

THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR  
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR  
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED  
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR DECEMBER, 1809.

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*This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates,*


1. THE FATAL DISPUTE.
2. MORNING and BALL DRESSES.
3. A New and elegant PATTERN for a HABIT SHIRT.

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS.



Mr. *Webb's Elegy*, having been misplaced, will be found in the Supplement.

*Miss Squire's Piece* is likewise inserted in the Supplement.

R. T's *Hints* will be attended to, as likewise will those of A. Z.

The Tale of *Florio and Augusta* is under consideration.



# THE LADY'S MAGAZINE.

FOR DECEMBER, 1809.

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## THE FATAL DISPUTE.

A TALE.

*(With an elegant Engraving.)*

AN irritable disposition of mind is an abundant source of serious misfortunes to the person who unhappily labors under it; and to his friends, and all who have any communications with him. The merest trifles will raise a storm in the breast of such a man, which will not easily be allayed, and lead perhaps to the most fatal consequences. It will cause him to commit, almost without reflection, acts of violence which, in his cooler moments, he would abhor, and the recollection of which may embitter all his future life.

Mr. Pierrepont was a man of numerous accomplishments, and the most engaging manners; he was friendly, he was affable, he was generous; yet all his good qualities were obscured, and indeed rendered of no value by a hastiness and violence of temper

which he could not restrain, because he had continually given way to it, and scarcely ever endeavoured to conquer his rising passion, and bring it under subjection to his reason; so that this unfortunate frailty of his continually grew stronger, till at length he was incapable of bearing the slightest contradiction, and occasionally even of not replying harshly and violent to a joke, which perhaps he misunderstood.

Among the number of his acquaintances and most valued friends, was Sir John Aukland, with whom he had very early formed a connexion, as indeed they were boys at school together. Their intimacy and regard for each other increased with their years, though young Aukland had frequently not a little to endure from the hasty and violent

disposition of his youthful friend, though his passions were then, as it were, but young, and, being subject to more restriction, were much less violent. Disputes and contests between them were however frequent, but they were always followed by a perfect reconciliation.

When they had left school and the university, and entered into the world, they were for some time separated from each, and young Auckland succeeding to his title, by the death of his father, went on his travels, and thus passed two or three years.

On his return, coming again occasional into the company of his former friend, Mr. Pierrepont, they again renewed their intimacy, and their friendship appeared to be greater than ever. It was remarked, that Mr. Pierrepont had never shown himself so conceding to, or so little disposed to take offence with any one, as with his friend Sir John; and it was hoped, that, with respect to him at least, he would be able to overcome the predominant foible of his character, which might eventually lead to a settled reformation.

Among the various parties which they attended in conjunction, for they were almost inseparable, they were invited to one of those numerous assemblies, convened by persons of fashion, who wish to distinguish themselves by the number of visitors they can draw around them, or whom their house can be made to contain, Mr. Pierrepont, and Sir John, for a considerable time enjoyed the entertainments set before them, and contributed to the hilarity of the company. At length, gaiety of the scene, and the goodness of

the wine, having in some degree diminished the circumspection which Sir John who knew the failing of his friend, generally exerted in his company, to avoid unnecessarily giving offence; he began to joke with him rather more freely than usual; and though from his companion's air, he saw the storm beginning to rise, he still continued to rally him in the same strain, till at length Mr. Pierrepont, seized with one of the fits to which he had been too much accustomed, retorted in a most acrimonious and virulent manner, and at length absolutely knocked him down.

Confusion, it may easily be supposed, now reigned through the fashionable assembly, and all stood aghast, at the strange and unpolite scene they witnessed, while the genius of mirth and jocularity instantly fled away. The two combatants left the place, and returned hastily home, whence Sir John, almost immediately, transmitted the following letter to his antagonist:—

‘Sir,

‘YOU can certainly conceive what must be the purport of a letter from me on the present occasion. The insult, I may say, the barbarous insult I have received, renders it unavoidable, that I should demand the usual satisfaction as it is styled, or forfeit all claim to honor, and the respect of society. Though on more cool reflection, I may condemn some expressions which I used; they bear no proportion to the indignity you inflicted in return. You, as the party offering the injury, must name your own time, place, and weapons.

To this note Mr. Pierrepont



instantly returned the following answer.

‘My dear Sir,

‘Though no person can more lament my hasty misconduct in consequence of sudden irritation, a meeting of the kind you mention appears to me absolutely necessary. Early to-morrow morning a military gentleman who I have no doubt will be second to me will wait upon you, and settle all necessary preliminaries.

Captain Harley, such was the name of the gentleman referred, accordingly waited on Sir John at the time appointed, and it was agreed that they should fight with pistols on a neighbouring spot which had been before distinguished by the combats of other duellists.

When they came on the ground Mr. Pierrepont, as if in confession that he was in the wrong, at his first fire discharged his pistol into the air, which Sir John perceiving, he called out to him, ‘That must not be—after such conduct one of us must fall; if you do not fire at me I cannot fire at you, and we shall both become ridiculous to every person of honour.’

Mr. Pierrepont fired his second pistol and shot his friend through the heart: he fell and expired immediately.

Mr. Pierrepont left the country and in little more than a twelvemonth fell a victim to the most pungent remorse for the death of his friend whom he sincerely and affectionately esteemed, though he had fallen through the violent and unrestrained irritability of his temper, and the enforcement of laws of honor; which

laws however it may be contended that they tend to restrain the turbulent passions which exist in polished society, certainly do not afford any proof of who is wrong or right in a dispute, and scarcely any of the real courage of the combatants.

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REMARKS ON SOME OBSERVATIONS OF HERODOTUS ON THE CROCODILE OF THE NILE—  
by M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire.

[From the *Annales du Museum d'Histoire Naturelle*.

THE history of Herodotus is one of the most valuable of literary productions. It is the most antient, and it is, also, perhaps the most important on account of the number and value of the facts which it contains. It has had many detractors, however, especially at that time, when the ridiculous question was agitated respecting the pre-eminence of the antients over the moderns. Herodotus can be accused of relating prodigies only when he is measured by the standard of our institutions. But if we visit Egypt, and view it's antient monuments and catacombs, and consider it's numerous and magnificent remains of social organization, we shall be convinced that Herodotus has added nothing to the picture of antiquity which he has delineated.

Such was the opinion which I formed while among the ruins of the famous Thebes and it's hundred gates. I passed the greater

part of the month of October there in the year 1799, and I employed some moments of leisure in ascertaining the veracity of Herodotus with regard to his observations on natural history. I shall confine myself at present to what he has said respecting the crocodile.

I had only this opportunity of studying this celebrated animal. It is known that he is found nowhere but in the Thebaid and in the Upper Nile. Not having remained long enough at Thebes to corroborate all the observations of Herodotus, I supplied my deficiencies by inquiries of the fishermen of Luxor, of Carnat and of Medinet Abou.

It may be necessary to observe that these sort of people in Egypt, have more knowledge of their trade, and more acquaintance with the habits of aquatic animals than their brethren in Europe. The occupation is hereditary, and descends from father to son, and their knowledge is transmitted with accuracy, for they dread nothing so much as a fruitless expenditure of time and labor. They say, in the same sense as naturalists, and almost always with singular precision: 'such an animal is of such a genus; and such a one is but a variety of this genus. They have also our dual nomenclature, and they designate each species by its generic and specific appellation.

However, I was not wholly without distrust. I suspected their indolence of mind and servility of character. They do not love much talking, and from the hope of a good reward, they have the courtesy of not displeasing any one by contradiction: hence they

almost naturally reply *yes* to every question that is put to them, provided they are not interested in it.

Thus forewarned my readers will be enabled to exercise a discretionary judgement.

Herodotus in the translation of M. Larcher, commences thus upon the subject of the crocodile.

*Let us now pass to the crocodile, and it's natural qualities — It never eats during the four most severe months of the winter.*

I interrogated my fishermen upon this point; but they did not comprehend me. Yet the position of Herodotus is not contrary to the known character of reptiles. Bartram asserts positively the same thing of the crocodiles or *caymans* of North America; but it must be admitted these animals live in a colder climate, inhabit a younger soil, and are enabled to find more easily barren places where they may conceal themselves and remain torpid during the winter. If crocodiles were still to be found in lower Egypt, as they were in the time of Herodotus, it is very probable that his observation would be true; that portion of Egypt (especially on the banks of the Pellusiatic branch, and of lake Menzaleh) being covered by inaccessible marshes, and also much colder, both from its northern position, and from the abundant rains that fall during the winter. Should not Herodotus, therefore, be considered as speaking only of these crocodiles in the neighbourhood of the sea.

*' Though it has four feet yet it*



is amphibious. It passes the greater part of the day in dry places, and the whole night in the river for the water is warmer than the air and the dew.\*

These observations are strictly true. All crocodiles do this unless some local circumstances combine to render it impossible. They live in troops, on the tops of the islands, which are very numerous in the river. They never leave the spot that gave them birth except to seek for prey; and they return, at stated periods, and repose, in common upon the strand. — They never believe themselves safe. Hence, if they hear the least noise, and, above all, if they perceive any one coming towards them, they plunge into the water, separate from each other, and swim about at hazard.

When any persons come to the shore which they inhabit, and remain there a length of time (as I had the patience to do for half a day with some friends and my guides) it causes them the greatest uneasiness. They cannot remain under water more than ten minutes at a time, and they do not even wait ten minutes without raising their heads so that their snout is level with the surface of the water. — The nasal apertures being in the middle, they are thus enabled to draw in the air, which, from the peculiar organisation of the parts, passes into the tracheal artery, without any of the ambient water. But this manner of breathing while swimming, fatigues them after a while: then they separate into two troops; the smallest goes to a distance to find some beach where they may be safe; but the larger ones content themselves with approaching the slope

which is produced at the head of each island by the deposited sediment of the earth.

So much inquietude at the sight of a single man, shews a timidity of character; and, in fact, the crocodile is a fearful animal on land, but he is quite the reverse in the water. It is not prudent to bathe near him. The cries of terror that were uttered by the inhabitants of Luxor, at beholding a Frenchman commit the rash act, were sufficiently indicate of the idea which they entertain of the power and ferocity of the crocodile. It is no uncommon thing to meet, in the Thebaid, countrymen who are deprived of an arm or a leg; and if they are asked to what accident they owe their loss, they reply, *this misfortune happened to me from a crocodile.*

“*They lay their eggs upon the earth, and hatch them there.*”

Aristotle says the same of the incubation of the female of the crocodile. The fishermen, however, assure me that the heat of sun alone hatches the eggs of the crocodile. Should Herodotus be understood, in the expressions which he has used, as meaning the care which the mothers bestow upon their eggs when they are upon the point of being hatched? I asked how long a time elapsed between the laying of the eggs and the birth of the young crocodile; they always replied a month, without being able to specify the exact number of days.

Two enemies of the crocodile, the ichneumon and the *tupinambis*\*, are constantly employed in

\* *Ouaran el bar* of the Arabs; *Lacerta nilotica* of Hasselquist.

seeking for its eggs, of which they are very fond. These animals excited the gratitude of the ancient Egyptians, by attacking thus in its very source, the reproduction of an animal so fatal to Egypt.

The *tupinambis*, which swims very well, carries on, besides a constant war with the young crocodiles, and continues the pursuit of them till they take shelter amongst larger individuals of their species.

The Egyptians imagine that the *tupinambis* is the crocodile in it's first state; and though they have often had opportunities of correcting themselves in this error, yet they persevere in it, for that which approaches to the marvellous will never want enthusiasts to relate it, nor the credulous to believe it.

*"Of all known animals, there is not one which becomes so great after having been so little. The eggs are not much larger than those of a goose, and the animals that issue from them are in proportion to the eggs: but they gradually grow, and reach to seventeen cubits, and even more."*

Ælian relates that there was to be seen one of twenty-five cubits under *Psammeticus*, and another of twenty-six under *Amasis*; and the learned have determined that this measure was nearly equal to thirty-five or thirty-seven feet. Prosper Alpinus, Hasselquist, and Norden, speak of crocodiles that were thirty feet in length. M. Lacippierre, an officer of health, and a member of the French commission in Egypt, was in possession of teeth which had belonged to a crocodile of equal dimensions.

Now, we know that a crocodile, when it issues from the egg, is nine inches long: it is capable, therefore, of acquiring more than forty times it's original length. What Herodotus says of the size of the egg is also perfectly correct.

*"It has the eyes of a hog, the teeth are projecting, and of a size in proportion to that of the body."*

*Pere Fenillee* (Observ. tom 3. p.373.) says of the crocodile of St. Domingo, that it has the eyes of a hog; which, doubtless, implies that the crocodile has a small prominent eye, the upper part of which is covered and almost hidden. Its under eye-lid moves in an upward direction.

#### LONDON FASHIONS.

**MORNING** dress of white muslin, edged with a worsted trimming; a short crape coat of purple velvet, or kerseymere, trimmed with figured or brocaded ribbon. A turban bonnet to correspond, ornamented in front with a gold spray. A white and brown muff.

Ball dress consisting of a white satin petticoat, worked round the bottom with silver; a short dress over the petticoat of amber or jonquil crape, worked as the petticoat; the sleeves of lace over satin; a tucker to correspond. Head-dress, a small silver diadem, which goes quite round the head, and confines the hair up behind; the hair dressed plain, and hangs over the diadem in a few simple ringlets. Amber or yellow sandals. White gloves.



*Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.*



*Morning & Ball Dresses.*

THE  
RESUSCITATED MARINER;

OR, THE

INCIDENTS OF MYRTLE GROVE.

BY MRS. PILKINGTON.

(Concluded from p. 446.)

AS no surgeon resided within five miles of Mr. Arbuthnot's hospitable dwelling, and as the re-animated young man suffered no inconvenience from the wound on his forehead, it was not thought necessary to apply medical assistance; his benevolent preserver however recommended quiet, &c. and Dorcas quitted her patient to fetch his breakfast.

Upon entering the library she exclaimed — 'Oh, Miss Arbuthnot, I quite long for you to see my patient; for he is one of the nicest, handsomest, sweetest young gentleman your eyes ever beheld! and as to his skin — why, Lord bless ye, it is as white as the driven snow; and then his voice — oh, it is as musical as them there speres, of which I sometimes have heard you and my master talk.'

Amelia had some difficulty in restraining the smile which played upon her intelligent features, as she listened to the faithful creature's description; but she observed it would not be quite decorous for her to enter a sick man's room.

'Fiddle faddle, Miss,' replied Dorcas; 'why, I'll be bound to say, he is as harmless as a dove; and, as you are mistress of this house, I must say I think pur-

liteness should induce you to ax him how he does. But as you, madam,' continued the anxious Dorcas, 'be'ant a young lady, may-hap you will carry him this here piece of toast; for I do longs for some on ye to see him, just to know whether I am right in my opinion; for both Richard and I thinks he is as like our young mistres as two pease in a pod.'

