handkerchief, with the imperial half-sleeve; body and train royal purple, gold tassels and laurel ornamented; the top of the coat superbly elegant. Head-dress a profusion of diamonds. Her ladyship looked remarkably well: the bottom of the coat gold fringe, intermixed with the ivy leaf.

Lady Eldon.

The lady of the lord chancellor, was presented by lady Hawkesbury, in one of the most magnificent dresses at court. Her ladyship wore a petticoat of white satin, with a rich border of silver at bottom, double draperies of the richest embroidery in cornucopias, fastened with cord and tassels; a robe of crape, richly embroidered to correspond, trimmed with magnificent point lace; head-dress of rich embroidery, and a plume of white feathers.

Lady Maria Fane.

A dress, extremely novel and

pretty, formed entirely of apple-blossom crape; the scrole draperies enriched, and tastefully fastened up with superb wreaths of bronze ivy, which passed round the drapery and train; the pocket-holes ornamented with bronze beads, and festoon clasps of the same fastened the draperies in front. Head-dress, a superb plume of fine bronze feathers and diamonds. Her ladyship's evening dress for the Queen's-house was a jonquil sarsnet, over which was a most beautiful jonquil crape, softened with a *soufflé* of white, turned with bronze ivy.

ELIZA;

OR,

The HERMIT'S Cell.

A NOVEL.

By Miss ELIZA YEAMES.

(Continued from p. 255.)

CHAP. VII.

ELIZA took an affectionate farewell of Mary Ann: sir Gilbert had amply loaded her purse, and after embracing him she commenced her journey with a great flow of spirits, and, on her arrival at Richmond, was received with transport by Cleora and her mother, captain Harrison, and lieutenant Danvers. Lord Germain was very young, handsome, and engaging, worthy the love of such a woman as Cleora; and his sister, Ruth Chambers, a fine blooming girl, and fondly esteemed by Mrs. Harrison and her son.

Danvers seemed now to shew his love of Eliza: his fine eyes ever sparkled with transport at her approach; he dreaded to see her listen to any other man; and his admiration of her was visible in his whole behavi-

our. He had been lately promoted, and he now fondly aspired to the attainment of Eliza's hand.

The captain and his friend Godolphin were about to depart from Richmond at the time miss Goddard arrived, and every hour now brought that departure nearer. The day before their leaving them, Eliza received a letter from Fortescue: her colour came as she put it in her pocket, and her eyes fell beneath Mr. Danvers's—'Let me not keep you in suspense,' said he, rising and offering to leave the room; 'I will not prevent you from reading your letter.'

'Pray be seated,' said Eliza; 'it is of no material consequence, coming only from—'

'A favoured lover?' interrupted Danvers, forcing a smile.

'No, not from a *favoured one*, Mr. Danvers,' said she; but recollecting herself, she deeply blushed, and now seemed desirous to leave him.

'This from your own lips!' cried Godolphin, passionately seizing her hand.—'Mrs. Harrison did say something of your aversion to my rival.'

'Your rival!' repeated Eliza.

'Yes indeed, miss Goddard,' cried he; 'charming Eliza! I avow myself your admirer, your fondest, truest lover.'

'Ah, sir, you know not what you say!' answered Eliza, trembling; 'if lady Goddard were to hear—if Fortescue knew—And, in spite of every endeavour to conceal them, her tears fell.'

'So may they if my angel does not disapprove it, if she but condescends to return my passion. Why should we think of asking friends' consent? I have none but an old uncle, who scarcely ever noticed me. You seem unhappy in your situation; then change it, and accept of a man who will ever adore you.'

'Ah, Mr. Danvers!' cried Eliza,

'could I be happy under the weight of my father's curse?'

'You are every thing that is lovely, dearest excellence!' cried Danvers, kissing her hand—'I will no more try to shake such superior ideas: only say you will bestow some thought on me when absent, and that you will suffer me in a little time to speak to sir Gilbert of my—'

'Oh no,' cried Eliza; 'that shall not be—indeed, indeed it shall not!'

Here Ruth Chambers entered—'Ah, ah! my friends, have I interrupted your *tête-à-tête*?' she exclaimed—'How! Eliza in tears, and Danvers disordered!—What, some quarrel?—well, less said the best, so luckily I came in.'

'I have a slight headach,' said Eliza, somewhat languidly.

Ruth gazed tenderly upon her, and contrived to draw her into the garden.—'How tormenting are men!' said miss Chambers, while walking with her there: 'their sole sport is in plaguing us, and I delight in the opportunity of paying them for it.'

'Harrison feels the truth of your assertion,' replied Eliza playfully.

'I will not be tormented about him,' said Ruth half serious: 'every one supposes we are shortly to be man and wife; but no such thoughts I entertain, believe me. I love freedom, and mean to enjoy it. I detest the name of wife, and will not be one till I cannot avoid it.'

'Take care you do not change your mind before long, sister,' cried lord Germain, suddenly appearing.

'You cannot tax me with caprice,' said Ruth.

'No, no, my love! caprice has nothing to do with Harrison and you.'

'I'll go and quarrel with him this instant,' said miss Chambers; and instantly left Eliza and disappeared.

'What an oddity is Ruth!' said

Germain to miss Goddard; 'I cannot get her to answer seriously.'

'She possesses a fine flow of spirits,' returned Eliza.

'But they entirely run away with her reason,' cried lord Germain.

'Which it is sometimes painful to indulge,' said Eliza. She turned her tearful eyes from his lordship's face, and fixed her gaze on the blue arch of heaven. Lord Germain took her hand and raised it to his lips, pronouncing something in an under tone of voice; then left her to her own thoughts.

'Oh, Fortescue, that you possessed his lordship's feelings!' said Eliza: 'but, alas! he seems too eager to pursue his prey, for me to disclose the situation of my heart.'

The hour now arrived for the departure of the captain and Danvers. The latter took a melancholy farewell of Richmond, as Eliza refused his writing to her; and Harrison was rather gloomy from not being able to obtain any decisive answer from the fair Ruth.

Mrs. Harrison bestowed her blessing on the young friends with tears, captain Harrison contrived to make the parting compliments as short as possible, and slipped out of the house at the moment Eliza fainted.

Miss Goddard on her recovery was too confused to meet the eyes of her friends, but instantly retired to her apartment, whither Cleora immediately followed her.—'I am sorry to see you so indisposed, my friend,' said lady Germain, pressing her hand. Eliza blushed, sighed, and held down her head; lady Germain saw her confusion, and turned the conversation.

Captain Harrison and Danvers joined their ship with dejected hearts, and were ordered almost immediately to leave Plymouth. Often would Godolphin survey the horizon streaked with red, seemingly to the eye touching the water, the setting sun

gilding the white sheets of the distant vessel; and, while he reflected on the wonderful works of creation, would mingle his sighs with those of the moaning billows, and mentally despair of ever possessing Eliza.

'How now, Mr. Danvers!' cried captain Harrison, suddenly appearing before him one day at the time Godolphin was buried in one of these reveries—'are you thinking of your insensible Goddard?'—'I was, indeed!'—The captain laughed.

'There is a fine youth!' said Harrison to Danvers as a young midshipman passed him; 'have you ever heard Warburton ridicule his bashfulness?' 'I do not believe Orlando to be very courageous, but I think him an extremely engaging youth.' 'He dines with me to-day, and you shall give me your opinion of him.' They here parted.

At the appointed time Godolphin met Orlando Rodney: he surveyed him as a new-created officer with an eye of penetration, and poor Orlando with deep and successive blushes seemed to dread his gaze. Rodney talked little, and drank less. Godolphin joked him on it; Orlando made a short reply.—'The glass and you will improve on acquaintance,' said Danvers with an affable smile. Orlando looked incredulous.

'Well, suppose we style you the lady-sailor,' cried the captain. Mr. Rodney changed colour; his delicate hand trembled in Harrison's, and his breast heaved—'Have I offended you, young sir?' asked Harrison, 'if so, most sincerely I ask your pardon.' 'Offended! no, sir,' cried Orlando with a sparkling eye: 'poorly should I deserve the future friendship of my brave commander, if I were offended with a joke.'

'Well, what think you of Orlando?' asked the captain of Danvers, when they were again alone with each other.

'He is handsome, sir,' replied Godolphin, 'but he is very effeminate.'

'He is beautiful,' interrupted Harrison; 'his nut-brown hair, of the finest texture, is sweetly becoming; his dark-blue eyes a lady would no doubt consider as most languishingly tender, and the whole contour of his visage is inexpressibly engaging.'

The day after this conversation, Mr. Warburton took an opportunity at mess of telling Orlando that he had heard he was called the lady-sailor. Rodney blushed at this sudden attack; but replied, that he hoped he should always do his duty to his own credit, and to the satisfaction of his brave commanders. 'Oh!' returned Warburton, affectedly smiling, 'we can please them with a little address, my lady!' 'At any rate, I am certainly preferable to a vile fop,' said Orlando.

'But the ladies love us fops,' said Warburton. 'Yes, demme, they detest sincerity; affectation is their art, and they admire it in us, demme! Anderson, don't they?'

'Yes, demme but they do!' answered Anderson with a mimic of his speech; 'they admire your every action; a buck-always delights them.'

'Huzza, my pretty lap-dog! I never knew your worth till this moment;' and he seized his hand with fervour.

'You are a conqueror,' returned Anderson; and taking his hand, laughingly raised it to his lips and bit it.

Warburton held his head an inch higher, and replied with great gravity, 'Anderson, you are merry.'

'Yes, yes, we puppies are ever for game,' said Anderson; 'and know not when to leave off till some mischief befalls us.'

Warburton felt displeased, and his anger was heightened by a smile playing round the mouth of Rodney.

'But your pleasantry,' said he, 'is often repaid with severity.'

'Yes, certainly,' replied Anderson, smiling to conceal his scorn; then turning to Orlando—'Which pray do you, my lady, like best, my friend the buck, or me the puppy?'

'I despise the former, but fondle the latter,' replied Rodney; and a loud clap from his comrades followed, which totally silenced Warburton, who felt his own greatness too much to answer their loud buffoonery.

CHAP. VIII.

IN the battle, Godolphin Danvers was slightly wounded, and all captain Harrison's doubts of Rodney's courage were entirely removed by the proofs of bravery and zeal which he displayed during the engagement. But, alas! he was carried bleeding from the deck; and when William beheld his closed eyes and fine locks bathed with the gore of his countrymen he involuntarily sighed, lest he should lose this amiable youth.

