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THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,
 OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION
 FOR
THE FAIR SEX;
 APPROPRIATED
 SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR JANUARY, 1807.

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS,

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates :

- 1 An elegant FRONTISPIECE,
- 2 PORTRAIT of the Right Honourable WILLIAM PITT,
- 3 Fashionable AFTERNOON and MORNING DRESS,
- 4 A NEW PATTERN for the CROWN of a CAP.

LONDON :

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

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE are much obliged to J. M. L. for the new series of WALKS which he has promised us, and of which we have inserted the first in the present Number: we hope he will favour us with other communications.

We, in like manner, hope that Mr. J. WEBB will continue to honour us with his very ingenious contributions.

Miss Yeames' pieces, which are in hand, are intended for insertion occasionally.

S. Y.'s communication, accompanied with a sketch, is not forgotten.

Enigmas should be always accompanied by their solutions; for however sagacious we may be in divining their meaning, we may be mistaken, and thus fail to perceive the merit of the composition.—We should be obliged to a very ingenious correspondent to send the solution to that she has favoured us with.

C. M.'s request shall be attended to, and, if possible complied with.

ADDRESS

TO THE PUBLIC.

ANOTHER year having revolved, it becomes our pleasing duty to express our most grateful acknowledgments to the public in general, and our fair patronesses in particular; for the very liberal and constantly increasing encouragement with which our Miscellany is honoured. Our exertions for its improvement have been unremitted, and with the greatest pleasure and gratitude we avow that we are sufficiently convinced they have not been in vain.

The original plan of the LADY'S MAGAZINE has been uniformly adhered to since its first establishment. It was intended to be, and we trust has been, a repository for the fugitive productions and first essays of genius, especially female genius, and pleasing and instructive selections from the most approved and entertaining publications of the times; at once avoiding what might be dry and abstruse, and what might be frivolous and trifling, amusement and improvement being equally its object. The utmost care has been at all times taken to exclude from its pages every thing in the least degree tending to indelicacy or licentiousness; it has ever been devoted to the promotion of morality, virtue, and religion.

To our Correspondents, to whose invaluable assistance much of the praise we have received is certainly due, we owe the most sincere and grateful acknowledgments. We earnestly solicit the continuance of their numerous favours.

And here we cannot but repeat what we have observed in some former addresses to them, that if we are sometimes under the necessity of suppressing some of the contributions of the younger and less experienced among them, to give them an opportunity to revise and reproduce them in a more correct form, that ought rather to stimulate them to make new exertions for improvement than to discourage them from future attempts. Our readers will at the same time perceive that we have lately been favoured with several truly valuable communications, especially of the novel class, from Correspondents of superior abilities. We are possessed, likewise, of several others, which have not been begun, but which will be given in the course of the present year.

We now enter on the THIRTY-EIGHTH VOLUME of the LADY'S MAGAZINE, inspired with gratitude for past favours, and ardour to merit their continuance; confidently trusting that our attention and exertions will be found to merit the same flattering approbation and encouragement which we have experienced from a candid public, and our amiable and generous patronesses, during a period of seven-and-thirty years.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE.

FOR JANUARY, 1807.

MEMOIRS of the LIFE of the late Right Honourable WILLIAM PITT.

(With his portrait elegantly engraved.)

WILLIAM PITT was the youngest son of the illustrious earl of Chatham, and was born on the twenty-eighth of May 1759, when his father's glory was at its zenith; and when, in consequence of the wisdom of his counsels and the vigour and promptitude of his decisions, British valour was triumphant in every part of the globe. On the accession of his present majesty, that great statesman retired from the situation which he had so honourably filled: and consigning his two eldest sons to the care of others, devoted the whole of his time to the education of William, on a strong, and, as the event shewed, a well-founded persuasion, that, to use his own words, 'he would one day increase the splendour of the name of Pitt.'

His classical knowledge Mr. Pitt acquired under the care of a private tutor at Burton-Pynsent, the seat of his father; and the earl took great pleasure in teaching him while yet a youth to argue with logical precision, and to speak with elegance and force. He himself frequently entered into disputations with him, and encouraged him to converse with others upon subjects far above what could be expected from his years. In the management of these arguments his father would never

cease to press him with difficulties, nor would he permit him to stop till the subject of contention was completely exhausted. By being inured to this method, the son acquired that quality which is of the first consequence in public life—a sufficient degree of firmness and presence of mind, as well as a ready delivery, in which he was wonderfully aided by nature.

At between fourteen and fifteen years of age, he was placed under the care of a very worthy and enlightened clergyman. Mr. (now Dr) Wilson, and sent to Pembroke college Cambridge; where he was admitted under the tuition of Messrs. Turner and Prettyman (the former now Dr. Furner, dean of Norwich; the latter bishop of Lincoln). These able men seconded to the utmost of their power the intentions of his father. In Cambridge he became a model to the young nobility and fellow commoners; and it was not doubted that if the privileges of his rank had not exempted him from the usual exercises for his bachelor's degree, he would have been found among the first competitors for academical honours. On his admission, according to custom, to his master's degree, the public orator found it needless to search into genealogy,

or even to dwell on the great qualities of his father; for the eyes of the university were fixed on the youth, the enraptured audience, assented to every encomium, and every breast was filled with the liveliest presages of his future greatness.

Mr. Pitt was afterwards entered a student of Lincoln's-Inn, and made such a rapid progress in his legal studies as to be soon called to the bar with every prospect of success. He went once or twice upon the western circuit, and appeared as junior counsel in several causes. He was, however, destined to fill a more important station in the government of his country than is usually obtained through the channel of the law.

In the year 1781 he was returned a member of the house of commons for the borough of Appleby. Some of his friends at Cambridge had proposed that he should stand a candidate for representing that university; but he declined the honour, except it were unanimously offered to him. His first speech in parliament was delivered on Mr. Burke's motion for financial reform, and in the division on that question he voted with the minority. In fact, he might be considered, though he spoke and voted independently, as having joined the party which had opposed the minister lord North and the American war, and who regarded him with a degree of veneration, recognising in his person the genius of his illustrious father revived, and as it were acting in him.

When lord North was succeeded by the marquis of Rockingham in 1782, Mr. Pitt did not form any connection with the new administration. He was then assiduously occupied in the study of political philosophy, and in investigating the history, detail, and spirit of the British

constitution. He saw that, notwithstanding the excellence of the system, various corruptions had arisen, and many abuses introduced, which it was of high importance to correct, and which he conceived to emanate from a want of equipoise of the component estates, and a consequent derangement of the balance.

Like other young men of lofty genius and grand conceptions, accustomed to generalization, and not yet acquainted with the practise of affairs, he formed theories at that time which experience taught him afterwards to renounce. He brought forward a motion for a committee to enquire into the state of representation in parliament, and to report their sentiments: in which he was supported by Messrs. Fox and Sheridan.

On the death of the marquis of Rockingham, lord Shelburne was appointed to succeed him as first lord of the treasury; and Mr. Pitt accepted the office of chancellor of the exchequer, the duties of which he performed with great merit and distinction, but without taking any very active interest in the party politics of the time.

He resigned his office on the thirty-first of March 1783, when a coalition formed by Mr. Fox with lords North and Thurlow forced lord Shelburne to retire, to make way for his opponents. On the seventh of May of that year, he again brought forward a motion for a reform in parliament, in a less general form than he had done in the preceding year. Instead of moving for a committee of inquiry, he proposed specific propositions, the object of which was to prevent bribery at elections, to disfranchise a borough which should be convicted of gross corruption, and to augment the national representation by the election of one hundred additional members.

The motion was negatived by a large majority.

The next occasion which Mr. Pitt had of displaying his knowledge was on the introduction of Mr. Fox's India bill, which he attacked with much force of language and splendour of eloquence, as 'annihilating chartered rights, and creating a new and immense body of influence unknown to the British constitution.'

Notwithstanding his opposition, in which he was powerfully supported by Mr. Dundas, the measure was carried through the house of commons with a very large majority. The efforts which he had made on this occasion were not, however, fruitless. Petitions were sent in from all quarters against the bill, and on the motion for its commitment in the house of peers it was finally thrown out; in consequence of which the coalition ministry was dissolved by the king, who has always understood to have been hostile to the measure in his individual capacity.

On this event the places of chancellor of the exchequer and first lord of the treasury were immediately conferred on Mr. Pitt. Raised to this elevated situation at the early age of twenty-five years, he had new and unprecedented difficulties to combat. Mr. Fox, his opponent, had still a large majority in the house of commons, without the support of which no ministry can be of long duration. Mr. Pitt had no family influence, no extended political association, no one of those adventitious props which often supply the place of real advantages; he rested solely upon his own abilities, aided by those whose admiration and confidence his intellectual and moral character had secured, without any means of extending his influence and increasing his friends but those to be found in his own head and heart. If talents and conduct could not create a ge-

neral confidence and support, he had no other means of standing secure against attacks of his adversaries. Instead, in these circumstances, of shrinking from the assaults of his opponents, he attacked them on their own ground, and on January the fourteenth, 1784, introduced a bill into parliament for the better management and regulation of the affairs of the East India company. The leading difference between this and Mr. Fox's plan was, that Mr. Pitt left the charter of the company untouched; and the commercial concerns of this corporation of merchants under the sole management of the proprietors themselves, and directors of their choice; whereas Mr. Fox had wished to make an entire transfer of the company's affairs to commissioners nominated in parliament, with a duration of authority for the term of four years. This bill, which resembled in many particulars that which had proved the ruin of Mr. Fox, laid the foundation of the permanence of Mr. Pitt's administration. Parties, however, continued to run so high, that a number of impartial and independent men employed themselves in endeavours to bring about a coalition, with a view of forming an administration from the two contending sides, of which Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox were to be the pillars. A meeting was held at the St. Alban's tavern, on the twenty-six of January 1784, in which an address was signed by fifty-three members of the house of commons, recommending a union to this effect, which was presented to the duke of Portland and Mr. Pitt. The latter expressed a willingness to enter into the views of the committee; but the duke of Portland insisting, that, as a preliminary, he should resign his place, the negotiation was suspended. The duke was afterwards invited to a

conference with Mr. Pitt, at the express desire of the king, for the purpose of forming a new administration on equal terms, which never took place, from Mr. Pitt refusing to come to an explanation of the word equal; and here the negotiation was finally terminated.

This parliament, which had witnessed more changes in the executive power of the country than perhaps any parliament before or since, was dissolved on the twenty-fourth of March. On the sixteenth of May following the new parliament met, and from that period may be dated the commencement of Mr. Pitt's efficient administration.

(To be continued.)

ON IDLENESS.

IDLENESS, says lord Monboddoo, is the source of almost every vice and folly; for a man who does not know what to do will do any thing rather than nothing: and I maintain, that the richest man who is haunted by that foul fiend (as it may be called) is a much more unhappy man than the day-labourer who earns his daily bread by the sweat of his brow, and who therefore only submits to the sentence pronounced upon our first parents after their fall, and which, if it be understood (as I think it ought to be) of the labour of the mind as well as the body, we must all submit to, or be miserable if we do not. And accordingly those who have nothing to do endeavour to fly from themselves; and many fly from the country, and go abroad, for no other reason.

ANECDOTE.

To prove the coxcombish garrulity of some of our modern juvenile travellers, we are enabled to state

the following fact:—A young man, some short time back, arrived at a certain inn, and after alighting from his horse, went into the traveller's room, where he walked backwards and forwards for some minutes displaying the utmost self-importance. At length he rang the bell, and upon the waiter's appearance gave him an order nearly as follows:—'Waiter!' the waiter replied, 'Yes, sir,—I am a man of few words, and don't like to be continually ringing the bell and disturbing the house; I'll thank you to pay attention to what I say.' The waiter again replied, 'Yes, sir.'—'In the first place, bring me a glass of brandy and water, cold, with a little sugar, and also a tea-spoon; wipe down this table, throw some coals on the fire, and sweep up the hearth; bring me in a couple of candles, pen, ink, and paper, some wafers, a little sealing wax, and let me know what time the post goes out.—Tell the ostler to take care of my horse, dress him well, stop his feet, and let me know when he is ready to feed. Order the chamber-maid to prepare me a good bed, take care that the sheets is well aired, a clean nightcap, and a glass of water in the room. Send the boots, with a pair of slippers that I can walk to the stable in; tell him I must have my boots cleaned and brought into this room to night, and that I shall want to be called at five o'clock in the morning.—Ask your mistress what I can have for supper; tell her I should like a roast duck, or something of that sort: desire your master to step in: I want to ask him a few questions about the drapers of this town.'—The waiter answered 'Yes, sir,' and then went to the landlord, and told him a gentleman in the parlour wanted a great many things, and among the rest he wanted him; and that was all he could recollect.

FAMILY ANECDOTES.

By SOPHIA TROUGHTON.

*(Continued from Vol. XXXVII.
p. 707.)*

CHAP. XIII.

Tro. ———— But be not tempted.*Cre.* Do not think I will.*Tro.* No, but something may be done that we will not:And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we attempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.

TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

IT was something less than two years from the tragical death of Gayton when Gordon led his lovely daughter to the altar. They continued three months at the white cottage, as Gordon did not wish too hastily to separate the mother and the daughter, especially as he found it impossible to draw the former from her retirement. Indeed, so much in love was he with that tranquil spot, that, had it been equally agreeable to his bride, he could have been well content to have passed the remainder of his life in its neighbourhood. But Mary sighed to see the metropolis; to be introduced to her husband's family, and ride through the gay streets of London in her own carriage. Gordon thought this curiosity extremely natural in so young a person, and cheerfully acquiesced; not doubting but she would soon be more eager to return to her mother and those calm joys which are ever to be found in the domestic circle, and to which she was accustomed.

The latter end of October was fixed for the commencement of their journey. This time was looked forward to with joy, nearly bordering on rapture, by Mary; but her mother beheld its approach with sorrow,

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and even terror. At length, the day so much wished for by the one and feared by the other arrived, and for almost the first time the spirits of Mary were subdued. Her mother, availing herself of a moment of tenderness, led her daughter to the tomb of Mrs. Benson, and seating her on a flowery bank, cultivated by her own hand, spoke thus: 'My child on this sacred spot has been wont to listen to the precepts of her mother, and oh! may the instructions you have received in this place never be obliterated from your memory, never effaced from your heart! they were the axioms of experience, of virtue, of religion, and if followed they will lead you to comfort in this world, and to happiness in another. 'You are going, my daughter, to new scenes—to appear in a new character: the disadvantages you labour under are numerous. Uneducated, unpolished, unadorned by a single accomplishment so necessary to the woman of high fortune, and the mistress of a gentleman's family, I fear, my love, you will bear your blushing honours but awkwardly.

'But would to God these were the only difficulties, for study and observation might in some measure overcome these; but your appearance in fashionable life will revive the almost forgotten story of the obscure, the mysterious birth of your mother, and the too, too flagrant death of your father. Some envious persons will affect to treat my innocent Mary as the child of infamy, the offspring of treason; but by the humbleness of your deportment, the rectitude of your conduct, disarm their malice, nor seek by recrimination to revenge yourself on them.

'On the other hand, my dear girl, in every place of fashionable resort there are a set of men who buzz around the unsuspecting stranger—who praise but to injure—who de-

G

stroy what they extol. A fresh face is their centre of attraction; and she who lends a willing ear to their airy nothings, their subtle adulations, stands on a precipice of sinking sand. The appearance of my inexperienced Mary will excite their attention. Young, blooming, and sprightly as she is, they will not doubt that she is actuated by a large share of vanity. Form no acquaintance without the full approbation of Gordon; in the choice of your friends trust wholly to his judgment, and fear more to slight the councils or vex the heart of your husband than to be thought obsolete, or called unfashionable by the world. Be attentive to his wishes: he merits all your tenderness and obedience. Remember, in your highest enjoyments, that you owe all to his love and generosity. Be moderate in your expences, and bear constantly in mind that the purest, the most exquisite terrestrial enjoyment is the approbation of a self-approving conscience, arising from the reflection of having performed our duty, of having cheered the heart of the desolate, and of having directed the steps of the wanderer from the paths of error and vice to those of virtue and religion. These will be acts of your life on which you will look back with satisfaction when the agonies of death shake your frame to dissolution, and on which the pure spirits in heaven look down with joyful approbation.

‘Gaming is a vice so odious and of so destructive a nature, that I hope I need not caution you against it. You carry not a single shilling to your husband’s fortune; you add no splendid connections to his family; but take with you a docile mind, an affectionate disposition, a humble opinion of yourself, with a pure heart, and then it may be said with truth, “Though Gordon fail-

ed to receive a fortune with the hand of his wife, he possesses an inestimable treasure in her; for the price of a good won an is far above rubies, the heart of her husband shall trust in her: her children shall call her blessed, her own works shall praise her, and she shall rejoice in time to come.”

Mary assured her mother that she would treasure in her memory all she had said and affectionately kissing her cheek, led her to the house, where they found Gordon, with whom Mrs. Gayton requested a few moments conversation, and leading him to the library where he had first beheld Mary, and looking on him with tenderness, she said— ‘May this spot, my son, be ever remembered by you with pleasure; may no after events give you reason to regret the hour which introduced my daughter to your knowledge! Your election of a wife has been free: you have chosen a child of nature, from among the daughters of simplicity; in more brilliant circles be not ashamed of your choice. The young rustic cannot be expected to *shine* in polished society; her ignorance of polite manners may sometimes tinge your cheek with a blush, but never, I trust, will you blush for the depravity of her heart. I feel a presentiment that we are parting to meet no more in this world: if it should prove true, consider this conversation as my dying words. Be kind to my Mary when her mother’s eyes are closed in death. Excuse the trifling petulances of a heart at ease; pardon small errors; be the patient guide of her youth, the affectionate mentor, the faithful friend; view her failings with an indulgent eye, remembering that you removed her from a sphere the humble duties of which she was better qualified to perform than the more arduous ones to which you have exalted her. And,

child may you be able to see in twenty years that I ever part to this spot and say, 'My mother, I have fulfilled your command: I have not demanded a husband, nor a marriage pyre for this life; I have not consented to partise her for a better world.' A man, act by the law, the law of God, and of dying, the law that a man may have made upon his conscience, and that it should all go to my child, in a future state, as to a man, I to which ever and to the grand image of you and Mary!

Gordon was only two years by the side of the old Mrs. Gayton's manner, the expression of her fine countenance, and the probability her form would be mouldering in the old tomb ere the following spring, when he had promised to bring Mary down. She had hinted this herself; and while he gazed on her fragile appearance, he trembled at the too probable conjecture. He therefore earnestly and solemnly assured her, that his endeavours to render her Mary's felicity permanent should be unremitting. 'Her happiness,' added he, 'shall not be dearer to the anxious heart of her mother than to mine; and I hope that beloved mother doubts not my honour—my tenderness—my'—

'O no, my son: pardon the too ardent affection of her whose only treasures are her children, and who knows not which she loves most, her son or her daughter.'

Gordon kissed her hand, kneeling. 'May the son you honour with your love,' said he, 'never do any thing to forfeit your good opinion!'

He arose, and, with graceful emotion, conducted her to her daughters, who arm in arm had come to seek and inform them that the carriage was arrived. Mrs. Gayton's countenance changed, and once more pressing her Mary to her heart, her streaming eyes raised to Heaven,

knelt down, and, with a sigh, a prayer, and a tear, she pressed her Mary's hand to Heaven, and, with a sigh, she said—'Remember, my dear child, that in Heaven, and in this world, I shall be with you, and shall be your guardian angel.'

She then turned her sister and sister-in-law, and, with a sigh, she said—'I shall be with you, and shall be your guardian angel.'—An old woman, with a withered cheek. 'Ah, my dear young lady! said she, 'may you be as happy as poor old Martha wishes you!'—Gordon approached, and putting a ten-pound note in her hand, said, 'Take care of your lady and yourself, my good Martha: it shall be my study to render our dear Mary's life happy.' He then handed his wife into the chaise, and stepping in himself, it drove off. The white cottage and the weeping Sabina were soon out of sight, as was the cascade, and the enchanting scenes familiar to the eye of Mary, who, as the hills of Creden disappeared and new scenes opened to view, abated her tears, and by the time they entered London had forgotten all her sorrows, and was in high health and spirits.

CHAP. XIV.

'While every hope whose smiling mien,
Bedeck'd by love, was wont to cheer,
Departing leaves life's future scene
A desert, desolate and drear!'

SCHOEN.

A HOUSE in St. James's-street had been taken for the new-married people, and elegantly furnished under the direction of Gordon's sister. This lady, a woman of much fashion and fine sense, was waiting their arrival. She was charmed with the beauty and vivacity of the elegant rustic, to whose improvement in the fashionable accomplishments she devoted much of her leisure; so that by the

time the families came to town for the winter, Mary was no longer ignorant of polite forms. Lady Facewett introduced her to several genteel families, who received her with respect and admiration. Mary remembered her father, and some few spoke of her mother with affection and pity. If Gordon had been pleased with Mary's quick progress in fashionable manners, he was absolutely astonished at the avidity with which she entered into the dissipations of the town. He experienced the tenderest anxiety, as he observed the late hours she kept began to affect her health: her complexion faded, her appetite decreased. Yet the lassitude of the morning was sure to be succeeded by the evening ball, or the midnight masquerade. Gordon looked forward to spring with hope and impatience. He doubted not her fulfilling her promise to her mother, and he fondly hoped in her native shades she would recover her bloom, and cheerfully return to the domestic habits and fascinating simplicity of manners which had won his heart. But when spring did arrive, his fondly cherished hopes were frustrated. Mary had discovered that though the fashionable world did leave London during the summer months, they by no means secluded themselves in solitudes and shades, but passed their hours in as much gaiety, and if possible in a greater crowd than even in the metropolis. She therefore prevailed on her physician to prescribe sea-bathing. And what air so salubrious as the air of Southampton? A house was taken for the season: and here Mary became the rage; her caps, her ribbands, were the *ton*; her *bon mots* were retailed by the would-be wits; her very walk was imitated; in short, she was the undisputed arbitress of taste and fashion. At first, Gordon felt gratified at the encomiums bestowed on his admired Mary; but

experience soon convinced him that the husband of an acknowledged beauty, of a celebrated toast, was not to be envied. In the public rooms her vivacity was enchanting; on the public walks her appearance was fascinating; but, in a *file-à-tête* with her husband she was ever complaining of vapours and low spirits. In vain poor Gordon sighed for quietness and domestic comfort. As Southampton began to thin of company, Mary discovered the air was too keen, too piercing for her constitution, and declined nothing but the Bath waters would do her any good. Her situation required indulgence, and Gordon consented to go for a few weeks. But Mary found the place so agreeable, and meeting several of her acquaintance there, she refused to return to town till her return could no longer be delayed; for a few days after their arrival in St. James's-street, she presented Gordon with a daughter. He received the little stranger with transport, not doubting but its mother would now become wholly domestic, and devote herself entirely to the pleasing, the tender task of nursing her child:—but, alas! his wishes, as usual, were too sanguine. On her convalescence she went into company more frequent than before, and seemed by her short confinement to have acquired a higher relish for dissipation, and to enter into the follies of the day with superior gusto.

Gordon often endeavoured to convince her of the impropriety of her conduct as a wife and mother; but observing the more anxious he appeared for her company in her own house the less she was in it, he at last forbore to remonstrate, fearing his incessant importunities might alienate her affections from him. He hoped that the seeds of virtue, which he knew had been implanted in her bosom by her amiable mother, would at some time not far

distant spring up spontaneous in her heart. But when the following spring arrived, and Mary still refused to visit Crediton, pleading an engagement with sir Thomas and lady Facwett to go to Brighton, he no longer had hopes of comfort from her society, and began to look abroad for that pleasure his own solitary fire-side failed to afford. He still loved his Mary with too much tenderness to think of supplying her place with a mercenary; but his heart was a social one, and he was under the necessity of attaching himself to some person, to some society where its joys and sorrows would be attended to, and where a congruence of sentiment would cement a reciprocal friendship. Unhappily, he fell in with a set of young men of splendid talents, of shining abilities, of sparkling wit, of worthy families, but of profligate manners: fascinated by their conversation, he spent whole nights in their company at a tavern, where they met regularly to spend their evenings. Their wit, their mirth, their songs, their unceasing good-humour, acted with talismanic influence on the heart of Gordon, nor was it till his health was materially affected that he discovered their frequent libations to the jolly god would ruin his constitution if persisted in; still he wanted resolution to give up their society: he had not the eye of an affectionate wife to observe the change in his countenance, which nevertheless was too obvious. Mary, wholly engaged in her preparation for Brighton, heeded not the alteration. He no longer objected to her departure; and she cared little what were his amusements, or what effect they had on his health. Lady Facwett was alarmed when she found he proposed staying in London, and hinted to Mary her wishes that she would not leave him. But Mary peremptorily

refused to stay in London a day after her ladyship. 'Let him please himself,' said she: 'if he is fond of stupefying himself in a tavern, and setting his hours away, I am not. I wish to give and receive pleasure, to see and be seen.'

Lady Facwett made no reply; but from that day she thought but slightly of Mary's conjugal affection, and would gladly have given up her journey to Brighton, to watch the declining health of her brother, to promote his comfort, to supply to him the loss of his wife's society, and to become wholly his nurse, his companion, and adviser; but sir Thomas was a gay man, was fond of company, and would by no means hear of her kind proposal. Gordon was therefore left to himself in London; while Mary, at Brighton, added one more to the thoughtless train, and in every gay circle was the gayest of the gay.

Far different passed the months at the white cottage. The anxious mother, the sorrowing sister, had been surprised at Mary's absence the first spring, which she had so faithfully promised to spend with them; but when the second elapsed and still she came not, they were truly miserable. It had been seldom, very seldom, Mary favoured them with a letter; but for some months they had ceased to receive any. The newspapers were the only vehicle of intelligence of what the great world were doing, and newspapers were a luxury Mrs. Gayton's small income would not afford, especially as, since the death of the worthy Westwood, she had been obliged to give up her drawing and embroidery, as the expence of the carriage to and from London so much lessened her profits, that it was no longer worth her care. A constant nervous fever, occasioned by anxiety, had greatly weakened her health and spirits; and

leisure adding to her melancholy, she was as miserable as a virtuous heart can be in this world. Poor Martha, from age and infirmity, was become helpless; and Sabina was the whole support and comfort of her singularly deserted mother and their faithful domestic.

CHAP. XV.

'Ship-wreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,

No friends, no hope! no kindred weep for me!

Almost no grave allow'd me! Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,

I'll hang my head and perish.'

HENRY VIII.

IN the summer of the second year of Mary's marriage, Mrs. Gayton became so alarmingly ill that a physician's advice was necessary. The doctor frankly acknowledged that medicine in her case would be unavailing, but observed that the Bath waters, and composure of mind, would tend materially to the re-establishment of her health. She thanked him for his generous and friendly advice; but declined the Bath journey, as too expensive for finances so low as hers. He shook his head.—'It is not in the physician's power,' said he, 'to administer to a mind diseased; but change of scene is so very essential in your case, that I will not be answerable for your life if it is not adopted.'

'The sands of life are ever running, and no person can add one grain to the amount; but it is every person's duty to endeavour to preserve their course undisturbed, and not by impatience or obstinacy hasten the hour which Heaven has appointed for all men. You have a daughter whose very existence depends on you; she is amiable, and deserves your exertions.'

'Indeed, sir,' replied she eagerly, 'she does:—you have given me a motive; for her sake, I will en-

deavour to bear with resignation and patience a life which has long been a burthen to me, and of little use to society.'

Preparations were accordingly made for the journey. Sabina accompanied her mother; and poor old Martha remained at home, to keep house in their absence, which was not to exceed six weeks or two months.

Mrs. Gayton quitted her beloved cottage with regret, and often turned a tearful eye towards its humble little gate, and repeated her adieu to the faithful Martha, who leaned on it for support as she supplicated Heaven to return her dear mistress well and happy at the promised time.

Mrs. Gayton found the expenses of Bath exceed her expectation, but, as she received benefit from the waters, she determined to stay the six weeks, if possible, and took a smaller lodging in the suburbs. But hers was a flattering disorder: scarcely had she taken possession of her new apartment ere the most alarming symptoms returned with fresh violence. One morning, the lassitude of her body and the depression of her spirits were so exceedingly severe, that, fearing to alarm Sabina, she sent her out for a walk. During her absence, the landlady brought her up a newspaper to amuse her. Rebecca cast her eye over the contents, and read the following distracting intelligence:—'The fascinating Mrs. G——, so well known as the Brighton belle, has at last opened the eyes of her husband and his family to the glaring impropriety of her conduct with captain B——; but what could be expected better of a girl educated with pigs and oxen, whose mother nobody knew, and whose father was hanged for piracy? Lady F——, in whose company and under whose auspices the good-natured G—— trusted his frail rib to Brighton, has at last very properly shut her door

against the belle of Brighton, who, with uncommon spirit, slapped the porter's face, threw his wig into the square, kicked the house-dog, played a sonorous peal on the knock-er, and then triumphantly stepped into her carriage with the captain, who was her escort in this bold adventure. It has been since whispered in the fashionable circles, that the brave captain and the spirited Mary are off together.'

The paper dropped from the hand of poor Rebecca, and she fell back in the chair in a strong fit, from which she was not recovered when Sabina returned. By her frantic cries, the terrified girl brought up the landlady and her daughter; but it was long ere their united endeavours restored animation to the care-worn form of her broken-hearted mother. When she did open her eyes, she pointed to the newspaper which lay at her feet. Sabina instantly discovered the cause of her mother's illness, and, putting the fatal paper in her pocket, assisted her agitated parent to bed, from which she rose no more for seven weeks. During this time, Sabina was her nurse, her friend, her comforter.

Sabina wrote twice to her sister, but receiving no answer, unknown to her mother, she addressed a few lines to lady Facwett, conjuring her, for the love of Heaven, to honour her with one line informing her of her sister's fate. In a few days the following answer arrived:—

' AMIABLE SABINA,

' Though personally unknown to you and your excellent mother, my mother has taught me to love you both with much affection. I therefore hasten to ease your worthy hearts of part of their distress.