Mrs. Hemmington, who, with all her virtues, inherited some portion of that failing, termed curiosity, readily complied with the request of Dorcas, and taking the plate of toast followed her to the stranger's apartment.

'Here is Madam Hemmington, sir,' said the loquacious Dorcas as she entered the sick man's room, 'come for to ax you how you does after all you have suffered.'

'Mrs. Hemmington does me too much honor,' replied the being who was so highly indebted to the benevolent exertions of her husband; at the same time raising his body from the pillow, and making a respectful inclination of his head; 'but madam,' continued he, 'I am impatient to see the doctor, whom, my kind nurse tells me, was necessary to the preservation of my existence.'

Mrs. Hemmington, after remaining about five minutes in the chamber, informed her husband that the invalid was desirous of seeing him. The two gentlemen accordingly quitted the breakfast table for the purpose of complying with his wishes, when the doctor's wife declared her coincidence with Dorcas's opinion, and protested she discovered a resemblance between Amelia and the stranger. Who he was, or to what part of the globe the vessel had been destined, were circum-



stances no one had ventured to inquire; yet it must be remembered when the name of Arbuthnot was mentioned, he repeated it with an emphasis which proved he had heard it before.

The two gentlemen had scarcely quitted the apartment, when the young man expressed a wish of rising; 'for, my kind friend,' said he, 'though I had merely sailed from Lisbon in the ill-fated packet, it contained property which belongs to an inestimable friend; and as you tell me your master has preserved a variety of packages, the iron chest, in which the property of my father's friend was deposited, may providentially have been preserved; at any rate it is my duty to endeavour to rescue it from the engulfing power of the waves.'

'And pray, sir, may I be so bold as to ask the name of the gentleman for whom you was bringing that property from Lisbon?' inquired the anxious Dorcas from curiosity or a better motive.

'His name is familiar to you,' replied the stranger, in an emphatic tone of voice; 'but ask no questions, I implore you, for the present; at least not until I return from examining the beach. I will, however, thus far gratify your curiosity, and tell you that I sailed from Lisbon a short time back; to which place I had attended a sick father, on whom the salubrious air of that country produced not the desired effect. He died, alas! and in his last moments revealed to me a melancholy secret!—As the young man closed the last sentence, filial affection prevented him from proceeding; but recovering himself, in a few moments he added, 'My

beloved father unfortunately imposed upon that confidence which had been placed in him by a friend; in fact, he made use of a large property which had been intrusted to him, but made every possible restitution previous to his death.—In doing this he left me, it is true, penniless! But what is wealth; what is grandeur, compared to the soothing voice of an approving conscience?—I was returning to England with this invaluable treasure, when the vessel was overtaken by a violent storm, the effect of which I need not tell you; but how miraculously providential it is that I alone should have been preserved—and by the man!.....' Here he paused, and requested Dorcas to entreat her master to furnish him with dry clothes.

Every sentence which the stranger had uttered Dorcas treasured up in her recollection, and soon re-entered the apartment with a suit of her deceased young master's clothes, which she had taken from a chest that had not been opened since the unfortunate duel.

Although Amelia had been prepared to behold a fine figure in the unfortunate being who had been so miraculously preserved; yet, when her father introduced him, she could not help silently acknowledging him to be the most perfect form she had ever beheld.—He approached her with mixed expressions of regret and gratitude; the former were produced by a sense of the anxiety and disorder which he had introduced into the family and the latter, by those emotions which a susceptible heart must naturally feel.

Amelia experienced an unpleasant kind of embarrassment

at not knowing by what appellation to address the young man; and turning to her father, she said — 'My dear sir, you have not informed me by what name I am to accost this gentleman.'

'By that of Ferdinand, if you please,' exclaimed the stranger, with evident embarrassment. 'A few days, or a few hours,' continued he, 'may probably permit me to add the surname to it. In the mean time, my dear Miss Arbuthnot, let me conjure you not to form an unfavorable opinion of me from this act of concealment! I have reasons, cogent reasons for it; and, I trust, my respected preserver will feel the force of them,' continued he, turning to Mr. Arbuthnot, 'when I have the honor of explaining who I am.'

'Whatever your motive may be for concealing your name, young gentleman,' replied Mr. Arbuthnot, 'your desiring so to do is a sufficient check upon curiosity; and, yet,' continued he, drawing a deep sigh as he proceeded, 'you are not the first man whose specious countenance has deceived me; in fact, your every feature recalls to recollection the pretended friend by whom I was most fatally deceived.'

As Mr. Arbuthnot made this assertion, the young man's mind appeared violently agitated, and turning to Doctor Hemmington, he said, 'You had the goodness, sir, to inform me you would conduct me to the wreck, or rather to the spot where those articles had been deposited, which Mr. Arbuthnot's and your kindness benevolently preserved.' So saying, he made a respectful bow to Amelia, and, accompanied by the doctor, quitted the room.

'Did you never behold any

person whose features bore a striking resemblance to that young gentleman, my love?' inquired Arbuthnot, as Doctor Hemmington closed the door.

'Yes doubtless, sir,' replied Amelia, 'he resembles Mr. Bernardiston: but his son was a mere boy at Eton, although we had not seen him some years before we left London.'

The miniature which had been found suspended to the young stranger's bosom suddenly occurred to Mr. A——'s recollection, and hastily ringing the bell, he demanded of Dorcas whether it had been restored.

'I never thought no more about, sir, than if it had not been given into my keeping; but, if you wishes to see it, I will fetch it down stairs,' replied honest Dorcas, returning in a few moments with the picture.

Mr. Arbuthnot eagerly stretched out his hand, but scarcely had he taken a glimpse of the countenance, when he dropped it, and staggering towards a chair, exclaiming, 'Insidious villain! murderer of my happiness! destroyer of my peace! Great God!' continued he, 'when time had blunted the edge of affliction, and religious fortitude had enabled me to enjoy some few moments of peace, the son of my inveterate foe has presented himself before me, to recal to recollection the loss of fortune, the destruction of wife and child!'

'My dear, dear father, for my sake compose your feelings,' said the agitated Amelia, throwing her arms around his neck.

'For your sake!' he emphatically exclaimed; 'oh, it is for your sake that my heart is torn with ten thousand apprehensions!



The child of such a father must be a villain! a villain, my Amelia, who will destroy thy happiness and peace. Yet, thank God! I have discovered him; thank God! it is not too late. He shall quit the house, my child, instantly quit it; I will harbour no viper to poison me with it's sting. Yet,' added he, softening his tone, and gazing upon his daughter with unutterable tenderness, 'the rites of hospitality plead strongly in his behalf; I cannot, in justice, expose that being to poverty whose existence Providence decreed that I should preserve. But, my Amelia,' continued he, pressing his daughter to his palpitating bosom, 'promise to place the guard of prudence round thy heart! promise me not to bestow thy affection upon the son of the man who has destroyed thy father's peace.'

'I will promise any thing, and every thing you can demand, my beloved father; but what can induce you to suppose my heart will be so easily enslaved? think better of your Amelia than to imagine a fine person, or insinuating manners, will obtain my regard, without I have more essential qualifications, which are necessary to insure happiness in the married state.'

In similar conversation to this near two hours elapsed, without Amelia recollecting her guests; for Mrs. Hemmington having passed the library windows, and observed the father and daughter in close conversation, amused herself with an interesting publication; and neither were aware of the time which had intervened, from each being interested, though upon very different subjects. The amiable Amelia's heart reproached

her with having been guilty of a breach of politeness, and she hastily quitted the apartment in search of a friend; but she was met by Doctor Hemmington and Ferdinand, accompanied by two men, carrying an iron chest.

'You have doubtless thought us long, my dear Amelia,' said the doctor; 'but we have done a great deal of business, I assure you, since we parted. The tide was fortunately at it's lowest ebb, and Mr. Ferdinand's treasure had evidently sunk in the sands; he was therefore under the necessity of offering a reward proportioned to the value at which he estimated it, and at length, as you see, we have recovered it.'

'May I be permitted, Miss Arbuthnot,' said Ferdinand, 'to order the bearer of that precious deposit to carry it into the library? It will, I trust, be the means of repaying your much-respected father for the hospitable attentions I have received.'

Resentment seldom overshadowed the placid features of Amelia Arbuthnot; but the very idea of her father's being supposed capable of receiving a reward for a benevolent deed, roused those sentiments of innate independence which confer dignity on the human mind. 'You are at liberty, sir,' she replied, 'to order the chest to be placed wherever you think proper; though not to suppose my father capable of receiving recompence for a benevolent action; his heart, I assure you, is too nobly disinterested for him to condescend to receive a pecuniary reward.'

'My dear Amelia,' said Doctor Hemmington, smiling, 'do you term that, the retort courteous? In fact, I never before beheld that

placid countenance overshadowed with a frown. Suspend your judgement, however, a few moments, and you will be convinced this gentleman (pointing to Ferdinand) did not mean to offer any affront.'

Never had the amiable girl felt so self-condemned as at that moment; she had, from the warmth of filial affection, offered an affront to an unprotected stranger; and one whom, by the laws of humanity, and the rules of politeness, she was bound to treat with peculiar marks of kindness and protection. She stammered out an awkward apology, which Ferdinand received with a respectful bow; and ordering the men to set down their burden, followed them out of the room. He returned in a few moments, accompanied by Mr. Arbuthnot and the doctor, and closing the door, he said — 'I will now, sir, explain the motive by which I was actuated, when I merely avowed myself Ferdinand.' — Here he paused; for sensibility checked articulation; but recovering himself in a few moments, he said — 'You see before you, Mr. Arbuthnot, the son of an unfortunate, and I blush to add, culpable man! We are, sir, by nature prone to error; but the sacred writers tell us, that the penitent may hope for forgiveness, if they endeavour to make restitution for their faults. My unfortunate parent, Mr. Arbuthnot, deeply felt the injury he had done you; yet he has offered every atonement in his power: he has bequeathed you the whole of his remaining property; or, to make use of a more proper expression, he has preserved twenty thousand pounds of your own; that sum is left in specie, and the other part

is lodged in the funds; but that chest contains documents which will prove it lodged in your name, in consequence of which you can claim it whenever you think proper. Who my father was, or what my name is, I need scarcely announce; yet permit me to say, that Ferdinand Bernardiston will ever gratefully acknowledge the obligation you have conferred, and ever retain a lively sense of the kindness and hospitality with which he has been treated by Mr. Arbuthnot and his accomplished daughter.'

'Praise unmerited, observes a celebrated author, is 'censure in disguise;' and Amelia felt the force of that observation, from the moment the amiable Ferdinand began to speak; for she was aware that she had expressed herself with a degree of asperity unbecoming her sex and age. Mrs. Hemmington entered the room just as Ferdinand closed the last sentence, and observing all the party transfixed as it were with astonishment, she exclaimed 'Pray good people are you exercising your enchanting faculties over some unfortunate spirit contained within that strong box? for you actually all appear like a party of spectres, and silence seems the order of the day!'

'That order will never be faithfully observed in your presence, my dear,' said Doctor Hemmington, smiling: 'Why, to tell the truth madam,' said Mr. Arbuthnot, 'this gentleman, (pointing to Ferdinand,) has called up such a train of painful, and at the same time pleasing emotions, that I actually feel myself at a loss for words; but my dear young man,' continued he, 'before I touch that sacred deposit, as you have



termed it, allow me to ask what provision has your father made for you?' —

'Provision for me, sir?' repeated Ferdinand, 'that of a good education; by which I have no doubt of obtaining a comfortable subsistence; indeed that comfort is already insured; for my father died at the house of a friend, a respectable merchant at Lisbon, to whose family I have promised to return; as that gentleman reposed sufficient confidence in my abilities, to offer me the situation of first clerk. I came to England for the sole purpose of delivering that chest into your possession, and I shall return by the first vessel which sails from the neighbouring port.'

'And what is in that chest?' whispered Mrs. Hemmington to Ferdinand. — 'Twenty thousand pounds of Mr. Arbuthnot's property,' replied Ferdinand in the same tone. 'Twenty thousand pounds!' exclaimed the delighted friend of Amelia's. 'Why, my dear girl, you will now be a fit match for any lord!' surely the old adage is now verified, 'it is an ill wind that blows no one any good.'

Whilst the worthy Mrs. Hemmington was expressing her joy and astonishment at the unexpected elucidation whom Ferdinand was, Mr. Arbuthnot had retired with him into an adjoining room; where they remained in close conversation, until the latter was summoned to attend the coroner's inquest. The bodies of the unfortunate men who had perished, were decently interred the following morning; and it was a great comfort to all the worthy party to be informed, that few of the ill-fated individuals had left families.

Every exertion was made to preserve the property which still remained in the packet; and by the zeal and activity of Doctor Hemmington and Mr. Arbuthnot, not the slightest depredation was committed.

Ferdinand, at the request of his preserver, consented to remain his guest for a few weeks; and during that period he contrived to excite no small degree of interest in the breast of the fair Amelia. Still that amiable girl was fearful of yielding to the soft impression, in consequence of the strong prohibition she had received from her father; and Ferdinand was too noble in his sentiments to endeavour privately to seduce the affections of the child of his benefactor. Repeatedly was the period fixed for his return to Lisbon; but Arbuthnot as regularly invented some plausible pretext for detaining him; and Amelia's eyes, though her lips were silent, joined in the request.

At length the noble minded youth found that the only means of preserving his honor unsullied, was in immediate flight; and he resolved to quit the spot where the only being for whom he had ever felt real tenderness resided, by a packet which was to sail on the following night. In taking leave of Amelia, he was fearful some unguarded expression might fall from his lips; he therefore determined to avoid that painful ceremony; but describe the motive by which he was actuated, in a letter he intended leaving behind. His plans were all arranged; the parting epistle written; in which, he declared that if fortune should ever smile upon his undertakings, he would offer Amelia his hand; but destitute as he was of wealth, and

compelled to be an alien to his native country, he should have considered himself guilty of the basest act, had he endeavoured to gain the affection of the only woman he could ever esteem.

Such was the style of Ferdinand's epistle, which he delivered to the care of Richard, on the evening previous to his intended departure, with directions to deliver it to his master, early on the following morning; and after having done so, he joined the family who had not the slightest suspicion of his intentions. Honest Richard, however, had observed the young gentleman in close conversation with a sailor; and combining this circumstance with that of the letter, he fancied Ferdinand intended quitting the hospitable roof of his preserver without making him acquainted with his plan. This idea had no sooner occurred to him, than he resolved to deliver the letter; and forming an excuse to speak with his master, he presented the epistle to the person to whom it was addressed; adding, that he had received orders not to deliver it until morning. The tear of admiration started into the eye of Arbuthnot, as he perused this proof of innate dignity of mind; and hastening to his daughter's apartment, he exclaimed, 'Would you believe it my Amelia, Ferdinand has formed a plan of leaving us to-night! and what is more, of leaving us, without saying farewell.'

