THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

SUPPLEMENT, FOR 1809.

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS,

This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates,

1. VIEW of the HOUSE of SIR ROBERT WIGRAM, Bart., at WALTHAMSTOW.
2. A New and elegant PATTERN for a BORDER of a CAP, &c. &c.

LONDON:

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

Where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

On Thursday, Feb. 1, will be published,

PRICE ONE SHILLING,

[Embellished with — 1. An elegant Frontispiece, designed and engraved by eminent Artists. — 2. An engraved Title-page. — 3. A highly-finished Historical Engraving. — 4. The newest fashionable LONDON DRESSES, elegantly colored. — And, 5. An entirely new Pattern in the most improved Taste]

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

For JANUARY, 1810.

Containing the usual variety of interesting, entertaining, and instructive Articles.

*** THE favorable reception with which the LADY'S MAGAZINE has been honored for so long a series of years by a candid and generous Public, demands from the Proprietor the most grateful acknowlegement. He has the happiness to perceive, by the still increasing encouragement he experiences, that the exertions he has made to preserve to this Miscellany the character it has so long maintained, have been approved; and he begs leave to assure his FAIR PATRONESSES, that he will unremittingly continue the same exertions to merit and obtain the same highly flattering approbation.

THE

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SUPPLEMENT, FOR 1809.

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

SIR,

The following letter to a young lady, immediately after her marriage, was recommended to my attention by a respected female relative of mine, who had taken a copy of it. If you will reserve it from oblivion, by inserting it in your agreeable Miscellany, you, will, I am certain, oblige several of your friends and correspondents; as well as,

Yours, &c.

S. L.

Shrewsburg, Oct. 13.

MADAM,

THE excellent opinion I always entertained of your amiable disposition, could not prevent my communicating to you, a few thoughts on that state into which you have lately, and, I hope, *happily* entered. The task, I confess, is very difficult, when writing to one, who I am sensible possesses every feminine excellence, natural and acquired.

Where meekness, sense, and amiable grace,
And lovely sweetness dwell.

But allowing this, I make no other apology for the liberty I have taken, than by relying on that candor, and liberality of sentiment, which I have witnessed with admiration whenever I had the happiness to converse with you; nor surely could displeasure arise to mar that most harmonious symmetry of features, at what I now undertake from a real esteem for your merits. Such, alone, I wish you to think, was my reason for addressing a young lady, whose improving conversation, frankness, and good nature, I shall always remember with delight. I do not mean to incur even the suspicion of flattery, or I could say much more of a thousand attractive graces adorning a situation, in which fortune enables you to appear as a conspicuous and deserving member. From this agreeable topic I must unwillingly withdraw my pen, and perform a part, which nothing but a sincere regard for the future happiness of a worthy woman induces me to attempt.

I take it for granted, that your marriage was the offspring of love, and that you still preserve a warm affection for the object of your choice. Yet, amiable Eugenia, there may come, a time, when the tender assiduity of the lover may considerably change. This does not always happen; but, however, I think you cannot be too well prepared against it. Before marriage, there are may nameless foibles which the partial eye will overlook; though afterwards, familiarity makes them conspicuous, such, when perceived, let your good nature pass unnoticed, remembering *all* perfections are not the lot of man; and, by no reservedness of conduct, show yourself sensible to faults, from which the best are never free; but endeavour yourself to excel in those things that appear in him deficient. The contrast will show your husband his defects, and induce him cheerfully to amend, by imitating what appears in you so estimable. Great care is certainly requisite in the marriage state, to make that state happy, and that happiness lasting. The most frivolous failings may appear to both as serious faults, from a contrariety of manners or difference in education; and thus frequently occasion unmeaning and foolish dissentions. But it is the duty of every prudent woman, if her husband is too obstinate or impolitic, to give up these trifles, and not suffer them to be a cause of interrupting domestic happiness; for if good sense and reason can have no influence, passion is sure to be attended with disadvantage, and perhaps occasions the most serious consequences, by undermining that peace which can alone constitute satisfaction. Thus the lady may require her carriage to go out immediately, her husband wants it too, and words ensue, one producing another, till distrust gains admittance, passion becomes violent, and the folly perhaps ends in a *separate maintenance*. What can be more ridiculous? *you*, I am certain, would not wish to have the least altercation; but there are times, dear Madam, when the most calm may be liable to provocation. Women in marriage are, *generally*, more unhappy than men; and it may originate from their superior sensibility, and the attentions received in the single state. It is true, women have not in marriage that superiority they before possessed, or seemed to possess; and, if a husband does not supply it's place by extraordinary attention, they deem themselves neglected, and imagine the world disapproves the marriage, when it only envies the good fortune of the happy man who is united to the amiable object in that state, which death only is likely to dissolve. What sort of a person *your* husband is, I have not the happiness of knowing, but, from the endowments of the lady, the choice cannot be an improper one; and, if *he* possess good nature and tenderness, *you* will never be unhappy. Experience is yet to come, and your judgement must guide you. That your happiness may long continue, I sincerely wish, and I doubt not that you now better enjoy it in the romantic and beautiful scenery of North Wales, than formerly at the Bath and other assemblies. Indeed, few women possess such a source of amusement as your mind furnishes; while to a taste for reading you join the harmony of music, and a voice pleasing as, I trust,

will be the continuance of matrimony; in which happy state, when it is happy, a cottage in the Vale of Clwyd is preferable to the most splendid mansion in the gay metropolis of London. May every earthly felicity await on that distinguished excellence, so much and so deservedly esteemed by

E. M.

Original Story of Shakspeare's Play, of Taming the Shrew.

[The following story from *Le piacevole Notte di Giovano Francesco Straparola*, an Italian novelist, probably furnished Shakspeare, with the hint of one part of his Taming the Shrew.]

'The sage and experienced physician, when he discovers a disease in the human body, avails himself of what seem to him the most proper remedies for it's immediate cure; but if he wait till the disorder is grown old and inveterate, he will find it much more difficult, and indeed impracticable; for which reason a wise and prudent husband should, when he marries, check any inclination in his wife to a love of dominion; as such an evil propensity, if allowed once to take root, he will never be able to eradicate, and it will make him miserable all the rest of his life, as was experienced by a soldier of whom we have to speak.'

In Corneto, a castle and fortress of Tuscany, of the Patrimony of St. Peter, there were two brothers, who, from their youth had entertained the strongest regard for each other. One was named Pisardo, the other Silverio; but although their fraternal affection was mutual, they neither lodged in one house, nor eat and slept together.

It happened that Silverio, the youngest, without saying a word to any of his comrades, except his brother, married a taylor's daughter. She was handsome and genteel, but full of levity, unsteady, and never at rest; fond of holiday-making and extravagant to the highest degree; careless of œconomy, unwilling to miss either feast or procession; in short she was always at the door, the window, or in the street.

When the wedding was over, Silverio carried his wife home, and became anew so enamoured of her beauty and sprightliness, that he pronounced, that the world did not contain such another paragon of beauty, and, from the excess of his love, he was induced to comply with all her wishes, and at length nothing was done in his house that Espinela (so she was called) did not command. Hence she became so absolute a mistress, and so shameless, that at length she began to slight her husband, and all his affairs; and the poor man reduced to such subjection, that when he desired his servants to do any thing, she commanded them to disobey him; and Silverio, who only saw through Espinela's eyes, instead of reproving, or endeavouring to remedy so obstinate an evil, humbly resigned the bridle to her, and allowed her to act according to her fancy.

In less than a year after Silverio's marriage, Pisardo was united to Espinela's sister, a young girl named Florella, who was neither less handsome nor less genteel than her sister. The nuptials over, he carried her home, and, on the same day, he took a

pair of very rich velvet breeches, and two cudgels, and addressed his spouse in the following manner:

'Florella, my dear, these, as you see clearly, are men's breeches; do you take hold of one side of them, as I will of the other; with the other hand grasp this cudgel, and I will do the same; we will then fight, till one is acknowleged conqueror: whoever conquers shall be the master, and shall wear these breeches; the vanquished shall be for life humble and obedient to the victor.'

Florella remained for some time motionless, so surprised was she at her husband's strange discourse, but at length, recovering her spirits, of which her fright had deprived her, she replied:

'Alas! my Pisardo, what is the meaning of all this? are you not the husband, my lord and master; who has a right to claim duty and obedience of me and all my household? I am the wife, obedient to your will and command. Is not the precept and law of our high and mighty Creator consented to by all the female race? How, my lord, can I act thus? Am I privileged above the rest of my sex? Take your breeches, then, Pisardo, wear them, since they are yours, and you alone they fit. The field remains yours without a combat; I acknowlege you the conqueror, and myself vanquished. I also acknowlege myself a woman, which name contains all the properties of subjection, and I humbly submit myself to you, with pleasure.'

'Florella, replied Pisardo, 'I am extremely pleased to find that you acknowlege all that I desire of you; but I do not implicitly confide in your constancy, since you are, as you say, a woman, which name comprehends so many qualities; but I advise you not to alter your mind. If you do not, although you have promised obedience, and acknowleged me for your master, I will serve you, and treat you with the greatest kindness.'

Florella, very prudently, confirmed all that had been said; and her husband immediately delivered up to her the keys of all his coffers, and gave her directions how to manage. He then said, 'Florella, come with me; I wish to show you my horses, that in my absence you may know how they should be treated.' When they came to the door of the stable, Pisardo said: 'What do you think, my dear, of my horses; are not they beautiful, and well kept?'

'Indeed,' answered she, 'they are very fine, and in excellent order.'

'But observe, above all,' said Pisardo, 'how ready, light, and well managed they are;' and whiping first one, and then the other, he cried: 'Cross over there! come here!' The horses, fearful of chastisement, immediately obeyed their master. Amongst those horses, Pisardo had one more beautiful to appearance than the others; but so malicious, and so little to be depended upon, that he did not value him at all. He went up to him with the whip in hand, and slashing him, cried out: 'Come, stop, go on!' But the horse, being naturally vicious, received blows, and returned kicks. Pisardo took a cudgel, and laid it on him till he fell. When he saw him on the ground, he went up to him and said: 'Get up, Troy;' but, instead of obeying him, the horse in a rage attacked him in the leg, and bit him violently; upon which Pisardo drew his sword, and stabbed him.

When Florella saw the horse dead, melting into tears, 'Good heaven!' said she, 'is it possible, Pisardo, that you can have the heart to kill so fine an animal?'

Pisardo, stifling the pain occasioned by the bite, replied: 'Know, my Florella, that all who eat my bread, and do not what I command them, I serve in this manner, even should I love and esteem them more than I do you.'

This retort grieved Florella very much, and she said to herself — 'Alas! unhappy creature that I am, to be united to a man so violent and so passionate! I thought I had a husband both steady and prudent, but I have bestowed my hand on a madman. See, for what a trifling offence he has killed this beautiful horse, the best he has.' She said this, ignorant of the cause that had made Pisardo act thus; and ever after she trembled if he evinced the smallest sign of displeasure; so that there was nothing to be heard in their house but a yes and a no — perpetual concord!

Silverio, who loved his brother very much, visited him often, and saw the good behaviour and virtuous obedience of Florella. He reflected within himself — 'Gracious heaven! why have I not deserved a wife as obedient as Florella? She governs, commands, and directs every thing, at the pleasure of her husband. How obedient, virtuous, and polite she is in every thing she says and does to him; with how much love she serves and obeys him; how different from my wife! She, on the contrary, is my most mortal enemy.'

One day, when the brothers were talking together, Silverio said to Pisardo — 'Brother, I have no occasion to mention our fraternal affection, or use any other preamble; I shall therefore only entreat you, as a brother, to tell me how you have managed to bring your wife into such good order. She is truly a saint; she obeys you in every thing: while Espinela, my wife, is not to be restrained either by love or fear. She answers me, flies at me, curses me; in a word, she has her own will in every thing.'

Pisardo, smiling, gave his brother a detail of all his proceedings on the day that he brought Florella home. This plan pleased Silverio so much, that he resolved immediately to put it into execution. Accordingly, when he went home, he called his wife, and said to her, 'Madam, bring out of the trunk the best pair of breeches I have:' and, while she was gone to fetch them, he procured two cudgels.

When Espinela returned, 'Heigh day!' cried she, 'what is the matter now, Mr. Silverio? Is the moon at full, or is your judgement in the wane? Are you as mad this week as you were sullen last? Very well, go on; you begin finely. Do not we all know that men wear breeches? Is that any reason that you should lose your senses?'

Silverio answered nothing to all this, but proceeded to give her orders for the management of his house.

To which Espinela replied sneeringly, 'Do you think, Mr. Silverio, I have lived so long without knowing how to manage my own house? I wonder how you dare to tutor me at this time of day.'

Silverio said not a word to all this, but led her by the hand to

his stables, where he acted in the same manner towards one of his best horses as his brother had done, killed him outright in his wife's presence.

At the sight of Silverio's rage, Espinela, thinking him mad, cried out—'What! have you really had the misfortune to lose your senses? What is the meaning of all these fine doings, without rhyme or reason?'

'I am not mad,' replied Silverio gravely, 'nor do I act madly; know, madam, and be assured, that whoever eats my bread must be obedient to me, or I shall serve them thus.'

'You are to be pitied indeed,' rejoined Espinela, 'if you set about reforming now-a-days. What did the horse do to you that you should kill it so unreasonably? Was it not the finest horse in the papal territory? Do not you consider that you have lost your horse, your consequence, and your peace? I suppose, another day, that you will feel inclined to serve me in the same way, if I do not take good care to prevent you. But undeceive yourself; your madness will avail you little. I see your design clearly, but it is all too late. And now what have you got by this fine day's work, except reproach to your judgement, shame to your honor, and the scorn of all who shall hear of your follies?'