' Mrs. Gordon, though highly culpable, is not, I flatter myself, so guilty as the daily prints (ever given to calumny) have insinuated. Cap-

tain and miss Bently are persons of specious manners, but depraved principles. To miss Bently your sister became attached. I frequently warned the volatile Mary of this syren, but without effect: she was never happy but in her company. The captain (an artful coxcomb) introduced a set of wretches to his sister's house, in whose society Mrs. Gordon lost sums of money which I knew my brother's fortune was unable to pay without hurting his child. I therefore informed Mary that she must give up miss Bently, or me. The next morning she called as usual, but as I had the mortification to observe from my window the captain was in her carriage. I gave orders to be denied. I am sorry I did, for Mary's conduct was so very ridiculous on the occasion, that the affair became quite public; and hence arose the foolish paragraph which so affected Mrs. Gayton. I wrote to my brother an account of the business. He came to Brighton, and insisted Mary should accompany him to a little estate of sir Thomas's, in the north of England, where they will remain till their affairs can be adjusted, which at present are very deranged, and I hope, by their economy, will retrieve the large sums which have been so thoughtlessly lavished in scenes of dissipation and folly. With a thousand good wishes to yourself and mother, I am your affectionate friend and servant,

' A. FACWETT.'

Sabina was sitting with her mother when this letter was delivered, and as she thought that a knowledge of its contents would rather tend to alleviate her suspense, she put it into hand, saying—' My dear mother, I hope you will pardon my temerity in daring to write to lady Facwett without her knowledge, as our dear

Mary is not so guilty as we feared.' Mrs. Gayton read the letter, observing, that she was sure Sabina had done it for the best; but added, the blow was already given, and all she wished for now was to return to her own little cottage, and die at home.

Sabina in vain wished her mother to stay another month at Bath; Mrs. Gayton had that morning paid her last guinea for lodging, and she determined to return to Crediton while she was able. She sent for a jeweller, and sold the jewels which had ornamented the portrait of colonel Bomfield for one hundred pounds; and this small sum was her all, as it wanted more than five months of her annuity becoming due.

Poor Sabina commenced this journey with far different sensations from those she experienced when she set out for Bath. Then hope smiled, and promised wonders from the so much extolled waters. These waters had been tried in vain; the poor invalid was returning worse than she came, and the demon of despair occupied the place hope had hitherto held in her sanguine imagination.

They travelled by easy stages, yet, on the third day, Mrs. Gayton became so much exhausted by fatigue as to be unable to proceed. Sabina observed her countenance change, and stopped the chaise. The post-boy informed her, that a little from the high road he had an aunt, who was a very motherly, good sort of woman, and he was sure would do any thing in her power for the sick lady, and perhaps it might be better to take her there than to a public inn. Sabina acquiesced, and the chaise drove up a shady lane, and stopped before a neat house. A fresh-coloured woman came out, and learning from her nephew that a lady was ill she assisted Rebecca to alight, who, as soon as she entered the house, faint-

ed, and was carried to bed insensible.

Sabina had often heard her mother speak in terms of high commendation of the skill of sir W. H. and without considering the distance, or expense of his attendance (happening to recollect his address), she wrote, intreating his immediate presence. On the third day sir W—— arrived in a post-chaise and four. When he approached the bed, Rebecca was insensible. His countenance changed as he looked on the beautiful ruin. 'I can be of no service,' said he. 'Death has already marked her for his own. I do not even think her senses will return; if they should, keep her perfectly quiet; that is all that can be done. I will write a prescription which shall be merely a cordial, and may be given, if she is able to take it, at any time. But I rather think she will go off as she is.' He then retired to his inn, and the next morning sent in his bill of expences on the road, which amounted to twenty-five pounds; though he had humanely declined a fee, as his skill was useless. Sabina opened her mother's pocket-book, and taking a fifty pound note sent it to sir W——, who again looked in before he commenced his journey, and finding Rebecca in the same state he had left her the preceding evening, was confirmed in his opinion that her senses would not return, and departed for London.

Thus poor Sabina lessened her small store, and had the mortification to find she had lessened it for nothing but the satisfaction of knowing that every thing in her power had been done for the restoration of her beloved mother, but, alas! without effect.

That same evening Rebecca opened her eyes. She beheld her daughter with tender solicitude bending over her bed.—'My own Sabina,'

said she, and stretching out her hands to embrace her, convinced the joyful girl that her senses were restored—‘Are we at home, my dear child, in our little cottage?’

‘Ah! no, my dear mother; you was taken ill on the road; but we are in the house of a very worthy woman, who has watched over you with as much attention as your own Sabina. Mrs. Smith, my dear mother is sensible of your kindness. She will recover and thank you for all your goodness.’

Mrs. Smith approached the bed, and saw that, though the senses of Rebecca were returned, the hand of death was on her. She therefore drew Sabina away, observing that the doctor had ordered quietness, and advising her to send the prescription to be made up. This was done; and it appeared to comfort the sinking spirits of the invalid. She frequently enquired for Mary, and desired Sabina to write to her, and desire her to come and receive a mother’s blessing, whose days she had helped to shorten. Sabina knew not where to direct to her; lady Facwett had not mentioned the name of the place she was at, only said it was in the north of England. She had intended to have again written to her ladyship; but sir W—— had informed her that sir Thomas had been appointed governor of Bengal, to which country he and his family were gone. But as Sabina did not think proper to inform her mother of sir W——’s visit, on account of the expence attendant on it, she could not mention those particulars; and Rebecca was kept expecting to see her beloved Mary, till the day of her death.

For three weeks the cordial draughts from the apothecary were the only nourishment Rebecca was able to take. One day, after a refreshing sleep, she awoke, and, with

much cheerfulness, said to Mrs. Smith—‘I shall be at rest to-night. Call my Sabina.’ When Sabina entered, she said, ‘O my dear child, I shall be at peace from all my sorrows to-night. You, my good, my worthy child! have been the only tie which has long bound me to earth. Now that tie is broken. You are surrounded by difficulties, environed by poverty; yet I can leave you with confidence in the hand of Him who has promised to be a father to the fatherless. I know not what money is in my purse; but I charge you, Sabina, not to lessen it by carrying my body to Credition. My immortal part will be happy in a noble house not made with hands, and it signifies little where the body moulders. Bury me, therefore, in the nearest church-yard to this place. Take this ring, my inestimable girl! (taking her wedding ring from her finger: keep it in remembrance of both your parents; and sometimes, when you look at it, think of your mother. Every thing at the white cottage I leave to you. Your sister has need of nothing I can give but my good wishes and my blessing. These she has. May she live to become a credit to her husband; and may her future conduct efface, if possible, the present ill opinion the world entertains of her!—‘My good Mrs. Smith, you have been a true friend to the widow and the miserable. God will bless you for it. On your death-bed, may you be as happy in a friend—may you be as calm in yourself as I am!’ When I am no more, have pity on my child: sooth her sorrows, direct her inexperience; and the blessing of her who was ready to perish shall be upon you.—Adieu, my Sabina, my worthy child! May angels guard you!—Adieu! I go to happiness, to glory—to receive my crown!

With those words the pure suffering spirit winged its flight to the presence of its Creator and eternal felicity.

(To be continued)

ON FASHIONABLE DISTINCTIONS.

Odi profanum vulgus et arceo. HORACE.

I hate the rabble, and despise
Alike their virtue and their vice.

I HAVE often wondered that nature should commit such a great oversight in not establishing proper distinctive marks for the various ranks of society. If things had been so arranged that all in a certain circle, our *fashionables*, for example, should be tall, slender, handsome, and elegant, and that all who were translated from an inferior sphere to this upper region should instantly acquire these qualities, there could be little difficulty in distinguishing a person of fashion from the vulgar. But unluckily nature has neglected to make any such provision. We have the short, the squat, the crooked, the clumsy, the awkward, and the boobyish, even at Mrs. T——'s routs, and the countess of K——'s suppers. There is, indeed, a particular *air* which is said to distinguish those who move in a certain region, and to be altogether unattainable beyond its boundaries. Such, however, are the effects of imitation in the circles below, and such the unkindly nature of some of the materials which fashion has to work upon, that even the initiated are often unable to trace a brother fashionable by his air.

The members of the *haut ton* have, therefore, been obliged to supply the defects of nature by their own ingenuity; and hence arises the numerous refined contrivances which

are daily invented, to separate the pure region of fashion from the gross atmosphere that hovers round it. Dress and equipage were formerly considerable badges of distinction; but the rich citizens, incited by a laudable ambition, soon broke through their old restraints of economy and deference to their betters; and Mrs. Flounder having transferred her residence from Cornhill to Cavendish-square, it was no longer possible to discover her origin, either from her jewels or her liveries. This barrier being thus broken down, an immense gap was left in the fences of the fashionable world, through which multitudes from Change-alley, and even Pudding-lane, are daily forcing an entrance.

Rich dresses were now given up: and it was resolved that the intruders, by being deprived of ornament, should be exposed to derision in their native vulgarity. A rapid succession of whimsical fashions, and something new for every day, now distinguish the ladies of the *ton*. The industrious directresses of the *Magazines des Modes*, however, rendered all these measures abortive: for the *no-bodies* were never above a day behind in their imitations, and the very waiting-maids were apt to be mistaken for their mistresses. The ladies of the first fashion, indeed, some time since made a bold effort, in which they thought none of the little could have the assurance to follow them; and, in order to set all competition at defiance, actually appeared in public somewhat more than *half naked*. The enterprise, however, was not attended with that success which its boldness merited; for instantly the whole necks, arms, shoulders, and bosoms, in the kingdom, were thrown open to the eye of the gazer. It is but yesterday that I cheapened a pair of gloves

with a little damsel, who, in point of nakedness, might have vied with any duchess in the land.

The male fashionables have indeed adopted a more vigorous mode of revenge, for the encroachments made upon their dignity in the way of dress. They have begun by direct acts of retaliation; and, as their valets and grooms had most impudently aspired to their dress and manners, they have, in their turn, usurped the garb and habits of these gentlemen. It is not to be doubted that this vigorous measure will have its due effect; for a groom must be exceedingly mortified to find so little gratification to his vanity in rising to his master's level.

But it is in their amusements that the fashionables have made the most strenuous efforts to preserve their circle inviolate; and their zeal has at length been rewarded with success. As long as the theatres, or Astley's, or the Circus, or Sadler's Wells, or, in short, any place which offers the least entertainment is to be found, there is no danger that the fashionables will be followed by the crowd to the Opera-house. There they may in perfect security enjoy their tête-à-têtes and their scandal, and perhaps listen at a few intervals to the queens and kings who are torturing their vocal organ in wonderful modes, to draw down an inspiring *bravo! bravissimo!*

Other methods of distinction have been devised with equal zeal and ingenuity. The fashionables, perceiving that the vulgar were contented to have the stage and orchestra filled with professional people, determined to make this a ground of distinction, and thenceforward to play and fiddle for themselves, with the addition of a Pic-nic supper. The crowd, however, who were scrupulously shut out, could not endure that heroes and heroines should be stabbed and

poisoned in the ordinary way without themselves having any part in the amusement. The hue and cry was therefore set up with such fury, that the fashionables were obliged to put an end to their mysteries, lest they should be actually violated by profane hands. The other resource, of amateur concerts, is by far more adviseable, and will be found perfectly secure. The crowd cannot be prevailed upon, even by their desire of appearing fashionable, to listen whole nights to the enchanting signora Squallanté, uttering unknown words and unknown sounds; and surely it is far less to be apprehended that they will be seized with any irresistible inclination to drink up the melodies of Lady Louisa Thrum, and the honourable Mr. Hum.

To do justice to the taste and ingenuity of the great, there is something in all their pleasures which distinguishes them from those of the little. The form, indeed, is soon copied by the latter; and there are routs and card-parties found in every quarter, as idle and insipid as any in Portman-square. The little, however, on those occasions, pay some attention to the convenience of their guests, and make some calculation of the size of their rooms before they issue their cards. The great, on the contrary, invite all the world; and the hostess is rendered the happiest creature in the universe if there is not a single corner in her rooms where a living creature can sit, stand, or walk with comfort. A squeeze certainly formed a very agreeable variety amidst the languor of a rout; but since the accompaniment of hot suppers has been introduced, it has not been found altogether so pleasant. Every one has heard of the affair in ——— street, where two hundred fashionables were pent up in the corners of the supper-room, and had nothing to do but to

look on, and make wry faces, while their fellow guests made away with the chickens, and swept off the green pease without mercy. On talking of the affair to a young lady who was present, she said, with much emphasis, that she had *seen* all the delicacies of the season there.

Great revolutions may be expected to arise in the fashionable world from these circumstances; it is whispered that the ladies *en bon point* will be quickly out of all repute, and the price of vinegar and salad is in consequence about to experience an extravagant rise. A very fashionable lady, who has as much money as she can spend, and consequently many more guests than she can well accommodate, has devised a very pretty method of preventing inconvenience, by introducing a fresh supper, and a fresh set of guests at certain intervals, till the whole have partaken of the pleasures of the supper-room. It is said that this lady, who has discovered such a tasteful method of prolonging a party, has resolved to improve still farther on the idea; and is to have such a crowd of fashionables, that the supper-rooms shall be replenished with new guests and delicacies every two hours, and yet the entertainment extend through the whole four-and-twenty.

Such a plan is truly grand, and there is no danger of its being imitated by the little. It is only to be regretted that it must necessarily give rise to a number of *eclipses*. An eclipse in the fashionable world is a temporary obscurity in which those, who have no perennial mints in Lombard-street, find it convenient to shroud themselves. When all the old woods have disappeared, when tradespeople become importunate, and the Jews saucy, and when therefore it is no longer practicable to

see one's friends by hundreds, a fashionable retirement is the resource. The little in these circumstances would begin to retrench, and think of only having ten guests where they had twenty before. But this is out of all rule in the circle of fashion; one must never seem less than he has once been. It is, indeed, a very easy affair to disappear out of the fashionable world; as no one thinks more of the matter, till the absentees find it convenient again to emerge in all their glory. Whoever thought of the charming Mrs.—, during her last eclipse? And yet what parties are more frequented than hers, since she re-appeared? Her spirit, indeed, deserves the highest commendation; for it is well known that she mortified two whole years in an old castle, in order to enjoy her present blaze; and it is allowed her parties yield to none either in numbers or splendour, although the flash of this season must immediately be followed by another eclipse. Fashionable happiness is indeed something quite beyond the comprehension of the vulgar.

But of all the means by which the great set the little at a distance, there are none so effectual as tramping with contempt on certain restrictions, which the little are compelled to observe with reverence. Those old crabbed fellows, the *Laws*, indeed, in this age and nation, are extremely unpropitious to the distinctions of high life; a lord and his tradesman are quite on a level in Westminster-Hall, nor have the surly jurors civilisation enough to acquit a person on the plea of his being a man of fashion. But in spite of these untoward circumstances, there is still a sufficient degree of respect paid to morals and religion among the *no-bodies*, to afford considerable distinction by breaking

through all their restraints; and a man of high fashion may be profligate and profane far beyond what his inferiors can openly venture. The vulgar, indeed, advance with rapid strides in the footsteps of their betters; they have also their affairs at Doctors' Commons, their E. O. table, and their Sunday gambols: but things must with them be done in as private a way as possible, for they know that *the Society for the Suppression of Vice* is every where at their heels.

R. T.

ON THE FOLLY OF FASHIONABLE
OSTENTATION IN THE MIDDLE
CLASSES OF LIFE.

(From Mrs. West's Letters to a Young Lady.)

WOULD to heaven our sex could be vindicated from the heavy censure that must fall upon those who, to purchase the *éclat* of a few years, not the *happiness* of an hour, involve themselves and families in destruction! An impartial review of living manners compels me to confess, that we are on this point often more culpable than our weakly indulgent partners. "It is Eve who again entreats Adam to eat the forbidden fruit; he takes it, and is undone. Men in this rank of life have generally less *taste* than women; they are amused by their business through the day, and at its weary close they would generally be contented with the relaxation which their own families afforded, if those families were social, domestic, cheerful, and desirous to promote their amusement. But since the potent decree of fashion determined it to be unfit for the wife of a man in reputable circumstances to employ herself in domestic ar-

rangements or useful needle-work, time has proved a severe burden to people who are destitute of inclination for literature. To relieve themselves from a load, the weight of which they are too proud to acknowledge, they have felt obliged to mingle with what is called the world. Did any of these adventurous dames consider the heavy services which this association requires; did they fairly rate the fatigue, the perplexity, the slavery of being *very genteel* upon a *limited* scale; they would think it better to prefer a plain system of social comfort, even at the expence of that ridicule, which, I lament to say, such a deviation from refinement would incur. Yet, when there is no house-keeper in the spice-room, nor butler at the side-board, an elegant entertainment occasions more labour and perplexity to the mistress of the house than she would undergo by a regular performance of services highly beneficial and praiseworthy. What anxiety is there that every part of the splendid repast should be properly selected, well-dressed, and served up in style! What care to keep the every day garb of family economies out of sight, and to convince the guests that this is the usual style of living; though, if they credit the report, it must only confirm their suspicion that their hostess is actually insane! What blushing confusion do these *demi-fashionists* discover, if detected in any employment that seems to indicate a little remaining regard for prudence and economy! what irregularity and inconvenience must the family experience during the days immediately preceding the gala! What irritation of temper, what neglect of children, what disregard of religious and social offices! And for what is all this sacrifice? To procure the honour of being talked

of; for happiness, or even comfort, are rarely expected at such entertainments. Notwithstanding all due preparations, something goes wrong, either in the dinner or the company. The face of the inviter displays mortification instead of exultation, and the invited disguise the sneer of ridicule, under the fixed simper of affected politeness. Nor let the giver of the feast complain of disappointment. She aimed not to please, but to dazzle; not to gratify her guests by the cheerful hilarity of her table, but to announce her own superiority in taste or in expence. When the hospitable hostess spreads her plain but plentiful board for friendship and kindred, for those whom she loves or respects, those whom she seeks to oblige, or those to whom she wishes to acknowledge obligation, where vanity and self are kept out of sight, and real generosity seeks no higher praise than that of giving a sufficient and comfortable repast with a pleasant welcome, a fastidious observance of any accidental mistake, or trivial error, might be justly called ill-nature, or ingratitude; but when ostentation summons her myrmidons to behold the triumph, let ridicule join the party, and proclaim the defeat.

But this insatiable monster, a rage for distinction, is not content with spoiling the comforts of the cheerful regale: luxury has invented a prodigious number of accommodations in the department of moveables; and the mistress, of a tiny villa at Hackney, or a still more tiny drawing-room in Crutched Friars, only waits to know if her grace has placed them in her baronial residence, to pronounce that they are comforts without which no soul can exist. Hence it becomes an undertaking of no little skill to conduct

one's person through an apartment twelve feet square, furnished in *style* by a lady of *taste*, without any injury to ourselves, or to the fantenils, candelabras, consoletables, jardiniers, chiffoniers, &c. Should we, at entering the apartment, escape the work-boxes, foot-stools, and cushions for lap-dogs, our *début* may still be celebrated by the overthrow of half a dozen top-gallant screens, as many perfume jars, or even by the total demolition of a glass cabinet stuck full of stuffed monsters. By an inadvertant remove of our chair backwards, we may thrust it through the paper frame of the book stand, or the pyramidal flower-basket, and our nearer approach to the fire is barricadoed by nodding mandarines and branching lustres. It is well if the height of the apartment permits us to glide secure under the impending danger of crystal lamps, chandeliers, and gilt bird-cages, inhabited by screaming canaries. An attempt to walk would be too presumptuous amid the opposition of a host of working-tables, sophas, rout chairs, and ottomans. To return from a visit of this kind without having committed or suffered any depredation, is an event almost similar to the famous expedition of the argonauts. The fair mistress, indeed, generally officiates as pilot, and by observing how she folds or unfurls her redundant train, and enlarges or contracts the waving of ther plumes, one may practise the dilating or diminishing graces according to the most exact rules of geometrical proportion; happy if we can steal a moment from the circumspection that our arduous situation requires to admire the quantity of pretty things which are collected together, and enquire if they are really of any use.

A NIGHT WALK

IN JANUARY.

By J. M. L.

'I love to stroll when others sleep,
A truant from my pillow.'

Author's MSS.

METHINKS I hear the fair perusers of the *Lady's Magazine*, as they start at the title of my essay, exclaim, 'A Night Walk! who ever heard of such a thing?' To this I reply, 'Lovely friends, at some time or other, all of us, either from choice or necessity, are led forth in the gloom of night: at one time, we pace the crowded pavements of the metropolis; at another, we stroll beneath the bowered walks of the country. In either of these situations, why may not the moral pen pourtray the feelings of the moral mind with as much propriety as when the walk is taken beneath the influence of a 'Noontide beam?'

I had spent a day in January about four miles from home; the weather was clear and frosty, and consequently the paths perfectly clean. I supped with my friend; and as I quitted the hospitable door, the house clock told out 'ten.' The bright beam of a full moon guided me in my way, and made my walk particularly pleasant. I could not help exclaiming—

Hail! fairest Luna! queen of night!
Oh! shed on me thy mildest beam!
Oh! soothe my soul to soft delight,
And lull my mind with pleasure's dream.'

The wind was extremely cold, but my wintry friend, a good great coat, with the help of exercise, set it at defiance; for I am not one of those feeble sons of excess whose fragile forms shrink from the northern breeze, like the sensitive plant from the rude hand of intrusive man: but when health is permitted by the all-

omniscient Power to pervade my frame, I prefer a walk in the rude gale of winter to lingering by the fire-side of indolence. Here I do not wish to be understood as being an enemy to 'an Englishman's fire-side.' for certainly it has many charms, and when shared with a social friend, its influence expands the heart, and adds a zest to enjoyment. For various reasons, January, I love thee;

'Though Winter is pre-eminently thine,
And gives his snows and storms at thy
command,
With fearful gloom forbids the sun to shine,
And binds the lucid lake in icy band.'

Suddenly the moon became obscured by snow-charged clouds, and presently the feathery flakes began to fall, till the air was loaded with them. I buttoned up closer, and increased my pace, the snow pitilessly pelting in my face as I walked. I had not proceeded in this way far, when I heard, in some distant fields on my right, a voice, apparently proceeding from a boy of eight or nine years old, screaming in the most exquisite distress imaginable. I conjectured from the tone, that it was the cry of a lost child; and I soon after inarticulately heard, 'I can't find—' the wind bore away the rest of the sentence: I was now almost convinced, but made a discretionary pause as I crossed the road to follow the sound. I had heard of children being set to scream, that the traveller might leave the road influenced by the divinest impulse of his nature—humanity; and when he arrived at the spot of supposed distress, to fall a prey to robbers. Spurning the thought, I proceeded, and soon saw a lanthorn gleaming through the night, evidently going towards the same spot that I was in search of. Presently the cry of despair ceased, and I observed the light coming towards me. I waited, and found that it was a benighted

boy, about the age I had conjectured, who, in returning home, had unconsciously lost his way, owing to the fields being covered with snow; when, impressed with terror at the forlornness of his situation, he had screamed in the way I have described, and a benevolent cottager, who lived hard by, had gone in quest of him with his lanthorn, and rescued him from his perilous prospect.

And how soon, poor wanderer! might you not have perished, had no such benevolent-minded man been near, to preserve you from inevitable destruction! This brought to my recollection some lines I had long since written during such a night, and the following extract occurred more forcibly to my mind than any other part of them.

‘ In such a night, by sad misfortune led,
Where shall the houseless wand’rer hide his
head?

No gladsome taper gleams upon his way,
Nor moon nor stars emit one friendly ray:
He wanders o’er some wide and dreary moor,
Perchance, where foot of man ne’er trod be-
fore;

Gloomy resort of all the reptile race,
Each bird of terror there has found its place.
Before him still, as on he cautious goes,
Some dreadful bog imagination shews;
Each step he takes may lead him to its side,
May plunge him in its vortex long and wide;
Or else some pit profound may stop his way:
In either, death before him seems to lay.
He dares not move, by terrors circles round;
Seiz’d by despair, he drops upon the ground;
There, clasp’d by death, he lays him down
at last,

“Stretch’d out and bleaching in the northern
blast.”

In such a night, some hapless village child,
Who lost his way upon the gloomy wild,
His long’d-for home in vain essays to find,
And all the pleasing joys he left behind.
In vain he asks his mother’s helping aid;
He only answering hears the echoing glade.
Turn to his home; the parent’s pang there
view;

Forth from her cot the mother wildly flew,
From door to door, with anguish see her run,
Of all her neighbours asks her wandering son.
No tidings heard, she back returns again,
And feels a mother’s fears, a mother’s pain:
Meanwhile the infant rambler, worn with toil,

Exhausted sinks upon th’ unconscious soil:
His way quite lost, he spends his breath in
cries;
He falls a victim to the cold, and dies!

Again the clouds disappeared, and the moon, seemingly with renovated lustre, burst in splendour upon the world. I remembered having recently read, in an anonymous author, some lines applicable to the present scene ‘ Behold, the rage of the tempest is spent, and evening leads on more tranquil hours; her solitary star scarce has shed her silver twilight than millions of distant suns slowly rise before our sight, and crowd the plains of space. How pure the breath of night! how grand and solemn are her scenes! It is a torrent of snow that has suddenly deluged the heavens. Lo! now it rolls like a sea of blood, and sports harmless above our heads. Hail, northern lights! awful, mysterious fires! Can the ingenuity of man imitate your dazzling glory? No: to him whose soul, untainted by the prejudices of blind mortals, defies the clamours of the world, and despises the weakness of its inhabitants, the wonders of Nature alone will appear worthy of his admiration.’ At this moment, and often before, I have a regretted my limited knowledge of astronomy. Noble science! that leads the mind through the immensity of space, to mark the motions of the multiplied worlds that sublimely roll in order and regularity; and from them guides the wandering idea to that Great Being, whose arm controuls and regulates the whole. The astronomer may exclaim—

‘ My steps ascend, and, on the wing of hope,
I sail resistless through the ambient air.
Around the stars of heav’n their orbs ex-
pand:

I see, fair Venus, thy reluctant hills:
I hear, wild Jupiter, the roaring deep
Of thy loud, boist’rous waves; I tread thy
vales,
Cold Saturn, and explore thy mystic ring.

From sphere to sphere, from world to world,
I rush;

And, soaring far beyond Creation's fields,
Amid his depths of light behold, adore,
The mighty Father of a thousand worlds.'

My humbler untaught mind can
but gaze in admiration and astonish-
ment; inwardly ejaculating,

'These are thy glorious works, Parent of
good.'

I began to approach my home. A
distant church clock struck eleven
as I was passing a few scattered cot-
tages, whose tenants my mind pic-
tured as enjoying the sweetest repose
that can attend on mankind.

'While oppression's gloomy slave,
Though on bed of down reclin'd,
Feels the horrors of the grave
Creeping o'er his guilty mind.

'Here, unmix'd with earthly woes,
Jocund visions light as air,
Joyous thoughts and calm repose,
Innocence and candour share.'

My humble home now met my
sight; I entered it, and in a few
minutes resigned myself, after a
short prayer to the Fountain of all
happiness, into the arms of sleep,

'Whose mandates can controul
The bitter throes,
The goading woes,
That rend the writhing soul.'

HARRIET VERNON;

OR,

CHARACTERS FROM REAL LIFE.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

BY A LADY.

LETTER I.

*Miss Harriet Vernon to Miss Susan
West.*

London.

It is a long time since I wrote to
my dear Susan; but as want of sub-
ject has been the only cause for my

silence, I trust I shall find forgive-
ness for an omission that has not
deprived you of entertainment. You
country ladies are apt to imagine
that we London ones must always
have a vast stock of news and anec-
dotes, and that it is in our power,
whenever we please, to entertain a
whole village with town wonders;
whilst, in return, you promise to give
us descriptions of purling streams,
shady groves, and pastoral lovers.

Take the following account of the
manner my sister and I have spent
the last winter, and then candidly
judge if I have been to blame in not
committing the account to paper for
the criticism of you country girls.
In January last we removed from a
very inconvenient house in Moor-
fields to the one we now occupy in
Lombard-street. This street, famed
for its wealthy inhabitants, is situ-
ated in the heart of the city, and,
from its vicinity to the Royal Ex-
change, is peculiarly convenient to
our brother, who is what they call a
stock-broker, a line of business I by
no means comprehend, nor is it ma-
terial that I should: sufficient for us
is it, that he supports us in all the
necessaries of life; but the strong
tincture of avarice and parsimony
that marks his character cannot but
tend to abate that esteem and grate-
ful affection we should otherwise en-
tertain for him. A difference nearly
of twenty years in our ages pre-
cludes, in some degree, that pleasing
freedom and familiarity that should
mark the fraternal conduct. I be-
lieve he loves us better than any thing
on earth, his darling money excepted:
that he regards that in a super-
lative degree is a notorious fact, and
were you to witness our manner of
living, you would consider us as
labouring under the inconveniences
of a narrow income; but the world
speaks him a man of very large for-
tune, and he does not contradict the

report but by his actions, which though in general the criterion to judge by, must in this instance be excepted. We have only one servant, and the old worthy Dorcas, whom you have frequently heard me speak of with esteem and affection; she nursed my sister and me, and has lived in the family more than thirty years. I believe our brother looks on her as a fixture, which it has never entered his head as yet to part with. As company is expensive, we never receive any visits, but live as recluse in this great city as if we were a hundred miles out of it. I petitioned last year to attend the lord mayor's hall, but it would not do. I have subscribed to a circulating library, and have set myself down to study novels. This was much against the approbation of Maria, whose superior prudence I have ever acknowledged. From this kind of reading I have imbibed a romantic idea of love; and unless a swain will die for me, I believe I shall never think him worthy my concern. I know nothing of the world, or of love; but if the descriptions given in these books are just it must be the most charming thing in nature to see the world, and obtain admirers. I think I will read no more of them. for I begin to be very discontented with my lot. I look forward to the next winter with a good degree of pleasure, as we are permitted to invite you. Brother says, you are a good sort of girl, as girls go; and your mother is a notable woman, that knows what's what: he means, I suppose, that she has a saving knowledge of the cash, for that knowledge alone does he (poor soul!) hold in any estimation.

