

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

APPROPRIATED
 SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR AUGUST, 1805.

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS,

1 Sadi and Amina—an Eastern Tale,	395	12 On the Persons, Dress, and Manners, of the Highlanders,	429
2 Serious Reflections—addressed to unmarried Men,	399	13 The Moral Zoologist,	433
3 On Calumny,	400	14 POETICAL ESSAYS.—Lines to Miss C-k-g—The Happy Man—	
4 Romance of the Pyrenées,	401	Sonnet to Miss A. H-n—Song—	
5 The Maiden reconciled to Marriage,	412	Acrostic—Acrostic—Song—	
6 Eliza; or, the Hermit's Cell,	415	The Muffled Drum—Epitaph	
7 Letter addressed to the Ladies,	421	—Evening—Epitaph—Sonnet	437—440
8 Observations, Literary and Miscellaneous,	423	15 Foreign News,	441
9 London and Parisian Fashions,	425	16 Home News,	444
10 Anecdotes,	425	17 Births,	447
11 The Country Town,	426	18 Marriages,	447
		19 Deaths,	448

This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates :

- 1 SADI and AMINA.
- 2 LONDON FASHIONABLE FULL DRESS, elegantly coloured.
- 3 The greater BIRD OF PARADISE.
- 4 A new and elegant PATTERN for a HANDKERCHIEF, &c.
- 5 Music—'The Hero of Acre.'—The Words by a LADY. Composed by D. CORRI. (N.B. It may be purchased separately, printed in a size proper to bind up with other music.)

LONDON :

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

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. M. L.'s request will be readily complied with.

C. C.'s communication was received too late for this month: it shall certainly appear in our next.

The Ode to the Ladies on their wearing Drawers and Pantaloon, by J. S—t, contains too many allusions bordering on indelicacy.

Eliza Yeames's favour is received.

Miranda's Essay shall have a place.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE.

For AUGUST, 1805.

SADI AND AMINA;

OR,

THE ESTIMATE OF SENSIBILITY.

AN EASTERN TALE.

(*With an elegant Engraving.*)

SEVERAL philosophers have entered into the enquiry—whether sensibility is most productive of happiness or misery to the person endowed with it? This question can best be determined by those who are under its influence, and have fully experienced its effects. On an impartial estimate, it must surely be found that its offspring is rather pain than happiness.

Sadi was born in the beautiful isle of Chio, in the Archipelago. Nature had endowed him with a mind uncommonly sanguine, and fraught with the most delicate sensibility. Whatever he hoped he thought possible, and reason was seldom able to keep pace with the flights of his ardent imagination. The world dawned upon his view, at the expiration of infancy, with charms not to be described, and which only minds like his can feel. As the mist of the morning magni-

fies every distant object in the eye of the traveller, thus his unacquaintance with the real value of the enjoyments of life increased their importance in his expectation. Imperfectly beheld, they offered to his view only scenes of beauty and unruffled happiness. While the sun of life rose in all its attractive splendor, he thought not that in its meridian it might scorch, or that he might feel a melancholy chill at its departure. Sensibility and tenderness united bestowed present happiness, and presented to his eager expectation flattering pictures of still greater bliss to come.

Before the age of twenty, the death of his mother, which was soon followed by that of his father—parents whom he tenderly loved—gave him the severest of pangs, and produced a dreadful void in the affections of his heart, by depriving him of the principal objects on

which they had hitherto been exercised. The painful struggles, however, which he had now to encounter, gave a vigour to his mind, and, as his sorrow gradually subsided, seemed to new-brace his faculties. He entered into the possession of considerable property, engaged in business, and occasionally indulged in pleasure; and thus filled, for some time, by a succession of novel scenes, the vacuity occasioned in his heart and his enjoyments by the loss of his parents.

At length his ardour in the pursuit of business abated, and his pleasures cloyed and became insipid. He felt that the warmth of his feelings, and the enthusiasm of his disposition, required something different from what he had yet found. He wished for another self, one of the gentler sex, with a mind similar to his own, capable of returning his affection, and of intimately feeling the delight of reciprocal love. Long did he seek and enquire with anxious gaze, without meeting with the object of his search—a congenial spirit, with whom he might enjoy, and on whom he might bestow, happiness, the communication of which affords a delight only known to those who have experienced the supreme pleasure of making a beloved object happy. Admiration and desire a thousand times obtained transient possession of his breast, but too soon he discovered that the object which had excited his admiration or inflamed his desire was not that which was necessary to a heart like his; and he at length began to doubt whether what he sought had any existence except in his own imagination, till he almost conceived towards the sex an indifference bordering on disgust. He did not then know that among the crowd of females disgusting by vanity, by folly, by caprice, or by apathy, there existed

superior and angelic beings, difficult, it is true, to be found, and which without having the good fortune to meet, a man might wander through this wilderness of life in its widest extent, while they sometimes fall to the lot of the basest of mortals.

But before he had entirely given up his search, and while he was in this state of mind, it was his lot to meet with Amina. Her modest reserve had prevented her perfections from being much noticed by fools; and though her person was truly graceful, and her countenance extremely beautiful and interesting, a conscious dignity of character, and an unwillingness to be ostentatious of the excellences she possessed, left them to be discovered by observation of a different kind from that of the common herd of flutterers round the sex. Her eyes manifested not merely understanding and sweetness of temper, but an innocent liveliness, concealed under the most unaffected modesty;—as the cheerful sun behind a summer cloud discovers a thousand scattered lights in his sportive beams.

Sadi saw her, and, for the first time, received in his bosom the shaft of real love. Yet was he long unacquainted with the full extent of her perfections, or with that of his own passion. He felt himself dissatisfied and restless if he did not see her; but attributed this merely to the effect of her agreeable and rational conversation, and of her gentle manners. But when a longer intercourse with her had convinced him of the superiority of her understanding, and the happy mixture of mildness and strength in her character which at once repressed the impertinence of the vain and the insolence of the depraved libertine, he found her, after attentive observation, unlike and superior to any woman he had ever seen—an angelic nature;

and he loved—he adored. Her similarity of taste and temper inclined him almost to believe in that philosophy which teaches that souls are made in pairs, and to imagine that he had found the congenial being formed by 'Heaven in the same mould. A union with her he was convinced must constitute his happiness, and a separation from her be insupportable misery. His fears represented to him many obstacles, but his passion was too strong to regard any but her dislike. With trembling lips he at length avowed to her his passion, and a flood of tears gave him his answer. He stood like one stupified for a moment and sunk in despair. With the utmost difficulty was it that he at last expressed his dread that this reply indicated either aversion or a heart pre-engaged;—a meaning which must render him dumb for ever, how severe soever might be the consequences to his health or to his peace. But, with a spirit and soundness of understanding superior to all disguise, Amina assured him that her emotion proceeded solely from surprise, and candidly signified to him her approbation of his love, in a returning smile of most inexpressible sweetness.

Who can describe the feelings of Sadi? His heart seemed to dissolve in a paroxysm of joy;—joy unutterable, and unfelt or even imagined by him, child of imagination and enthusiasm as he was, before that hour.

But the bliss of mortals is ever of short duration, and seldom appears to be other than a specious prelude to misery. Sadi and Amina had been accustomed frequently to walk in a retired and beautiful grove near his residence, where, occupied alone with each other, they conversed in the fulness of happiness, and forgot the world. It chanced while thus they walked that they were one day ob-

served by some of the giddy females of the island, who envied them their happiness, and were stung with jealousy and mortification to think that Sadi should have preferred the less obvious and unobtrusive charms of Amina to theirs. With the basest malignity, they endeavoured to blast that felicity which they were incapable of enjoying. They circulated, in such a manner that they must come to the ear of Sadi, the basest calumnies concerning Amina. Sadi heard them with a kind of horror. His first feeling was indignation at the villanous falsehood of the insinuations; but the poisoned shaft had pierced and sunk down into his breast, and his love and sensibility, which had before occasioned him to enjoy ecstatic bliss in the company and affection of his Amina, now inflicted on him tortures the most inexpressible. He, however, aroused himself to exertion, made the fullest enquiries, and satisfactorily discovered the falsehood of the malignant slanders, after having completely traced them to their source.

Now again were the feelings of Sadi those of the fluttering spirit unexpectedly admitted to Paradise. Soon was he indissolubly united with Amina, with increased passion and increased happiness. Every day new proofs of affection on the part of each confirmed and augmented the enthusiasm of love. No wish was formed by the one which the other did not strive to anticipate; and unbounded love was the parent of eternal peace, while unbounded friendship communicated every hope and every fear. Their union was soon cemented by a beautiful child, and they mutually gazed with ineffable tenderness on the fruit of their virtuous affection. Frequently would Amina exclaim—'O! how transcendent is my happiness! to add to it is impossible!' and fre-

quently would she notice with delight the proofs of still-increasing fondness in the partner of her felicity.

Two years had rolled in tranquil round over their enjoyment of this state of undisturbed bliss, when one evening as they walked forth together in the retired grove which was the first scene of their loves, while the setting sun with a gentle light illumined the distant objects, Amina passionately exclaimed—‘Do you believe, my Sadi! that that sun which seems to smile on our affection and our delight ever beheld beings more truly happy?’ Alas! on that day week the sun irradiated the horizon with equal splendor, but viewed no more the form of Amina: she had disappeared from the face of the earth, and was as those who have never been!—Reader, dost thou start? think, then, what sudden, what stupendous, misery agonised the heart of him who adored Amina. At first the suddenness and violence of the dreadful blow rendered him almost insensible, and plunged him into wild stupidity; but when, roused from this torpid state by racking torture, he returned to sensation—a dreadful sensation of his misery—some idea of his sufferings can only be formed by that imagination which can conceive the heart to be torn out of the body and rent asunder, while the wretched owner still survives. He awoke from a delightful, a rapturous dream—a dream of long happiness to come, while many a year should sweetly glide away in love and transport. The ground had fled from beneath his feet, and he beheld only an abyss which was to swallow up for ever hope and joy. Scarcely could he believe that bliss so complete, so excessive, could have vanished in a moment: it was a dream, a thing impossible. In the darkness of the still night his thoughts dwelt

only on his lost Amina. Every morning he called on her name, but found with unutterable pangs that no answer was returned. Often, in his broken slumbers, he seemed to view her form re-animated and decked in smiles. He stretched forth his hands to grasp the vision, and the violent agitation of ideal joy awakened him to all the anguish of his real situation. ‘Why, gracious Heaven!’ would he exclaim, ‘this imaginary return of deceitful bliss, to add fresh keenness to tortures but too intolerable before?’ Sullen despair seized his soul; and the madness of grief succeeded. The sight of the infant of Amina, the perfect image of herself, rendered him frantic. He sought and traversed with hasty and unequal steps her favourite walks, the grove in which they had so often strayed together, absorbed in mutual affection; he reclined on the seat where he had first told his love, and called to mind, with agonising recollection, the delicate tenderness with which she had received the avowal of his passion. In the dead of night, when none could observe him, he would steal to her grave, and bedew it with his tears; and, in the agitation of his frenzy, he would call to her as if she could hear and answer. He would use the same expressions, the same fond epithets of tenderness, to which she had been accustomed.—‘To thee I come,’ would he cry, ‘my Amina! while others seek pleasure in the society of the living. I come to thee with a melancholy, a fearful, satisfaction; for what delight can I enjoy among the living? Still do I love thee: I swore to love thee for ever, and ever will I keep my vow. Soon will I again revisit thy gloomy chamber—how different, alas! from that in which we have passed together ecstatic moments—soon will I revisit thy chamber of death!’

In the course of a few months afterwards he caused a vault to be built, in which the coffin of his Amina was deposited. He descended into it, resolved that it should be hereafter their common abode. His infant child, which he had entrusted to the care of a relation, and endowed with his property, was brought to him there every day, when he would kiss it with enthusiastic tenderness, while he placed it on the coffin of its mother. But neither the most ardent entreaties nor any arguments which reason could offer, nor even his love for his child—the child too of his dear Amina—could prevail on him to quit this habitation of despair until he closed his eyes in the embraces of death, the victim of melancholy and incurable grief.

Had the heart of Sadi been formed of more rugged materials, though he might not have been capable of experiencing the ecstatic pleasures he had enjoyed, he would not thus have suffered the bitterest pangs and agonies which can torture the human feelings. He would have passed through life like the common race of mortals, not anxious to obtain that exquisite happiness which he could never have known to exist, and indifferent to all the events of life which did not immediately affect his person or his interest.

for insertion.—Your compliance with this desire will confer a lasting favour both on myself and the lady, who are truly admirers of your interesting miscellany.

SERIOUS REFLECTIONS: *addressed to UNMARRIED MEN.*

HORTENSIO found that a gentleman had gained his sister's affections, without absolutely or immediately discovering himself to her.—In answer to a question that was put to him, 'whether he had not, as it was believed he had, addressed her?' he says, 'he had never made *love* to her.' Ridiculous subterfuge! He stole into her heart, by the help of those *silent, tender* observances, which are the surest batteries, when there is time to play them off.—If any man had thus attained my sister's heart and left her a prey to disappointment, and then said *he meant nothing*, my vengeance should have taught him that his conduct was *not less dishonourable* than if he had kneeled at her feet and swore a million of oaths. Let me ask you, single gentlemen, if you do not, at this moment, know too many of our helpless sex whom you yourselves have devoted to this most painful of all disappointments? and can you acquit yourselves of dishonourable conduct, who have by a thousand *little* attentions, by *ardent looks*, by those various methods you have used, endeavoured to insinuate yourselves, by saying—you meant *nothing*—you had *no* thoughts of *matrimony*—and that it is very unreasonable the world should form conjectures otherwise, when *nothing* was further from your intention? It is very hard indeed a man cannot enjoy the company of a female friend but a report must be immediately propagated that a *union* was

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE following Reflections were sent me a few days since by a young lady (though I assure you they are not pointed at me), expressing a desire that I would forward them to the Editor of the Lady's Magazine,

to take place: it is a very great hardship, but the weight must fall on the deluded and too credulous of that sex; while ye yourselves can rear your heads triumphantly, and say, you meant *nothing*.—But in this, as in most other cases, the world judges by the appearance of things. When the world, therefore, sees a man frequently in the company of an agreeable woman every way suitable to him, taking every opportunity of convincing her of it, such as the *tender glance*, the frequent *sigh*, contriving to be near her, *pressing* her hand with *fervour* when unobserved, and a hundred other *little* things, which, *trifling* as they seem in relation, yet, when used by a man to all appearance *sensible* and in *earnest*, steals into the breast of an *unsuspecting* woman.—Can this man in *honour* exculpate himself, although the word *love* may never have escaped his lips? Weigh it well in your minds, ye men of *honour*! ye men of *feeling*! feel the distress which fills the female bosom after such a seduction of the heart and affections.

Oh, ye meaners of *nothing*! take yourselves to task: whatever you may think of it, your conduct is very reprehensible. Some of you have a subterfuge, if possible, more base and cruel:—you *play* with the *affections* of some amiable and deserving object, whose only *weakness* is, perhaps, her attachment to you, although you give her every reason to suppose you only wait for a *convenient* opportunity of making a formal address. Your behaviour is likewise such as to induce every one to be of the same opinion; yet, as you have never given it under your hand, or before a witness, you think you can get off. And this is your method, as you wish to be

thoroughly acquainted with her disposition. You are to be commended were you in earnest; yet, after a series of behaviour of the utmost assiduity, all on a sudden you change, you give out hints that come round to her ear you meant *nothing*; of course the next time she meets you she feels a painful emotion, which discovers itself in a distant reserve which adds to the asperity of her countenance and treatment of you. Thus, then, is your wish answered.—She had not the *good-nature* you thought she had; you are very happy things proceeded no further.—Mistaken man! you have proceeded *too far* already: you cruelly planted daggers in that breast which never formed a wish but for your happiness.—Many of you in reading this will view your own pictures: May it have weight with you! Reflect that the impressions you have made are owing to the sensible light you appeared in. Be, then, still men of *honour*, and repair the breaches you have made in the female bosom.

S. Y.

ON CALUMNY.

CALUMNY may be defined a false injurious detraction from the character of any person, either in speech or writing. The most abandoned and sordid minds have the least abhorrence of calumny. He who is but moderately wicked dares not venture upon it: he who has the least particle of ingenuousness in his disposition disdains it. One asked a Spartan, whether his sword was sharp? He answered—*Sharper than calumny*.

THE
ROMANCE of the PYRENEES.

[By a lady.]

(Continued from p. 356.)

CHAP. XXXIII.

VICTORIA was now almost convulsed by horror and despair. 'So, then,' she wildly exclaimed, 'he is given up to destruction; and I, vile ungrateful wretch that I am! I sealed the doom of my gallant preserver—of Hippolyto; but do not, do not, cruel Roselia! tell me it is too late to save him. I will brave his assassins. I will fly to him; I will alarm the house, the neighbourhood. Alas! alas! what will that avail me, but to accelerate his murder? Hippolyto's murder!'—she shrieked, she burst into the bitterest tears of agonising horror and despair. Her tears restored her fleeting senses. She wept abundantly, and her mental powers at length resumed their functions.

'Roselia,' said Victoria after a painful pause, 'a woman so deeply versed in crimes as the duchessa must surely be so in stratagems, and she yet can save Hippolyto from these fiends of civil law. Fly then to her, Roselia, if you love me, and promise all things for me that can save Hippolyto. But stay; your word may be doubted, it may not be deemed sufficiently decisive, and I had better render my promise indisputable.' Hastily our agitated heroine snatched up a pen, and with much difficulty traced a few almost illegible lines addressed to the duchessa di Manfredonia.

'NOTHING can save the life of Hippolyto but my complying with the wishes of my guardian, I have been told by her. Truly would I
VOL. XXXVI.

yield my life, my liberty, my all of happiness, to save him. Solemnly, then, I promise to become his wife to-morrow. Unmurmuring will I accede to any proposition that can secure him from destruction.

'VICTORIA DI MODENA.'

With this almost unintelligible billet she instantly dispatched the trembling Roselia, the moments of whose absence were not so miserable to Victoria as those she had passed for the last few hours. She had now, she conceived, performed her duty to gratitude and humanity, and she felt almost composed, and comparatively happy; for well she knew that, whatever were the mysterious motives which inspired Elvira's wishes for this extraordinary union, they were so powerful, that she would eagerly embrace her acquiescence, and exert herself to extricate Hippolyto from danger. Her expectations soon were verified; for, as quickly as possible, Roselia returned with the following answer from the duchessa.

'EVERY apprehension for Hippolyto's safety may cease from this moment; nor let a fear obtrude of his being repugnant to, or intimidated into, the projected union.

'Be ready at eight o'clock to-morrow morning, attended by Roselia, to accompany me to the church of St. Lewis, where we shall be received by the enraptured Hippolyto and the pious father Anselmo, who shall perform the nuptial benediction. After the awful ceremony you will all return to the château, to give me the pleasure of your company at breakfast; but at twelve I shall wish your long projected journey to St. Marguerite's to take place, and where I would have you continue until my plans for your future establishment are arranged.