'Leaving us!' faintly articulated Amelia. 'Would to heaven, my dear father, he had never arrived!' so saying, she burst into a flood of tenderness, and concealed her blushes with both hands. The delighted Arbuthnot tenderly embraced his daughter,

and then gave her the generous young man's letter to peruse; saying, that every wish of his heart was accomplished, and that he had accepted the contents of the chest under the idea of the generous Ferdinand sharing it with himself; as from the moment that exalted young man had displayed such noble sentiments, he had formed the wish of uniting their fortunes; 'and as I perceive, my dear girl,' continued he, 'you will not raise any obstacle to my wishes, I will explain myself more fully to Ferdinand.'

Short was the necessary explanation; the delighted Ferdinand acknowledged that Amelia was the only woman he had ever loved; the Lisbon merchant was written to by the next packet, and the reason assigned for Ferdinand's not fulfilling his engagement.—The cloud which had long obscured the happiness of the worthy Mr. Arbuthnot, by this unexpected union was suddenly dispersed; for it was the joint study of Ferdinand and Amelia to solace his afflictions, and sooth his declining years.

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## ON MEMORY.

A READY recollection of our knowledge at the moment we have occasion for it, is a talent of the greatest importance. The man possessed of it seldom fails to distinguish himself in whatever sort of business he may be engaged. It is indeed evident, that when the power of retention is weak, all attempts at eminence in knowledge must be vain, for memory is the primary and fundamental power,



without which there could be no other intellectual operation, judgment, and ratiocination. Suppose something already known, and draw their decisions only from experience. Imagination selects ideas from the treasures of remembrance, and produces novelty only by varied combinations. We do not even form conjectures of distant, or anticipations of future events, but by concluding what is possible from what is past.

Of a faculty so important, many rules have been given for the regulation and improvement, of which the first is that he who wishes to have a clear and distinct remembrance, should be temperate with respect to eating, drinking, and sleep. The memory depends very much upon the state of the brain; and, therefore, whatever is hurtful to the latter must be prejudicial to the former. Too much sleep clouds the brain, and too little overheats it; therefore either of these extremes must of course hurt the memory, and ought carefully to be avoided. Intemperance of all kinds, and excess of passion, have the same ill effects; so that we rarely meet with an intemperate person whose memory is at once clear and tenacious.

The liveliest remembrance is not so vivid as the sensation that produced it; and ideas of memory often, but not always, decay more and more, as the original sensation becomes more and more remote in time. Those sensations and those thoughts have a chance to be long remembered which are lively at first; and those are likely to be most lively which are most attended to, or which are accompanied with pleasure or pain, with wonder, surprise, curiosity, mer-

ritment, and other lively passions. The art of memory, therefore, is little more than the art of attention. What we wish to remember we should attend to, so as to understand it perfectly, fixing our view particularly upon it's importance, or singular nature, that it may raise within us some of the passions above mentioned. We should also disengage our minds from all other things, that we may attend more effectually to the object we wish to remember. No man will read with much advantage who is not able at pleasure to evacuate his mind, or who brings not to his author an intellect defecated and pure, neither turbid with care, nor agitated with pleasure. If the repositories of thought are already full, what can they receive? If the mind is employed on the past or the future, the book will be held before his eyes in vain.

It is the practice of many readers to note on the margin of their books the most important passages, the strongest arguments, or the brightest sentiments. Thus they load their minds with superfluous attention, repress the vehemence of curiosity by useless deliberation, and by frequent interruption break the current of narration, or the chains of reason, and at last close the volume, and forget the passages and the marks together. Others are firmly persuaded that nothing is certainly remembered but what is transcribed, and they therefore pass weeks and months in transferring large quotations to a commonplace book. Yet why any part of a book which can be consulted at pleasure should be copied, we are not able to discover. The hand has no closer correspondence

with the memory than the eye. The act of writing itself distracts the thoughts, and what is read twice is commonly better remembered than what is transcribed. This method, therefore, consumes time without assisting the memory. But to write an abridgement of a good book may sometimes be a very profitable exercise. In general when we would preserve the doctrines, sentiments, or facts, that occur in reading, it will be prudent to lay the book aside, and put them in writing in our own words. This practice will give accuracy to our knowledge, accustom us to recollection, improve us in the use of language, and enable us so thoroughly to comprehend the thoughts of other men, as to make them in some measure our own.

Our thoughts have for the most part a connexion; so that the thought which is just now in the mind depends partly upon that which went before, and partly serves to introduce that which follows—Hence we remember best those things which are methodically disposed and naturally connected. A regular discourse makes a more lasting impression upon the hearer than a number of detached sentences, and gives to his rational powers a more salutary exercise; and this may show us the propriety of conducting our studies, and all our affairs according to a regular plan or method. When this is not done, our thoughts and our business, especially if in any degree complex, soon run into confusion.

As the mind is not at all times equally disposed for the exercise of this faculty, such seasons should be made choice of as are most

proper for it. The mind is seldom fit for attention presently after meals, and to call off the spirits at such times the proper employment in digestion is apt to cloud the brain, and prejudice the health. Both the mind and body should be easy and undisturbed when we engage in this exercise, and therefore retirement is most fit for it: and the evening, just before we go to rest, is generally recommended as a very convenient season, both for the stillness of the night, and because the impressions will then have a longer time to settle before they come to be disturbed by the accession of others proceeding from external objects; and to call over in the morning what has been committed to the memory overnight, must, for the same reason, be very serviceable. For to review those ideas while they continue fresh upon the mind, and unmixed with any others, must necessarily imprint them more deeply.

The most effectual way to gain a good memory is by constant and moderate exercise of it; for the memory, like other habits, is strengthened and improved by daily use. It is indeed hardly credible to what a degree both active and passive remembrance may be improved by long practice. There are clergymen who can get a sermon by heart in two hours, though their memory, when they began to exercise it, was rather weak than strong; and pleaders with other orators, who speak in public and extempore, often discover, in calling instantly to mind all the knowledge necessary to the present occasion, and every thing of importance that may have advanced in the course



of a long debate, such powers of retention and recollection as to the man who has never been obliged to exert himself in the same manner, are altogether astonishing. As habits, in order to be strong, must be formed in early life, the memories of children should therefore be constantly exercised; but to oblige them to commit to memory what they do not understand, perverts their faculties, and gives them a dislike to learning. In a word, those who have most occasion for memory, as orators and public speakers, should not suffer it to lie idle, but constantly employ it in treasuring up, and frequently reviving such things as may be of most importance to them; for by these means it will be more at their command, and they may place greater confidence in it upon any emergency.

Men complain of nothing more frequently than of deficient memory; and indeed every one finds that after all his efforts, many of the ideas that he desired to retain have slipped irretrievably away; that acquisitions of the mind are sometimes equally fugitive with the gifts of fortune; and that a short intermission of attention more certainly lessens knowledge than impairs an estate. To assist this weakness of our nature, many methods, besides those mentioned, have been proposed; all of which may be justly suspected of being ineffectual; for no art of memory, however its effects have been boasted of or admired, has been ever adopted into general use; nor have those who possessed it appeared to excel others in readiness of recollection, or multiplicity of attainments.

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

SIR,

In your magazine for September, page, 411, you have inserted two letters containing an account of a Mermaid said to have been lately seen on the coast of Caithness in Scotland; perhaps it may not be improper likewise to give insertion to the following:

I am yours &c.

E. R—Y.

*Edinburg.*

Arasaig, Sept. 28, 1809.

THE following declaration was this day emitted in presence of the after-subscribing witnesses:—

Neil M'Intosh, in Sandy Island, Canna, states that he heard from different individuals in the island of Canna, that they have seen the fish called Mermaids; that these animals had the upper parts resembling the human figure, and the lower extremities resembling a fish. In particular about six years ago, Niel Stewart and Neil M' Isaac, both alive in Canna, when walking upon the sea beach on the north end of the island, on a Sunday, saw, stretched on a rock at a small distance, an animal of this description, having the appearance of a woman in the upper parts and a fish below; that on seeing them it sprung into the water, after which they had a more distinct view of its upper parts, which strongly resemble a female of the human species. That Lachlan M' Arthur, of the same island, informed M' Intosh, that some years ago, sailing from Uist to Skye in a stormy day, he

saw rising from the water, near the stern of the boat in which he was, a figure resembling a woman in it's upper parts, which terrified him extremely.

Neil M' Intosh further states, that he himself, about five years ago, was steering a boat from Canna to Skye in a stormy day; that when about one fourth of the passage from Canna he saw something near him of a white color, and of the human figure, spring almost out of the water, which he took for the animal above described; but as it instantly disappeared again, he had no opportunity of examining it minutely; that he felt considerable alarm at the sight of it, as a general opinion or prejudice exists amongst the inhabitants of the Western Isles, that it is extremely unlucky to meet with or look upon such animals at sea, or to point them out to the rest of the crew unless they observe it themselves.

Signed, Neil M' Intosh; Robert Brown, factor for Clannanald, witness; Donald M' Neil, of Canna, witness; William Campbell, W. S. Edinburgh, witness; James Gillespie, architect, Edinburgh, witness.

Portree, 2d October, 1809.

That what is above written is a true copy of the original.

Attested, Malcolm Wright, N. P.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S  
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

TO the late well-authenticated accounts of the existence and appearance of Mermaids, given by Miss Mackay, of Reay, and the Thurso school-master, in letters which after their appearance par-

ticularly excited the attention of the Glasgow philosophical society, (which letters were inserted in your Miscellany for September last) may be added the following ancient authorities, touching the actual existence of those extraordinary creatures:—

'Alexander ab Alexandro affirms, that he has known a Merman steal a woman;—he adds '*causa concubitus*.' Ferdinand Alvarez, secretary to the store-house of the Indians, says, he saw a young Merman come out of the water, and steal fish left to dry on the shore by the fishermen. In the year 1187, a Merman was fished up on the coast of Suffolk, and kept for six months by the Governor: this is related in many of our English Chronicles, the writers of which add, that it bore so near a conformity to man, that nothing seemed wanting to it besides speech. It took an opportunity of making it's escape, and plunging into the sea, and was never more heard of. In 1560, near the island of Manar, on the western coast of the island of Ceylon, some fishermen brought up at one draught of the net, seven Mermen and Maids, of which several Jesuits (and among the rest F. Hen. Henriques, and Dimar Bosquer, physician to the Viceroy of Goa) were witnesses. The physician, who examined them with much care, and made many dissections from them, asserts, that all their parts, both internal and external, were found perfectly conformable to those of men. (See *His. de la campagne de Jesus*,) tom. iv. no. 276, where the relation is given at length.) We have another account, well attested, of a Merman seen near the Diamond rock, on the coast of Martinico; the per-



sons who viewed it, gave in a precise description of it before a notary. A creature of the same species was caught in the Baltic in the year 1531, and sent as a present to Sigismund, King of Poland, with whom it lived three days, and was seen by all the court. But the most authentic and particular relation we meet with, is in the history of the Netherlands, and the same occurrence is noticed, with some slight variations, in the 'Delices d' Hollande.' In 1430, after a violent tempest, which broke down the Dykes in Holland, and made way for the sea into the meadows, some milk women, who were crossing the Mere in a boat, saw a human head above water, and upon a nearer examination, discovered a Mermaid embarrassed in the mud. After some resistance on the creature's part, they succeeded in securing her, and by gentle usage, prevailed on her, in a few days, to eat and drink milk and bread, and fish. The magistrates of Haarlam, in whose jurisdiction the Mere was, hearing of the circumstance, commanded her to be sent to them; and on her arrival, she was put into the town-house, and a woman was assigned to take care of, and endeavour to instruct her. In a short time she learned to spin, and would signify by signs that she understood the meaning of the gestures she saw, and the commands she received, but all attempts to make her speak were entirely fruitless. After living among them for sixteen years, during which time thousands of persons saw her, she died, and was permitted to receive the rites of burial in a church-yard. It is related that she was always desirous of having her lower part in water, in which she was indul-

ged, and that she made two or three attempts to escape to the sea. Her picture was in existence in the year 1706, and hung in the town-house of Haarlam; it represents her with very long black hair, a face perfectly human, as were her breasts and stomach, and the lower extremities resembling a very strong fish tail. Besides the particulars above related, Parry affirms that it had even received some notions of a deity, but this consisted merely in making it's reverences to a crucifix, which it doubtless executed merely in imitation of it's companions.

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## HOPE.

### A FRAGMENT.

'Cease ev'ry joy to glimmer on the mind,  
But leave, O! leave the light of hope behind!

*Campbell's Pleasures of Hope.*

HAIL! thou, whose delightful visions soothe the aching heart, benignant Hope! who, like the good Samaritan, pourest the balm of comfort into the wounded mind of the afflicted traveler, and, encouraging him to look forward to scenes of future happiness, cheerest him on his tedious pilgrimage, and enablest him to sustain with fortitude the load, which the iron hand of adversity hath pressed upon him.

Touched by thy magic hand, what vivid tints adorn the glowing landscape — tints which the painter would in vain attempt to imitate, or the poet to describe.

In the morning of life, when prostrate at the feet of beauty,

the enamoured youth endeavour-  
eth in vain to give utterance to  
the feelings of his soul; it is  
thou who teachest him to read, in  
the timid glances of his fair en-  
slaver, the endearing confession  
which modesty forbiddeth her to  
express.

Though rich in the gifts of for-  
tune, and surrounded by friends  
who anticipate his wishes, and  
servants who fly at his nod, the  
heart of the great man sorroweth,  
for the music of thy voice delight-  
eth not his ear; he hath attained  
the summit of earthly grandeur,  
and from it's fearful height look-  
eth down with dismay.

But in the dwelling of poverty  
thou disdainest not to take up thy  
abode; and, O! how delightful  
are the sensations thou awakenest  
in the hearts of it's inmates!

Encouraged by thy golden prom-  
ises, the undaunted sailor plough-  
eth the tempestuous ocean; and,  
while thou portrayest to his im-  
agination scenes of future love and  
happiness, he listeneth with com-  
posure to the howling of the  
storm, and smileth amid the dan-  
gers that surround him!

O! purest and most valued of  
the gifts of heaven! when, when  
shall I again behold thee! as the  
benighted traveler, exhausted with  
fatigue and hunger, turneth his  
eyes to the east, and haileth with  
rapture the first blush of Aurora  
— even with such transport, with  
such unspeakable delight, should  
I behold thy radiant form break-  
ing through this gloom of misery,  
this more than midnight darkness,  
which despair casteth around!

Despair! which oft impels the gloomy  
mind,  
To deeds of desperation, deeds which  
shock

The feeling soul; for, O! it's force can  
shake

The seat of reason, bid us madly spurn  
Religion's promis'd joys, and rush, un-  
call'd,

To meet the vengeance of an angry God!

JOANNA SQUIRE.

Nov. 13, 1809.

## THE DINNER.

### A SCENE IN FASHIONABLE LIFE.

[From the Novel intituled 'Caleb's in search  
of a Wife.']