When Silverio had heard his wife's long lecture, and gathered from it that there were no signs of amendment, he determined, that since neither love nor fear could curb her pride, to bear it patiently, till death should put an end to his troubles. Thenceforward, the obstinate Espinela behaved worse than ever, and poor Silverio was obliged to give her liberty to do any thing she pleased, to procure himself a moment's comfort.

Account of Walthamstow, and Leyton-stone, or Low Leyton, Essex.

(With a View of the late Seat of Sir Robert Wigram, Bart., elegantly engraved.)

WALTHAMSTOW stands on the river Lea, at a few miles distance from London, and contiguous to Leyton. It has a free-school, and alms-house for eight men and five women. The church is a spacious edifice, situated on a hill. In this parish are several antient seats and elegant houses, belonging to persons of distinction, one of the principal of which, for elegance and convenience, is the seat of Sir Robert Wigram. We have given a View of it, taken on the spot a few years since.

Low-Leyton, or Leytonstone, is a village near Walthamstow, on the side of a hill, at the foot of which runs the river Lea. Here are some remains of a Roman villa and summer camp, or station. Between the manor-house and the canal were found old foundations, with a number of Roman bricks, and several medals. In enlarging a horse-pond, large foundations were found, and a large arched gate, with mouldings ten feet high, and six feet broad, the top of which was six feet under ground. A great number of Roman urns and antiquities have been found here, and near this place, at different times.

VIRTUOUS LOVE REWARDED.

A TALE.

By Miss Wyndham Foot James.

CHAP. III.

[Continued from p. 564.]

THE morning on which Adolphus and Julia purposed going to the farm proved rainy; but, the the atmosphere having consigned it's irriguous stores to the earth, they walked thither in the afternoon. Julia thought that Clementina transcended Adolphus' sanguine description of her.

'Indeed,' said she, as they returned home, 'she is truly a most fascinating and beautiful girl; and I wonder not at your being struck with her.'

Never did a day elapse more tardily to Ferdinand than the one which preceded that assigned for their going to Mrs. Murray's. At length, however, the time arrived, when himself, his brother, cousin, and sisters, were at the good lady's house. They found assembled there many gentry of their own rank, with whom they passed a very pleasant afternoon. In the evening, they commenced dancing. Smiles of complacency diffused themselves over the fine countenances of Adolphus and Julia, whilst a malignant triumph sat upon the brow of Ferdinand, and a distortion discomposed the beauties of the coral lips of Emily, when Mrs. Murray led the way to the hall, where were assembled the families of her tenants. Adolphus, at entering, glanced around his eyes upon them; but what ineffable rapture filled his soul, when he beheld the fair object of his adoration amongst the group.

'Loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.'

Every one who looked upon Clementina found this truly verified. Her fine polished limbs were veiled in a plain dress of white cambric. No ornament adorned her head; indeed it was sufficiently embellished with a profusion of golden hair, which, in the words of the great bard Milton, 'waved as the vine curls her tendrils.'

Adolphus, in selecting a partner, passed those ladies whose rank and figure demanded his attention, and proffered his hand to Clementina, who, blushing, thus said:

'You will excuse me, sir, whilst there are so many ladies of your own rank unengaged.'

Ere Adolphus had time to answer, Emily came up to ask him to take Miss Drummond for his partner; but he gave this laconic reply: 'I am already engaged.'

'Pray with whom?' she interrogated.

'With this young lady,' rejoined Adolphus, looking at Clementina.

'Humph!' returned his sister, turning up her nose, and tossing away.

Adolphus, unobserved by all but Ferdinand, who was a vigilant spectator of his actions, took the trembling hand of Clementina, and said: 'The lovely Clementina will not again, I hope, refuse my request; nay,' continued he, for she looked a refusal, 'I will not then dance.'

Not the blushes of Aurora when she undraws her purple curtains, and bursts forth in roseate hue; nor the crimson banners which Phœbus unfurls in the occident, when he sails down the golden horizon; nor the glow of the damask rose, after being washed in silver dew, can be put in competition with the beautiful vermilion that suffused the cheek of Clementina. At length, however, she consented to accompany him down the dance.

Ferdinand, whose partner was Miss Drummond, as he followed her light and elegant form in the mazy windings of the sprightly dance, gazed at her with augmented admiration; indeed, his thoughts and eyes were so constantly devoted to her, that he committed innumerable blunders. Never, perhaps, did nature exhibit a more lovely object than Clementina appeared. The exercise of dancing gave such a brilliancy to her cerulean eyes, that they rivaled the jewels which were worn by her superiors, whilst the soft pressures of her partner's hand raised the carmine on her cheek to the glowing color of a ruby. She was the object of universal admiration; though, in fact, it was compounded with a little envy; for both her equals and superiors envied her extreme beauty, and her dancing with so illustrious a partner. But, notwithstanding the snaky goddess infused a little of her venom into their bosoms, they were infinitely delighted, and agreeably entertained.

Miss Cleveland, though at first she was displeased at dancing with persons so greatly her inferiors, thinking it a disparagement to her dignity, became at length extremely vivacious. But, I believe, the cause of her hilarity resulted in some measure from her being the partner of a young nobleman, alternately with whom and her cousin she danced the whole evening.

After supper, Mrs. Murray proposed music, to which her visitants readily assented. Miss Cleveland, as requested, took her seat at the harpsichord, her sister at the piano. Adolphus played the German flute, Sir Theobald the violoncello, while Ferdinand, who was greatly inebriated, scraped, in dissonant notes, the violin. Several other instruments were played by ladies and gentlemen, whose names it is not material to mention. They had played many pieces, and, whilst they were selecting others, Mrs. Murray, observing that the harp stood by neglected, requested Clementina, whom she knew struck the chords of that instrument in notes celestial, to play it, and accompany the harmony with, as the was pleased to say, 'the soul-thrilling cadences of her melodious voice.' Clementina, who would rather have been excused, obeyed; but it was with modesty and diffidence peculiar to herself alone. The moment she began, every voice was hushed in silence; the company were all ear, whilst their eyes were fixed upon her lovely form, as she gracefully bent over the harp, her fine taper fingers sweeping it's strings in strains that angels might have leaned from heaven to hear. Adolphus was absolutely transfixed in amazement when he beheld who it was that filled the room with such divine harmony. He knew not that

she could play upon any instrument. Whilst he gazed at her, these lines of Waller occurred to his imagination:

'The trembling strings about her fingers crowd,
And tell their joy for ev'ry kiss aloud;
Small force their needs to make them tremble so,
Touch'd by that hand, who would not tremble too?'

'What a voice!' was reiterated amongst the higher circle.

A farmer's daughter said to one who sat next to her—'See! how Mr. Cleveland looks at her; he'll certainly be in love with her.'

'I think he is already,' returned the fair one whom she addressed; 'and I am sure,' continued she, 'it is enough to make one angry with her if it be so.'

'So say I,' replied her companion, 'and, as you say, "if it be so;" and I should not at all wonder, for one often reads of such things in novels, you know, why, I suppose, she will be as proud as Lucifer.'

At the hour of twelve, the coach arriving for the Clevelands, they took their leave. Ferdinand, notwithstanding his intoxication, insisted upon mounting the horse which was rode by the servant, who, he said, could return behind the carriage. Accordingly, finding that all argument was vain, (indeed they might as well have attempted reasoning with a maniac) they set off. The animal upon which Ferdinand was mounted, being extremely high mettled, and finding that his rider was totally unable to govern him, no sooner came into the public road than he set off full speed. Ferdinand, though falling from one side to the other, kept his seat: but coming to a brook which, with great rapidity, ran near the house of Mr. Ashton, the animal leaped over it, and dashed his rider to the ground. A peasant, who happened to be passing, seeing him fall, immediately assisted him to rise. He declared himself not able to remount his horse, and complained of being extremely hurt, which was really not the case; but he thought it would be an excellent opportunity to make himself acquainted with Ashton; he therefore told the rustic to lead him to the house. Mrs. Ashton immediately set about washing the dirt from his face and hands, and procured a balm to rub his temples, which office was performed by Clementina.

He had been at the farm nearly a quarter of an hour before the coach, which he had left a mile behind, passed. It was stopped by Ashton, who apprised the gentlemen and ladies of what had happened. They immediately alighted, and followed him into the house.

But not all their entreaties and persuasions could prevail on Ferdinand to return home with them in the carriage. He pertinaciously continued firm in the resolution of either remounting the horse or of walking home the next morning. Finding that all reasoning with him was vain, they assented to the latter, and, reascending the coach, drove expeditely home. Early the next morning, nay before the 'peep of dawn,' a servant was dispatched to the farm. He returned home with favorable intelligence, saying, that his young master was very well, and would be at home

in the course of two or three hours.

Ferdinand's caprice for staying at the farm was for the purpose of having an opportunity of intimating his passion to Clementina. Being perfectly recovered from his intoxication, and not having received any injury from his fall, he arose early. He was entering the parlour, but, at hearing the soft voice of Clementina, he stopped, and looking through the crevice of the door, which stood a-jar, beheld the lovely girl sitting on the window-seat. She held in her hand a book, in which she was reading aloud. Ferdinand softly entered, and stood unperceived looking over her shoulder upon the book, which he perceived was Prior's Poems. She was reading his Henry and Emma. Ferdinand, at her repeating of these two lines —

'For I attest, fair Venus and her son,
That I of all mankind will love but thee alone,'

gently laid hold of her hand, which hung over the back of a chair that stood near, saying — 'O, happy Henry!'

Clementina started from her seat, and avowed her surprise at seeing him in the room, saying, that she did not observe him enter. She politely inquired how he did.

'I am infinitely obliged to you for your kind inquiries,' said he; 'but, alas! I have received a formidable wound.'

'Indeed, sir!' she returned; 'then had we not better send for a surgeon?'

'Alas!' rejoined he, 'I fear it is too desperate for the skill of a surgeon. Ah, Clementina!' he continued, seising her hand, 'the balm with which you last night bathed my temples, should have been infused into my heart.'

'Really, sir,' replied she, withdrawing her hand from his grasp, 'I do not understand you.'

'Are you then, sweet maid! a stranger to love?' rejoined he. 'O, Clementina! did you know what I have suffered since my first casual sight of you, your gentle soul would pity me.'

'Nay, sir,' she returned, 'I must beg you to decline talking thus.' So saying, she was leaving the room; but he prevented her by setting his foot against the door.

'You must excuse this momentary detention,' said he, 'but perhaps it may be long ere I shall have an opportunity of declaring to the beauteous authoress of my misery, the dearest wishes of my heart. Matchless girl!' continued he, 'suffer me to become your lover and protector! Live not thus secluded from the great world, buried in dead obscurity; but accompany me to those scenes of happiness and pleasure, where crowds would gaze in admiration at thy charms!'

She returned: 'I can scarcely brook so humiliating an insult. Not to mention the loss of virtue, which is dearer to me than life itself, do you think, sir, that for a few days of criminal and delusive pleasure, I would forsake my — I may say father and mother; those kind fosterers of my infantile years, the guardians of my childhood, and the protectors of my youth? What a base and ungrateful wretch should I be! how would their kindness be abused!

And the result of my undutifulness and unpardonable conduct would be disgrace, shame, and infamy! Even had a prince made me so villanous a proposal, I would have rejected it with contempt and scorn, and ever afterward should have thought abjectly of him.'

'Well! I ask your pardon, angelic girl!' rejoined he, 'and thus let me seal it.' So saying, he snatched her to his bosom, and imprinted furious kisses on her ruby lips. She, however, soon broke from him, and, rushing out of the room, was met at the door by Adolphus and the two young ladies.

Miss Cleveland, with much animation, rallied Ferdinand concerning his capriciousness in not accompanying them home the preceding night. He regarded not her hilarity, which, at other times, he was wont to countenance; but continued saturnine and gloomy. As soon as he returned home, he sought the earliest opportunity of apprizing his father of Adolphus' attachment to Clementina; and also of his going frequently to the farm. His lordship praised him for his perspicacity in the discovering of it, and poured forth innumerable eulogiums on him for communicating it to him.

Poor Adolphus was peremptorily commanded not to go to Ashton's; and the most poignant sarcasms were leveled at him for entertaining a passion for one, 'who,' said his lordship, 'is, undoubtedly, some base-born beggar. To cancel so great a transgression,' subjoined he, 'I insist upon your paying your addresses to Lady Dormer, who is every way your equal, both in point of birth and fortune.'

I will not presume to define the feelings of Adolphus when this injunction was pronounced to him; but, undoubtedly, no condemned criminal was ever more dejected. His father's word and mandate were absolute laws with him; he, therefore implicitly obeyed, though with pensive sorrow, in not going to the farm. The arrival of Lady Dormer augmented his melancholy. When in the presence of his father, he was constrained to assume an air and manner to her ladyship which he could but ill feign. But it was some consolation to him to observe, that she gave a visible preference to the devoirs of his cousin, who, so immensely was he prepossessed in her ladyship's favor, was continually with them. Mr. Raymond being on free terms with the baronet and Ferdinand, both of whom tolerated his company on purpose for the diversion it afforded them, was a frequent visitor. Coming there one day, and finding Miss Cleveland alone in the hall, he thus accosted her: 'This is a time, miss, I have often wished for: you will not, I hope,' continued he, 'count me impertinent for asking you a question; but, to be sure, there's excuses to be made when .....'