'ELV. MANF. VICENZA.'

Victoria perused this billet, which

seemed to fix her doom, with astonishing composure; nay, with a kind of heroic satisfaction caught from the reflection, that, although she was to be the sacrifice, she would evince the greatness of her gratitude, and save, in her turn, the life of her amiable preserver. But not so composed was Roselia; for bitterly she wept at the sacrifice that deep plotting art and cruelty had forced her lovely mistress to make, who now, to reconcile poor Roselia to Fate's inevitable decree, entered into a more minute detail of all that had occurred to her, from the commencement of her captivity until the moment of her taking shelter in comte de Montfort's château, than she had heretofore done;—and when her narrative was ended, she found her own mind charmed to enthusiasm by a retrospection of Hippolyto's virtues, and calm and contented at the prospect of their intended union; while Roselia, almost as much delighted with the heroism of her lady's preserver, felt a considerable abatement of reluctance to the proposed marriage; nay, would have been absolutely pleased at the event (although she herself had been forming, in her wishes, an alliance for Victoria) could Hippolyto but change the tint of his complexion.

Victoria's narrative brought the night almost to its termination; when Roselia recollected that it was necessary to make some arrangement for her lady's dress the subsequent morning: but small was the scope her fancy had to select the bridal garments from, as it was her own wardrobe that was to supply them, as it had already done Victoria's dress since her shipwreck; our heroine having had no opportunity to purchase a wardrobe of her own, or to get any thing belonging to her from comte Vicenza's château. With a heavy heart Roselia now prepared her own best cambric gown and the

prime of all her linen for her beloved lady, who could not but sensibly feel the mortification of her own fortune and extraordinary situation. Where was now the nuptial pomp which Fate had promised to comte Ariosto's daughter? Reared up in all the splendid luxury of rank and brilliant expectations, she now was doomed, by the villany of her guardian, to be indebted to her own domestic for her bridal garments, and forced into a clandestine union with an obscure man, a stranger to herself and family. She felt herself the outcast of her house, a victim to the crimes of others; and, with tears of anguish, she bitterly deplored her cruel destiny, until her genuine piety arose to hush her murmurs, and to lead her mind to fortitude and resignation. She wiped her tears away, and a soft, but melancholy, smile again diffused its plaintive sweetness over her interesting lovely countenance.

The château clock at length struck one. Victoria started in horror, and her varying cheeks hung out the ghastly ensigns of fear. Roselia, too, was infected by alarm. The convent bell struck up a dismal knell. It had been the signal for murder—for Hippolyto's murder. Had the diabolical decree been revoked? perhaps the duchessa's billet was only a delusion to lull apprehension? Victoria breathed short; her heart throbbed with painful violence. She grasped Roselia's arm. She could not speak; but Roselia perfectly understood her meaning, and, instantly taking up a light—

'Be composed, my dear lady!' said she. 'I will go see that all is safe, and watch by his door until morning.'

Roselia moved to go; and Victoria, continuing her grasp, moved with her.

'Does lady Victoria mean to accompany me?'

'I do,' Victoria falteringly articulated: 'these bravos might murder you too, my Roselia! did not I appear to protect you; and how could I support the interval of suspense, uncertain of your fate, as well as his?'

'Well then,' said Roselia, striving to wear the appearance of cheerfulness foreign to her heart, as she gently opened the door, 'should we meet any of the family, we can tell them you walk the house at this unseasonable hour through a rash vow you made the night of your shipwreck.'

Softly and tremulously they trod the way to Hippolyto's chamber. On entering the gallery leading to it their fears increased to tortures. Every sensation of horror Victoria had experienced in Don Manuel's castle now assailed her with renovated force; and when, on approaching the chamber, which Roselia pointed to as Hippolyto's, she saw the door of it open, no words can express the anguish of her heart, and, subdued by agonising apprehension, she sunk almost breathless upon the floor. Roselia, more herself, rushed impetuously into the room, which now was vacant. Minutely she searched around. No Hippolyto—no trace of murder could she see, and concluded that the duchessa was faithful to her promise, and that he was returned to St. Lewis, to be there in readiness for the morning's awful ceremony.

Her conjectures and intelligence Roselia hastily communicated to Victoria, who, revived and comforted, arose from the ground, and, supported by Roselia, looked into the room, to convince herself the affectionate girl's statement was just. In turning from this now deserted chamber, Roselia observed the door of the room, into which Maratti had conducted the bravos, ajar. Her wish to tranquillise her beloved lady's

mind lent her courage, and she instantly entered to search that also. She found it to be an unoccupied bedroom, and in it she quickly discovered a dagger lying on a table, which she conjectured was that she had seen Maratti give to the assassins. Carefully she examined the point; and finding it to all appearance guiltless of blood, she flew with it to Victoria, who hoped it was a proof that the fatal deed had not been perpetrated; but fearing to leave it there, she took it from Roselia, and carried it with her to her own chamber, which they reached unmolested—still in painful anxiety respecting the fate of Hippolyto. There was nothing to confirm their hopes of his being gone back to the convent. Might he not have been removed to some more secret part of the château? and might not the assassin be supplied with other weapons of death beside that she had found? These ideas gave birth to so many new horrors, that Roselia proposed going to learn from Jeanne if Hippolyto was really returned to St. Lewis.

'It is very probable that Jeanne knows,' continued she, 'and if she does, I know she will tell me; but, before I go, I must prevail upon my dear lady to take some of this composing medicine.' She now took up a phial which had been sent late in the evening from St. Lewis; and while, according to usual custom, she was shaking it preparatory to pouring it out, a paper fell to the ground which had been warily concealed within the label. Roselia, no longer mindful of the medicine she had been about to administer, hastily picked up what she saw was a written paper, and, with infinite satisfaction, read aloud:—

'The best composing medicine which we can administer to our interesting patient before her hour of

rest, is an assurance that her preserver, Hippolyto, is returned in safety to our convent, where, in perfect security, he will pass this night; and let our daughter come to the church of St. Lewis to-morrow morning with confidence and hope, since there, through the mercy of Heaven, she will find a termination to all her cruel persecutions, and permanent protection from her guilty foes.

Victoria found this a balm that distilled sweet peace and comfort to her tortured heart and agitated spirits; and after paying her just tribute of thanksgiving to her merciful Creator, and invoking his future protection, she, with Roselia, who slept in the same room, retired to rest. When Roselia laid her head upon her pillow, it was in the firm hope that the billet from the convent implied the intervention of something to prevent the union she was so averse to; and Victoria fell into a tranquil slumber, in the firm belief that whatever Heaven decrees is for the ultimate good of its creatures, who ought not only to meet its wise dispensations with resignation, but with gratitude.

Between six and seven Roselia sprung from her bed, to assist her lovely mistress in dressing for the solemn event which was fast approaching. But Victoria would not dedicate much time to the task of adorning, having what she considered a much more important business to settle with her Creator. Yet, notwithstanding her inattention to her appearance, she looked, in the simple and unstudied garments of Roselia, most interestingly lovely; while, in despite of her reliance upon Heaven, a tear of reluctance glistened in her eyes, and a flush of timid awful apprehension animated her cheeks.

The hour which the duchessa had appointed for meeting was nearly arrived, when Victoria recollected the

picture she had, with her own trinkets, brought in her pockets from Don Manuel's castle; and, without bestowing one parting look upon it, lest it should prove to the disadvantage of Hippolyto, she folded it in several papers, which she carefully sealed, resolving never more to behold it, and, on the first possible opportunity, to restore it to its owner, as now voluntarily to retain it in her possession she considered would be a crime against the man whom she was so shortly to plight her vows to; and giving it to Roselia, she directed her to put it up with those things they purposed taking to St. Marguerite's with them.

A few moments before eight Bianca requested admission, at sight of whom Victoria's firmness almost entirely forsook her. She had ever disliked Bianca; but her having so cruelly consigned her amiable sister Octavia to the murderer's power had converted that dislike into detestation, and she now beheld her as the harbinger of evil. She came to announce, that the duchessa was waiting for Victoria in the wood leading to St. Lewis.

Our trembling heroine, leaning on the arm of the trembling Roselia, followed Bianca to a private path in the wood, where the duchessa and Maratti were waiting. At the sight of these execrable fiends, Victoria's fears and agitations dreadfully augmented, nor was Elvira without her share of visible emotion. She spoke not; but, taking the chilled and passive hand of her devoted victim from Roselia, drew it through her own arm; and silently and gloomily they were conducted by Maratti to the convent church, where they were all instantly admitted by a lay-brother, and received by father Anselmo, who led them in awful silence to the altar; where stood Hippolyto, plainly but elegantly attired, attended by

poor Thomas, and as much agitated as his destined bride.

The duchessa, in a hurried and hollow voice, bade father Anselmo proceed; and the moment Victoria beheld Hippolyto placed by her side, and heard the holy father pronounce the first words of the nuptial ceremony, her recollection totally forsook her, and she saw not the agitation of Hippolyto, or the guilty working of her perfidious guardian's countenance. She heard not the hysteric sobbings of poor Roselia, nor the marriage benediction, firmly and piously delivered by the devout father Anselmo: nor did she clearly comprehend any thing that was passing until after the awful ceremony was ended, and the vestry business completed; when, returning through the wood, and the gentle breeze of the morning, the well-known soothing voice of Hippolyto recalled her to perception, as he tenderly supported her to the château, whither the duchessa had invited him and father Anselmo to accompany them.

CHAP. XXXIV.

WHEN Victoria recovered her senses sufficiently to know her doom was fixed, and that she was irrevocably the wife of Hippolyto, she would have found considerable relief by indulging in a flood of tears that was forcing its passage to calm her agitated breast; but reflecting that tears, by implying a repugnance to their union, might wound the feelings of her generous, gallant deliverer, she exerted her utmost endeavours to restrain them; and effectually to do so, she knew she must not attempt to speak; and therefore continued silent to all the soothing tenderness of Hippolyto, who led her to the saloon, where an elegant breakfast was prepared, and where he seated

himself beside her; but still she spoke not, fearing the effect might subdue the little share of firmness she had acquired.

The duchessa had, with father Anselmo, taken a seat at some distance from the sad bride, evidently uncomfortable in her own hypocritical task, and heartily repenting the difficult and disagreeable part she had given herself to perform, by not having arranged for her niece's departure to St. Marguerite's immediately after the nuptial ceremony had been pronounced; but as she had undertaken the part, she exerted herself to sustain it, with all that consummate art she was mistress of; and, with a countenance of perfect ease and an air that spoke unconsciousness of guilt, she calmly fell into conversation with the holy man.

At length Roselia entered with a glass of sal volatile and water, which she presented to Victoria, who, on beholding the pretty and intelligent countenance of Roselia swelled and disfigured with excessive weeping for her, burst into tears, which continued to flow for some minutes before she could collect sufficient mental power to subdue them; when, eagerly swallowing the sal volatile, and hastily wiping away the crystal drops, she turned to Hippolyto with a soft bewitching smile, and looked upon him for the first time since their union.

'Think not, Hippolyto,' she said—and low and tremulously she spoke—'think not that I weep because I am your wife. No, believe me; it is the manner of our union that distresses me, that wounds my heart, my every feeling of delicacy, to the very quick.'

Roselia, through respect and fearing to trust her firmness in hearing more, hastily retreated; and Hippolyto, affected almost to tears, took Victoria's hand, on which he had so

lately placed the little token of their plighted vows, and with the most impassioned energy he spoke—

‘And believe me, lady Victoria, the man to whom your vows were given, when wrested from you, is not villain enough to refuse the restoration of these compulsory vows the moment you demand them. The laws of this country (defective as they are) can never consider those vows binding which are extorted by terror and compassion from a minor; and it will therefore be in your own power, at a future period, to annul this marriage, should I prove so unfortunate as to find such your wish; and I should not, believe me, have submitted by passiveness to become a party in this cruel plot of torturing and working upon the most exquisite feelings of susceptibility, but to extricate you from the power and machinations of those whom I well knew were unworthy of the valuable trust reposed in their honour. No other method was mine of wresting you from inevitable destruction; and though harsh my remedy, perhaps you may forgive me, when you shall learn how deep was the source from which my conduct sprung.’

Victoria heard Hippolyto with that candour he so justly merited, and fully was she convinced that it never could be her wish to give him one moment of uneasiness; and she was about to speak what a sweet expressive smile anticipated, when Elvira summoned them to the breakfast table.

The bride and bridegroom were merely spectators of the repast; although our heroine’s mental strength seemed each moment to augment, and she appeared serene and resigned, if not happy. Hippolyto’s (now her attentive observer) tenderness, respect, and admiration, strongly marked his manners to her; while to the duchessa his deportment was visibly tinctured

with contempt and aversion, which his situation could not justify, nor his politeness even conceal.

Breakfast was ended, and the domestics just departed, when one of them hastily returned and announced the arrival of comte de Montfort.

The expression that instantly diffused itself over the duchessa’s countenance was difficult to define. It seemed openly to evince shame, mortification, and chagrin, blended with a mysterious kind of satisfaction ill according with the revealed emotions of her face. In the moment of surprise she lost her usual self-possession, and hastily exclaimed—

‘Heavens! how unlucky! Let him not come hither.’

‘The comte is already here,’ said the domestic, throwing the door wide open. ‘My lord has just entered the antichamber.’

Elvira started from her seat, and, with a hurrying emotion of her hand, pointed to another door. ‘Holy father,’ said she, ‘will you and Hippolyto have the goodness to retire for a few moments into that room; I will hereafter assign reasons for this request, that will excuse the liberty I take.’

They instantly complied with her wishes, and the door closed upon them at the moment De Montfort entered the saloon.

Victoria’s delicacy bade her depart, and she had hastily arisen to go, but the duchessa insisted upon her stay.

Comte de Montfort advanced with an impassioned air to Elvira, and gallantly took her hand; but at that moment perceiving Victoria, he flung the duchessa’s hand in horror from him; and, pale and trembling, he for some moments stood gazing in speechless amazement.

‘Gracious powers!’ he at length exclaimed, ‘and do I indeed behold

lady Victoria di Modena?' He rapidly advanced towards her, then suddenly stopping, hung his head in shame and sorrow, and, reproachfully addressing Elvira, he continued—'Oh! duchessa, why, why did you tell me that she was lost to my eager pursuit for ever; that she was gone, by her own express desire, to take the veil in a convent far distant, the name and situation of which you had solemnly vowed never to disclose, until it was too late for your profligate husband to trepan her into his power?—and yet I see her here, and not even in the habit of a novice. For what was this cruel deception practised? Oh! duchessa, why was I doomed by your duplicity a victim to unceasing wretchedness?' His voice now faltered; tears gushed from his eyes; his whole frame appeared convulsed; and he sunk, overpowered by agitation, into a chair.

Elvira now, with an air of calm effrontery astonishing to the guiltless Victoria, replied—'I told you truly that my niece had left me to go into a convent; but on her way thither, by the contrivance, as it appears to me, of conte Vicenza, she unfortunately fell into the power of a banditti who infest the Pyrenées.' The duchessa now sketched a slight outline of Victoria's adventures in Spain, her subsequent shipwreck, and taking refuge in that château; and concluded with saying—'and now, De Montfort, prepare to hear the most wonderful incident of this eventful narrative. This Hippolyto, who so gallantly rescued my darling girl from impending destruction, possessed sufficient influence to overcome her religious propensities, and is now her husband.'

The comte, who had been dreadfully agitated during the duchessa's recital, now starting in horror and amazement from his seat exclaimed—'A negro, the husband of Victoria!'

'Yes, comte; Victoria di Modena, who so firmly rejected the comte de Montfort, is now the wife of an obscure negro.'

'I will not believe it!' De Montfort replied, trembling with dismay and astonishment. 'I cannot believe the dreadful intelligence.—No, no, duchessa, 'tis a horrid sprite you have conjured up to torture further the wretched victim of your deceptions.'

Elvira's darkening brow for a moment threatened a storm; but quickly recovering her self-command, she smiled maliciously.

'Ah! I see by your smiling that you are in jest, duchessa,' said the agitated De Montfort; 'but why am I to be tortured by such barbarous jests? Do I deserve such cruelty from you? Oh! no, no; you knew too well the situation of my heart before you hurled me down the precipice that has destroyed me. Lady Victoria, may I, dare I, presume to apply to you, to learn if I am of every hope bereft?'

A storm now gathered upon the duchessa's brow, that instantly burst forth with dreadful violence. Frantically she flew to the door of Hippolyto's retreat.—'Since you wish for other testimony than my assertions,' said she, almost convulsed with rage, 'you shall have immediate conviction.' Then throwing open the door, her countenance underwent a sudden and conspicuous change. The fire of rage turned to the dark gloom of vengeance, an expression of malicious triumph gleamed in a horrid smile of dæmoniac exultation, and, with her glaring eyes fixed upon De Montfort, to watch with diabolical satisfaction the operation of those tortures which her frantic jealousy was inflicting, she audibly said—

'Hippolyto del Rosario, I request your presence here, as comte de

Montfort wishes for an introduction to the *husband* of Victoria di Modena.'

Victoria, almost subdued by astonishment at the motives for her aunt's conduct, which were now unfolding themselves, sat with her eyes riveted to the floor, perplexed and uncertain what part she ought to take in so strange a drama, until de Montfort exclaimed in a tone of much amazement,

'Conte di Urbino!!!'

Victoria in terror, lest Urbino's arrival announced the approach of Polydore, the story of whose death she did not now believe, raised her eyes, and beheld in the elegant dress Hippolyto had worn not the companion of conte Vicenza, but the identical stranger she had encountered in the church during her captivity, the original of the miniature she had found.

De Montfort's exclamation had also called the duchessa's attention to the object which excited it; and in a tone of much surprise and great displeasure she said—

'Urbino! What, what could have brought you hither?'

'I am too proud,' he replied, 'of the honour of being Victoria di Modena's *husband* not instantly to obey the summons that called upon me to appear as the happiest of mankind.'

The different and contending sensations of Victoria's mind threw a momentary suspension over her faculties, and her head sunk upon the elbow of the couch on which she sat.

Her husband flew to support her.

'My life! my Victoria!' he said. His voice recalled her fleeting senses; she opened her eyes, and burst into tears.

'Forgive,' he exclaimed, 'the deceptions I have been compelled to practise; and, oh! pardon me, my Victoria, for thus distressing you by surprise; but the moment required

it. When publicly called upon to appear as the husband of Victoria di Modena, I could not degrade her rank and excellence by producing him in the disguise of an obscure and unknown man. In my own character, I trust, the illustrious house of Modena cannot suffer degradation by owning an alliance with me. As conte di Urbino I now appear, to claim and avow my privilege of protecting from further cruelty and outrage that sacred and precious charge Heaven has blessed me by entrusting to my care.'