When victory was theirs, and the ship in order, captain Harrison descended to Orlando's cabin, and with compassionate concern seated himself by his hammock. Rodney ceased to weep at his appearance, and fixed his fine blue eyes with unutterable sensations of tenderness on the captain.—'Come, cheer up, my boy! you will not do for a sailor if you make such lamentation for so paltry a wound in your wrist,' said Harrison—but an expressive blush prevented his saying more, and a thrilling sensation took possession of his soul as he let go the fair fingers he held.

'Sir—captain,' cried Orlando, 'I have a discovery to make—ah! will you not despise and hate the wretched?—*She* paused and her swelling breast told the captain that his suspicion was just when he guessed the

supposed Orlando to be a woman.—'Madam,' stammered Harrison, 'lady!—you need say no more:—I will have you removed, and rely on me for your secret resting alone with me and Mr. Danvers.'

'Ah, sir,' cried she, what temerity and imprudence must you both impute to my conduct!—Hear me disclose the motives of it. By the death of my father, lieutenant Bennett, who was killed in battle, I was left without one friend in the wide world. I knew not where to bend my steps. Every means of gaining a livelihood I tried in vain, and, through the influence of a lady who recommended me to a principal officer in the navy, I adopted this attire, it being my last resource to rescue me from absolute want.'—She ceased, wiped her discoloured hair from her burning forehead, and, heaving a sigh, fainted on the arm of Harrison.

A raging fever seized on the frame of miss Bennett: Harrison attended and watched over her with the most tender attention. All his time he devoted to her, and now never felt happy but when by her side. With fearful doubts and vain alarm, he dreaded the crisis of her disorder: but it proved favourable; and miss Bennett, awaking from her lethargy, beheld captain Harrison by her side, his arms folded, and his eyes intently fixed upon her.—'Captain'—said she, but recollecting what had passed, 'Oh, sir,' exclaimed she with emotion, 'do not you hate the wretched Isoline?'

'Hate her!' cried he; 'O who can avoid loving her, charming and amiable as she is?'

A rising blush tinged the face of miss Bennett, who, raising herself on her pillow, looked with such tender thanks upon him, that Harrison ran and pressed her hand to his lips.

'How good, how very good you

are!' cried Isoline. 'Alas! how can I repay you?' and her tears fell.

'Repay me, by ——' your love he would have said, but delicacy forbade it, and, deeply blushing, he turned his head away.

'Have you entirely forgotten Ruth?' asked Danvers, one day, fixing his eyes on his captain.

'I do not know—I respect her—and once thought that—but now, indeed, I find what love is, after having seen miss Bennet; yes, now I have beheld the delight and charmer of my soul I feel the power of love. Her father was an ornament to the navy, and his daughter I will protect. The lovely Isoline shall be presented to my mother, and in due time I will open my heart to her. Then, then, my friend, if she returns my affection I shall be blest indeed!—shall experience—O Heaven! a rapture too excessive!'

(To be continued.)

DON MELOS;

OR,

THE HEROIC LOVER.

A PORTUGUESE ANECDOTE.

DON Melos, a young Portuguese, was passionately enamoured of donna Maria, a young lady with whom he was on the point of being united in marriage; when a violent quarrel taking place between the two families, the marriage was broken off, and the family of donna Maria forbade don Melos to visit any more the object of his affection. Notwithstanding this prohibition, however, the two lovers still maintained a correspondence, and sometimes saw each other clandestinely. To put an end to this, the father of donna Maria applied to the count d'Oeyras,

then minister, and obtained an order to send don Melos to Brasil. Before he gave it, the minister had himself an interview with the youth, and spoke to him in a menacing tone; but not being able to terrify him, ordered him to set out immediately. Don Melos, in despair, saw himself obliged to submit to force. While he was in Brasil, an attempt was made to assassinate the king of Portugal; and every means that could be devised was had recourse to, for the discovery of the authors of the horrid deed and their accomplices. It was known that one of them, named don Francesco, had gone on board a ship bound for South America. More than two years elapsed, and all endeavours to discover him had proved fruitless. At length don Melos became informed of the circumstances, and the researches making for the suspected person. He immediately resolved to cause himself to be taken for don Francesco. He confided his pretended secret to a person who he knew would betray him. He was accordingly arrested, thrown into a dungeon, heavily loaded with irons; and it was even deliberated whether he should not be torn limb from limb in Brasil, without being sent to Portugal. It was at last determined to write to M. d'Oeyras, who, in the hope of discovering some new accomplices, directed that the prisoner should be sent to Portugal. The supposed don Francesco was accordingly sent home. He was treated in the most barbarous manner during the voyage; and was for a long time confined in a dungeon, without any thing being obtained from him except that he was don Francesco.

This firmness and secrecy rendered M. d'Oeyras desirous to see and interrogate him. He caused him to be brought to him by night; but was struck with astonishment when he recognized don Melos.

‘Unhappy youth!’ cried he, ‘do you know to what tortures you have exposed yourself? Do you know that under the name of don Francesco you were in the most imminent danger of being torn asunder by horses in the Brazils?’

‘I know it well,’ replied don Melos; ‘I was fully aware of my danger, yet I braved it all. Any punishment is less dreadful to me than the misery of living at a distance from her I love. I can no longer resist the violence of my passion; I must see her again, or die.’

The minister listened in silence: so heroic a passion gained the ascendancy over his heart, insensible as it was, and, for the first time in his life, he felt a generous emotion. He surveyed the youth with eyes of compassion,—‘It is just,’ said he, ‘that so much love should receive the reward it deserves. I will go myself and speak to the family of donna Maria, obtain your pardon and hers, and negotiate your marriage.’

These words recompensed don Melos for all his sufferings. The object of his affection had remained faithful to him. She had refused many offers, and had retired into a convent, resolved there to end her days. The minister, who had employed his power in doing the mischief, was fortunate enough to repair it. Donna Maria married her lover; and every attempt to express their happiness can only tend to enfeeble the idea which may be formed of it by hearts of sensibility. This history, which is neither exaggerated nor altered from the truth in any circumstance, proves how much nature will ever exceed fiction. How much does Don Melos exceed, in energy and greatness of mind, the heroes of romances and tragedies!

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THE
COUNTRY TOWN,

A COMEDY.

(Continued from p. 204.)

ACT III.

*Scene, a Saloon in the House of
Madame Guibert.*

SCENE I.

FRANCIS, DESROCHES, DELILLE.

Francis. Yes, gentlemen, madame Guibert lives here.—Pray take the trouble to be seated.—Do you wish to see her?

Delille. Yes, my friend.

Francis. I will go and inform her. I suppose you may be some foreign merchants come to our autumn fair?

Desroches. No, friend; no. But let me request you to make dispatch.

Francis. I shall go in a moment.—Perhaps you are players who are come to hire our hall?

Desroches. Do not be too inquisitive: we wish to see Madame Guibert.

Francis. Now I think of it, you must be the lawyers she said she expected to carry on her lawsuit with Mr. Vernon.

Desroches. We have no time to lose in this manner; I must beg you to be expeditious.

Francis. To say the truth, I have not much time for talking: but this Mr. Vernon has used us extremely ill; for as for the rouge which is the bone of contention, it has been justly and truly paid for. I carried the money myself, and I will take my bath of it.

Desroches. I make no doubt of it, but—

Francis. Yes, I will let my mistress know immediately. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.

DESROCHES, DELILLE.

Desroches. This is a precious blockhead!

Delille. You are not much used to country servants.

Desroches. We are not without such fellows at Paris.—This house announces opulence.

Delille. But do you not observe in what a Gothic manner it is furnished? What do you think of these old family portraits? I could almost ask you whether they are human figures.

Desroches. It is pleasing thus to see our ancestors; and though there may be no great powers displayed in the execution, the sight of all these portraits cannot but give us a favourable idea of the sensibility of the owner of them and the mansion.

Delille. Yes, you can find sensibility every where. You will be as much affected, I suppose, by all these old pictures, as if you were at a tragedy.

Desroches. Perhaps I may; but since you are disposed to philosophise, suppose I were to ask you a few questions concerning that mysterious veiled beauty I surprised you with this morning?

Delille. That beauty, you may rely on it, is preferable to all the beauties in this town. You might not, perhaps, think so, if you were to see her at this moment; but tomorrow, perhaps this evening, you will do justice to all her good qualities.

Desroches. She is not then of this part of the country?

Delille. No.

Desroches. Whence does she come from?

Delille. You will know soon.

Desroches. Well, I will have patience.—But we must not forget that Madame Senneville expects us at her assembly.

Delille. Assembly! Yes: a few ugly insipid old women, disgusting by their affectation; and some of the other sex, of the same age, who gravely discuss the excellence of their tobacco. Some young awkward country fops, whose insolence and p - tulance can alone equal their ignorance. Two wax tapers over the chimney; two candles on each card-table; a little dog under it, and a great cat upon it.—Oh! nothing is so elegant as a country assembly, as you call it.

Desroches. Some one is coming; the mistress of the house, no doubt. What ease in her attitude and deportment! You will no longer say that grace is only to be found in Paris.

Delille. Oh, certainly not! if I did, madame Guibert would make me blush for such a falsehood.

SCENE III.

Enter FRANCIS and Madame GUIBERT.

Francis. These, madam, are the lawyers—they told me so themselves—whom you sent for to carry on your lawsuit with Mr. Vernon.

Madame Guibert. They have a very genteel appearance, indeed, for country lawyers.

Francis. The youngest is the counsellor, the other the attorney. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV.

DESROCHES, DELILLE, Madame GUIBERT.

Desroches. Madam, my friend and I are come—

Madame Guibert. I know, gentlemen; I expected you with impatience.

Desroches. You expected us!

Madame Guibert. When a poor widow, besides the care of procuring a proper establishment for her children, becomes involved in a business so disagreeable, she is much to be pitied; as I dare say you will admit, gentlemen.

Desroches. Very true, madam: we came——

Madame Guibert. You will admit too, I make no doubt, that this Mr. Vernon is as teasing, litigious, disagreeable a man as ever was known.

Desroches. Indeed, I think he is, madam. (*Aside to Delille*) She cannot, surely, have heard already of my adventure with Mr. Vernon's sister!

Delille. You deserve that she should (*Aloud*). What, madam, do you suppose has brought us to your house?

Madame Guibert. To assist me with your advice in this unfortunate dispute which I am unluckily engaged in with this troublesome litigious person.

Delille. When we shall have the pleasure to be known to you, we certainly will not refuse any good offices that may be in our power.

Desroches. And especially against that ridiculous fellow Vernon, to whom I must, in the first place, advise you not to shew the least favour. He deserves no pity.