'Well, sir,' interrupted the lady, 'what is your interrogation?'

'Why, miss,' answered he, in a low voice, and staring her in the face as if to discover more than she was willing to reveal, 'why, miss, have you any regard for the Lord?'

'As I am a Christian, sir,' returned she, smiling, 'I hope I have.'

'Ay,' rejoined he, 'that was what I was afeard of; but, however, if you 'll have me, you shall even choose the color of your carriage, your horses, and your livery.'

She was going to reply to this, but the door was opened, and Lord Bolton and Sir Theobald advanced up the room. The former took her hand, and requested her to accompany him in a walk, to which she immediately assented. And not a widow or widower, when returning, with woe-worn countenance, from attending the obsequies of a beloved partner, could look more dolorous than did Raymond when they walked off together.

It has already been observed, that Adolphus denied himself the pleasure of beholding Clementina; but, however, she frequently appeared to his 'mind's eye.' Often, 'when the firmament glowed with living sapphires,' he wandered, immersed in contemplation of her charms, through the silent groves. One evening, when, by the glittering light of Hesper, he was returning from the abode of the reverend pastor of the village, he saw some one walking slowly on before him. The person, as he advanced unobserved towards her, stood reclined against the gate, gazing at the scenery around. But what transport filled his soul at perceiving that the fair maid was no other than his Clementina! 'I little dreamed of experiencing so great a pleasure as this,' said he. 'Ah, Clementina!' he continued, tenderly taking her hand, 'time has passed on tardy wings since I last beheld you.'

She made an embarrassed reply, and they proceeded over the meadow. Adolphus' arm, which he insisted upon the lovely girl's taking hold of, was scarcely sufficient to sustain her trembling frame. As they passed along, he avowed his passion for her in the most glowing terms his ardent imagination could suggest, and lamented his hard fate in being compelled to address another. 'I would,' said he, 'willingly forego the station in which fortune has placed me, to be blessed with your beloved society.'

'I admonish you, sir,' returned Clementina, 'to banish the love which unfortunately you have conceived for me. Comply with the wishes of your noble father. What though it be repugnant to your own inclinations, yet the consciousness of having obliged a parent will suppress your every painful sensation.'

'O, Clementina!' sighed he, 'why do you thus calmly reason? Alas! I apprehend that I have a rival in your affections.'

This shook her firmness, and she thus tremblingly replied: 'Ah! sir, what shall I say to you?'

'Say,' rejoined he, 'that I am not indifferent to you; nay, say that I am beloved.'

'And,' answered she, 'what would such an avowal avail? Alas! I fear I have already betrayed myself. But, O! Mr. Cleveland, if you have any regard for my happiness, never again resume this subject.'

He, however, renewed his suit, and, forgetting his father's injunction, ere they parted, made her promise that, the next morning, she would meet him and his sister in the copse adjoining the park.

When he returned home, he was informed by Lady Dormer,

that, whilst he had been out, they had projected a scheme of going to the races at R*****. This was by no means grateful to Adolphus, who would rather have remained in peaceful solitude, that cherisher of the lover's flames, at their paradisiacal retirement.

[*To be continued.*]

MALVINA.

A FRAGMENT.

THE moonbeams shone brightly on the silver bosom of the lake, and reflected in lengthening shadows the lofty elms which, in towering majesty, lifted their aspiring heads even to the clouds, and amidst whose leafy branches the zephyr reposed in wanton security. All was hushed save the melodious bird of night, who, in plaintive accents, warbled her midnight hymn, and echo, who still more plaintively repeated each soft note till it died away in air. The castle bell, with iron tongue, broke the peaceful silence, and proclaimed the dreaded hour of twelve, when Malvina, sick of the noisy scenes of mirth and revelry, left the sportive dance, and retired to her favorite seat, where, throwing herself on the mossy carpet, she leaned her cheek on her hand, and, lost in meditation, had almost forgotten her situation, till she was roused by hearing a light step behind her. She raised her head, and beheld a beauteous female at her side, who, with a bewitching smile, invited her confidence.

'I come not, Malvina,' said the lovely vision, 'to alarm you, but with the intention of showing you the precipice on which you stand. Follow me, but speak not, or the consequences will be fatal.'

Then, with a quick step, she passed on, and beckoned to the trembling and astonished Malvina, who, with a palpitating heart, following her, as she glided thro' the portal, and as they entered the castle, the midnight bell, in lengthened tones, again tolled the hour. It struck fearful to the heart of Malvina, who shuddered with a presentiment of evil. Half reluctant she followed her conductress up the stair-case, when, turning into a long vaulted passage, the terrified girl perceived they were approaching the western apartments, which had not been opened for nearly half a century, as it was supposed they were haunted, and many a frightful tale had been told by the villagers and domestics of the appearances seen there. Malvina stopped; she would have returned, but an irresistible feeling tempted her to proceed, and she followed her guide into the banqueting-room, where she beheld a large assembly of knights and ladies, and, to her amazement, her perfidious lover seated by a lovely female, whose majestic form and exquisite features seemed to claim that homage which was so bountifully paid her. Malvina, forgetful of the caution she had received, would have spoken, but a death-like hand pressing on her lips, prevented her utterance. All was mirth and gaiety; loud peals of laughter echoed through the vaulted roof, and the brimming goblet sparkled cheerfully round the festive board. Suddenly, the scene

changed — the room became empty, and Malvina, conducted by the stranger, ascended the large stone stair-case which wound round the western tower. The massy iron door was opened by the female, and they entered a room most magnificently furnished. A crimson velvet canopy fell in rich folds over a state bed; the torches blazed bright in their silver sockets, and the sumptuous mirrors with which the chamber was empanneled reflected a hundred fold the light forms of Malvina and her mysterious guide; the former of whom, terrified at the sudden change, feared to proceed, till her companion, with an encouraging smile, beckoned her to approach the bed: she did so — when, O horror! she perceived the Baron of Lochnarvon reposing in the arms of the lady she had seen with him in the banqueting room. Speechless, she turned towards her guide, and beheld in her hand a dagger rusted with blood.

'Behold in me, Malvina,' she cried, 'the victim of treachery! Once I was lovely as this female you now behold. See me as I am now, and take warning by my hapless fate.'

She turned, and the terror-stricken Malvina beheld the fine bloom on her cheeks gradually fade away, and her features assume a livid hue. A gaping wound deformed her once snowy bosom, from whence thick drops of gore slowly trickled, and stained her white vestments. Her bright eyes sank in their sockets, and glared in horrible vacancy around, then fixed with a ghastly stare upon Malvina. The dagger still remained uplifted in her fleshless hand, then holding it to the affrighted object at her side, in hollow tones exclaimed — 'Strike, Malvina! revenge thyself and me! then shall my perturbed spirit find rest, for yonder lies my murderer! I was his wedded wife! the superior beauty of this woman estranged from me his affections. In the dead of night he stole to my chamber, and, whilst sleeping, this poniard drank my blood! Of thee, he would again become the murderer! Start not, but strike the blow, and avenge thy wrongs and those of an injured wife! In an agony of despair, Malvina snatched the dagger from the hand of the spectre: as she did so, a ghastly grin passed over it's wan countenance — revenge lightened up the eye, and nerved the arm of the hapless girl! feminine terror was no more — a supernatural power seemed to urge her on — she lifted her hand, and plunged the dagger up to the hilt in the body of the baron! The lights were extinguished; loud yells and horrid laughter echoed through the vaulted chamber; and the lost Malvina sank senseless on the blood-stained couch!

F. I.

Exeter.

An ESSAY *on the* CULTIVATION *and* IMPROVEMENT *of the* HUMAN HAIR.

BY ALEXANDER ROWLAND, JUN.

HAIR is designed by nature, not merely as a covering, but as a distinguished ornament to the human frame. It is one of the common tegument of the body, and, upon minute examination with a microscope, we perceive, that it

has a round bulbous root, which is fixed deep in the skin, and which receives nourishment from the surrounding moisture. It is also worthy of observation, that each hair consists of five or six others, inclosed in a common tegument or tube; the surface of these are not smooth; they seem to be formed of small laminæ, placed over each other in a slanting direction, from the root towards the point, like the scales of fish, or of zones placed one upon another, as in the horns of animals. If a hair is held by the root in one hand, and drawn between the fingers of the other, from the root towards the point scarce any friction or resistance is perceived, and no noise is heard; but, on the contrary, if it is grasped by the point, and passed in the same manner between the fingers of the other hand, from the point towards the root, a resistance is felt; a tumultuous motion is evident to the touch, and a noise may be distinctly heard. It is obvious, therefore, that the texture of the surface of the hair is not the same from the root towards the point, as it is from the point towards the root; the surface is therefore formed of rigid laminæ, laid upon each other, from root to point, like tiles.

The growth of the hair is nearly the same as that of the nails, each part thrusting forward that which is immediately above it; and not by any sap or moisture conveyed through tubes, as in plants. The hair consists of small filaments issuing out of the pores of the skin, they commonly appear round or cylindrical; but the microscope has also discovered them to be triangular or square; which diversity of figure arises from that of the pores, to which the hairs always accommodate their form; their size, or thickness, depending on the magnitude of the pores they issue from; if those are small the hairs are fine; if the pores are straight the hairs are straight; and if oblique and sinous, the hairs are curled. The length of the hairs always depends upon the quantity of proper moisture that nourishes them, and the color on the quality of that moisture. This evidences that, at different periods of life, the color of the hair changes.

The quality of good hair proceeds from the moisture belonging to it. The moisture is a sort of excrement nourished with excrementitious matter, and no proper part of a living body. It is generated from the fultiginous parts of the blood, exhaled by the heat of the body to the surface, and thus condensed in passing through the pores; we are of opinion, therefore, when the hair strongly participates of this nutriment it is of a bright red color; and when it receives less, the hair changes to a chesnut or auburn; when thin phlegmatic juices are predominant, it is usually white. As the proportions are various in human bodies, the diversity of colors is occasioned, and the various transitions from red to auburn, brown, black, white, and flaxen. It is evident then, that those persons whose hair is of the fairest and brightest colors, are most enervated and relaxed with respect to the fibres and nerves. It is generally remarked, that persons who have very fine and white hair, when they arrive at maturity are of a tender and delicate constitution; whereas those who possess long, thick, dark hair, acquire, from the quantity of nutriment

adhering to it, a great strength of constitution.

I have often found the hair of infants remarkably fine and slender, growing exceedingly thin and long, and chiefly of a flaxen color; which evinces that it's nourishment must be very spare; but, in general, as they grow older, the hair becomes thicker and sometimes darker, (although great numbers of children retain the flaxen color of their hair until they attain the meridian of life). The extremities of the hair, when kept dry, or suffered to grow too long, spreads into three, four, or more branches; so that what appears to the naked eye but as a single hair, through the microscope is discovered to have many sprouts; an evident proof, that, if the hair is frequently cut, it will continue it's growth to extreme old age.

The strength and growth of the hair does not always depend on the health of the person, for in consumptive people, when the body is gradually decaying, and the whole frame emaciated, the hair thrives; nay, it will continue it's growth after death. Therefore, the life and growth of the hair must be of a different kind from the rest of the body, and is not immediately derived from, or reciprocated therewith. It is more of the nature of vegetation, as some plants shoot from parts of others, from which, though they draw their nourishment, yet each has it's distinct existence and œconomy; they derive support from some juices, but not from the *nutritious* juices of the body; they may live though the body be dead.

Grey hairs are first visible on the fore part of the head, and particularly about the temples; they appear there sooner than on the back part of the head, which affords them longer the proper moisture than the rest; from the same cause they also fall soonest from the crown of the head. Many instances have been known of persons who, by a sudden alarm, or intense grief, have had the hair become grey in one night. The late unfortunate Queen of France, whose barbarous sufferings are scarcely to be paralleled in the annals of history, during her confinement in the prison of the Conciergerie, had her beautiful tresses changed to grey, ere she was sacrificed to the fury of the atheistical rulers of France.

It is singular to reflect on the effects produced on the hair by the sudden operation of the passions; even men of science have, from intense application to their studies, had the color of their hair changed to grey. But grey hair is the common appendage of old age. The patriarch Jacob, when persuaded by his sons to send Benjamin with them into Egypt, pathetically exclaimed: 'If mischief befal him by the way in which ye go, then shall ye bring down my *grey hairs* with sorrow to the grave.'

The cause of the hair turning grey upon the approach of old age, is in consequence of it's being deprived of it's supply of nourishment, and the latter being chiefly drawn from the phlegmatic fluids on that part of the blood called the lymph, and from whence it sometimes also becomes white.

I shall now attend to the manner of wearing hair among the antients. The hair was ever viewed as a constituent part of beauty.

Both in antient and modern

poets we meet with descriptions of personal beauty, in which the *flowing tresses*, waving gracefully, are frequently introduced. Milton thus, in his beautiful description of the first interview of Adam and Eve, says —

'Half her breast naked met his, under
The flowing gold of her *loose tresses* hid.'

Among the Hebrews black hair was much esteemed. In the song of Solomon, we find black hair peculiarly specified as beautiful: 'His head is as the most fine gold; his *locks* are bushy and *black* as a raven.' Absolom was celebrated through all the kingdom of Israel for his beauty; his hair when 'polled,' or cut, every year, weighed two hundred shekels, or thirty-one ounces.