'Rash and unthinking boy!' said the duchessa indignantly, 'you are not the husband of Victoria. Under the name of Hippolyto you wedded her, therefore she cannot be the wife of Urbino, and is still indisputably under my protection.'

'I was too conscious of the value of this hand,' he replied, 'not to make it mine irrevocably. In my own name, duchessa, I plighted her my vows; and your, but too natural, agitation prevented your observing it. But father Anselmo can satisfy your doubts, and prove my claims, which I will yield only with my life, except to the wishes of Victoria.'

Father Anselmo was summoned by the now dreadfully alarmed duchessa. 'Holy father,' said she, in the faltering accents of dismay, 'in what name did you plight the vows of this young man to Victoria?'

'In his own,' the reverend monk replied, 'and with the consent of, and in the presence of, the lady's guardian. The marriage is as binding as the church and law can make it.'

'Then know, infatuated boy! you have doomed me to an ignominious death, and yourself to endless misery,' exclaimed Elvira as she frantically rushed out of the room.

'Conte di Urbino,' said the dreadfully agitated De Montfort, 'you

have used me ill. Knowing, as you did, the situation of my heart, wrestling, thus basely, my every hope of happiness from me requires atonement.'

'Atonement,' replied Urbino (as we now must beg leave to call him, whom our reader has so long known under the name of Hippolyto), 'can only be exacted for crimes or injuries, and I have done nothing that I cannot justify. You knew the situation of my heart also; and so far our confidence was mutual. From yourself I learned that lady Victoria was under no engagement to you, nor had she ever fed your passion with a single ray of hope; and from me you learned, that, should circumstances ever permit me to seek for happiness, I would attempt to win the favour of lady Victoria di Modena. Surely, then, you have no right to impeach my honour, or to demand *atonement*! Chance, or I ought rather to say Providence, made me acquainted with the perils lady Victoria was to be doomed to from the most atrocious plot ever formed by villany; and who shall dare to say I had no right to attempt her rescue? Conceiving myself accountable to no man for my actions, I followed her into Spain, where Providence permitted my attempt to succeed: and her guardian, to crush your hopes at once, bestowed this invaluable hand this morning upon me; and, to prove that I well know what such a character as lady Victoria's claims, the first use I shall make of that guardianship so lately consigned to me is to convey my precious charge to an asylum more suited to her purity. Dare lady Victoria, once more confiding in my honour, intrust herself to my protection?'

Victoria essayed several times to speak before she could articulate. In low and tremulous sounds she said—
'O conte di Urbino, why ask me
Vol. XXXVI.

such a question?' Then, with a soft blush of timidity and gratitude animating her lovely countenance, she arose from her seat, and gave her trembling hand to Urbino to lead her. He took it with respect and grateful joy, and turning to Anselmo, said—'Holy father, you will, I hope, have the goodness to accompany us to St. Marguerite's.'

The holy man acquiesced; and the enraptured Urbino led his lovely bride, attended by the reverend monk, to a coach that was in waiting, leaving comte de Montfort overwhelmed with grief and amazement too great for utterance.

When they reached the carriage, which was stationed in a secluded part of the wood to save Victoria from the prying gaze of the domestics, the good Anselmo returned to the house in quest of Roselia: while Urbino, following Victoria into the coach, sunk on his knees before her.

'Forgive, I implore you, lady Victoria,' he said, 'the deceptions I have been compelled to practise, and the mystery and silence I am still doomed to persevere in. The undecided state I am forced to leave you in is an additional pang to the torments I must endure until we meet again: but, thanks to Heaven! you will be exempt from the misery, the horrors, of incertitude, that during my absence I shall suffer, unknowing whether the most pure, the most exalted happiness, or the extreme of wretchedness, is to be my portion; since, too much respecting the delicacy of your peculiar situation, I dare not at present urge that suit on which the existence of my every hope of happiness depends.'

'Having, I trust, completed your emancipation from the power of your vile and faithless guardian, and secured you from the toils of the villanous and profligate, I must go

where fate now calls me: but I go only to return with the blessing of a father's presence, to encourage me in my pleadings for your pity; and, sanctioned by him, to implore the ratification of those vows extorted from your humanity for an unknown man, who, when he dares announce himself, may, he trusts, claim, without degrading her, an alliance with Victoria.'

'Rise, conte di Urbino, I entreat you, rise!' said our agitated and embarrassed heroine. 'Why should you kneel to me, whom you have known only to heap benefits upon? To you am I not indebted for safety, for escape from destruction in every horrid shape it could assume? And what offence am I to pardon? It was necessary, no doubt, that your form should wear disguise; but your mind partook not of it. *That* I beheld in its own semblance: and—'

Victoria suddenly ceased. A consciousness of all which that mind had awakened in her own arose to her imagination. The deepest blushes suffused her cheeks: she essayed, but in vain, to finish a well-turned compliment she could but the day before have, unembarrassed, paid Hippolyto. Now the fascinating stranger and Hippolyto were found to be the same. One had won her tenderest esteem, the other had charmed her fancy; and between the two characters she found her heart was irrevocably gone. Her consciousness alarmed her delicacy; and her fears, lest a too energetic delivery of her sentiments should betray her, robbed her of that ease which best could have concealed her feelings—feelings that, now surcharged by a variety of sensations, could not be repressed; and she burst into tears. The enraptured Urbino beheld her confusion with transport, and, while he construed it to his own advantage, appeared not to ob-

serve it: but rising from his knees, and respectfully taking the seat beside her, he said—

'Since lady Victoria has the goodness to pardon my deceptions, perhaps she will allow me to plead for a place in her friendship: even the peculiar delicacy of her present situation cannot prohibit my soliciting for that.'

'Most certainly'—Victoria hastily replied, happy in an opportunity of answering to any thing to which she could speak without perturbation—'conte di Urbino has, as well he merits, my sincere friendship.'

'Then, as your friend,' he said, 'may I not presume to hope you will feel anxious for my safety, and that you will permit me sometimes to address you in the language of friendship, to tell you where I am, how I am, and as much of my proceedings as I am permitted to reveal?'

'Every privilege that friendship can claim,' replied our heroine, 'my preserver shall find me anxious to allow him.'

At this moment father Anselmo returned with Roselia, to whom he had imparted the metamorphosis of Hippolyto. Almost frantic with joy, she bounded into the coach, since Urbino was the very man she had for some time ardently wished to see—the husband of her beloved lady. On her knees she now threw herself; and taking a hand of each, breathed forth the most animated prayers for their happiness, intermingled with the most extravagant expressions of joy which her affectionate and glad heart could dictate; and as she arose from her knees to make room for the good monk to occupy the fourth place in the coach, she exultingly said—

'Now, now I shall die happy, since my fond wish is fulfilled. Conte di Urbino is the only man in the whole world who

merits my inestimable lady; and lady Victoria is the only woman upon earth who has a right to such a husband.'

'The only woman who has a right to him!' said Victoria mentally. 'Oh, Matilda!'—Her heart ceased to throb with hope, the knell of blasted happiness struck heavily upon her soul; her senses sickened, and her aching head sunk for a resting-place against the coach side; for, oh! what a shade now appeared in the character of Urbino, darkening at once that which but for this would have seemed as clear and bright as the hand of nature could pourtray!

'But is it, can it be possible,' thought she, 'that Urbino is one of those cruel, cruel beings who steal insidiously into the unsuspecting maid's affections, and then forsake her, allured by the first fair face that strikes his roving fancy?'—Bitter remembrance told our agonised heroine it was too true: the words of Matilda still vibrated in her ears, and poured dire conviction, and its concomitant miseries, into her throbbing heart. Oh, how she wished that she could transform her husband back into the humble Hippolyto, in whom had appeared no shade but in complexion!—'Yet,' continued the suggestions of her upright mind, 'the vows I have just plighted to him are not irrevocable; he told me so himself, and I will annul the marriage; for Urbino my preserver, my brave deliverer, shall not deserve the name of villain. No; the grateful Victoria will preserve his fame; the wrongs of Matilda shall not tarnish it. He cannot know that he is in possession of my affections, nor shall he be withheld from the lovely injured Matilda by any claim a knowledge of my sentiments might lead him to imagine I had upon his heart—for this day we part, never more to meet. Yes,

Urbino, to your fame I will make this sacrifice—never will I again see you. Reflection in such a mind as his will soon destroy delusion: he will think of his meditated injuries to Matilda with abhorrence, and his ingenuous heart will lead him back to her and rectitude—while to resignation will I devote myself and sorrows, and within some peaceful convent-walls pass the remainder of my hapless days.'

Whilst these determinations agonised our grieved heroine's mind, Urbino, attentive only to her, too quickly divined her thoughts in respect to him were undergoing some unfavourable revolution; and pen-sive and miserable he became: for, in total ignorance of her knowledge of Matilda, he could form no conjecture of what could thus suddenly have filled her ingenuous mind with unpropitious thoughts of him. But, anxious to clear all doubts, and to relieve his mind from the tortures of suspense and apprehension, he hastily, as the coach moved from the château of comte de Montfort, addressed himself to father Anselmo—

'It was my intention, you know, holy father, not to leave St. Lewis until the arrival of signora Farinelli, whom lady Victoria expects shortly at St. Maugerite's: but I have now changed my plans, and will this very day set out for Rome—since, why should the man whose heart knows no guile, and who sickens at the semblance of disguise, continue enveloped in mystery, and wear the appearance of dissimulation one moment longer than is absolutely necessary? And so truly wretched shall I be, while doomed to this state of uncertainty relative to the dearest hopes of my life, that I shall not rest until I can emerge from the clouds of mystery, and appear, with a fame as free from reproach as her

own, before lady Victoria, to plead for a ratification of those sacred vows the villany of her guardian extorted from her this morning.'

Victoria sighed heavily. 'How ingenuous his language sounds!' thought she: 'But does not conscience thrill one pang through his heart for the injuries of Matilda?'—She attempted to steal a glance at him, to observe the changes of countenance she doubted not the silent monitor of man must inspire. But Urbino, watchful of all her movements, caught the glance; and its expression struck painfully upon his heart. It implied doubt and inquiry; and, deeply hurt and afflicted, his cheeks flushed the crimson of indignant conscious worth, swelling in sullen dignity at the injustice of suspicion, while extreme misery wrung his soul in the torturing idea that his Victoria—his adored, his idolised Victoria—could not esteem, or she would not suspect him. All his fond hopes of happiness now fled at once; tears of anguish started to his eyes; deep sighs, almost groans, heaved heavily from his heart; and, the most mournful of Sorrow's sons, his head sunk in despondence upon his breast.

Victoria attentively observed all this, and attributed all to the workings of conscience, upon a sudden recollection of the lovely injured Matilda: and vain was now every effort of the good monk and Roselia to inspire this truly wretched pair with any gleam of cheerfulness, or draw them for a moment from their sad and afflicting meditations.

At length they reached the convent of St. Marguerite's, where the venerable abbess welcomed our trembling and agitated heroine with the unaffected, cordial kindness of sincerity; and the miserable and dreadfully perturbed Urbino consigned his Victoria, in the most solemn and affect-

ing manner, to the protection of the abbess and the church: all which father Anselmo, in a truly awfully impressive manner, enforced.

Urbino, wratched beyond conception, could scarcely conceal his agonising emotions; and, anxious to be where he could give free indulgence to his surcharged feelings, hastened the moment of his departure. In the most pitiable agitation he bade a hurried yet touching adieu to his adored Victoria, who, firmly resolved that they should meet no more, felt shaken to the very soul; yet exerted herself to the utmost stretch of her fortitude to conceal the anguish of her heart, whilst she said 'Farewell!'—But the moment the door closed that shut out, as she believed, Urbino from her sight for ever, she fell, deprived of sense and respiration, into Roselia's arms.

(To be continued.)

The MAIDEN RECONCILED to MARRIAGE.

(From the Memoirs of Marmontel.)

A MULETEER from Aurillac, who passed his life on the road between Clermont and Toulouse, undertook to conduct me. I went on one of his mules, and he, generally on foot, by my side.—'Mr. Abbé,' said he to me, 'we shall be obliged to stop some days at home, for I have business that will detain me there. In God's name, employ this interval of time in curing my daughter of her foolish devotion. I have but her, and were an angel to ask her, she would not marry him. Her obstinacy afflicts me.' The commission was delicate; I found it comical, and willingly undertook it. I confess I had figured to myself as very poor and humble, the dwelling of a man who was trotting incess-

santly at the tail of his mules, now exposed to rain, and now to the bleak snow, on the roughest roads. I was therefore not a little surprised, on entering, to find a convenient house, well furnished, and of singular neatness, and also a kind of grey-clad sister, young, fresh, well made, who hastened to meet Peter (this was the name of the muleteer), and who embraced him as she uttered the endearing name of father. The supper she ordered for us had no less the air of comfort.—The leg of mutton was tender, and the wine excellent. The chamber they gave me had, in its simplicity, almost the elegance of luxury. I had never lain in so soft a bed. Before I went to sleep, I reflected on what I had seen. ‘Is it,’ said I to myself ‘in order to pass a few hours of his life at his ease, that this man tortures and consumes the rest of it in such painful labour? No; he labours to procure tranquillity and repose for old age; and it is the prospect of this repose that lightens his fatigues. But this only daughter, whom he loves so tenderly, what can have persuaded her, young and beautiful as she is, to wear the habit of a nun? Why is that grey-coloured dress, that unplaited linen, that golden cross on her breast, and that close handkerchief on her bosom? Yet the hair she conceals under that fillet is of a sweet colour. The little that can be seen of her neck is white as ivory.—And her arms! they too are of pure ivory, and incomparably turned!’ I fell asleep on these reflections, and the next morning I had the pleasure of breakfasting with this fair votary. She obligingly inquired whether I had slept well. ‘I slept very sweetly,’ said I, ‘but not tranquilly—I was troubled with dreams. And you, mademoiselle, did you sleep well?’—‘Tolerably well, thank God,’ said she.—‘Did you dream?’ She blush-

ed, and answered that she very rarely dreamt. ‘And when you do dream, it is surely of angels?’—‘Sometimes of martyrs,’ said she, smiling. ‘Then it is of the martyrs you make——?’—‘I! I make none, sir.’—‘I will wager you make more than one; though you do not boast of it. As for me, when, in my sleep, I see the heavens open, I scarcely ever dream but of virgins. I behold them, some in white, others in a vest and petticoat of grey serge; and these simple dresses become them more than the richest ornament. Nothing, in that simple attire, impairs the native beauty of their hair or their complexion; nothing obscures the lustre of a pure forehead or of a rosy cheek; no plait deforms the figure, a strait girdle marks and indicates its roundness. An arm of lilies, and a fair hand with rosy fingers, issue just as Heaven made them, from a plain and modest sleeve; and what their close handkerchief conceals is easily divined. But whatever pleasure I may have in thus seeing, as I sleep, all these young virgins in Heaven, I confess I am a little afflicted at finding them so ill placed.’—‘Where then do you find them placed?’ enquired she, with some embarrassment. ‘Alas! quite in a corner, almost alone, and, what vexes me still more, by the side of the Capuchin monks.’—‘By the side of the Capuchins!’ cried she, contracting her brow. ‘Alas, yes; almost forsaken: while the respectable mothers of families, surrounded by the children they have borne, by the husbands they have already rendered so happy on earth, by their parents, whose age they consoled and comforted, are placed on a distinguished eminence, in the view of all Heaven, and all brilliant with glory.’—‘And priests,’ enquired she, with a malicious air, ‘where are they put?’—‘If there be any,’ answered I, ‘they

are surely thrust into some corner, at a distance from that of the virgins.'—'Indeed, I believe it,' said she; 'that is exceedingly proper, for priests would be to them most dangerous neighbours.'

Honest Peter was very much amused at this dispute on our professions. He had never seen his daughter so lively, nor so talkative; for I took care, as Montaigne says, to put into my provocation a sweet sour point of winning, flattering gaiety, that, while it seemed to displease, was not unwelcome to her. At last, her father, the evening before we set off for Toulouse, took me alone into his chamber, and said to me:—'I see plainly, Mr. Abbé, that you and my daughter will never agree. Let us put an end to this dispute between a nun and an abbé: the means are easy: do you cast off these bands, and let her throw away her collar; and I have some notion that if you be inclined, she would not want much persuasion to be inclined too. As to what regards me, I have for ten years done the commissions of your honest father; I am told by every one that you are like him, and I'll act roundly and cordially with you.' He then opened one of the drawers of his bureau, and, shewing me piles of crowns, 'Look ye,' said he, 'in business, there is but one word necessary—here is what I have saved, and what I am still hoarding up for my grand-children, if my daughter should bless me with any; for your children, if you choose, and can persuade her.' I will not say, that the sight of this treasure did not at all tempt me. The offer was the more seducing to me, as honest Peter made no other condition than that of rendering his daughter happy. 'I shall continue,' said he, 'to drive

my mules: at every journey I shall augment this pile of crowns as I pass, and you shall dispose of them: my life, a life of labour and fatigue, I will not quit while I have health and strength; and when my back shall be bent, and my hams stiffened with age, I'll come and finish my days quietly with you.'—'Ah! my good friend,' said I, 'who deserves better than you the gentle repose of a happy and long age! But what are you thinking of, when you propose to marry your daughter to a man who has already five children?'—'You, Mr. Abbé! five children at your age!'—'It is indeed true. Have I not two sisters, and three brothers? Am not I their only father? It is from my labours, not from yours, that they must live: it is I who support them.'—'And do you think you can earn as much with your Latin as I with my mules?'—'I hope so,' said I; 'but I will at least do all that depends on me.'—'Then you won't have my little nun? and yet she is very pretty, and particularly since you have ruffled her a little.'—'Certainly,' said I, 'she is charming and lovely; and she would tempt me more than your crowns. But, as I have already told you, nature has thrown five children into my arms; marriage would soon bring five others; and perhaps more, for your devotees are very prolific, and I should then be too much embarrassed.'—'Tis a pity,' said he; 'my daughter will now never marry.'—'I think, I can assure you,' said I, 'that she has no longer the same aversion to marriage. I have taught her that in Heaven good mothers are far above virgins; and, by choosing a husband that pleases her, it will be easy to instil into her soul this new species of devotion.'—My prediction was realized.

ELIZA;

OR,

The HERMIT'S CELL.

A NOVEL.

By Miss ELIZA YEAMES.

(Concluded from p. 369.)

CHAP. XI.

IT has been already said that Mr. Danvers was gone to close the eyes of a relation. This relation was lord Fitzhenry, an uncle to Godolphin; but who, from a dispute with his father concerning his marrying a woman of no property, took very little notice of Danvers, and whenever they met he never failed to mention the imprudence of his deceased brother. 'For instance,' he would say, 'he married when he had only the pay of a lieutenant to support him, without considering that a family might come on. George was a fool there, and every one must own it. But peace be to his manes!'

'My lord,' replied Danvers to a speech of this sort, 'I'll hear no more of this; the name of my father shall not be branded. I am his son, and will be his champion.'