But I intended to give you a brief account of our passing our time; and in the transactions of one day you may read a hundred, with very little

variation, I assure you. We breakfast about eight, dine at four, sup at nine, and fill up our time in working and reading; about six o'clock brother goes to his club; Charles Wentworth leaves the counting-house and joins us, reads to us whilst we work, or entertains us with his conversation, which is always agreeable. At nine brother arrives, when we sit down to supper on simple bread and cheese; after which brother and I generally play cribbage for a penny a game, when if he wins, he goes to bed in a very good humour at eleven o'clock.

Having mentioned Charles Wentworth, I am tempted to entrust you with a secret I think I have lately discovered, which is an attachment to him on Maria's part; but, with all my penetration, I cannot determine whether she holds an equal place in his affections. He behaves to us both with that easy polite attention which, whilst it pleases both, distinguish neither. I sometimes think it impossible that a young man of the least sensibility can live an inmate with Maria, and not feel the effects of her charms; but my partiality to my sister, added to my ignorance of the other sex as to the charms that usually attract them, may mislead my judgment on this subject.

You may depend on my writing as often as any thing occurs worth your notice, and I know the kind interest you take in our affairs will induce you to peruse with pleasure the most trivial transactions, wholly unentertaining to anyone else. With most affectionate respects to your good mother, and love to all the village girls of our acquaintance, in which Maria joins, I remain, dear Susan your sincere and affectionate friend.

HARRIET VERNON.

LETTER II.

*Colonel Ambrose to George Vernon,
Esq.*

DEAR SIR, *Portsmouth.*

IT is impossible to express the sensations of a man who having been absent from his native country twenty years, returns to it impressed with the same warm sentiments of affection to all those he left behind as he felt on quitting it. In proportion to the pleasure he took in these connections is the pain he experiences on being informed that some of them are dissolved by death, and others lost to his friendship by a train of incidents tedious to enumerate, and painful to recollect. In this situation is your friend Ambrose, whom you parted from twenty-one years since, a lieutenant in the army, embarking for the east Indies. Fired with a youthful ambition, I distinguished myself in the service, and was raised to the rank of a colonel, which I now hold. I was not, however, to be satisfied with honour alone; I formed some considerable connections with the commercial men of the country, and have been so far successful, as to find myself in possession of wealth sufficient to satisfy my utmost wishes. The desire I always entertained of ending my days in my native country redoubled. I found no difficulty in closing my affairs in India, and embarked for old England, where I have been arrived ten days. I am at an inn in this place, the master of which I well knew previous to my departure; but he is dead, and a son of his, who was then a chubby-faced lad, has now succeeded to the same inn. Finding my host very intelligent, I made enquiries after some of my old acquaintance who were known to his father; and amongst the rest I men-

tioned you. He informed me that you was a wealthy stock-broker in the city of London, and he believed a bachelor. I immediately sat down to write to you; and having thus briefly informed you of the state of my affairs, will defer particulars till I have the pleasure of an interview, which I hope to enjoy as soon as you can appoint a convenient time when I may spend a week at your house. You see by my proposal I have presumed on a continuance of your friendship: if I am mistaken, a line from you will undeceive me; but, at all events, I hope the favour of an answer to this letter; and in the full confidence I shall not meet an old friend with a new face, I subscribe myself yours most sincerely,

CHARLES AMBROSE,

LETTER III.

*George Vernon (in answer) to Colonel
Ambrose.*

DEAR SIR, *London.*

I RECEIVED yours dated the 27th ultimo, which should have replied to before, but waited the opportunity of a free conveyance, not being willing to put you to the expence of postage. Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves, is a maxim I have always abided by, and I have found my account in it too. Your letter gave me more pleasure than any event that could have happened, except the rise of stocks, or the fall of lottery tickets: the former have been very low some time, and the latter so high, that I have given over all thoughts of purchasing. But, to proceed—I shall be very glad to see you at my house in Lombard-street; but I must premise that you bring no servant with you, and that I

never give any thing more for dinner than one plain joint of meat and a pudding. You will excuse this freedom; it is fit we should understand one another, you know, and you India gentlemen cannot sometimes relish plain food. I have two sisters by my farther's side, who live with me. He left them very young: a foolish man, to marry so late in life, unless he could have provided for them! They are quite dependant on me. I had thoughts of apprenticing them to milliners or mantua-makers; but they ask such high premiums, and I must have found them in clothes the time, so I e'en determined to keep them at home, as perhaps they might get husbands, as they are likely young women to look at, and as the world goes, very prudent. But I begin to think I was out in my conjectures; for, as the old song says, 'There is no body comes to woo!' As I seldom write letters, and have much business on my hands, I hope you'll excuse more at present. I shall be glad, as I before said, to see you when you please, if you can conform to my rules. In the mean time rest your friend and humble servant,

GEORGE VERNON.

LETTER IV.

Miss Harriet Vernon to Miss Susan West.

I AM, my dear Susan, quite out of my wits for joy. Would you believe it, we are going to have a visitor at our house! a colonel too! I will not anticipate, but inform you the particulars of this important incident.

You must know, then, that yesterday morning, as Maria and I were sitting at work, there was a loud knock at the door; when up came Dorcas.—'Miss,' said she,

'here is a man with a carpet, which he says master has ordered for the front parlour, and that he is to put it down directly.' 'Friend,' said Maria to the man, 'I think you must be mistaken in the name.' The man persisting he was right, she permitted him to lay it down. When it was done, and we were talking over the circumstance, another man brought a stove-grate, with the same message, that he was to fix it to the chimney. Maria made less scruple to receive this, as it was evidently a second-hand one. It, however, fitted very well; and we were glad to see the room so far furnished. We set ourselves to conjecture the meaning of these strange events.

'He is going to bring home a wife,' said I.

'Alas! what then will become of us?' replied Maria.

'You conclude then,' said I, 'that she must be as strange a being as himself; now I will not view every thing in the worst light. She may be a worthy good creature, and if so, it may be the best thing that can happen; as she may either make our present situation more comfortable, or prevail on him to put us in some way to do comfortably for ourselves.'

'You are right, Harriet,' said she; 'and I am very wrong to look only on the dark side.'

Whilst we were thus conversing, our brother came in to dinner, accompanied by Charles Wentworth. —'Very right,' said he, as he entered the room. 'The men have been, I see. How do you like my new carpet, Charles?—Charles replied, 'Very well, sir; but you should ask the ladies.'

Without waiting to be asked, I exclaimed—'I am quite charmed with the carpet and grate; but how in the world, sir, came you to have what you so often declared you

never would? I mean the carpet, for the stove is a necessary article.'

'Cannot you guess?' said he.

'She has been guessing,' says Maria, 'that you are going to give us a sister.'

'No, no; I know better: but I am going to have a visitor.'

My curiosity was now wound to the highest pitch.—'Dear sir,' said I, 'pray tell us all about it.'

'Why then my visitor is a man of large fortune, just returned from India; an old friend of mine, and, for ought I know, may fall in love with one of you.'

The dinner coming in, put an end to the discourse: but not a morsel could I eat; the latter part of my brother's speech had taken my appetite away. As for Maria, she was as composed as ever, and I verily believe would be so if the gentleman were actually to make good my brother's words.

After dinner I began to make further enquiries, and then learned that the expected visitor was a colonel.

'A still greater recommendation,' observed Mr. Wentworth. 'You cannot resist, the attractions, of a red coat, miss Harriet. Pray is his coat red or blue, Mr. Vernon?'

Mr. Vernon had now leaned back in his chair, and was in a profound doze; so that the important question could not be resolved.

Maria and Charles then went into a serious dissertation on the influence the military men are supposed to have over the ladies; while I was conning in my mind the contents of my wardrobe, and determined to ask my brother, when he awoke, for a new beaver hat. So totally lost was I in this reverie, that it was some time before I discovered Charles and my sister were laughing at my expence.—'Really,' observed the latter, 'if the sight of this colonel take the same effect as the thought

of him, I shall wish him in India again.' Half ashamed at the ridiculous figure I cut, I left the room to scribble to you. As the colonel is expected every day, I will not send this till I can accompany it with my opinion of him.

(*In continuation.*)

Well, my dear, the colonel is arrived, and I know you like particulars: I will describe him minutely. About twelve o'clock this day a very handsome chariot stopped at the door.—'Here he is!' cried I, running, as fast as possible down stairs, to Maria, who was in the parlour.—'For goodness sake,' said she, 'don't be so agitated: one would think, to look at you, the king himself was at the door.'

'Well, I am a fool; but I can't help it: however, you, with all your composure, have a most charming glow on your face.'

By this time my brother and the colonel were congeeing in the hall, and in a moment both entered.—'My two sisters,' said my brother, 'I mentioned in my letter.' We made our curtseys, I thought, with a very good grace: the colonel took a hand of each, and put them to his lips in a very gallant manner. 'I hope,' said he, 'in a short time to entitle myself to this freedom by an intimate acquaintance.'

But before I proceed, I must give you a description of his person; the most material part, you know, of a novel hero. I shall not particularise his features, but inform you that he is a tall genteel man, about forty-five, with a countenance very prepossessing, though much sun-burnt. He wears his hair very becoming, and a blue uniform turned up with white. His air and manner are extremely elegant, and there is an animation and softness in his ad-

dress I never saw equalled. The contrast between him and my brother is so striking, that I fear one house will not hold them long: and I think we shall be sorry to part with our new visitor.

'I received your letter sir,' said he to my brother, 'just as I was stepping into my carriage for London, where I purposed taking lodgings till such time as I could fix on a country residence. Having given over all thoughts of hearing from you, I concluded you would have answered my letter immediately, if my intended visit had been agreeable. I was surprised, and I own my surprise was not lessened when I found the reason of the delay. What shall I say to the man who would risque the losing a friend for the sake of saving a shilling?'

As this was spoken in a laughing easy way, my brother could not be offended. 'Aye, aye, colonel,' said he, 'I see you have yet to learn that a penny saved is a penny gained.'

I cannot give you the particulars of what passed before dinner. Maria and I said little; but the flattering attention the colonel paid to that little highly exhilarated our spirits, and I thought gave Maria a dignity and grace in her manner that greatly became her. Mr. Wentworth came in, as usual, about a quarter of an hour before dinner. My brother, who is very inattentive to all decorums, did not introduce him. Charles made a genteel bow, which the colonel returned. Maria, resolved he should not be overlooked, said, 'Mr. Wentworth, sir.' My brother then recollected himself, and added, 'My clerk;' and then in a whisper all in the room might hear, 'I give him thirty pounds a year and his board, and he is not contented.' To describe the confusion of poor Charles is impossible. Maria's face was suffused with the deepest

crimson, and, I believe, mine was of the same hue.

'I am happy, sir,' said the colonel, 'to be introduced to a gentleman you so highly recommend: Mr. Wentworth, I hope to be better acquainted with you;' and I shook him most cordially by the hand.—This ready turn set us all right, and the arrival of dinner turned the conversation. My brother had informed us we should make no alteration in our manner of living on account of our visitor; and we found, by what passed at table, he had settled that point by letter. In half an hour after the cloth was removed, we left the room. The first question to each other was how we liked him. Both concurred in sentiment, and I then set me down to finish my letter to you. I will write again soon, but not till I hear from you. Maria joins me in love, and respects where due. I remain, as usual, yours sincerely.

H. VERNON.

(To be continued.)

ACCOUNT of the new COMIC OPERA, called 'FALSE ALARMS: or, MY COUSIN,' performed for the first Time at the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane, on Monday, January 12.

THE characters were thus represented.

Sir Damon Gayland,	Mr. Wroughton.
Edgar Gayland,	Mr. Braham.
Tom Surfeit,	Mr. Bannister.
Lieutenant M'Lary,	Mr. Johnstone.
Pl.d.,	Mr. Matthews.
Gabriel,	Mr. Penley.
Grinvell,	Mr. Wewitzer.
Bumper,	Mr. Dignum.
	Waiters, Servants, &c.
Lady Gayland,	Mrs. Mountain.
Caroline Sedley,	Miss Duncan.
Emily,	Mrs. Biand.
Miss Umbrage,	Miss Pope.
Susan,	Mad. Storace.

THE FABLE.

Sir Damon Gayland, who has recently taken *Lady Gayland* for his second wife, and for whom he really has more regard than he is aware of, is infatuated with the silly pride of exciting his wife's jealousy, and of acquiring the character of a man of gallantry. It appears that he has been in habits of correspondence with an *incognita*, with whom he became acquainted at a private masquerade, but to whose person he has been kept a stranger.—The jealous apprehensions of *Lady Gayland* are relieved by the unexpected arrival of *Caroline Sedley*, an old friend and school-fellow.

Caroline declares herself to be the cause of *Sir Damon's* alienation; relates their meeting at the masquerade, and that, accidentally discovering in the person of her gallant the husband of her friend, she had been induced to humour the intrigue, in the hope of avenging the wrongs of *Lady Gayland*, and effecting *Sir Damon's* reformation.

To promote this design, she has obtained a letter of introduction to *Sir Damon*, under the assumed disguise and character of *Capt. Bronze*; and in this character she affects such an easy impudent freedom with *Sir Damon's* house, his servants, and, above all, his wife, that the man of gallantry is confounded, his indignation is roused, his jealousy is alarmed, and, under pretence of sudden indisposition, he determines immediately to hurry away his wife from so dangerous an intruder. This is the signal for *Lady Gayland*; she refuses to accompany him; accuses *Sir Damon* of infidelity; abuses him by producing the correspondence with this *incognita*, and peremptorily insists upon a separation.

To increase *Sir Damon's* confusion,

a billet arrives from the fictitious *Rosalinda*, stating that she is at hand, and can no longer endure the suspense of their mutual passion. The false Captain, to whom *Lady Gayland* appeals, affects to recognise the hand-writing of the fair *Rosalinda* to be that of his cousin, and demands instant satisfaction from *Sir Damon* for the indignity offered to his family. *Sir Damon* is overpowered with shame and penitence, and pleads for forgiveness.

In the mean time, *Edgar*, the son of *Sir Damon*, has arrived in pursuit of *Emily*, the ward of *Old Flod* to whom he is attached, contrary to the views of his father. After some of the usual difficulties in these cases, in which his jealousy has been needlessly alarmed, he succeeds in eloping with the object of his wishes; and *Sir Damon's* consent is extorted by *Lady Gayland*, as a condition of their reconciliation.

A further interest arises out of the characters of *Tom Surfeit* and *Lieutenant M'Lary*, who are rival candidates for the hand of *Caroline*. The former, as an apology for doing nothing, has assumed the character of a Temple student; but despising the slow returns of half-guinea motions as inadequate to his fashionable pursuits, he conceives designs upon the superior fortune of *Plow's* ward. His attempt, however, is frustrated, and his vanity exposed in all quarters; whilst the mirthful *Caroline* finds a deserving and successful suitor in the brave and honest *M'Lary*.

In the development of this story there are several whimsical and striking situations, and the characters are supported with much humour. Indeed, it is not often that so much is done for the dramatic part of the entertainment, in pieces that are to be so powerfully recommended by the charms of music and song. But, independent of this, the dramatic

part is highly respectable. In the vocal department the whole strength of the house is combined. The music is the composition of M. P. King: but Braham has composed his own songs, together with Storace's song in the first act, and the duet between her and Mrs. Mountain, in the second. The music, in general, possesses great merit, and was much applauded. The song which Braham sung, accompanying upon the piano forte, produced the most powerful effect, and was rapturously received. Miss Duncan appeared to great advantage: and Mrs. Mountain and Mrs. Bland sung with their usual sweetness. Johnstone's Irish character and airs gave him an opportunity of shewing himself in a way in which he always excels.—The piece was very favourably received.

LONDON FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving, elegantly coloured)

1.—FASHIONABLE AFTERNOON AND DANCING DRESS.—A short round dress of yellow muslin or crape over a white sarsenet petticoat; the dress trimmed round the bottom with a broad lace, and made much shorter than the petticoat: the bodies full, and trimmed with a coloured trimming, which crosses in the front, and is made to correspond at the back: sleeves laid in crossways over white sarsenet. Head-dress, a half turban of coloured velvet, ornamented with small pearl beads, the hair seen at the back. White shoes and gloves.

2. A dress of white sarsenet or satin, with a long train: sleeves made rather full, and trimmed with a rich lace: body quite plain: lace tucker

and gloves: cap of lace intermixed with fawn-coloured velvet or satin, and trimmed with ribbon to match: white cornelian or pearl necklace.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

BESIDES *capotes*, which lose nothing in depth, our fashionable ladies wear large yellow *pamela* hats, in undress. These *pamelas* are of very fine straw; but except two ends of ribbon, by which they are fastened under the chin all kinds of ornament is excluded. The number of caps *à la paysanne* is not considerable, but they are worn by ladies of the most elegant taste.

The waists are still very short, and the robes in general round. For full dress, they are frequently of striped gauze, and trimmed with satin ribbons; the trimming usually representing a foliage.

THE

ELVILLE FAMILY SECRETS.

A NOVEL.

(Continued from Vol. XXXVII. p. 594.)

IT was no spectre that thus interrupted her, but lord Holden himself, saying, in a significant manner, that the conduct of Burns had been such as to gain him the hatred of every person who paid the slightest regard to morality and virtue. How then must the generous disposition of a person like her recoil from such infamy as he had been guilty of! Exalted as her understanding was, she must behold it in the most glaring colours possible.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



Fashionable Afternoon & Morning Dresses.



Here he seized her hand, which she had not power to withdraw. Seeing her anxious to leave him, he assumed a softness in his voice and manner he was an utter stranger to; yet, courtier-like, when he had a point to carry, he could cringe and bow in the most obsequious way imaginable.

‘Why, Matilda,’ said he, with some warmth, ‘do you thus wish to avoid one who would die to merit your good opinion? The friendly terms I have been long on with the earl your father must convince you, that he has too favourable an opinion of me to suppose my addresses other than honourable. You have trifled with me a long time. I have borne all your contempt, even insults I may venture to say, without a murmur. I attributed your want of penetration to your youth and inexperience; you must now alter your behaviour. Your father is determined that you shall be countess of Holden. Consider the sounding title, the precedence above so many of your acquaintance. It is rumoured that the gay, the lovely Katharine of France will shortly yield to the solicitations of our gallant young monarch: Harry will give his people a queen from among the flowers of the French nation. You must be one among the chosen train of ladies to welcome her to England, and add by your presence a fresh lustre to the court you were born to adorn, not thus to waste your bloom in solitude, to breathe such sweetness to the desert air.’

Unable to reply, she forcibly escaped from his ardent grasp, and flew to her father, who, seeing her face flushed with crimson at the late rencontre, disregarded the confusion she was in, and congratulated her on the amendment in her looks: at the same time saying, ‘My dear Matilda, I think you cannot with

propriety name a very distant day for the completion of my wishes: you have now no excuse. Remember the reduced state of my constitution: my intellectual faculties too are in some degree impaired, and all by your disobedience. If you persist in opposing what I require, you will again precipitate me to the brink of the grave, if you do not entirely consign me to those dreary regions. There is now no obstacle to your union with my valued friend. He has patiently submitted to your childish vagaries long enough. The first peer of the realm to be treated thus, by a mere thoughtless girl, is abominable indeed! but he is so kind hearted, so considerate a man, I feel for him from my heart; so tender, so assiduous: (I don’t mean to say he is entirely exempted from the frailties of human nature; we are all in some degree fallible.) Therefore, as a solemn contract has long been entered into between himself and me, to marry one of my daughters; in case of failure on either side a great forfeit is depending, which shall not be allotted to my charge, I am resolved. Already is the time expired; therefore you can have no objection to solemnise your nuptials this day week!’

Matilda shuddered, but uttered not a syllable. The earl of Holden that moment entered the room; and observing her agitation, demanded the cause of it. ‘Oh, nothing at all,’ replied her father; ‘she has only been this instant consenting to take you very shortly for her partner for life, and naturally feels a little embarrassed, a little girlish intimidation. She is young; the idea of so much honour being conferred on her almost overpowers her senses. Matilda, summon all your fortitude; act with a serenity and dignity becoming your rank; retire, and give the necessary orders for apparel, and other

preparations proper on such a grand occasion. I will see your sister for the same purpose: she is better acquainted with such affairs, and is more tenacious of her character.'

With difficulty Matilda crossed the anti-chamber, where she met the countess, who already knew what the disconcerted countenance of Matilda would have informed her. She was delighted beyond measure, congratulated her on the splendour she would so soon shine in, and begged her to leave the orders for dress and preparations to her: which Matilda most readily consented to; as her bosom was too much agonised to attend to such inconsiderable things, in her opinion, as magnificence in attendance and dress. She knew that she had no alternative; yet sometimes she was half inclined to brave her family's vengeance, and vow not to give the earl her hand, though conscious that she must then be more wretched even than she was at that time. Besides, all filial affection was not entirely banished from her breast: she feared an absolute refusal of their meditated match would be too much for her father to support. Once she fondly thought that she had such a friend in her brother no circumstances nor time could alter; but he had deserted her, and the idol of her soul had proved faithless. What would she not have given to have poured out her uneasiness on the breast of her much-loved sister Elfrida? but that consolation was denied her; neither could she write to her, as all letters directed to her were intercepted: neither could she write to any one, so closely was she watched by the creatures of her father. She feared being sent to her brother Edward at Morden castle, for she knew his cruel disposition, and she had more to dread from his barbarity than any one of her family. Many a suffering wretch in his

dungeons most bitterly lamented ever controuling his wishes.—'It will be a union of hands, it is true,' exclaimed Matilda, as she threw herself on the seat in her favourite apartment, which overlooked the ocean, rendered dear to her by many a former remembrance; 'but no one congenial sentiment will there be to render such a union ought but discord and hatred, instead of that harmony and love which must exist where sympathizing hearts are united: who abstracted from the gay, the glittering, yet detestable scenes of life, could find comfort, even happiness, in the society of each other, without pomp and grandeur, which awaits that situation I am about to fill. What a contrast would an alliance with the once amiable Burns have exhibited! but he is now no more; therefore why should I repine? Too generous, too tender hearted, and good for this wicked world, the almighty Disposer of events called him hence to another and a better.' Then throwing her eyes around her, on the mighty expanse of waters, unruffled by a single breeze—'How unlike,' said she, 'is your calm surface to my agitated bosom, where such a conflict of contending passions alternately reigns! how differently should I have approached the altar had it been so ordained, and plighted my faith to that once-loved youth, amiable as I knew him; for yet I believe him unblameable, the victim of calumny and infamous misrepresentation; but Providence disposes of me according to the great decree of Heaven, considering it not proper for me to be united to a congenial disposition, who, far from the vanities of life, could find happiness! The riches of the universe are not equal to a sacred intercourse of souls rich in sensibility and virtue; for I am endowed by nature with every

qualification to render the object of my choice happy, strictly disposed to the observance of every duty required of me. Even Holden shall have no reason to complain; if I marry him I will endeavour to make him as comfortable as a person with an irrecoverable heart can possibly do. He knows every circumstance of my prior attachment, and he knows, likewise, that my heart is cold and indifferent, buried with the corpse of the invaluable Burns; therefore what can he expect more than forced civility and attention?

In the mean time, Burns, instead of being dead as represented to her, was reduced to the most miserable state possible; her brother likewise was almost driven to despair, to think the only person he ever thought the model of perfection should prove so unworthy the good opinion he had entertained of her. In her last letter she desired them to think no more of her, as her sentiments had undergone an entire alteration since their departure: she was no longer the artless inexperienced girl, but was speedily to become the dignified countess of Holden; as she was determined to give her hand where her father thought proper to bestow it, conscious a person of his family could never solicit it. It may be imagined that Burns was almost distracted.—‘She is faithless,’ exclaimed he; ‘never shall I think there is any fidelity in any of her sex!’—In vain her brother endeavoured to console him; no suspicion entered their minds of deception, not once imagining that her hand-writing could be so closely counterfeited; if so, they would immediately have returned to England, and sought an explanation. Burns, however, said he must at all events,

if he were doomed to be wretched, hear his sentence from her own lips, and be convinced it was no compulsion, but her own inclination.

‘You cannot,’ replied his invaluable friend, ‘with propriety, leave the army at this critical moment, when your presence is more than ever necessary. What excuse can you make to your sovereign for your absence?’

This reply aroused him; and he consented to stay a few days more till a long-expected engagement had taken place, when they might both with propriety obtain a few days leave of absence, and be convinced that in marrying the earl of Holden Matilda made no sacrifice, as it was almost impossible to imagine a person could be so changed in so short a time.

Notwithstanding all Sydney’s arguments, Burns had conceived a plan, and was on the point of carrying it into execution, when the enemy removed the main body of their army, and assembled on a large plain in order of battle. This the gallant Henry considered as a signal for an attack, and made known to his officers his determination to wait no longer for reinforcements, but with his little army, trusting in the great God of battles, to commence an attack on the gasconading yet mighty host of the enemy. Immediately the true spirit of a soldier pervaded every individual. Burns was, as if by instinct, arrested in his meditated scheme. The moment he relinquished it, he informed Sydney that were not an engagement so soon likely to take place he should have been in England, and thrown himself at the feet of the earl his father, acknowledged his whole proceedings, name, and country, and solicited the hand of Matilda in marriage; but if she

preferred another, he would leave the country never more to return, become an exile in some foreign land, that he might never injure her happiness by a sight of his misery.

‘Fortunately indeed for you,’ exclaimed Sydney, ‘has Providence prevented such a scheme from taking place; you would have added another victim to the numbers in my brother’s dungeons.’—Here he paused. Burns shuddered: he was no stranger to the crimes the earl had been guilty of; he shuddered to think of his thus meditating his own destruction: but even death was preferable to the misery he endured, and as they had agreed, let what would be the consequence, to defer their intended journey till the termination of the campaign, he must now support himself under his troubles with fortitude. But as life was of no value to him without he could pass it with Matilda, of which there now seemed no probability, he became courageous even to desperation. No numbers nor strength were proof against his destructive sword: wherever he appeared, victory followed his steps. His sovereign knighted him and admitted him to his presence, in preference to many much his seniors in the army. Though he sought death as a friend, a terminator of all his troubles, he came not yet; he was spared by Providence for yet greater trials.—Go on, brave youth! although thou art calumniated by those who could not injure thee otherwise than by branding thy hitherto unspotted character with infamy, still persist in thy love of glory and virtue; and though thou mayest be destined to many heart-rending pangs here below, immortal happiness awaits thee in realms where sublunary uneasiness can never reach thee more. The little tri-

umph the wicked enjoy in this world over the objects of their persecution is poor satisfaction when put in competition with eternity.

But to return to poor Matilda.—The week preceding her marriage, her situation was truly pitiable; the earl, her father, saw no diminution in the grief which had enveloped her whole soul since the supposed death of Burns was made known to her: yet in his presence she endeavoured to appear cheerful; but so ill did she feign, that any one might easily see the true state of her feelings. The world to her seemed one void, one wilderness; nothing could afford her one minute’s pleasure, since the only person she wished to live for was no more. She had once, in the anguish of her heart, intreated her father to permit her to retire to a convent in France, and devote the remainder of her days to cherishing the loved memory of Burns, and religious solitude; but this he refused harshly, replying, he had rather follow her to her grave than see her immured in a convent. Finding all hopes of escaping the detestable match over, that her doom was inevitably fixed, she endeavoured to reconcile herself to it. She prayed with fervency to Heaven to aid and support her.

The fatal day arrived; her bridal dress, which was elegance itself, finished under the directions of the haughty countess her sister, was put on her; and thus arrayed, the sad and almost heart-broken Matilda, leaning on the arm of her father, entered the room, where was a brilliant assemblage of nobility to witness the grand event. The fine glow of beauty was fled from her cheek, yet she looked more interesting than ever.

(To be continued.)

LADIES' DRESSES ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

Her Majesty—As usual on her own birth day, was extremely neat. The dress was composed of brown velvet, beautifully embroidered with scarlet and white silk. Draperies and bottom trimmed with rich point lace, tied up with silk cords and tassels. The mantle to correspond. The neatness of her majesty's dress was much admired.

Her Royal Highness Princess Augusta—Brown velvet petticoat, beautifully embroidered with silver; a large drapery on the right side, with a most brilliant border, with damask and Provence roses intermixed; a small drapery on the left side, tied up with a very rich bouquet, and bordered with Italian chains. The whole had a very fine effect. Train of brown and silver tissue.

Princess Elizabeth—A magnificent dress of green velvet, superbly embroidered with gold, the right side of the dress composed of a large matching drapery, elegantly striped with gold spangles, and finished at bottom with a massy border of a mosaic pattern intermixed with vine leaves, richly embroidered in dead and bright gold foil, bullion, &c. the contour of which was strikingly elegant; smaller draperies in shell work, with rich borders; the whole finished with a massy border at bottom of foil and bullion, and looped up with superb cord and tassels. Her royal highness wore a robe of green and gold tissue, sleeves ornamented with gold and green tiaras, and trimmed with point lace and gold.

Princess Mary—The same as her royal highness princess Elizabeth, only in scarlet and gold.

Her royal highness Princess Amelia—A bottle-green velvet petticoat, with a rich etruscan border, and a drapery richly embroidered with

stripes of spangles and mosaic, and trimmed with gold rollo; on the right side a beautiful drapery formed of bullion chain; a body and train of green and gold velvet tissue. Her royal highness wore in the evening a dark green velvet dress, ornamented with diamonds.

Princess Sophia of Gloucester—Gave universal pleasure in making her appearance again at the drawing room. Her royal highness's dress was purple velvet, with an elegant drapery embroidered with silver; purple velvet train, superbly embroidered with silver, to correspond.