Among the Grecian and Roman ladies, great attention was paid to ornamenting the hair; it was fashionable to wear it long, adorned with gold, silver, pearls, &c. on the contrary, it was worn short by the men. It was customary in Greece for both sexes to have the hair cut off a few days before they entered the temple of Hymen, and it was offered as an oblation to the gods. Both the Greeks and Romans made use of false hair.

The antient Britons were proud of the length and beauty of their hair, and were peculiarly anxious in ornamenting it. So great was the respect they paid to this ornament of nature, that a young warrior having been taken prisoner, and condemned to be beheaded, requested, that no slave might be permitted to touch his hair, and that it might not be stained with his blood.

In Ossian's Poems, we meet with numerous passages in which the beauty of the hair is peculiarly portrayed; various methods were used by the antients to increase the growth of their hair, as also it's thickness.

Dio Cassius relates of the justly celebrated Boadicea, Queen of the Iceni, who so valiantly opposed the Romans, that her hair was very long, the tresses waving over her shoulders, extending even below the middle.

Godiva, the wife of Leofric, Duke of Mercia, had such an immense quantity of hair as to cover her body, which was exemplified when she rode through Coventry with no other covering than her hair.

Among the Anglo-Saxons and Danes, the single females had their hair flowing in ringlets on their shoulders; but, when they were married, they cut it shorter, and put on a head-dress.

The Danish soldiers that were quartered in England in the reign of Ethelred the Second, were very attentive to the dressing of their hair; and, by that means, gained the affection of the English ladies.

Several writers affirm, that it was formerly the custom in the royal family of France, as a peculiar mark of distinction, and the privileges of the princes and princesses, to wear long hair dressed and curled, every body else being obliged to have it polled or cut round, as a badge of inferiority and submission.

The hair was cut different ways, according to the rank of the person. In the sixteenth century, the hair of females in England was beautifully arranged and adorned. Our illustrious Queen Elizabeth had her hair ornamented with a profusion of jewels.

The Spanish costume, which

was introduced by Philip of Spain, the husband of her sister, continued throughout the reign of Elizabeth to be the prevailing fashion: the men had their hair cut short.

A great degree of simple elegance and unaffected beauty in the manner of dressing the hair, adopted by Lady Jane Grey and Mary Queen of Scots, is visible in original portraits of those illustrious ladies; the hair of the latter was singularly beautiful.

At the period of the civil wars, a singular change took place with respect to the mode of wearing hair among the male sex, of which enthusiasm of a religious nature was the cause.

The Puritans affected a peculiar mode of dress, and, in a contradistinction to the royal party, had their hair cropped short: this practice was first began by the London apprentices in the popular tumults, previous to the king and parliament taking up arms against each other. The hair was cut close and round to the head. Hence, those who adopted this mode were called 'Round-heads.'

In the gay and licentious reign of the Second Charles, those large and magnificent wigs, with long flowing curls reaching down each shoulder, were imported from France, and were generally worn by the nobility, gentry, and persons even of moderate incomes. Mr. Addison, in one of his admirable Spectators, ridicules the idea of the statuary, who represents the brave Sir Cloudesley Shovel, on the monument in Westminster Abbey, 'dressed in a long perriwig *.' This fashion continued till nearly the middle of the last century. His late majesty dressed in one of those wigs. The ladies in the reign of Charles the Second and succeeding monarchs took uncommon pains in arranging the hair. The portraits of the Duchess of Cleveland, and other ladies of the court, evidence the taste used in this arrangement. Mr. Prior, in 'The Garland,' addressed to his Chloe, says:

> 'The pride of every grove I chose,
> The violet sweet and lily fair,
> The dappled pink and blushing rose,
> To deck my charming Chloe's hair.'

The mode of dressing the hair of late has been so varied in both sexes, that it would be tedious to notice the variations; they have been vacillating as the goddess of fashion herself. Suffice it to say, there never was an age when more assiduous and due attention was paid to ornamenting and embellishing the hair than the present.

We shall now point out the various diseases of the hair, and in what manner they may be prevented.

The principal disorder that attends the hair is denominated the 'Plica Polonica;' it is chiefly known in Poland and the northern parts of Germany, though it prevails in other foreign countries. This dreadful disease begins generally with a violent pain in the head, so much as to cause stupefaction; the hair becomes glued and matted together, the blood oozes out at the extremity of every hair, which occasions a disgusting appearance, and the person thus afflicted endures the most excruciating pain, which continues for a great length of time. There never has been any remedy discovered for this disorder.

The climate of England is hap-

* Spectator, No. 26.

pily freed from this disorder: but the diseases of the hair among us are those which occasion baldness, gradual falling off of the hair, and thinness of it; the causes of which arise from many disorders, especially fevers; the using liquids of a heating nature, in order to change grey hairs to other colors; the application of curling irons when improperly heated; perspiration, which extends the pores, relaxes the roots, causes the hair to fall off, and frequently occasions a total baldness.

Baldness has ever been esteemed a great defect. Among the Hebrews it was accounted not merely a defect, but a curse. The prophets often figuratively applied it as a denunciation of judgements. Thus, Isaiah observes, that 'instead of well-set hair, there should be baldness.' Elisha the prophet was insulted on this account by the youth of Bethel, who, as he was ascending Mount Carmel, cried out, 'Go up, thou baldhead,' which was an epithet of contempt and execration among the Jews. Baldness is not so prevalent among females. It generally arises through violent exercise and other great exertions. Traveling in hot climates will also occasion it. When baldness appears at an early period of life it may be remedied. The method of accomplishing it will be mentioned hereafter: but when baldness appears in old age, it is caused by the natural moisture decaying, which occasions the internal and external skins to close together, so as to stop the circulation of that fluid which promotes the growth of the hair; consequently, when the fluid has lost it's channel of circulation for any length of time, it is impossible to prevent baldness ensuing. Baldness is principally visible round the crown of the head, as it is generally observed that the sides retain their thickness to the close of life.

The decline of hair in females is generally owing to nervous and hypochondriac disorders, fevers and accouchements, disorders which convulse the human frame to that degree as to cause a general relaxation of the pores. In all such cases, the greatest care should be observed to brace the pores, in order to prevent the hair falling off: for which purpose the Macassar oil is eminently calculated. It has proved in numerous cases of ladies, who have used it, an infallible remedy. Acid liquors, or any thing of an astringent quality, which is of an absorbent nature, will prove very detrimental to the hair.

During a severe indisposition, the hair does not perceptibly alter for a few weeks, but then it declines very rapidly; which evidences that the roots must be in a bad state: therefore, it is adviseable to continue the use of the Macassar oil during such indisposition, as it is perfectly innoxious in it's properties. The hair not only declines after confinement by illness, but will be subject to great heat, owing to perspiration and confinement, which will entirely dry up the roots.

When the skin is dried up it requires a great degree of nourishment to moisten it, which may be effected by rubbing the Macassar oil on every morning; after which use a fine hair brush, and sometimes a fine tooth comb, but very seldom, merely to clear the hairs. If these combs are used too often, they will prove injurious to the skin. If the directions now given

are strictly attended to, the virtues of the oil will be immediately evidenced, and the patient will not lose a single hair.

Great attention ought to be paid in not omitting cutting the hair previous to an accouchement. It should always be cut again after recovery. Ladies whose hair is long should use the hair brush very frequently, especially if it is inclined to be damp, which is the cause of the dandriffe getting into the hair. It is requisite also to have the hair cut regularly once a month by a person of experience, as that will tend to preserve the hair, especially when it is a great length; whereas, if neglected, it will split at the ends into several divisions, and break off at the ends as fast as the roots thrive.

Ladies are very apt to wash their hair with soap and water, which is very pernicious to long hair, and sometimes turns it red; water alone is not so prejudicial.

Gentlemen's hair is more subject to fall off or become grey, and also sooner change color, than that of females, which is chiefly owing to perspiration originating from violent exercise. In cases of excessive perspiration the hair should be brushed as soon as possible with a hard hair brush for a considerable time, and then the Macassar oil applied, which, by rubbing in, will convey that nourishment which is it's essential property.

Grey hairs generally arise from ill-health, great anxiety, close attention to study; for intense thinking consumes the strength and exhausts the spirits, and generally is attended with the same consequences to the hair as old age: many instances we have known of the hair being turned grey after a short illness, which has made a great change in many a beautiful head of hair, causes it to be extremely harsh, and the dandriffe to arise. The Macassar oil, constantly used, will produce astonishing effect in the course of a few days. The hair-brush should also never be neglected. Cleanliness is as requisite, with respect to the hair, as to any part of the body.

Gentlemen wearing powder should have the hair thoroughly combed with a fine tooth comb every week, in order to remove the powder and pomatum, which, if suffered to remain, make such an impression on the pores as to cause the head-ache, and also has a tendency to turn the hair grey: the powder and pomatum being often removed, give the fluids a proper circulation, and consequently promote the growth of hair.

After illness, persons should refrain from the use of spirituous liquors, whose heating qualities occasion inevitably baldness and grey hairs, even on young persons. The Macassar oil, being used instead of pomatum, has the effect of dressing the hair exceedingly light, and is of so fine a quality that it perforates the roots, and both nourishes the hair and precludes all disorders belonging thereto. Gentlemen not wearing powder should apply the oil, particularly after the hair is turned with the irons, and it will give it a fine appearance and a beautiful gloss. For those who are traveling it will be found very beneficial, as also for the whiskers, eyebrows, &c.

Parents, proprietors of boarding-schools, seminaries, &c. should pay particular attention to the

hair of children; as a fine head of hair entirely depends on the due cultivation of it in youth; even in infancy, the following directions, we flatter ourselves, will not be useless: when the hair first begins to appear, the head should never be touched with a fine tooth comb, as it causes such a friction, as gives great pain to the infant, and raises the dandriffe to such a degree, as renders it impossible to extricate it; this sometimes generates a scorbutic humor, which first appears in small places, and spreads entirely over the head, and is of that nature as to impoverish the roots, and sometimes occasions a fatal loss of hair, and, if not stopped in time, will produce a scald head. Instead of using combs, apply a flannel dipped into the Macassar oil, which, when rubbed on the head for a short time, will eradicate the dirt and remove the scurf, which will be effected without any pain to the infant: in short, it will give to the head a delightful and beautiful appearance. As the child grows older, the hair brush, as well as a flannel, may be used, and a fine tooth comb, but not often. These virtues of the Macassar oil have been experienced by many families of distinction.

When the heads of children are afflicted with scorbutic humors, the hair should be cut quite close, and often washed with soap and water; for it is the most essential point to keep the head clear: when cleansed and dried with a fine towel, the Macassar oil should be applied six or seven times in the course of the day, in order to keep the place moist; soap only should be used to cleanse the parts affected; for soap used to the hair, as has before been observed, is very pernicious.

The Macassar oil should be used also after bathing; for the salt water will sometimes produce the effect of making the hair harsh, and sometimes change the color.

Children, as well as adult persons, should have their hair cut once a month; when the hair is remarkably thin, it should be cut ever other week.

Biographical Character *of the late Mrs.* Cowley.

Mrs. COWLEY, the elegant authoress of so many dramas and various poetical pieces, may be said to have had some degree of consanguinity with the poet Gay; for her father's mother was Gay's first cousin; but neither she herself, nor the family into which she married, were descended, as might seem from the name, from the poet Cowley. Never having been previously fond of theatrical entertainments, the fancy she conceived for writing was accidental. Being present at a successful comedy, her imagination was caught; and 'I, too, can write,' said she to her husband, who was in the box with her. She was rallied by him for her presumption. 'You shall see,' said she; and produced before dinner, the next day, the first act of the 'Runaway,' *verbatim*, as it was afterwards performed, many will recollect with how great success. In quick succession came the 'Belle's Stratagem;' the farce of 'Who's the

Dupe?' (the Greek introduced therein she had from her father); 'Albina,' a tragedy; 'Which is the Man?' 'A bold Stroke for a Husband;' 'More Ways than One;' 'The School for Grey Beards;' comedies: 'The Fate of Sparta,' a tragedy; 'A Day in Turkey;' and 'The Town before You;' comedies. The 'Runaway' was written in a fortnight, and the 'Belle's Stratagem' in three weeks. The first produced 800 guineas, the latter 1200. Nothing was labored, all was spontaneous effusion; she had none of the *drudge* of literature. Fame was not half so much her object as the pleasure of composition. They were brought out under the superintendence of her husband, except the one or two last, he having then joined his regiment, in which he had the commission of captain, in the East Indies. He died there about ten years since. This gentleman, who was brother to the merchant of the same name, possessed considerable powers of mind, and would sometimes slide in a sentence which was pleasing to the authoress; but would sometimes insert a speech which she thought became not her. Three epic poems were published at intervals between these: 'The Maid of Arragon,' the scene of which is laid in Spain during the incursions of the Moors. Her imagination therein sends out the Christian bishops at the head of the troops, the cross in the one hand, and the sword in the other, as in reality they have been seen in the present day. The two other poems were intituled, 'The Scotish Village,' and 'The Siege of Acre.'

In the different characters of daughter, wife, and mother, Mrs. Cowley's conduct was indeed most exemplary. Her manners were lively and unassuming; her countenance was peculiarly animated, and expressive; but there was nothing about her of that style which sometimes indicates the *writer*. The most incontrovertible proof that her manners were pleasing is the estimation in which her memory is held in all who had, in so many directions the happiness of her acquaintance. This remembrance will draw tears from the eyes of many; young women in particular, amongst whom she had many fervent attachments. The general tenor of her life was by no means theatrical; at the theatres, but to oblige others by accompanying them, she was never seen; and frequently for years together was not there at all. Though public as a *genius* yet private as a *woman*, she wore her laurels gracefully veiled. In the course of the last ten years, she wrote two or three slight poems, in friendship with the families of Lady Carew, Lady Duntze, Mrs. Wood, and other ladies in her neighbourhood, which probably are yet extant. Nothing remained with her but two manuscripts; the first written in the close of the last year, without rising from the table at which she had received an 'Elegy on Lord Nelson,' by a clergyman of her neighbourhood.