From that time there was a degree of enmity between the uncle and the nephew till the present period, when Danvers was called to attend the dying moments of the former. With affectionate zeal he obeyed the summons, and was alarmed at the state which his lordship appeared in.

'Well, so I see you here, young man!' said lord Fitzhenry: 'you find me not quite dead, nor do I think I shall die yet; so you need not be in haste for my estates, lest you should

be disappointed; for, believe me, to-day I find myself considerably better.'

'May you continue to mend, my beloved uncle! is my most ardent desire.'

'Well said,' cried Fitzhenry—his countenance brightening—'well said, my boy!—But, Danvers, don't you recollect that we formerly had a few words?—but forget and forgive, and Fitzhenry will not totally forsake the child of his brother.'

'You are very good, my lord,' said Danvers, looking affectionately at him. 'I do not deserve your kindness.'

'Pugh, Godolphin; only forgive what I have said of your father, and all will be well!'

A relapse of his uncle retained Godolphin with him, and, while his heart longed to be near the beautiful Eliza, he could not leave his suffering relation. Thus situated, week succeeded week, and his cheeks became pale and wan.

'My dear boy!' said lord Fitzhenry one day, taking his hand, 'I believe I fatigue you by long watching.—You are a duteous beloved youth, but I would not wish you to kill yourself for me. You are young, and ought to live; but I shall sink into my grave unpitied, except by you, who I know will drop a tear to my remains.—Will you not, Godolphin?'

'What is a tear to such worth? Oh! my lord, you distress me beyond expression! I shall not kill myself by doing my duty; and as long as life warms and animates your benevolent heart I will attend your wishes.'

Lord Fitzhenry cast his eyes to heaven, and burst into tears.

His lordship grew worse every day, and Danvers saw he was fast going to his grave. 'Farewell!' said his uncle to him on the day he died, grasping his hand—'farewell, my

beloved Godolphin! be virtuous and sincere. Follow the precepts of religion, and be happy. Forgive what I may have said to you: it was not ill will: I sincerely loved you, and almost adored your father.'

He stopt, and Danvers wept.

'What a fool you make me!' said lord Fitzhenry, dashing a tear from his pale cheek: 'Don't cry, boy, you really unman me;—a woman would not be so weak. Fie, man! you are a sailor.—More tears! Oh, Godolphin!' and he turned his eyes wildly round: 'Bless, bless you!' continued the dying man.—'Once more, farewell, Jane!' said he to the housekeeper; 'I have provided something for you, so do not fear poverty. Old Joseph, I have recollected you too. Faithful, faithful attendants!' continued he, raising his clasped hands to heaven, 'may the Almighty protect ye all!—Oh, mercy on me!' he said, in an under tone, and expired without a sigh.

CHAP. XII.

DANVERS now felt his spirits completely broken down, and he for some time was incapable of attending any business.

However, after the interment of his deceased uncle, he found it necessary to inspect his affairs; and when the will was opened he found himself heir to all his property (which was considerable), except a few hundreds as legacies; and our hero's grateful heart expanded with lively gratitude, while flowing tears fell to lord Fitzhenry's memory.—'For ah!' he sighed, 'what are riches to me! Eliza is, perhaps, already wedded to another; and I—I forgotten! She never gave me the least hint to suppose myself beloved. Her aversion to Fortescue, it is too probable, proceeded from an attachment elsewhere; and if she is now freed

from that engagement, she may be united to the man of her choice.'

With these reflections poor Godolphin was miserable; and the country gentlemen were astonished at the grief that seemed settled on the brow of so young and so brave a man.

Godolphin was remarkably fond of the chase; and he now sometimes indulged in this amusement. Though it was not often that he followed the frolics of his companions, yet now and then he would join in their sports. But these were soon forgotten when he retired from them, and his beloved Eliza's sweet image alone stood before him.

About two months after the interment of lord Fitzhenry, Godolphin received a letter from captain Harrison, informing him the Royal Charlotte was lying at Deal, and expressing a wish to see him. Godolphin, after perusing it, instantly took horse, and in a few hours reached Deal.

As he stopt at an inn at the entrance of the town, he perceived Warburton with a gentleman and two ladies in sight. Godolphin joined them after giving some instructions to his servant, and found in Warburton's companions lord and lady German, and Ruth Chambers. He ventured to ask after Eliza, and learned that she was well. This answer, though it informed him that she was in health, was not satisfactory: a gloom clouded his brow, and he sunk into abstraction. At length the voice of Warburton, in a somewhat raised tone, roused him:—'Ladies, step this way, the cows have been here.—Oh, curse the cows! the nasty cows!—Miss Chambers, you will spoil your shoes—Demme, the streets in Kent are famously marked with the tread of cows.' The ladies laughed.

They had not walked far when presently a man came driving before him a number of pigs, which made them

under the necessity of standing up near the wall. Warburton stooped his ears—'Oh, let me shut out the noise of the pigs!—You man, mind what you are doing, don't you see us?' 'Yes, I see you; but let every one take care of themselves, say I.'—At this moment one of them got in his mouth the tassel of Warburton's suarrow, and pulled him nearly down in the dirt. Enraged, he drew his dirk, and was going to make use of it, when a door opened, and a soft female voice, which attracted his notice, invited them in. Warburton followed his companions into the house, cursing the cows, the man, and his pigs.—'Oh, how heartily I do spise the whole race of those filthy animals!' cried he, as he stood at the window viewing the trouble of the man in getting them to go on. 'Demme, I would rather stand in front of a twelve-pounder than meet their noise and dirt!' and so saying, he pulled out his perfumed snowy handkerchief.

CHAP. XIII.

As Eliza was one evening walking with her father in the park at Bridge, the landlord of a little inn came running to them in the greatest perturbation:—'Your honour! your sirship!—' cried he.

'Well, honest Hastings, what would you say?'

'Oh, your honour—Oh, madam,—she is dying!'

'Whom do you mean? who is dying?' cried Eliza, faltering.

'The lady, madam—the lady!—She has sent me to request you to visit her, and——'

'We will come, Hastings,' said sir Gilbert: and the landlord instantly ran off. Eliza, trembling, followed her father to the alehouse; and they were shewn to the invalid's couch, where lay, in the most wretched state, a daughter of depravity—the once-

VOL. XXXVI.

haughty Harriet St. John. At sight of her, Eliza half screamed, and sir Gilbert was horror-stricken.

'See the victim of love for a villain!' said Harriet, extending a hand to the latter. 'I fled you for O'Calloner, and was abandoned by him in Ireland.'

'Without money or friends, I was near perishing with want at the time that accident introduced me to the marchioness de Lambelle, a French lady of a most amiable disposition, who was going to her native country. When she heard of my situation, she, with compassionate pity, proposed to grant me her protection.'

'To her without reserve I told my guilt; and after hearing me to the end, she kindly invited me to accompany her to Paris; which offer I accepted with unfeigned pleasure.'

'The marchioness de Lambelle was a young widow, possessed of great wealth and a beautiful person. Of course, unnumbered suitors crowded round her door; but she had forsworn marriage, and therefore all met with denial.'

'A woman, by name Lunette, frequented the marchioness's house, who had always honoured me by particularly distinguishing me, and I was charmed with the preference. This artful woman, my mistress shortly found, was a private courtesan, she therefore refused her acquaintance: but I could not relinquish her fascinating company; and by this perseverance I drew the anger of my lady upon me, whom I instantly left for Lunette.'

'Most unfortunately, love again assailed me in the form of her husband. She gained knowledge of our intrigue, and I was spurned from her house. My lover came to my rescue, and made me the mistress of a villa in Laon.'

'Here I sometimes received his company, and passed my days toler-

3 H

ably cheerfully. But he gradually grew less attentive to me, and made his visits shorter. At length they wholly ceased; and I received a letter, telling me I must leave the villa.

'With a few livres in my pocket, I reached Calais, and embarked on board the first ship bound for England. The wind was contrary. I found a fever creeping through my veins, and my sighs heaved consonant with the moaning of the angry waves that dashed against the vessel with convulsive force, as I mused on my situation and errors.

'The wind was now increased, and every moment we seemed going to the bottom. I heard the confusion over my head, and raised my voice to enquire the chance left us; but no one heard me.—"O God, preserve us!" met my ear.—"Ah," cried I, "wretch that I am! here am I left to perish—Oh, if there be any means of preservation——" "Not so," cried a voice; and I was lifted out of bed by an elderly gentleman, who supported me up stairs. As I reached the deck, I perceived a boat put out from the ship, and those who chose took to it. Among them was the gentleman I have mentioned. Alas! they never reached land, but met a watery grave. My tears fell to his memory—but I grieved in vain.

'The storm now gradually abated, and we found ourselves in safety. I returned a thou- and thanks to Heaven for my escape from death, and felt gratitude fill my heart.

'I found you were not in London, and I came hither, and have at length summoned up courage to speak to you—to ask——' Harriet stopt. Sir Gilbert pressed her in his arms:—'Harriet,' cried he, 'you are forgiven; you are my child once again.' Miss St. John wept, and could only say he was too good; her frame, weakened by fatigue, was overpowered, and she fainted.

It was now the care of Mary Ann and Eliza to watch over the invalid. Dearly had she paid for her mistaken ideas; and who that viewed her sufferings would not take warning to avoid her errors, when such sharp sorrow was their consequence?

'I fear poor Harriet cannot long survive,' said Mary Ann to Eliza one day, as they walked to the hermit's cell.

'Indeed she seems to droop daily,' returned Eliza with a tear of pity in her expressive eye.

'It is a painful conviction,' said Mary Ann, sighing, 'and seriously afflicts me.'

They now entered the hermitage, which had been lately repaired, and a magnificent temple erected near it, by the good sir Gilbert, to the satisfaction of the sisters.

Miss Goddard seated herself at her harp, and drew forth an air on death. Mary Ann bursted into tears; and at this moment a violin resounded in the valley in answer to Eliza, and a fine voice sung to it.

The ladies were bewildered in astonishment. Who could be the musician was the question; and as they bent their steps towards home their eyes wandered, but in vain, for the person who engaged all their thoughts.

Clowns only met their eyes, whose looks were, in the words of Sterne, 'fat contented ignorance looking downwards' upon the earth, and nothing resembling one who 'looked forward, and looked as if he looked at something beyond this world.'

CHAP. XIV.

ELIZA one day went for a drawing she had left in the hermitage, to shew Harriet; but she could nowhere find it, and, out of patience, she was leaving the place, when suddenly her eyes fell upon a paper

on the floor, which she eagerly snatched up, and beheld drawn by an unknown hand a landscape of the scenery around—the cell, the temple, and Eliza herself, sitting at her harp. There also was a young man in the habit of a shepherd, with his violin and dog, reclining under an oak a few yards off. And Eliza, with a thousand palpitations at her heart, of love and suspicion, returned home.

In the evening our heroine again bent her steps to the cell, and, with pleasure dancing at her heart, entered, and seated herself at the entrance. During her stay she was regaled by a variety of airs from the unknown musician, and did not leave the place until late. As she sallied out, a dog rushed towards her, and, tremendously barking, seized her white robe, and rent it between his teeth. Eliza gave a shriek of alarm, and a voice was heard to call ‘Fidelle! Fidelle!’ The agitated maid turned towards the sound, and beheld the form of Godolphin, who approached with quick steps.

‘Miss Goddard,’ said he, ‘I hope Fidelle has not harmed you?’ ‘He has not, I have been unnecessarily alarmed,’ answered she. After a pause he again addressed her, with, ‘May I enquire if miss Goddard will pardon the stratagem I have used to attract her attention, by playing the songs that first came from the lips of Eliza herself, and caused me to catch up this instrument?’

Eliza gazed with pleasure on the violin he held, and Godolphin, observing her looks, was transported. ‘Lovely Eliza!’ cried he, seizing her hand, ‘say, do you approve—do you pardon my boldness?’ Observing her blushes, he said, ‘I would not offend.’ Eliza was more and more embarrassed, and noticed Fidelle, to hide it. Godolphin now took her hand, muttered something of happi-

ness, and left her. Eliza followed him with her eyes till she could no longer discern him, when all her spirits vanished, and, with a deep dejection at her heart, she walked home.

Sir Gilbert held out a letter to her as she entered; and miss Goddard was rejoiced to find that lady Germain intended to call at Bridge on her way to Richmond, where she was going with miss Chambers and Isoline Bennet.

Harriet, overhearing that lady Germain was coming, entreated her father to have her removed.—‘I cannot meet those amiable women,’ said she, trembling—‘Oh sir, I will not meet their gaze, guilty as I am!’ Sir Gilbert replied, such persons ought rather to be sought; and Eliza, taking her hand, said—‘My dear sister, surely, need not fly the glances of my three charming friends; in their company you may pass many pleasurable hours, and are not obliged to see them when not so inclined. Let me entreat you not to make me wretched, by leaving our house.’

Harriet sighed:—‘I know not how to refuse you,’ returned she. ‘Ah, Eliza, how sweetly tender are thy melodious accents! how have I dreamed, never till now to know thy worth, Mary Ann’s tenderness, or the godlike goodness of sir Gilbert!—Eliza, your will is mine.’

‘Thank you, my love!’ said sir Gilbert, kissing off the tears that stood upon her pale cheek; ‘thank you, my good Harriet! you have cheered my heart.’

The day following lord Germain with the ladies arrived at sir Gilbert’s, and were welcomed by Eliza with that sweetness which so peculiarly marked her manners, and by her father with cheerful hospitality. Lady Germain was agreeably surprised at the news of Harriet’s return; but, alas! how many times

her bosom heaved with sighs whilst gazing on the form so dreadfully altered. She looked for the beauty she once possessed, but looked in vain. Her cheeks and lips were bloodless : her figure worn to a skeleton ; and she might have been taken for a marble image, if her full dark eyes had not oftentimes rolled with a fire shooting from them that appeared to penetrate the beholders.

One afternoon Harriet, casting her eyes upon a newspaper, read the death of sir Dennis O'Calloner, and, heaving a groan, she fainted on the bosom of sir Gilbert.—Eliza screamed, and the party assembled were greatly alarmed. For some days she was delirious ; and when returning health visited her frame her head was often disordered and her recollection lost.

One day lady Germain informed Eliza that she had received a letter from her brother, informing her he should see her while at Bridge. At his name Isoline blushed, and turned her beautiful face from Eliza.

‘He brings with him a young nobleman,’ added her ladyship : ‘you therefore must prepare yourself to meet them ; and you, my dear Isoline ! get ready for your friend the captain.’

Miss Bennet appeared greatly embarrassed, and, to ease her, Eliza changed the subject.

In the evening lord Jordan called at the castle :—‘Ladies,’ said he, ‘will you take a walk to the hermitage ? The weather is very fine.’ They agreed to the proposal, and left home in the utmost good-humour. As they reached the hermit's cell they discovered Harriet sitting by a willow, watering it with her tears, while low moans escaped her. Eliza, alarmed, advanced towards her ; but miss St. John flew swiftly past her, and in dreadful perturbation they returned home, and found her in extreme agitation.

CHAP. XV.

‘ELIZA, Eliza, my love !’—cried lady Germain next morning, as miss Goddard was dressing—‘my brother and his friend are arrived : come, my sweet girl, let us go down stairs.’ Eliza gave her hand to her, and lady Germain led her into the drawing-room, where she was greeted by captain Harrison and her beloved Godolphin, now lord Fitzhenry. Eliza appeared nearly fainting, and in the variation of her countenance his lordship read the secret of her heart. It added new fire to his speaking eye, and to his address an insinuating softness. The hours passed on wings of down with all ; pleasure danced in the brilliant eyes of Isoline, and smiles revelled round the beauteous mouth of Eliza.

Godolphin took the first opportunity of speaking to miss Goddard on the secret of his heart : they were sitting in the hermit's cell at the time he ventured to address her on the subject. Eliza blushed, trembled, and knew not what to reply. She muttered something in an under tone, but, blushing more deeply, was again silent.

‘My trembling angel !’ cried Fitzhenry, taking one of her hands—‘this sweet confusion becomes your virgin modesty, and adds to your divine beauty ; but, oh ! will you not attend to my passion ? Do you disregard my love ?’

Eliza's sweet eyes were suffused with tears as, in a voice falling into a soft tender tone, she answered—‘Ah ! my lord, can you doubt my attention to what you say ?’

‘Angelic accents !—You will listen to me ? Hear—I love you, beauteous Eliza !—Ah, will you now suffer me to speak to sir Gilbert ?’

‘What can I say ?’ cried Eliza, half speaking to herself.

'Say only that you will indulge my hopes.'

She smiled on him acquiescence; and, kissing her hand, he left the cell.

The delightful hopes Godolphin entertained were promptly related to sir Gilbert, who wished him very heartily success; and Eliza, the beautiful Eliza, attempted not to conceal her delight.

It was Mary Ann and Eliza's determination not to marry till Harriet was recovered: but miss St. John begged them not to protract their happiness on her account; and declared she should die easier if they consented to her wishes. With tears she urged her entreaties, and with tears her sisters agreed to her request.

They were at their seat at Bridge when the marriages took place between lord Fitzhenry and Eliza, lord Jordan and Mary Ann, captain Harrison and miss Bennet, and Mr. Fortescue and Ruth Chambers. The weddings were conducted with privacy; but few bid fairer for felicity.

Sir Gilbert Goddard continually resided with Eliza during his lifetime, and had the felicity of witnessing her happiness complete. Lady Jordan continued to diffuse content around her, and every voice cried aloud to Heaven for blessings on her beneficent head. Mr. and Mrs. Fortescue were loved and respected by all who knew them, for their many striking virtues; and Isoline, who took up her abode with the good Mrs. Harrison, blest in the smiles of her adored William, experienced not the care of a moment to ruffle her gentle temper or cloud her beautiful face with sorrow.

Three months after Eliza's marriage Harriet St. John breathed her last, in the arms of sir Gilbert; and this was the first grief that obtruded

on our heroine's happiness, or affected the spirits of Mary Ann. A splendid monument was erected to her memory; and lady Jordan often visits the spot, and sheds tears over it while regretting her fate.

At the time of lord Fitzhenry's marriage peace was proclaimed between England and France, to the great satisfaction of his lady and Isoline, whose throbbing bosoms received comfort from the sound: all their fears for their husbands' safety now were at rest; and none with more pleasure witnessed the rejoicings made upon the occasion than these lovely women, whose hearts were to greatly concerned in the welfare of their nation.

THE END.

*To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.*

SIR,

THE following admonitory letter, although anonymous, has met my most serious attention, and its advice will, I hope, not be thrown away: as I conceive it may be equally applicable (in some respects) to many ladies in Great Britain, I beg to tender it to their reflection through the medium of your publication, should your opinion respecting its being sufficiently interesting coincide with that of

your obedient servant,

C.

July, 1805.

'To Miss C——.