Her royal highness the duchess of York—A most splendid dress, petticoat of white crape, intermixed with blue velvet; the ground most beautifully embroidered with gold spangles in scales; border, wreaths of oak and acorns; on the right side a drapery showered with spangles and groups of acorns richly worked in gold, and fastened up with diamonds, gold cord, and tassels; the pocket-holes most tastefully trimmed with an entire new fancy gold trimming, intermixed with diamonds: a train of blue velvet, body and sleeves trimmed with diamonds, and diamond girdle; head-dress white feathers and a profusion of diamonds.

Princess Castalcicala—An elegant dress of white crape, with draperies of patent net, ornamented with white satin and beads, and looped up with handsome bead tassels; train, purple velvet trimmed with point lace and beads.

Duchess of Northumberland—A rich blue satin petticoat, with a drapery of blue satin trimmed with rich sable; mantua, black satin.

Marchioness of Lansdowne—A splendid dress of white crape and satin, richly embroidered in shells of silver and white velvet; the draperies looped up with chains of matted silver, and fastened with arrows; body

and train of steel-coloured velvet, embroidered with silver in shells; head-dress, feather and diamonds.

Marchioness of Salisbury—A green dress, covered with point lace, and ornamented with gold.

Marchioness of Downshire—A bottle-green velvet petticoat, superbly embroidered in gold, with a gold tissue drapery; *en echarpe*, the train of the same velvet; an embroidery, forming a rich and elegant drapery on the left; pocket-holes trimmed with gold and velvet; and head dress white ostrich feathers, with a profusion of diamonds.

Marchioness of Sligo—In light blue, trimmed and ornamented with gold; head-dress, a wreath of diamonds, diamond star and turban.

The Marchioness of Donnegal—Was dressed in plain white satin, with white ostrich feathers and rosette of diamonds.

Dowager marchioness of Bath—Petticoat and draperies of rich white satin embroidered in wreaths and mosaic of silver rings and spangles; the drapery was looped up with tapestry trimming, and cord and tassels.

The right hon. countess of Urbridge—A beautiful white crape embroidered dress in drapery, with a wreath of green ivy leaves, and rich gold sprigs; the draperies edged with sable and point lace. Body and train of green satin, to correspond.

The right hon. the countess of Cardigan—A most magnificent embroidered brown velvet petticoat, in draperies, composed of beautiful shaded roses, with rich vandyke border on the left side; rich gold chains, cords, and tassels. The sleeves, body, and train, were all correspondent.

The right hon. the countess of St. Vincent—A white crape petticoat, richly embroidered with gold, black velvet, and swansdown green, satin body and train, trimmed with swansdown and gold.

Countess of Buckinghamshire—A lavender satin petticoat, most richly embroidered in gold, with a superb border and drapery, intermixed with velvet of the same colour; a train of lavender satin, elegantly trimmed with a velvet border, tastefully embroidered in gold; body and sleeves trimmed with beautiful point lace; bandeau of diamonds, and plume of lavender ostrich feathers.

Countess Albina of Buckinghamshire—White satin petticoat, fancifully looped up with white crape drapery; festooned body and train of fine figured qucen's brown, coloured satin body and sleeves, trimmed with elegant point lace; head-dress, white feathers, and a wreath of large diamonds, with diamond star and ear-rings.

Countess of Harcourt—Petticoat and train scarlet satin, with drapery of gold tissue and sable fur, with wreaths of flowers in gold; head dress, feathers and diamonds.

Countess Fitzwilliam—A white crape petticoat grounded entirely over in mosaic pattern, richly worked in gold spangles; a double drapery, bordered in a rich Grecian pattern, fastened with gold cord and tassels, pocket-holes superbly trimmed with gold; a train of brown satin; trimmed round with gold fringe; body and sleeves ornamented with point lace and diamonds; head-dress of diamonds, necklace and ear-rings to correspond.

Countess of Mansfield—Train of purple crape, trimmed with point lace, and a rich gold border; petticoat to correspond, with Grecian sash, forming a drapery at the bottom; a rich gold foil-work border.

Countess of Carlisle—A white crape dress, most elegantly embroidered in silver and green foil, forming wreaths of grapes and vine leaves; the drapery of crape and brown velvet, tied up with a profusion of silver and green tassels and cords; a

brown velvet robe, trimmed with silver and point lace to suit the petticoat.

The countess of Derby—A white crape dress, superbly embroidered in rich stripes and spangled, with a magnificent Grecian border; the whole of the draperies trimmed with a beautiful ring chain, looped with bullion, and tied up with very large gold tassels and cord, the draperies formed of spangled crape and uncommonly large gold zephyr; train of purple velvet, trimmed with a ring chain, to correspond with the petticoat; head-dress, a profusion of diamonds and feathers.

Countess Cowper—Wore a petticoat of blue velvet and white satin, embroidered with silver draperies in waves of silver spangles, with a fringe of matted silver ornaments; body and train of blue velvet embroidered with silver; coronet head-dress of white feathers and diamonds.

Countess Temple—A superb dress of azure blue velvet, embroidered with showers of silver spangles; the drapery edged with bunches of matted silver, and festooned with chains of matted silver, with a profusion of diamonds.

Countess of Clonmell—A very handsome dress of white and gold, the drapery richly embroidered with embossed gold, and edged with ermine; the body and train embroidered with gold, and trimmed with point; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Countess of Pembroke—Lilac satin petticoat, ornamented with black lace; lilac satin train, trimmed to correspond; head-dress lilac and gold, with a profusion of diamonds.

Countess St. Martin des Front—A dress of white crape appliqued with lilac and gold, and ornamented with rich gold cord and tassels; robe of black velvet, trimmed with elegant point lace and ornamented with gold fringe.

Countess Delaware—A white satin petticoat, with a rich gold embroidered drapery; train, purple velvet.

Dowager countess of Essex—Petticoat purple satin, with lace drapery, tastefully trimmed with flowers; train, purple satin.

The countess of Ely—Wore a petticoat and robe of leopard satin, with sable trimming, and handsome black lace drapery; head-dress, superb sable leopard feathers, lace, and diamonds.

Countess of Mexborough—A dress of peach blossom velvet, embroidered with gold, and fastened with gold chains; body and train of velvet, embroidered with gold.

Lady Grenville—A white satin crape petticoat, elegantly trimmed with crimson cut velvet; body and train of crimson velvet to correspond, interwoven with showers of silver spangles.

The right hon. the lady Mayoress—White crape petticoat embroidered with gold, tied up in draperies, with rich cords and tassels; white satin body and train, with a border to correspond with the draperies.

Lady Georgiana Birchley—Black velvet petticoat, richly embroidered in gold, of a rich Grecian pattern, double drapery trimmed with most superb balloon fringe, fastened up with gold cord and tassels; the pocket-holes richly ornamented in gold; train of black velvet, richly embroidered to correspond with the petticoat; head-dress a plume of fine ostrich feathers, with gold ornament: the whole had a most beautiful effect, and was much admired.

Lady Walpole—A gold petticoat, richly embroidered with a most superb border of oak leaves and acorns fastened with large gold cord and tassels; brown velvet train trimmed with gold and point lace, fastened with diamonds.

Lady Stewart—A leopard satin petticoat, elegantly trimmed with black lace, cord and tassels; black velvet train, trimmed with lace.

Lady Radstock—Wore a petticoat of amber coloured crape, with rich embroidered draperies of silver épingles representing a bouquet of flowers; the border at the bottom of the petticoat particularly nouvelle for its neatness and simplicity, it was la garniture a la chine, done in velvet; train black velvet, trimmed with fine point lace; head-dress black velvet, superbly ornamented with diamonds and feathers.

Lady William Russell—White satin petticoat, with a deep silver tassel, fringed round the bottom; full white satin draperies, richly studded with demi-silver beads, and bordered with a most superb silver tassel fringe. The drapery fastened up with an unique snake rope and tassels of silver. Train, white satin, trimmed all round with silver tassel fringe. Body richly embroidered in silver. This dress was much admired for its delicate brilliancy. Head-dress, a fine plume of feathers and diamonds.

Lady Bontien—Her ladyship was as usual most tastefully attired in a very rich satin petticoat most superbly embroidered with a very deep wreath of gold and purple hyacinths, the lower part in rich stripes to correspond; the draperies were formed of a most superbly embroidered crape trimmed with a magnificent suit of point lace, and tied up with a profusion of gold tassels and cord, the bottom of the petticoat with a broad gold fringe placed on purple velvet, a purple velvet robe to suit, richly trimmed with point, and gold cuffs; head-dress a bandeau of purple velvet with feathers and diamonds.

Lady Margaret Walpole—Petticoat of white crape richly embroi-

dered, silver, and interlined with amber sarsnet, tastefully ornamented with rose lilies; train and body of rich white satin ornamented, point and silver, trimmed swans-down; head-dress of ostrich feathers and diamonds.

Lady Auckland—Body and train of black velvet trimmed with point lace; petticoat of purple satin, richly embroidered in gold; draperies of black velvet, tastefully tied up with cords and tassels.

Lady Anne Culling Smith—Petticoat of French pink crape, embroidered in broad wreaths of tulips in French pearls; draperies the same, looped up with strings of plaited pearls; train of rich French pink satin, embroidered in pearls, to correspond with the petticoat. Her ladyship wore a queen Elizabeth's ruff, which had a new effect, made in Brussel's lace; head-dress, bandeau of knotted pearls, high plume of pale pink feathers, mounted in the military style.

Lady Abdy—Petticoat of white crape, embroidered in the real oriental silver lamé; border very broad, of silver tulips in lamé, draperies of white hops, with a rich mosaic of China leaves, and a broad border of silver palm leaves and bunches of seeds, the whole in oriental lamé; train of rich white satin, embroidered, to correspond with the petticoat. Head-dress, casque of black velvet, with a large wreath of diamonds; beautiful plume of white ostrich feathers.

Lady Borringdon—A brown crape petticoat, elegantly ornamented with wreaths and branches of variegated holly, painted in velvet; a brown velvet train, trimmed with Brussels lace; head dress of diamonds and feathers, scarlet and brown.

Hon. Mrs. Henry Erskine—A beautiful dress of violet velvet and white crape, embroidered with silver

draperies of violet velvet, covered with showers of spangles, and edged with vandyke border, and matted silver; body and train to correspond, of velvet and silver.

A SINGULAR STORY.

From Madams du Montier's Letters.

'WHILE I was in the country last year,' says madame du Montier, 'I chanced to fall into company with a good friar, eighty years of age, who told me the following story.

'About forty years ago, he was sent for to a highwayman, to prepare him for death. They shut him up in a small chapel with the malefactor, and while he was making every effort to excite him to repentance, he perceived that the man was absorbed in thought, and hardly attended to his discourse. "My dear friend," said he, "do you reflect that in a few hours you must appear before a more awful tribunal than that which has lately condemned you? What can divert your attention from what is of such infinite importance?" "True, father," returned the malefactor: "but I cannot divest myself of the idea that it is in your power to save my life." "How can I possibly effect that?" said the friar; "and even supposing I could, should I venture to do it, and thereby give you an opportunity, perhaps, of committing many more crimes?" "If that be all that prevents you," replied the malefactor, "you may rely on my word; I have beheld my fate too near again to expose myself to what I have felt."

'The friar acted as you and I should have done:—he yielded to the impulse of compassion, and it only remained to contrive the means of the man's escape. The chapel in which they were was lighted by one

small window near the top, fifteen feet from the ground. "You have only," said the criminal to the friar, "to set your chair on the altar, which we can remove to the foot of the wall, and, if you will get upon it, I can reach the window by the help of your shoulders." The friar consented to this manœuvre, and having replaced the altar, which was portable, seated himself quietly in his chair. About three hours after, the executioner, who began to grow impatient, knocked at the door, and asked the friar what was become of the criminal. "He must have been an angel," replied he coolly; for, by the faith of a priest, he went through the window." The executioner, who found himself a loser by this account, enquired if he were laughing at him, and ran to inform the judges. They repaired to the chapel where this good man was sitting, who, pointing to the window, assured them, upon his conscience, that the malefactor flew out at it; and that, supposing him an angel, he was going to recommend himself to his protection; that, moreover, if he were a criminal, which he could not suspect after what he had seen, he was not obliged to be his guardian. The magistrates could not preserve their gravity at this good man's *sang froid*, and, after wishing a pleasant journey to the culprit, went away.

'Twenty years afterwards, this friar, travelling over the Ardennes, lost his way; when, just as the day was closing, a kind of peasant accosted him, and, after examining him very attentively, asked him whither he was going, and told him the road he was travelling was a very dangerous one. "If you will follow me," he added, "I will conduct you to a farm at no great distance, where you may pass the night in safety." The friar was much embarrassed;

the curiosity visible in the man's countenance excited his suspicions; but considering that if he had a bad design toward him it was impossible to escape, he followed him with trembling steps. His fear was not of long duration; he soon perceived the farm which the peasant had mentioned, and as they entered, the man, who was the proprietor of it, told his wife to kill a capon, with some of the finest chickens in the poultry yard, and to welcome his guest with the best cheer. While supper was preparing the countryman re-entered, followed by eight children, whom he thus addressed:— "My children, pour forth your grateful thanks to this good friar. Had it not been for him you would not have been here, nor I either: he saved my life." The friar instantly recollected the features of the speaker, and recognised the thief whose escape he had favoured. The whole family loaded him with caresses and kindness; and, when he was alone with the man, he inquired how he came to be so well provided for. "I kept my word with you," said the thief, "and, resolving to lead a good life in future, I begged my way hither, which is my native country, and engaged in the service of the master of this farm. Gaining his favour by my fidelity and attachment to his interest, he gave me his only daughter in marriage. God has blessed my endeavours. I have amassed a little wealth, and I beg that you will dispose of me and all that belongs to me. I shall now die content, since I have been able to see and testify my gratitude towards my deliverer." The friar told him he was well repaid for the service he had rendered him by the use to which he devoted the life he had preserved. He would not accept of any thing as a recompence; but could not refuse to stay some days with

the countryman, who treated him like a prince. This good man then obliged him to make use at least of one of his horses to finish his journey, and never quitted him till he had traversed the dangerous roads that abound in those parts.

ANECDOTES of SIR EDWARD HERBERT, English Ambassador in France in the Reign of JAMES I.

SIR Edward Herbert being sent ambassador from king James I. to Louis XIII. was instructed to mediate a peace for the protestants in France. De Luines, the French prime minister, haughtily asked him what the king of England had to do in that affair. The ambassador replied 'It is not to you the king my master owes an account of his actions, and for me it is enough that I obey him. At the same time I must maintain that my master hath more reason to do what he doth than you to ask why he doth it. Nevertheless, if you civilly desire me, I shall acquaint you further.'

Upon this De Luines, bowing a little, said 'Very well.' Sir Edward answered, that 'it was not on this occasion only that the king of Great Britain had desired the peace and prosperity of France, but upon all other occasions, whenever any war was raised in that country; and this was his first reason. The second was, that, because a peace being settled in his own dominions, the king of France might be better disposed and able to assist the palatinate in the present broils of Germany.' The French minister said, 'We will have none of your advices.' The Briton, replied, that 'he took that for an answer, and was sorry only that the amicable interposition

of his master was not duly understood; but since it was so abruptly rejected, he could do no less than say that the king knew well enough what to do.' De Luines answered— 'We are not afraid of you.' Sir Edward, smiling a little, replied, 'If you had said you had not loved us I should have believed you, and should have given you another answer; in the mean time, all that I will tell you more is, that we know very well what we have to do.' De Luines, upon this, starting from his seat, said, 'By G—, if you were not monsieur l'ambassadeur I know very well how I would use you.' Sir Edward, also rising from his chair, said, 'that as he was the king of Great Britain's ambassador, so he was also a gentleman, and that his sword (on which he clapped his hand) should give him instant satisfaction, if he was pleased to take any offence.' To this the Frenchman made no reply; and sir Edward walked towards the door, to which De Luines seeming to accompany him, sir Edward said that, 'after such language there was no occasion to use such ceremony; and so departed, expecting to hear further from him.

He had afterwards a gracious audience of the French king; after which a court lord telling him, that, after having offended the constable De Luines, he was not in a place of safety, he gallantly answered, that 'he always considered himself in a place of safety wherever his sword went with him.'

The vindictive De Luines procured his brother with a train of officers (of whom there was not one, as he told king James, that had not killed his man) to go as ambassador extraordinary to England, who so misrepresented the affair, that sir Edward was recalled; but on his return cleared up the affair to his honour. He however

fell on his knees to the king, beseeching him that a herald might be sent to the French ambassador from him, bearing an accusation of falsity, and a challenge for satisfaction; but James, being of a quiet pacific disposition, only made answer, 'that he would think of it.' De Luines died soon after, and sir Edward Herbert was again sent ambassador to France.

MARRIAGE SETTLEMENTS.

JOHN marquis of Tweedale, who was the last secretary of state for Scotland, before that place was annexed to the secretaryship for the home department, espoused lady Frances Carteret, daughter of lord Carteret, afterwards earl of Granville, several years lord lieutenant of Ireland, and once president of the English privy council.

This marriage was preceded by the following singular circumstance. It happened that these two noblemen met together at Florence, when on their respective tours through Europe. Lord Carteret was then a married man. One day being in familiar conversation with each other, lord Carteret took occasion to expatiate on the comforts of matrimony, which he forcibly contrasted with the joyless state of a bachelor. The marquis assented to the truth of his observations, but owned that he had never as yet seriously thought of taking to himself a wife. Lord Carteret then told him, that though he had then no child, he bespoke him for a son-in-law. Whether he meant this declaration as jocular or otherwise, certain it is that the first child his lady brought him after his return to England was the very daughter whom the marquis married about twenty years afterward.

As the whole of lord Tweedale's real estate lay in Scotland, the marriage

articles between him and his lady were drawn up by his solicitor in Edinburgh, under the inspection of his lawyers there. The rough draft of the deed was transmitted to London, for the perusal of lord Granville. Among other usual clauses, there was a stipulation for pin-money to the lady during marriage, and a blank left for the specific sum to be filled up at his lordship's dis-

cretion. When he had cast his eyes on that clause he instantly drew his pen across it, and wrote upon the opposite margin these words: 'Not a shilling! I have seen enough of the consequences of wives being independent of their husbands ever to consent to my daughter's having a right to demand pin-money. Let her depend upon her lord, as every wife ought to do.'

POETICAL ESSAYS.

ODE for the NEW YEAR, 1867.

By H. J. PYE, Esq. P. L.

I.

WHEN loud and drear the tempests roar,
When high the billowy mountains rise,
And headlong 'gainst the rocky shore,
Driven by the blast, the giddy vessel flies;
Unguided, by the wild waves borne,
Her rudder broke, her tackling torn;
Say, does the seaman's daring mind
Shrink from the angry frown of fate?
Does he, to abject fear resign'd,
Th' impending stroke in silence wait?
No—while he pours the fervent pray'r
To Him whose will can punish or can spare,
Cool and intrepid 'mid the sound
Of winds and waves that rage around,
The pow'rs that skill and strength impart,
The nervous arm, th' undaunted heart,
Collecting,—firm he fronts the threat'ning
storm,
And braves, with fearless breast, fell Death's
terrific form.

II.

So, though around our sea-encircled reign
The dreadful tempests seem to lour,
Dismay'd do Britain's hardy train
Await in doubt the threat'ning hour?—
Lo! to his sons, with cheering voice,
Albion's bold Genius calls aloud;
Around him valiant myriads crowd,
Or death or victory their choice:
From ev'ry port astonish'd Europe sees
Britannia's white sails swelling with the
breeze;
Not her imperial barks alone
Awe the proud foe on ev'ry side,
Commerce her vessels launches on the tide,
And her indignant sons awhile
Seceding from their wonted toil,
Turn from the arts of peace their care,
Hurl from each deck the bolts of war,

To sweep th' injurious boasters from the
main,
Who dare to circumscribe Britannia's naval
reign.

III.

And see with emulative zeal
Our hosts congenial ardour feel;
The ardent spirit that of yore
Flam'd high on Gallia's vanquish'd
shore;
Or burn'd by Danube's distant flood,
When flow'd his current ting'd with Gal-
lic blood;
Or shone on Lincelles' later fight;
Or fir'd by Acre's tow'rs the Christain
Knight;
Or taught on Maida's fields the Gaul to
feel,
Urg'd by the Briton's arm, the British
steel.
Now in each breast with heat redoubled glows,
And gleams dismay and death on Europe's
ruthless foes.

IV.

Not to Ambition's specious charm,
Not to th' ensanguin'd Despot's hand,
Is conquest bound—a Mightier Arm
Than Earth's proud Tyrants can with-
stand,
The balance holds of human fate,
Raises the low and sinks the great.
Exerting then in Europe's cause,
Each energy of arm and mind,
All that from force or skill the warrior
draws,
Yet to th' Almighty Pow'r resign'd,
Whose high behest all nature's movements
guides,
Controls the battle's and the ocean's tides;
Britain still hopes that Heav'n her vows will
hear,
While Mercy rears her shield and Justice
points her spear.

VERSES

ADDRESSED TO

DR. THORNTON,

On the Completion of his *Temple of Flora*, or
Garden of Nature.

OH! Bards of Athens! for your classic
rage,
Or Rubens' fire, to warm the kindling page;
Then like those vivid tints my Song should
glow,
And THORNTON'S praise in noblest num-
bers flow;
Fervent as *bis* should roll the breathing line,
The radiant colouring, and the rich design.

From *orient regions* where the *tropic ray*
Lights beauty's beams, and pours the glowing
day,

To where th' *eternal snows* of winter spread,
And ice-clad mountains rear their lofty head,
Thy darling hand hath cull'd the loveliest
flow'rs

To deck delighted *Albion's* happier bow'rs;
On each proud page in varied radiance bright,
The *MUSE* exulting feasts her raptur'd sight;
For ever fresh those flow'rs; for ever fair!
The rage of *Envy* and of *Time* shall dare.

Around *thy* couch their branching tendrils
wave,
And cast their fragrant shadows o'er *thy*
grave.

Beneath the Pleiads, taught by *thee* to
bloom,
While Fancy fondly drinks their rich per-
fume,

A second *PARADISE* our senses greets,
And *Asia* wafts us all her world of sweets.

To THORNTON loudly strike th' applausive
string,

'Mid desert wastes who bids an *EVEN* spring,
On canvass bids the glowing landscape rise,
Each plant fair blooming 'mid its native skies;
Whether dark clouds the angry heav'ns de-
form

Where round the *Cape* loud howls th' inces-
sant storm;

Or *Genius* waving high her magic wand,
Bids all *Arabia's* purple blooms expand;

Or pours the *Ganges* through the wide-spread
plain,

In foaming torrents rushing to the main.

By *thee* transported from the *farthest pole*

Where the slow *Bears* their frozen circuit
roll

We tread the *region* parch'd by *Sirius'* ray,
Where the bright *Lotos* basks in floods of day;

Or pensive wander by *Columbian* streams,

Where everlasting summer pours its beams;
Along her vast but rich savannas rove,

Or trace the mazes of the boundless grove,
Where thousand birds their painted plumes

unfold,
And crests that blaze with azure and with
gold:

Where Nature's pencil lights her brightest
dies,

And all *Brazilia* flames before our eyes.

Though o'er her head the southern whirl-
wind rave,

Secure, behold! superb *Strelitzia* wave;

While amidst barren rocks and arctic snows

Fair *Kalmia* in refulgent beauty glows:—

Lo! *Cereus*, faithful to th' appointed hour,

With glory's beams illumines the midnight
hour;

Ah fleeting beams! ere *Phœbus* darts its rays,
Wither'd thy beauty, and extinct its blaze!

Not so yon *Aloe*, on whose tow'ring head

An hundred years their ro'st'ring dews have
shed;

Not so the *Glories* that these leaves illumine,

Whose splendid tints for centuries shall
bloom!

Fain would the *MUSE* each beauteous Plant
rehearse,

And sing their glories in immortal verse;

But who shall paint them with a pow'r like
thine,

'Tis in *thy* page those glories brightest shine!—

So lovely in their form, so bright their hue,

And in such dazzling groups they charm the
view!

The *MUSE* astonish'd drops her feeble lyre,
And baffled Art gives way to Nature's fire;—

That fire is *thine*—in every leaf it burns,

And imitation's noblest efforts spurns.

The mighty Work complete, through *ALBI-*
ON'S bounds

Thy name is echoed, and *thy* fame resounds;
Exulting Science weaves the deathless bays,

And rival Monarchs swell the note of Praise,
MAURICE.

ADDRESS TO A ROBIN,

On hearing it sing, October 30, 1806.

ROBIN, thy soft autumnal song

How grateful to mine ear!

Domestic bird, 'tis kind of thee

To cheer with rural minstrelsy

The dull declining year.

Mute is the lark, that soar'd aloft

To hail the blushing dawn.

Perch'd on a dew-impearled bush,

No more the shrill mellifluous thrush

With carols welcomes morn.

Why, rosy-breasted minstrel, why

Attune the merry strain?

Alas! thou know'st not winter drear

In snowy vest will soon appear,

With all his rueful train.

Yet, happy bird! the knowledge would

Impair thy artless lay;

The thought would mar thy present joy;

Mix with thy bliss a base alloy,

And cloud thy cheerful day.

Of fretful man with sad presage
 Into the future pries:
 O would he anxious fears dismiss,
 And learn 'Where ignorance is bliss,
 'Tis folly to be wise.'

JOHN WEBB.

Haverhill, Nov. 4, 1806.

ADDRESS TO A BUTTERFLY.

HAIL, loveliest of the insect tribe!

How beautiful to behold!
 Thy glitt'ring pinions charm mine eyes,
 Starr'd with bright beauty's brilliant dyes,
 And edg'd with beamy gold.

Gaily you rove as fancy wills
 In summer's frolic hour;
 Wanton in Sol's meridian ray
 Sip nectar from each bloomy spray,
 And gad from flower to flower.

Seek distant fields and gay parterres;
 Far from my garden stray,
 Lest my Horatio should espy
 Thy gilded form with wishful eye,
 And mark thee for his prey.

Gay insect, still pursue thy sport,
 Be every gambol play'd;
 For Eurus soon, with frigid mien,
 Will sweep thee from the sunbright scene
 To dark oblivion's shade.

Thus idly vain the gaudy fop
 Consumes life's golden space:
 Thoughtless he hastes from fair to fair,
 'Till Death approach, with brow austere,
 And ends his useless race.

Haverhill.

JOHN WEBB.

LINES

*Mournfully inscribed to the Memory of Miss
 E. M. C.*

WHAT happiness once did the moments
 soft pleasures
 Each day as they pass'd to my bosom im-
 part;
 I smil'd as I gaz'd on the world and its trea-
 sures,
 For it held all I valued—the *girl* of my
 heart.

She lov'd:—I ador'd her—and gaily I cherish'd
 A dream of felicity form'd to beguile;
 But soon this fond bosom's felicity perish'd,
 That doated alone on her love and her
 smile.

For whilst we the *visions* of *Love* were en-
 joying,
 And her hand as a pledge of affection she
 gave;
Affliction, unkindly those visions destroying,
 Assail'd her, and nothing could rescue or
 save.

I mark'd the faint roses her features forsaking,
 And convulsively caught at her bosom's
 last sigh;
 I mournfully view'd, with a sorrow heart-
 breakine,
 The last spark of lustre that beam'd in her
 eye.

O'er her pale trembling lips while with wild
 horror stooping,
 To catch, thought distracting! my Ellen's
 last breath,
 She snail'd—then alas! like a fair lily droop-
 ing,

Serenely she sunk on the bosom of death.

Burst, burst beating heart,—for tranquillity
 never
 Shall cheer thy sad cell, or its throbbings
 reprove;

O why was affliction permitted to sever
 Such souls, and to rob me of Ellen and
 love!

When the dark gloomy shadows of eve are
 descending,

Each night to her cold silent urn I'll repair;
 While the winds that howl round me, my sad-
 ness befriending,

May kindly re-echo these notes of despair—

There—there on her grass-cover'd grave will
 I languish,

'Till in death a repose to my sorrows be
 given;

Then the heart that now flutters, forgetting
 its anguish,

Shall fly to the arms of my Ellen in heaven.

Nov. 11, 1806.

H. C.

LINES

*Addressed by Count O——, a Polish Emigrant,
 to his infant Son, while sleeping.*

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

SLEEP, sleep in peace, seraphic boy,
 Thou tender pledge of love sincere!
 Thy wretched parent's only joy,
 And now their only solace here!
 May happier prospects welcome thee on
 earth
 Than those, alas! have known, who gave thy
 beauties birth!

The blushing hue and crimson glows
 That mantle on thy ruby cheek,
 Thus lullaby'd to soft repose
 Thy soul's serenity bespeak.
 No passions break thy gentle rest,
 With cares thy tranquil heart distress-
 ing;
 Calm is thy little infant breast,
 And innocence, sweet boy! thy bless-
 ing;
 No sad inquietude thy bliss beguiles,
 For happy are thy days; and ev'ry moment
 smiles.

POETRY.

If ever down thy cherub face,
 When some malignant ill appears,
 The crystal drops each other chase,
 And dim thy laughing eyes with tears;
 Thy mother then with folding arms,
 As to her lips thy cheek she presses,
 Will quickly lull thy wild alarms,
 And dry thy tears in her caresses:
 Thy little heart may ev'ry ill deride
 When to her bosom clasp'd, or cradled by her
 side.

As yet thou hast not learnt to share,
 When told thy hapless parents' tale,
 With them their ills, or with a tear
 Thy country's miseries bewail:
 No sad remembrance of the past
 Has cross'd with cruelty unkind
 Thy infant memory, to blast
 The sweetness of thy dawning mind;
 No dread of future storms thy breast annoys,
 Or with envenom'd sting its happiness destroys.