Her poem thus commenced:

'Mercy! what, Nelson's ghost again!
Why not run back to Blenheim's plain,
And dig a hero from it's turf,
Or call brave Hosier from the surf;
Or John o' Gaunt raise up once more,
Or our Third Edward's name restore?

And then telling him that the

creative POET should *lead* public attention; directs it to the Family of Braganza, on it's voyage to the Brazils; draws a picture of the probable progress there of the European arts, and of Christian knowlege. The compliment paid Nelson in these six lines, which appear but to pass him over, the Reader's taste will perceive more than equals the result of many a long poem published to celebrate him. He is at once placed *above* all praise, amidst our country's acknowleged Heroes. The other signed. 'A School Boy,' on pretence of it's being composed by one, was written but a few weeks before her death, and given to the Sexton of the Parish, whose little property was destroyed in the late floods. It describes the man's efforts whilst his cottage was overwhelmed; it's consequences, &c.; and claims a subscription for one who would not directly beg. The list of subscriptions begins with that of the 'School Boy;' and quickly more than restored his property who was so soon to assist in the funeral of his benefactress.

Mrs. Cowley latterly declined visits, except those of ladies, at her own house on Monday Mornings. It was a working-party (at which sometimes forty were present) for the benefit of distressed married women.—Though not actually ill, she had, for a considerable time, been conscious of rather quickly approaching death; and she looked forward to it with a cheerfulness that can never have been surpassed. She had, through every part of her life, without cant, been deeply religious. Prayers, written by her at twelve years of age, were many years kept, by those whose preservation was praise. She had never in her life been seriously ill, but had considerable dread of a long continued death-bed sickness; and had frequently wished even for sudden death, rather than be sensible of gradual decay. She expired without a struggle, in the fullest possession of her mental powers, after having been only one day confined to her room. She died at Tiverton in Devonshire, on the 11th of March of the present year (1809) in the 66th year of her age.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH *of the late* MISS SEWARD.

ANNA SEWARD was the daughter of the late reverend Thomas Seward, rector of Eyam in Derbyshire, prebendary of Salisbury, and canon-residentiary of Lichfield. Mr. Seward had graceful manners, great hilarity of spirit, and active benevolence. His poetic talents were by no means inconsiderable, and he studied with indiscriminating taste, and in their original languages, the Greek, Latin, and English bards. He was known to the World of Letters as chief Editor of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays published in the year 1750; also as author of a learned and ingenious tract on the conformity between Paginism and Popery, much celebrated in it's day though now out of print. To Dodsley's Collection he sent a few elegant little poems, which may be found late in the second volume, extending to it's close*. At the village of

* By mistake they were printed anonymously. These poems commence with the 'Female Right of Literature,' written at Florence, and sent from thence

Eyam, situated amongst the highest of the Peak mountains, Mr. Seward passed the first eight years of his marriage. In the second his eldest daughter, the subject of this memoir, was born. She had several sisters, and one brother, but all died in their infancy, except the second daughter, who lived till she was nineteen, and then died on the eve of her nuptials. In Miss Seward's seventh year, her family removed from Eyam to Lichfield; and in her thirteenth they became inhabitants of the Bishop's Palace, which remained her home to her last hour. Mrs. Seward, who died at the age of sixty-six,* in the year 1780, was a woman of strong sense, and had possessed great beauty, a large portion of which she retained to her latest hour. Without taste for literary pursuits herself, she had never encouraged in her daughters. For the delight they mutually took in books, they were indebted to their father's early instruction. Fancying that he saw dawn of poetic genius in his eldest girl, he amused himself with it's culture, though not from any idea or desire that she should ever become an authoress. Her ear for poetic recitation, in which he himself was remarkably excellent, inspired the pleasure he felt to nurse her in the lap of the Muses. At three years old, before she could read, he had taught her to lisp the Allegro of Milton; and in her ninth, she was enabled to speak by rote the three first books of the 'Paradise Lost,' with that variety of accent necessary to give grace and effect to the manly harmonies of that poem. Miss Seward has herself remarked, 'that it's sublime images, the alternate grandeur and beauty of it's numbers, perpetually filled her infant eyes with tears of delight, while she performed the parental task, by daily committing a portion of them to memory.' It has been already observed, that Miss Seward's progress in the composition of verse, met the chillness of maternal discouragement; and her father, as she grew up to womanhood, was induced to withdraw the animating welcome he had given to her early Muse. Thus repressed, she cast away, during some years, her own poetic lyre, or, at least awakened it only at short and seldom returning intervals, devoting much of her time to fancied needle-works, and the gay amusements of her juvenile companions. Nothing could restrain, however, the ardor she felt to peruse, with discriminating attention, the writings of our finest poets. Miss Seward's productions were confined to the perusal of her more intimate friends, till she became accidentally acquainted with the late Lady Miller of Bath Easton, by whose persuasions she was induced to write for the poetic institution of that villa, and to become a candidate for it's myrtle wreath: she obtained it repeatedly. The prize poems were published and adopted from the Bath Easton volume into public prints, with the names of the authors; and thus the Rubicon was passed. Early the next year, 1780, her Elegy on Captain Cook was given to the world, with an Ode to the Sun, subjoined, on the bright unwintered year 1779.

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to Mrs. Pratt, afterwards Lady Camden, the Athenia of the verse. To that succeed some lines on Shakspeare's monument at Stratford.

* Miss Seward also died at the same age.

These poems meeting a flattering reception, she was encouraged to lament the cruel fate of her gallant and amiable friend Major André. Her Monody on him, and also her Elegy on Captain Cook, involving a series of events the most important, in the lives of their heroes formed a new species of funeral song, Doctor Darwin used to tell her she was the inventress of epic elegy. In 1782 appeared her poem to the memory of Lady Miller, who died during the July of the preceding year, in the meridian of her days. In 1784 she published the poetical novel, intituled 'Louisa,' which is, perhaps the most popular of all her compositions; and in 1787 her 'Epic Ode on the return of General Elliot from Gibraltar.' These, with her 'Langallan Vale, and other Poems,' in 1790; the 'Life of Doctor Darwin,' in 1806, and contributions to different periodical publications, form, we believe, the whole of her printed works.

As an authoress few women have exhibited more strength of talent, or more genuine delicacy of taste, than Miss Seward. Her poetry is particularly distinguished by beauty of imagery, and vigor of sentiment; yet we do not totally acquit it from the charge of occasional affectation. Her Life of Doctor Darwin cannot but be accurate, from her intimate acquaintance with that great character; and is rendered peculiarly interesting from the literary circle at Lichfield, which she has delineated with great spirit and fidelity. In private life Miss Seward was much respected: her friends were very numerous, and they composed no small part of the virtue and genius of the times. We are informed that Miss Seward has bequeathed her manuscripts, published and unpublished, with an hundred pounds, to Walter Scot Esq. the author of 'Marmion;' and her vast collection of letters from and to the most eminent literary characters of her age, to Mr. Constable the bookseller, who, it is said, is to select and publish two volumes of them annually. The remainder of her income, with the exception of some handsome legacies, she leaves to her relations by her father's side. She died the 25th of March of the present year (1809).

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

SIR,

OBSERVING, lately, some remarks in the various Papers of the day, respecting the intended Jubilee, on account of the advanced period of the reign of our beloved Sovereign over this empire, and having remarked the stress laid on the long reigns of Edward the Third, and Henry the Third, of England, I have felt an inclination (natural, you will say, to an old Highlander), that the glory of our once Royal Scotish Line, in this respect, should not be eclipsed: and I therefore hope, that a few facts, from History, in this view, will not be unacceptable. I am sure they will be highly gratifying to many of your Readers beyond the Tweed.

The English Heptarchy was only subdued in the year 823, when Egbert the Great became the first sole Saxon Monarch of England, nearly about the time that Kenneth the Second conquer-

ed the Picts. Constantine the Third, the grandson of Kenneth, was often victorious over the Danes, who during his reign had invaded the east coast of Scotland. This warlike Highland Prince, after a reign of fifty-two years, died in peace in the monastery of Icolmkill, to which he had retired, on account of his great age, a short time before his death.

Malcolm the Third, surnamed Caenmore, computed his reign (as did Charles the Second of Britain) from the death of his father Duncan the First, who was murdered by Macbeth, anno 1040. Macbeth's usurpation continued seventeen years, until Malcolm was restored to the throne of his father's in 1057, by the aid of Edward the Confessor. Malcolm married Princess Margaret, daughter to Edward, the son of Edmond the Second of England, surnamed Ironside; and thus introduced the blood royal of the Saxon, or English Kings, into the royal line of Scotland. This warlike Prince was slain in the seige of Alnwick Castle, the 13th November, 1093, in the fifty-third year of his prosperous reign, and was the first of the Scotish Monarchs buried at Dunfermline.

The eldest daughter of Malcolm the Third, married Henry the First, the younget son of William the Conqueror; and thus continued the blood royal of the old Saxon Monarchy, in the line of the Normans, Plantagenet, and Tudors.

King William of Scotland, surnamed the Lion, the great grandson of Malcolm the Third, died at the Abbey of Aberbrothwick, in the forty-ninth year of his reign. This Abbey had been founded by him in honor of the memory of Thomas à Becket of Canterbury.

David the Second, son of the victorious Robert the First, or the Bruce, died February 22d, 1371, in the forty-third year of his reign, in the Castle of Edinburgh, in that part of the building named, from his having built it, King David's Tower.

On the death of David the Second, commenced the Stewart succession, whose reigns were unfortunate and short, until that of James the Sixth, who reigned fifty-eight years, twenty-two of which, over England and Scotland, as one United Kingdom. His present Majesty, George the Third, is the sixth, in lineal descent, from that learned and prudent Monarch, the First of Great-Britain, in whose veins was centered all the Blood Royal of the different dynasties that in former ages held dominion in this now happily United Kingdom.

Thus, Sir, I have completed my design; and this statement may be depended upon, as from one who has long been led to make history and genealogy his peculiar study.

In conclusion, permit me, Sir, to hint, that the approaching Jubilee might be signalized for ages to come, to the honor of both our King and his People, if, instead of a waste of money for purposes, the memory and gratification of which will end with the day—some of our leading men of worth would but publish their Resolutions, to countenance subscriptions and collections for founding an Institution for the maintenance of a certain number of deserving aged men and women.

Surely, such a measure would meet with the cordial support of the enlightened and the good.

I would propose such an esta-

blishment to be for the reception of an equal proportion of English, Scotish and Irish Subjects; that thus the Union of the Three Kingdoms might be perpetuated.

The front of the building might exhibit to admiring strangers, and to Albion's sons and daughters for Centuries to come, such an Inscription as the following:

Jubilee Asylum—October 25, 1809,
By Public voluntary Subscriptions,
To the Memory of the best of Kings,
GEORGE III.
The Father of his People,
Who on the above day entered the
Fiftieth Year of his Reign.

Pardon this long intrusion. If loquacity be the privilege of age, who can have a better title to it than he, who, on the approaching Jubilee, will, if God spare him, complete his seventieth year; and who hopes yet to live long to drink his Majesty's health in many a bumper of Highland whisky.

I remain, Sir,
Your very faithful Servant,
JOHN BROWN,

Genealogist to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, for Scotland.

No. 11, Orange-Court, Swallow-street, October 4, 1809.

Mrs. SIDDONS *and Mrs.* GALINDO.

A pamphlet, under the title of 'Mrs. Galindo's Letter to Mrs. Siddons, being a circumstatial detail of Mrs. Siddons's Life for the last seven years, with several of her Letters,' has been lately published.—The authoress, who was formerly a Miss Gough, and who would seem to be animated by a spirit of jealousy, has made a very extraordinary attack on the character of Mrs. Siddons. She has asserted that an improper attachment subsisted between Mrs. Siddons and Mr. Galindo. She has also subjoined to her statement a number of letters from Mrs. Siddons to herself and Mr. Galindo. There is, however, nothing in these letters that gives the slightest color to the scandal which Mrs. Galindo wishes to propagate; on the contrary, all letters tend to show the writer in a most amiable and honorable point of view, and do equal honor to her hand and her heart. We subjoin one of them, omitting the notes which Mrs. Galindo has attached to it.

'Cheltenham, June 12.

'My dear Mrs. G.—

'I hope long before this you have received the account of my brother's visit to me, and that the assurance of an engagement for three years at five pounds a week, commencing the season after the next, has put you all into a more comfortable frame of mind, than Mr. Harris's letter was likely to produce; I was unwilling to send it, but I thought it right to tell you precisely how the business stood, especially as it was a thing of too much consequence with respect to your arrangements in the interim. This letter is to serve as an answer to Mr. G.'s, and I most sincerely hope I may never receive such another; for, alas! the pressure of my own affliction has not yet hardened me into an insensibility to the sorrows and mishaps

of my friends; my friends too should know this; but I say no more; I sincerely wish his spirits may be again restored; he tells me, I have taken too much trouble about this engagement, and that 'happiness is purchased at too dear a price.' I will own, in answer to the first assertion, that it has cost me much and various and very better contention; but I have gained the victory at last, and it depends on the moderation of the wishes and expectations of us all, whether the conflict is ended peaceably and honorably. I pray God it may; for to live in a state of contention with a brother I so tenderly love, and a husband with whom I am to spend what remains of life, would be more than my subdued spirit and almost broken heart would be able to endure.