Delille. But we are not lawyers.

Madame Guibert. No!—What did Francis mean, then, by telling me that you were?

Desroches. We are Parisians, travelling for our amusement and information.

Delille. And who, invited by the reputation which the town you inhabit has acquired throughout Eu-

rope, mean to do ourselves the pleasure to make a short stay in it—

Desroches. To admire its delightful situation—the ancient monuments it contains—

Delille. And especially to enjoy the satisfaction of the agreeable and polished society to be found in it.

Desroches. Being furnished with letters of recommendation to the principal inhabitants——

Delille. We could not fail of having some to Madame Guibert.

Desroches. You will, perhaps, not be displeased to read one from your brother.

Madame Guibert. My brother, at Paris! Pray, gentlemen, how does he do?

Desroches. In excellent health, madam—Always more occupied with the affairs of others than with his own.

Delille. He is a most polite, obliging gentleman: he possesses the greatest sensibility.

Madame Guibert. Yes, sensibility is a family virtue with us. (*Aside*) I suppose these are some poor devils my brother has thought proper to recommend to my generosity. (*Aloud*) Gentlemen, I am delighted, charmed! (*Aside*) It is very foolish of him, I can tell him. (*Aloud*) [*assuming a smile of complacence*] Will you permit me?—(*Reads*)—‘My dear sister, I have always found you to possess the utmost generosity, exquisite politeness, and a sensibility’—(*To them*) You see my dear brother is not sparing in his compliments to me.

Delille. And we know well that you deserve them, madam.

Madame Guibert. (*Reads*) ‘Permit me, then, to recommend to you a young gentleman for whom I entertain the greatest esteem, who is travelling with his friend Mr. Desroches. His excellent natural endowments have had the advantage of a finished education, and he

'is perfectly accomplished in all the polite arts, especially in music; as he performs with such taste and execution on the violin, that he is able to give lessons to not a few of our professors.'—(To Desroches) Sir, I cannot doubt your abilities; but in our town we have many virtuosi who would not disgrace the orchestra of the opera at Paris.

Desroches. Certainly; I believe it, madam.

Delille. (to *Desroches*) She imagines you are a music-master, come to procure scholars in the country.

Madame Guibert. (Reading) 'Be so obliging, then, as to receive him, at my request, and treat him like your own son. Introduce him into the best company; and, in fine, render his stay in your town as agreeable as possible.' (To them) I should be extremely happy to have this in my power: but I have not an extensive acquaintance; I, in fact, visit very little.—(Reads) 'Delille, the friend of Desroches, possesses a competent fortune, and the esteem of all who know him.'—(To *Delille*)—Sir, I do not doubt it.—(Reads)—'Desroches is the son and heir of a very particular friend of mine, who lately died and left him an estate of five thousand a year, clear from any incumbrance.'

Delille. (to *Desroches*) That will entitle you to much more esteem than I can expect.

Madame Guibert. As I before observed, my acquaintance is rather select than extensive; but I shall with the greatest pleasure do every thing in my power to comply with the request of my brother.

Desroches. Madam—

Madame Guibert. I am infinitely indebted to my brother, for having procured me the honour of this visit from two such accomplished gentlemen.

Delille. Madam—

Madame Guibert. You are, I suppose, this moment arrived?

Desroches. No, madam; it is more than two hours since we put up at our inn.

Madame Guibert. At an inn! I can never suffer my brother's friends to lodge at an inn.

Desroches. But permit us—

Madame Guibert. No, sir; it cannot be: I must desire you—I entreat you—

Delille. But, madam—

Madame Guibert. No, gentlemen; my house must be your home. My brother would never pardon me were I to leave you at an inn—indeed, I should never pardon myself.

Desroches. But, madam, we shall incommode you.

Madame Guibert. No, by no means: you certainly will not incommode me. It is my brother's apartment which you will occupy: it is always reserved for him alone; and he will be extremely happy to find that I have offered it to you, or, as I may say, have forced you to accept of it.

Desroches. But, madam—

Madame Guibert. Well, gentlemen, you will do me the favour, (Calls) Francis!—You will be perfectly at your ease, and as if you were at home.—One is so ill accommodated at these inns,—they are quite intolerable!—Francis! Francis!—

Desroches. (to *Delille*) You will admit that this is a politeness you did not expect.

Madame Guibert. Francis!—I ask a thousand pardons, gentlemen.

Delille. (to *Desroches*) How! will you accept—?

Desroches. You know that I cannot remain at that cursed inn, directly in sight of the impertinent Mr. Vernón and his sister.

Madame Guibert. Francis!

SCENE V.

Enter FRANCIS.

Francis. Did you call, madam?

Madame Guibert. Go directly and open the windows of the little wainscotted apartment.—It has a delightful prospect over the river and the gardens.—Bring down a bed into the closet—I intend that chamber for your friend; my brother's library is there, which is extremely well selected.—Take care that you sweep and dust it thoroughly.—There are glasses, a dressing-table, cupboards, a commode; nothing is wanting.

Francis. Yes, madam. (*Aside*) Vastly well! I hope there will be something to be got by this. [*Exit.*]

Madame Guibert. Make haste—and see if my daughter has finished her lesson.

SCENE VI.

DESROCHES, DELILLE, Madame GUIBERT.

Desroches. We have frequently heard your brother speak in praise of the accomplishments of your amiable daughter.

Madame Guibert. Her praise would appear suspicious from me; but she really is a most charming girl, who always gives me the utmost satisfaction. It is so pleasing for a mother—

Delille. Since you insist, madam, that we shall take up our lodging in your house—

Madame Guibert. Yes; I must absolutely quarrel with you if you refuse any longer.

Delille. Permit us to return for a moment to our inn.

Madame Guibert. No, there is no occasion: I will send Francis; he can fetch away every thing you have there.—Francis!

Desroches. No, madam; that is carrying politeness too far. It is quite unnecessary to trouble your domestics: I have some orders to give my valet.

Madame Guibert. Well, if you will have it so.

Delille. We must be permitted to insist upon this, in our turn.

Madame Guibert. I must submit; but you will promise me to return immediately.

Desroches. We will not lose a moment, madam.

Madame Guibert. On your return, I shall have the honour to present to you my daughter.

Delille. We are eagerly desirous to admire her charms: we shall be with you again in an instant.

Madame Guibert. (*conducting them to the door*) I request, I entreat, that you will. [*Exeunt.*]

(*To be continued.*)

DESCRIPTIVE OBSERVATIONS on the LAKE OF WINDERMERE, and the SURROUNDING SCENERY.

(*From Mawman's Excursion to the Highlands of Scotland, and the English Lakes.*)

WE left Keswick at seven o'clock for Low-wood inn, on the lake of Windermere. In our progress we noticed a rude pile of stones, called Dunmail-rise, designed to perpetuate the memory of a victory obtained there in 946, over Dunmail, a petty king of Cumberland, by Edmund I. Similar monuments, accumulated by mighty and continued exertions, are observable throughout Europe; reared as grateful monuments to departed friendship and merit, or intended to distinguish the places of national assemblies, of great achievements, and of religious celebrations.

Passing through a beautiful country, and by the lake of Thirlmere, we enjoyed, in our entrance into Westmoreland, a delightful prospect of the village of Grasmere, its lake, and its vale. We walked round the water, which is about four miles in circumference, and were gratified

with the view of sweet and varied landscapes at every turn.

A public road seems to have no right to disturb this sequestered village, which might justly claim an exclusion from noise, as the chosen asylum of peaceful meditation.

From Grasmere we enjoyed the company of a gentleman and two ladies to Low-wood. We stopped at Rydale, walked over the pleasure-grounds, and beheld from the summer-house the lower water-fall rushing under an old bridge down steep rocks. The picturesque beauty of this bridge is much diminished by the height of its sides, raised in consequence of the fatal accident of a servant and his horse, who fell over it in a dark night.

We walked amongst avenues of trees, overtopped by stupendous mountains: the sun was shining in meridian splendour, and we heightened our pleasure by using Claude-Lorraine glasses, the mellow tint of which softened the glare.

Throughout the whole of this ride, it appeared to us that the trees had no where attained their full growth, which makes the scenery betray an appearance of having been lately under the hands of the 'beautifier.' It seems impossible, that wood should not naturally exist in these valleys; but there may have been a great destruction of it; or it may not have been permitted to arrive at maturity, or the soil may not be genial. This last supposition, however, we were least disposed to admit, chiefly from observing that all the younger trees were thriving and healthy.

Greater luxuriance appears in many parts of England, particularly in the west, than about these lakes; but the chief source of their superior attraction is to be found in their interesting diversity of water, woods, and mountains. At every turn a new picture is presented, and the

mind is enlivened by a constant alternation of objects, soft and beautiful, or majestic and sublime.

Proceeding amongst these romantic scenes, of which the enjoyment was heightened by the presence of our fair companions, we reached Low-wood (probably the most delightfully situated inn in England) about mid-day. Soon after our arrival, we embarked in a boat upon the lake of Windermere, in the middle of which we were highly delighted with its extent, its rich meadows, the beautiful woods skirting its borders, and its grand accompaniment of surrounding mountains, particularly those which divide Westmoreland and Cumberland. These, from their distance, become softened. We admired the depth and brightness of the water, confined by its perpendicular margin; and as the fishes glided past our boat, sporting in the sun, we could not but consider them as birds flying in a different region, through a thicker atmosphere.

Here we found it infinitely more difficult to describe the beauties of nature than we had previously found it to depict her sublimities. The fine tints, the rich colouring, can only be enjoyed by the eye; it is in vain either for the fancy of the bard or for the pencil of the artist to attempt her softer touches. The powers of poetry and painting fall short of those of sculpture. The beholders of the Venus of Praxiteles lent their feelings to the marble, and seemed to hear it sigh. But all that the sister arts can do, in describing beauties like those which we were now enjoying, is to please us with the recollection of having enjoyed them.

In the evening, after the departure of our friends, we walked to a neat farm-house, at a short distance from the inn, delightfully situated on the brow of a hill, and commanding a

noble view of nearly the whole lake to the south. We found the possessor in his garden, and were received by him with an open and dignified kindness, only to be rivalled by that elegance of manners which is formed by refined and enlightened society. The conversation we had with this very respectable farmer, and the excellent character we heard of him from his neighbours, convinced us that he was not without his share of that good sense and active benevolence, which we found, throughout our journey, so generally diffused amongst all classes of people.

On our return to the inn we beheld a young husbandman, with a sprightly face, his arm thrown carelessly across the shoulder of his wife, who had met him after the labours of the day, on his return to his cottage. How enviable seemed those employments which require exercise in the open air! and how strongly were depicted the felicity and innocence of these lowly peasants!