'IN the elevated rank of society in which Almighty Providence has placed you, many important facts, much useful information, and the most necessary advice, are wished to be conveyed to you: but your friends immediately around are nearly debar-

red that communication;—those who are your superiors and equals, in false compliment, not wishing seriously to interest you; the higher rank of those beneath you fearing to give offence; and your tenantry and inferiors not presuming to approach you. Thus situate, an anonymous, but sincere, well-wisher takes this method [by post] of transmitting his sentiments; actuated thereto by the purest wishes for your benefit, and that of human kind.

‘You were born heiress to a considerable estate, which, during your minority, has been accumulating for your future benefit; but at this moment you enjoy an ample use of it: you are blessed with health and understanding, have been nursed in the lap of prosperity, and, in fine, are surrounded with every temporal felicity. Yet you have made no use, or taken any advantage, of these favourable circumstances: you have lived alone for yourself; you have never benignly diffused these blessings around you, or contributed in any material degree to the good and happiness of your fellow creatures.

‘You are now of an age to reflect, that, richly gifted as you are, the most charitable exertions are immediately expected from you; and be assured that your humanity will ever be fully rewarded by the complacent satisfaction of doing good, by the extended, the heartfelt voice of the multitude, and by the discerning praise of superior society, to whose rank it will entitle you, more than birth or fortune; for who are so amiably exalted as those many truly noble ladies who in this age have so laudably distinguished themselves in the relief of distress, and the general cause of philanthropy?

‘Your own good sense will point out numberless instances in which you may have an opportunity to exert your benevolence, particularly in the parish

of which you are *apparent* owner and patroness; a few of which I must be permitted to recapitulate:—in the first place, to alleviate any distress or calamity that may unhappily befall your tenantry, and upon no account to increase their several rents beyond what their industry can realize in these hard times, with justice to their families and yourself.

‘To your cottagers dispense still greater lenity: personally visit the poorer part of them; cheer them by your condescension, your tenderness, and your bounty, when oppressed by want, by sickness, or by misfortune; for be assured that at no period of your existence will you appear so divinely amiable, as when soothing the sorrow of the afflicted, or drying the tears of the unfortunate: even at other periods kindly investigate their little concerns, and add your beneficence when wanting to their prosperity, or your correcting advice if improperly conducted.

‘Thus you will gain endless and the worthiest praise; it will attend you while living, and embalm your memory when no more: whereas the contrary conduct will class you among that common-place set of beings who pass through life without an intentional good action, whose charity is confined to the *dash* of an advertised subscription, and whose fortunes are spent in dissipation; being rather a curse to their immediate dependants than otherwise.

‘That you are positively wanting in humanity and every virtue I by no means wish to imagine; but you require a stimulus, a direction to your efforts, and rousing from the lethargy in which you are apparently plunged, or surely you would never so palpably neglect the church adjoining your mansion, where the roof is tottering, and dangerously suspended over the heads of the congregation; where the damp green incrustated walls chill all devo-

tion, and nearly preclude its exercise; and where the tattered achievement of your father, trembling at every gust through the broken casement, shamefully reproaches this neglect to the sacred depository of your ancestors; while a few pounds properly directed (without having recourse to the parish, already overburthened) would entirely repair the whole fabric.

‘Further, is not a still greater lethargy apparent in your total neglect of the most useful establishment that ever adorned and benefited the village of——? I allude to the Sunday school established by your late vicar; which, prior to his death, had rapidly increased, to the visible amendment of the lives and morals of the youth around; but now is on the point of final decay, and will absolutely be given up, for the want of finances and a trifling assistance.

‘Here, then, is an important opportunity for you to step forward, and, like a guardian angel, avert the impending destruction of so very useful an establishment: and which would be increased, if extended to the——, by forming another school in that populous hamlet, on the same plan; now disturbed each Sunday with the mischief, destruction, indolence, and vice, of its younger branches.

‘In short, were I to enumerate the entire limits of your neglected duty it would occupy a still greater space than I have already unavoidably taken; and it is far better left to your own heart, and the dictates of conscience, which will unerringly point out what you ought to do. I submit these hints to the consideration of that understanding which the Almighty has favoured you with: put that to a proper use, and you will immediately perceive what I have written is the truth, and tendered to you from the best of motives.

‘Anticipating this favourable re-

ception, I shall anxiously await the effect, and hope it will preclude all further address, from

‘ARIEL.’

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

IF the following miscellaneous observations meet your approbation, the insertion of them in your agreeable and instructive repository will much oblige

your constant reader,
Whitehaven, July 2, 1805. I. F.

It has been remarked by a judicious critic, with respect to the learning of the sixteenth century, that it abounded more with learned men than the seventeenth, and yet this latter age was much more enlightened than the former. During the reign of criticism and philology several prodigies of erudition arose in all parts of Europe. The study of experimental philosophy and that of modern languages introduced another taste. Men were no longer fond of treasuring up so prodigious a stock of learning; but, to compensate this, a certain more delicate and refined genius, accompanied with a more exquisite discernment, diffused itself over the republic of letters: in a word, the men of this age were not so learned, but their abilities were greater. Acontius, a philosopher of the sixteenth century, said that he took the more pains with his works, because he foresaw a more enlightened age approaching than that in which he lived. Rapin confirms these opinions, by saying of his own times, ‘Sense and reason are more attended to now than any thing else. It may be said to the praise of our contemporaries, that we are better acquainted with the character of an-

cient authors, and enter more into the soul of their writings, than our predecessors. The difference between them and us is, that in the last age erudition was much more in fashion than it is in ours. It was the genius of those times, in which nothing was more admired and extolled than a great capacity and profound literature. Languages were then thoroughly studied: the literati employed themselves in restoring the text of ancient writers by far-fetched interpretations, cavilling about an equivocal expression, inventing conjectures on which to establish corrections; in fine, these men confined themselves to the literal sense of an author, because they had not genius sufficient to soar so high as his spirit and genius in order to understand him fully: but the men of this age, who are not so learned, have more sound understanding, and set a much higher value on plain good sense than upon an injudicious capacity.'

There are many who condemn the liberty of philosophising upon religious subjects, as a practice which leads insensibly to atheism or deism. Acosta, the celebrated Portuguese, is one instance. He refused to comply with the decisions of the Catholic church, because he did not find them consistent with reason; and he embraced the Jewish religion, because he found it more conformable to the knowledge which he had acquired. He afterwards rejected a number of Jewish traditions, because he judged they were not contained in the holy scriptures; he even denied the immortality of the soul, upon pretence that it is not mentioned in the law of God; and, lastly, he denied the divinity of the books of Moses, because he thought that the religion was not conformable to the ordinances of that legislator. Had he lived six or seven years longer, he, possibly, would have denied the religion of nature, because his reason would have suggested a

great number of difficulties in the hypothesis concerning the providence and free-will of the eternal and necessary Being. Be this as it will, reason is a guide that often leads us astray; and we may compare philosophy to certain medical powders that are of so corrosive a nature, that they not only eat away the proud flesh of a wound, but the sound also. Philosophy refutes errors at first; but in case she is not stopped there she attacks truths; and if suffered to grow headstrong, she goes such lengths, that she loses herself, and does not know where to fix. This must be imputed either to the weakness of the mind of man, or to the ill use he makes of his pretended strength. Happily, or rather by the wise dispensation of Providence, few men are capable of falling into this abuse.

Oaths, notwithstanding the solemn importance we annex to them, have too often been used as an honourable tie between men, without any reference to the Deity. In the time of Alaric, king of the Goths, Jovius made the emperor swear that he would never make peace with Alaric. He himself took the same oath, by putting his hand on the emperor's head; and obliged all those who held any civil or military employments to follow his example. Zoizimus observes upon this, that if they had sworn by God, perhaps they might have been at liberty to break their oath, in hopes that God, who is a benevolent and merciful being, might forgive their impiety; but as they had sworn by the emperor's head, they were no longer at liberty to act against their oath.

Although the substance of the following precepts is now become common and commonly received, yet, as expressed by Plato, there is much point and elegance in them:—'Pleasure and pain,' says he, 'are like two copious streams, which nature has distributed

among men, and in which they dip at a venture, for happiness or misery. These are the two first feelings of our infancy, and those which direct all our actions in a more advanced age. But let us beware lest such guides seduce us into errors. A young man therefore must be taught betimes to be diffident of their suggestions, and not to contract in his earlier years any habit that may not eventually be justified by reason. Let example, conversation, sciences, bodily exercises, every thing, in short, concur to make him love and hate from the present moment what it is his duty to love and hate for his whole life.'

LONDON FASHIONABLE FULL DRESS.

(With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.)

SHORT dress of coloured silk or muslin, over a long dress of white satin, or lawn; trimmed down the front and bottom with lace, or worked muslin: short sleeves fastened at the shoulder with a broach: muslin handkerchief or turban for the head-dress: silk gloves; and kid shoes.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

WHITE and yellow straw-hats, some with long brims in front, and others with none at all; the former sometimes trimmed with a violet ribband, and the latter ornamented with artificial ears of corn, are still in vogue. The robes are in general short, of white muslin, and embroidered at the bottom, sometimes

with green foliage and red roses. The sleeves are short and puckered. Shawls of cashmere or embroidered silk are still much worn; with long yellow or white gloves, and white or violet shoes.

THE RUSSIAN SAINTS.

AN ANECDOTE.

IT was formerly a custom with the Russians, when they entered a room, to make their first bow to the image of a saint, set up in some conspicuous place, and generally over the chimney. They made the sign of the cross, and then saluted the mistress of the house. Under the reign of Peter I. foreigners began to settle in Russia; and they placed large looking-glasses over the chimneys. The Russians, on entering the room, looked, as usual, for the saint; and seeing themselves in the glass, made a low bow, which, to their great surprise, the supposed saint returned.—'Well!' said they, 'it must be confessed that the saints of these foreigners are much more polite and well-bred than our own.'

ANECDOTE OF GEORGE II.

DURING the rebellion in 1745, this illustrious monarch came to the council-board some time after the council had been sitting. He asked them the subject of their deliberations; and was told that they were considering how to take care of his sacred person, that it should come to no harm. 'Gentlemen,' replied he nobly, 'take care of yourselves; as for myself, I am resolved to die king of England.'

THE
COUNTRY TOWN,

A COMEDY.

(Continued from p. 378.)

ACT III.

SCENE XI.

Madame GUIBERT, DELILLE,
DESROCHES.

*Enter DUBOIS, with a Trunk and
Portmanteau.*

Dubois. Pray, does not madame
Guibert live here?

Madame Guibert. Yes, friend:
what would you have?

Dubois. (*Seeing Delille and Des-
roches*) Oh, gentlemen, you are
here! then I know I am right.—
Madam, will you tell me, or desire
one of your servants to shew me,
which are the apartments of these
gentlemen?

Madame Guibert. Presently, friend
—Francis shall shew you.—Francis!
(*calling*)—Francis!—Good heavens!
gentlemen—

Desroches. You seem, madam,
to be somewhat embarrassed: what
is the matter?

Madame Guibert. Indeed, I am
very much embarrassed; for Francis,
my domestic, has told me, while you
were at your inn, that the room I
had designed for you cannot be made
use of, as it is full of lumber.

Delille. Indeed! madam.

Dubois. Well, till you can settle
it, I shall sit down and rest myself.
(*Puts down the trunk and portmanteau,
and sits on them.*)

Madame Guibert. No, no, friend:
do not be in such a hurry to put
down your trunks; as you will, per-
haps, almost immediately—

Desroches. But, madam, if it is
so very inconvenient—

Madame Guibert. Stay, I will
make further enquiry; and you shall
certainly have the apartment, if it is
in any way possible.

SCENE XII.

Enter FRANCIS.

Francis. Here am I, madam.

Madame Guibert. Well, is the
apartment I intended for these gen-
tlemen ready for them? (*Making
signs to him to say no.*)

Francis. Not yet, madam.

Madame Guibert. Not yet! Was
ever any thing so provoking! What,
will my kind neighbour Girand
always make it a warehouse for
his goods? (*Still making signs to
Francis.*)

Delille. Your neighbour Girand!
—A warehouse for his goods!

Madame Guibert. This is the way
one is made a dupe to one's polite-
ness and good nature!—Knowing that
this apartment was empty, Mr. Gi-
rand begged me to let him put some
goods in it which he had not con-
venient room for in his shop; and
now I want it again, he cannot re-
move them, he says, under four
days—(*Continuing to make signs
to Francis.*)—Is not that what you
told me, Francis?

Francis. Yes, madam—yes—
four days—that was what I told
you.—(*Aside*) There is an end to
all the perquisites I had flattered
myself with!

Madame Guibert. But I do not
understand this—Surely, I ought to
be mistress of my own house! I
will go this moment to Mr. Girand—

Desroches. No, madam, by no
means; we cannot suffer it.

Madame Guibert. I have lost all
patience; I cannot put up with such
treatment.

Delille. Oh! madam, do not let such a trifle discompose you so much.

SCENE XIII.

*Madame GUIBERT, DESROCHES,
DELILLE, DUBOIS, FRANCIS,
—Madame SENNEVILLE.*

Madame Senneville. Good morning, my dear madame Guibert; it is an age since I have seen you, my dear.

Desroches. Madame Senneville!

Madame Senneville. What, here are our two amiable travellers! I expected to find them—And your charming daughter, where is she? let me embrace her—The whole town already knows that these gentlemen are to lodge with you. Apropos! I come to engage you to dine with me to-morrow, without injury to the assembly, at which I expect you in the evening. You will bring with you my dear Flora. Your two agreeable guests have already promised me.—I know every thing. You have taken them away by absolute force, as I may say, from their inn. That is like yourself. Madame Guibert is well known to carry politeness and courtesy to the utmost extreme.

Madame Guibert. Ah! you are too good; but I am very far from meriting your praises.

Madame Senneville. What do you say? Sure there is no mistake!

Delille. It only happens that madame Guibert has it not in her power to carry into execution her good intentions.

Madame Senneville. What do you mean?

Madame Guibert. I had flattered myself that I was able to accommodate these gentlemen with a lodging—

Madame Senneville. And you cannot?

Delille. No, madam; Mr. Girard, a neighbour, has, it seems, made the rooms a warehouse.

Madame Guibert. I assure you it distresses me in a manner I am unable to express.

Desroches. For Heaven's sake, do not let that distress you, madam; we will soon find another inn.

Delille. Yes, there will be no difficulty in that.—Come, Dubois, take the trunks. (*Dubois rises, and prepares to take up the trunk and portmanteau.*)

Madame Senneville. By no means. (*To Dubois*) Stay, friend, a moment.—I am persuaded of the reality of the obstacle which prevents madame Guibert from affording you a lodging—

Madame Guibert. I hope, madam, nobody can suspect that it is not real.

Madame Senneville. Nobody, most certainly; and I less than any person. But permit me to congratulate myself on this accident; since it affords me an opportunity to repair a defect in my own politeness, with which my uncle has continually upbraided me ever since I told him of the arrival of these gentlemen.

Delille. What do you mean?

Madame Senneville. In not immediately offering you the accommodation of a lodging at our house.

Delille. This is equally extraordinary and fortunate;—a difficulty on the one hand only produces an invitation on the other.

Madame Senneville. Yes, gentlemen, you shall lodge with us. My uncle, Ambrose Senneville, the companion and friend of your uncle, Mr. Desroches, joins with me in the invitation. (*To madame Guibert*) You will not be offended with me, madam, for completing the good intentions which it was not in your power to carry in effect?

Madame Guibert. I offended at

you, madam ! You must be very little acquainted with my character to think such a thing. (*Aside*) Impertinent minx !

Desroches. But, madam, I do not know whether I ought to accept—

Madame Senneville. I have no neighbours to make my rooms their warehouses ; and I shall find myself offended if you hesitate.

Delille. My friend, madam, will not, I am sure, persist in refusing the request of a fine woman.

Madame Senneville. No, I think he has too much gallantry for that. (*To Dubois*) Friend, carry this trunk and portmanteau to my house ; it is not two steps from hence. My waiting-maid will shew you the apartments intended for your masters.

Madame Guibert. My servant shall shew you the way, friend, with madame Senneville's permission.

Madame Senneville. If you please, madam. You are too good.

Dubois. (*taking up the trunks*) I will go immediately. (*Aside*) I think this baggage of my good masters will be pretty well carried about the town to-day, before I have done with it.

[*Exit with Francis.*]

SCENE XIV.

MADAME GUIBERT, DESROCHES, DELILLE, MADAME SENNEVILLE.

Madame Senneville. (*to Desroches*) Well, sir, how do you proceed with Mr. Vernon, and his celestial sister ?

Desroches. How, madam ! are you acquainted with—

Madame Guibert. Acquainted with what ?

Madame Senneville. An adventure ; a pleasant mistake of this gentleman's.

Desroches. Who can have told you—

Madame Senneville. Twenty persons.—Mr. Vernon related the whole story to his counsel, the counsel to the attorney, the attorney to his clerk, and the clerk to my waiting-maid, to whom he makes love.

Delille. You see, my friend, what secrecy there is in a country town.

Madame Guibert. I hope all that has passed here will not likewise be made the town talk.

Madame Senneville. What can be talked of, madam, which will not be to your praise ? Besides, by your prudent conduct you have long since placed yourself out of the reach of all such talking.

Madame Guibert. That is a science with which some other ladies are much better acquainted than I am, madam.

Madame Senneville. It is not very easy to be so, I believe, madam.

Desroches. For Heaven's sake ! ladies—

Madame Senneville. Oh, she likes to be a little severe upon me ; but we can both indulge in this kind of wit without quarrelling ; can we not, madam ?

Madame Guibert. Oh, certainly. (*To Delille*) I cannot bear that woman ; she affects an air of superiority over every body that is intolerable.

Madame Senneville. (*to Desroches*) Poor woman ! what a passion she is in.

SCENE XV.

Enter FRANCIS.

Francis. Madam, I have been with the servant of these gentlemen to your house ; but your maid Lucilla will not let the trunks be brought in.

Madame Senneville. What do you say ? my maid Lucilla will not let the trunks be brought in ?

Delille. (to *Desroches*) You will find, I doubt, that our accommodation will again meet with difficulties.

Madame Senneville. Believe me, gentlemen, I will soon teach my maid other behaviour. Come with me: give me your hand, Mr. *Desroches*. I ask a thousand pardons, dear madam, for so hastily carrying away your agreeable guests; but it could not be avoided, you know. You will come soon, my dear. I expect you this evening;—and to-morrow to dinner, with your amiable daughter.—Do not fail.

Desroches. (to *madame Guibert*) Believe me, madam, we leave you full of gratitude for the politeness we have experienced from you.

Delille. We have met with too agreeable a reception not to return as soon as we shall have an opportunity.

Madame Guibert. (conducting them to the door) I hope you will; you will always be truly welcome.—
(*Aside to Francis*) Francis, if these gentry should come again, do not fail to tell them I am not at home.

Francis. No, madam.

END OF ACT III.

On the PERSONS, DRESS, and MANNERS, of the HIGHLANDERS.