Sleep, smiling innocence! secure;
 May Heav'n's sustaining arm be near,
 And aid thee calmly to endure
 The evils which await thee here!
 O may thy heart a conscious peace acquire,
 And, happy in itself, no other bliss desire.
Sept. 26, 1806. H. C.

TO MISS A. B—G—L,

Of the Strand.

WHEN first, sweet girl! you touch'd the
 trembling string,
 I heard with rapture the harmonious lay;
 But when you join'd your gentle voice to sing,
 Enchanted quite, my soul dissolv'd away.
 Who could such harmony unmoved hear!
 The force divine of such melodious strains
 Would banish grief, suppress the starting tear,
 And sweetly charm away the fiercest pains.
 Ten thousand beauties play upon your cheeks,
 Your lovely eyes dart forth seraphic fire;
 While each kind glance, more sweet than
 tongue can speak,
 Fills ev'ry bosom with a soft desire.
 How in sweet slav'ry could I spend my days
 With you, my soul's ador'd! and when I
 prove
 The ills of life, your charms and warbling lays
 Should fill my soul with harmony and love.
 E.

LINES

*To the Memory of the infant Son of Mr.
 EATON, apothecary and surgeon-dentist, late
 of Highgate.*

WHAT trouble does this chequer'd life
 prepare!
 A child is gone, each parent's tender care.

Pleas'd have I oft our little babe caress'd,
 And view'd him smiling at his mother's
 breast;

But now too well is known the absent joy—
 By death depriv'd, we've lost our lovely boy.
 Sweet infant!—cause of many a painful tear
 Though yet thy age extended not a year,
 Can we forget thy fond endearing look,
 Or what in play thy tender fingers took?
 O no! each thing reminds us now with pain;
 Our darling's gone, and all our hopes are vain.
 No more each parent sees thy sportive ways;
 No more, alas! thy little toys can please;
 All, all on earth does our poor infant leave—
 Consign'd is *Peter* to the silent grave!
 But yet, dear boy, *with innocence* shall rise
 Thy infant spirit to its native skies.

Oct. 3, 1806.

EDWY.

DESCRIPTION OF A GOOD WIFE.

From Proverbs, ch. 31, v. 10.

MORE precious far than rubies, who can
 find
 A wife embellish'd with a virtuous mind?
 In her securely, as his better part,
 Her happy husband cheerful rests his heart.
 With such a lovely partner of his toil
 His goods increase without the need of spoil.
 Bless'd in the friendship of his faithful wife,
 He steers through all vicissitudes of life.
 Well pleas'd she labours, nor disdains to cull
 The textile flax, or weave the twisted wool.
 Rich as the merchant's ships that crowd the
 strands,
 She reaps the harvest of remotest lands.
 Early she rises, ere bright Phœbus shines,
 And to her damsels sep'rate tasks assigns.
 Refresh'd with food, her hinds renew their
 toil,
 And cheerful haste to cultivate the soil.
 If to her farm some field contiguous lies,
 With care she views it, and with prudence
 buys:
 And with the gains which Heaven to wisdom
 grants,
 A vineyard of delicious grapes she plants.
 Inur'd to toils, she strength and sweetness
 joins—
 Strength is the graceful girdle of her loins.
 With joy her goodly merchandise she views,
 And oft till morn her pleasing work pursues.
 The spindle twirls obedient to her tread;
 Round rolls the wheel, and spins the ductile
 thread.
 Benignant, from her ever-open door,
 She feeds the hungry and relieves the poor.
 Nor frost nor snow her family molest,
 For all her household are in scarlet dress'd:
 Resplendent robes are by her husband worn,
 Her limbs fine purple and rich silks adorn.
 For wisdom fam'd, for probity renown'd,
 She sits in council with bright honour crown'd.
 To weave rich girdles is her softer care,
 Which merchants buy, and mighty monarchs
 wear.

With strength and honour she herself arrays,
 And joy will bless her in the latter days.
 Wise are her words, her sense divinely strong;
 For kindness is the tenor of her tongue.
 Fair rule and order in her mansion dwell:
 She eats with temperance what she earns to
 well.
 Rich in good works, her children call her
 bless'd;
 And thus her husband speaks his inmost
 breast:
 'To Eve's fair daughters various virtues fall,
 'But thou, lov'd charmer, hast excell'd them
 all.'
 Smiles oft are fraudulent, beauty soon decays,
 But the good woman shall inherit praise.
 To her, O grateful, sweet requital give—
 Her name, her honour shall forever live.

F. F.

TO ANNA.

LET not one pang thy breast annoy;
 Since we, alas! are doom'd to part;
 Let nothing damp thy former joy,
 Or with such terrors fright thy heart.

Absence can only for a while
 Compel the anxious breast to sigh;
 Its tears will soon become a smile,
 And every scene of sorrow fly.

What though o'er bursting waves I roll,
 And tempt the horrors of the main;
 The Power that can those waves control
 Will give me to thy arms again.

Then banish, Anna, all thy fears,
 Nor thus this parting scene deplore;
 Soon, soon again I'll dry thy tears,
 And never, never leave thee more.

Nov. 3, 1806.

JUNIUS.

THE

MUSE'S MITE OF GRATITUDE.

MY Coote's with nice discernment blest,
 With eloquence and ease;
 And if by him my song's cared,
 It must its thousands please.

A tiny modicum of praise,
 Sincerely shed by you,
 Is balmy life to dying lays—
 An all-reviving dew.

Then pry'thee render not the line
 That's fawning, to decoy;
 For all Olympian deem'd are thine,
 And thou the Muses' boy.

Spalding, Sept. 13. 1806.

STELLA.

SONG.

Sung by BRAHAM (accompanying himself on
 the piano-forte) in the new opera of FALSE
 ALARMS, or MY COUSIN.

SAID a Smile to a Tear,
 On the cheek of my dear,
 And beam'd like the sun in spring weather;
 In sooth, lovely Tear,
 It strange must appear,
 That we should be both here together.

I came from the heart,
 A soft balm to impart
 To yonder sad daughter of grief.
 And I, said the Smile,
 That heart now beguile.
 Since you gave the poor mourner relief.

Oh! then, said the Tear,
 Sweet smile, it is clear
 We are twins, and soft Pity our mother;
 And how lovely that face
 Which together we grace,
 For the woe and the bliss of another!

THE PEASANT'S DEATH;

Or, a Visit to the House of Mourning.

THIS poor man, lifting up his death-dimm'd
 eyes,

Of those he lov'd to take a farewell view,
 And giving them, by faith, to God on high,
 Finds in his soul more satisfaction true
 Than if he saw with every wind that blew,
 Waited for them, the wealth of Asia's shores;
 Than if he left them crowns, or rich Peru
 Were opening vast her subterranean doors,
 For them th' astonish'd world to heap with
 all her stores.

Yet still, no stoic he, with cold neglect
 To treat his own, despising nature's tie;
 Nor raving, rapt, enthusiast t' expect
 A miracle from Heaven for their supply—
 No, no; a dew that moistens either eye,
 The heavy sigh he labours to suppress,
 While stretching forth his feeble hand to
 dry

The stream of grief that flows on every face,
 Compassion, love sincere, and deep regret,
 confess.

'My lovely stock!' he cries, 'for whom e'en
 toil

Was sweet at morn, at noon, or twilight
 grey,

If still I found you, with complacent smile
 Around me gather'd at the close of day:
 Oft, while the silent hours have wing'd
 their way,

Each shedding soft on you its soothing power,
 Watchful have I remain'd behind to pray,
 That Heaven might long defer this trying
 hour,

And kind, upon your heads its choicest bles-
 sing pour.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Milan, Dec. 1.

HAVING been apprised of the important resolution of his majesty the emperor Napoleon to declare the British islands in a state of blockade, we have already taken our measures relative to bills of exchange, &c. Of course the sending of unwrought silk from Lombardy to England is stopped for the present. We are, however, much afraid that bills of exchange for this article will not be accepted.

St. Petersburg, Dec. 2. On the 28th of November field marshal count Kamensky set out for the army from this city.

There is a stagnation in trade, on two accounts, the interruption of the navigation, and the present state of political affairs. An Ukase of the 11th of November has been signed by his imperial majesty, which orders a levy of four recruits out of every five hundred souls all through the empire. Several conditions are annexed to this order, to render the service as easy as possible.

Berlin, Dec. 6. The head quarters of his majesty, the emperor and king are at present at Posen, and the Prussians, who appeared in small numbers at Warsaw, must have repassed the Vistula. The news which have been circulated that the French had experienced defeats are false and unfounded.

From the Danube, Dec. 8. It is said that a person of high rank, who enjoys the full confidence of his majesty the emperor of Austria, will shortly set out for the French head-quarters.

The report is current, that in case of the restoration of the kingdom of Poland, Galicia will be added to it. People insist that Austria will, in that case,

receive in return a country much more important, and which she has seen for upwards of sixty years in the hands of another power, and that with particular regret. The cession of Salzburg and the Innviertel to Bavaria is no longer insisted upon. In the mean while it is clear, that the negotiations carrying on at Vienna are of the highest importance. Couriers are continually arriving; and MM. Andreossy and Durand have very frequent conferences with count Stadion.

Frontiers of Saxony, Dec. 9. In the fortress of Glogau, which surrendered after a bombardment of a few hours to the Wurtemburgh troops, under general Vandamme, the French found 200 pieces of cannon; the garrison, consisting of 4000 men, are prisoners of war, and will be sent to France.

The emperor Napoleon has reviewed the corps of marshal Soult before Posen. The other corps of the French army are expected before that town, on their way to Warsaw, where the grand duke of Berg already is, with his van-guard, having entered it on the retreat of the Russians. The emperor intends to go to Warsaw as soon as the troops have taken the positions assigned to them. The army supports itself on the Vistula, and the confederate Polonese are encamped at Czeskok, so as to make part of the right wing of the army. Marshal Soult, with his corps, forms the left wing at Bionick and Naidarzin. The Russians at the date of the last accounts, were on the other side of the Vistula, and had their head quarters at Kamaniac; so that the French army was obliged to pass the river, in order to attack it. We wait with impatience for fresh intelligence. It is computed that, be-

sides the 80,000 French troops that have gone to Poland, 50,000 more are on their march thither.

Berlin, Dec. 11. The last news from Poland states, that the French have occupied Praga and Thorn, and that the Russians are retiring by forced marches, in order to avoid an engagement.

Warsaw, Dec. 21. It is known for certain that marshal Augereau has passed the river Uratta. Marshal Soult passed the Vistula near Wysogrod.

General La Plesse has entered Plonsk, and driven away all the enemy's partisans.

Marshal Bessiere's cavalry arrived at Kikol on the 18th. The advanced guard of this corps is at Sierpe. A good number of Prussian hussars are taken, and the right side of the Vistula is entirely cleared of the enemy.

Marshal Ney entered Rypin on the 18th; he supports marshal Bessieres, and is himself supported by the corps under the prince of Ponto Corvo.

Marshal Kamenskoj, who is 75 years of age, commands the Russians. It is probably owing to the experience of this general that the Russian army has not yet committed itself by any rash undertaking.

General Michelson, it is said, entered Jassy on the 29th inst. Bender, it is said, was taken by storm, and every soul put to the sword.

Denmark, Dec. 21. The negotiations opened between our court and the emperor Napoleon have assumed a serious complexion; considerable preparations are making in the duchies of Sleswick and Holstein, as well as in the kingdom of Denmark. All the Danish regiments have received orders to hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice, and cannon has been mounted on the sea batteries at Copenhagen and the fortress of Cronenburgh; at the former place the number of guards has been doubled, and six or seven sail of the line will, it is said, be fitted out for sea; in the mean while, our court employs every exertion to maintain its neutrality, although it is known that the French are fitting out every merchantman they find in the Prussian

ports to hinder the free trade of the Baltic, to secure which, and maintain the pass of the Sound, are the objects of the above-mentioned armaments.

Accounts from Berlin of 16th Dec. say: the hospitals of this place are full of sick and wounded French, who arrive here nightly by waggons full, as also at Magdeburg; the doors of the hospitals are closely shut, and no one allowed to enter or come out. Contagious fevers and the white flux prevail to that degree among the French in Germany and Poland, that thousands of them have already fallen victims, and thousands more will probably share the same fate. Their troops in Mecklenburgh, Saxony, and other parts, are also affected with similar diseases; from Hamburg, Franconia, &c. a number of physicians were in requisition, in order to be sent to Poland, to attempt to stop the progress of those diseases which continue to make the most dreadful ravages. From Russia, we learn that field marshal count Kamenskoj had been invested with the chief command of the Russian army; for which purpose he has received the most extensive powers: the Russian armies on the frontiers of Poland amount to near 350,000 men, which number will be considerably enlarged by the month of January.

Stettin, Dec. 22. According to the latest intelligence from Koningsberg, the king continued to retire towards the north; it is certain that his equipages have set out for Memel.

Brandenburgh, Dec. 23. A traveller of distinction, who has just arrived from the head quarters of the emperor Napoleon, brings the news that a decisive battle was to take place to-day or to-morrow between the Russians and French: every thing was ready for this purpose; the Russians have occupied a very strong position. The emperor set out with the utmost expedition for Thorn, where almost all the French army was collected since the 14th. It is not however thought that the battle can be so near at hand.

Sleswick, Dec. 30. We learn that Napoleon arrived at Warsaw on the 19th inst. where prince Murat was confined to his bed with a cold and fever.

The French have rebuilt the bridge over the Vistula, and established *tetes du ponts* on the Bog, the Narew, and at Thorn, which latter place surrendered on the 7th inst. Skirmishes daily take place between the Russian and French outposts on the Narew, in which the success is alternate: the Cossacks are said to have a decided superiority over the French horse.

Five hospitals have been established at Warsaw, where Kosciusko, who left Paris on the 13th, was expected by the beginning of January, to put himself at the head of the Polish confederation.

General Benningsen, with 73,000 men, retreating before the French to the Narew, destroys all the provisions, and takes with him all those Poles who are able to serve in the army; so that the whole country between Praga and Pultusk, on the Narew, is made a desolate waste; in the hospitals at Warsaw, great numbers of soldiers and officers are dying daily of the flux and other diseases, one of which is accompanied with a general leprosy and fetid effluvia from all parts of the body, and incurable.

Tonningen, Dec. 30. All private letters from the neighbourhood of the French armies agree in representing the scarcity and sickness which prevail amongst them to be extreme. The empress Josephine and the queen of Holland have fled from the contagion.

General Benningsen, with 80,000 men, is near Warsaw, harassing the French, whose misery and distress give them no stomach for fighting. In truth, we are assured from all quarters that the affairs of Napoleon are desperate.

Denmark, Dec. 30. Since yesterday and to day various reports have been in circulation of an action having been fought between the Russian and French armies in Poland, in which some state the loss of the French at nearly thirty thousand men, while others estimate that of the Russians at nearly fifty thousand; but the latest accounts from Berlin, which came down to the 28th inst. do not confirm any intelligence of this kind; on the contrary, the French army in Poland is represented as having suffered so much from epidemic and contagious disorders, aggravated by the

constant fall of rain, as not to be capable of undertaking any offensive operations with safety.

Altona, Jan. 2. We are without any certain intelligence from Poland, and all the news which reaches us is founded on reports; the latest accounts from Warsaw assert that nearly one-fifth of the French army is infected by contagious disorders; they had crossed the small rivers between the Vistula and the Bug, and taken a new position. The Russian army increases daily and is already immense, some statements carry it as high as 500,000 men in Poland and on the way to join them.

Field-marshal Kamensky is said to have given orders if any attack is made on Russian Poland not to give any quarter. The greater part of the French troops in Silesia have been recalled, in order to strengthen their army in Poland.

The accounts which have reached us from the Turkish Provinces in Europe, state that the Russians have occupied not only Choczim and Jassy, but also Bender, Bucharest and Widden, and are approaching the frontiers of Dalmatia.

The last letters from Vienna announce the arrival of an adjutant of Napoleon, who has, it is said, demanded of the emperor of Austria an explanation of his views, and insisted on his declaring either for France or for Russia and her ally, as in no case will he allow Austria to remain neutral. General St. Vincent has been dispatched to the French head-quarters with the determination of the emperor.

In Hamburg, the members of the British factory are now without a guard; the British property registered in the protocol of the French minister is confiscated, and will be sent off to Mentz to-morrow.

On the 28th inst. a violent hurricane came on at Cronenburg, near Elsinour, accompanied by a very high flood, which entirely destroyed the batteries, bastions, and ramparts of that fortress. The damage is estimated at three millions of marks currency, and it will require three years before the works can be replaced.

HOME NEWS.

Dublin, Dec. 24.

AN Athlone correspondent informs, that a notice was posted on Sunday last upon Dysart church, ordering that the tithes should not be raised, and that any person doing so should be thrashed.

Some time ago a party of thrashers called at the house of a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Edgeworthstown, who, on being summoned, went out to them: they were very numerous, partly mounted, and accompanied by a piper. The gentleman was requested to ask for a tune, which he wished to decline, but they insisted he should: he told them the tune he would ask for he was afraid would not please them, and called for 'God Save the King,' which was very cheerfully given. They then said he should have their tune, and they immediately struck up 'Sa Vourneen Deelish.' When it was finished they tendered him the oath, which he having declined taking, he was then solicited to promise that he would not pay tithes; this he also declined, and they suffered him to expostulate with them for some time; and on parting he was told they would give him a week to consider of it.—He was then desired to ask for another tune, when he repeated his demand for 'God Save the King,' which was played as before: they then wished him a good night.

Portsmouth, Dec. 29. Arrived the Revenge, of 74 guns, sir John Gore, from commodore Keat's squadron, off Rochefort. The squadron was greatly injured in the late dreadful gales; the Dragon was nearly lost; a providential current of wind caught her courses when she was within five minutes sail of the rocks; and the Frodoyant had all her head knees loosened; the Kent also suffered the severity of the gale.

The Revenge left the rest of the squadron on Tuesday last. Admiral Murray put back to St. Helen's this afternoon; several of the ships are disabled.

Deal, Dec. 30. The Spitfire sloop of war has sent into the Downs a retaken brig, and a French lugger privateer.

An abstract from the Hutton's (of Lynn) logbook, William Garland, master, from Lynn, bound to Portsmouth, lying in the Downs:

'Dec. 27. At five *a. m.* saw a brig of war in the east of us; fore-sail up, and main-topsail to the mast, having a large sloop brought to under his stern. We were at this time going about five knots through the water, wind about W. by N. the North Foreland light W. S. W. of us. At half past six *a. m.* saw two sail in the S. E. which I did not like, of course kept the ship to the N. W. At this time the North Foreland-light bore of me W. N. W. about four or five leagues, wind about S. W. by W. As soon as the sails were trimmed, I made out very plain the one to be a lugger boarding a brig; I immediately began firing guns, and making the signal common for an enemy being near. When it was good day-light we might be about two miles from him; he was then very busy in capturing and sending off the sternmost and leewardmost ships, and continued this as long as I could see him, which was till nine o'clock, *a. m.* he was then boarding a brig, and going off, the rest steering for a port in France. It is my firm opinion that he took as many as he could man; for after I had been under the North Foreland some time, two brigs came up within hail, they informed me that they were close by him when he went off with the last vessel; myself and others kept our signals for an enemy, top-

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR FEBRUARY, 1807.

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- 2 BOTANY for LADIES.
- 3 Fashionable EVENING and FULL DRESS.
- 4 A new PATTERN for the HEADPIECE of a CAP.

LONDON :

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

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The *Family Anecdotes* will be concluded in our next: we hope the ingenious writer, to whom we return our grateful acknowledgments, will soon resume her pen, and favour us with other communications.

Elegiac Stanzas, and other contributions of W. M. T., in our next.

Mr. I—— will observe that we do not insert deaths or marriages unless they are properly authenticated.

The *Flake of Snow* is only a verse of a well-known very old song, with the alteration of a word or two.

The *Parody on Thomson's Celadon and Amelia* is inadmissible in our Miscellany: the author's sense of decorum and decency, if he has any, must surely have told him this.

Daphnis on Kisses is under consideration.

The *Lines to Miss R. H. the author of The Man to my Mind*, had been overlooked; they shall certainly appear in our next, as shall also the *Lines addressed to a Young Lady on a dear Friend's going to Sea*.

We will endeavour to comply with Dorothée's request respecting the pattern.

. We have this month presented our Readers with *four additional pages*, containing a full and authentic account of the late calamitous accident in the Old Bailey.



Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



Heath sculp.

*Her Royal Highness the
Princess of Wales.*

London Publish'd as the Act directs, March 1787 by G. Robinson, Internoster Row

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE.

FOR FEBRUARY, 1807.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH of her Royal Highness the PRINCESS of WALES.

(With a Portrait of her Royal Highness, elegantly engraved.)

CAROLINE AMELIA ELIZABETH, the amiable consort of his royal highness GEORGE PRINCE OF WALES, is the second daughter of the late duke of Brunswick, who died on the tenth of November last, in consequence of the dreadful wound he had unfortunately received at the battle of Jena, on the fourteenth of October preceding. Her royal highness was born on the seventeenth of May, 1768, and married to the prince of Wales on the eighth of April, 1795, by whom she has issue the princess Charlotte Carolina Augusta, born January the seventh, 1796.

Her highness before her marriage was closely allied to the royal family of England, being the cousin of her illustrious consort. Frederick Lewis, the late prince of Wales, and father of his present majesty, who was born January the twentieth, 1707, and died March the twentieth, 1751, during the life-time of his father king George II., married, on the twenty-seventh of April, 1736, Augusta, the daughter of Frederick II. duke of Saxe Gotha. His eldest daughter Augusta, who was born July the thirty-first, 1737, was married on the seventeenth of January, 1764, to the late duke of Brunswick Wolfenbüttele, by whom she had issue three

sons and three daughters. The princess of Wales is the second of these daughters. Her eldest sister, Charlotte Georgiana Augusta, who was born the third of December, 1764, was married on the eleventh of October, 1780, to Frederick William, son of the duke of Wurtemberg Stutgard, and died in 1791. His highness afterwards married, on the eighteenth of May, 1797, Charlotte Augusta Matilda, princess royal of England.

It is not for us minutely to appreciate the character of the princess of Wales, or to pretend to give an account of the origin of those differences which appear to have so long subsisted between her royal highness and her illustrious consort, of the real causes of which we can, in fact, know so little. Still less do we mean to enter into any discussion relative to a certain *investigation*, as it has been called, of a truly *delicate* nature, concerning which rumour has so long been employed in circulating what are, there can be little doubt, the grossest falsehoods and most pitiable absurdities. It is sufficient to say, that her royal highness, in the retirement in which she lives at Plackheath, has, by her affability, condescension, and the whole of her conduct, uniformly acquired the most

ardent attachment and affection, and the most profound respect, from all who have had the honour to have the slightest intercourse with her.

A German traveller, Joachim Henry Campe, who was in England in 1803, has inserted in his account of his travels some anecdotes of the princess of Wales, which we shall here extract, as they appear to be an honest and unbiassed testimony in favour of her extensive beneficence, and the good and amiable qualities of her mind and heart.

‘When I was at the residence of the princess of Wales at Blackheath,’ says this traveller, ‘she had the condescension to conduct me to a garden at some distance which she had laid out principally herself, and which she superintends entirely herself, not suffering any person to do any thing in it but under her immediate direction. I admired the beautiful order and the careful cultivation of even the most insignificant spot; the judicious combination of the useful with the agreeable, which appeared so delightful wherever I cast my eyes. I was charmed with the neat borders of flowers between which we passed, and which I was much pleased to find so small; because, as the princess remarked, too much room ought not to be taken from the useful vegetables, merely for the purpose of pleasing the eye. I was transported with the elegance, taste, and convenience displayed in the pavilion, in which the dignified owner, who furnished the plan and the directions for every part of it, has solved the problem how a building of only two stories could be constructed and arranged in such a manner, that a small family, capable of limiting its desires, might find in it a habitation equally handsome, elegant, and commodious. The manner in which this has been effected deserves, in my opinion, the notice

and admiration of professed architects.

‘After my royal guide had shewn me her favourite spot—a small and extremely simple seat, overshadowed by two or three honey-suckles, the branches of which are cut in such a manner that one of the finest prospects which this place commands opens to the view as through a window—she invited me to survey the most important part of her grounds. I manifested some surprise, conceiving that I had seen every thing. The amiable princess smiled, and conducted me to a considerable tract covered with vegetables, composing the farther and largest part of this garden.’ ‘This,’ said she, ‘is my principal concern. Here I endeavour to acquire the honourable name of a farmer, and that, you see, not merely in jest. The vegetables which I raise here, in considerable quantity, are carried to town and sold, and the produce amounts annually to a handsome sum.’

‘You will probably guess to what purpose this handsome sum is applied. Or shall I let you a little more into the secret of the active and benevolent life which the future queen of the first and most powerful nation in the world leads here in a simple country-house, which is, in fact, not so large as that of a petty German baron. Well, then, be it so; I will even run the risk of incurring her displeasure, in case she should ever be informed of my treachery. My heart is too full to resist the eager desire to disburthen itself.

‘Know, then, that this accomplished young princess leads in this modest mansion a life so useful, so active, so virtuous, that I might challenge the most celebrated philosopher, in a like situation, to surpass her. She has no court, no officers of state, no chamberlains,

no maids of honour, &c. because she has no occasion for them here; but she is occasionally visited by two female friends, who are not so merely in name—the very intelligent and worthy Mrs. Fitzgerald, and her amiable daughter. Her whole long forenoon, that is from six in the morning till seven in the evening, is devoted to business, to reading and writing, to the cultivation of different arts, as music, painting, embroidery, modelling in clay, gardening, and to—education.

‘My last word, perhaps, is to you a kind of enigma, because it is so unusual to see persons of princely rank occupy themselves with an employment which cannot have any charms for persons who have a taste only for the pleasures and amusements of a court. But you will be still more surprised when I add, that it is not the young and promising princess her *daughter* whom she educates, but eight or nine poor orphan children, to whom she has the condescension to supply the place of a mother. Her own is the child of the state, and, according to the constitution of the country, must not, alas! be educated by herself. These poor children are boarded by her with honest people in the neighbourhood; she herself not only directs every thing relative to their education and instruction, but sends every day to converse with them, and thus contribute towards the formation of their infant minds. Never while I live shall I forget the charming, the affecting scene, which I had the happiness of witnessing when the princess was pleased to introduce to me her little foster-children. We were sitting at table; the princess and her friends were at breakfast; but I, in the German fashion, was taking my dinner. The children appeared clothed in the cleanest, but at the same time in the simplest,

manner, just as the children of country people are in general dressed. They seemed perfectly ignorant of the high rank of their foster-mother, or rather not to comprehend it. The sight of a stranger somewhat abashed them; but their bashfulness soon wore off, and they appeared to be perfectly at home. Their dignified benefactress conversed with them in a lively, jocose, and truly maternal manner. She called to her first one, and then another, and among the rest a little boy, five or six years old, who had a sore upon his face. Many a parent of too delicate nerves would not have been able to look at her own child in this state without an unpleasant sensation: not so the royal mother of these orphans. She called the boy to her, gave him a biscuit, looked at his face, to see whether it got any better, and manifested no repugnance when the grateful infant pressed her hand to his bosom.

‘What this wise royal instructress said to me on this occasion is too deeply impressed upon my memory to be erased. “People find fault with me,” said she; “for not doing more for these children after I have once taken them under my care; I ought, in their opinion, to provide them with more elegant and costly clothes, to keep masters of every kind for them, that they may make a figure as persons of refined education. However, I only laugh at their censure, for I know what I am doing. It is not my intention to raise these children into a rank superior to that in which they are placed; in that rank I mean them to remain, and to become useful, virtuous, and happy members of society. The boys are destined to become expert seamen, and the girls skilful, sensible, industrious housewives—nothing more. I have them instructed in all that is really serviceable for either of these desti-

nations; but every thing else is totally excluded from the plan of education which I have laid down for them. Those who are acquainted with the splendour of the higher classes, and have reflected upon it, will beware of snatching children from the more happy condition of inferior rank, for the purpose of raising them into the former, in despite of Providence and natural destination."

"Such is the wise and benevolent manner in which this admirable princess, in the flower of her age, passes one day after another. Towards evening, a very small company, of not more than three or four persons, assembles at her house to dine with her; and, fortunately, ceremony does not oblige her to pay regard in her selection to any other recommendation than merit. It is only on court-days, when the royal family assemble, that she goes to town, or to Windsor, to complete the dignified circle of which she is such a distinguished ornament. To the theatres, and other places of amusement of the fashionable world, her royal highness is a stranger. Since she came to England she has only been twice to the play, and that was soon after her arrival. This, which of itself is an extraordinary circumstance, will be considered a great sacrifice by those who know the uncommon love and respect which is cherished by people of all ranks for their future queen, and consequently, need not be told, that she renounces a triumph as often as she withdraws from public view.

"She devotes one day in the week to her own daughter, the princess Charlotte, who comes to see her, and spends the day with her. There is nothing to prevent her from enjoying this gratification oftener, for the child must be brought to her whenever she pleases. For wise reasons,

however, she denies herself and her daughter the more frequent repetition of a pleasure of which both of them are every day ardently desirous. "If," said she, "I were to have the child with me every day, I should be obliged sometimes to speak to her in a tone of displeasure, and even of severity. She would then have less affection for me, and what I said to her would make less impression upon her heart. As it is, we remain in some measure new to each other; at each of her visits I have occasion to shew her love and tenderness, and the consequence is, that the child is attached to me with all her soul, and not a word I say to her fails of producing the desired effect."