The contentment here displayed, in harmony with the soothing quiet which prevailed all round, disposed us to reflect seriously upon that interminable question—'What state of life is best fitted for happiness?' And we concurred in opinion, that more health and less anxiety are to be found in the agricultural than in the mercantile life.

Universal experience shows that in satiety there is a limit beyond which happiness cannot have any long continuance: and, perhaps, the beggar who suns himself by the roadside, and the monarch who stalks upon his terrace, may have nearly equal enjoyment. As the small stature of man allows him to command but a narrow prospect, so must his happiness be measured by his feelings and his powers. These are in all nearly the same; and that species

of gratification is the sweetest which is least constrained. Ambition, by producing eternal contentions, as if the world were not large enough for a little creature to creep upon, brings along with it nothing but irritation and disappointment.

A great portion of human enjoyment is derived, not from the pleasure actually felt by individuals, but from their viewing themselves with other men's eyes, and fancying how happy they are thought by those around them. As scarcely one can be found who does not deem numbers of his fellow-creatures inferior to himself, all men must possess nearly an equal share of happiness.

Next morning we left these delightful scenes, and proceeded on our way to Liverpool. It was rainy and dark; and a gloom hung over the lake, strongly reminding us how much depends upon a bright atmosphere. 'All is well as long as the sun shines, and the fair breath of heaven gently wafts to our own purposes.'

After travelling about two miles and a half, we stopped the chaise at the point where the narrow road to Bowness begins, walked forward a short way, and had the most extensive view of Windermere we had yet enjoyed; for here we beheld it from end to end, about twelve miles in length, and seldom much more or less than one mile in breadth.

REMARKABLE INCIDENTS *in the*
LIFE of the late MARQUIS OF
EXETER.

(From the Same.)

THERE are some circumstances in the life of the late noble possessor of Burleigh, which deserve commemoration. In his youth, while Mr.

Cecil (his uncle being then earl of Exeter) he married a lady of very large fortune. In a few years, having suffered two of the deepest wounds which the severity of fortune can inflict, the loss of his property by gaming, and of his wife by divorce, he determined to abandon the fashionable world, and retired under the name of Jones to a village in Shropshire. There he at first occupied a lodging, but soon built a small cottage; and continued for some years in such profound obscurity, that hardly a trace of him could be discovered by his friends: while the inhabitants of the village formed the wildest conjectures concerning the solitary stranger. His agreeable manners, however, soon rendered him an acceptable neighbour. One evening, at the table of the rector of the parish, he displayed so much knowledge of the world, and such a degree of classical information, that his host told him, his education and manners were too conspicuously superior to those of the character he assumed (*viz.* that of a servant who had gained a small independence in the family of a nobleman) not to excite considerable doubts, both of the name which he bore, and the account he gave of himself. This remark induced Mr. Cecil, after the strictest injunction of secrecy, to disclose his real history.

Amongst the farmers whom he occasionally visited, was one of the name of Hoggins. This person had a daughter about eighteen years of age, so beautiful and amiable that Mr. Cecil made her an offer of his hand. She referred him to her father, who, on account of the mystery involving his character, objected to the match. To this he replied, that the offer was much more advantageous than either the father or the daughter could reasonably expect.

The farmer then consulted the clergyman, who told him he was not at liberty to give him the desired information: but he probably expressed himself upon the occasion, so as to convince the inquirer that he ought not to withhold his consent; for the marriage was soon after solemnized (in the year 1791), and Mr. and Mrs. Jones retired to their cottage.

Lord Exeter being at the point of death, the steward was dispatched in search of the heir, whom he found at Bolas, with a wife and two children. Mr. Cecil, having contrived still to remain unknown, proposed to his lady a journey to Stamford in the stage-coach. Before their arrival, the uncle was no more. To Burleigh they were conveyed in a chaise; and as they proceeded through the park, Mr. Cecil (now earl of Exeter) repeatedly asked his fair companion how she liked the grounds, and the situation of the mansion? He then proposed, that they should 'see the house,' and while the cottager was gazing with astonishment at the novel scene of so much magnificence, told her, that these objects of her admiration, together with many which he would afterwards show her, were her own, and that she was the countess of Exeter. The sudden communication of this unexpected grandeur was too powerful for her to sustain, and she was carried motionless into her apartment.

The remark, however, that great and sudden elevations seldom contribute much to happiness, was here fully exemplified. Admired for her beauty and early attainment of elegant manners, beloved for her humility and amiable conduct, amidst those scenes of splendor lady Exeter appeared unhappy. Her perpetual solicitude to acquire those accom-

plishments which she thought necessary for her new station, probably preyed upon her spirits and accelerated her death. She died in the bloom of life (at the age of twenty-four), in January 1797; leaving two sons and a daughter,—the present marquis, lord Thomas, and lady Sophia Cecil.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

IT may be agreeable and useful to many of your readers to know a cheap and easy mode of removing iron-moulds and ink-spots from linen, without the aid of salt of lemons, which is not only dear, and, in some places, difficult to be procured, but also frequently adulterated. I therefore beg leave to inform them, through the channel of your valuable miscellany, that *cream of tartar*, used with *boiling water*, will effectually answer the purpose. Having seen it mentioned in the Appendix to vol. xxxvi. of the Critical Review, page 533, I gave it repeated trials, and found the result perfectly and uniformly satisfactory. From the experiments I made, I find it is of no consequence whether it be applied previously to the washing of the linen—in the washing—in the boiling—or after the linen has been both washed and boiled. It is equally effectual in every case; though perhaps the easiest mode is, after the linen has been washed, to lay a sufficient quantity of the cream of tartar on the stained spot, and, twisting or tying that part of the linen to keep the application in its place, thus put it into the copper to be boiled. No further trouble is required, as the stain completely vanishes in the boiling.—Various other stains may also be removed by the same means.—

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It is however to be observed, that a greater quantity of cream of tartar is required than of salt of lemons.

I am, sir, your constant reader,

Bloomsbury,

ELIZA.

June 5, 1805.

LONDON FULL DRESS.

(With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.)

TIARA head-dress, ornamented with the installation plumes; cornelian necklace and cross; dress of light blue, or coloured muslin, drawn up on one side to shew the petticoat; tucker let in, sleeves muslin, and lace fashioned, with a broach and silk bow and tassels for the waist; the petticoat bordered with lace and small tucks.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

THERE are rarely any fashions so generally adopted as that at present prevailing of yellow straw hats, with a round bottom covered with taffety. For these several days past the air having been somewhat keen, many ladies have worn under their hats a bandeau of tulle, or lace, or a small cap.—The number of capotes of percale has increased, which has not been the case with those of dimity.

Aprons are seen of various sorts, as well with respect to their cut as the manner in which they are trimmed. Some are of embroidered muslin, with a trimming all round, and worn over a white muslin robe.—Coloured robes are embroidered, but much less frequently than white.—Short sleeves now come down nearly to the elbows: they are still worn puckered.

Shawls are in general long; many of them are of muslin. Veils are become much less common.

T t

**THE METHOD RECOMMENDED BY
DR. HAWES, FOR RESTORING
TO LIFE THE APPARENTLY DEAD.**

THE greatest exertions should be used to take out the body before the elapse of one hour, and the resuscitative process immediately to be employed.

CAUTIONS.

Bodies taken out of the Thames, ponds, &c.—

1. Never to be held up by the heels.
2. Not to be rolled on casks, or other rough usage.
3. Avoid the use of salt in all cases of apparent death.

WHAT THOU DOEST—DO QUICKLY.

The Drowned.

1. Convey carefully the body, with the head raised, to the nearest convenient house.

2. Strip and dry the body; clean the mouth and nostrils.

3. Young children between two persons in a warm bed.

4. An adult. Lay the body on a blanket or bed, and in cold weather near the fire. In the warm season air should be freely admitted.

5. It is to be gently rubbed with flannel, sprinkled with spirits; and a heated warming-pan, covered, lightly moved over the back and spine.

6. To restore breathing. Introduce the pipe of a pair of bellows (when no apparatus) into one nostril; close the mouth and the other nostril, then inflate the lungs, till the breast be a little raised; the mouth and nostrils must then be let free: repeat this process till life appears.

7. Tobacco-smoke is to be thrown gently up the fundament, with a proper instrument, or the bowl of a pipe covered, so as to defend the mouth of the assistant.

8. The breast to be fomented with hot spirits—if no signs of life appear, the warm bath: or hot bricks, &c. applied to the palms of the hands and soles of the feet.

9. Electricity early employed by a medical assistant.

Intense Cold.

Rub the body with snow, ice, or cold water. Restore warmth, &c. by slow degrees; and, after some time, if necessary, the plans to be employed for the resuscitation of drowned persons.

Suspension by the Cord.

1. A few ounces of blood may be taken from the jugular vein, and cupping-glasses may be applied to the head and neck; leeches also to the temples.

2. The other methods of treatment the same as recommended for the apparently drowned.

Suffocation by noxious Vapours, or Lightning.

Cold water to be repeatedly thrown upon the face, &c. drying the body at intervals. If the body feels cold, employ gradual warmth; and the plans of the drowned.

Intoxication.

The body is to be laid on a bed, &c. with the head a little raised: the neckcloth, &c. removed. Obtain immediate medical assistance, as the modes of treatment must be varied according to the state of the patient*.

General Observations.

1. On signs of returning life, the assistants are most earnestly advised to employ the restorative means with great caution, so as to nourish and revive the languid signs of life.

A tea-spoonfull of warm water may be given; and if swallowing be returned, warm wine or diluted brandy. To be put into a warm bed, and, if disposed to sleep, will generally awake restored to health.

2. The plans above recommended

* Dr. Hawes earnestly recommends the perusal of Dr. Trotter's essay on drunkenness.

are to be used for three or four hours. It is an absurd and vulgar opinion to suppose persons irrecoverable because life does not soon make its appearance.

3. Electricity and bleeding never to be employed, unless by the directions of the medical assistants.

N.B. The breath should always be more particularly attended to.

EXTRACT FROM THE WILL OF AN
OLD BACHELOR;
Who died at the age of 87.

(From the German.)

—— LOVE, hope, and even fear, ought by turns to agitate the human breast, to prevent our days from passing over in an insipid uniformity.—It is to escape this insipidity; so insupportable to man, that he employs himself in a thousand trifles, a thousand follies: one plays at chess, another builds houses—one learns to warble like the birds, another to decypher music—this man learns to cultivate flowers, the other to write books, &c.