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

IT cannot be doubted that elegance of dress and manners gives a lustre to beauty, and excites the senses through the medium of the imagination: it has even been observed, that were it the fashion to go naked the face would hardly be noticed; certain it is, that the bare feet very much attracted our attention: the conspicuously active spring of the

ball of the foot, and the powerful grasp of the toes, increased our knowledge, by exhibiting the beauty and utility of that member. All the highlanders walk with firmness and agility. We saw not a single instance of a female turning in her toes, or stepping with a stiff bent knee.

We remarked, that, north of Glasgow, we had not beheld one individual, man, woman, or child, crooked; and that, though their feet were freely applied to rugged roads and gravelly shores, they yet did not appear to have received any injury.

The rude mode of living of the highlanders seems in many respects not dissimilar to that described by Hollingshed, at the close of the fifteenth century, in England. 'Considerable towns,' he observes, 'had hardly a house with a chimney in it; the smoke sought its way out at the roof or door; the houses were nothing but watling, plastered over with clay: pillows were only used for women in child-bed. Students dined at eleven, and supped at five o'clock. The merchants of London seldom dined before twelve at noon, or supped before six at night.'

We naturally expected to have seen the tartan plaid much worn, but we did not meet any one in this highland dress; in the philibeg and bonnet very seldom; and the ancient costume seems to be entirely laid aside.

We observed that all the people in the highlands had linen next their skins. In this respect, if the humorous remark of the learned Arbuthnot be true, they are more comfortable than were the imperial Cæsars; for 'Augustus had neither glass to his windows nor a shirt to his back.'

The young women let their hair grow long behind, and twist and fasten it on the top of the head with

a comb, and thus wear it without caps. They, as well as the men, are uniformly short in stature, uncumbered with flesh, and very active; but their faces are rarely handsome, and generally, as we thought, indicated the appearance of premature old-age. Their features are probably hardened by exposure to the severe blasts of winter, contracted into a most unsightly grin by labour, soured by want and misery, and oppressed with deep dejection of spirit.

The manners of the people, however, are easy, respectful, and agreeable, showing simplicity mingled with intelligence, and an openness of manner and behaviour superior to disguise or artifice, and possessing great presence of mind and ready wit, which have often been remarked to appertain to those living in mountainous countries. Their general agility proved that they could

‘Foot it featly here and there;’

but, alas! when the heart does not rejoice, gladness cannot be communicated to the feet. Though there was much equability of temper, there was no mirth. Were they indeed disposed to those amusements which require the participation of numbers, they are commonly too thinly scattered to form such harmonising sports.

The powerful influence of the bagpipe over the highlanders is well known; it roused them from security, and collected them when dispersed: their attachment to it was not unlike that of the ancient Germans to the animating strains of their bards, which excited the desire of fame and the contempt of death. At the battle of Quebec (1759), we are told that general Fraser, in answer to a complaint made of the misconduct of his regiment, informed the commander in chief he had done wrong in forbidding the pipes

to play. ‘Let them blow,’ he exclaimed, ‘like the devil, if they will but bring back the men.’ The moment the pipes struck up a favourite martial air, the highlanders formed with the utmost intrepidity.

It seems hardly possible to be amongst a people whose wild and inhospitable country prevents their participating in the comforts of their neighbours without sympathising with their wants, and feeling a strong interest in their welfare. We doubted if the traveller could be more safe from harm, even amongst the simple and innocent Laplanders. Dr. Johnson’s remark that ‘mountaineers are thievish,’ is erroneous; and applied to the Scotch highlanders is particularly unjust.

Their patient sufferance of toil, connected with an almost total exclusion from enjoyment, fills the stranger with regret that these high-spirited and virtuous natives should be driven to emigration. The inhospitable ruggedness and sterility of the country might seem to be hardship enough; but the ingrossing of farms is necessarily inflicting a much deeper wound on the vitals of the country than the greatest severities could do. It is in vain for the advocates for large farms to affirm that this system, by increasing the rent of the landlord, must therefore increase the general population. The ruinous vestiges of cottages, with their small appendant inclosures, containing grass, corn, and potatoes, which had been cultivated with infinite labour, too plainly evince the contrary. These, now mingling with the general waste, furnish but too incontrovertible proofs of the decay of those intrepid mountaineers, who in any struggle for independence would form our best national security.

Though ferocity, authorised and cherished by their chiefs, entered in-

to the composition of the highlanders, that seems now to have left them; but ferocity does not constitute courage. Give their active souls, visible in their lively eyes, but a proper sphere for their bravery; and be assured, though their dignity is depressed, and though happily their courage is not whetted by domestic animosity, that their military ardour will not be found abated. To their rugged lives, war would be a scene of festivity. The little necessary to the support of a highlander would astonish an English soldier; and the little that would sustain a still more hardy race would astonish both.

The highlander, on long journeys, over hills, destitute of human support, will for a long time repel the attacks of hunger by eating dried roots. The Tartars, we are told by Gibbon, on the sudden emergency of a hasty march, provided themselves with a quantity of little balls of cheese, or hard curd, which they occasionally dissolved in water; and that this unsubstantial diet would support for many days the life and even the spirits of the patient warrior.

It is doubted whether this elegant English historian could have selected, throughout his vast researches, a more striking proof of the fierce bravery of the Tartars than the classic annalist of Scotland (Buchanan) has given of the highlanders.

'In 1396, a private war existed between the clan Chattan and the clan Kay, which was decided in a manner parallel to the combat between the Horatii and the Curiatii. A cruel feud raged between these warlike tribes, which the king (Robert III.) in vain endeavoured to reconcile. At length the earls of Crawford and Dunbar proposed that the difference should be determined by the sword, by thirty champions on each side. The warriors were chosen,

the day of combat fixed, the field appointed, and the king and his nobility assembled as spectators. On reviewing the combatants, one of the clan Chattan, seized with a panic, was missing; when it was proposed, in order to form a parity of numbers, that one of the clan Kay should withdraw: but such was the spirit of that brave people, that not one could be induced to resign the honour and danger of the day. At length one Henry Wind, a saddler, who happened accidentally to be present, offered to supply the place of the deserter, for the small sum of a French crown of gold. He was accepted, the combat began, and Henry fairly earned his pay; for by his prowess victory declared itself in favour of his party. Of that of the clan Chattan only ten and the volunteer were left alive, and every one of them dangerously wounded. Of the clan Kay only one survived, who, declining so unequal a combat, flung himself into the Tay, and swam over unhurt to the opposite side.'

That instability of national grandeur, so much affected by the mad ambition of a few individuals, shows the necessity of our being not wholly commercial. Of this these highlanders themselves gave us, in the year 1745, an unequivocal lesson.

'In future times,' says Pennant, 'posterity will almost doubt the fact, when they read that an inconsiderable band of mountaineers, undisciplined, unofficered, and half-armed, had penetrated into the centre of an unfriendly country, with one army behind them, and another in their front; that they rested at Derby a few days; and that they retreated above three hundred miles, with scarcely any loss, continually pressed by a foe supplied with every advantage that loyalty could afford.'

If the attachment of the highlander to an excluded family once

rendered him dangerous to our government, it is now at an end: both nature and habit fit him, who has emphatically been said to fight by instinct, for the severest duties of a soldier; and, surely, it cannot be policy to export these heroes to the wilds of Canada, or drive them to the back settlements of Kentucky! It is not easy to find a remedy for the evil, which will not interfere with the inalienable right of disposing of our property as we please; yet, unless the evil be exposed, it is not probable that a remedy will be applied.

The highlander has deeply to lament, though not owing to any want on his part of vigilance or activity, the loss of those small patches of cultivated earth, and those humble cottages, which were left him by his industrious ancestors; he must behold with pain nature resuming her rights, effacing his operations, and covering with moss and heath his best efforts; but still he has the consolation of reflecting that he clung to his country as long as he was permitted to cultivate it, and as long as it was habitable.

Continuing our route through an avenue consisting almost entirely of ash trees, we reached Luss, where we bade farewell to the highlands. While our horses were feeding and resting, we amused ourselves with walking about the village, and along the shores of the lake. One of the houses, built like that in Glen-croe, we entered. The fire was here also in the middle of the floor, and the smoke was left to find its way out at the door, and through the holes which admitted the light. It contained two slovenly young women, who were sitting idly near the glowing embers, enjoying the comforts of smarting eyes and suffocation, though the pure air and the sum-

mer sun were to be enjoyed on the outside of their habitation. Here no violence is suffered from those unwholesome clouds, and here the strong expression of dislike used by Shakspeare, 'worse than a smoky house,' loses its force.

We visited another dwelling, which was somewhat larger, and much neater. Its possessor was the wife of a servant of sir James Colquhoun, who has a fine mansion at the southern extremity of the lake. She had learnt, in respectable families, the divine habits of cleanliness and industry.

The hardy Caledonians divert themselves with the effeminacy of their neighbours of the south, and among their gibes mention, that at this place two English travellers (cockneys of course) arrived, with a full determination of making the tour of the highlands. In the morning, however, when they had mounted their tandem, one of them, alarmed at the thick mists and hanging clouds around them, observed to his companion, that, 'beyond those mountains he was sure the sun never shone; and the other being of the same opinion, they immediately turned their horses round, and hastened back to the sun-shine of the Seven-dials, and the clear atmosphere of Exeter-change.

In a large company of Scotch gentlemen, where this anecdote was related, we were not sparing of our compliments to their country, of which those, at least, relative to their hospitality were most sincere; for never was a nation more courteous in their reception of strangers, or more solicitous to conciliate by their kindness those whom they enlighten by their intelligence. If, in some respects, our gratitude led us, in our acknowledgements, beyond the strict boundary of truth, we found their national, like individual, modesty so

mild a virtue as easily to pardon the insult of flattery.

After ridiculing the effeminacy of the English, the grave gentlemen of the company spared not our real or supposed vices; and prognosticated that but for themselves the most fatal consequences would ensue from the decay of public manners. It seemed to be their opinion, that degeneracy had debased our sentiments, enervated our courage, and depressed our talents; whilst these giants of the north, being out of the reach of the contagion, had by their union with us preserved the only remaining spirit and capacity in the kingdom.

In answer to these observations, the application of a reply made above two thousand years since, to similar complaints, had a whimsical effect. — 'This is so true, that I remember, when I was a boy, I heard my father say all was lost by the immorality of the people; and, when he was a boy, he heard my grandfather say the same thing.'

It must, however, be admitted, that the Scots have little disposition to retaliate upon their southern neighbours for their national reflections. We wished they had possessed the spirit and the humour to rebut, and to laugh at these jokes; for we suspected that at first Dr. Johnson's remarks were expressed in jocularly; and that, when he found he had created enemies, he became himself soured into serious hostility, and then spared neither country nor inhabitants.

It was impossible to leave the Highlands without regretting that cultivated and inquisitive men had not employed their leisure, agreeably to themselves and profitably to the state, in viewing and recording the life, condition, and manners, of this sequestered race. Probably here they would find humanity in as simple a state as many travellers have gone

thousands of miles to witness; and if it be more natural and more advantageous to introduce agricultural improvements, encourage manufactures and fisheries, and give excitement to the industry of our countrymen, than to waste our benevolence in theoretical and impracticable projects of universal good, surely it will be deemed no idle or useless avocation to visit the Highlands.

The life of the Highlander was formerly, like that of all rude nations, squandered in extreme sloth, except he was roused by some great necessity. Extraordinary exertion necessarily requires long rest, and hence all barbarians are by turns the most restless and the most indolent of mankind; but indolence more easily slides into habit.

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

PART II.

(Continued from p. 341.)

LETTER XV.

*From Eugenia to the Right Hon.
Lady L——*

ONE of the most remarkable birds included in the order of the pies is that which, from its beauty, and the extravagant fictions to which possibly that beauty gave rise, has been called the

BIRD OF PARADISE.

THE fabulous accounts of this bird, which, if not implicitly received by, at least long perplexed even judicious naturalists, asserted that it was during its whole life continually on the wing, and that as it never alighted it was unprovided with legs, which must consequently be useless;

that its sustenance was solely the dew of heaven; and that it even bred in the air, the female laying and brooding over her eggs on the back of the male, which had a cavity formed in it by nature for their reception. As these birds, however, notwithstanding their beauty and extraordinary qualities, are mortal, they at length die, and drop to the ground which they had never touched before. They were supposed to sleep on the wing; though some admitted that they would suspend themselves for a few moments from the branches of lofty trees, by means of the long filaments of their tails.

The enquiries however of modern travellers, and especially of M. Sonnerat in his voyage to New Guinea, have furnished us with rational and accurate accounts of the nature and habits of this bird; and it is now known that it is not destitute of legs, but furnished by nature with very large and strong ones. The natives of the Moluccas, however, where this bird is common, perceiving that the Europeans were anxious to purchase it on account of the beauty of its plumage, and being aware that its feet by no means corresponded with its elegant appearance in other respects, they cut them off, and when they were enquired after asserted that this species of bird never had any; inventing and adding the fables already recounted in confirmation of their assertion.

Of this bird there are two principal species; the *Greater Bird of Paradise*, and the *King of the Birds of Paradise*, or the *Manucode*.

THE GREATER BIRD OF PARADISE

Is about the size of a thrush or small pigeon, but appears much larger, from the abundance of its plumage. The head, back, and

breast, are covered with short straight feathers, which, to the touch, are soft like velvet, and so changeable in their hues, that they vary continually, according to the different points from which they are viewed. Besides these there are a number of long feathers which rise on each side between the wing and the thigh, and which, extending much beyond the true tail, and mingling with it, form a sort of false tail, which many observers have mistaken. Two long filaments take their rise above the true tail, and extend more than a foot beyond the false one. The head is very small in proportion to the body; the eyes still smaller, and placed near the opening of the bill, which is slightly bent, and has the base covered with downy feathers. The tail, which is about six inches, is as long as the body: the wings are large, compared with the other dimensions of the bird. The head, throat, and neck, are of a pale gold colour; the hinder part of the head of a shining green mixed with gold. The body and wings are chiefly covered with beautiful brown, purple, and gold feathers. The uppermost part of the tail-feathers is of a pale yellow, and those under them white, and longer than the former; for which reason the hinder part of the tail appears to be all white. The two long naked feathers or filaments above mentioned are bearded only at the beginning and the end; the whole shaft, for above two feet nine inches, being of a deep black, while the feathered extremity is of a changeable colour.

This beautiful bird is almost entirely confined to New Guinea, the islands of Arou, and some of the Moluccas. They are supposed to breed in New Guinea, and to reside there during the wet monsoon; but they retire to the Arou isles, about a hundred and forty miles to the eastward, during the dry

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



The Greater Paradise.

or western monsoon. They usually migrate in flocks of thirty or forty, and have, it is said, a leader, called by the inhabitants of the Arou islands the king of the birds of paradise, of which I shall say more presently. They never fly with the wind, as in that case their loose plumage would be ruffled and blown over their heads; and a change of wind often compels them to alight on the ground, from which they cannot rise without great difficulty. When they are surprised by a heavy gale, they instantly soar to a higher region beyond the reach of the tempest, where, in a serene sky, they float at ease on their light flowing feathers, or pursue their journey in security. During their flight they cry like starlings; but when a storm blows in their rear they express their distressed situation by a note somewhat resembling the croaking of a raven.

They never willingly alight but on the highest trees. The food on which they subsist does not appear to be known with certainty: some have thought that, since their residence is confined to the Spice Islands and New Guinea, they must be supported principally by some aromatic productions. Linnæus, however, says that they feed on insects, and principally the butterfly; and that in calm weather great numbers of these birds may be seen flying both in companies and singly, in pursuit of the larger butterflies and other insects on which they feed. According to Bontius, they sometimes prey on small birds.

In what manner these birds breed, or what number of eggs they lay, appears to be still unascertained.

Belon has supposed that this bird was the phoenix of the ancients; but the countries which the one inhabits and the other was supposed to inhabit seem to be too distant to accord with such an hypothesis; the phoenix

being described as appearing in Arabia and Egypt, while the bird of paradise is a native of the eastern parts of Asia, which were very little known to the ancients.

It does not, in fact, appear that this bird was known either to the Greeks or Romans. The very singular characters by which it is so remarkably distinguished from all the other tribes of the feathered race could not have been unnoticed by them.

Marcgrave, in his account of the birds of Brazil, has inserted a description of one of this species: but it does not seem probable that any of them were ever seen in America, as none have ever been imported from that continent; and a bird clothed in such delicate swelling plumage could not traverse the wide expanse of ocean which divides the two continents of Asia and America, near the equator, where these birds are found.

Clusius, on the authority of mariners who derived their information from common report, states that there are two species of this bird; the one large and beautiful, which inhabits the islands of Arou, and the other of a smaller size and inferior in beauty, which is an inhabitant of New Guinea, near Giloto. Helbigius, who had received the same information in the islands of Arou, adds, that the birds of paradise of New Guinea differ from those of Arou not only in size, but in the colours of the plumage. Both these species, according to the same accounts, have a chief or leader, which appears to be a distinct species, usually described under the denomination of

THE KING OF THE BIRDS OF PARADISE.

It is called by the Indians *Manucodiata*, which, it is said, signifies the

bird of God, whence Buffon calls it the Manucode. According to the traditions in the east, which Clusius received from the mariners in those seas, the royal mandates of this bird are received with submissive obedience by a numerous train of subjects. His majesty, it is said, always flies far above the flock, which never desert him, but always settle in the same place where he chooses to alight. It is even extravagantly pretended that he issues orders to them to go and examine the springs where he may drink with safety, and to taste of them before him.

Without enlarging, however, on these fables, I shall endeavour to give as authentic a description as can be procured of this supposed sovereign, who in many respects resembles this species of birds, but in more, perhaps, differs from them. His head has the same velvet covering, and is small in comparative size; his eyes are still smaller, and are situated near the corner of the opening of the bill; his feet are rather long and firm; the colours of his plumage are glossy; the two filaments of his tail nearly similar, except that they are shorter, and their extremity, which is furnished with webs, forms a curl, by rolling into itself, and is ornamented with spangles, resembling in miniature those of the peacock. He also has beneath the wing a bunch of seven or eight feathers, which are longer than in most birds, but not so long as those of the common bird of paradise, and of a different shape, for they are edged through their whole extent with webs of adhering filaments.

The arrival of the flocks of the birds of paradise at Arou from New Guinea is watched by the natives,

who either shoot them with blunt arrows, or catch them with bird-lime, or in nooses. When caught they make a vigorous resistance, and defend themselves stoutly with their bills. They are instantly killed, the entrails and breast-bone are taken out, and they are then dried with smoke and sulphur for exportation to Banda, where they are sold for half a rix-dollar each. They are sent to all parts of India and to Persia, to adorn the turbans of persons of rank, and even the trappings of the horses: they have also occasionally contributed an additional ornament to the elegant head-dresses of the British fair.