'In answer to the second, I can only say, that the testimony of the wisdom of all ages, from the foundation of the world to this day, is childishness and folly, if happiness be any thing more than a name, and I am assured our own experience will not enable us to refute the opinion. No, no; it is the inhabitant of a better world. Content, the offspring of moderation, is all we ought to aspire to here, and moderation will be our best and surest guide to that happiness to which she will most assuredly conduct us. Forgive this preaching, I have a most sincere and affectionate regard for him, and I wish, for your sake as well as his own, he would endeavour to correct that avidity of imagination, that at one time hurries him into what he mistakes for happiness, but which is indeed no other than intoxication, a sort of drunkenness of the mind, and the next moment plunges him into despondency. Indeed, indeed, I wish you would tell him it is my most earnest request that he would, and that by making this exertion, and in the effects it will produce on your mutual comforts, I shall be richly overpaid for all I have done; if he thinks himself unfortunate, let him look upon me and be silent. — 'The inscrutable ways of Providence' — two lovely creatures gone, and another is just arrived from school, with all the dazzling, frightful sport of beauty that irradiated the countenance of Maria, and makes me shudder when I look at her. I feel myself like poor Niobe, grasping to her bosom the last and younger of her children; and like her, look every moment for the vengeful arrow of destruction. Alas! my dear friend, can it be wondered at, that I long for the land where they are gone to prepare their mother's place.— What have I here? Yet here, even here, I could be content to linger still in peace and calmness; content is all I wish; but I must again enter into the bustle of the world; for fame and fortune have given me all I wish; yet while my presence and my exertions here may be useful to others, I do not think myself at liberty to give myself up to my own selfish gratifications. The second great commandment is love thy neighbour as thyself, and in this way I shall most probably best make my way to heaven. Give my love to dear little Johnny; he will seem pleased at least, if he has not forgotten to laugh at the name of Siddons. God bless you all. I am, unalterably, your sincere friend,

'S. Siddons.'

THE HISTORY OF COFFEE.

By the late Dr. FOTHERGILL; *edited by Dr.* LETSOM.

THE earliest account we have of coffee is taken from an Arabian manuscript in the King of France's library, No. 944, and is as follows:

Schehabeddin Ben, an Arabian author of the ninth century of the Hegira, attributes to Gemalleddin, Mufti of Aden, a city of Arabia Felix, who was nearly his contemporary, the introduction into that country of drinking coffee. He tells us, that Gemalleddin, having occasion to travel into Persia, during his abode there, saw some of his countrymen drinking coffee, which at that time he did not much attend to; but, on his return to Aden, finding himself indisposed, and remembering that he had seen his countrymen drinking coffee in Persia, in hopes of finding some benefit from it, he determined to try it on himself; and, after making the experiment, not only recovered his health, but perceived other useful qualities in that liquor, such as relieving the head-ache, enlivening the spirits, and, without prejudice to the constitution, preventing drowsiness. This last quality he resolved to turn to the advantage of his profession: he took it himself, and recommended it to the dervises, or religious Mahometans, to enable them to pass the night in prayer, and other ceremonies of their religion, with greater zeal and attention. The example and authority of the mufti gave reputation to coffee. Soon men of letters, and persons belonging to the law, adopted the use of it. These were followed by the tradesmen and artisans that were under the necessity of working in the night, and such as were obliged to travel after sun-set. At length the custom became general in Aden, and it was not only drunk by those who were desirous of being kept awake, but in the day, for the sake of it's other agreeable qualities.

The Arabian author adds, that they found themselves so well by drinking coffee, that they entirely left off the use of the infusion of a herb, called in their language *cat*, which possibly might be tea, though the Arabian author gives us no particular reason to think so.

Before this time, coffee was scarcely known in Persia, and very little used in Arabia, where the tree grew; but, according to Schehabeddin, it had been drunk in Ethiopia from time immemorial.

Coffee being thus received at Aden, where it has continued in use ever since without interruption, passed by degrees to many neighbouring towns, and not long after Mecca, where it was introduced, as at Aden, by the dervises, and for the same purposes of religion.

The inhabitants of Mecca were at last so fond of this liquor, that without regarding the intentions of the religious, and other studious persons, they at length drank it publicly in coffee-houses, where they assembled in crowds to pass the time agreeably, making that the pretence. Here they played at chess, and such other kinds of games, and that even for money. In these houses they amused themselves likewise with singing, dancing, and music, contrary to the manners of the rigid Mahometans, which afterwards

was the occasion of some disturbances. From hence the custom extended itself to many other towns of Arabia, and particularly to Medina, and then to Grand Cairo in Egypt, where the dervises of Yemen, who lived in a district by themselves, drank coffee the nights they intended to spend in devotion. They kept it in a large red earthen vessel, and received it respectfully from the hand of their superior, who poured it out into cups for them himself. He was soon imitated by many devout people of Cairo, and their example was followed by the studious, and afterwards by so many people, that coffee became as common a drink in that great city as at Aden, Mecca, and Medina, and other cities of Arabia.

But at length the rigid Mahometans began to disapprove the use of coffee, as occasioning frequent disorders, and too nearly resembling wine in it's effects; the drinking of which is contrary to the tenets of their religion — government was obliged to interfere, and at times restrain the use of it. However, it had become so universally liked, that it was afterwards found necessary to take off all restraint for the future.

Coffee continued it's progress through Syria, and was received at Damascus and Aleppo without opposition; and in the year 1554, under the reign of the great Soliman, one hundred years after it's introduction by the Mufti of Aden, it became known to the inhabitants of Constantinople; when two private persons, whose names were Schems and Hekin, the one coming from Damascus, and the other from Aleppo, each opened a coffee-house at Constantinople, and sold coffee publicly in rooms fitted up in an elegant manner, which were presently frequented by men of learning, and particularly poets, and other persons who came to amuse themselves with a game of chess or draughts, to make acquaintance, or to pass away their time agreeably, at a small expence.

These houses and assemblies insensibly became so much in vogue, that they were frequented by people of all professions, and even the officers of the seraglio, the pashas, and persons of the first rank about the court. However, when they seemed to be the most firmly established, the imans, or officers of the mosques, complained loudly of their being deserted, while the coffee-houses were full of company, the dervises and the religious orders murmured, and the preachers declaimed against them, asserting it was less sin to go to a tavern than to a coffee-house.

After much wrangling, the devotees united their interest to obtain an authentic condemnation of coffee, and determined to present to the mufti a petition to that purpose, in which they advanced that roasted coffee was a kind of coal, and that what had any relation to coal was forbidden by law. They desired him to determine on this matter, according to the duty of his office.

The chief of the law, without entering much into the question, gave such a decision as they wished for, and pronounced that the drinking of coffee was contrary to the law of Mahomet.

So respectable is the authority of the mufti, that nobody dared to find fault with his sentence. Immediately all the coffee-houses were shut, and the officers of the

police were commanded to prevent any one from drinking coffee. However, the habit was become so strong, and the use of it so generally agreeable, that the people continued, notwithstanding all prohibition to drink it, in their own houses. The officers of the police, seeing they could not suppress the use of it, allowed of the selling it on paying a tax, and of the drinking it, provided it was not done openly; so that it was drunk in particular places, with the doors shut, or in the back-room of some of the shop-keepers' houses. Under color of this, coffee-houses, by little and little, were re-established; and a new mufti, less scrupulous, and more enlightened than his predecessor, having declared publicly that coffee had no relation to coal, and that the infusion of it was not contrary to the law of Mahomet, the number of coffee-houses became greater than before. After this declaration, the religious orders, the preachers, the lawyers, and even the mufti himself, drank coffee; and their example was followed universally by the court and city.

The grand viziers, having possessed themselves of a special authority over the houses in which it was permitted to be drunk publicly, took advantage of this opportunity of raising a considerable tax on the licences they granted for that purpose, obliging each master of a coffee-house to pay a sequin per day, limiting the price, however, to an asper per dish *.

Thus far the Arabian manuscript in the King of France's library, as translated by Mr. Galland, who proceeds to inform us of the total suppression of public coffee-houses during the war in Candia, when the Ottoman affairs were in a critical situation.

The liberty which the politicians who frequented those houses took, of speaking too freely of public affairs, was carried to that length, that the Grand Vizier Kupruli, father of the two famous brothers of the same name, who afterwards succeeded him, suppressed them all during the minority of Mahomet the Fourth, with a disinterestedness hereditary in his family, without regarding the loss of so considerable a revenue, of which he reaped the advantage himself. Before he came to that determination, he visited *incognito* the several coffee-houses, where he observed sensible, grave persons discoursing seriously of the affairs of the empire, blaming administration, and deciding with confidence on the most important concerns. He had before been in the taverns, where he only met with gay young fellows, mostly soldiers, who were diverting themselves with singing, or talking of nothing but gallantry, or feats of war. These he took no further notice of.

After the shutting up of the

* The Turkish sequin, according to Chambers, is of the value of about nine shillings sterling, and the asper is a very small silver coin, of the value of something more than an English halfpenny. The present value is nearly seven shillings, that is, two shillings and threepence three farthings for a dollar, or eighty aspers; consequently, three aspers are worth something more than a penny sterling; but they are generally reckoned at a halfpenny each. Two hundred and forty-three aspers go to a sequin.

coffee-houses, no less coffee was drunk; for it was carried about in large copper vessels, with fire under them, through all the great streets and markets. This was only done at Constantinople; for, in all the other towns of the empire, and even the smallest villages, the coffee-houses continued open as before.

Notwithstanding this precaution of suppressing the public meetings at coffee-houses, the consumption of coffee increased; for there was no house or family, rich or poor, Turk or Jew, Greek or Armenian, who are very numerous in that city, where it was not drank at least twice a day, and many people drank it oftener; and it became a custom in every house to offer it to all visitors, and it was reckoned an incivility to refuse it, so that many people drank twenty dishes a day, and that without any inconvenience, which is supposed by this author an extraordinary advantage: and another great use of coffee, according to him, is it's uniting men in society in stricter ties of amity than any other liquor; and he observes, that such protestations of friendship as are made at such times are more to be depended on than when the mind is intoxicated with inebriating liquors. He computes, that as much is spent in private families, in the article of coffee, at Constantinople, as in wine at Paris; and relates that it is as customary there to ask for money to drink coffee, as in Europe for money to drink your health in wine or beer.

Another curious particular we find mentioned here is, that the refusing to supply a wife with coffee, is reckoned among the legal causes of a divorce.

The Turks drink their coffee very hot and strong, and without sugar. Now and then they put in when it is boiling a clove or two bruised, according to the quantity, or a little of the *semenbadian*, called starry aniseed, or some of the lesser cardamums, or a drop of essence of amber.

It is not easy to determine at what time, or upon what occasion, the use of coffee passed from Constantinople to the western parts of Europe. It is, however, likely, that the Venetians upon account of the proximity of their dominions, and their great trade to the Levant, were the first acquainted with it; which appears from part of a letter wrote by Peter della Valle, a Venetian, in 1615, from Constantinople, in which he tells his friend, that, on his return, he should bring with him some coffee, which he believed was a thing unknown in his country.

Mr. Galland tells us, he was informed by M. De la Croix, the king's interpreter, that M. Thevenot, who had traveled through the East, at his return, in 1657, brought with him to Paris some coffee for his own use, and often treated his friends with it, amongst which number Mons. De la Croix was one, and that from that time he had continued to drink it, being supplied by some Armenians who settled at Paris, and by degrees brought it into reputation in that city.

It was known some years sooner at Marseilles, for in 1644, some gentlemen who accompanied Monsieur de la Haye to Constantinople, brought back with them, on their return, not only some coffee, but the proper vessels and apparatus for making and drinking it, which were particularly

magnificent, and very different from what are now used amongst us. However, until the year 1660, coffee was drank only by such as had been accustomed to it in the Levant, and their friends; but that year some bales were imported from Egypt, which gave a great number of persons an opportunity of trying it, and contributed very much to bringing it into general use; and in 1671, certain private persons at Marseilles, determined for the first time to open a coffee-house in the neighbourhood of the exchange, which succeeded extremely well, people went their to smoke, talk of business, and divert themselves with play, and it was crowded particularly with Turkey merchants, and traders to the Levant. These places were found very convenient for discoursing on, and settling matters relating to commerce, and shortly after the number of coffee-houses increased amazingly; notwithstanding which there was not less drank in private houses, but a much greater quantity; so that it became universally in use at Marseilles, and the neighbouring cities.

Before the year 1660, coffee had not been seen in Paris, except at M. Thevenot's, and some of his friends, nor scarcely heard of, but from the accounts of travelers. That year was distinguished by the arrival of Soliman Aga, ambassador from Sultan Mahomet the Fourth. This must be looked upon as the true period of the introduction of coffee into Paris; for that Minister and his retinue brought a considerable quantity with them, which they presented to so many persons of the court and city, that many became accustomed to drink it, with the addition of a little sugar; and some who had found benefit by it, did not choose to be without it. The ambassador staid at Paris from July 1669, to May 1670, which was a sufficient time to establish the custom he had introduced.