"I was myself an eye-witness of the truth of this. Such tender attachment and such fervent love as this child, only seven years old, manifests to her royal mother, is assuredly seldom seen in persons of that rank. Her eyes are incessantly fixed on the beautiful countenance of her tender mother; and what eyes! Never, in a child of her age, have I beheld eyes so expressive, so soft, so penetrating. The first time she cast them on me, she seemed as though she would penetrate my soul. The most experienced observer of mankind cannot scrutinise more severely a person of whom he wishes to form a speedy judgment. For the rest, neither her dress nor her behaviour afford the least room to suspect her high destination. The former is so simple, and the latter so natural and unaffected, that were you to see her in any other place, without knowing her, you would scarcely take her for the heiress of a throne. In every dress, and in every place, however, the attentive observer would easily discover her to be an extraordinary child. The royal artist, her mother, has made a model of her, and of several other persons who are dear to her, in clay,

and afterwards taken from them plaster casts, which are most perfect resemblances. In acquiring that art, this accomplished princess pursued a manner of her own. Instead of working, as usual, a long time from models, she merely procured instruction in the use of the tools; her fancy then formed the representation of an imaginary person, and she began to compose the figure without any copy. The subject of her first essay was the *Leonora* of Burger's celebrated ballad; her second was the head of an old lord, whose name I have forgotten; and the third was her daughter, the princess Charlotte.

'This reminds me of another piece of work by the hand of this royal artist, which I had likewise an opportunity of inspecting, and which appeared to me equally beautiful and ingenious. In passing through her workroom (where, besides a choice collection of books, and all kinds of implements of the arts, you see a large table covered with papers, writings, drawings, and books) she took the trouble to direct my attention to a very handsome table, and asked me what I conceived it to be. Without a moment's hesitation, I declared it was inlaid, or, as it is called, Mosaic work, and that it was an excellent specimen of the art. She smiled, and said that could not be, as she, who knew nothing of Mosaic work, had made it herself, and in a few hours. "It is nothing more," added her royal highness, "than a square of ground glass on which I have fastened with gum different kinds of natural flowers, which were first carefully dried and pressed, and then turned the glass with the smooth side uppermost, to produce the illusion by which you are deceived. The whole art, or rather the trifling trouble, which

this easy operation requires, consists merely in the choice of the situation which must be given to each flower, so that one may be properly connected with the others, and that as small a vacancy as possible may remain between them." As the glass would not, however, be completely covered, I suppose (for unluckily I forgot to inquire) that the intervals are stained with colours so as to give them the appearance of stone.

'By means of this pleasing artifice she has made a Chinese lamp for one of her other apartments, which, like those of coloured glass, or thin alabaster, diffuses a very mild light

'A second table in her workroom, which appears to be composed of every known species of marble, is—what I never should have imagined had I not been told—nothing more than a square of ground glass, which, on the under side, is painted in such a manner, that the spectator cannot avoid taking the whole for specimens of different species of marble, joined together and inlaid. In each corner a small copper-plate of some antique figure is placed; of course, on the reverse of the square which completes the deception.

'You must, my friend, have no sense of what is beautiful, great, and amiable, if you think it necessary that I should apologise for this little digression into which I have involuntarily been led. Your heart, which is ever open to all that is virtuous and excellent, must, I know, receive equal pleasure with my own from these particulars of the wise and benevolent system of life which a princess, destined for the throne of Great Britain and Ireland, has prescribed for herself, and pursued for so many years with a fortitude and perseverance which seem to exceed the powers of her sex.'

ON the CONVERSATION of MEN of LETTERS.

A Remark of Madame de Genlis.

THE conversation of men of letters generally commences with praises and flatteries reciprocally exchanged. An attack upon their rival ensues, and then arise long arguments, stubborn assertions, and violent quarrels. Indeed, it cannot be termed a conversation; every one speaks for himself alone, and follows his own ideas without listening to those of others. They are absent, impatient, or thoughtful. If they are silent, it is to prepare an answer, without the least attention to what has been said. Is an interesting story related? Their minds are occupied in inventing another, which they trust will be more applauded by the hearers. It seems as if they had assembled together with the intention of challenging and surpassing each other, without attempting to promote the common amusement and instruction of the party. They are generally on the watch to find an opportunity of introducing some *bon mots* of their own composition. These are sometimes in honour of men of letters; sometimes anecdotes which relate to themselves: but those numerous quotations become at length tiresome; the hearers seldom feel any portion of the satisfaction of those who repeat them; they are not always instructive; and any person listening to such a conversation would imagine that he heard read one of those fatiguing books, which are full of ridiculous stories and puns, compiled without care and without choice, which we may take up for a moment, but soon throw away with disgust.

ON FASHION.

'FASHION is the child of vanity and love,' says the celebrated Montaigne. When it springs from the desire of decorating the person with modest ornaments, and rendering it amiable in the eyes of man, it is praise-worthy; and then it is the true offspring of love. When its object is to feed conceit, and to administer to pride, to *purvey* for coquetry, and cherish self-love, it is the child of vanity.

BOTANY FOR LADIES.

By Dr. Thornton.

NINTH LESSON CONTINUED.

15. *PAPIPILOANCEOUS*, butterfly shape, from *papilio*, a Latin word signifying a butterfly, from the supposed resemblance which this species of *corrolla* has to a butterfly, as in the sweet pea. Vide pl. 13. *a.* front view, *b.* back view.

The *upper* petal is called the standard, or *vexillum*: this last word is Latin for a flag, or standard.

The *two side* petals are called the wings, or *alæ*, a Latin word for a wing, and

The *bottom* petal is named the keel, or *carina*, from its supposed resemblance to the keel of a boat. *Carina* is a Latin word meaning a keel. Vide pl. 13. *c, d, d, c.*

16. *Pentapetalous*, having five petals, from the Greek word *pen-te*, five; as in the pink. Vide pl. 14. *d.*

17. *Hexapetalous*, having six petals, from the Greek word *hex*, six; as in the tulip. Vide pl. 14. *b.*

18. *Polypetalous*, having many petals, from the Greek word *polus*, many; as in the water lily. Vide pl. 14. *c.*

HARRIET VERNON;

OR,

CHARACTERS FROM REAL LIFE.

A NOVEL,

In a Series of Letters.

BY A LADY.

(Continued from p. 30.)

LETTER V.

*Mr. Charles Wentworth to Mr.
Johnson.*

London.

I AM ashamed to acknowledge, dear Johnson, yours of the late date of the twentieth of February last; but in truth you must excuse my negligence, and accept the only apology I can offer, namely, business.—I perfectly agree that it is the ‘youth’s best preservative from ill;’ but where is the youth who does not expect to reap the golden fruits of a close application, as the remark that gain sweetens labour is equally just? I am at this moment labouring under the influence of discontent, anger, pride, and ambition; in a pretty state, say you, to write to a friend: a friend, however, must like one in all humours; so do not complain, but read this letter with patience, and give me your advice how to act, for I never so much needed your friendship and sympathy as at present.

It is now four years since I first engaged as clerk to Mr. Vernon. That he is a sordid wretch is notoriously known; as such, I could never expect to be sufficiently recompensed for my services: the small stipend of thirty pounds a year and my board, is all I have ever received or ever shall, though I were to continue my whole life: I have not a relation or friend in the world who could assist me in any distress I might be involved in; in short, I conceive it

as doing myself an injustice to pass the prime of my life in a situation too unproductive for me to make a provision for the season when I shall be disqualified to support myself at all. To this I must add, that the uncouth manners of the man I serve has made my residence with him extremely irksome; and the daily insults I receive, too numerous to particularise, are more than my pride will allow me to bear.

A gentleman has been here a few days past on a visit, of the name of Ambrose, a colonel in the army; but having gained by trade in the East Indies a large fortune, he has sold his commission in the army, and is come home to end his days. This gentleman, who forms the greatest contrast you can conceive to his friend Mr. Vernon, has been pleased to regard me with a particular attention, and yesterday entered into my affairs with a warmth that surprised and flattered me beyond expression.—‘Young man,’ said he, ‘your countenance convinces me that you are not happy, and my own observation of the conduct of Mr. Vernon towards you has led me to guess from whence your discontent proceeds; honour me with your confidence, and I doubt not I shall find it in my power to contribute to your ease of mind, if its uneasiness proceeds from the cause which I suspect.’

Thus called on by such a man, and in a manner so truly noble, you may suppose that I made no scruple to lay before him the state of my affairs.

‘Exactly as I imagined,’ said he, ‘Mr. Vernon is a stranger to your worth; or, if not, has not a soul to set a proper value on it. But if you are willing to adopt a plan I shall lay down for you, you will have no reason to regret his behaviour. I have in Bengal a friend in a very con-

siderable line of business, who wants exactly such a young man as yourself to transact it. He is old, and has no connections but one daughter. In short, if you are disposed to try your fortune in a foreign clime, I doubt not that my recommendation, added to your own exertions, will effect in a few years a very considerable alteration in your affairs.'

'It is impossible,' I replied, 'sir, to thank you as I ought'—and was proceeding, when he interrupted me with—'Say not a word of obligation; I shall be amply repaid if I am made the instrument of good to a worthy character, at the same time that I am rendering an essential service to an old friend, who is in want of such a person to assist him in the close of life to settle his affairs. Take time to consider my proposal, and if you approve it, I will myself furnish you with all necessaries for the voyage, and we will lose no time in the execution of the plan.'

I will not trouble you with further particulars of this interesting conversation, but inform you that I have acceded to the proposal of the generous colonel. Very blind must I have been to my interest if I had not done it; but the doing it has cost me a pang far beyond my power to give you an idea of. I am now going to intrust you with a secret but lately known to myself, a secret which I fear will imbitter all my good fortune. You must know then this mean being, this Vernon, has two sisters half-blood by the father. I could almost say Heaven was unjust to intrust him with such a treasure. Dependent from their infancy on him, his sordid soul makes them feel their dependence, and his uncouth manners daily wound the feelings of two females the most delicate of their sex. I will endeavour to give a description of these lovely girls; but my pen cannot do

justice to their minds, whatever it may to their persons.

Maria, the eldest, is in her twenty-third year, tall, and formed by the most exact rules of proportion: her hand and arm are the most delicate, for shape and colour, I ever saw. A grace impossible to describe accompanies every action, and a dignity peculiar to herself adds a double force to that grace. With these advantages of figure, an indifferent face would be dispensed with: but hers is not indifferent; it is in my eye highly pleasing. I am, however, willing to subscribe to the assertion, that beauty is the lover's gift. An uninterested beholder, I believe, would say, that Maria has not a feature in her face more than tolerable, and that her complexion is too pale. Every one, however, must allow that she has very fine auburn hair, which she dresses in a manner extremely becoming. But I will finish my description of her person with a paradox. She is not handsome, she is more; unless you are a lover, you will not comprehend this.

Now for her sister Harriet. Just turned of twenty, considerably shorter than her sister, and stouter: she is notwithstanding a genteel, though not a fine, figure: her manners, though not so elegant as Maria's, are easy and unaffected; and her face would be universally allowed to be handsomer than her sister's. A complexion where the lily and the rose bloom with lustre, is set off by a profusion of dark-brown hair. These beauties, added to a pair of fine dark eyes, cannot but make a pleasing face: but Harriet has more; she has an openness of countenance that prepossesses every one in her favour, and a vivacity tempered by the sweetest modesty imaginable.

So much for the exterior of these two charming girls. Their minds are as different as their features, and

yet it is hard to say which to prefer: my heart, however, has never balanced; it is devoted to Maria, for whom I have conceived the purest sentiments of admiration and love. Mild and gentle as the dove, she possesses an understanding and prudence rarely to be met with; and though Harriet's understanding is equal, and her wit superior, her extreme vivacity and high flow of spirits would frequently hurry her into imprudences if not checked by Maria, from whom a word or a look is always attended to by her with the utmost deference. I will give you one instance which occurred yesterday, that will exemplify my meaning. A box directed for the miss Vernons was left at the house. Maria was out; but Harriet, all impatience to see the contents, opened it—when lo! two masquerade dresses presented themselves, accompanied with a polite note containing colonel Ambrose's compliments to the ladies, and informing them, that having heard them express a wish to see a masquerade, he had procured tickets and dresses for the next, when he hoped they would do him the honour of permitting him to attend them. To describe the joy that shone in every feature of Harriet's face is impossible. She traversed the room, unable to sit still a moment, in a perfect ecstasy. At length Maria returned. The contents of the box were displayed, and the colonel's note read in an instant. She then seated herself opposite her sister, to enjoy the pleasure and surprise she imagined she should discover in her face. Maria, with great composure, took off her gloves, then her cloak, and read over the colonel's note to herself, laid it down, and said—'Pray how long has this box been here?'

'An hour, two or three, for what I know,' replied Harriet peevishly. 'Bless me! is this all the remark you can make? why I have been crazy ever since its arrival. Was there ever such a generous good-natured man as this colonel?'

'Why surely, Harriet,' said Maria, 'you would not think of going to a masquerade with a man you have not known a fortnight! We have, it is true, every reason to think highly of colonel Ambrose, but I conceive it highly improper to put ourselves wholly in his power; to say nothing of the obligation we shall lie under to his generosity, for these masquerades are expensive amusement.'

'Was there ever such a scrupulous girl?' said Harriet; 'why these objections would never have entered my head.'

'I wonder at that,' replied Maria, smiling: 'I dare say, some of the novels you have been studying lately have furnished you with instances of damsels being decoyed away at masquerades; I will appeal to Mr. Wentworth, if'—'Pish! why you had better appeal to old Dorcas. Say at once, shall we accept the colonel's kind offer, or stay at home poring over our work as usual? You are always right in your decisions.'

'Dear Harriet,' said Maria, taking her hand, 'I am much concerned to see you so disappointed; but indeed I conceive it improper to accept his offer at present—when we have been longer acquainted with him we will not be so scrupulous. I may be wrong, but let us err on the right side.'

'But do you think the colonel will accept an excuse?' said Harriet: 'shall we not run the risque of offending him?'

'I think not; but you must second all I say on the occasion.'

‘Well, I will if I can.’

‘But do you see the propriety of refusing?’ said Maria.

‘I cannot say I do; but if you think it right, I acquiesce.’

‘I had rather you would acquiesce, my dear Harriet, from your own conviction than compliance to my opinion, flattering as that compliance is.’

‘Well,’ said Harriet, ‘I’ll think no more of it: manage it as you please.’

I will not enter into more particulars at present, but proceed to inform you, that I never have discovered my passion for my beloved Maria. The motive which hath withheld me has been this: I am not in a situation to marry, and shall I endeavour to gain a woman’s affections, and fetter her by engagements I shall most likely never have it in my power to fulfil? Miss Vernon will probably meet with good offers, and surely I do not shew my love by wishing to attach her to myself, when ruin must be the consequence of that attachment. No: I will forget her; I will fly from the house while I have resolution to fly. A thousand times have I made this resolution, but I have found myself as it were chained to the spot. The struggle I have maintained in forbearing to declare my passion can only be conceived by those in like circumstances. Judge then my feelings when acceding to the colonel’s proposal. I tear myself from all the hopes of ever possessing the dear Maria. I might, however, previous to my departure, declare my sentiments, and receive my fate from her own lips. Would you, my dear friend, advise this measure? I have informed Mr. Vernon of my intentions of quitting him, but have not had resolution to mention it to the ladies. The agitation of mind I now labour under is extreme; I can

come to no determination, but your opinion shall confirm me. In the hope you will ere long favour me with it,

I remain,

Dear Johnson, yours sincerely,

CHARLES WENTWORTH.

The colonel has been here ten days, but he appears to me heartily tired of Mr. Vernon’s society. He intends taking lodgings till he can fix on a country residence.

LETTER VI.

Miss West to Miss Harriet Vernon.

THANKS, my dear Harriet, for your two last letters, which have afforded my mother and me much entertainment. Pray, my dear, continue to favour us with more of them; I say *us*, for I know you will have no objection to my mother’s seeing all you write. We have had as dull a winter here as you describe to have had in town, with this difference, that our slender income obliges us to live retired, whilst your artificial poverty prevents your partaking in any amusement attended with expence. And pray where is the difference between possessing wealth for no other purpose than locking it up, and the absolute want of it? The difference, indeed, taken in a moral view, is great; but it is truly astonishing to me how any one can love money for its own sake alone. Finding that with economy we might live comfortably, we gave up the school about nine months since, as I informed you, and took a small house more out of the village. The fatigue of a school is too great for my mother, whose health very much declines, although she has been obliged to follow that mode of livelihood ever since my father’s death, which

is now fourteen years. So much for our affairs.—I observe what you say respecting your sister and Mr. Wentworth; it does not surprise me; an amiable young man and woman living together usually produces an attachment: but if your conjecture is right, I own I am sorry, as there is little comfort to be expected in a marriage where there is a lack of money on both sides; unless, indeed, your brother could be prevailed on to draw his purse-strings, which, from your account of his disposition, I fear is not likely. Prudence cannot always direct in the choice of a lover; but it is surely in our power to conquer an imprudent passion, though we may not be able to transfer our affections to another. You give such pleasing outlines of this colonel, that I wish to my heart he may fall in love with one of you. What say you, Harriet? If he is the man you describe, I think you will not have his company long, unless he is attracted by other motives than your brother's society. I shall judge by the length of his visit how this matter stands.

I fear I shall not be able to visit you next winter; my mother's ill health and recluse life will make my leaving her improper. This I know you will deem a sufficient reason. But it is time enough to talk of this. I suppose you will, before the summer is over, pay your cousin Wilson a visit. You have promised to give me a description of that lady, who I conceive to be a strange character. I hear she has lately taken to herself a third husband; a young man too. O avarice! what sacrifices are daily making at thy shrine! I smile at your romantic notions, as you well call them, of love; I, however, wish you to continue them for the present; it is time enough for you to be convinced that a man may be

worthy your hand that would neither hang or drown himself at the refusal of it. I wish you, however, to engage in more important studies than those you mention. My mother says she will allow you no novels but Richardson's, and a very few besides. I think a well-disposed mind would not be hurt by many of our modern novels, but they certainly should not be made our chief study: more useful and instructive authors should claim our first attention. When I write to you I take the privilege of advising: you know I am five years older, and have seen more of the world than yourself; added to this, I love you, and that alone will be a sufficient excuse for the liberty I take.

My mother joins me in love to Maria, from whom she hopes to hear shortly; as for me, I suppose I am not to expect that honour. I hope you will make up for the deficiencies. Nothing short of seeing my dear Harriet can equal the pleasure her letters at all times afford her ever affectionate friend,

SUSAN WEST.

(To be continued.)

THE DOWNHILL OF LIFE.

A VISION.

' He that first sins, like him that treads on ice,
Slides cautious down the slippery paths of vice;
He slides on cautious till his fears got o'er,
He slides on swiftly, and looks back no more.'

DRYDEN.

SITTING one cold and gloomy day by the fire-side, revolving the many moving accidents and hair-breadth 'scapes human nature is liable to, Morpheus gently touched

my eyelids with his ebony wand, and presented the following vision to 'my mind's eye.'

Methought I stood on an exceeding high hill. A plain but elegant structure rose before me, from which issued hundreds of youth of both sexes: they were just emancipated from the restrictions of their governors, and 'gay hope was theirs, by fancy dressed.' On each side of the porch stood two women of uncommon height and beauty; the name of the one was Virtue, the other was called Religion. At parting, Virtue embraced her pupils, and cautioned them to treasure in their memory the lessons she had inculcated. Religion also presented each with a thick volume, which she commanded them to peruse with the utmost diligence, nor suffer a day to elapse without consulting its holy pages. 'This book,' continued Religion, 'is an unerring guide: if you follow its instructions you can never deviate; it will be your counsellor in difficulties, your support in danger, your comfort in sickness, your triumph in death, and your sure passport to immortal happiness.' All promised to remember the many kind lessons of their first instructors, and began their journey with alacrity.

The road, for the first few miles, appeared most charming. It was an easy declivity of green, embroidered with fragrant flowers of the most vivid colours, and intersected with pleasant cool springs. The sun shone uncommonly bright; the birds sung melodiously; every face wore the smile of expectation, every eye beamed with rapturous hope. But after a while the way became less pleasant; the descent was steep, and in many places exceedingly dangerous. Many stumbled and fell, and rose no more. Others, affrighted at the horrid prospect, and dispirited at the sudden

reverse, threw themselves down the precipice, and were dashed to pieces.

One charming maid I observed walk alone, with sober pace, over the enamelled lawn. Her face was dazzlingly beautiful, and the symmetry of her person exquisite; her fine arms clasped to her lovely bosom the volume given her by Religion. She had been less elated by the pleasures of the first part of the journey, and appeared less depressed by the disagreeable reverse than most of her companions. When her feet became defiled with the dust and dirt of the way, or torn by the rugged stones which in many places stuck up with sharp points, she would stop, and, washing them with her tears, dry them with the redundant tresses of her golden hair, and after reading a little in her book proceed with an air of contentment and cheerfulness. While so engaged, she frequently became the object of derision to the passers by: but their sarcasms had no effect on the mind of Innocence (for that was the maiden's name). I observed, that she was particularly careful to preserve her garments free from soil; they were white, and spotless as the unsullied snow. After descending for some time with much toil and care, a pipe and tabor struck on her ear: she looked on one side, and in a green lane beheld several lovely shepherdesses with their swains dancing, while their flocks peacefully grazed by their side. The scene appeared at once cheerful and innocent. She stood for a moment irresolute whether to enter this charming place, or pursue the rugged but straight-forward path. While she deliberated, a youth of an engaging figure approached, and desired her to join the happy dancers. Innocence, without answering, opened her book and read, 'Flee youthful lusts.' She imme-

diately turned her back, and again began to descend. The youth followed, imploring her to stop. Innocence turned her head, and, pleased with the beauty of her pursuer, did as she was desired. Now whether it was owing to the impetuosity of the youth or to the slippery ground on which she stood I know not, but poor Innocence fell! The beautiful robe, which had been preserved with so much care spotless, was contaminated by the filth of the place (for it happened on a very dirty spot). Her exertions joined to those of her companions were ineffectual to remove the stains; they remained indelible. From that time, she appeared more anxious to conceal the spots already acquired than careful of adding more.

The youth, whose name was Manfred, led Innocence to a neat handsome building by the road side, where they were joined together by a small but very strong link of gold. Innocence here lost her name, and was afterwards distinguished by that of Matena.

One thing surprised me much. Manfred, though he had been very assiduous to repair the soiled robe of Innocence, and had seemed much distressed at her misfortune, now, as they journeyed together, would frequently hold up the spots to Matena's view, when nobody was near. This I thought very ungenerous, as it was entirely his fault that it became soiled; and it so much incensed Matena, that she rushed to the house of Vanity, which stood a little on the left-hand out of the way, and there purchased a changeable robe of Fashion, who was the journeywoman of Vanity. Attired in this, her bosom bare to the sighing gale, her long golden hair braided with gems, she came forth a most sparkling figure, and attracted the eyes of her fellow-travellers, to the

evident dissatisfaction of Manfred. The way too became particularly laborious and disagreeable. Matena, wholly occupied in admiring the elegance of her appearance, and watching the admiration it excited, heeded not her footsteps, but frequently stumbled, and received serious hurt by her falls, yet acquired no caution by her misfortunes, though hundreds who walked by her side, with their eyes fixed on distant objects, suddenly fell into some small chasms in the earth, were covered up, and seen no more. Manfred and Matena appeared totally unconscious of their fate, though they knew not but the next step might participate them also in one of those unobserved pits. They were entirely occupied in devising means to lengthen the golden link which bound them, that they might roam at greater distance from each other. They had collected a quantity of gilt copper, and formed a kind of chain; and as it allowed a greater latitude for their several fancies, and as they had contrived to cover the copper with a few sickly flowers, they were satisfied, and imagined that the cheat would pass on others. Thus they proceeded till they had reached about the middle of the descent, when the whole attention of Manfred became riveted on a number of beautiful nymphs dancing in the shade to the most delightful airs, with matchless grace and spirit. His heart panted to be with them: he cast a look on Matena—she observed him, and with one bound he sprang over the hedge, and was received in the arms of the smiling nymphs. Matena, without immediately observing the departure of her companion, walked on till she arrived at a most sumptuous palace. The air was perfumed with aromatics. Magnificent fountains cast up little rivers of the clearest waters to the sky, that were

again received in large basons of virgin marble. Bowers of full-blown roses, myrtle, and jasmine elegantly entwined, invited the feet of the weary traveller to rest, while the luxurious grape, the blushing orange, the fragrant musk-melon, which hung on all sides, promised a refreshing and delicious repast. The doors of this enchanting palace were of massy silver, and stood wide open. The softest music, accompanied by the most exquisite voices, was heard; and between every house the gay laugh of mirth resounded through the high-arched roof. Matena turned round, intending to consult with Manfredo whether they should enter this charming place, as the open door seemed to invite. She was surprised at his absence, but the grief she would have experienced at his desertion at any other time was now superseded by her curiosity; and she determined to enter, not doubting but when Manfredo should arrive there he also would enter, and find her in the charming palace.

The resolution was no sooner formed than adopted; but in her haste to enter, she dropped the volume given her by Religion, which hitherto she had preserved with so much care, and which had formerly been such a comfort to her. Unconscious of her loss, she eagerly pressed forward to view the interior of a palace, of which the smallest appendage denoted splendour and elegance beyond imagination. In a magnificent saloon, she beheld a sparkling company of youth of both sexes. Some were dancing, others were singing the songs of mirth, and all were amusing themselves in whatever took their fancy, and indulging the whim of the moment, however absurd. They received Matena with shouts of welcome, inviting her to partake of their amusement. The unthinking Matena complied, and entered with spirit

into all their diversions. Yet often would her mind wander back to the path of duty she had quitted; often would the sigh of regret agitate her bosom, on recollecting that the rugged path must yet be trodden, in spite of delays and procrastination; and that the time she was then so idly wasting, so foolishly misapplying, would one day be required at her hands with a terrible exactitude; when no excuses would be accepted, no palliations allowed. She would often rise to depart, but as instantly rescat herself. The pleasures which surrounded her appeared too great, too various, to quit suddenly and voluntarily, and she promised that the morrow should witness her departure. To-morrow came and went, yet Matena still lingered in the shades of pleasure.

One evening, after a day spent in voluptuous gratification, Matena retired with a youth who had been her partner in the festive dance to a close arbour of eglantine and tuberoses. The moon cast a soft light on the surrounding orange-ry; the dashing of a distant water-fall soothed the ear of night; while Matena, her soul enervated by tumultuous pleasures, sat leaning her head on the treacherous bosom of her companion, listening with guilty attention to his false blandishments; when suddenly Manfredo stood before them, his face inflamed with passion. With one strong effort he broke the chain which united them, and tauntingly throwing the gilt part at the weeping Matena, himself retaining the golden, departed from her for ever. Poor Matena, left alone (for her gay companions had all fled on the first appearance of danger), was wholly absorpt in the deepest melancholy. She shed the bitter tears of poignant regret, and gave way to the torturing sighs of despair. The moon became obscured by black clouds, the thunder roared,

the lightning quivered on the ground, and the heavens poured down rivers on the weeping, the exposed, the miserable, despairing Matena.

At last, morning appeared. Matena arose from the ground, and, casting a fearful glance around, beheld the late beautiful prospect laid waste—the blooming honours of the grove scattered, and the lofty pine of the forest laid low. With a hurried trembling step she left the bowers of pleasure, nor stopped till she had gained the straight-forward path of duty.

But, alas! the cheerful alacrity with which she had once trod this path was gone for ever! Self-upbraidings and conscious guilt corroded her inmost soul, and embittered every moment of her existence. Did a shady bower invite her to rest her weary feet, she entered it but to weep, and was soon obliged to hurry onwards, to regain the time wasted in the palace of dissipation. The book given her by Religion would on those occasions have been a seasonable relief, but that she had lost. Affliction presented her a black robe; and clothed in this, without a single companion but her own sad thoughts, she descended the remainder of the hill. Her feet became weak, and often lacerated by the rugged way—when she suddenly arrived at a black river, whose sullen waves laved the bottom of the hill. Over this river was no bridge—and Matena sat down on its gloomy banks, patiently to await the hour when the waves should rise and sweep her from the land of sorrow. While she sat weeping, a bright cloud descended, and Religion again stood before her pupil. She looked with compassion on the miserable Matena: her eye beamed pity, and in her hand she bore the volume formerly disregarded by Matena. From its sacred page she reproved, she exhorted, she comforted

the fainting spirit of Matena, who at her command cheerfully approached the brink of the black river, and, while she fixed her eyes on her beloved monitor, the river suddenly rose, and its oblivious waters closing over her, she was lost to my sight! ‘Alas! child of sorrow,’ I exclaimed aloud, ‘is this the end of thy painful journey, and that horrid river the termination of thy troubles? Surely, in spite of thine errors, thy repentance deserved a better fate.’

Religion turned on me a reproving eye. ‘Forbear, rash mortal,’ said she, ‘to measure infinite wisdom by finite. The child of sin and sorrow is at rest.’ But Matena had been taught that the first false step can never be retrieved. Yet she turned aside to contemplate forbidden pleasures; and though she regained the path of duty, and set her hand to the plough, yet she looked back with a desiring eye. She stopped when she ought to have run, and suffered the destroyer to overtake her. She selected a partner from the sons of disobedience. She became enamoured of Vanity, and allied herself to perdition. She forsook the paths of wisdom, and forgot the law of her God. But she was not permitted to perish, as many do, in the palace of pleasure, or bowers of dissipation. The thunder mercifully awoke her from her dream of fancied happiness, and warned her of the danger of procrastination. The rest of the way was watered by the tears of repentance; but happy was Matena that she had time allowed her to repent. Her errors were many, her sins flagrant; but Heaven was merciful, and she is now enjoying that pure felicity which kingdoms cannot purchase nor mortals merit, but which is freely given to the child of repentance. Religion then touched my eyes with her finger, and the thick mist which

enveloped the river cleared up. I saw Matena rising from its black waves, renovated in youth and beauty. The robe of innocence again covered her shoulders, and floated in many a graceful fold around her feet. On her head was a crown of gold, sparkling as the morning star. A thousand harmonious voices hailed her arrival; a thousand bright forms with golden harps rejoiced over her, and bore her with songs of triumph to the throne of the Most High, as a sinner who had repented of the errors of her ways.

The glory was too strong for my weak sight: I awoke, and found myself sitting in my arm-chair by a cheerful blazing fire.