ON the tiptoe of expectation, I  
went to dine with Sir John Bel-  
field in Cavendish-Square. I  
looked at my watch fifty times. I  
thought it would never be six  
o'clock. I did not care to show  
my country breeding by going too  
early, to incommode my friend;  
nor my town breeding, by going  
too late, and spoiling his dinner.  
Sir John is a valuable, elegant-  
minded man, and, next to Mr.  
Stanley, stood highest in my fa-  
ther's esteem for his mental ac-  
complishments and his correct  
morals. As I knew he was re-  
markable for assembling at his  
table men of sense, taste, and  
learning, my expectations of plea-  
sure were very high. 'Here, at  
least,' said I, as I heard the name  
of one clever man announced after  
another, 'here, at least, I cannot  
fail to find

"The feast of reason, and the flow of  
soul:"

'Here, at least, all the energies of  
my mind will be brought into ex-



ercise. From this society I shall carry away documents for the improvement of my taste; I shall treasure up hints to enrich my understanding, and collect aphorisms for the conduct of life.

At first there was no fair opportunity to introduce any conversation beyond the topics of the day; and to those, it must be confessed, this eventful period gives a new and powerful interest. I should have been much pleased to have had my country politics rectified, and any prejudices which I might have contracted removed or softened, could the discussion have been carried on without the frequent interruption of the youngest man of the company. This gentleman broke in on every remark, by descanting successively on the merits of the various dishes; and, if it be true that experience only can determine the judgement, he gave that best right to peremptory decision, by not trusting to delusive theory, but by actually eating of every dish at table.

His animadversions were uttered with the gravity of a German philosopher, and the science of a French cook. If any of his opinions happened to be controverted, he quoted, in confirmation of his own judgement, the *Almanac des Gourmands*, which he assured us was the most valuable work that had appeared in France since the revolution. The author of this book he seemed to consider as high authority in the science of eating, as Coke or Hale in that of jurisprudence, or Quintilian in the art of criticism. To the credit of the company, however, be it spoken, he had the whole of this topic to himself. The rest

of the party were, in general, of quite a different calibre, and as little acquainted with his favorite author, as he, probably, was with theirs.

The lady of the house was perfectly amiable and well-bred. Her dinner was excellent, and every thing about her had an air of elegance and splendor: of course, she completely escaped the disgrace of being a scholar, but not the suspicion of having a very good taste. I longed for the removal of the cloth, and was eagerly anticipating the pleasure and improvement which awaited me.

As soon as the servants were beginning to withdraw, we got into a sort of attitude of conversation; all, except the eulogist of *l'Almanac des Gourmands*, who, wrapping himself up in the comfortable consciousness of his own superior judgement, and a little piqued that he had found neither support nor opposition (the next best thing to a professed talker), he seemed to have a perfect indifference to all subjects except that on which he had shown so much eloquence with so little effect.

The last tray was now carried out, and the last lingering servant had retired, when I was beginning to listen with all my powers of attention to an ingenious gentleman, who was about to give an interesting account of Egypt, where he had spent a year, and from whence he was lately returned. He was just got to the catacombs,

When, on a sudden, open fly,  
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,

the mahogany folding-doors, and in at once, struggling who should

he first, rushed half a dozen children, lovely, fresh, gay, and noisy. This sudden and violent irruption of the pretty barbarians, necessarily caused a total interruption of conversation. The sprightly creatures ran round the table, to choose where they would sit. At length this difficulty of courts and cabinets, the *choice of places*, was settled. The little things were jostled in between the ladies, who all contended who should get possession of the *little beauties*. One was in rapture at the rosy cheeks of a sweet girl she held in her lap; a second exclaimed aloud at the beautiful lace with which the frock of another was trimmed, and which she was sure mamma had given for being good: a profitable, and doubtless a lasting association, was thus formed in the child's mind between lace and goodness. A third cried out, 'Look at the little beauty; do but observe, her bracelets are as blue as her eyes! Did you ever see such a match?' 'Surely, Lady Belfield,' cried a fourth, 'you carried the eyes to the shop, or there must have been a shade of difference.'

I myself, who am passionately fond of children, eyed the sweet little rebels with complacency, notwithstanding the unseasonableness of their interruption.

At last, when they were all disposed of, I resumed my inquiries about the resting-place of the mummies. But the grand dispute who should have oranges, and who should have almonds and raisins, soon raised such a clamor, that it was impossible to hear my Egyptian friend. This great contest was, however, at length settled, and I was returned to the

antiquities of Memphis, when the important point, who should have red wine, and who should have white, who should have half a glass, and who a whole glass, set us again in an uproar. Sir John was visibly uneasy, and commanded silence. During this interval of peace, I gave up the catacombs, and took refuge in the pyramids. I had no sooner proposed my question about the serpent said to be found in one of them, than the son and heir, a fine little fellow, just six years old, reaching out his arm to dart an apple across the table at his sister, roguishly intending to overset her glass, unluckily overthrew his own, brimful of port wine. The whole contents were discharged on the elegant drapery of a white-robed nymph.

All was now agitation and distress, and disturbance and confusion — the gentlemen ringing for napkins, and the ladies assisting the dripping fair one; each vying with the other who should recommend the most approved specific for getting out the stain of red-wine, and comforting the sufferer by stories of similar misfortunes. The poor little culprit was dismissed, and all difficulties and disasters seemed at last surmounted. But you cannot heat up again an interest that has been so often cooled. The thread of conversation had been so frequently broken, that I despaired of seeing it tied together again. I sorrowfully gave up catacombs, pyramids, and serpent, and was obliged to content myself with a little desultory chat with my next neighbour. Sorry and disappointed, to glean only a few scattered ears where I had expected



so large a harvest; and the day, from which I promised myself so much benefit and delight, passed away with a very slender acquisition of either.

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ACCOUNT of the Italian Poet *BOCCACCIO* and his *DECAMERON*.

*BOCCACCIO* was born at a little village near Florence. His birth was obscure; and his father, in consequence of his poverty, sent him, against his inclination, to a merchant to learn commerce. He remained with him some time; but having been at Paris with his master, and having there seen a little of the world, he soon became disgusted with his profession. The love of the belles-lettres made him so neglect all mercantile affairs, that the merchant sent him back to Florence. His father, then, by the advice of his friends, made him study the law; but young *Boccaccio* did not find his inclination lead to that either: he quitted the bar for the study of polite literature and poetry. His genius unfolded itself, and he composed some tolerably good verses; but those of *Petrarch*, who flourished at that time, appeared to him so infinitely superior, that he resolved to burn his — preferring rather to make none, than to yield to another in that respect. It is true that, if we judge of his talent by the verses at the end of his *Decameron*, we shall not form a very advantageous idea of his poetry. However, he and *Petrarch* were great friends; for *Pe-*

*trarch* constantly wore a ring on his finger, on which was the portrait of *Boccaccio*; and the latter wore one, on which was the portrait of *Petrarch*.

*Boccaccio* was handsome and well made, and his manners were charming. He was passionately fond of women, as we may see by his works, and he was also much beloved by them; amongst others, by the natural daughter of the King of Naples, from whom, it is said, he received the greatest favors, and who is so celebrated in his works by the name of *Fiammetta*.

The *Decameron* is his masterpiece. This work is full of fine and delicate thoughts; his expressions are happy, and he gives an air of gallantry to all he says. But we cannot too much admire the purity of his style. The Italians, fastidious as they are, still read this work with pleasure, and they have hired readers, or professors, who explain it. It is to be wished we could judge as favorably of his morals; but, in some parts, he pushes libertinism too far. Unfortunately, if we were to take away these parts, we should take from *Boccaccio* all his graces and his beauties. With respect to his judgement, that is a faculty he least excels in; for it often fails him. He makes women, whom he calls virtuous, hold conversations which would be shameful in the most infamous places; and, at other times, he makes them speak as Epicureans, without considering who are the persons whom he introduces on the scene; and even his description of the plague of Florence, pathetic as it is, does not appear quite in it's proper place.

## MORAL REFLECTIONS

UPON THE VARIOUS  
DUTIES OF LIFE ;PARTICULARLY UPON THAT WHICH  
CHILDREN OWE THE AUTHORS OF THEIR  
EXISTENCE.*Exemplified in two tales ; in which  
the advantages of a virtuous  
mode of education are strikingly  
contrasted with the ill effects  
which naturally arise from the  
neglect of it.*

IN the extensive catalogue of human ties, and in the wide circle of domestic duties, it is impossible to find one more binding in it's claims, or more impressive in it's nature, than that which a child owes to the authors of it's existence.

The debt of gratitude commences with the breath of life, and terminates only with it's extinction ! from the helpless hour of infancy, to the self-supported days of manhood, parental kindness is perpetually exerted ; and no less solicitude displayed in maturity, than was evinced during that forlorn period, when the fragile frame was incapable of supporting itself without a fostering hand to sustain it ; and when without the aid of maternal fondness, it must have perished from disease, or want.

What mind of sensibility can reflect upon the anxieties it must have occasioned the author of it's existence, without feeling their heart glow with the mixed sensations of gratitude and respect ! and sensibly feel the force of the obligations they owe an amiable and tender parent ? Ingratitude is allowed to be a vice of the

most degrading nature ; and the being known to practice it is universally despised ! — but how inferior are the obligations which we owe a patron, or benefactor, to those which we all owe to the authors of our birth ? What days of inquietude does an anxious mother pass during the period of her offspring's infancy ; — and how many nights succeed each other without the refreshing balm of repose ? — exhausted nature perhaps snatches a few moments of refreshment ; but even then, if the object of her solicitude is the victim of disease, her short slumbers are disturbed by fearful apprehensions and she awakes unrefreshed, from the effect of foreboding dreams.

This is neither a high-colored, or uncommon picture ; it is the genuine representation of every attached mother's heart ! — and is it possible for those beings, who have called forth such solicitude to return it with coldness, indifference, or neglect ? happy would it be for society in general, if instances of filial ingratitude were uncommon, or rare ; but alas ! they are too frequent for the truth of their existence to be denied. —

But whence it may be asked, proceeds this growing evil ? how is it possible for children taught from the first dawn of reason to respect the authors of their birth, to act in direct opposition to their wishes the very moment reason and judgement become matured ? to this inquiry I will answer, by saying, that the present system of education (and in fact that which has been practised for the last twenty years) is calculated to inspire that spirit of independence which is the source of those evils



of which so many parents complain.

‘I wish my boy to acquire a spirit of independence!’ says the injudicious father, ‘I like to observe his reflecting faculties unfold; and to hear him assign reasons why he does not follow my precepts, for this is the only way by which he can become a great character.’

By this ill-judged mode of conduct the barrier of filial respect is totally broken down; and a boy of twelve years of age will not only presume to dispute with his parents upon the propriety of any act he is commanded to perform for them, but actually take upon himself the office of mentor. — The growing evil likewise extends to the fair-sex; who, instead of pliantly yielding their opinions to age and experience, with dogmatic assurance avow the superiority of their understandings, and presumptuously ridicule the ignorance of their parents.

I have been induced to make these observations from ocular demonstration of their justice; and I shall close them by relating the different effects which I witnessed of a fashionable, and an unfashionable education; flattering myself with the hope that my readers may draw an useful lesson from the two relations, and that society in general might be benefited by them.

Two friends, whom I had not seen since quitting college, and whom I shall distinguish by the fictitious names of Belville, and Beverley, had frequently invited me to pass the summer months with them, as only six miles separated their estates. My own avocations however, united to the dis-

tance which divided them from me, for several years furnished me with an excuse; but fortune last summer having smiled on my exertions, and a portion of leisure time laying upon my hands, I determined upon making an excursion into Yorkshire, for the purpose of enjoying the society of two old friends.

As Belville's seat lay on the road to Beverley's, I, of course, resolved to pay the first visit to him; and arrived about seven in the evening, when my friend and his wife were on a visit to a neighbouring gentleman. — The situation of my friend's house was strikingly beautiful; it stood upon an eminence which commanded the sea; the garden was terminated by a creek, of that majestic element, in which a yacht, or pleasure barge, was moored with security. — The servant upon my arrival offered to fetch their master, but this I positively objected to; determining to amuse myself by walking round the garden, and extensive grounds. Being a great admirer of the sea, I naturally directed my steps to the small creek or harbour; and independent of the yacht observed a small boat with a girl of about thirteen, and two boys in it, the one apparently about two years older, and the other about one, younger than herself. — The two boys were each furnished with an oar, and miss was seated at the helm; as the boys were dressed in common sailors' jackets and their female companion had not the slightest appearance of gentility, I had not the most distant idea of this being the offspring of my friend Belville. — Upon seeing me approach the edge of the water, they rested upon their oars, and fixed their eyes upon me in a

manner which I thought rather impertinent.

‘You are young sailors, and I advise you to attend to your employment,’ said I, ‘or you may feel the ill effect of curiosity.’—

‘You are mistaken,’ replied the youngest, ‘for my brother is lord of the sea; or if you will not allow him the sovereign title of Neptune, he is at least lord of the grounds on which you are walking, during his father’s absence.’

‘Are you the sons of Mr. Belville?’ I demanded, in a tone of astonishment: ‘Precisely so; at your service,’ retorted the young spark; ‘and if I am not taking a liberty, pray, sir, who are you?’

‘You have probably, young gentleman, heard your father mention an old collegiate of the name of —. That personage has now the honor of addressing you, and likewise of expressing his astonishment at seeing you unattended upon that dangerous element.’

The moment I announced my name, the mariners towed into harbour; when the eldest apologized for the rude manner in which his brother had accosted me; adding, he was a rough diamond, and had mistaken me for one of the servant’s acquaintance.

About nine o’clock Belville and his wife returned from their visit, accompanied by the eldest daughter, a young lady apparently about seventeen. Belville received me with all that cordiality of affection so truly gratifying to the feelings of friendship, and after conversing upon different topics, we were imperceptibly led into politics. The moment this subject was started, the two boys launched out with a volubility that I could not have conceived possible; each positively opposed their father’s

opinion, and unceremoniously appealed to me with an effrontery of manner, and self important assurance, that perfectly astonished me.

Had my judgement not induced me to coincide in my friend’s sentiments, I certainly should not openly have avowed my opinion; but upon my adducing a variety of arguments to prove the fallacy of their judgement, George (the elder) exclaimed, ‘Oh! I perceive you are of the old school! but my dear sir, continued the puppy, the present age is more enlightened; we do not suffer ourselves to be biassed by the antiquated notions of our great grandfathers.’

‘If you suffered yourself, young men, to be biassed by that humility, which is the greatest ornament to youth,’ I replied with some severity of accent, ‘it would be much more becoming in you; and whatever may be your sentiments, filial respect ought to teach you not to oppose them to your father’s.’