There are some other species of this bird, or at least related to it, described by Buffon and other modern naturalists. These are, the *magnificent bird of paradise*, principally distinguished by two tufts behind the neck, and at its origin; and the two filaments of the tail being of a blue colour, changing into a lucid green:—the *black manucode of New Guinea*, called by Latham the *superb paradise bird*, the predominant colour of the plumage of which is a rich velvet black, decorated under the neck with reflections of deep violet:—the *sifilet*, or *manucode with six filaments*, it having six instead of two of those filaments, which may be considered as the specific character of the manucodes; it is called by Latham the *gold-breasted bird of paradise*, from the beautiful colour of its breast:—and the *calybe of New Guinea*, called by Latham the *blue green paradise bird*; the former name was given it by Daubenton, from the principal colour of its plumage, which is that of bronzed steel.

(To be continued.)

POETICAL ESSAYS.

LINES

To Miss C—K—G.

In answer to her Lover's List.—(See page 381
of our last number.

ALAS! how mutable is love!
How changeable the human mind!
My fair I thought would ever prove
Each joy to me I hop'd to find.

You wrote,—and now she charms no more;
Jane fills each love-devoted thought:
I only fancy'd love before,
But now I'm certain I am caught.

I wrote a letter to a friend
The other day, in terms quite plain;
'Dear sir,' to write I did intend,
But, sure enough, I wrote 'Dear Jane!'

From Portsmouth lately when I came,
'Where have you been?' ask'd all I
knew;
My answer ever was the same,—
'To Holbeach Marsh,'—a jaunt quite
new!

Thus you may see my heart is gone;
In-short, I'm deeply lost in love:
Jane I adore,—and Jane alone
Can now my pleasing solace prove.

Oh then, fair girl! address once more
Some lines of excellence to me:
Of learning you can boast a store;
Then bid me hope for love and thee.

Turn Francis off,—nor think again
That love can ever prove like mine:
I'll strive to shield thy form from pain,
And bid each pleasure round you shine.

We'll wander through each verdant grove,
When Summer spreads her mantle wide;
Each homefelt comfort still we'll prove,
Though Winter swell the angry tide.

For peace can only there be found,
Where mind and heart congenial are:

Reason and rhyme shall be *our* round,
And bliss unbounded we must share.

For when you've wrote some little song,
And ask what are my thoughts upon it,
Instead of answering, ere long
I'll tell you, Jane, in some soft sonnet.

And when you say to me, 'My dear,
'What shall we have of butcher Dutton?'
A rhyme you instantly will hear—
'My love, we'll have a leg of mutton.'

Or when you say, with smile so true,
'Shall Mr. Chip repair the table?'
I shall reply, and smile like you,
'As soon, my dear, as he is able.'

But, ah! we are not married yet,
Though much I hope it may be soon;
For from that time I ne'er will fret,
But life shall be one honey-moon.

Yet, ere these well-meant lines I close,
Let's see how many *we* have lov'd;
I mean *the whole*,—not only those
Amongst them *we* the most approv'd.

Yours are but *ten*,—*besides myself*;
Whilst I, of love by no means thrifty,
Had *thirty-two*,—oh! what an elf!
And those that I forgot were *fifty*.

But now I firmly do declare,
My love shall never more be twain;
Sweet maid! I'm sure you are so fair,
I ne'er can love but you, dear Jane!

J. M. L.

THE HAPPY MAN.

HOW happy is he born and taught
Who serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill:

Whose passions not his master's are;
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death;

United unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath:

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice hath ever understood;
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good:

Who bath his life from rumours freed;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great:

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend,
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend:—

This man is freed from servile bands,
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall:
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

SONNET.

To Miss A. H.—N.

MY Anna's charms what bard can tell,
Or painter's pencil trace?
So many in her person dwell,
Her mind so many grace.

If wit to beauty lends a charm,
If taste can sense improve,
If virtue can the Stoic warm,
Or prompt his heart to love—

Then Anna sure is form'd to please,
And happiness impart;
Possess'd of charms far more than these
To captivate the heart.

Oh! grant my prayer, ye powers above!
Let it be, Cupid, thine
To inspire her breast with mutual love;
And, Hymen, make her mine!

A SONG.

By the Rev. Dr. DWIGHT, of Philadelphia.

LOOK, lovely maid! on yonder flow'r,
And see that busy fly,
Made for the enjoyment of an hour,
And oh! born to die.

See, round the rose he lightly moves,
And wantons in the sun!
His little life in joy improves,
And lives before 'tis gone.

From this instinctive wisdom, learn
The present hour to prize;
Nor leave to-day's supreme concern
Till morrow's morn arise.

Say, loveliest fair, canst thou divine
That morrow's hidden doom?
Know'st thou if cloudless skies will shine,
Or heaven be wrapp'd in gloom?

Fond man, the trifle of a day,
Enjoys the morning light;
Nor knows his momentary play
Must end before 'tis night.

The present joys are all we claim—
The past are in the tomb;
And, like the poet's dream of fame,
The future never come.

No longer, then, fair maid! delay
The promis'd scenes of bliss;
Nor idly give another day
The joys assign'd to this.

If then my breast can soothe thy care,
'Twill now that care allay;
If joy this hand can yield, my fair!
'Twill yield that joy to-day.

Quit then, oh quit, thou lovely maid!
Thy bashful virgin pride;
To-day, the happy plan be laid,
The bands to-morrow tied!

The purest joys shall be our own
That e'er to man were given;
And those bright scenes, on earth begun,
Shall brighter shine in heav'n.

ACROSTIC.

A MBITION oft will lead astray,
N or yield the promis'd joy:
N e'er may its gilded bait display
E fulgent rays t'annoy!

C an all the treasures India's pride,
O r Nature's smiles, or art,
C onduce to pour fair Pleasure's tide,
K ind Heav'n! into the heart?
I love a soul with pow'rs sublim'd;
N or can a nobler dow'r
G race mortals; for a tuneful mind

H as bliss within its power.
O'er Nature's boundless scene 'twill rove,
L eaving dull care behind,
B reathing the dear delights of love,
E xquisitely refin'd.

A greater joy to mental sense
 Could not to us be giv'n;
 Heav'n, partial, does this gift dispense—
 Mark! 'tis the gift of Heav'n.
 And you, my theme, are well possess'd,
 Rich in the boon divine:
 Still may its joys pervade your breast!
 Heaven there transcendent shine!
Flect. CLEMT. COOTE,

ACROSTIC.

JUSTICE with Truth the verse inspires,
 And guides an artless hand;
 No gloss of art my theme requires,
 Equivocally plann'd.
 Can there be such, to merit blind,
 Of noble souls the scorn,
 Conceiving they no genius find,
 Keen-rayed, your verse adorn?
 I view with pleasure, and must praise;
 Nor deem me prepossess'd:
 Genius, a sterling gem, displays
 Her treasures in your breast.
 Oh! cherish well the spark divine:
 Let Nature's copious store
 Beam on your eye; art nerve each line,
 Ennobling all your lore:
 As beauty needs no foreign aid,
 Combin'd to win the heart;
 Having, in native smiles array'd,
 More charms than studied art.
 And yours, dear maid! where'er you
 stray,
 Round earth's extended sphere,
 Sure to the heart will win its way;
 Heaven grant a heart sincere!
Flect. CLEMT. COOTE.

SONG.

YOUNG Edmund's the swain to my mind;
 He always is talking of love:
 He vow'd that he'd ever prove kind,
 As we took a sweet walk thro' the grove--
 Quite early one morning,
 As Sol was adorning
 The east with his beautiful ray,
 Each flow'ret was springing,
 The larks sweetly singing,
 To hail a sweet morning in May.
 Vow'd that he lov'd me as life;
 And if to become I'd agree
 His loving and much-belov'd wife,
 He happy, thrice happy, should be.
 So early that morning,
 As Sol was adorning

The east with his beautiful ray,
 I freely consented,
 And ne'er since repented
 The vows which I made on that day.
Holbeach Marsh. JANE C. B. C.

THE MUFFLED DRUM.

BY JOHN MAYNE,

Author of the Poem of 'Glasgow.'

AH me! how mournful, wan, and slow,
 With arms revers'd, the soldiers come,
 Dirge-sounding trumpets, full of woe,
 And, sad to hear, the Muffled Drum!
 Advancing to the house of pray'r,
 Still sadder flows the dolesome strain:
 Ev'n Industry forgets her care,
 And joins the melancholy train!
 O! after all the toils of war,
 How blest the brave man lays him down!
 His bier is a triumphal car—
 His grave is glory and renown!
 What though nor friends nor kindred dear,
 To grace his obsequies, attend;
 His comrades are his brothers here,
 And ev'ry hero is his friend!
 See, love and truth, all woe begone,
 And beauty drooping in the crowd—
 Their thoughts intent on him alone
 Who sleeps for ever in his shroud!
 Again the trumpet slowly sounds,
 The soldier's last funereal hymn—
 Again the Muffled Drum rebounds,
 And ev'ry eye with grief is dim!
 The gen'rous steed which, late, he rode,
 Seems, too, its master to deplore;
 And follows, to his last abode,
 The warrior who returns no more!
 For him, far hence, a mother sighs,
 And fancies comforts yet to come!
 He'll never bless her longing eyes—
 She'll only hear the Muffled Drum!
July, 1805,

EPITAPH.

WHEN brilliant Sol (his daily journeyer)
 Shall gild this sublunary scene no more,
 When the pale planet, that illum'd the
 night,
 No more shall cheer the shades with
 very light;
 When Hesperus, and her attendant train,
 Shall leave their orbs and quit the
 plain;
 When earth shall be in vast combustion
 hurld,

And one broad ruin desolate a world;
Then shall the soul,—that spark of heaven-
ly fire—

O reader, live, when time and death expire:
Shall rise with heirs of light to regions fair,
Or hopeless sink to mansions of despair.

Pause at the thought—thy sinful course
amend—

For mercy plead—and peaceful be thy
end!

Haverhill. JOHN WEBB.

EVENING.

Written during a Rural Walk.

YON golden traveller, auspicious Phœbus,
His daily tour has finish'd, and descends
In purple pomp behind the western moun-
tains;

Hush'd in its cavern sleeps each ruffian
blast,

And scarce a zephyr moves its silken pi-
nion.

Mute are the plummy chaunters, not a
strain

Ofrural minstrelsy delights mine ear,
Except the wakeful robin's simple lay.

Fair Cynthia now ascends her azure
throne,

Rides in bright dignity th'etherial space,
And sheds a silver smile on every object:

A pleasing calm pervades the scene of Na-
ture,

And all around appears serene and placid.
But, hark! what sounds melodious strike
mine ear?

Thou tuneless poet of the rural groves,
Sweet Philomela, 'tis thy plaintive lays!

Beneath yon lofty elms, I'll sit me down
And listen to thysweet 'love-labour'd song.

Brown evening! how I love thy tranquil
reign,

Thy calm enjoyments, and thy sober plea-
sures,

Superior to the joys bright day can boast!
This is thy season, Love! thy happy vocaries

Frequent the shady walk and fragrant
bower,

To pass in blissful converse the fair mo-
ments,

And taste thy uncontaminated sweets,
Sweet hour of meditation! now the sage

Quits his belov'd retirement, and his
studies,

To commune with his heart, and raise his
thoughts

Above this sublimary scene of trifles,
To the fair spheres of light, his future

home.
Hail halcyon period! when the truly wise

Leave busy life, and all its bustling sons,

To meditate at evening's balmy hour,
To soothe the mind with silence, and re-
cline

Their care-tir'd heads on quiet's downy
lap.

Haverhill, July 23, 1805. JOHN WEBB.

EPITAPH, °

On a Lovely Infant.

YE bright invisibles who guard the just,
And watch the relics of their lifeless dust,

Here take your station o'er this mould-
'ring clay,

Till, big with terror, dawns the last dread
day.

And when this form in fair proportion rise
And gain a passport to the upper skies,

Then with the young celestial wing your
flight

Through the bright portals to the plains of
light:

To join angelic, archangelic choirs,
And strike soft lutes, or sing to golden

lyres.
Haverhill. JOHN WEBB.

SONNET.

*On visiting Windsor, after a long and painful
Absence.*

THOU Gothic pile! where, in my fleeting
years

Of youth, of hope, affections first began;
Thou mansion dear! which sacred yet ap-
pears,

Where tenderest parent nurs'd me into
man;

Giving, supporting life—(this little span!)
O early haunts! hills, vales, and forests

green,
Oft trac'd, oft priz'd, at evening's pen-
sive hours;

O well-known spires*! O silver winding
stream!

Which parts those spires and Windsor's
regal towers,

Again thy hills I view, again thy ver-
dant bowers:

View them sublime—yes, verdant, still the
same—

Yet not to me the same; with alter'd
eye

(Where once ambition beam'd for early
fame)

I view—nor tower, nor tree, nor valley,
prize,

Nor aught;—ambition, ease, and heartfelt
rest,

Are lost—are long-lost aliens from this
breast.

ETONENSIS.

Eton College.

FOREIGN NEWS.

St. Petersburg, July 3.

FOR some days nothing has been talked of here but an approaching war. A courier has been sent off to M. Novosiltsoff, with orders to discontinue his journey. It is said, that a considerable body of troops is assembling on the frontiers of Prussia and Galicia. Notwithstanding all this, however, we see here no military preparations, nor any indication to confirm these reports of war.

Vienna, July 6. The preparations for war still continue with great activity, and transports of artillery and ammunition are daily passing into Inner Austria. The regiments in garrison here have received orders to be ready to march by the 26th instant. There is now in Inner Austria, in Italy, and the Tyrol, an army of from 180,000, to 200,000 men.

On the 3d arrived here a courier from St. Petersburg, and the next day one from Berlin. In general the exchange of couriers between Vienna, Berlin, and St. Petersburg, is extremely frequent.

We are assured that, in the course of the ensuing month, there will be an extraordinary levy of recruits to complete the army.

Salzburg, July 8. The regiments of Stein Spork, the archduke, Rudol Kerpen, and Ligne, are marching to the Tyrol, where there are already five regiments of the line. Some regiments of cavalry have likewise received orders to march thither. Considerable transports of oxen are on their way from Hungary.

Vienna, July 10. On the evening of the 7th inst. some alarming disturbances

took place in the suburbs of this city, on account of the dearness of bread. The populace attacked the house of a baker, sold the bread they found in it at the price they thought proper, and would probably have murdered the baker, had he not made his escape with his family. They then proceeded to pull down the house, when a division of the garrison, both infantry and cavalry, was called out against them, whom the mob attacked with stones, and obliged them to fire upon them, by which several persons were killed and wounded. At length tranquillity was for that time restored. On the next day the populace attacked the house of another baker, but were again dispersed by the soldiers. These riots still continued during the night of the 8th and 9th, in different parts of the suburbs; but on the 10th, by the activity of the military and the exertions of the magistrates, they were completely quelled. The soldiers still continue at their posts.

July 13. Prince Dolgorucky is arrived here. Baron de Wintzingerode is still here.

The camp at Simmering is raised. The regiment of cuirassiers of duke Albert, and the regiment of Charles Schroder, have entered Vienna. The regiment of infantry of Colloredo, which was at Cracow, has also arrived in that city; some persons pretend to know that it will set out in a few days for Teschen.

A commission has been appointed for the trial of the persons concerned in the late riots in this city.

They write from Italy, that a report prevails there, that letters between

persons in a high station have been intercepted, which appear to have been written with intention to excite commotions in the country.

Lintz, July 13. The hope of preserving peace becomes weaker every day, for every thing in our vicinity continually assumes a more warlike appearance, and we are in constant expectation of seeing hostilities commence. The troops are in motion on every side, and their marches appear to be rapid, and at a short notice.

Banks of the Maine, July 16. The Frankfort journals say, that a new alliance is negotiating between Russia and Sweden.

According to an article from St. Petersburg, in a German gazette, all absentees on furlough, from the Russian army, have received orders to join their respective corps without delay.

According to letters from Cologne, the French, which have been for some time collected on the Lower Rhine, have received orders to march for the western coast. They were at first intended, as is well known, for the Upper Rhine. Several regiments from the interior will immediately arrive in the departments of the Upper Rhine, to reinforce the garrisons of some places which are at present but feeble.

Frontiers of Russia, July 16. The artillery has received orders to hold itself in readiness to march.

The Russian general Folstoy passed through Warsaw on the 15th, on his way to Lemberg, on a mission from his sovereign.

Vienna, July 17. On the 15th inst. a recruiting was commenced here for the completing of the regiments, and the augmentation of the corps of pontoneers.

Yesterday prince Dolgorucky and general Wintzingerode were presented to his imperial majesty. The latter sets out to-day on his return to St. Petersburg.

During the late disturbances in the suburbs of this city the French ambassador, whose country-house is in the vicinity of the scene of riot, received a guard for his security.

The archduke Charles is still here.

The regiment of Nassau dragoons entered this city the day before yesterday. The camp at Simmering is not broken up, as was reported.

Berlin, July. 20. M. de Novosiltsoff set out the day before yesterday, in the evening, on his return to St. Petersburg.

The secretary of the French legation has set out as courier for Neundorf, where he will remain, and expedite to Paris another courier with the note of M. Novosiltsoff.

Haerlem, July 22. The note transmitted by baron Novosiltsoff to baron Hardenberg was in consequence of the arrival of a courier from St. Petersburg, who had made the whole way to Berlin in seven days, with unprecedented speed. On the 5th, a courier arrived at Berlin, from London; and on the 13th another courier, coming from Berlin, passed through Ham-burgh, to proceed to England by the way of Husum. Besides the Batavian squadron in the Texel, another expedition is fitting out on the Maese, where the greatest activity prevails to accomplish the preparations. The *Chatham*, of 84, and the *Pieter Paulus*, of 64 guns, are expected to be ready in a few days to join the two Batavian frigates, and two French brigs, which are already in the roads. This squadron will immediately be joined by the necessary transports for about 4000 French troops, which are already on their march to Helvoetsluys, where every thing is preparing for their reception. The victualling of this squadron for eight months seems to indicate that it is destined either for a long or a distant expedition, and at any rate it is certain, from the excessive hurry to get every thing ready, that much importance is attached to this expedition.

Hague, July 23. It has been suddenly determined to fit out an expedition at Helvoetsluys. The two ships of the line there, the *Chatham*, of 84 guns, and the *Pieter Paulus*, of 64, are accordingly to be got ready for sea as speedily as possible; for which purpose 600 ship-carpenters are ordered to go from Amsterdam and Rotterdam to Helvoetsluys, where they will work

night and day. Transports are also to be fitted out at the same time in the other parts of the Maese, to take on board the troops which will be embarked for this expedition, and which are estimated to amount to about 6000 men. The expedition will take out provisions for six months, from which circumstance it is supposed to be destined for the East Indies. The French commissary of the marine, M. Gohier, is arrived here, on account of these preparations. The naval preparations in the Texel likewise still continue; and it is believed that the squadron there will act in conjunction with the flotilla from Boulogne. The greater part of the troops, however, that were intended for the expedition from the Texel, will now go to Helvoetsluys. Even on the approaching prayer-day the workmen at Helvoetsluys will work from eight in the morning till six in the evening, to expedite the fitting out of the ships. The number of English ships of war cruising at the entrance of the Texel, and before Helvoetsluys, has lately been considerably increased. The pensionary has returned from the journey he made to the camp at Zeist. Two Batavian frigates and two French brigs have been got in readiness to sail at Helvoetsluys. Many military equipages and artillery horses from Hanover have passed through Brussels, on their way to Lisle."