These various means of escaping *ennui* had nothing in them to captivate my fancy. In examining the different interests which arose in my view, I found that which alone had power to attach me to life, and make it valuable, were the extatic ties of husband and father: celibacy never made a part in my schemes of happiness; I loved in good earnest; my vows were always sincere and honourable, as I only aspired to become a good husband and a good father of a family. I have been in love seven times—is not that enough? and is it not unfortunate that I have not found a wife? Ah! my friend—my first affections alone have power to make my tears flow! A gentle innocent

girl, who was to me most truly a first love, and who returned my passion as tenderly—death snatched her from me, and I was near following her to the grave. Never shall I forget that amiable creature!

After some years of grief and indifference, a very pretty fair-one animated my heart; I exerted all my assiduities with kindness—she blushed, and cast down her eyes with a thoughtful air. This is she who is to be the companion of my life, thought I with transport, and I disclosed to her my passion; she interrupted my first words, by assuring me of her tender friendship, of which she was about to give me a proof. She then told me, in confidence, that she had a long time been strongly attached to a young man, and never would marry any other than him. In thus renouncing my tender and pretty fair-one, I did not renounce the hope of being one day happy in marriage. I offered my vows to a third, a young lady who was beautiful as an angel; she received my declaration with expressions of esteem, but she received them as the homage due to her charms. Amelia (for that was her name) was proud of her beauty and wit, and only thought of multiplying her conquests, considering it beneath her to sacrifice those to the happiness of one man only. When I merely talked of love, she willingly heard me; but when I pronounced the word marriage, I was repulsed. I left her, and went home much mortified by her refusal: but as I had been more dazzled by her charms than touched by her character, I felt more resentment than grief.

Nothing is more suffocating than anger and vexation; I opened my window to get air, and my eyes were mechanically cast upon the street. In that moment, a young brunette, neat and smart, crossed it; I recol-

lected to have seen her before, but she had never drawn my attention; the general elegance of her air struck me, and, as a flash of lightning, it occurred to my mind to avenge myself on the haughty Amelia, by paying my court to this young person. This suggestion quickly ripened into a settled project, and, as usual, was combined with the idea of marriage, which still more embellished in my eyes the object of my new flame. I found means to introduce myself at her house; I followed her with assiduity; I suffered no opportunity to escape to make known my sentiments, which she appeared well inclined to return; when suddenly her parents said to me, 'That my frequent visits to their house did them much honour; that they begged I would continue them, and remain always a friend to the family; but they believed they ought to apprise me, that their daughter had been long before promised to a very rich man of the next town; that his arrival was expected, and they besought me as a friend, not to offer him any offence.' My young friend gave me to understand, that she would have preferred me, but that she must obey. He was handsome, he was amiable; and I soon perceived that my young brunette obeyed without reluctance.

You may easily imagine that I became timid and suspicious after all these disappointments; hardly dare I look at a woman, lest I should become enamoured; but the disease quickly banished my fears. I became again in love, and this time I was very seriously so. I loved with passion, but with such diffidence, such an apprehension of not succeeding, that I dared not to avow my sentiments to her who had inspired them: I regularly passed before her windows three times a-day, and when she appeared, I bowed with the most tender and respectful air, almost touching

the ground with my hat. During some days, she appeared there more frequently, and I even remarked, that when she saw me at a distance she fixed herself in her balcony, and answered my salutations with a sweet smile. I was overwhelmed with joy, and employed my thoughts on the means of making myself known to her; when one day that I passed, as usual, before her house, and was walking slowly to prolong the pleasure of being near her, I heard her burst into a fit of laughter, and say, 'Come, I pray, my dear friend, come and look at this cringing fellow! he is of all beings on earth the most ridiculous.' A young man approached her, and, passing his arm round her waist, laughed heartily with her, as their eyes followed me.

I withdrew much quicker than I went, and soon learned that the young man had become her husband two days before. This melancholy adventure, which ought to have humbled me, on the contrary suddenly renewed my courage. I resolved to be no longer the dupe of my own feelings, and to marry, cost what it would. I went into an assembly of young persons, and addressing myself to her who pleased me the most, I asked to speak to her apart; she granted my request, and the next day I went to her house. 'Are you at liberty?' said I, entering. 'Yes,' answered she, 'absolutely free.' 'Will you accept my heart and hand?' 'Both,' said she, smiling, and extending hers. From that moment, I considered myself married: but this engagement, so suddenly formed, was as suddenly dissolved. It would be too tedious to inform you of the particular circumstances; happily before the ceremony, I perceived In short, she was unfaithful, and God be praised she was not yet my wife. It requires

much precaution, thought I; one ought to study a long time, and with much attention, the woman who is to be one's companion. Try once more. I then made a seventh choice, which was more wise and reasonable, a charming young girl, well educated, and who had never been in love.

This time no one could accuse me of too much precipitation; I carefully watched all her steps, all her actions, all her intentions, without making my declaration. I hoped incessantly.—I was as yet only in the fourth year of vigilance and observation, when in the moment I least expected she was carried off by a young man who knew her only four days. This shall be my last trial, said I; I can no more resolve to begin new amours: I still love the ladies, but this sentiment is accompanied by such timidity, that I cannot again venture to speak to them.

EVELINA.

(Translated from the Irish.)

The following beautiful Sonnet is said to have been written some time in the twelfth century, by a bard of the *Deasy's country*, now part of the county of Waterford, and translated, as Mr. Francis Lodge, jun. informs us, by a Gentleman well skilled in the language and antiquities of the country. It is to be regretted, that no contemporary bard has given the author's name to fame.

IT was on the white hawthorn, on the brow of the valley, I saw the rising of the day first break—the young, the soft, the gay delightful morning; it kissed the crimson of the rose, mixed with her smiles, and laughed the season on us.

Rise, my Evelina! soul that informs my heart! Do thou rise, too, more lovely than the morn in her blushes, more modest than the rifled rose when weeping in her dews, pride of the western shores!

The sky's blue face, when cleared by dancing sun-beams, looks not sere-ner than thy countenance; the richness of the wild honey is on thy lip, and thy breath exhales sweets like the apple-blossom;—black are thy locks, my Evelina! and polished as the raven's smooth pinions; the swan's silver plumage is not fairer than thy neck,—and the witch of love heaves all her enchantments from thy bosom.

Rise, my Evelina! the sprightly beam of the sun descends to kiss thee, without enmity to me, and the heath reserves its blossoms to greet thee with its odours; thy timid lover will pluck thee strawberries from the awful lofty crag, and rob the hazle of its auburn pride, the sweetness of whose kernel thou far exceedest;—let my berries be as red as thy lips, and my nuts ripe, yet milky as the love-begotten fluid in the bridal bosom.

Queen of the cheerful smile! shall I not meet thee in the moss-grown cave, and press to my heart thy beauties in the wood of Iniscother? How long wilt thou leave me, Evelina, mournful as the lone son of the rock; telling thy beauties to the passing gale, and pouring out my complaints to the grey stone of the valley?

Ah! dost thou not hear my songs, O virgin! thou, who shouldst be the tender daughter of a meek-eyed mother!

Whenever thou comest, Evelina, thou approachest like summer to the children of frost; and welcome with rapture are thy steps to my view, as the harbinger of light to the eye of darkness.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

ODE

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1805.

By HENRY JAMES PYE, Esq. P. L.

HIGH on the *winding shore sublime,
That Thames' imperial waves divide,
Majestic in the garb of time,
Where yon proud dome frowns on the
silver tide;
Honour's and knighthood's bright abode,
By nobles, warriors, patriots trod,
What time from Gallia's vanquish'd
coast,
Returning with his victor host,
Triumphant Edward rear'd on high
The banner'd meed of chivalry;
While eminent above the rest,
With sable arms and snowy crest,
The youthful hero grac'd his side,
His country's and his sovereign's pride;
From ev'ry clime to glory calls
Her votaries to yon trophied walls;
Binds her fair guerdon round each loyal
breast,
And bids them combat pride and succour
worth oppress'd.

The notes of triumph swell again!
Lo, Windsor boasts as bright a train
Of royal youths, as brave as those
Who frown'd defeat on Edward's foes;
Of royal nymphs, as fair a race
As crown'd Philippa's chaste embrace:
Around their king, their sire, they stand,
A valiant and a beauteous band.
Conspicuous shining 'mid the rest,
In chivalry's first honours dress'd,
For Cambria's prince, for George's heir,
Albion prefers this ardent prayer:
Thine be the sacred wreath of virtuous
praise,
Thine youthful Edward's fame, but crown'd
with length of days.

Oh! still, as this auspicious morn
Awakes the Muse's votive lays,

* The name of Windsor is derived from
Winding Shore.

May peace, and health, and fame, adorn
The tributary strain she duteous pays!
And while where'er his navies ride,
Where'er his legions bend their course,
Oppressive rage and giant pride
Yield to his firm, but temperate force!
Guarded he stands from inroad's fear,
By freedom's shield, by valour's spear;
Though dark despair, and shame, and
woe,
Lurk in the wreaths that bind the guilty
brow,
In George's diadem resplendent shine
Glory's unsullied beams, and Virtue's gems
divine.

THE CAMP.

TENTS, *marquees*, and baggage-waggons;
Suttling-houses, beer in flaggons;
Drums and trumpets, singing, firing;
Girls seducing, *beaux* admiring;
Country lasses gay and smiling,
City lads their hearts beguiling;
Dusty roads, and horses frisky;
Many an *Eton boy* in whisky;
Tax'd carts full of farmers' daughters;
Brutes condemn'd, and man—who slaugh-
ters!—
Public-houses, booths, and castles;
Belles of fashion, serving vassals;
Lordly gen'ral's fiercely staring,
Weary soldiers, sighing, swearing!
Petit maitres always dressing—
In the glass themselves caressing;
Perfum'd, painted, patch'd and blooming
Ladies—manly airs assuming!
Dowagers of fifty; simp'ring
Misses, for a lover whimp'ring—
Husbands drill'd to household tameness;
Dames heart-sick of wedded sameness.
Princes setting girls a-madding—
Wives for ever fond of gadding—
Princesses with lovely faces,
Beauteous children of the Graces!