Poor Belville seemed to feel the force of this observation more sensibly than either of his sons; he arose from his seat, and evidently struck with his own folly, began pacing the room: but conquering his feeling he turned smiling towards me, saying ‘Bachelor’s wives, and maid’s children, my dear Henry, the old adage informs us, are always admirably managed; but my good fellow, the system of education which was practised when you and I were youngsters, in this enlightened age has been totally exploded; from childhood, I have permitted my boys to controvert my opinions, by way of giving scope to their reasoning faculties: I may have erred, but it is too



late to remedy it; and my dear Eliza,' continued he, turning to Mrs. Belville, 'will you have the goodness to order supper?'

'Emma,' said Mrs. B. addressing her daughter, who had (in my opinion very impolitely) taken up a book; 'be kind enough to tell William to let us have supper directly.' The studious fair-one made no reply to this request of her mother's, who in a louder tone repeated the supplication, when without raising her eyes from the book, she said, 'Do you not perceive ma'am my attention is occupied? Why don't you send Charles?'

Charles is neither going to be your lackey, or any other person's, Miss Emma,' exclaimed this promising youth. 'My dear Eliza, for what purpose were bells invented?' inquired Belville, evidently shocked at the uncouth behaviour of his children; or probably self-condemned by these marks of astonishment, visibly displayed in my countenance.

The conversation after supper was absolutely monopolized by these unamiable and disgusting young people; Miss Emma was enthusiastic in her praises of a young ensign, the son of the gentleman whom her parents and self had been visiting that afternoon; whilst her brothers declared him to be a mere non-entity, only fit to be tied to his mother's apron-strings.

These are but slight specimens of want of decorum, to those, which I witnessed during the three days I passed under the roof of this misjudging parent; in short, I was so completely disgusted with the want of order which prevailed throughout the family, and the daring effrontery of Belville's chil-

dren's conduct, that I made a plausible pretence for shortening my visit, and on the fourth morning after my arrival bade them an eternal farewell.

From the specimen I had witnessed of the northern mode of education, I anticipated but little gratification from extending my tour; particularly as Belville had informed me Beverley had nine children, all of whom were educated at home. I traveled in a curricule attended by my servant; and being deeply absorbed in thought did not pay proper attention to the road; and when I arrived within the distance of a mile of the place at which I purposed to take up my residence, I injudiciously contrived to drive the carriage against a post. Providentially no other inconvenience arose from this act of covetousness, than breaking one of the wheels; I was, however, under the necessity of alighting, and ordered my groom to lead the horses, with the shattered vehicle, along the high road; myself entering a narrow foot-path, which led to my friend's mansion, according to the direction I had received from a millar who was passing with some corn.

I had not proceeded more than a quarter of a mile, when my attention was attracted by the appearance of several small rustic habitations, the walls of which were neatly whitened and overspread with woodbine: before each was a little piece of ground laid out in gardens; and behind them a running stream, which meandered through the neighbouring grounds. — A painter could not have fixed upon more striking objects for the exercise of his art; the prospect on one

side was bounded by the village church, raised upon a woody eminence, and on the other by a mill almost embosomed in thick foliage. — Being an enthusiastic admirer of nature I drew near this humble paradise, and taking out my pencil began making a sketch of the surrounding scene, when my eyes were attracted from their employment by the appearance of a form lovely as Venus, accompanied by a little Cupid about three years of age. They entered the cottage near which I was standing, evidently without having observed me: I remained some moments fixed in astonishment, and then drew near unperceived; and heard a voice as harmonious as that of Angels, say, ‘My dear, good woman, do take a little of this jelly, if only to gratify me.’ — The invalid’s voice was so low I could not distinguish the answer made to this tender entreaty; but I distinctly heard the benevolent fair one add — ‘Do not talk of obligations, it is only a debt of gratitude which I pay; have I not a thousand times heard my mother declare, that you were the preserver of my existence? and that, from the nutritiousness of your milk, I owed the prolongation of my life? Never, then, wound my feelings by the word gratitude, for you have an undoubted claim upon my attentions.’

As the angelic creature closed this sentence, her little companion came running to the door, and, espying me, exclaimed — ‘Oh, sister, here is a gentleman! do come and tell me who he is?’

‘My little man,’ said I, rather disconcerted at being discovered, ‘can you tell me which is the

nearest way to Mr. Beverley’s?’

‘Oh yes, sir, that I can; for he is my papa; and my sister Louisa is here, so pray walk in.’ The amiable girl, hearing this invitation, drew towards the door, and with a grace that would have done honor to a drawing-room, said, ‘If I was going to indulge her father with my company, she should be happy to be my conductress.’ —

I had been too much charmed with the benevolent sentiments of this angelic young creature, to refuse the polite offer, and during our short walk I had an opportunity of discovering that her mind was as completely cultivated as her heart was good. — Near twenty years had elapsed since I had any personal intercourse with Beverley; though, during that period, we had kept up a regular correspondence; and, entering a small copse, I easily recognised my old friend, assisting a woodcutter at his work, and distinctly heard him exclaim, ‘Richard, my honest fellow, the trunk of that tree is too heavy for you; I will carry it, for my shoulders are thirty years lighter!’

Amiable humanity! thought I. — How soothing are thy dictates to the worn-out being, whom the weight of years and sorrow have depressed! Under what favorable auspices do I behold the companion of my youthful pleasures! Ah, Beverley, I perceive thou art a truly worthy man! — These ideas passed rapidly in my mind as I approached the benevolent being who had inspired them, and who, intent upon his labor, had not perceived us draw near. —

‘Papa, papa, here is a gentle-



man of your acquaintance!' said the blooming little Henry, pulling his father by the coat. — Beverley turned rapidly round, instantly recognised my features, and received me with a cordiality that touched my very heart. — 'Richard,' said he, turning to the old wood-cutter, 'you must dispense with my assistance this morning; this is an old friend whom I have not seen since I quitted college, so leave off labor, and take that to drink his health.'

'Health and long life to every friend of your honor's!' replied the venerable laborer, respectfully taking off his hat; for I am sure and sartin that all your honor's acquaintance must be good sort of folks.'

'Thank you, honest friend, for the favorable opinion you entertain of me,' said I, slipping a half-a-crown into his withered hand; 'and as your master has given you something to drink my health, take that to drink your worthy employer's.'

'I should be an ungrateful wretch, sir, if I suffered a day to pass without doing so; and madam's, and all their dear children's likewise: — O, sir, did you but know what the squire has done for all the poor of our parish, 't would make your very heart leap for joy!'

As the old man made this declaration the tear of gratitude stole down his furrowed cheek, and, directing my looks towards the amiable Louisa, I beheld the crystal drop of filial affection trembling in her expressive eyes, as she gazed upon her respected father with a mixture of admiration, tenderness, and pride.

'You have touched upon a

subject that will inspire that garburity so natural to old age,' said Beverley, in a whisper; 'and poor Richard's grateful tongue is too busy in my praise. I have built that row of humble tenements for those laborers who work upon my estate, and recommended some few alterations to the parishioners, in the distribution of the poor-rates, which have proved beneficial to that class of society, whom it is our duty to cherish and protect.'

The unostentatious diffidence with which my friend received the humble tribute of gratitude from the being on whom he had conferred such essential benefits, exalted him more highly, in my opinion, than it is possible for language to express.

Upon arriving at Beverley's elegant mansion I was conducted by him into a spacious library, where I beheld the wife of this exalted being surrounded by her children; three girls were busily employed in making baby-linen, whilst a youth, apparently about sixteen, was drawing a plan of fortifications, and a variety of ships in line of battle, to which a boy, some years younger, appeared paying so much attention, that he did not perceive us enter the apartment. — At the farther end of the room sat a writing-master, instructing two boys in that necessary art; in short, the whole groupe presented a picture so truly fascinating, that I gazed upon them with a mixture of delight and astonishment.

The little girls eagerly surrounded the elder sister, each proudly displaying the emblems of their notability, and informing her, their mamma had promised they

should each present the produce of their industry to Dame Barker's baby in the evening, yet this was not done until they had separately paid their compliments to their father's friend; in fact I never beheld a family groupe more interestingly beautiful, or more completely polished in their address.

Instead of staying three days in this terrestrial paradise, it was with pain that I tore myself from it's interesting inhabitants at the expiration of two months; and, during that long period of time, I witnessed one scene of harmony, benevolence, and affection.

With five and twenty hundred a-year my friend Beverley contrives to do more essential acts of kindness than many men with treble that sum; he farms his own estate, is his own steward and bailiff; and, in fact, superintends the most minute of his concerns. — Mrs. Beverley is no less attentive in the domestic department: she had a governess to assist her in the education of her daughters until within the last six months, when the amiable Louisa requested to become the instructress of her younger sister, and with the salary which would have paid a governess she has established a female school, over which she presides as president; but the mistress of it is an old servant who had lived in the family many years.

As light and shade, happily blended, give a greater effect to the artist's designs, so virtue and vice, by being contrasted, produce a more striking effect upon the mind. — Every reader of sentiment will, of course, participate in the gratification I must have

experienced during my visit to the Beverleys, and felt shocked at the misguided mode of education practised by the ill-judged Belville. — Each of these men possess fortunes nearly similar, but in how different a manner do they dispose of the blessings given by a benevolent Providence. Belville's children, instead of feeding the hungry and clothing the naked, lavish immense sums upon their own gratification: each of the boys have a horse and a servant, over whom their parents have not the slightest command, and the girl, I understood, had an annual allowance which she wasted in trinkets, toys, and ribands, and which no account of the mode of expenditure was required by her parents, or had they demanded it, in all probability, she would have reminded them of it's being her own.

Can a reflecting mind feel any astonishment if children, brought up with these notions of self-importance, display contempt for those beings who first inspired them? or can we expect children who have no example of virtue set them will be likely to make choice of her paths? No; this would be to expect more from human nature than her frail propensities authorise.

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## MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS.

THE Mahometans believe that all sorts of figures, whether of statuary painting or otherwise,



will at the last day appear in judgement, and accuse before God those who made them, for having given them a body without a soul. This chimerical opinion may suggest a very instructive lesson. — That it is not sufficient to have given the first being to children, without joining to it the second; and that to the animal life they are indebted to us for, we ought to add the rational; without which we may dread, with more justice than the blind followers of Mahomet, that God will hereafter punish the fathers for their neglect, in not giving the excellencies of the soul to those bodies to animate them to acts of virtue, and all those noble qualities that dignify and exalt a man above other creatures.

According to some, ambition is the error of noble minds, it may rather be called the disorder of the light-headed. It is an insatiable monster in whatever affects its designs and hopes. Success rather stimulates than contents the desires of the ambitious.

The man that is captious, and full of punctilios upon all occasions, is like a hedge-hog which we know not where to lay hold of.

Anger is a species of drunkenness which attacks our mind, and troubles our reason by more fumes than those of wine, they last longer, and are usually attended with more fatal effects.

To make a worthy man, six things seem requisite — Piety without disguise, charity without ostentation, humility without baseness, prudence without artifice, justice without moroseness, temperance without parcimony.

If you have reason to be dissatis-

fied with the behaviour of your friend and prudence counsels you to break with him entirely, let your friendship be ripped as it were without being rent; that is, do not break with a noise but retire softly.

Acute and sensible people are often the most easily deceived. A deceit of which it may be said — 'It is impossible for any one to dare it' — always succeeds.

Good men are never concerned in revolutions. Sunderland caused the revolution of 1688, while Devonshire stood aloof — the latter was the angel, the former the storm. Bad men, and poisonous plants, are sometimes of superlative use in skilful hands.

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#### REMARK on the PROLOGUES of DRYDEN and POPE.

(By Dr. Warton.)

POPE's prologue to Addison's Cato is superior to any prologue of Dryden, who, notwithstanding is so justly celebrated for this species of writing. The prologues of Dryden are satirical and facetious; this of Pope is solemn and sublime, as the subject required. Those of Dryden contain general topics of criticism and wit, and may precede any play whatever, whether tragedy or comedy. This of Pope is particular, and appropriated to the tragedy alone which it was designed to introduce.

VIRTUOUS LOVE REWARDED.

A TALE.

*By Miss Wyndham Foot James.*

CHAP. II.

[Continued from p. 511.]

ADOLPHUS' excursive steps led him unconsciously on, till the abode of Ashton appeared in view. — 'Ah!' sighed he, 'whither have I rambled? Why should I wish again to behold the too lovely Clementina? Am I not already wretched? and will not a second sight of her augment my wretchedness?' Thus he stood mentally ratiocinating, irresolute whether to return or advance forwards. Love, at last, was triumphant over reason. With invigorated spirits, and accelerated pace, he approached the farm. In passing the garden he heard a voice that suspended his progress. Looking over the hedge he beheld Clementina and the farmer, to whom she was talking about the disposition of some flowers which she was going to plant in a parterre. Adolphus did not long remain unseen; the old man, casting his eyes towards the hedge, beheld him. Seeing himself observed he spoke, and immediately walked to the wicket that led into the garden. It was opened by the farmer, who expressed his pleasure at being honored with a second visit. A deep blush suffused the cheeks of Clementina when she beheld Adolphus approaching. He praised her judgement in the judicious

arrangement of her flowers; and, in the ardency of his encomiums, let fall many sentences that confused her. Ere he had been many minutes in the garden the farmer was called away upon some business. Adolphus, during the old man's absence, drew his fair companion from one flower to another, and asked their respective names. Coming to some very fine roses, he observed, that he thought them transcendently beautiful; he therefore gathered one; and, pressing it to his lips, said, 'Will the matchless Clementina give it a place in her fair bosom? No contrast is lovelier than the lily and the rose. Clementina, unconscious of what she did, accepted it, whilst her bloomy cheeks assumed a hue of the deepest crimson, and her fine blue eyes were cast to the ground. Adolphus stood gazing at her in silent admiration; he would have taken her hand and impressed on it a tender kiss; but the farmer re-entered the garden. Adolphus, after having passed an hour in discourse with him, his wife, and the lovely Clementina, took his leave.

But ere he had walked many yards from the house he was met by Hargrave and his brother.

'Good morning, coz,' said the farmer, 'you took an early excursion.' Adolphus made a reply.

'Did we not see you come from Ashton's?' interrogated Ferdinand. His brother answered in the affirmative, and passed many eulogiums on the farmer and his wife.

'And,' said Ferdinand, archly, and with a look of scrutiny, 'is there no one else who deserves praise? Did you not see there a beautiful young girl?'



'Yesterday morning,' continued he, 'when I was out hunting, the lovely maid in question was tripping across those meadows. The stag we were pursuing crossed over hither, and bounded with such agility against the beauteous girl that he threw her down. I immediately dismounted, and hastened to her assistance. I raised her from the ground, and, by Heaven! my eyes fell on a countenance, lovely beyond expression! I entreated the beautiful creature to let me escort her home, but this she refused, saying, that her fall had not occasioned her the least hurt. I, however, begged to know where she resided, and was answered at Ashton's. I have since heard that she is an orphan whom Mrs. Ashton has patronised. Ah! Adolphus, it was undoubtedly the charming Clementina to whom you have been paying your visit. I recollect hearing you say, a few days ago, that you called at the farm to take shelter from a storm. I conjecture it was then you first saw the fascinating fair; and, not being proof against her striking charms, called this morning to feast your eyes with a second coup-d'œil of them?'