SOPHIA TROUGHTON.

January 8, 1807.

Homerton.

FAMILY ANECDOTES.

By SOPHIA TROUGHTON.

(Continued from p. 13.)

CHAP. XVI.

Strange things, the neighbours say, have happened here:

Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs;

Dead men have come again and walked about,
And the great bell has toll'd unrun, untouched.

BLAIR.

POOR Sabina, left alone in the wide world, without a single relation or friend to guide her inexperience, or from whom she could expect support, felt all the horror of her comfortless situation. But she was assured that her beloved suffering mother was at length happy; and that assurance was balm to her affectionate heart. There were moments when her own forlorn state was forgotten, in the contemplation of the felicity her adored mother was enjoying.—

Yet, when she turned her eyes on the pale corse, and thought on the home that mother's presence used to irradiate, remembrance swelled her breast, and tears would force their way.

In conformity to Mrs. Gayton's desire, her mortal part was interred in N—— church-yard, being the parish in which she died. Sabina and Mrs. Smith attended as true mourners on the melancholy occasion, and saw her hallowed remains peaceably laid under the wide-spreading branches of a weeping willow.

The deep, the tender sorrow, yet pious resignation, of the interesting orphan, affected the maternal bosom of the friendly Mrs. Smith. She sympathised with her in her sorrows, and fondly loved her, from a knowledge of her many amiable qualities as a daughter.

Mrs. Smith was a widow; her only son had perished in the field of battle, bravely fighting for his country. She possessed a small farm, which, with the best management and strictest economy, hardly afforded her the means of living. She had learned to pity the woes of her fellow-creatures, for she had tasted sorrow herself. She advised Sabina to settle with the apothecary and undertaker, if her purse would allow; to go to Crediton, and settle her affairs there; 'and then,' added the worthy woman, 'if no better a home offers, my dear child, return to me; for while I have a roof that roof shall shelter you, that's all!'

Sabina thanked her for her kindness, and followed her advice. The apothecary's bill, for medicine and attendance, amounted to sixteen pounds, and the undertaker's to twelve. The whole contents of Sabina's purse was thirty pounds. Of course, when those bills were paid, there only remained two pounds; a sum very inadequate for a journey.

She therefore determined, after much irresolution, to sell the gold watch presented to her by Gordon. Taking it in her hand to her kind hostess, 'I am sorry,' said she, 'but it must be so: endeavour, my dear Mrs. Smith, to find a purchaser for this present of my brother's; he will forgive me, when he shall hear how hard run I was before I would part with this token of his brotherly affection.'

'You shall not part with it, my sweet child. I have not much money myself, but I will carry it to my landlord, who is a worthy man, and I dare say will advance you what you have need of on it, and when my corn is sold, I will redeem it—that's all.'

The next morning the good creature brought Sabina ten guineas on her watch, but held back both her hands when she was offered a part. Sabina inherited the spirit of her mother, and wrapping up five guineas in a piece of white paper, left them in the drawer of a little table which stood in her chamber, as some recompense for the kind attention of the good woman to herself and her mother.

When she bade the worthy Smith adieu, her sorrows seemed to accumulate with fresh violence. With a heart overwhelmed with sorrow, a small parcel of her mother's clothes (which, being black, she wore), and a green silk purse of her sister's knitting, containing seven guineas—she stepped into the stage which passed within four miles of Crediton. The coach passed the church-yard of N——. She caught a momentary glance of the drooping willow, and her tears were redoubled.

The journey was completed without accident; but when the stage stopped to set her down at a stile, over which, across the fields, was her nearest way to Crediton, the agi-

tation of Sabina became excessive. She paid the coachman, who, mounting his box, was soon out of sight: then seating herself on the stile, with her little bundle in her hand, she gave ease to her oppressed heart by a flood of tears. The hour was eight; 'day's garish eye' was fast closing; the yellow leaves were undisturbed by the gentlest zephyr; not a sound broke on her pensive ear but the 'sullen roar' of a distant waterfall. The desolate Sabina looked around: every object was familiar to her eye, and forcibly reminded her of her beloved mother. She arose from her humble seat, and slowly proceeded towards that home which she longed, yet dreaded, to behold. As she walked on, the heat became extreme, and the black gathering clouds denoted an approaching thunder-storm, so common after a warm day in autumn. Sabina redoubled her pace, and came in sight of the white cottage as the first thunder-clap burst over her head. She passed through the little rustic gate, which stood open, but the inner door and all the windows in front were fast closed. Sabina was not surprised, as the hour was near ten; and being unwilling to disturb old Martha, she walked round to the garden front. The little glass parlour door was seldom fastened but with a latch. This she found unlocked; and entering the well-remembered parlour, threw herself on a chair. A vivid and continued flash of lightning discovered her mother's frame and chair. Sabina sighed. Another momentary illumination filled the apartment—the picture of her father caught her eye. The thunder following this flash was so loud, so awful, that it shook the cottage to its foundation. Sabina started from her seat.—'Spirit of my sainted mother,' cried the affrighted girl, 'hover near me, and in this

horrid night guard thy wretched offspring from real and imaginary terror! In life, dear mother, thou wert my beloved monitor; though dead, be thou my guardian angel!

A heavy groan at no great distance startled her: she listened attentively: all remained profoundly silent, till the next peal of thunder rattled through the atmosphere. Sabina had been taught to disregard the idle tales of the villagers concerning their cottage being haunted, yet she was sure she had heard a groan.

A sudden thought struck her.—‘Oh my poor Martha!’ cried she; ‘perhaps you are ill, and want help.’ She flew to the stairs, which she ascended with caution. She listened at the door of the room occupied by that faithful domestic: all within was ‘hush as the foot of night.’ She tried the door: it was fastened. Undetermined how to act, she at last resolved to go to her mother’s chamber, and wait the approach of morning.

As she opened the door of the room, its air seemed to affect her. She could distinguish the bed by its white drape, amid the gloom of the chamber. ‘Would to God,’ said she, ‘my mother, still living, reposed there! how gladly would she open her kind arms to receive her weary child!’

As she spoke, she threw herself on her knees by the bed-side; but what pen can describe her horror when, as she raised her hands in prayer to Heaven for strength of mind and resignation to its will, an icy hand encountered hers, and, by its freezing touch, chilled her whole frame! She started on her feet—drops of terror stood on her brow—her head swam, and she was only prevented from fainting by extreme horror. The apartment was one moment enveloped in the thickest gloom, the next perfectly illuminated by the most

awful lightning. Sabina did not dare take advantage of those momentary flashes to look on the bed, and had still less power to fly. ‘Yet why, O why,’ said she, ‘should terror so wholly possess me? I never injured any one: and if my dear mother’s spirit is permitted to appear to me, why should I dread to behold it? I am sure *that* will not hurt me.’ She offered up a short ejaculation to that Power to whose piercing eye the gloom of midnight and the blaze of noon are alike, and awaited in awful expectation the next flash to illumine the mysterious bed. She did not remain long in suspense: a transient but strong one discovered to her aching sight an object which put to flight the little courage she had acquired. A human face, from whose colourless lip and cheek the healthful blood had long ceased to flow, appeared on the pillow. Sabina flew from this chamber of horror, and from the house, with precipitation. Any place, any scene, was less terrific than the one she was quitting. The thunder, though it still rolled at a distance, was abating; no rain had fallen, and the rising wind was clearing the air of its murky thickness. Poor Sabina scattered herself beneath the shelter of an apple-tree, and revolved with terror and amazement the adventures of the last few hours. Every tale she had heard in the village was recollected, and most religiously believed. ‘Ah! my dear mother! and did you endure those horrors in your chamber?’ said she. ‘No wonder your bloom faded: no wonder your spirits were broken.—But perhaps the dreadful spectre was not permitted to alarm a heart so pure as yours by its horrid appearance.’

Lost in those reflections, she sat till the storm had wholly abated, and the moon arose in cloudless majesty. The night air had chilled her, and

to prevent cold she determined to walk till morning amid those sweetly shaded walks, where in the morning of life she had with her beloved Mary so often gambled by her parent's side.

She heeded not the path nor surrounding objects, till, suddenly lifting up her eyes, she beheld, at a short distance from her, the marble monument erected by her mother to the memory of Mrs. Benson. With amazement too she beheld a tall graceful figure, clothed in white, bend over the tomb. Its face was concealed by its arms, which encircled the urn. Again the most superstitious ideas took possession of Sabina. The moon afforded but a partial light through the thick branches of the lofty trees, yet she could clearly distinguish the motions of the figure, which were light and graceful. The profound sighs and half stifled groans which issued from it appalled the soul of Sabina, who stood fixed as though her feet had been rivetted to the spot. But greatly was her terror increased when the spectre, after remaining for some time in one position, suddenly raised its head, turned round, and, on beholding Sabina, darted with astonishing velocity towards her. Sabina uttered a piercing cry, and fled; but the seeming phantom gained upon her footsteps. As she was sinking to the ground with terror, she was clasped to the bosom of—her long-lost Mary!

‘Fly me not, Sabina—pity me, my sister. I have murdered my mother—I have destroyed the best of women. A parricide, a wretch, a cursed!—no wonder my sister beholds me with horror!’

Mary threw herself on the ground, in a paroxysm of grief. ‘Ah, my dear Mary!’ cried Sabina in a tremulous voice, ‘pardon me: the horrors of this night have unsettled, fear, my weak reason. I even took

you, my sister, for a preternatural being. How long have you been at Crediton?’

‘I arrived but this afternoon, my dear girl. After my long silence, and fearing my mother might have been displeased with me, I went first to our old friend Mrs. Westwood, thinking to hear a little news about the dear cottage before I presented myself to its beloved inhabitants: but she has married a harsh unfeeling wretch, who told me I had murdered my mother, and his wife should not harbour me, nor any such. Shocked and surprised at his behaviour, I turned from his inhospitable door, but had not crossed the field when poor Jane overtook me.—“Ah! my dear young lady,” said she, “what sad changes have happened here since you left us! You see what a brute I have got now; you see how unlike my poor dear Westwood: he would not have turned you from his door; though you have done wrong, as well as I, God help us both! But you know if we always did right we should never do wrong.” ‘But Jane,’ cried I, ‘what does he mean by mentioning my mother to me? I hope she is well—I hope she has not fretted for such a worthless girl as me!’ The worthy creature burst into a flood of tears—“Your good mother is dead.” O Sabina, what were my sensations at hearing those fatal words! You can never know such, for you have ever been dutiful and obedient.’

‘She said you had written to old Martha, informing her of her lady's death, but had not mentioned a time for your return. Poor Martha was insensible to the heavy news, being then speechless; and that worthy faithful woman expired yesterday. Her sister-in-law performed the last pious office of closing her eyes, and, after washing the body, laid it on her late mistress's bed; and there was

obliged to leave it and return home, as her brute of a husband would not suffer her to remain any longer.'

'Oh Heaven!' cried Sabina, 'then it was the harmless hand of our dear Martha which terrified me so much that I could not remember her features, as I snatched a look at her clay-cold countenance.'—She then informed Mary of the horrors she had endured, of the groan she had heard. 'Alas!' interrupted her sister, 'that groan was breathed by me: little did I think my Sabina was so near me. Jane had offered me the keys of our cottage, which I declined taking, and walked on to farmer Wellingbrough's, intending to stay there the night; but my reception was so exceedingly cold, and so many inuendos were levelled at me, that I soon wished them a good night, and they seemed glad to see me depart, never asking me to stop, though you must remember what a favourite I once was there: indeed I was shocked, and determined to enter no other house, but to pass the night in the deserted melancholy shades of our dear cottage garden. I passed the parlour door, which opens on the little lawn behind the house. Bitter recollections crowded to my memory, and caused the groan which alarmed my Sabina. I dared not enter the parlour: guilt makes cowards of the bravest. I knew the corse of poor Martha lay on my mother's bed. I knew her love for her murdered mistress, and should almost have expected to see her rise and forbid my approach. I turned from the house, and sought the monument my mother loved. There, Sabina, my emotions rose almost to phrensy: despair and horror possessed my soul. Heaven surely sent you to save me from madness and death.'—Her eyes glared, her limbs trembled. Poor Sabina, little less terrified than when she thought her superhuman—

wanting comfort herself, yet wishing to calm the agitation of her guilty sister—exerted her soothing powers, and at length succeeded in persuading her to retire to the house, and endeavour to compose her spirits.

The morning was breaking, and the sun rising with unusual splendour after the late storm, as these children of sorrow crossed the lawn to enter that house which for many years had been their happy asylum, but which a few eventful months had changed to the house of mourning—the residence of death!

(*To be continued.*)

A NIGHT WALK

IN FEBRUARY.

By J. M. L.

'The shadowy veil of night enwraps the scene;
No moon-beam cheers the traveller on his way.
Loud howls the storm yon aged oaks between,
Where brooding Horror seems to hold his sway.

Author's Manuscript Poems.

A WALK at night in the dismal month of February could not possibly be productive of much pleasure. The ground was exceedingly wet, owing to preceding rains; and as I went the sharp-falling shower was impelled in my face by as heavy a gale of wind as I almost ever remember. It was, indeed, a night when Horror might be truly said to hold his sway. The leafless trees were bent almost to the ground by the violence of the storm; and, had not necessity compelled me, I should certainly have preferred the comforts of a house to the uncomfortableness of the tempest. But I was well defended from the bitterness of the blast by good

cloathing. Alas! how many thousands at the same moment were exposed to the same storm with scarcely enough of dress to answer decency's demands, certainly not enough to defend their squalid forms from the keen air of winter: and when they seek their miserable habitations, penury, cheerless penury, still stares them in the face, whilst not a smile welcomes them home. The following description is, alas! too often true.

‘ See yonder shiv’ring wretch so meanly clad,
The pallid son of penury and pain;
Whose lodging shelters not, whose food is
bad;
Food hardly earn’d for small the poor
man’s gain:
Alas! too oft his famish’d offspring claim
The promis’d bread he has not got to give;
Though poor, perchance he scorns the bread
of shame,
And rather dares to die than so to live!
The only fire his humble hearth can boast
The scanty produce of the neighb’ring
street,
Glean’d by his children, some few chips at
most.
These are the woes sad want is doom’d to
meet!’

Author’s Manuscript Poems.

As I walked, my mind insensibly caught the gloom of the season, and reverted to the many calamities which the unfortunate campaign, at the close of last year, had produced to the wretched inhabitants of the continent of Europe. Oh Heaven! of thy infinite mercy, long avert such dreadful scenes from the fair vales of my beloved country! Long grant us to be an example to the whole world of unanimity and patriotism! These ideas brought to my recollection the celebrated soliloquy of Selim in the play of *Barbarossa*, at the end of the third act, when the conspirators and himself have determined on the destruction of the tyrant!

‘ Now sleep and silence
Brood o’er the city.—The devoted sentinel
Now takes his lonely stand, and idly dreams

Of that to-morrow he shall never see!
In this dread interval, oh, busy thought,
Descend into thyself!
Search deep, my heart! bring with thee awful
conscience,
And firm resolve! That in the approaching
hour
Of blood and horror, I may stand unmov’d;
Nor fear to strike where justice calls, nor
dare
To strike where she forbids!
Witness ye pow’rs of Heaven,
That not from you, but from the murderer’s
eye,
I wrap myself in night! To you I stand
Reveal’d in noon-tide day!—Oh! could I
arm
My hand with pow’r! Then, like to you,
array’d
In storm and fire, my swift-avenging thunder
Should blast this tyrant. But since fate
denies
That privilege, I’ll seize on what it gives;
Like the deep-cavern’d earthquake, burst
beneath him,
And whelm his throne, his empire, and him-
self,
In one prodigious rain!’

I proceeded hastily along. Neither moon nor stars afforded a single ray to guide me in my way; no sound cheered me, save the dreary bark of a distant dog;

‘ Or where from yon’ ancient tower,
Perch’d on ivy-tangled throne,
Breaking through night’s silent hour,
Wisdom’s bird repeats her moan.’

As I went, the violence of the gale rather increased; and, as is very natural in such cases, my ideas wandered to the scene of shipwreck. How superlatively awful must be the situation of men in a night like this, confined to the fragile vessel that bears them on the deep; every thread of canvas taken in; the helm totally useless; whilst the tempest drives them over the surgy surface of the ocean, and horror pictures to their fevered minds the rock that they every instant expect will burst the vessel’s bottom; the only defence, and small it is, that now intervenes between them and eternity! To that Power who suffers not a sparrow to perish without his will offer up

your fervent prayers; his arm alone
can save you.

Thus imagination mournfully beguil'd my
way.

Imagination! ever-varying pow'r!
Receive the tribute of a thoughtful mind;
Thou, who canst add to horror's awful hour,
Or make thy vot'ry pleasing moments find.

When anguish bids the nightly mourner
weep,
'Tis thine to shew to sorrow's streaming
eye

The seaman, storm-driv'n on the surgy deep;
Whilst fancy hears his last sad ship-
wreck'd cry!

Author's Manuscript Poems.

How suited methought was such
a night as this to the being over-
whelmed with misery! every thing
was in unison with the ideas one
may suppose predominant in such a
mind.

'No bird of night now ventur'd on the wing,
Nor prowling animal dur'd wander forth.
Nature appear'd to feel the season's sting,
And droop'd beneath the venom-winged
North.'

Author's Manuscript Poems.

Too true, alas! it is, that when
despair has grasped the soul of man,
he finds a gloomy pleasure in what,
at a time when his mind was the
abode of peace, would have caused
him to shudder;

'For the sad mind where sorrow rule su-
preme

Will find the storm congenial to its doom:
The darkest night despair will ever deem
Light, when compar'd with grief's heart-
rending gloom.

The pensive wand'rer dearly loves to stray,
When night and solitude attend his way.'

Author's Manuscript Poems.

A late pensive authoress, Mrs.
Charlotte Smith now gone to seek
in a better world the justice denied
to her in this, has in many of her
sonnets described night-scenes like
the present, mournfully yet beauti-
fully: one that now occurs to my
remembrance will, I am confident,
need no apology.

' SONNET.

'On being caution'd against walking on a head-
land overlooking the sea, because it was fre-
quented by a lunatic.

'Is there a solitary wretch who hies
To the tall cliff, with starting pace, or slow,
And, measuring, views, with wild and hollow
eyes,

Its distance from the waves that chide be-
low;

'Who, as the sea-born gale, with frequent
signs,

Calls his cold bed upon the mountain turf,
With hoarse half-utter'd lamentation lies,
Murmuring responses to the dashing surf?

'In moody sadness, on the giddy brink,
I see him more with envy than with fear:
He has no nice felicities, that shrink
From giant horrors waddly warring there.
He seems (uncurs'd with reason) not to know
The depth or the duration of his woe.'

I now reached the outskirts of
London; for the metropolis was at
this time my resting-place, and the
buildings in some degree sheltered
me from the blast. It was late, and
the streets were comparatively empty.
Here and there a drowsy watchman
going his round, and sleepily mum-
bling out the hour, in a tone that
set at defiance every attempt to dis-
cover what he said; or a wretched,
outcast female, in drenched gar-
ments, wandering about, scarcely
seeming to know or care whither,
and whose shocking appearance must
rather tend to dispel than to excite
the impulse it was her horrid pro-
fession to stimulate. Oh woman!
lovely solacer of the hours of man!
how is the mind affected by seeing
thee in this degraded situation! Alas!
my pen seems to shudder as I write,
to this thou art almost always brought
by the baseness of my own sex. Dis-
honoured be the memory of that
man, who, by plausible pretences,
draws a lovely female into ruin,
and then casts the withering blos-
som from his polluted arms, to seek

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



Fashionable Evening & full Dress.

refuge in death, or what, is worse, in prostitution.

' On the cold stone see her laid!
Ellen, once a village maid,
Artless, young, and fair!
Anguish rends her bleeding soul;
Peace has lost its soft controul,
Terror triumphs there!

' Beauty in fair Ellen shone;
Each attendant pleasure known
Bade her heart be gay;
But it prov'd her saddest bane:
Guilty love has caus'd her pain,
And torn her peace away!

' Long in prostitution's course,
Of grief and dire disease the source,
Fair Ellen's form was driv'n:
Death, whom oft she doth implore,
Soon will bid her mourn no more!
Forgive her, righteous Heav'n!

' How oft, with satisfaction's smile,
When tir'd with wand'ring many a mile,
I've welcom'd thee with pleasure;
And when fatigu'd with life's rough storm,
Thy friendly solace oft would warm,
And prove a poet's treasure.

Thy form shall clasp my aching head
When anguish hovers round my bed,
And bid my sorrows slumber:
But virtue must preside within,
For sleep avoids the soul, where sin
'The conscience doth encumber.

' It matters not of what thou'rt made,
Of humblest yarn, or rich brocade,
If peace the mind possesses;
For vice on down shall not be blest,
But virtue sink to sweetest rest,
'Though straw alone it presses.'

LONDON FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.)

I soon reached my house of rest, completely wet through. Alas! I am a *solitary bachelor*! I had no expecting wife to welcome me; no lovely offspring, wrapped in rosy sleep, over whose bed I could glance the eye of tenderness. If all these things had been mine, the concluding lines of Bloomfield's pleasing poem, 'Market Night,' might at this moment have been very applicable to me; except that I was on foot, and the good Benedick, in that instance, on horseback.

' Where have you staid? put down your load.
How have you borne the storm, the cold?
What horrors did I not forebode.—
That beast is worth his weight in gold.'

Thus spoke the joyful wife;—then ran
And hid in grateful steams her head—
Dapple was hous'd, the hungry man
With joy g'anc'd o'er the children's bed.

' What, all asleep!—so best;' he cried:
' Oh! what a night I've travell'd through!
Unseen, unheard, I might have died:
But Heav'n has brought me safe to you.

' Dear partner of my nights and days,
That smile becomes thee!—Let us then
Learn, though mishap may cross our ways,
It is not ours to reckon when!'

As it was, I made the best I could of it, and as I was stepping into bed, apostrophised my *Night-cap*, in some lines I had long ago addressed to that very serviceable little friend.

VOL. XXXVIII.

1. BODY and petticoat of white thin satin, with sleeves of the same laid in plaits, and the body to correspond: the sleeves are trimmed with fine white silk lace, or swans-down: over the whole a Turkish vest of brown muslin or crape, without sleeves: a satin ribbon of the same colour runs all round the vest, at a little distance from the edges: cap of crimson velvet, made in the Austrian style, ornamented with a narrow silver trimming, and terminating in a point, with a silver tassel on the right side. Hair dressed plain in front, with a few spiral curls on the left side. White kid shoes and gloves.

2. An Italian robe of blue muslin or crape, the sleeves and front trimmed with white satin ribbon, and ornamented with fancy broaches: the robe trimm'd all round with a broad white satin ribbon: cap of white satin, intermixed with lace footing, and trimmed with narrow shaded ribbon, and a plaiting of net round the front. Indian scarf shawl, fastened to the back of the robe by

M

a broach, and hanging down in front. Hair dressed as above described.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

KERSEYMERE dresses, of a silver grey, are now much worn: they have square lapels and black velvet collars, with a deep cape *à la pelérine*. The vandyke frill plaited *à la queen Elizabeth* is almost general. Hunting bonnets similar to the kersyemere dresses, and bound with black velvet, bows and ends in front trimmed to correspond, are in great vogue. The hair is usually dressed in confined ears. Shoes of crimson velvet.

OPERA DRESS.

MADAME CATALANI.—A long flowing *veste* and drapery of crimson velvet, lined with white sarsnet, and richly ornamented with a Turkish border, in gold; the drapery drawn through a *cestus*, formed of gold and sapphire, and terminated with a large gold tassel; confined in front of the right shoulder with a broach to correspond, from whence flows another point of the vest, finished with a similar tassel. A double *tunique*, or under dress, of French net, with loose long sleeves, and round bosom, cut low, spotted, and most splendidly embroidered in gold at the bottom. White satin petticoat embroidered to correspond. A Grecian diadem of gold, and brilliants. A square Brussels veil of the most transparent texture, lightly embroidered in gold, fixed at the back of the diadem, and flowing negligently over the left arm. Hair close cropt behind, falling in irregular corkscrew ringlets in front and on the sides. The neck-

lace, one row of fine brilliants, set transparent, and fastened in the centre with a long square broach of sapphire in gold; ear-rings to correspond. White satin shoes, trimmed, and embroidered at the toes, in gold.

ON MODERN EMPIRICS.

The first physicians by debauch were made,
Excess began, and Sloth sustains the trade:
By toil our long-liv'd fathers earn'd their
 food—
Toil strung their nerves, and purified their
 blood:
The wise, for cure, on exercise depend;
God never made his works for *Man* to
 mend. DRYDEN.

AMONG the numerous discoveries of *genius* for the benefit of mankind, the art of preserving health and prolonging life seems to have attained its greatest perfection. Our newspapers daily invite both sexes to purchase the means of health; medicines of high-sounding names, invented by philanthropic doctors, are offered to the diseased with the most respectable testimonials of their efficacy; and eminent characters, both in *divinity* and *law*, are referred to, who will authenticate the miracles performed by quacks. It appears that those invaluable nostrums revivify the animal spirits, renovate muscular energy, and restore the vigour of youth to the palsied nerves of the antiquated debauchee. The inventors of those restoratives, with a modesty inseparable from genuine merit, circulate innumerable hand-bills at a great expence, and almost compel the sick to be healed. The general reliance of the public on the skill of empirics evinces, that if this is not the age of *reason*, it is not the age of *incredulity*. The patient swallows the miraculous pill or potion with implicit confidence, and finds it a

panacea for every evil. Indeed, quack medicines generally have the peculiar virtue of not only alleviating every pain to which man is subject in this transitory world, but also of conveying him to the regions of immortality. The quack doctors ought, consequently, to obtain, from his holiness the pope, the power of dispensing absolution, and thus act in the twofold capacity of physician of the mind and body; for as their deleterious mixtures are mostly infallible passports to the world unknown, they ought to ensure their victims a good reception there, by purifying their souls as well as their bodies.

The rapid increase of nostrums within these few years would almost induce us to imagine, that all the diseases of Pandora's box had been poured out on the metropolis; and that too much praise could not be given to those benevolent philosophers who have so humanely prepared a remedy for every indisposition. But a little observation and reflection will remove the delusion; and, if we explore the laboratories of empiricism, we shall find that they are the most fatal armouries of death whence the poisoned arrows of quackery are discharged on mankind.

If we investigate the latent cause of this unparalleled increase and circulation of nostrums, we shall find that the natural love of life in the patient, and the love of gain in the empiric, preserves a reciprocal goodwill between them; and if the disease be the spleen, or some *imaginary* indisposition, and the bolus or elixir is not one of the most deadly kind of chemical preparations, the sick person recovers, and his name is exhibited in the doctor's lists of fame, not only in the newspapers, but in pamphlets generously presented to the public. But should the disease be *real*, the quack boldly

administers one of his most potent mixtures, with a determination to kill or cure, and the unhappy victim of credulity expires amidst his weeping relatives and friends.

Regular physicians are certainly respectable and useful members of the community; yet, even among these, we are told that there are some who descend to mean and unjustifiable schemes to obtain money. Men, who professing to prescribe *gratuitously*, according to a preconcerted plan, send the patient to *their* apothecary, where the exorbitant price extorted for medicines realises a fee!

Quackery, however, has not been confined to modern time; for, if we consult history, we shall find that man has long been the dupe of medical imposture. Not only simples and chemical preparations, but even music was called in to remove diseases; nay, Martianus Capella, in his treatise on music, asserts that fevers have been cured by song; and that Asclepiades cured deafness by the sound of a trumpet! Another more ancient author assures us, that the sound of a flute will cure an epilepsy and sciatic gout; but though the concord of sweet sounds may have effected miracles in the days of yore, yet the distorted limbs of gouty patients now-a-days are not to be restored to activity and symmetry by such gentle lenitives.

Gold, which has so long been the object of idolatrous worship, was thought, by the ancients, to possess healing virtues. We are informed that multitudes of chemists employed their skill in endeavours to render that metal potable; and even the common people in some countries, particularly Italy, Germany, and France, denied themselves necessities, that they might purchase a few drops of the life-giving 'tincture of gold.' The moderns, however, seem to

have a more rational idea of the value of this metal, and make it the medium of more certain enjoyments.

In England itinerant quack doctors, attended by their buffoons, duped the laughing multitude, and combined amusement with deception. The master was generally succeeded by his merry-andrew, and distributed his infallible remedies with an important air, and an assumption of the most benign philanthropy. Several of the most successful of those British Esculapiuses became resident doctors in the metropolis; and their success incited the invention of others, insomuch that quacking may now be looked upon as a regular vocation.

From this epitome of ancient and modern quackery, it will be clear to every unprejudiced mind, that those liberal dispensers of medicine have destroyed myriads of their fellow-creatures; yet such is the good-nature of the present age, that medical imposture has been enabled to defend itself by the laws of the country.

The voluptuary is encouraged in his excesses by the plausible promises of empiricism; and he thinks he may indulge in every species of sensuality while *infallible* remedies abound. Will he not naturally feel exultation while perusing the accounts of wonderful cures that attract the eye in our ephemeral journals, and exclaim with self-complacency—'Happy era! this is, indeed, the age of philosophy, when physicians can renovate the vital energy, brace the shattered nerves, and invigorate the constitution! Men of pleasure may now revel in new joys, while there are such inestimable remedies for every disease!'

At present so universal is the passion for deleterious mixtures, that people are, we may conclude, a community of philosophers, whose magnanimity may be compared with that

of Socrates himself. He swallowed poison with an unaltered cheek and serene brow; and Fame has enrolled him in the lists of her most illustrious sons. How great then must that community appear, where numbers of both sexes daily take poison with philosophic serenity!

R. T.

EXTRACT from the PLAY of
ADRIAN and ORRILA.*

ACT V. SCENE II.

An Antichamber in Rosenheim Castle.

(Enter Anselm, followed by Madame Clermont.)