Two years afterwards an Armenian, of the name of Pascal, set up a coffee-house, but meeting with little encouragement, left Paris and came to London. He was succeeded by other Armenians and Persians, but not with much success, for want of address, and proper places to dispose of it; genteel people not caring to be seen in those places where it was to be sold. However, not long after, when some Frenchmen had fitted up for the purpose spacious apartments in an elegant manner, ornamented with tapestry, large looking glasses, pictures, and magnificent lustres, and began to sell coffee, with tea and chocolate, and other refreshments, they soon became frequented by people of fashion and men of letters, so that in a short time the number in Paris increased to three hundred.

For this account of the introduction of the use of coffee into Paris we are indebted to La Roque's voyage into Arabia Felix. We now come to trace it's first appearance in London.

It appears from Anderson's Chronological History of Commerce, that the use of coffee was first introduced into London, some years earlier than into Paris; for in 1652, one Mr. Edwards, a Turkey merchant, brought home with him a Greek servant, whose name was Pasqua, who understood the roasting and making of coffee, till then unknown in England. This servant was the first who sold coffee, and kept a house for that

purpose, in George-Yard, Lombard-Street.

The first mention of coffee in our statute books, is anno 1660 (12 Car. ii. cap. 24.) when a duty of four pence was laid upon every gallon of coffee made and sold, to be paid by the maker.

The statute of the 15th Car. ii. cap. xi. § 15, anno 1663, directs that all coffee-houses should be licenced at the general quarter sessions of the peace for the county within which they are be kept.

In 1675, King Charles issued a proclamation to shut up the coffee-houses, but in a few days suspended that proclamation by a second. They were charged with being seminaries of sedition.

The first European author who has made any mention of coffee, is Rauwolfus, who was in the Levant in 1573; but the first who has particularly described it, is Prosper Alpinus, in his history of the Egyptain plants, published at Venice in 1591, whose description we have in Parkinson's History of Plants, pag. 1622, chap. 79, as follows: *Arbor Bon, cum fructu suo, buna,*—The Turks berry drink. Alpinus, in his first book of Egyptain Plants, gives us the description of this tree, which he says, he saw in the garden of a captain of the Janissaries, which was brought out of Arabia Felix, and there planted as a rarity never seen growing in those places before. The tree, says Alpinus, is somewhat like Euonymus, or Spindle-tree, but the leaves of it were thicker, harder, and greener, and always abiding on the tree. The fruit is called *Buna*, and somewhat bigger than an hazel nut, and longer; round, also, and pointed at one end; furrowed likewise on both sides, yet, on one side more conspicuous than the other, that it might be parted into two; in each side whereof lieth a small oblong white kernel, flat on the side they join together, covered with a yellowish skin of an acid taste, and somewhat bitter, and contained in a thin shell, of a darkish ash color*. With these berries in Arabia and Egypt, and other parts of the Turkish dominions, they generally make a decoction or drink, which is in the stead of wine to them, and commonly sold in their tap-houses or taverns, called by the name of *caova;* Paludamus says *choava*, and Rauwolfus *chauke*. This drink has many good physical properties; it strengthens a weak stomach, helping digestion, and the tumors and obstructions of the liver and spleen, being drank fasting for some time together. It is held in great estimation among the Egyptain and Arabian women in common feminine cases, in which they find it does them eminent service.

Lord Chancellor Bacon likewise makes mention of it in 1624; he says, that the Turks have a drink called coffee, and with boiling water, of a berry reduced into powder, which makes the water as black as soot, and is of a pungent and aromatic smell, as is drank warm.

The celebrated John Ray, in his History of Plants, published in 1690, speaking of it as a drink very much in use, says, that this tree grows only within the tropics, and supposes that the Arabs de-

* This description is evidently taken from the dried berry, and not from the ripe fruit.

stroy the vegetable quality of the seeds, in order to confine among themselves the great share of wealth which is brought thither from the whole world from this commodity; from whence he observes, that this part of Arabia might be truly styled the most happy, and that it was almost incredible how many millions of bushels were exported from thence into Turkey, Barbary, and Europe. He says, he was astonished that one particular nation should possess so great a treasure, and that within the narrow limits of one province; and that he wondered the neighbouring nations did not contrive to bring away some of the sound seeds, or living plants, in order to share in the advantages of so lucrative a trade.

We now come to show by what means this valuable tree was first introduced into Europe, and thence into America.

The first account of this tree being brought into Europe we have from Boerhaave, in his Index to the Leyden Garden, part 2. pag. 217, which is as follows: 'Nicholas Witsen, Burgomaster of Amsterdam, and governor of the East India Company, by his letters, often advised and desired Van Hoorn, governor of Batavia, to procure from Mocha in Arabia Felix, some berries of the coffee-tree, to be sown at Batavia, which he having accordingly done, and by that means, about the year 1690, raised many plants from seeds, he sent one over to governor Witsen, who immediately presented it to the garden of Amsterdam, of which he was the founder and supporter; it there bore fruit, which in a short time produced many young plants from the seeds.' Boerhaave then concludes, that the merit of introducing this rare tree into Europe, is due to the care and liberality of Witsen alone.

In the year 1714, the magistrates of Amsterdam, in order to pay a particular compliment to Louis XIV. king of France, presented to him an elegant plant of this rare tree, carefully packed up to go by water, and defended from the weather by a curious machine, covered with glass. The plant was about five feet high, and an inch in diameter in the stem, and was in full foliage, with both green and ripe fruit. It was viewed in the river with great attention and curiosity, by several members of the academy of sciences, and was, afterwards, conducted to the royal garden at Marly, under the care of Mons de Jussieu, the king's professor of botany, who had the year before written a memoir, printed in the History of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, in the year 1713, describing the characters of this genus, together with an elegant figure of it, taken from a smaller plant, which he had received that year from M. Pancrass, burgomaster of Amsterdam, and director of the botanical garden there.

In 1718, the Dutch colony at Surinam began first to plant coffee, and in 1722, Monsieur de la Motte Aigron, governor of Cayenne, having business at Surinam, contrived by an artifice to bring away a plant from thence, which in the year 1725, had produced many thousands.

In 1727, the French, perceiving that this acquisition might be of great advantage in their other colonies, conveyed to Martinica some of the plants; from whence

it most probably spread to the neighbouring islands; for in the year 1732, it was cultivated in Jamaica, and an act passed to encourage it's growth in that island. —Thus was laid the foundation of a most extensive and beneficial trade to the European settlements in the West Indies.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE
OF REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES
IN THE YAER 1809.

JANUARY.

Dec. 31, 1808. The first stone of the new theatre in Covent-Garden laid by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

Jan. 5. A treaty of peace between his Britannic Majesty and the Porte signed at Constantinople.

16. The battle of Corunna in Spain was fought, when the French, though greatly superior in numbers, were repulsed by British bravery; but the English general, the gallant Sir John Moore, unfortunately lost his life.

19. Both houses of parliament assembled, and proceeded to the dispatch of business.

21. A fire broke out in St. James' palace, near the south-east angle, which consumed a number of the apartments. The expence of rebuilding and furnishing the wing of the palace destroyed has been estimated at 100,000l.

27. Colonel Wardle, in the house of commons, made his charges against the Duke of York, for abuses in his office of commander in chief.

FEBRUARY.

13. Don Pedro Cevallos arrived from Spain as minister extraordinary to his majesty from the supreme junta.

19. The city of Saragossa in Spain surrendered to the French.

23. The Duke of York sent a letter to the house of commons, declaring his innocence of the charges brought against him.

24. Drury-Lane theatre destroyed by fire.

27. The island of Martinique taken by the English.

MARCH.

6. A part of Christ-Church college, Oxford, destroyed by fire.

7. Lord Falkland killed in a duel with Mr. Powel.

12. The King of Sweden dethroned, and the reins of government assumed by his uncle the Duke of Sudermania.

24. The house of commons, at the motion of Mr. Percival, voted, by a majority of 82, that the charges brought against the Duke of York were wholly without foundation.

25. The Duke of York resigned his office of commander in chief.

30. A whale brought up to London-bridge and exhibited to the curious.

APRIL.

2. Bonapartè set out from Paris to join the army in Germany.

6. The Archduke Charles set out for the army, and published a proclamation against France.

The city of London voted their thanks and the freedom of the city in a gold box to Colonel Wardle.

9. The Emperor of Austria published a manifesto against France.

12. A meeting of the freeholders of Middlesex held at Hackney, at which thanks were voted to Colonel Wardle.

13. Four French sail of the line burned, and five more and two frigates driven on shore in Basque roads, by Admiral Gambier and Lord Cochrane.

19, 20. The battles of Tann and Abensberg, between the Austrians and French, fought; in which the loss of the former, according to the French accounts, was 10,000 prisoners, besides a very great number of killed and wounded, among whom were several officers of rank, more than 40 pieces of artillery, and fifteen stand of colors.

22, 23, 24. The battles of Eckmuhl and Ratisbon fought between the French and Austrians, in which the latter were again defeated with great loss.

MAY.

9. Bonapartè entered Vienna.

12. Sir A. Wellesley took possession of Oporto.

14. A dreadful fire broke out on board a vessel lying alongside the quay adjoining Billingsgate-Dock. Four vessels were entirely burned, four more damaged, and the whole stock of warehouses at Ralph's quay, extending up to Thames-Street, and filled with butter, tallow, &c. destroyed.

22. The battle of Asperne, or Esling, between the French and Austrians, in which Marshal Lannes (Duke of Montebello) was dangerously wounded, of which wound he afterwards died, and the French repulsed, and obliged to repass the Danube.

23. The court-martial on Admiral Harvey, for insulting language to Lord Gambier, closed, and sentenced him to be dismissed from his Majesty's service.

26. A fire in St. Martin's-Lane, in which Mr. Smeaton, a printer, and his wife were burned in their bed.

JUNE.

1. Captain Barclay, the celebrated pedestrian, began his walking match at Newmarket, to perform 1000 miles in 1000 hours, walking one mile in each successive hour, for 1000 guineas.

21. The Session of parliament closed.

25. Great damage done at Portsmouth; several soldiers killed, and many others wounded, by the explosion of a quantity of gunpowder.

JULY.

4th and 5th. The great battle of Wagram, fought between the French and Austrians, in which the latter were defeated, with the loss of nearly 10,000 men killed and wounded, and 17,000 prisoners.

12. An armistice, preparatory to a treaty of peace, concluded between the French and Austrians at Znaim, in Moravia.

Captain Barclay completed his walking match.

27, 28. The battle of Talaveira de la Reyna, in which the French were defeated by Sir Arthur Wellesley, with the loss of 10,000 men, killed and wounded, and 20 pieces of cannon.

27, 28, 30. The three divisions of the Grand Secret Expedition, sailed from England.

AUGUST.

2. Lord Chatham landed the British troops on the Island of Walcheren, took possession of that island, and laid siege to the town of Flushing.

12. Flushing surrendered to the British troops.

22. Accounts received at the Admiralty, of the capture of Senegal.

SEPTEMBER.

2. Dispatches received from Lord Chatham, stating, that it was not judged adviseable, to make the intended attack upon Antwerp, and the French fleet; at the same time, the greater part of the artillery and cavalry returned.

17. Peace signed between Russia and Sweden.

18. The new Theatre at Covent Garden opened, when a great tumult and riot ensued, in consequence of the raising of the prices. *See page* 589.

21. A duel fought on Putney Heath, between Mr. Canning and Lord Castlereagh, in which the latter was wounded in the thigh.

OCTOBER.

14. Peace concluded between France and Austria.

18. The French defeated near Salamanca, in Spain, by the duke del Parque, with the loss of at least 1,500 men.

25. A Jubilee observed, throughout the United Kingdom, on account of his Majesty's entering the *fiftieth* year of his reign.

NOVEMBER.

1. Lord Collingwood destroyed three French sail of the line, and two frigates, and took a number of armed store-ships in the bay of Rosas.

17. Deputies from the Tyrolese, who lately arrived in London, published a statement of the cruelties exercised by the French in their country.

DECEMBER.

3. A grand festival held at Paris in celebration of the anniversary of the Emperor's coronation, and the conclusion of peace with Austria.

5. The action brought by Mr. Clifford, the barrister, against Mr. Brandon, of Covent Garden Theatre, for an assault, tried in the Court of Common Pleas, when the Jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, with five pounds.

11. Mrs. Clarke, and D. and F. Wright, tried for a conspiracy against Colonel Wardle, and acquitted.

14. Lord Grenville elected chancellor of Oxford.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

THE DYING SPANIARD.

AN ELEGY.

Written January 1809.

FOND themes, adieu, that charm'd the youthful Muse!
Ye soft effusions of my pen, farewell!
No more I string my harp to sing the love
Of rural Damon and his Rosabel.

Let the fam'd bard his fav'rite hero praise,
Paint each bold deed, and number ev'ry scar,
Attend his progress through th' ensanguin'd field,
And seat him in bright Glory's brilliant car!

An humbler task awaits my self-taught lyre,
An humbler hero claims my simple strain;
Fond Muse, arise, exert thy feeble powers,
To sing a patriotic son of Spain.

Born in Valentia's odoriferous vales,
Youth's frolic hour on downy pinions flew;
Save from the wounded soldier's plaintive tale,
He nought of war or it's dire terrors knew.

Thus pass'd life's jocund morn, till Europe's scourge,
With progress fatal as the whirlwind's wing,
Enter those peaceful borders with his hosts,
And by vile arts trepann'd his gracious king.

Rous'd by th' event, with indignation fir'd,
Alonzo felt his life, his all at stake;
Inflam'd by loyal zeal, he boldly march'd
With young compeers, to join the valiant Blake.