St. Petersburg, July 24. We are positively assured that our troops in Poland are assembling on the frontiers. Among the generals employed, general Von Sochtlen is commander of a corps of artillery.

M. de Novosiltsoff has not yet arrived in the capital.

Hamburg, July 26. It seems to be confirmed, that Sweden has sold Swedish Pomerania to Russia for the sum of 26,500,000 rix-dollars banco; this was effected during the king of Sweden's stay in Schonen, and in the presence of the Russian and English ministers. Count Urplaz has, it is said, left Stockholm to proceed to St. Petersburg, in order to put the finishing hand to this business; in the mean time several more Swedish troops have

received orders to march into Stralsund.

From Stockholm we learn, that by a special order all the artillery from the king's garden was a few days since removed into the artillery park, to be in a state of readiness.

Report says that the archduke Charles, and generals Fassbender and Mack, will speedily set out for Italy.

Berlin, July 27. They write from the frontiers of Russia, that considerable movements are observed both in the Russian armies and marine.

Paris, July 28. The official journal contains some news from Genoa, which appears calculated to tranquillise the public mind respecting the conduct of the police at Venice, relative to two Italian officers, and the French commercial commissary, M. Rostagny. It is stated, that M. Mattignoli, the Austrian consul-general at Genoa, who had quitted that city, as well as the Austrian minister baron Giusti, on the union of the Genoese republic with France, has returned thither, being ordered by the court of Vienna to discharge those functions with the French government which he had exercised with the Genoese. He was in consequence introduced to the arch-treasurer Le Brun, as representative of the Austrian emperor. Nevertheless, all uneasiness is not yet entirely done away, since it is asserted that three persons of distinction, subjects of the emperor of Austria, and now residing at Paris, have been put under confinement in their lodgings, by way of retaliation for the arrest of the two Italian officers at Venice.

It is not yet known when the emperor will go to Boulogne, although a numerous column of grenadiers and chasseurs belonging to his guard went thither fourteen days ago.

Hamburg, Aug. 2. The advices from Vienna have a very hostile appearance: all the troops are ready to march. The Hungarians have offered in case of war 100,000 men for the field, and to support a standing army of 80,000 in the country, provided the archduke palatine will be at their head.

HOME NEWS.

Dublin, July 19.

MR. Vansittart's servants, horses, and baggage, arrived here yesterday; notwithstanding considerable doubts are entertained whether that gentleman will come over to execute the office of state secretary here. The whole island is peaceable throughout, for which it is indebted to the mild yet vigilant government of a lord lieutenant who is so universally and deservedly beloved.

Our army is in the highest state of discipline: the Scots brigade, and other regiments of infantry under embarkation orders, amounting to 8000 effective men, remain still at Cork, under the command of sir Eyre Coote: the abrupt flight of the enemy's squadrons from the West-Indies has probably superseded the necessity of their sailing for that quarter, for which they were destined.—Two large encampments are now forming; the one on the Curragh, to consist of 18,000 horse and foot; the other contiguous to the garrison of Cork, to be composed of 10,000 infantry. The former is to be completed by the 27th inst.

The weather is set in remarkably fine: the corn, in all the provinces, is very forward, and looks well, promising us an abundant harvest.

London, July 25. An unlucky accident happened yesterday, which might have been productive of great calamity, but happily no lives were lost. The cut from Blackwall to Limehouse, intended to carry vessels directly through, without going round by Greenwich, had been nearly finished, and was to have been opened with

great pomp on the 12th of August next. Yesterday forenoon, about twelve o'clock, being near high tide, while a number of people were at work at the extremity next the river, they were suddenly alarmed by a hissing noise, and the appearance of water entering from below. Scarcely had they time to make a precipitate retreat, when the outward dam burst with astonishing violence, and what a minute before was dry land was instantly covered with twelve feet of water: the second dam, about 50 yards further on, composed of logs of wood, 12 inches thick, besides a strong diagonal log, by way of bar, was in like manner forced by the current; and this amazing strong bar snapped in two, as if it had been a piece of lath. The canal was immediately filled, as far as the second flood-gate next to Limehouse, which, being shut, happily resisted the force of the current. Considerable injury has been done to the banking and mason work at the extremity, as well as the first lock; great part of the abutments on each side having been carried away.

Brighton, July 27. Thursday a singular and unexpected *fracas* took place here, which threatened to extinguish all hopes of seeing any race this season. The person who rents the race-ground waited on the Jockey Club (then sitting at the Castle inn), and complained that he had not received, last year, the quarter of a pipe of wine to which he was entitled each season for permitting the races. He insisted, as they had failed in the per-

formance of this *essential* condition, he was no longer bound to tolerate racing on his ground, and peremptorily told the club, that unless they immediately paid him 100 guineas he should begin another sort of race—with his ploughs. The club returned an ambiguous answer.

On Friday morning, at ten o'clock, he repeated his demand, and again not receiving what he deemed a satisfactory answer, his plough was immediately set to work; but, before a few ridges were finished, a press-gang made its appearance, when the ploughmen thought proper to abandon their charge, and make a precipitate retreat. The plebeian has some doubt, it seems, whether this is exactly the law of England; and has expressed his intention of running a sweepstakes with the club at Westminster-hall.

Durham, July 27. A battalion of the Derby militia passing through Durham on Thursday last, some of the privates, by their conduct, rendered it necessary to make application for committing two of them to the house of correction, to which place they were conducted by a guard of twelve men; but before these orders were executed, it appears that the mob of this city, several of whom were drunk, effected a rescue of the prisoners. Some of this militia are not free from taint, one having received 300 lashes yesterday on Gilligate-moor, as being concerned in the affair. The two men have made their escape. The party of the Derby regiment consisted of between 3 and 400 men; they began their march southward yesterday morning at one o'clock. At Ferryhill, about six miles from this city, they were overtaken by a large detachment of dragoons from Newcastle, and brought into Durham market-place; where I saw them at seven o'clock yesterday morning: some of them were pinnioned.

London, July 31. This afternoon the park and tower guns were fired in consequence of accounts received from sir Robert Calder, off Ferrol, of a victory gained by him on the 22d of July over the combined French and Spanish fleets, with the capture of two Spanish

ships of the line, the *San Raphael* of 84 guns, and the *Firme* of 74. The enemy had every advantage of wind and weather, and a thick fog prevented the victory from proving so decisive as might otherwise have been expected. An extraordinary gazette was published at night.

Plymouth, Aug. 2. The two Spanish ships, *El Firme* and *San Raphael*, came up the harbour last evening, and were safely moored in the Hamoaze, amidst the loud plaudits and cheers of a vast concourse of spectators, who assembled on the shores of the Hoe, Mount Wise, and the Stonehouse Hills, to witness this pleasing scene: the weather was extremely fine, which enhanced the beauty of the sight.

Another ship of the line (supposed to be the *Pluto*, of 80 guns) struck to the *Windsor Castle* and *Malta*, but was immediately afterwards towed off by a frigate, and escaped.

The *Windsor Castle* remains in Cawsand bay, and the *Sirius* frigate in the Sound, performing quarantine. The *Egyptienne* frigate sailed this afternoon for Portsmouth; the mizen top-mast of the latter was carried away by a shot from one of the enemy's line of battle ships which she engaged.

London, August 5. Dispatches were received this morning from sir Robert Calder, brought by the *Malta*, which arrived on Saturday at Plymouth. She was one of our ships which suffered most, next to the *Windsor Castle*, in the action of the 22d. The dispatches from sir Robert are dated off Ferrol, on Wednesday last, the 31st. He had returned to the blockade of that port, where he found the French squadron as he left it, having made no movements to come out, and in all probability ignorant of any battle having been fought.

Aug. 9. A singular occurrence is said to have happened at Bury, in Suffolk, a few days since. A strange noise was heard during divine service in an old chapel, which became so loud as to prevent the service from continuing. Immediate search was made, but to no effect, until last Wednesday, when a labourer, employed to repair the place, by chance struck a piece of iron, and immediately a door in the

pannel of the wainscot sprung open, and discovered a human body and an Æolian harp, which, from there being a hole in the roof of the house, occasioned this singular noise.

Aug. 10. A few days since a footman in the service of lady Latham, in Grosvenor-square, while attending her ladyship and family at dinner, became insane, and began to throw the dishes, plate, &c. about the room: her ladyship and children ran down stairs to call for assistance, the footman following and striking them as they went down; they ran into the square, and, by the assistance of persons passing by, the man was secured, and carried to Mount-street workhouse.

A most melancholy circumstance happened on Thursday afternoon at Weymouth. The servant girl of Mr. Davis, surgeon and apothecary in St. Thomas's-street, between five and six o'clock in the evening, took the infant daughter of her master out for a walk. She remaining out much longer than was expected, several persons went in search of her; when, shocking to relate! they were both found drowned in some very shallow water. In the girl's pocket was found a note, written by herself, requesting that the child might be interred in the same grave with her. The coroner's jury sat on the bodies on Saturday, when there appeared a number of bruises on the body of the child, supposed to have been received by it when struggling for life. The jury brought in a verdict of *felo de se*.

Yesterday the son of one of his majesty's pages went into a barber's shop, in a passage leading from Jermyn-street to Piccadilly, and said he would be shaved; and having procured a razor, he cut his throat, but did not penetrate the windpipe. He was taken to St. George's hospital; but though the wound was not mortal, he died in the course of the day, in consequence of his having taken a dose of poison before he cut his throat. The coroner's inquest is to sit this day on the body.

Margate, Aug. 11. A letter from the secretary at war, ordering the men who had leave to assist in saving the arvest to return immediately, and

the whole to be in readiness at a moment's warning, was read last Friday evening on parade to the Renfrew (Upper Glasgow) regiment, doing duty here. Many of our visitors have since felt strongly inclined to take their departure, in consequence of the apprehended attack of the enemy. The motive, however, is laudable, because it arises from a wish to be at those posts in which, if danger should arise, they might render the most essential service, both by their presence and example.

A distant and heavy firing was heard here this morning, in the direction of the enemy's coast; but the cause is yet unknown to us.

London, Aug. 12. At half past one o'clock this morning a most alarming fire broke out at the Royal Circus, in St. George's Fields. Since the burning of the Opera-house, in 1789, we have not witnessed so sudden and furious a conflagration.—In two minutes after it was first perceivable it had attained the height of its fury. The whole neighbourhood of St. George's Fields was visible from the Strand, through the vistas of the streets leading to the Thames, and all the river between the bridges, as at mid-day. In one hour the theatre, the coffee-house, the tap, the stables, and other offices adjoining, were entirely enveloped with the flames. The want of water prevented the engines from yielding effectual service.

The appearance of the neighbourhood was frightful; the women and children flying in all directions, with scarcely any covering. The fire is supposed to have been occasioned by the communication of a spark from a candle with the oil used in preparing the scenery for a new pantomime. The drums beat to arms and the volunteer corps of the neighbourhood attended with great promptitude, and in great numbers.

Aug. 16. The following bulletin was sent from the admiralty to Lloyd's this day at noon:—

“Admiralty-Office, Aug. 16.

“The combined squadrons of the enemy are stated to have arrived at Ferrol.”

BIRTHS.

July 26. Mrs. Groom, of Lincoln's Inn-Fields, of a daughter.

August 1. At Loftus-hill, the right hon. lady Emily Henry, of a daughter.

2. At Hinton-house, the lady of Thomas Kingscote, esq. of a daughter.

3. The lady of Charles Hutton, esq. of Gower-street, Bedford-square, of a daughter.

4. At his lordship's seat, on Gogmagog hills, the lady of the right hon. lord Francis Godolphus Osborne, of a daughter.

At H. Hope's, esq. Ealing, the lady of vice-admiral sir Charles Pole, of a daughter.

5. The lady of Richard Fuller, of the Rookery, near Dorking, of a daughter.

6. At Ampart-house, in the county of Southampton, the marchioness of Winchester, of a daughter.

At Woodcote house, near Alresford, Hants, the lady of col. Cunynghame, of a daughter.

Mrs. Harper, of Great Portland-street, of a daughter.

7. At Dulwich, Mrs. Palmer, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

July 19. At St. David's church, Exeter, ——— Macbride, esq. son of the late admiral Macbride, to Mrs. Starkey.

22. By special licence, at Loftus-hill, near Dublin, sir Edward B. Littlehales, bart. to the right hon. lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald, daughter to his grace the late duke of Leinster.

At Danevale park, Scotland, major-general Islay Ferrier, to Mrs. Laurie Cutlar, of Oroland.

At Edinburgh, col. Robert Bruce, to miss Charlotte Elizabeth Segar.

At Walecot church, Bath, the right rev. lord bishop of Killala, to Mrs. Obins.

25. At St. James's church, R. Adair, esq. M. P. to madame G. A. de l'Escuyer d'Hagnicourt.

26. At Clapham, Peter Blackburne, esq. banker, at Ramsgate, to miss

Bewicke, only daughter of the late Calverly Bewicke, esq.

27. Lieutenant-general Floyd, col. of the 8th dragoons, and second in command of the forces in Ireland, to lady Denny, widow of the late sir Harry Denny, of Tralee castle, in the county of Kerry, several years representative in parliament for that county.

At Castlecoote, the seat of the earl of Belmore, near Enniskillen, Charles Watson, esq. eldest son of the bishop of Llandaff, and major of the 3d regiment of dragoons, to miss Maria Lowry Corry.

John Braddon, esq. of Newcott, Cornwall, to miss Kingdon, eldest daughter of Richard Kingdon, esq. of Holsworthy, Devonshire.

28. At Queen-square chapel, Bath, T. Panton, esq. of Newmarket, to Miss Gubbins, daughter of the late Joseph Gubbins, esq. of Ireland.

29. At Walthamstow, John Francis Menet, esq. of Old Broad-street, to Miss Cazenove, daughter of James Cazenove, esq. of Walthamstow.

At St. George's church, Hanover-square, William Elliott, esq. of Little Ryder-street, to miss S. Nelson, of Pall-Mall.

At St. James's, Mr. E. Lardner, of Piccadilly, to miss Gill, of Brighton.

At Mordon, Surry, the rev. Edmund Turner Batley, A. M. fellow of Magdalen college, Cambridge, to miss Beynon, daughter and heiress of the late Edward Beynon, esq. of Carshalton.

August 1. At Bidden, in Hampshire, William Welfit, esq. of Manby, near Louth, to miss Leech, daughter of Thomas Leech, esq. of the former place.

The rev. George Metcalfe, son of the rev. G. Metcalfe, canon-resident of the cathedral church of Chichester, to miss Quantock, daughter of John Quantock, esq. of that city.

At Bramham, the rev. Richard Cautley, of Moulsoe, in the county of Buckingham, A. M. to miss Octavia Oldfield, youngest daughter of the late Joshua Oldfield, esq. of York.

3. Colonel James M'Cleod, of

Rasay (uncle to the countess of Loudon and Moira), to miss Flora Ann Maclean, second daughter of lieutenant-colonel Maclean, of Berwick-upon-Tweed.

5. The rev. Frederick Hervey Neve, to miss Elizabeth Stone, daughter of the late Richard Stone, esq. of Chislehurst, Kent.

8. At Windsor, George Augustus Fenwick, esq. of the royal horse guards (blue), to miss Pulton, only daughter of the rev. Thomas Pulton, of Park-street.

I. J. Gay, esq. of Saxthorpe hall, in the county of Norfolk, to miss Covert, only surviving daughter of the late John Covert, esq. of Chicester, Sussex.

At St. George's, Bloomsbury, Ashburnham Bulley, esq. of the exchequer, to miss Beloe, of the British Museum.

10. At Lewisham, John Smith, esq. of the royal artillery, to miss Spuring, of Blackheath.

DEATHS.

July 23. At his house, Croom's-hill, Greenwich, Christopher Pritchard, esq. aged 72.

23. At Hampstead-heath, after a long illness, Mrs. Murdoch, wife of James Murdoch, esq. of the island of Madeira.

At Exmouth, after a lingering illness, aged 19, Mr. Aubrey Wynne, eldest son of Gabriel Wynne, esq. of Lissplace, Hants.

On his return to join the Chatham division of royal marines at Taunton, Somerset, colonel Trolloppe, of that corps.

Mrs. Henry Wollaston, at the rev. Francis Wollaston's, at Chislehurst, in Kent.

25. At Clapham common, Mrs. Barclay, relict of John Barclay, late of Cambridge heath, esq.

At Pendleton, the rev. Nicholas Mosley Check, nephew to the late sir John Mosley, bart.

28. At her house in York-street, Westminster, Mrs. Mary Lawson, widow of the late rev. Robert Lawson,

many years minister of the Scotch church, London-wall.

29. At his house in Bolton-row, in the 73d year of his age, the right hon. Walter, lord Aston, of Forfar county.

31. At his house in Wimpole-street, Charles Merrey, esq.

At Park-house, Boxley, in his 93d year, Henry Godwin, esq. of Fring, Norfolk.

In the 18th year of his age, Mr. Paul Webster, eldest son of Paul Webster, esq. of Derby.

August 2. In his apartments at the new barracks, Lewes, after a few days, illness, capt. Gibson, of the 4th, or queen's own, regiment of dragoons.

At his house in Oxford, the rev. W. Fothergill, D. D. rector of Charlton-upon-Olmore, vicar of Steventon, Berkshire, and formerly fellow of Queen's college, Oxford.

3. At Henry Bosanquet's, esq. Hamish house, Wilts, in the 81st year of his age, Christopher Anstey, esq. of Bath, author of the New Bath Guide.

4. At her house, in Sloane-square, Chelsea, Mrs. Eleanor Reed, widow of the late lieutenant-colonel Reed, of the 34th regiment of foot, aged 75 years.

7. At Kensington terrace, Dr. John Snipe, one of the physicians of the royal naval hospital at Plymouth, and late physician to the fleet under the command of lord viscount Nelson, in the Mediterranean.

8. At his residence in Percy-street, colonel Alexander Macdonald, of the royal marines.

At High Wycombe, the eldest daughter of captain Bourke.

At his seat at Appledurcombe, in the Isle of Wight, the right hon. sir Richard Worsley, bart.

At his country house at Hallowall Down, Essex, John Antony, esq.

11. Suddenly, at Walmer castle, major Sabine, of the first guards, aide-camp to general Wynyard.

14. At the Leasowes, the infant son of Charles Hamilton, esq. aged seven months.

22. In Grafton-street, Fitzroy-square, Mrs. Neile, the wife of Philip Neile, esq. barrister at law.