Adolphus averred that he did not walk out with an intention of going to Ashton's, whom he accidentally saw; he therefore commenced a conversation with him, and accepted his invitation of entering the house.

'Well,' said Ferdinand, laughing, 'I advise you to keep your heart invulnerable till the arrival of Lady Dormer, who, Emily tells me, will be here on Friday, accompanied by her brother, Lord Bolton.'

Adolphus was pensive; he therefore paid very little attention to what his brother said to him. Sir Theobald interrogated Ferdinand concerning the gentleman and lady, who, he mentioned, were coming to their house: he thus answered—Lord Bolton is the late Mr. Turner; he has recently inherited the title and patrimony of his uncle. I believe,' continued he, 'Emily is now a little incensed with herself; for his lordship is the identical Turner whose addresses, you know, she rejected on account of his not having a title.'

'His lordship,' said the baronet, 'must re-assume them; but you have not said any thing of the sister.'

'Lady Dormer,' returned Ferdinand, 'is a rich young widow about twenty-two; her ladyship, by many, is thought a very fine woman.'

At this moment they were joined by Emily and Julia, the former of whom was in high spirits. The cause of her exhilaration was, that she entertained a hope of Lord Bolton's renewing his love for her. Julia, leaning on Adolphus' arm, they walked slowly along, whilst their cousin, brother, and sister, preceded them in mirthful glee. Adolphus was still melancholy. Cheerfulness and mirth could not find access to his breast. His dejection was observed by Julia, who begged to know the cause of it. Adolphus had ever loved this amiable sister with the greatest affection; he, therefore, disclosed to her the secret of his love for Clementina. 'Ah!' sighed he, 'it is absurd to cherish a hopeless passion; hopeless, alas! mine will prove; for,

I well know, my father will revolt at my addressing the adopted daughter of his tenant.'

'You are a novice in love,' said Julia, smiling, 'or you would not thus despair; however, you have my good wishes, and, if you approve it, I will accompany you to the farm the first opportunity.'

Adolphus thanked her, and proposed that they should go the next morning. 'And,' said he, 'when my dear sister beholds the charming girl she will not wonder at my attachment.'

'By this time they had reached the house, where, in the hall, they found Mr. Raymond, who informed Sir Theobald that he had called upon him, but not finding him at home was told by one of his servants that he was gone to his uncle's; 'and here,' said he, 'sure enough, I have found you — He! he! he! I think,' continued he, looking at Miss Cleveland, 'that walking shoots with you, Miss; it is, to be sure, a very good excise; however it have made you look vastly fresh.'

'She looks,' said Ferdinand, laughing, 'lovely as Hebe.'

'Ay, sir,' returned he, 'she looks puttyer than ever Phabe looked, though I once thought her mighty puttey.'

'Ha! ha! ha!' rejoined Ferdinand, 'and why do you not think so now?'

'Why, because,' replied he, 'I have seen somebody as starts above her; and, besides, 'twud n't be putty in a squire to go after a maid who carr'd a milk-pail.'

Here Sir Theobald, who had been deeply engrossed in conversation with Adolphus and Julia,

bade them a good morning. Raymond made his plebeian obeisance, and departed with the baronet. The converse of these two gentlemen had precluded Ferdinand's ruminating on his disappointment, but after their departure he retired to the garden absorbed in meditation; indeed, his humor was quite changed, and, for once, he thought solitude 'best society.' The lovely image of Clementina haunted his imagination; he had taken his morning's excursion for the purpose of calling at Ashton's, but the meeting of his cousin was a defeat to his intention. He was greatly disconcerted at his brother's calling at the farmer's. 'But,' thought he, 'Adolphus has a marble heart; for has he not, with an apathetic eye, gazed upon the greatest beauties? Why, therefore, should I now fear his being my rival?' Thus he revolved, and determined on going to the farm the first opportunity. Accordingly, he directed his steps thither at the time

'...When evening in her sober vest  
Draws the grey curtain of the fading  
west.'

Proceeding down the meadow that led to the house he beheld the fair Clementina seated underneath a far-spreading beech which grew at a little distance from the path. He immediately made towards the spot, and stood unobserved behind the trunk of the tree. As a fair lily, drooping its delicate head to the verdant lawn, or as the white blossom of a myrtle bending o'er the green carpet of the flowery grove, so looking a hundred charms, Clementina sat reclining her lovely head against the moss-grown beech. In ac-



cents, dulcet as the music of Orpheus, whilst a soft sigh heaved her ivory bosom, she spoke as follows:—‘Alas! how absurdly do I act in thus solitarily retiring to muse on the amiable Mr. Cleveland! Must I suffer a passion for one so infinitely my superior to enter my heart? Ah!’ continued she, bending her fine eyes upon the rose which Adolphus had given her in the morning, and which she held in her hand, ‘why did he give me this?—Oh, sweet flower! fade not.’

Ferdinand stood, gazing, absolutely lost in admiration; but he relished not the sentiments he had overheard. A cough annoying him he was obliged to emerge from concealment. The beauteous girl blushed and arose. He advanced towards her, and accosted her in terms extremely gallant, at the same time, taking her hand, which she hastily withdrew, making him, though greatly confused, a very apposite reply. By way of detaining her, for she was going to hasten to the farm, he asked her if she were the daughter of Farmer Ashton? and followed this by several other questions. After the answering these interrogations she again wished him a good evening; and, notwithstanding he again essayed to detain her, walked hastily to the house. He attempted not to follow her but returned home, swelling with ire against his brother, whom he execrated as his most potent rival. Upon Ferdinand entering the

house he immediately walked to the drawing-room. Emily, who was seated at the harpsichord, arose at his entrance, and, catching up a note that lay upon the table, exclaimed, ‘Read the contents, Ferdinand; we are invited to meet a large assembly at Mrs. Murray’s, on Thursday, it being the anniversary of her birth-day. She mentions having, according to her usual custom, invited the families of her tenants; but, I suppose, we are neither to consort, nor dance with those people.’

‘And,’ said Ferdinand, petulantly, ‘do you intend going?’

‘Most certainly,’ returned Emily; ‘why, you did not think I was going to be so foolish as to stay at home, when, you know, I am always wishing for recreations? Nay,’ continued she, ‘Adolphus and Julia go likewise; and, indeed, I thought you would be glad to accompany us.’

‘I shall go,’ he replied, ‘to gratify my curiosity.’ So saying he left the room. His caprice for accepting this invitation was this:—he thought that, most probably, if they did not sit with the tenants’ sons and daughters, they would all mingle in the dance; he, therefore, wished to see who Adolphus would take for his partner. He well knew that Clementina would be one of the party, for some part of Ashton’s tenement appertained to Mrs. Murray.

[To be continued.]

## POETICAL ESSAYS.

## ODE TO PAINTING.

*By Thomas Campbell, Esq. Author of "The Pleasures of Hope."*

O THOU, by whose expressive heart  
Her perfect image Nature sees,  
In union with the graces start,  
And sweeter by reflection please:

In whose creative hand the hues,  
Stol'n from yon orient rainbow, shine;  
I bless thee, Promethean Muse,  
And call thee brightest of the Nine.

Possessing more than vocal power,  
Persuasive more than Poet's tongue,  
Whose lineage, in a raptur'd hour,  
From love the Lord of Nature sprung.

Does Hope his high possession meet?  
Is joy triumphant, sorrow flown?  
Sweet is the trance, the tremor sweet,  
When all we love is all our own,

But, oh! thou pulse of pleasure dear,  
Slow throbbing cold, I feel thee  
part—  
Lone absence plants a pang severe,  
Or death inflicts a keener dart.

Then for a beam of joy to light,  
In Memory's sad and wakeful eye,  
Or banish from the noon of night  
Her dreams of greater agony.

Shall Song her witching cadence roll,  
Yea ev'n the tenderest air repeat,  
First breath'd when soul was knit to  
soul,  
And heart to heart responsive beat.

What visions rise to charm, to melt,  
The lost, the lov'd, the dead, are near!  
Oh hush that strain, too deeply felt,  
And cease that solace too severe!

But thou, serenely silent art,  
By heaven and love was taught to lend  
A milder solace to the heart,—  
The sacred image of a friend.

All is not lost, if yet possess'd  
By me, that sweet memorial shine;  
If close and closer to my breast  
I hold that idol all divine.

Or gazing thro' luxurious tears,  
Melt o'er the lov'd, departed form,  
Till Death's cold bosom half appears,  
With life and speech and spirit warm.

She looks, she lives, this tranced hour;  
Her bright eye seems a purer gem  
Than sparkles on the throne of power,  
Or glory's wealthy diadem.

Yes, Genius, thy mimic aid  
A treasure to my soul has giv'n,  
Where Beauty's canonized shade  
Smiles in the sainted hues of heav'n.

No spectre forms of pleasure fled,  
Those soft'ning, sweet'ning tints re-  
store;  
For thou canst give us back the dead,  
Even in the loveliest looks they wore.

Then blest be Nature's guardian muse,  
Whose hand each perish'd grace re-  
deems;  
Whose tablet of a thousand hues,  
The mirror of creation seems.



From Love began the high descent \*.  
 And lovers, charm'd by gifts of  
 thine,  
 Shall bless thee, mutely eloquent,  
 And call thee brightest of the  
 Nine.

### THE PILGRIM OF SORROW.

' OH! ask not, old Hermit, why hither  
 I stray;  
 But grant, gentle father, my lowly re-  
 quest;  
 See the beauties of summer — they soon  
 will away,  
 And ere long shall the pilgrim of sor-  
 row find rest.

' In the vale I espy'd thee — I saw thee  
 in prayer,  
 While the sun in the west illum'd thy  
 pale face:  
 I mark'd thy bright cross, and thy thin,  
 breezy hair,  
 And now in thy aspect mild pity I  
 trace.

' Here let me dwell with thee — reside in  
 thy cell,  
 Make thy rushes my death-bed, and  
 under thine eye,  
 Ere I rise with kind Angels, low murmur  
 farewell!  
 Oh! 'tis happy, most happy, for  
 wretches to die!

But, man of the forest, Religion's mild  
 son,  
 Why I mourn, start, and tremble, seek  
 never to know,  
 For swift-footed plagues at my heels long  
 have run,  
 Deriding the tears of the fountain of  
 woe.

' The sands of the sea and distresses of  
 life  
 No mortal can number — no language  
 declare;  
 In the morn we have joy; noon's molest-  
 ed with strife;  
 And evening imposes vexation and  
 care.  
 ' Our sons torn from duty, our daughters  
 to shame;  
 And the tongue that vows deeply is  
 often forsworn.  
 Truth proves a third vision — false, false  
 is her name,  
 And she takes the wild garb which e'en  
 slander has worn.

' Oh, my heart 's sorely burthen'd! dear  
 father, thine aid;  
 Firm thoughts of distraction are filling  
 my mind.  
 He enter'd the cell, on his knees lowly  
 pray'd,  
 And to Heav'n his devotions were  
 borne by the wind.

In silence and sadness he wasted each  
 day,  
 His eyes often moisten'd, and oft  
 heav'd his breast;  
 And ere Summer's beauties were swept all  
 away,  
 In a grave near yon billows the Pil-  
 grim found rest.

### THE WITHER'D OAK.

' TWAS Autumn — the Sun now descend-  
 ing the sky,  
 In a robe of bright crimson and gold  
 was array'd:  
 While the pale sickly moon scarcely  
 open'd her eye,  
 Just peep'd through the forest, and  
 silver'd the glade.

The voice of the Evening was heard in  
 the trees —  
 Each chirper so merry was seeking his  
 nest;  
 The anthems of insects were mix'd with  
 the breeze,  
 And Nature look'd pleas'd — all her  
 children were blest.

\* Alluding to the well-known fiction  
 of the origin of Painting, from the sha-  
 dow of a lover's profile traced upon the  
 wall of his mistress.

E'en the trees appear'd dress'd in their holiday clothes,  
 And they wav'd their green arms, and they seem'd to rejoice;  
 While methought as I listen'd, at times there arose  
 From each oak's ivied branches a Deity's voice.

But ah! there was one that did not appear gay,  
 Nor wave his long branches — now verdant no more!  
 The bird as he views him soars silent away,  
 His genius is dead, and his honors are o'er.

Once green like the rest, strong and lovely he grew,  
 The warbler once dwelt in each well-cover'd bough,  
 The breezes saluted his leaves as they flew;  
 Yes, he has been — but now — alas! what is he now?

The rays of the morning still shine on the tree,  
 And evening still waters the trunk with her tears;  
 The wild-flower and wheat-sheaf around it we see,  
 But a winterly rain this ever appears.

Oh! say, is it age that has alter'd thy form,  
 (For care and affliction thou never hast known,) —  
 Or hast thou been struck by the pitiless storm,  
 That thou thus seems't to pine and to wither alone?

Thou art silent — the silence may fancy improve;  
 Come pause here awhile — it is what thou may'st be!  
 Ah! oft in the heyday of pleasure and love,  
 Old friend, I shall sigh as I think upon thee.

## THE DISTRESSED TRAVELLERS;

OR, LABOR IN VAIN.

BY WILLIAM COWPER, Esq.

(An excellent new Song to a Tune never sung before.)

*The following Jeu d'Esprit, by Mr. Cowper, Author of the Task, descriptive of one of his rural Excursions, is not in his published Poems, or in his posthumous Works.*

I SING of a journey to Clifton\*,  
 We would have perform'd it, if we could;

Without cart or barrow to lift on  
 Poor Mary†, and me, through the  
 the mud.

See, Sla, Slud,  
 Stuck in the mud;

O it is pretty to wade through a  
 flood!

So away we went slipping, and sliding,  
 Hop, hop, *a la mode de deux frogs*;  
 'Tis near as good walking as riding,  
 When the ladies are dressed in their  
 clogs.

Wheels no doubt,  
 Go briskly about,  
 But they clatter, and rattle, and  
 make such a route.

## DIALOGUE.

SHE.

"Well! now, I protset it is charming;  
 How finely the weather improves:  
 That cloud is rather alarming;  
 How slowly and stately it moves."

\* A village near Olney.

† Mrs. Unwin.



HE.

' Pshaw ! never mind,  
'Tis not in the wind,  
We are travelling south, and shall leave  
it behind.'

SHE.

' I am glad we are come for an airing,  
For folks may be pounded and penn'd,  
Until they grow musty, not caring  
Yo stir half a mile to an end.'

HE.

' The longer we stay,  
The longer we may ;  
It's a folly to think about weather or  
way.'

SHE.

' But now I begin to be frightened,  
If I fall, what a way I should roll !  
I am glad that the bridge was indicted :  
Stay ! stop ! I am sunk in a hole !'