Scarce had they learn'd to wield the burnish'd piece,
When they were summon'd to attack the foe;
And here—let ev'ry son of freedom weep,
This band of patriots met their overthrow.

Alonzo fell — commission'd by the fates,
Swift wing'd — a musket bullet pierc'd his side;
Prostrate upon the grassy sod he lay,
While from life's fountain ran the crimson tide.

But ere he bade terrestrial scenes adieu,
Ere silence plac'd her signet on his tongue,
Forth from his dying lips these accents flow'd,
Which the recording Muse in verse has sung.

'Great Ruler of the universe! whose eye
Darts with keen glance thro' all the worlds of space,
Shed on my head fair Mercy's mildest beam,
And take, O take me to yon blissful place!

'Night o'er the scene has cast her ebon robe,
Forms more than mortal stalk the dreary heath;
Thron'd on his car, I see the fiend of war
Ride in stern majesty these realms of death!

'I hear the boding raven's dismal croak;
The vulture snuffs the carnage from afar;
Hov'ring he views full many a mangled heap,
And longs to surfeit on the spoils of war.

'Incessant groanings load the passing gale;
Cold on my frame the gelid night-breeze blows;
O for some friend, some sympathizing friend,
To bear me from these cruel scenes of woe!

'Vain wish! alas! I hear no friendly voice,
No more those pleasing greetings glad mine ear;
No more I know a father's fostering care,
Nor a fond mother's kind persuasions hear:

'No more shall I behold my natal cot,
My garden neat, and honey-suckle bower;
No more, while seated by Antonia's side,
With soft affection wing the happy hour.

'No more these feet shall climb the vine-clad hill,
Pace the gay vale, or tread the velvet plain;
Nor with sweet rapture hear the spotted lark,
Pois'd on a sun-beam, hymn his dulcet strain.

'This morn, when Phœbus, deck'd in orient pomp,
Pour'd from his sacred fount a flood of day,
Some blooming thousands, flush'd with youth and health,
With spirits buoyant hail'd his grateful ray;

'Now, when the monarch's firey-footed steeds
Have gain'd the golden mountains of the west,
Those blooming thousands, reft of cheerful life,
Stretch'd on the verdant turf, are sunk to rest!

'Shall I regret my fate? No impulse wild
Urg'd me to leave my home—for home had charms;—
'Twas sense of duty drew me from my cot,
To seek those hostile ranks, to carry arms.

'My country call'd,—obedient to her voice,
I broke those tender ties my heart held dear;
For her, for royal Ferdinand I fought,
Met my death-wound, and lie expiring here.

'Great Ruler of the spacious universe!
O shield my country from the tyrant's stroke;
May thy dread arm omnipotent be rais'd
To save Iberia's sons from Gallia's yoke!'

He could no more—for Death's grim angel shook
His fateful lance, and 'mark'd him for his own;'
Life's spring, the bounding pulse, forgot to leap,
And the freed spirit soar'd to worlds unknown!

JOHN WEBB.

Haverhill.

THE MUSE'S OFFERING.

GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED TO C. T.

Oct. 14, 1809. *Midnight.*

MORPHEUS! avaunt; begone! tho' late the hour,
I'll for awhile defy thy sov'reign power;
To duller mortals fly, thou drowsy god;
Nor think (obedient to thy pow'rful nod),
I'll quit the Muse for thee, the Muse! whose smile,
Dear to my heart, can all it's woes beguile,
And lull it's cares to rest: then haste away;
For, lo! the Maid, dishearten'd at thy stay,
On tiptoe stands; then, prithee, be not rude,
Nor thus on lady's privacy intrude:
We are busy, I assure you, so away,
I'll seek thy arms long ere approaching day
Sends Fashion's vot'ry to her stately bed,
To court thy aid, and rest her aching head.
Ha! art thou gone? that's well. Now, gentle Muse!
Be kind for once, nor to my pray'r refuse
What gratitude demands, but let the lay,
Attun'd to genius, feelingly portray
The genuine language of a mind untaught
'Neath art, or fashion's veil, to hide the glowing thought.

Yes, let the artless strain, to fancy dear,
Unstudied flow, and breathe on candor's ear
The thanks, the grateful wishes, that belong
To him, who, stooping to applaud thy song,
Bids thee again expand thy feeble wing,
And wake with bolder touch the trembling string.

Thus taught by instinct and maternal care,
The new-fledg'd lark essays to mount in air;
At first misdoubting, and with fear oppress,
Slowly he leaves and flutters o'er the nest,
Till bolder grown, and rising by degrees,
The little warbler wantons on the breeze,
Spreads his light wing, attunes his gladsome lay,
And fearless soars to hail the new-born day.

But, soft! methinks I hear some critic cry,
(With brow indignant and fault-searching eye)
O! aid me, Patience, to subdue my rage,
Ere the strange folly of this rhyming age
Distract me quite; and thou, celestial Maid!
Unerring Truth, I claim thy pow'rful aid;
Come, and in language positive and bold
Attack these scribbling females, and unfold
What reason dictates loud, and taste refin'd,
Taste genuine, pure, unknown to vulgar mind,
Of thee demands; yes, let thy voice proclaim
To these absurd idolaters of fame,
How weak, how futile their attempts to gain
The meed that folly seeks, but seeks in vain.

Tell them, that women were by heav'n design'd
To charm, to soften, not instruct mankind;
'Tis theirs with winning sweetness to assuage
The pangs of sorrow, or the storms of rage;
'Tis theirs with witching grace the heart to steal,
And wake each rapture that the soul can feel;
They can the stubborn'st breast to softness move,
And bind the boldest in the chains of love.

But when by Vanity's seductions led,
They quit their sphere, the Muses' haunts to tread,
And strive to reach Parnassian heights sublime
With the dull jingle of unmeaning rhyme,
Shock'd at the vain attempt, each thinking mind
Laments that vanity can judgement blind;
Reason aloud condemns their scribbling rage,
And taste, insulted, wanders from the page.

Enough, dread Sir! enough, if all be true,
And who dare cavil or dispute with you:
My Muse affrighted, hangs her beauteous head,
And half the charms that deck'd her form are fled:
But courage, fair one! tho' th' austerely wise
Expose thy failures, and thy song despise,
The gen'rous few, more willing to commend,
Will still some praises with their censure blend;
And like C. T. unaw'd by critic laws,
Descry thy merit, and espouse thy cause.

Cheer'd by this hope, my Muse shall dare again
On feeling's ear to pour her plaintive strain,
Proud should she draw from tender hearts the sigh,
Or call the tear to beauty's radiant eye;
Proud, doubly proud, to hope her humble lay
May, in despite of all that pride shall say,
Soothe the sad soul, with varied woes opprest,
Or wake soft pity in the torpid breast;
Teach the young mind what joys from virtue flow,
And paint of vice the folly and the woe.

Such are the hopes, to common minds unknown,
Such are the joys which genius calls her own;
Then say, shall censure, like an April frost,
Hang on her buds till all their sweets are lost?
No; kindred souls shall read a milder doom,
And pity snatch them from oblivion's tomb.

Delightful thought! O, could my verse impart
The feelings strong that swell this throbbing heart;
O! could I tell how pleasing to my ear
Are the kind praises of a soul sincere;
Then would I now, while night and silence close
The day's fatigues, and lock'd in soft repose
The sons of toil, in poverty secure,
Forget each hardship they are doom'd t' endure;
Now while the guilty wretch, in wild dismay,
Starts from his couch, and seeks and sighs for day;
Now while the miser wakes, lest thieves so bold
Should gain possession of his darling gold;
Now while the lover ponders in despair,
Or sleeping dreams his mistress kind as fair:
Now — but enough of nows; methinks you say,
Thus women from their objects always stray;
Of trifling fond, all will, all order slighting,
Capricious, vain, inconstant, e'en in writing.

O, Muse! dear Muse! I'm frighten'd I declare;
If Candor blame, who will our foibles spare?
Too long have we pursued this rambling strain,
Then let me try my subject to regain.

Yes, let me tell, that could my verse portray
What feeling prompts, and gratitude would say,
Then should the melting sounds melodious flow,
Soothe ev'ry pain, and soften ev'ry woe;
Then should my song, indeed, deserve thy praise,
And Envy's self bestow th' unwilling bays.

But ah! in vain I touch the feeble string,
In vain attempt a loftier strain to sing;
Still dreading Satire's lash, dismay'd I stand,
And the weak lyre deserts my nerveless hand;
O'er the long page I cast a fearful eye,
And at each glance unnumber'd faults descry.

Yet will I trust that he who kindly views
The weak attempts of an unfriended Muse,
Will still that Muse from Censure's shaft defend,
Still while he can with gen'rous warmth commend;

And should bright Hope, with witching
smiles invite,
And in soft whispers urge a nobler flight;
Should ere (presumptuous thought!) the
voice of Fame
In after times repeat my humble name;
As glancing o'er the page his pensive eye,
Some youthful poet breathes th' uncon-
scious sigh,
There shall he learn that when unknown,
unsought,
Thy ardent mind, with genuine candor
fraught,
Strove, kindly strove a trembling Muse
to raise,
And sung in cheering strain a stranger's
praise.

JOANNA SQUIRE.

A RECIPE TO MAKE A KISS.

FROM rose-buds yet unblown, whose
vernal morn
Perfumes the gale, unconscious of a
thorn,
The purest purple take; and steal from
May
The pearl that gems the lawn when
springs the day;
Crop the young violet from her scented
bed,
And spoil the primrose of it's velvet
head,
With Love's own odors charg'd; and
steep'd in joy,
The honey'd labors of the hive employ;
But search with care the aromatic work,
Lest danger in the sweet temptation
lurk,
And mar the luscious toil; for should'st
thou leave
One sting behind, 'twould all thy hopes
deceive.
Into the fragrant mass let Zephyr fling
The newest, earliest whisper of the
spring;
The chirp of beauty's darling bird pre-
pare,
And mix the murmurs of the turtle there;
Her smiles and graces Venus must in-
fuse,
And thrice embalm the whole with Cy-
prian dews.
Now tell me, shepherds, in what happy
grove
Dwells this fair bud of hope, this plant
of love?
On Laura's lips resides the nectar'd bliss,
And lovers mould the rapture to a kiss.

VERSES

BY QUEEN ELIZABETH.

I GRIEVE, yet dare not show my dis-
content;
I love, and yet am forc'd to seem to
hate;
I do, yet dare not say I ever meant;
I seem stark mute, yet inwardly do
prate;
I am, and am not;—I freeze, and yet
am burn'd,
Since from myself my otherself is
turn'd.

My care is like my shadow in the sun,
Follows me flying, flies when I pursue
it;
Stands and lies by me, does what I have
done;
This too familiar care doth make me
rue it.
No means I find to rid him from my
breast,
Till by the end of things it be sup-
prest.

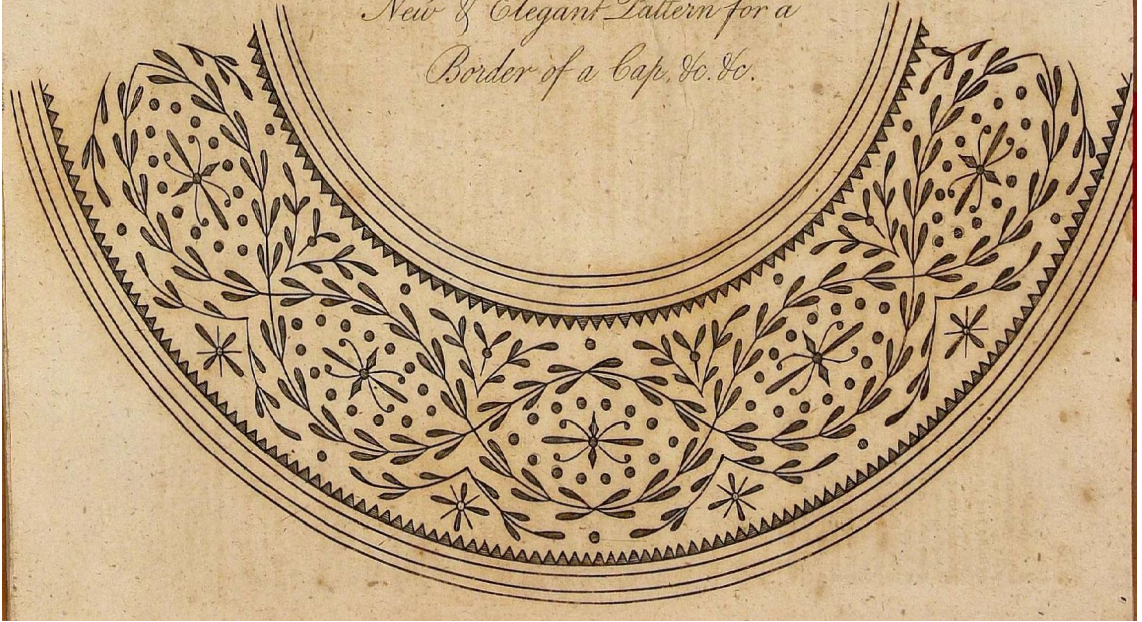
Some gentler passions steal into my
mind,
For I am soft, and made of melting
snow;
Or one more cruel, Love, and so be kind,
Let me or float or sink, be high or low;
Or let me live, with some more sweet
content,
Or die, and so forget Love e'er
meant!

(Signed) ELIZA REGINA, &c.

Ashmol. Museum, MSS. 6969, (784) —
Page 142.

Engraved for the Lady's Magaz

New & Elegant Pattern for a Border of a Cap, &c. &c.



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