Britain's pride and Virtue's treasure,
 Fair and gracious, beyond measure!
Aid-de-camps, and youthful pages—
 Prudes, and vestals of all ages!—
 Old coquets, and matrons surly,
 Sounds of distant *hurly burly*!
 Mingled voices, uncouth singing;
 Carts, full laden, forage bringing;
 Sociables, and horses weary;
 Houses warm, and dresses airy;
 Loads of fatten'd poultry; pleasure
 Serv'd (TO NOBLES) without measure.
 Doxies, who the waggons follow;
 Beer, for thirsty hinds to swallow;
 Washerwomen, fruit-girls cheerful,
 ANTIEN LADIES—*chaste and fearful*!!
 Tradesmen, leaving shops, and seeming
 More of war than profit dreaming;
 Martial sounds, and braying asses;
 Noise, that ev'ry noise surpasses!
 All confusion, din, and riot—
 NOTHING CLEAN--and NOTHING QUIET.--
 OBERON.

TO MISS JANE C—K—G.

HOW lovely the dew-spangled morn!
 How refreshing the breezes that play,
 And scatter the sweet-scented thorn,
 On the beautiful bosom of May!

And lovely the wild flow'rets strown
 Promiscuously over the plain:
 The charms of the season we own—
 But beauty glows brighter in Jane!

Can cowslips or daisies disclose
 Such tints as carnations display?
 Can daffodils vie with the rose?
 No: sooner shall March vie with May.

Carnations must yield to her cheek,
 Nor to own they are vanquish'd disdain;
 And roses and lilies shall seek
 An emblem appropriate in Jane!

Melodiously music now floats
 From the gold-tinted cloud and the spray;
 When linnets' and larks' mellow notes,
 Harmonious, are welcoming May.

What heart can insensate refuse
 Responsive to throb to the strain?
 But more fervid it beats to the muse,
 When summon'd to action by Jane!

The muses with rapture attend—
 Her mind 'tis Minerva doth sway:
 The graces their influence blend—
 She eclipses the splendor of May.

Love has quitted bright Venus's arms,
 Forsaken the Paphian plain,
 Allur'd by superior charms;—
 And Venus is rivall'd by Jane!
Fleet. BELINDA.

TO THE MISSES C—K—G,

On their going to America.

MUST we part with the pride of our plains;
 Wit, genius, and beauty, resign?
 Delighted no more by those strains,
 Must we at their absence repine?

Ah! since we so quickly must lose
 Those sunbeams that gilded our days,
 Sure but to torment us they rose,
 To point out the loss of their rays.

Atlantic, be proud of thy charge!
 Neptune, curb ev'ry boist'rous storm!
 With honour thy duties discharge;
 Let nought thy smooth bosom deform!

Ye guardians of genius, arise!
 And make the sweet rovers your care:
 Though alter'd the climate and skies,
 Let each prospect they witness be fair.

Let health shed her roses around—
 And happiness bless their retreat:
 May Fortune's fair flow'rets abound,
 And Love render all still more sweet!

'Tis a prayer that proceeds from the heart,
 Although by a stranger 'tis penn'd:
 With regret she will hear you depart;
 Then what pangs 'twill inflict on each
 friend!

Fleet. BELINDA.

TO VERTUMNUS.

VERTUMNUS, thy verses inspire
 With fond love—to resist them is vain.
 "Blooming charms, speaking eyes, liquid
 fire,"
 Enchanter! repeat them again.

Thy pen's irresistible pow'r
 Modern friendship to love shall refine;
 Enliven the lone midnight hour,
 And sooth us with numbers divine.

Thy language, thy vows, raise a smile:
 Love doubts not thy proffers are true.
 For ah! thy fond heart's free from guile;
 It beats for so many, so true.
Kingsland, May, 1805. ELIZA.

THE CURATE'S PETITION.

PITY the sorrows of a studious breast,
While a poor curate supplicate attend;
Fat pluralists, and heads with mitres deckt,
Condole with me, and be a scholar's friend.

Life's early morning dawn'd with promise fair,
Bright rose the sun and gilt the flow'ry scene;
Gayly I drifted down the flatt'ring tide,
Nor dream'd the black-wing'd storm would intervene.

Sent by fond relatives to Eton's bow'rs,
Joy tipt each jocund hour that flit along;
When relaxation gave the welcome space,
I spent the time in music, dance, and song.

My friends were such as bore a noble name;
I lodg'd my secrets in a star-gilt breast:
Those friends I hop'd would future patrons prove,
And fancy's golden visions made me blest.

In quest of sacred lore to college sent,
Where I indulg'd preferment's gilded dream;
Bright reveries illum'd my mind, whilst I
Saunter'd beside, dear Cam! thy classic stream.

My gay compeers, their studious term expir'd,
As interest or as pleasure lur'd, they rovd;
Hasten'd to court, and bent the supple knee;
Or rang'd, fair Italy! thy vales below'd.

Yes; all are gone, and left me to my fate,
To live unpatroniz'd in this dull cell;
Far from the world and all its bright rewards,
With poverty and solitude I dwell.

To soothe my cares, a tender friend is mine;
Not Albion's isle can boast a lovelier maid.
This luckless hand transplanted the fair flower,
In colder soil to blossom in the shade.

Kind Providence, to bless the nuptial scene,
Has given two lovely girls—two blackey'd boys:
Ye cherubs! would but fortune deign to smile,
How warm my transports! how sublime my joys!

Fond friends! instead of scientific lore,
Had ye but learnt me some mechanic art,
Then a sufficiency had bless'd my board,
And pangs like these had never pierc'd my heart.

No views ambitious ever fill'd my mind;
A competence genteel was all my plan:
But what, in times so pregnant with expence,
Ah what, just Heavens! are sixty pounds per ann.?

"Oft as in russet weeds I scour along,
"In distant chapel hastily to pray,
"By nod scarce notice'd of the passing throng—
"Tis but the curate! every child will say.

"Ah! not for me the harvest yields its store;
"The bough-crown'd stock in vain attracts mine eye:
"To labour doom'd, and destin'd to be poor,
"I pass the field, I hope not envious, by.

"When at the altar surplice-clad I stand,
"The bridegroom's joy draws forth the golden fee:
"The gift I take, but dare not close my hand;
"The splendid present centres not in me."

Ye who have wealthy livings in your gift,
Your humble, poor petitioner regard;
Then shall my warmest prayers for you ascend,
And Heaven the deed benevolent reward.

JOHN WEBB.

Haverhill, May 29, 1805.

ELLEN OF THE VALE.

NEAR yonder grove, the seat of love,
Where dwells the nightingale,
In cottage neat, a cool retreat,
Lives Ellen of the vale.

The wealthy squire his heart's desire
Pursues o'er hill and dale;
With eager love in hopes to move
Sweet Ellen of the vale.

But still the maid, to all that's said,
E'en love's soft flatt'ring tale,
Will not give ear; for Collin Clare
Loves Ellen of the vale.

“ HOLY HOLY LO

Largo.

Holy! holy! who was and is, and is to

God Al-mighty! who was and is, and is to

Who shall not glo-ri—fy thy name, for thou art holy!

ho-ly! for thou art ho-ly! thou

FOREIGN NEWS.

Vienna, April 4.

AS some regiments have received orders to hold themselves in readiness to march for Inner Austria, it is conjectured that a summer camp will be formed on the Italian frontiers. The dragoons of Wurtemberg, who are now here, have received orders to break up, it is believed for Stiria. Five regiments will go to Tyrol. The reports, however, of the forming of magazines, of contracts, &c. are entirely without foundation.

Our ambassador at London, count Strahremberg, who was expected here on leave of absence, has, we are assured, received orders to defer his departure from the court some time longer.

Constantinople, April 18. Since the departure of the French ambassador, marshal Brune, there has been no official communication between the French chargé d'affaires and the Sublime Porte.

The number of Russian troops at present in the Ionian republic is estimated here at 20,000.

Leghorn, April 22. A Hamburg ship which is arrived here saw the Toulon fleet off the most westerly coast of Spain, steering westward, with a favourable wind.

Italy, April 23. The senator Lucien Bonaparté has arrived at Pesaro from Milan, with his family, and has taken up his residence in the palace of the marchese Mosca. On his arrival he received the compliments of all the civil officers and of the clergy.

Private accounts from Marseilles mention, that the Toulon fleet met

with and took, off Cape Maria (to the west of Marseilles), an English frigate.

Constantinople, April 25. M. Joubert arrived here from Paris on the 12th inst. He is the bearer of a letter from the emperor Napoleon to the grand-signior, and it is believed that he is charged to make new attempts to engage the Porte to acknowledge the emperor of the French.

The dismissal of the grand-vizier was a measure adopted to pacify the Janissaries and the populace, who were extremely discontented, on account of the new military system. The grand-signior consented very unwillingly to his removal from his office, which was accompanied by no confiscation of his property, or other punishment.

Hamburg, April 26. We are assured that there is now on the tapis a new plan for maintaining peace on the continent; that the plan has been approved of by Russia, and that it has been sent by a courier to Milan. Endeavours are also making to remove the difficulties which oppose the restoration of peace between England and France, and it is said that Russia is already agreed with England upon several points, Malta excepted. England will not renounce the advantages which the possession of that island gives her, and is desirous, at least, of preserving a great influence over it. On the other hand, the French will not consent to let Great Britain preserve those advantages, and insist on the *status quo*.—It is said M. Novosilzow is to return to London, furnished

with full powers and fresh instructions, to restore, if possible, peace to Europe.

Italy, April 27. Besides the camp of Marengo, in which are assembled the troops lately employed in ci-devant Piedmont and its vicinity, another French Italian camp will be formed at Castegleino, to be composed of troops from Milan and the neighbouring countries.

The emperor Napoleon will arrive at Milan on the 9th of May.

General Acton has returned to Naples from Palermo.

Turin, April 29. The Prussian ambassador, the marquis Lucchesini, is arrived here from Paris. It is said that he will go from hence to Milan, to be present at the coronation; but this is not certain. Yesterday he was at the play, which their imperial majesties honoured with their presence.

The ministers for foreign affairs and of the interior have gone from this city for Milan.

Lower Elbe, May 3. There are no news from the north; and notwithstanding all that has been circulated, there is no visible sign of the proposed coalition. It is even said that pacific negotiations are on foot between England and France, under the mediation of Prussia. In support of this it is said, that the king of Sardinia is to get as indemnity the seven islands and Malta, with the grand-mastership of that order. One of the existing difficulties between France and Russia was, as is well known, an adequate indemnity for that dethroned monarch.

Brussels, May 7. Our gazette contains an article from Madrid, in which it is said, that when general Junot was there certain military arrangements were agreed on, between him, gen. Bournonville, and the prince of peace, relative to the places in Spain where camps shall be formed, consisting of French and Spanish troops. There is to be one near Cadiz, and another at Ferrol; it is proposed to have a body of troops always ready for embarkation whenever a favourable opportunity may offer. This plan is likewise con-

nected with the dispositions making in Holland.