HE.

' Nay, never care,  
'Tis a common affair ;  
You'll not be the last that will set a foot  
there.'

SHE.

' Let me breathe now a little, and ponder  
On what it were better to do ;  
That terrible lane, I see yonder,  
I think we shall never get through.'

HE.

' So think I : —  
But by the bye,  
We never should know, if we never  
should try.'

SHE.

' But, should we get there, how shall we  
get home ?  
What a terrible deal of bad road we  
have past !  
Slipping, and sliding ; and if we should  
come  
To a difficult style, I am ruin'd at last !  
Oh ! this lane,  
Now it is plain,  
That struggling and striving is labor in  
vain.'

HE.

' Stick fast there, while I go and look ;

SHE.

' Don't go away, for fear I should fall ;'

HE.

' I have examin'd it ev'ry nook,  
And what you have here is a sample  
of all.

Come, wheel round :  
The dirt we have found  
Would be an estate at a farthing a  
pound.'

Now sister Anne \*, the guitar you must  
take,

Set it, and sing it, and make it a song :  
I have varied the verse, for variety's sake,  
And cut it off short — because it was  
long.

'Tis hobbling and lame,  
Which critics wont blame,  
For the sense and the sound, they say,  
should be the same.'

## ON LOVE UNRETURNED.

O LOVE ! thou softest passion of the  
soul,  
Thou heed'st not reason, nor canst brook  
control ;  
Thou dwell'st unchecked upon the maid-  
en's breast,  
Feed'st on her bloom, and robb'st her of  
her rest :  
While, in return for all her painful sighs,  
She meets the pity of contemptuous eyes.  
Where then, ah ! where can she her sor-  
rows tell ?  
A cold return she meets, although she  
lov'd so well.  
Tir'd out at length, she sinks ; ah, hap-  
less doom,  
To meet compassion in the friendly  
tomb !

\* The late Lady Austin.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

*Venice, Oct. 15.*

THE value of the English colonial produce and manufactures confiscated in Triest, including the Sicilian goods, is estimated at six millions of guilders: but as the English cruizers have captured some vessels loaden with this merchandise, on their passage to this port, all the confiscated goods are henceforth to be conveyed here by land.

*Vienna, Oct. 21.* It is said, that 60,000 men of the French grand army are to proceed, part to Galicia, and part to Carniola.

Count O'Donnel, minister of finance, and Count Bulena, are expected here; and Count Urbna, chief chamberlain, &c. and the Vice President Fetshteg, have already arrived to make the necessary arrangements for the reorganization of the Austrian government.

The immense magazines of hay and straw in the fosses of the town, will now be sold.

Our course of exchange is not expected to rise. As from several circumstances it is concluded that our court is to pay a heavy war contribution, there is little probability that the course will yet get better.

The grand army is already in full motion. Great as are the sacrifices we make, the greatest joy prevails on account of the treaty of peace. The farther prosecution of the war would only have prolonged and increased our sufferings, would have rendered the losses

of our government still greater, and perhaps even put it's existence to hazard.

*Madrid, Oct. 22.* We are full here of the report of the arrival of the emperor in Spain. Preparations have been made in different places to receive the conqueror of the Danube, who will soon be the conqueror of the Tagus and the Guadalquizer. It is said that the king has already named the deputation that is to repair to the frontiers to receive his august brother.

*Oporto, Nov. 4.* The army of our allies under the orders of the Duke del Parque is pursuing it's successes, and the French continue to retreat in consequence of the severe losses which they have lately sustained. It was on the 25th of last month, at ten o'clock in the morning, that the brave Spanish troops, commanded by the above Duke del Parque, took possession of Salamanca, which the French troops preceded by carts and waggons, with sick and wounded, left about two hours before it was occupied by the Spaniards. This information is official.

*Hamburgh, Nov. 4.* On the first instant his Majesty the King of Saxony set out on his journey from Dresden to Paris. He is accompanied by his Excellency the French Imperial Envoy, M. Bourgoing, Count Mercelini, &c.

*Gottenburgh, Nov. 6.* Count Rosen, the governor of this place, received on Saturday last the official instructions respecting the shutting of the ports; and yesterday (Sunday) it was publicly noti-



fied in the churches, when the thanksgiving for the conclusion of peace and the *Te Deum* were sung.

An armistice between Sweden and Denmark has been concluded, to commence on Saturday next, the 11th.

Munich, Nov. 7. Intelligence has been received from the head-quarters at Inspruck, that the insurgent chief, Hoffer, has submitted. On the 3d, in the evening, he sent a flag of truce, requesting an armistice, and a protection for his person. These propositions were, however, rejected, as they also were when repeated on the 4th, and the refusal was accompanied with a threat that farther resistance would occasion the devastation of his country. On the 5th, when Baron Von Wrede was proceeding at the head of some troops to reconnoitre towards Schoenberg, he received a letter from Hoffer, in which in his own name and that of the rebels he commanded, he offered his submission, and solicited pardon.

Dresden, Nov. 9. There is a rumour of an intended matrimonial union between the Princess Augusta, the daughter of our beloved sovereign, and Prince Poniatowsky, commanded in chief of the Polish army. This prince, who possesses the most distinguished endowments, will, in all probability, be soon invested with the crown of Poland.

Paris, Nov. 12. The King of Westphalia arrived at Fontainebleau on Tuesday evening, and in the morning a number of carriages set out from the court to meet the King of Saxony.

Nov. 15. His Majesty the King of Saxony arrived here the day before yesterday, at five in the evening. His majesty alighted at the palace de l'Eylsee.

The emperor arrived in Paris yesterday about sun-set. His majesty traveled on horseback the greater part of the way to visit his Saxon majesty, accompanied by the King of Westphalia.

Lisbon, Nov. 25. At last the political and military arrangements for the management of the affairs of this country, have been formed. A royal decree has been published with the customary ceremonial, the substance of which is:—

1st, The regency is to consist of the patriarch, the Marquis d'Mendos, the Marquis of Montemore. The military, as well as civil affairs, are to be under the control of the regency; but, in the former, the members are to be assisted

by Lord Wellington on all occasions, while he continues commander in chief of the British army in Portugal.

2d, Of the armies of Portugal, Lord Wellington is to be commander in chief during the time he continues in the kingdom.

The latest accounts from head-quarters are dated upon the 19th instant. Nothing had transpired there of particular importance. Notwithstanding the change in affairs no movement of the troops was either in act or in contemplation. Lord Wellington was then at Badajos.

Paris, Dec. 4. Yesterday, at six in the morning, a discharge of artillery announced the solemnities that were to take place. At half past ten the emperor left the Thuilleries to proceed to Notre Dame. He was in the coronation-coach with his majesty the King of Westphalia. The King of Naples, the princes, grand dignitaries, ministers, grand officers of the empire and of the crown, preceded his majesty.

The clergy received his majesty at the entrance of the church, and he was conducted to the choir, under a canopy.

The tribunals of the choir were occupied by her majesty the empress, the imperial family, the kings of Wirtemberg and Saxony, and the queen of Westphalia.

One of the almoners of his majesty said the mass. His eminence, cardinal Fesch, grand almoner, celebrated *Te Deum*.

His majesty, reconducted under the canopy as on his entrance to the church, proceeded to the palace of the legislative body.

The emperor being seated, the members of the legislative body newly elect took the oaths; after which the emperor made the following speech:

‘Gentlemen deputies of departments to the legislative body,

‘Since our last session, I have reduced Arragon and Castile to submission, and driven from Madrid the fallacious government formed by England. I was marching upon Cadiz and Lisbon, when I was under the necessity of treading back my steps, and of planting my eagles on the ramparts of Vienna. Three months have seen the rise and termination of this fourth Punic war. Accustomed to the devotedness and courage of my armies, I must nevertheless, under these circumstances, acknowledge the

particular proofs of affection which my soldiers of Germany have given me.

The genius of France conducted the English army—it has terminated its projects in the pestilential marshes of Walcheren. In that important period I remained 400 leagues distant, certain of the new glory which my people would acquire, and of the grand character they would display. My hopes have not been deceived—I owe particular thanks to the citizens of the departments of the Pas de Calais and the North. Frenchmen! every one that shall oppose you shall be conquered and reduced to submission. Your grandeur shall be increased by the hatred of your enemies. You have before you long years of glory and prosperity. You have the force and energy of the Hercules of the antients.

I have united Tuscany to the empire. The Tuscans were worthy of it by the mildness of their character, by the attachment their ancestors have always shown us, and by the services they have rendered to European civilization.

History pointed out to me the conduct I ought to pursue towards Rome; the popes, become sovereigns of part of Italy, have constantly shown themselves enemies to every preponderating power in the peninsula—they have employed their spiritual power to injure it. It was then demonstrated to me, that the spiritual influence exercised in my states by a foreign sovereign was contrary to the independence of France, to the dignity and safety of my throne. However, as I acknowledge the necessity of the spiritual influence of the descendants of the first of the pastors, I could not conciliate these grand interests but by annulling the donative of the French emperors my predecessors, and by uniting the Roman States to France.

By the treaty of Vienna, all the kings and sovereigns my allies, who have given me so many proofs of the constancy of their friendship, have acquired and shall acquire a fresh increase of territory.

The Illyrian Provinces stretch the frontiers of my great empire to the Save. Contiguous to the empire of Constantinople, I shall find myself in a situation to watch over the first interest of my commerce in the Mediterranean, the Adriatic, and the Levant. I will protect the Porte, if the Porte withdraw herself from the fatal influence of England. I shall know how to punish her, if she

offer herself to be governed by cunning and perfidious counsels.

I have wished to give the Swiss nation a new proof of my esteem, by annexing to my titles that of their mediator, and thus putting an end to all the uneasiness endeavoured to be spread among that brave people.

Holland, placed between England and France, is equally bruised by them. Yet she is the *debouché* of the principal arteries of my empire. Changes will become necessary; the safety of my frontiers, and the well understood interests of the countries, imperiously require them.

Sweden has lost, by her alliance with England, after a disastrous war, the finest and most important of her provinces. Happy would it have been for that nation, if the wise prince that governs her now had ascended the throne some years sooner! This example proves anew to kings, that the alliance with England is the surest presage of ruin.

My ally and friend, the Emperor of Russia, has united to his vast empire, Finland, Moldavia, Walachia, and a district of Galicia. I am not jealous of any thing that can produce good to that empire. My sentiments for it's illustrious sovereign are in unison with my policy.

When I shall show myself beyond the Pyrenées, the frightened leopard will fly to the ocean, to avoid shame, defeat, and death. The triumph of my arms will be the triumph of the genius of good over that of evil, of moderation, order, and morality, over civil war, anarchy, and the bad passions. My friendship and protection will, I hope, restore tranquility to the people of the Spains.

Gentlemen deputies of departments to the legislative body, I have directed my minister of the interior to lay before you the history of the legislation of the administration and of the finances of the year just expired; you will see that all the ideas I had conceived for the amelioration of my people have been followed with the greatest activity—that in Paris, in the most distant parts of my empire, the war has not produced any delay in the public works. The members of my council of state will submit to you different projects of law, and especially the law upon finances; you will see in it their prosperous condition. I demand of my people no new sacrifice, though circumstances have obliged me to double my military means.



## HOME NEWS.

*Harwich, Nov. 16.*

IT is said that orders were yesterday morning received, for all the light transports to sail immediately for Flushing, to bring home all the troops from thence, which it seems can be done with safety, without the necessity of other troops going to cover their embarkation, so that the 11th, 59th, and 79th regiments, under orders for Walcheren, will not now proceed thither.

*Ramsgate, Nov. 17.*—This day two other transports have arrived with troops from Campveer, who look very unwell. A large fleet of merchantmen, transports, &c. are now passing this place for the Downs. The account given of the state of our troops in the island of Walcheren is very unfavorable, and we have reason to suppose the fleet of transports now assembling in the Downs, are intended to be dispatched for the evacuation of the island altogether.

*Plymouth, Nov. 16.* Put back the Quebec, Capt. Povlett, with her convoy. She experienced the fury of the gale last Monday night, and had her sails split to pieces. She sailed again this day, with her convoy to the eastward. When the Quebec was mid Channel, she fell in with a boat, with three men in, which she picked up: the poor fellows were almost exhausted with hunger and fatigue, having neither food or water for two days and two nights. They proved, on being recovered, to be three French prisoners who had escaped a week since, had stolen a boat, and had been at Teignmouth, from whence they got a spar for a mast, and three handkerchiefs fastened together for a sail, and had sailed from thence last

Saturday night. They were sent back to Mill Prison, and put in the cathet, on half allowance, to repay the expence of their recapture.

*Ramsgate, Nov. 20.* A very large fleet of transports and merchantmen, have been all day passing to the northward, the former it is certain are bound to the Island of Walcheren, and from being light are no doubt sent to convoy troops home, but doubts are still entertained of the determination to evacuate the Island, from the circumstances of seven or eight sail having arrived in the Downs from Portsmouth, with troops said to be going there. It is worth remark, that a much larger proportion of wild fowl has been lately observed emigrating into this island upon our coast, than has been known for years past, particularly geese and swans; and last week an eagle was winged near this place, and we understand is still alive, this circumstance is said to portend very severe cold.

*Bridgewater, Nov. 21.* A dreadful murder and robbery were committed on the evening of Tuesday last, at Goathurst, near this town. Thomas Gage, a servant to Mr. H. Styling, murdered his master's wife, by cutting her head quite open with a hatchet: he then robbed the house of two ten pound notes, a watch, and various other articles; afterwards he stole his master's mare, and with his booty rode off, and had not since been heard of.

*Chelmsford, Nov. 22.* About three weeks since, as a servant of Mr. R. Turner, a farmer, of Stamford-le-Hope, in the county of Essex, was riding a horse belonging to his master, in a field at West

Thurrock, in the same county, the animal shied at something in the way, and backing with his rider, fell into an old well in the field, which had not been sufficiently closed, and was only covered with bushes. In his fall, he of course fell down backwards, with the servant upon his back. To the astonishment of every person who saw the circumstance, the young man, with great agility, cleared his feet from the stirrups, climbed upwards, by means of the horse's head, and got out of the well unhurt. The horse was so terribly bruised, and at the same time so completely wedged into the well, that it was impossible to get him out alive; he was left there, and the well will be filled up over him.

Nov. 27. The Marquis of Wellesley landed at Portsmouth yesterday amidst the acclamations of the assembled populace. His lordship reached town this morning.

Plymouth, Nov. 29. That fine body of men the York grenadiers are to have the honor of the color guard, to be mounted to receive his Excellency the Persian Ambassador. Orders were issued here to receive the Marquis of Wellesley, but his lordship, in the *Donnegal* of 84, Captain Malcolm, the wind being fair, passed up on Sunday morning, and is arrived at Portsmouth.