Amsterdam, May 10. We hear that his excellency the pensionary, on Monday last, made a nomination of the persons who are to form the college of their high mightinesses, representing the Batavian nation.

Leipsic, May 10. The Prussian ambassador at the court of Sweden, M. Von Tarrach, it is understood will soon leave Stockholm, and return to Berlin.

Milan, May 11. We learn here that the marquis de Lucchesini has applied for passes for the Russian plenipotentiary Novosilzow, and has obtained them.

This day the marquis de Gallo, ambassador from his Sicilian majesty, and a deputation from the queen of Etruria, consisting of the prince Tomaso Corsini, and others, arrived here to compliment their imperial majesties in the name of their courts.

Copenhagen, May 11. The Prussian envoy to the court of Sweden, M. Von Tarrach, and the counsellor of legation, M. Teischke, have been recalled, and will soon set out for Berlin.

Leipsic, May 12. It is confidentially asserted here, that there will be a congress at Brussels, and that prince Joseph Bonaparté will conduct the negotiations in the name of the emperor his brother. It is added, that the French government has already sent passports for count Novosilzow, who will repair to this congress, as plenipotentiary of the emperor of Russia.

Stockholm, May 13. The king has thought proper to make Stralsund a free port for the importation of all British manufactures and merchandise, upon payment of a small duty; and has ordered several regiments to march there immediately for its protection.

It is reported that the Prussian minister has left this court, and that a note has been published by the cabinet of Berlin, declaring all communication between it and that of Stockholm at an end for the present. It is thought that the king of Sweden having returned the order of the Prussian

eagle, has given rise to this coolness between the two courts.

Hamburg, May 14. The king of Prussia, a few days ago, transmitted the insignia of the French order of the legion of honour to the reigning duke of Brunswick. His serene highness, however, instantly returned them, with a letter to his Prussian majesty, expressing his obligations for this intended additional mark of his majesty's favour, but begging leave to decline accepting it, because in his quality of knight of the most noble and ancient order of the garter he was prevented from receiving any badge of chivalry instituted by a power at war with the sovereign of that order. This spirited conduct of the duke is highly praised in every part of Germany, and is contrasted with that of the elector of Hesse Cassel, who, though also a knight of the garter, has not disdained to become a member of the legion of honour. The emperor of Germany, the moment he was apprised that the French ambassador at Vienna had orders to present the insignia of the legion of honour to his brothers, the archdukes Charles and Ferdinand, created them knights of the golden fleece, by which they are prevented from accepting any order of a more recent origin.

Brussels, May 15. Last night, prince Joseph Bonaparte returned hither with his attendants, from his tour through Flanders and the ports of the Channel, where he has inspected the armaments. This morning his highness again left this place, on his way to Liege, Cologne, Mentz, and Strasburgh.

Gibraltar, May 15. All here is bustle and confusion since the arrival of general Craig's reinforcement, and the landing of a great many sick from lord Nelson's fleet, who is gone to the West Indies in quest of the French squadron from Toulon.

Hague, May 16. Yesterday morning, at six o'clock, a discharge of artillery announced the commencement of the solemnity of the day. The parade assembled at nine, and all the other troops were under arms at ten o'clock, and repaired to their appointed posts. The crowd of specta-

tors would have been greater had it not been for the rain. Meanwhile general Marmont, with the *état-major* Rousseau, general of division, all the other French and Batavian officers here, both of the army and navy, most of the members of the *corps diplomatique*, and a number of persons of distinction of both sexes, had repaired to the hall of their high mightinesses, where madame Schimmelpenninck also appeared. Precisely at twelve the procession went, in the manner settled in the ceremonial, from the old court to the inner court. His excellency the pensionary was received in the hall in the manner prescribed, took his seat, and administered the oath to the members of the assembly of their high mightinesses, one by one, as they were introduced. They next elected M. Van Styrum their president, before whom the pensionary took the oath prescribed by the constitution, and his excellency opened the sessions with a long speech. When the speech was finished, the pensionary quitted the assembly, and M. Van Styrum, as president, took the chair; and after he had implored the Divine blessings on their high mightinesses and the executive administration, in a short address, a committee of three members was appointed, on his proposition, to draw up an answer to the pensionary's address; whereupon the first sitting broke up by adjournment to the next day.

This morning several constituted authorities and colleges were successively admitted to an audience of the pensionary.

Madrid, May 20. Last week several couriers arrived here from Lisbon, in consequence of the arrival of the English expedition under general Craig, in the *Tagus*, which, however, sailed again on the 10th inst. It is generally reported that this expedition is bound for Gibraltar and Malta; but it is suspected here that it is destined to attack Teneriffe and the other Canary islands. These, however, are in a very good state of defence, and will receive succours by the Cadiz squadron, which sailed in conjunction with the Toulon fleet.

HOME NEWS.

Dublin, May 16.

THE commissioners for the great seal met this day in the court of chancery, according to adjournment, to hear further arguments in the case of judge Johnson. Counsel for the judge informed the court, that they did not intend pressing the matter further, three of their lordships having already decided in their respective courts on the merits of the case; the judge was accordingly remanded, as bail could not be taken under the 44th Geo. III. c. 92. The judge's counsel tendered to the attorney-general a written undertaking of the judge, binding him to appear and plead at Westminster on the first day of next term, which was refused, the attorney-general insisting, that he should appear and plead instantly, and be ready for trial on the first *nisi prius* day in Trinity Term, or go in custody to England. The judge, by the advice of his counsel, chose the latter;—he will probably sail this evening.

Dover, May 18. Mr. William Pat-tison, jun. of Baltimore, is just landed from the ship *Erin*, of Baltimore, from Amsterdam; they left the *Texel*, where his sister, wife of Jerome Bonaparté, was not permitted to land. The ship she was in was moored between a 64-gun ship and a sloop of war, a guard was also put on board the ship. There are four ships in the *Texel* of 64 guns each, ready for sea, and about 100 transports; two more ships of the line were expected down every tide.

Madame Bonaparté, late miss Pat-tison, is a pretty little woman, of a

fair complexion, and, if we may judge by the smile on her countenance, was pleased with the crowd which had gathered to see her land. She went to the inn attended by her brother, a female, surgeon, and several attendants.

May 21. This day, at about half past two o'clock, the beautiful madame Jerome Bonaparté received the visits of the most conspicuous persons, both ladies and gentlemen, at this place. Her style and behaviour on this occasion displayed an unaffected elegance and dignified composure, which entirely confirmed the favourable impression which, on her first landing, was immediately made. She was dressed with great simplicity and modesty; on her head she wore no ornament but her hair, seeming to trust completely to that nature which had to her been so bountiful. The company remained a considerable time, each appearing to vie in the offer of attentions. Among many distinguished persons, lady Forbes, the honourable general Hope, Mr. Skeffington, &c. &c. were particularly noticed.

London, May 23. The principal merchants in the Jamaica trade had a meeting yesterday at the London tavern, at which it was determined, that a letter should be immediately written to lord Camden, requesting to be informed, if government had received any information from that island, relative to its means of defence in case of a visit from the French: when his lordship was pleased to return them an answer, that he had received a dispatch from general Nugent, who was

apprised of the arrival of a French squadron in the West Indies; that the general had taken every prudent and necessary precaution for their reception, should they attempt to come there; and that no apprehension was entertained for the safety of that island.

Dover, May 24. The following information of the state of the enemy's flotilla was given by an officer of a ship taken by the *Bold* gun-brig, and brought in here, as stated in my last;—he says, there are about 3000 of their craft at Boulogne, 800 of which are armed; the others are merely transports for troops, stores, &c. There are near 1000 at Estaples, and about 600 at Vimereux, and 400 at Dunkirk, Ostend, and Calais. The troops are in small camps; about 8000 at Boulogne, the same number about Calais, Vimereux, Estaples, and some other camps a little inland, in all about 50,000 men. He seems very confident that the attempt will be made this summer; he says, the combined fleet, 60 sail of the line, will fight our fleet (*balayer la manche*), while the large frigates will come up Channel to convoy the flotilla over. The troops are stated to be very eager to come, and entertain the most sanguine hopes of success: they are waiting very impatiently for the appearance of the ships to set them free, and great reliance is placed on the genius of Bonaparté.

Madame Bonaparté set off to-day from Mr. Steriker's, City of London inn and hotel, about eleven o'clock, to proceed by gentle stages on her journey to London, attended by her brother, surgeon, &c.

Newcastle, May 24. Yesterday, being Ascension-day the annual custom of sailing the boundaries of the corporation of Newcastle on the river Tyne was observed in the usual joyous manner. An accident, however, of an untoward nature, contributed not a little to throw a gloom upon the festivities of the occasion. On the return of the barges and boats from Shields, and while many of the happy party were partaking of some refreshments at the mansion-house, a light

coal-keel ran foul of one of the packet-boats, which almost instantly went to the bottom, with several people on board. The boat was soon after raised, but not till a youth of about eighteen years old, named Thomas Spar, was drowned. The body is not yet found.

May 25. This day the new London docks were opened, in the presence of the lord-mayor and sheriffs, Mr. Pitt, lord Hawkesbury, and many other distinguished nobility and gentry. Two port traders, the *Thames* and the *Triumvirate*, dressed in the colours of all nations, passed from the lower basin nearest the river into the inner dock, under the discharge of 21 pieces of cannon, and amid the shouts of upwards of 30,000 spectators.

May 27. On Friday morning, Mr. Foote, an eminent banker in the city, went down the river in a pleasure boat with a party of friends. While the boat was sailing off Gravesend, it was upset. All the persons on board were saved except Mr. Foote, who was unfortunately drowned. Mr. Foote was a gentleman of great worth and respectability, and his loss is universally lamented.

Cambridge, May 28. Two students of the university made a bet for 500*l.* a few days since, that they would travel from Cambridge to Tottenham, in Middlesex, in the garb of gipsies, riding on asses, with earthenware, without being molested. Having accomplished their journey in a peaceable manner, they struck into a wood, close to the town; but a farmer caused them to be apprehended, and they were brought before Mr. Moore, a magistrate at Tottenham. Having told who they were, their proper dress being in the bottom of their panniers and a good store of wine and provisions, they dressed themselves, and gave the asses and panniers away, and returned to college before they were missed, to receive their bet.