London, Nov. 29. At a late hour last night a letter was received at the admiralty from Admiral Purvis, who expressed to their lordships his fears that dispatches sent to him by Lord Collingwood had been lost in a storm. These fears, we believe, are but too well founded; the vessel was lost. Admiral Purvis's account therefore is of course not derived from Lord Collingwood, but is the account which he had received from other quarters. They leave no doubt, however, with respect to the destruction of three sail of the line and a frigate, and the capture of the whole convoy destined for Barcelona, one store-ship only excepted. The enemy were fallen in with on the 26th off Cetta, by Rear-Admiral Martin, with his division. The result was as we have stated. While the ships of the line directed their attention to the enemy's ships of war, our light ships were sent after the convoy. The report communicated to Admiral Purvis added, that the whole of the French fleet actually put to sea on the 20th; that they were met with on the 23d by Lord Col-

lingwood; they immediately fled, and were of course pursued; but a heavy gale came on, and dispersed the main body of each fleet.

Dispatches from Lord Collingwood arrived this morning; they were brought by the Hon. Lieut. Waldegrave, of the *Philomel*. The following is the substance of them:—

'The whole French fleet did not come out—only three sail of the line and four frigates, and twenty armed store-ships. The result is, Admiral Boudin's ship, the *Robuste*, of 84, and another of 74, were run on shore and burned by themselves; a 74 and frigate were driven on a reef of rocks, with little chance of not being destroyed. This part was effected by Admiral Martin, with six ships, and without loss. The convoy and the other frigates were pursued into the Bay of Roses by Admiral Holloway, who being unable to get up to them with the large ships, manned boats and attacked them. The attack, as may be supposed, was eminently successful. All the frigates but one, and all the store-ships but one, were taken or destroyed. Our loss in the boats amounts to 15 killed and 55 wounded. Lieutenant Tait was the only officer of his rank who was killed.'

The following account, confirming in all the main points the statement here given, was circulated among the public offices this morning:—

'Early this morning, the Hon. Lieut. Waldegrave, of the *Philomel*, arrived at the Admiralty with dispatches from Lord Collingwood, giving an account of an attack made by Rear Admiral Martin, and a squadron of six sail of the line, on the enemy's armament sent out of Toulon for the relief of Barcelona, consisting of three sail of the line, the *Robuste* of 80 guns, *Le Lion* of 74 guns, and the *Boree* of 74 guns, four frigates, and twenty large armed transports and store-ships, the whole of which, except one frigate and store-ship, have been completely destroyed; the three line of battle ships and one frigate by being driven on shore off Cetta, on the evening of the 26th, and two of them afterwards burned by the enemy, and the frigates and armed transports by the boats of the squadron in the Bay of Rosas, on the first of November; on which latter service our loss amounted to 15 men killed and 55 wounded, among the former of which was Lieut. Tait of the *Volontaire*.



'The whole of the Toulon fleet, consisting of sixteen sail of the line, and about 160 sail of transports, coasters, &c. came out and chased off our advanced frigates, but the body of the fleet returned in about four hours to port, where they were again watched, and Lord Collingwood was proceeding to blockade them.'

The following letter was this morning sent to the Lord Mayor:

Admiralty-Office, Nov. 29.

'My Lord,

'I have great satisfaction in acquainting your Lordship, that dispatches have been received from Lord Collingwood, dated the 30th ult. and 6th inst. stating, that a French convoy, destined for Barcelona, consisting of three sail of the line, two large frigates, and two smaller frigates, with twenty sail of armed store-ships, had sailed from Toulon on the 21st of October, the whole of which (with the exception of one of the larger, and one of the smaller frigates) had been destroyed, the line of battle ships by being driven on shore on the 25th, and the armed store-ships by an attack of the boats of the fleet under the command of Lieut. Tailour, in the Bay of Rosas, the 1st Nov.

'I regret to add, that the loss sustained in this gallant and successful enterprise, conducted by this Officer, amounted to 15 killed and 50 wounded.

'I have the honor to be,

'My Lord,

'Your Lordship's most obedient

'humble servant,

'MULGRAVE.'

'The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor.'

*Plymouth, Dec. 2.* Yesterday the Persian Ambassador, after having been received at Government House Wharf with a color guard of the 2d West York Regiment, set off for London in two post-coaches and four horses.

*London, Dec. 4. Saturday,* as Mr. Ward, horse dealer, was exercising four young horses in his sociable-break, near St. James's-street, they suddenly took fright; neither the skill nor the power of the driver could check them. They ran the carriage against the post at the corner, with such violence, that the hind wheel was dashed to pieces; they then caught the post at the corner of Arlington-Street. The shock was so tremendous, that Mr. Ward was thrown from the box, and his

leg broken. Five of his children in the sociable were dashed upon the stones with such violence, that their instant destruction was apprehended by every spectator. One was taken up apparently lifeless, the others most seriously hurt. The whole of the carriage was broken to atoms; even the iron-work was torn from the wheels.

*Rochester, Dec. 4.* On Friday afternoon, Mr. Thomas Boucher, Sen. of this town, left his wife and family, saying, he was going to see his niece, who resides a short distance out of the town, and should stop and drink tea with her, which he was often in the habit of doing. Being a very regular man, and in general home by ten o'clock when he went to see his niece, at twelve o'clock his wife became extremely uneasy, and sent her son, attended by a lad with a lanthorn, in search of his father. They proceeded along the New Road by the barracks, the road he was expected to return home, and after going some distance, they found a hat in the road which proved to be Mr. Boucher's. At a short distance further they found a pair of shoes, which also proved to be his. This caused great alarm in the son's mind, and his fears were increased, by observing blood on the road, and they had only proceeded a short distance, when they discovered the body of Mr. B. thrown over some railing, with his throat cut, and they supposed dead; but, on examination, it was found he was not. He was conveyed to the nearest medical men. They found near his person his own penknife, with which it is supposed the horrid deed was perpetrated, as it was open, and in a very bloody state. All his pockets were turned inside out, and robbed of their contents. He was not dead on Saturday evening, but little hopes were entertained of his recovery.

*London, Dec. 5.* The action brought by Mr. Clifford the barrister, against Mr. Brandon, of Covent-Garden Theatre, for an assault and false imprisonment, by forcibly carrying him before a magistrate, on a charge of rioting in the theatre, was tried in the Court of Common Pleas, when the Jury gave a verdict for the plaintiff with five pounds damages.

*London, Dec. 11.* The Gazette of Saturday contains a dispatch from Lieutenant General Sir John Stuart, transmitting letters from Brigadier General Oswald, containing the detail given by the latter of the capture of the Islands of Zante, Cephalonia, Ithaca, and Cerigo, and which

is the same in substance as that given by Captain Spranger in the Gazette of Tuesday last. It appears that the objects of the expedition were limited to the capture of the islands above-mentioned.

*Bristol, Dec. 2.* On Thursday morning, about one o'clock, Bristol was alarmed by one of the most awful conflagrations it has for many years experienced; and which for a time threatened wide and extensive ruin.—The fire was first discovered in the corn and flour warehouses, of Messrs. Young, in Lewin's Mead; some of the machinery of the steam engine attached to the concern is supposed to have taken fire, which was wholly destroyed, together with some thousand quarters of corn and flour. The adjoining premises of Messrs. George and Co. have also been materially damaged; and were only preserved from destruction by the immense thick walls which surround them, a calm night, and the exertions of the engines which speedily arrived to assist. A waggon load of bread, in readiness for the depot of French prisoners at Stapleton, was fortunately preserved. The loss sustained on this lamentable occasion is estimated at upwards of 20,000*l.* The cause of the catastrophe is at present unknown.

*Dover, Dec. 10.* A French schooner, as a flag of truce, arrived here yesterday, and landed Mons. Maynz, an Austrian Messenger, with dispatches for the Austrian Ambassador at London; he set off from hence about 10 o'clock, p.m.

*London, Dec. 11.* The trial of Mrs. Clarke, and Messrs. J. and F. Wright, for a conspiracy against Colonel Wardel, came on in the Court of King's Bench at Westminster: it lasted from ten in the morning till eleven at night, when the jury, without going out of their box, acquitted the defendants.

*Oxford, Dec. 15.* The election for a chancellor of this University finally closed yesterday. Lord Grenville is the successful candidate, having gained the election by a majority of 18. The following are the numbers:

Lord Grenville . . . . .	406
Lord Eldon . . . . .	398
Duke of Beaufort . . . . .	233

The election continued without interruption till a late hour yesterday, when the glasses were delivered to the proper persons, and between nine and ten last night they declared the numbers. The bells of the different churches, as is usual upon such occasions, continued ringing

great part of the night. During the whole of yesterday and the day before, the confusion and tumult had been extremely great. The questions and principles that had been introduced into the contest, had produced great acrimony and heat, as great, perhaps, as any that have been witnessed in the most violent election struggles in the most inflamed state of parties.

*London, Dec. 15.* Yesterday a numerous assembly of the advocates for *old prices* at the theatre, usually denominated the O. P.'s, dined together at the Crown and Anchor, Mr. Clifford in the chair. Mr. Kemble, having previously sent a note to Mr. Clifford, was introduced to the company, and negotiations were entered into, and terms acceded to, which there is little doubt have at length put an end to the disgraceful disturbances at Covent Garden Theatre, which have now continued for above two months, and frequently rendered both play and entertainment totally inaudible. The terms are, that the pit shall be reduced to the former price—the boxes continue at seven shillings—the private boxes be abolished at the end of the season—Mr. Brandon discharged—and all actions at law and prosecutions be at an end on both sides.

## BIRTHS.

Nov. 24. Of a son, at High Canons, in the county of Herts, the lady of Henry Bonham, Esq. M. P. for Leominster.

The lady of Mr. Henry Woodthorpe, Jun. of a son.

28. At Lady Francis Harper's, the lady of William Jenney, Esq. of a daughter.

Dec. 1. At Shawe Hall, Lancashire, the lady of William Farington, Esq. of a son.

2. At Heathfield Park, in Sussex, the lady of Lieut. Col. Francis Newbury, of the 24th light dragoons of a daughter.

In Great James-Street, Bedford-Row, the lady of Joseph Sladen, Esq. of a daughter.

3. At Rockley House, Wilts, the lady of Lieut. General, the Hon. Frederick St. John, of a son.

4. At Wanstow, Hants, the Hon. Mrs. Legge, of a son, still born.

At Woodcote Place, near Epsom, the lady of Henry Bridges, Esq. of a son.

At Belvoir Castle, Lady Catharine Forrester, of a daughter.



9. At his house in Lincoln-Inn-Fields, the lady of Mr. Serjeant Best, of a son.

11. The lady of Ed. Hartopp, Esq. of Dalby House, Leicesterhire, of a son and heir.

In Alfred Place, the lady of J. G. Richardson, Esq. of a son.

## MARRIAGES.

Nov. 20. At Houghton-le-Spring, Henry George Liddle, Esq. of Ravensworth, to Miss Charlotte Lyon, fourth daughter of the late Hon. T. Lyon, of Hatton House.

24. At Kingston, Surrey, Capt. John Walton, of His Majesty's ship Amethyst, to Sarah, second daughter of Major Gen. Gabriel Johnstone.

27. James Mayor, Esq. of Islington, to Miss Hale of Highgate.

Mr. Philip Heisch, of Bury-Court, St. Mary Axe, to Mary, second daughter of John Scott, Esq. Bedford-Square.

29. At St. George's Church, Hanover Square, Lieut. Col. Egerton, of the 44th regiment, to Miss Troubridge, only daughter of the late Sir Thomas Troubridge, Bart.

30. At St. Blazey, Cornwall, Edward Collins, Esq. Royal Navy, of Trewardle, in the county of Cornwall, to Mary, eldest daughter of Thomas Carlyon, Esq. of Tregrehan, in the same county.

Dec. 5. At St. George's, Hanover-Square, George William Denys, only son of Peter Denys, Esq. and nephew to the Earl of Pomfret, to Eliza, eldest daughter of Edw. G. Lind, of Stratford-Place.

6. At St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Wm. Silvester Addington, Esq. of Bedford, to Frances Elizabeth Addington, eldest daughter of the late Joseph Addington, Esq. of Barnet, Herts.

7. At Tynemouth Church, John Kingston, Junr. Esq. only son of John Kingston, Esq. of Basing House, Hertfordshire, to Catharine, youngest daughter of the late John Andrews, of Shotley-Hall, in the county of Northumberland, Esq.

Mary Ann, youngest daughter of Sir Reginald Atkins, to Henry Arnold, Esq.

At Linton, in Kent, Mr. Geo. Crispe, of Sutton Valence, in the same county, to Mercy, the eldest daughter of J. Link, Esq. of Linton.

Robt. Stokes, Esq. of Highgate, to Miss Brooke, of the same place.

9. At Layton, A. Doxat, Esq. of

Bishopsgate Without, to Louisa, daughter of J. A. Doxat, Esq. of Philly Brooke House, Layton, Essex.

At Carshalton, Surrey, Zadick Levin, Esq. of Bedford-Place, to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of the late J. Weatherall, Esq.

At Queen's-Square Church, Captain Charles Downes, of his Majesty's 40th regiment, to Miss Granville, of Taunton.

At Bristol, James Bury, Esq. of Pendle Hill, Lancashire, to Patience, eldest daughter of the late Martin Petrie, Esq.

At Putney Church, John Hirst, Esq. Captain in the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards, to Henrietta, Anne, youngest daughter of Robert Hankey, Esq. of Putney, Surrey.

Mr. Robert Mercer, of Stamford-Street, timber merchant, to Sarah, eldest daughter of Mr. John Treacher, Paternoster-Row.

## DEATHS.

Nov. 15. At Croydon, Surrey, in the 88th year of his age, Edmund Ferrers, Esq. of Peltdown, in the county of Sussex.

19. At Enfield, Middlesex, Samuel Dowbiggin, Esq. at the advanced age of 83.

Abraham Lawson, Esq. of Kensington Gore.

24. At Kelvedon, in Essex, Mrs. Selina Muscut, widow of George Muscut, Esq. formerly of Grantham, in Lincolnshire.

At Sidmouth, aged 51, George Carling, Esq. of Cleveland-Row, St. James's.

At Preston, Lady Mary Frances Hesketh, Abbess of the Nuns of the order of St. Benedict, late of Ghent in Flanders. She was first cousin to his Grace the Duke of Norfolk.

28. At Cambridge, Walter Burgie, Esq. late of Billiter-Lane, merchant, aged 78 years.

Mrs. Hemsley, of Hans-Place.

At his house at Barnet, John Corpe, Esq. Surgeon of that place.

Aged seven years, Henry Francis Campion, eldest son of William John Campion, Esq. of Danny, in the county of Sussex. The circumstances of his death were particularly melancholy;—a spark from the fire, which had just been lighted, communicating to his night dress, it instantly burst into flames, by which the child was so much burned, that he only survived the accident a few days.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



View of the House of Sir Robt. Wigram, Bart. at W. Hamstead.