Cork, June 3. In consequence of the arrival of a king's messenger at Monkstown, on Saturday last, with dispatches to admiral Drury, the *Triumph*, of 74 guns, which had been

appointed to convoy the expedition under lieutenant-general sir Eyre Coote, was ordered to prepare immediately for sea, and she accordingly sailed yesterday morning; her destination is to join the channel fleet, which it has been found necessary to reinforce, from some movements of the enemy's fleet indicative of a disposition to put to sea.—Two king's messengers arrived in town last night, who left London last Thursday evening: the object of their journey has not yet transpired, but perhaps it is connected with the order which we understand has been received here, to prevent the embarkation of the troops destined for the expedition under sir Eyre Coote.

London, June 6. A few days ago a young man presented a draft for payment at Messrs. Biddulphs, Cox, and Co. bankers, Charing-Cross, for the sum of 75*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*; but no such person as the drawer of the draft being known there, the young man was detained, and taken before Mr. Graham, at Bow-street, for examination, when it was proved, that the draft in question had been written and dropped, as a frolic, by a young gentleman, a clerk in a certain public office, and who came forward to verify the fact. There seeming to be no connection or collusion between the young gentleman alluded to and the other parties, they were all dismissed; the former receiving a very proper admonition from Mr. Graham, not to indulge himself in future in such dangerous frolics, by which three innocent men had been tempted to the commission of a crime which might have placed their lives in a most perilous situation.

June 8. Tuesday a most distressing catastrophe happened in St. Philip's, Bristol:—As a child belonging to a foreman of one of the brick-yards there was playing near a piece of water, it unfortunately fell in: the mother, who was on the spot, immediately plunged in to endeavour to save the child, but without success; the father, who by their cries was brought to witness the dreadful scene, attempted to rescue them from their

perilous situation; but, awful to relate! all three perished. Three orphans are left to deplore their loss.

June 10. On Friday last a most foul and atrocious murder was committed in the broad face of day, upon the person of a young woman, in a cellar in Oak-street, Manchester. It appears that the deceased resided with her sister, who is employed in a cotton factory, and whose husband died a short time ago. About two o'clock in the afternoon, the unfortunate woman was observed reeling cotton by some of her neighbours, and about three the body was found almost lifeless, the livid hue of the face indicating the strongest symptoms of her having been strangled. Her apron was found upon the floor without strings, together with a pair of tongs. Exclusive of three guineas in money, the drawers were completely ransacked of all the wearing apparel belonging to the deceased and her sister, who, we are concerned to add, has remained ever since the tragical event in an indescribable agony of mind. An inquest was held upon the body on Saturday; but no clue having been obtained that could lead to a discovery of the perpetrators of this diabolical deed, the coroner was under the necessity of adjourning the inquisition for fourteen days, during which interim, it is to be hoped, something may occur to detect the murderers.

June 18. A very serious accident happened on Epsom Downs on Tuesday last. Captain Pritchard and Mr. Jones agreed to run their horses for a friendly wager over the course; (themselves to ride). The animals set off at full speed, but before they had proceeded many paces, captain Pritchard's horse fell with great violence, and the consequence was, that captain Pritchard had his arm broken, and his head much injured. The animal was dreadfully bruised, and is since dead. Captain Pritchard was brought to town to the Hummums for surgical assistance. His case was at first considered extremely dangerous, but yesterday favourable hopes were entertained of his recovery.

BIRTHS.

May 14. At Brady Hall, in Derbyshire, the countess of Chesterfield, of a son.

At Sunderland, the lady of major-general Leighton, of a son.

15. At Eastgate House, Winchester, the lady of sir Henry Mildmay, bart. of a son.

18. At Mr. Beresford's house, Orchard-street, the right hon. lady Anna Beresford, of a daughter.

At Sydney Lodge, Hants, the lady of William Tennant, esq. of a daughter.

26. At Adbury House, near Newbury, the lady of David Chambers, esq. of a son.

27. In Quebec-street, the hon. Mrs. Thomas, of a daughter.

29. In Devonshire-place, the lady of Thomas Baring, esq. of a daughter.

At his house in Lincoln's-inn-fields, the lady of C. Puller, esq. of twins.

June 2. At Canterbury, the lady of lieutenant-colonel Taylor, of the 20th light dragoons, of a daughter.

5. At Windsor, Mrs. Buckeridge, wife of lieutenant-col. Buckeridge, of Binfield Grove, Berks, of a son.

At his house in Charles-street, Berkeley-square, the lady of George Pocock, esq. of twin sons.

6. At Canterbury, the lady of John Walsham Garbett, esq. of Knill Court, Herefordshire, colonel of the royal Radnorshire militia, of a son and heir.

In Devonshire-street, the lady of lieutenant-colonel Buller, of a daughter.

8. Mrs. George Dawson, of twins, being the third successive time she has been safely delivered of a similar number.

11. At Shute, in the county of Devon, the lady of sir Wm. Pole, bart. of a daughter.

14. In Nottingham-place, the lady of George A. Robinson, esq. secretary to the marquis Cornwallis, of a son.

16. At Hampton Lodge, near Farnham, Surrey, the lady of Edward B. Long, esq. of a son.

MARRIAGES.

May 15. At St. Saviour's church, Southwark, John Holyland, esq. jun. of Broken Wharf, to miss Taylor, of Queenhithe.

18. At St. Anne's, Westminster, three brothers, named William, Edward, and George Warner, of Tottenham-Court-road, to three sisters, daughters of Mr. Stanard, of Ryder's-court, Leicester-fields.

20. Re-married, by special licence, the most noble John Henry, marquis of Lansdowne, to lady Gifford.

At Eastry, in Kent, Richard Halford, esq. jun. of Canterbury, to miss Sarah Bargrave, youngest daughter of Robert Tournay Bargrave, esq. of Eastry Court, in that county.

21. At Edinburgh, lieutenant-colonel Lauriston, of the hon. East-India Company's service, to miss Marion Craufurd, of Ardmillan.

At St. Margaret's, Westminster, John Holmes, esq. of Retford, Notts, to miss Catharine Moody, of the same place.

At Lambeth church, Robert Buchanan Dunlop, esq. to miss Beachcroft.

24. At Bath, Daniel Mackennen, esq. of Binfield, in the county of Berks, barrister-at law, to miss Yeamans Eliot, daughter of Thomas Eliot, esq.

J. T. Parkinson, esq. of Tavistock-square, to miss Salter, of Poplar.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, George Moore, esq. of Durrington, Wilts, to miss Rhodes, of Henley-on-Thames, Oxfordshire.

At Lewisham, Peter Young, esq. of Blackheath, to miss Balfour, of Windsor.

June 3. At Harrow church, John Lambert, esq. of Cornhill, to Mrs. Lambert, widow, of Kenton Lodge.

5. Mr. Wm. Pearson, of Dowgate-hill, to miss Lyall, daughter of John Lyall, esq. of Haydon-square.

At Bathwick church, Bath, William Read, esq. to miss J. Robinson, of Marlborough-buildings, Bath.

7. Charles Frederick Barnwell, M. A. fellow of Caius college, to

miss Lowry, daughter of the rev. John Lowry, of Norwood, Middlesex.

8. At St. Paul's, Covent-Garden, Mr. Wm. Courtney, of the Old Jewry, to miss Charlotte Elizabeth Barker, of Brook Green.

Richard Mence, esq. of the Middle Temple, to miss Dandridge, of the Commandry, Worcester.

11. At Harpenden, Herts, Thomas Vipan, esq. of Thetford, to miss Jennings, of Harpenden.

14. At Kingston Lisle, Berks, the hon. George Bowes, of Paulswalden, son of the late, and brother to the present earl of Strathmore, to miss Mary Thornhill, daughter of Edward Thornhill, esq. of Kingston Lisle.

15. At St. George's church, Hanover-square, John Cumming, esq. of Great Russell-street, to miss Hunter, of Beach Hill, in the county of Berks.

16. At St. Pancras church, captain Woodgate, to lady Honora Lambert, daughter of the earl of Cavan.

17. At Wanstead church, by the rev. Dr. Glasse, Peter Godfrey, esq. of Old Hall, East Bergholt, in the county of Suffolk, to miss Catherine Chapman, daughter of Abel Chapman, esq. of Woodford, in the county of Essex.

At Lymington, colonel St. George, to miss Caroline Carteret, youngest daughter of the late admiral Carteret.

At Edmonton, the rev. John Skinner, rector of Camerton, near Bath, to miss Holmes, eldest daughter of Jos. Holmes, esq.

Samuel Marindin, esq. of Edgbaston Priory, Warwickshire, to miss Catherine Louisa Web, third daughter of Samuel Web, esq. of Henbury, Gloucestershire.

DEATHS.

May 15. In Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square, in the 81st year of his age, Thomas Lockwood, esq.

16. At his lodgings, Stockwell, Mr. Timothy Folgam, of Fleet-street.

At Chelmsford, miss Euphemia Lockhart, daughter of the late Charles

Lockhart, esq. of Muiravonside, in Scotland, and sister to Alexander Macdonald Lockhart, esq. lieutenant-colonel of the royal Lanerkshire militia, whose second son died on the 17th.

17. At York, Thomas Oldfield, esq. of that city, one of the partners in the banking-house of Wilson, Smith, Hartley, Tweedy, and co. and captain in the York volunteers.

The rev. John Clark Hubbard, rector of St. John's, Southwark.

19. At his house in York-place, the only son of lord Louvaine.

20. At her house in Merrion-square, Dublin, the countess-dowager of Masserine, aged 89.

At Bridgnorth, Mrs. Haslewood, wife of Thomas Haslewood, esq. aged 72.

23. At Greenwood Lodge, near Southampton, the lady of Peter Ryder Minster, esq. of the royal navy.

24. Joseph Wilkes, esq. of Measham, in the county of Derby, aged 73.

25. At Sunderland, in the 62d year of his age, the rev. Dr. Paley, archdeacon of Carlisle, sub-dean of Lincoln, and rector of Bishopswearmouth.

William Bowes, esq. formerly of Boston, in North America.

Suddenly, at Ramsgate, Mr. alderman Nicholson, of Rochester, aged 72.

At his house in Gloucester-place, sir David Carnagie, of Southesk, bart. M. P. for the county of Forfar.

28. At Parson's Green, Mrs. Milner, wife of William Milner, esq.

In the 72d year of his age, Caleb Smith, esq. of Mitchelmersh, in the county of Hants.

29. Mrs. Norris, relict of William Norris, esq. of Nonsuch-house, Wilts, aged 75.

At Kellerton, in the county of Devon, Hugh Acland, esq. aged 77.

The rev. Charles Moss, precentor and canon-residentiary of Wells, aged 69.

At Mr. Hewlett's, in Camden-place, Bath, Mrs. Lindsey, widow of G. Lindsey, esq. of Chester.