Ans. (gruffly) I tell you again, Mistress, that you ask in vain—my lord will admit no visitors.

Mad. Alas! mine is no idle call of ceremony—'tis a heart-broken mother, imploring mercy for her child.—Surely, good man, you know my face?

Ans. Aye, I know it well enough—and I know your son's too—a plague on the family face, say I—it has wrought nothing but mischief since it was shewn in our valley—but once for all, my master will not see you.

Mad. Nay, but deliver my humble message to him, and his purpose may relent: behold my anguish, and do so much for charity!

Ans. Charity begins at home; and I don't see why I should thrust myself into the way of trouble, only for the chance of a stranger's thanks.

Mad. I am not rich; yet I can reward a friendly service. Look,

* For the plot, &c. of this piece, see our Magazine for November last, p. 60†.

good man,—this purse—this cross-let too—all shall be yours, if you admit me to the count.

Ans. Umph! I have naturally a wish to oblige, but 'tis as much as my place is worth to serve you: my lord is in a parlous fury, and has given strict orders not to be disturbed; however, I've a tender heart; and, as you say, out of charity one ought to—but is that locker made of real jewels?

Mad. In truth it is—O! do not torture me.

Ans. Well! well! I don't doubt your word—but if I *do* serve you, 'tis out of charity, more than the lucre of gain—I hope you understand that rightly. Wait here in the anti-chamber, and I'll try what can be done. *[Exit.*

Mad. Wretched Matilda! when will the chastisement of my offences cease? Will not Heaven accept of penitence, without atonement? Must man be taught to curse, ere God will pardon me? If so, I must indeed despair; for never can the dark confession pass these lips: shame fixes there an everlasting seal, and in the grave my secret must be buried with me! Yet, O! the innocent one, the object of my fondest love, is doomed to suffer for my sake. Haply, even now, from his dungeon's depth, my darling Adrian calls upon my name, and invokes me to preserve him. Inhuman! I hear him, yet can mock his prayer. Soon he may be dragged to an ignominious death; and as he passes to the scaffold, in agony of spirit he may point to me, and cry, 'Behold the unnatural mother, who could have saved her son, yet would not!'

(Re-enter Anselm.)

Ans. I thought what answer I should bear you back: my lord commands you to leave the castle, and trouble him no further.

Mad. *(fiercely)* I will not obey his

mandate: I come here to claim a son, and without him I never will go hence:—this proud imperious lord shall see me; or, like a plague, I'll hang upon his threshold, and pierce his ear with everlasting cries!

Ans. Nay, but I must tell you—

Mad. Away! and let me pass! *(she casts her purse at his feet)* there is your hire—stoop! and be absolved by gold for all neglects!

[Passes him, and exit.

SCENE III.—*A Saloon—Rosenheim discovered, seated at a table—Githa standing by him, crying.*

Ros. How dare you, old woman, to disobey my orders? I commanded you to quit my presence half an hour ago—must I still endure your senseless jargon?

Gith. Ah! my lord—be not so harsh with your poor old servant—indeed I cannot quit you, without a word of comfort to carry lady Orrila!

Ros. Carry her my curse—not my curse; but tell her I never will forgive her.

Gith. Ah! such a message would break her poor heart at once. If your lordship could only see her, just as I left her in her chamber, fixed like a statue, her hands folded on her knees—her cheeks so deadly pale, and her fine dark eyes turned upwards to heaven, all streaming with tears—Ah! sure it is a sight would melt a heart of stone!

Ros. I am glad she suffers—to know that she is miserable rejoices me—if she was to weep till the Elbe overflowed with her tears, she could not wash out the stain she has fixed upon her family.

(A person knocks softly at the door.)

How now! who knocks there?

(Anselm appears.)

Ans. Please you, my lord—

Ros. No, Sirrah! it displeases—Disobedience, like an Egyptian plague, taints all my house, and leaves no wholesome creature within its walls.—'Twas my positive order no person should intrude.

Ans. In sooth, my lord, I'm not in fault—that woman is so obstinate, there's no way to rule her.

Ros. Eh! hasn't she left the castle yet?

Ans. No, my lord; nay more, she insists upon admittance to your lordship, and declares you *shall* see her.

Ros. How! vastly well! we shall find a way to settle with this positive personage: she *insists* truly! very right; let her enter, then: she has chosen a lucky moment; I'm in a delightful temper to receive her!—yes, shew the lady hither directly. Old woman, begone! (*Githa appears about to enter again.*) Once more, begone, I say.

(*He stamps furiously with his foot, and Githa retires, terrified at his rage; the Count then draws his chair forward, and seats himself with an air of excessive irritation.*)

Now, then, for this determined lady; no doubt 'twas she who tutored her hopeful son for this exploit:—well, well, her visit shall meet a due reception.

Enter Madame.

[*She advances with an unsteady step, and bends with humility before the Count, who regards her sternly, and does not return her salutation.*]

Ros. Well, Madam, your high and mighty pleasure is complied with;—you *do* see me, and now for the business:—what have you to say?

Mad. One word.—*Mercy.*

Ros. I expunged that word from my dictionary, when a villain's hand

blotted the page where *honour* was inscribed.

Mad. Count Rosenheim, you are a parent.

Ros. Aye, Madam, a wretched one—your son has rendered me such—I thank you for the recollection.

Mad. Is there then no hope? Are you resolved on his destruction?

Ros. Not so; I never take upon myself to decide the fate of any individual, whatever be my provocation; my cause shall be submitted to the excellent laws of my country—which never fail to redress the injured, or to protect an honest subject against the aggressions of the profligate and unprincipled!

Mad. But those laws are terrible.

Ros. Only to the vicious: innocence regards them undismayed: but, in a word, Madam, be this my fixed answer to all expostulation;—your son shall receive *justice*, and only justice; if the injured man demands no more, how shall he who commits the wrong expect indulgence?

Mad. Oh! heavens! do not send me from you thus!

Ros. 'Sdeath, woman! I did hope to have kept my temper with you: but you provoke me now beyond all patience.—How have you the effrontery to come into my presence upon such an errand; after you, and your son, have plotted against me, the basest injury a man of rank could suffer;—to steal away my heiress;—to pollute the stock of nobility with plebeian blood;—and to prop your own bankrupt fortunes with dishonest spoils;—to——

Mad. Hold! my lord—nor wantonly trample on a wretch whom affliction has already beaten to the ground!—though I lose happiness, let me retain honour: by every sacred name, I swear, even in remotest thought, I was not privy to your

daughter's flight; and had I known her fatal purpose, would have perished rather than deserved your harsh reproach.

Ros. (somewhat softened.) Well, Madam, if such really be the case (and you have protested it with solemnity) I am sorry for your misfortune: I can readily believe, unworthy children may spring from honourable parents; and if I have accused you undeservedly, I sincerely request your pardon.

Mad. Ah! that your forgiveness could be won half so easily as mine is granted! but you have a generous, noble nature—and, by all its god-like attributes, I implore you to have compassion on a desolate distracted woman!

(*She casts herself on her knees before him.*)

Release my boy! restore him to these widowed arms—and to the globe's remotest corner will we fly, never even by our name to wound your peace again.

Ros. 'Tis in vain—I am deaf to all intreaty.—

Mad. [*catching his arm with convulsive fervor.*] Count! A soul now kneels to you for salvation! if Adrian suffers, I shall be his murderess, and his innocent blood will fall on my head, and sink me to perdition;

Ros. Away! away! you rave!—

Mad. No—I am not yet mad, though soon I may be driven so—you cannot, dare not—destroy my Adrian—he is—

Ros. What?

Mad. [*shuddering in agony.*] There is a dreadful secret—may I confide in you?—Will you swear not to betray my trust?

Ros. (surprised.) I am a man of honour.

Mad. (looking suspiciously around and speaking low.) Aye! but swear never to breathe in mortal ear the

lightest hint of my confession—swear it, Count! solemnly swear it!

[*She grasps his hand between hers, and rivets her eye on his with terrifying wildness—the Count appears astonished and irresolute—while he hesitates, the voice of Altenburg sounds without.*]

Alt. (without.) I must see the Count directly—

Mad. (releasing her hold, and starting up with the look and accent of despair)—'Tis now too late, and I am dumb for ever! [*She draws her veil quickly over her face.*]

Enter Altenburg.

Alt. Count! I come to make a trial of your friendship—'tis now in your power to oblige me eternally.

Ros. My friend! You should command, rather than request. I am your debtor in kindness for more than I can ever pay.

Alt. Grant me one favour, and you discharge the obligation nobly. Say I have your promise.

Ros. Irrevocably.

Alt. Enough—I take you at your word.— [*Passes to Madame, and takes her hand with eagerness.*] Woman of affliction, cease to weep—the vial of wrath is drained, and the chastising angel smites no more!

[*He returns to the door, and throwing it open, introduces Adrian.*]

Behold the boon I claim—'tis the restoration of an only son to the arms of a widowed mother!

[*Adrian rushes forward, Madame shrieks faintly, and drops lifeless into his arms.*]

Ros. Prince! what does this mean?

Alt. Strictly justice—life for life.—This youth preserved mine; and now, through your consent, I redeem his from equal peril.

Ros. Prince! Prince! my honour will remain for ever wounded, if that youth escapes.

Alt. And mine would be slain outright, was he condemned to suffer.—Altenburg has broken his chains; will Rosenheim's be the hand to rivet them again?

Adr. Look up, my mother!—'tis Adrian calls! will you not bless him with a word?

[*Madame, without answering, feebly disengages herself from Adrian's embrace—totters toward Altenburg—sinks on her knees, and, sobbing audibly, takes his hand and kisses it.*]

Alt. No thanks, dear lady! but if you were once my enemy, only say I have atoned to you, and that I am now forgiven.

Mad. All is forgiven!—All shall be atoned!

[*She draws aside the veil, and gazes upon him, pale and trembling.*]

Alt. Why do you fasten thus your eyes upon me?—Gracious Heaven! What dreadful charm is in your looks?—those eyes! they pierce my soul—never but once I gazed on such before—terrible illusion!—Speak but a word—*one word!*

Mad. Matilda!

[*Her eyes close, and she falls prostrate at his feet.*]

Alt. Almighty powers! 'tis she, —the wronged, betrayed, and still adored Matilda!—O! let me catch you from the ground, and clasp you ever in these trembling arms! Matilda! look upon me! receive my penitence, and bless me with your pardon!

Mad. Away!—such bliss must ne'er be mine!

[*Struggling to force him from her.*]

Nay, hold me not—You know not what you do—You press to your bosom a serpent, that would have stung your noble heart to death!

Alt. O! do not shun me!—Fancy luxuriates, and I grow wild with hopes!—Matilda!—Adrian!—Mo-

ther!—Son!—Oh God! is he *that* son!—dare I to call him *ours*?

Mad. (*with bitterness.*) *Ours!*—would Altenburg then acknowledge Matilda Carlstein's nameless boy?

Alt. Rack me not with doubts so cruel!—bless me with a word, and say that I am still a parent:—but wherefore do I ask?—Nature irresistibly declares I am.—Adrian! my eager arms and throbbing heart expand together, and invite a son.

[*He rushes forward to embrace Adrian.*]

Mad. (*interposing*) Hold! Altenburg! forbear!—Adrian is *not* my son!

Adr. Great Heaven! not your son!—Oh! mother, do not drive me mad.

Alt. She would deceive us both; but the heart is confident, and cannot err.

Mad. Again I charge you hold!—By the eternal majesty of Truth! here, in the face of Man and Heaven, I swear it! Adrian is *not* my son!

Adr. What then am I? how must I regard you?

Mad. As a fiend to be abhorred for ever.

Adr. No, no; Adrian blesses you!

Mad. Soon will you learn to curse me—you will—you must—but I care not—my brain burns—yet all shall be confessed.

Alt. Matilda! a child once blessed our love,—say, in pity say, where is *that* child now?

Mad. Dead! Prince! dead! dead!—dust in the grave!—Hear me!—Twenty years since, sorrowing and blushing with my wrongs, I left the gaudy mansion of my shame, and sought in distant shades an humble refuge with my child;—desolate a I was, when I pressed my baby to my heart, I still felt comforted—brief illusive calm soothed my wo- spirit, and I began again to drea

of peace—when suddenly a malignant fever seized upon my blooming infant—for three wretched days and nights I watched by its bed incessantly, and Heaven knows how fervent were my prayers! but watch and prayer were vain, and the Angel of Death tore from my weak arms the only solace I retained on earth.—Even now I shake with the terrors of that hour. It was *your* child, Altenburg!—and, had you seen its soft blue eyes for ever closing, I think you would have pitied its wretched mother!

Alt. Oh God! how tenderly—how truly—

Mad. Soft, let me proceed—a direful dreary blank succeeded—my wits wandered, and for many months I became an helpless lunatic—Suddenly, recollection visited me again—'twas at the dead hour of night—I had escaped from the kind peasants who tended me, and was sitting in the church-yard where my babe lay buried;—as from a dream, the senses seemed to start and wake,—no human shape or sound was near—but the cold breeze of midnight played freshly on my temples, and I heard the fallen leaf rustle as it past me—I felt I was alone, and slowly I gazed around—the moon, at its cloudless zenith, and the silent march of the stars were above me; and at my feet a new-made grave, which my unconscious hand had been strewing o'er with flowers.—I looked, and I knew it for my baby's—I could not weep—fire had dried up the source of tears—but a new spirit, fierce and fiend-like, rose within my breast—I knelt down amidst the moon-light dews, and calling on my Infant's injured shade, pronounced a dreadful oath of vengeance—'twas on the Father of my Child I swore to be avenged.

Alt. Unhappy woman, how could you purpose—

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Mad. Yet a moment! both day and night I travelled on my wild design—at last the towers of Altenburg rose proudly on my sight—a thick bower concealed me, and I watched the spot, unsettled in my aim, but fixed upon revenge!—the Castle gates unfolded—and a child, lovely as Cherubim, came tripping o'er the lawn, plucking the flowers and weaving them in playful wreaths. He approached the ambush where I stood concealed—I gazed upon his features, and I knew their stamp—'twas *your* son, Altenburg, your *legitimate* son, whom I beheld; '*Revenge*,' I cried—and as the fearless infant gambolled near the bower, sudden and unseen I snatched him in my arms—the turbid waters of the Elbe flowed near—swift to the river's brink I flew and bore my victim with me.

Alt. Inhuman murderess! then by *you* my gentle lamb was sacrificed—*your* hands plunged my infant in the roaring flood!

Mad. No!—heaven spared me from a deed so damned! I cast his hat and mantle on the wave, but held the infant closely nestled to my heart—my cruel fraud succeeded—the clothes were found—their wearer's death believed—and unpursued I bore the heir of Altenburg to distant realms—hither, to the mountains of Saxony I fled—and here, in peasants' weeds, I hid a prince's form, and reared the fruit of noble veins in vileness as my own—my race of crime at last is run!—Adrian, I lose my child for ever, but *you* in Altenburg regain a Father.

[Altenburg and Adrian, who have hung upon the sentence in breathless impatience, now rush towards each other.]

Mad. Aye! fly to each other's arms, and kill me with the sight of bliss I never must partake; but I

do not murmur—no, may you be blessed for ever, whilst I eternally am curst!

(*Her corporal and mental powers a year to yield together, and she is sinking, when Rosenheim catches and sustains her.*)

Ros. (*vehemently.*) No, lady! no! that man must have the heart of a wild bear, who could curse a poor repentant sinner, that, stricken to the earth, implores for mercy!

Adr. (*flying to her.*) Mother, dearest mother!

Mad. (*feebly raising her head.*)

Ah! that name, Adrian—

Adr. (*impetuously.*) Is your son—you are still his parent, or Adrian is still an orphan!

Alt. Matilda, our offences have been mutual—let our expiation be the same; one son is lost to us, yet another still is ours.

Mad. Ours? O! Altenburg!

Alt. Let Adrian be your son—let Matilda be my wife!

Adr. Blessings on my father!

Mad. Adrian, lead me—let me kneel—

Alt. No—here, next a husband's heart, be folded, and absolved for ever!

(*Rosenheim and Adrian support Matilda;—Altenburg meets her with extended arms, and they sink on their knees as they embrace.*)

(*The folding doors, at the back of the scene, open, and Orrila appears leaning on Githa and Lothaire.*)

Loth. Look up, sweet lady! nay, never droop.

Gith. Ah! I said your courage would fail, when put to't; but you would persist.

Ros. (*turning suddenly.*) How now! whom do I see? Oh! thou undutiful disobedient—

Orr. Ah! Sir, spare your rebuke;—your frown alone has too much

terror for your child; humbly I come—

Ros. I know it—you come to whine, and whimper, and wheedle a fond father to forgive you; but you are too late, for I resolved upon your punishment just eight seconds ago; look up in my face, and tell me if you do not read their rigorous sentence?

Orr. (*timidly raises her eyes; Rosenheim smiles.*) Sir! father!

Ros. Come hither, girl; give me your hand: but no, I'll take it by proxy, and you, young man, shall be my representative. (*To Adrian.*)

Orr. Ah! dare I to believe—

Ros. Any thing: but, that your father can be inconsistent; you must not dare to believe that; for I never in my life rescinded a resolution I once had formed; I always said that Altenburg should be your husband, and 'tis now, only, to an Altenburg I resign you.

Adr. My Orrila! I read your marvel in your eyes—but soft you for a while, and these strange-seeming chances shall clearly be avouched for truths.

Orr. I know not to believe, yet will not doubt—O! if I dream, never let me wake from such delightful visions, but die of the sweet phantasy, and only find out the deceit in paradise!

Gith. What! does your Lordship forgive my young Lady?—please the saints then, I'll dance a gavot at the wedding!

Loth. When pardon touches all, must I alone despair of mercy?—does my dear master banish me, never to hope recall?

Alt. From me your fortunes are indeed divorced, but I will marry them to a kinder service, whence no fickle wish can chance to stray.—Kneel to the fair Orrila! for henceforth there your duties must be bound.—Now, my Matilda, let our

pilgrim loves, that have fulfilled the penance of their youthful fault, rest at the happy shrine, and meet succeeding pleasures doubly relished by needful remembrance of disasters past!

Mad. Wondering—trembling—touched with pious awe—
I am conscious—and adore! But now I stood upon Creation's verge, a lonely hermit atom—living, yet unallied to kindred life—lo! even as a moment—husband—offspring—friends—with all the heaven-born social charities, endear existence and invite me to a HOME!

Thus, when fierce winds the midnight deep deform,
And shrieks on high the spirit of the storm;
The shivering Mariner, aghast with fear,
Clings to the mast, and thinks his doomsday near;
Sudden—the dark dread danger clears away,
Clouds blush with light, warm strikes the new-born day.
In murmuring melody the waves subside,
And breeding Halcyons nestle o'er the tide;
Thro' Heaven's blue vast swift kindling glories run,
And waking worlds adore the golden sun!

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

MEMOIRS of the LIFE of the late
Right Hon. WILLIAM PITT.

(Continued from p. 8.)

MR. PITT, soon after he had taken the reins of government, brought forward in the house of commons his plan for a reform of parliament; but it was rejected by the house. After settling the accounts of the American war, which were left in a state of great confusion, he submitted to the house of commons a plan for discharging the national debt, which he afterwards amended and improved, and which will doubtless be considered by posterity as the noblest monument of

his fame. It was founded in 1786, on a surplus of 900,000*l.* of the annual income, above the annual expenditure, which he proposed should be raised to a million sterling by taxes imposed for that purpose. This sum was to be annually paid to commissioners, to be by them applied to the purchase of stock towards discharging the debt of the country. With a view at once to lighten the burdens of the people, and to render his favourite plan more effective, he proceeded to correct many abuses which had crept into the collection of the revenue, improving the excise laws, and extending their operation to the article of wine. Nor did he confine his attention to the details of interior regulation; his enlightened and discerning mind perceived, that though France for ages had been what is called the natural enemy of this country, the frequent wars in which the two countries had been involved were more owing to false and mistaken notions concerning the sources of national prosperity, and an ill-founded jealousy on the part of France of the commercial riches of England, than from any other cause. He availed himself, therefore, of an interval of peace, to convince the government of France of the mistaken notions they had entertained upon this subject, by shewing them that every endeavour they had made to triumph by sea had diminished the riches and power which it was their object to increase by a contest, and that both their commerce and naval force had been uniformly reduced by the very wars through which they had sought their extension. Concord, therefore, being the mutual interest of both parties, Mr. Pitt conceived the noble design of changing the contentious policy which had so long prevailed by establishing a system of commer-

cial intercourse, which should reciprocally increase the value of productive labour. Mr. Eden was accordingly sent to Paris to conclude a treaty of commerce with France, in which he completely succeeded. The advantages of this treaty were so obvious, that they were the best possible panegyric upon the talents which had produced it.

Though whatever related to the commercial prosperity of the country at all times engaged a principal share of Mr. Pitt's attention, he was likewise careful to maintain the dignity of the crown in our relations with foreign states. By a spirited and timely interference in the affairs of Holland, in 1767, he prevented that country from falling a prey to a French faction, which was then looking to the house of Bourbon for support. And in the following year, by measures similarly decisive, Great Britain, in conjunction with Prussia, succeeded in arresting the ambitious views of Catherine II. which were then directed against Sweden, and inducing her to conclude a peace on equitable terms with the Ottoman Porte.

The close of the year 1788 was clouded by a signal calamity which befel the nation in the person of the sovereign. It is unnecessary to advert to the circumstances of an illness which spread grief and dismay over the country, more particularly than merely to recall to the recollection of the reader the circumstances of difficulty in which Mr. Pitt was then placed, and the manner in which he acquitted himself of the arduous duties attached to his station.

But the most difficult period of Mr. Pitt's administration was not yet arrived. Hitherto he had only to combat a political party, a difficulty which every minister in this country must infallibly expect to encounter. A crisis was approaching

in the affairs of Europe, which threatened the overthrow of all the existing governments. The French revolution produced a war between this country and France. As to the mode of conducting it, there is, perhaps, room for diversity of opinion. The circumstances were new and unprecedented, and therefore little or no light could be derived from experience to guide him in his estimate of the enemy's means, and consequently the extent of the force by which he ought to have been opposed. If we are to judge by events, and lay aside the fatal reverses sustained by our allies—if we are to take the history of the war as merely a contest between this country and France, it may be considered as successful on the part of England; and, perhaps, an impartial man would be disposed to infer, not that Mr. Pitt was responsible for the misfortunes and conduct of our allies, but that if he had been able to dispose of the force of the continent as he did dispose of that of this country, the success, which was only partial, would in that case have been general. At the same time, he had an arduous task to perform in counteracting the open and secret attempts of those, for too many such there were, who seditiously wished to introduce into this country the wild theories and ruinous practices of France. Some of the measures he adopted for this purpose were, perhaps, liable to considerable objections; but others of them were no doubt absolutely necessary.

The course of the war was marked by several important events immediately affecting the public credit of the country, and one of which seemed for a time to throw the security of the kingdom into immediate and imminent jeopardy; but they were met by Mr. Pitt with a calmness, firmness, and sagacity, worthy of his character,

and of the prime minister of a great nation. In 1793, the spirit of commercial speculation and enterprise, which had for many years been so rapidly increasing, did not find in the circulating medium at that time afloat, means sufficient to answer the highly augmented demands of trade. In consequence of the distress and alarm caused by this stagnation, and to enable the merchants to make good those engagements which were amply secured by the value of their property, but which in the state of pecuniary negotiation at that time surpassed their convertible effects, Mr. Pitt proposed that government should advance money on the security of mercantile commodities, by issuing exchequer bills to be granted to the merchants, on the requisite security for a limited time, and bearing legal interest, in consequence of which the temporary embarrassment was removed, and manufactures and trade again became flourishing.

The year 1797 was clouded by two events, which threatened consequences still more alarming. From the great advances which the Bank for a considerable time had been in the habit of making to government—from the amount of the remittances in specie which were about this period sent abroad, in the form of subsidies to foreign powers, from a dread of invasion, which had spread a sort of momentary panic over the kingdom—and, perhaps, we may add, from a deficiency in the circulating medium, which had by no means been increased in proportion to the vast and rapid extension of commerce—a run commenced upon the country banks which soon reached the metropolis, and created such a demand for cash on the Bank of England, that their stock, in all probability, would soon have been exhausted had not government immediately interposed, and issued the order of council of

the twenty-sixth of February, prohibiting the directors of the Bank from paying in specie till the sense of parliament should be taken. The measure was bold and decisive; but it met with the support of the monied interest of the kingdom, whose confidence in Mr. Pitt had been always unbounded, and it saved the country from all the confusion which might have arisen from so serious a state of things.

But circumstances which only affected the credit of the country, however alarming and important they might appear, were sunk in the terror and dismay which pervaded every class of society, when, on the thirteenth of April of that year, a mutiny broke out on board the fleet at Portsmouth, which on the twenty-second of May manifested itself at the Nore, and which afterwards communicated itself to several ships both of the North Sea and Cadiz fleets. This was an event which made the empire tremble on its base, and which deprived ordinary men of all power of reflection. Mr. Pitt, however, was not shaken even then. The measures adopted by him, lord Spencer, lord Grenville, and Mr. Dundas, manifested at once prudence, moderation, and vigour; and the splendid victories which since that eventful period have been gained by our fleets are much more than sufficient eternally to wipe off the stain which such irregular proceedings left for a time on their character.

It was in the same year that Mr. Pitt adopted a new plan of finance, founded upon the principle of raising a great part of the supplies within the year. With the view of preventing the increase of the permanent debt, from which the enemy expected the downfall of our credit, he proposed to treble the assessed taxes, which he calculated to amount

to a tax of about ten per cent. upon income, which he afterwards substituted for this tax. This plan was followed up by the redemption of the land-tax, by which the revenue gained an accession of 400 000*l.* a year; and the effect of the whole financial system has been manifest in the high and undiminished state of public credit, notwithstanding the burthens of a war unprecedented both in expence and duration.

In the month of January 1799, Mr. Pitt proposed a plan for the union of Ireland with Great Britain, by placing the three kingdoms under the same legislature, as they were already governed by the same prince. In developing the importance of this measure, he displayed, perhaps, more than at any other time his commanding eloquence, his profound and extensive acquaintance with the political interests of the country, and his accurate knowledge of the human heart and character. He had many difficulties to encounter in carrying through this plan, arising from local prejudices, from contracted notions, from the violence of party spirit, and from the interested views of individuals; but to a mind like his difficulties never act as discouragements, but as stimulants to greater exertions. He surmounted all the obstacles which were opposed to him both in Ireland and this country, and at last successfully carried his project into effect.

In the discussion on the union, Mr. Pitt and his supporters repeatedly mentioned the satisfaction of the catholics as more practicable under an extended and united legislation than a confined and separate one, and he either by express stipulations had pledged himself, or by general assurances had impressed many with a persuasion, that, when the union should be effected, he would be the advocate of the catholic claims. It

was understood, however, that the king, who uniformly acts from moral principle, and agreeably to the dictates of his conscience, conceived that he could not enter into the views of his minister consistently with his coronation oath. Mr. Pitt, on the other hand, attaching much importance to the measure, thought fit to resign his office, on finding that he could not carry it into execution.

This important change in the administration of the country, which now devolved on Mr. Addington, took place in February 1801. Mr. Pitt was understood to have recommended Mr. Addington to his majesty as his successor, and he retired from office, giving the new administration a promise of hearty support, as did those of his colleagues who resigned along with him. Lord Grenville and his friends became disgusted with the measures of their successors much sooner than Mr. Pitt, who continued to support them after the conclusion of the peace of Amiens, during the peace, and till the commencement of the present war, when he joined his old friends, who were now leagued with the former opposition, and by their united efforts compelled Mr. Addington to resign his office in May, 1804.

The country being thought to be in such imminent danger, that unanimity founded upon a coalition of parties could alone save it, it was ardently desired that an administration should be formed upon a broad basis, embracing all the most distinguished talents in the country. Mr. Pitt is said warmly to have favoured this project, and to have sincerely recommended it to his majesty for his adoption. The objections in that quarter to admitting Mr. Fox to the secret councils of the crown were, however, found to

be insurmountable. Lord Grenville refused to join any administration from which Mr. Fox was peremptorily excluded. Mr. Pitt was thus obliged to form an administration composed of his own particular friends; and if, in consequence of its confined organisation, he did not enjoy the benefit of the most splendid talents, this loss was, perhaps, in some degree counterbalanced by the advantage of one mind pervading and animating all the departments of government, unshackled by those differences of sentiment and opinion which rival powers so frequently beget.

In the prosecution of the war which was now entered into, England was, as before, eminently successful in her individual efforts by sea. The glorious victory of Trafalgar almost annihilated the French and Spanish navies. But the coalition on the continent, from which so much had been expected, and the formation of which was considered as reflecting so much honour on the political talents of Mr. Pitt, was to the last degree unfortunate. The surrender of the Austrian army under general Mack at Ulm, and the defeat at Austerlitz, compelled the emperor of Austria to sign the peace dictated to him at Presburg. These disastrous events could not but make a deep impression on the mind of Mr. Pitt, whose health about this time began visibly to decline. For its recovery he went to Bath, where on his first arrival he drank the waters very freely, twice a day, saying, that he knew he must have a fit of the gout, in order to be well; that he came there two years before, and tried to bring it on then, but could not; and that it attacked him, very inconveniently, after his return to town, which he would now endeavour to avoid, by hastening the fit. The gout very soon appeared, first in his right foot, and then had every

appearance of going off with a regular fit. He was well enough after this to go out in his carriage. In about three weeks time, however, the left foot was laid up, attended with a good deal of inflammation and excessive pain. The latter he would never confess; and even when large drops were trickling down his face, from torture, he said, smiling—‘We who have got the gout, must expect to suffer something; but if this be all, I can bear it very well, and much more.’

Before the attack came to its height, he went, one day, in a chair, to the pump-room, to take a glass of water. As he limped across the floor, a good-natured quaker came up to him, and said—‘Thou seems’t rather lame, friend; wilt thou permit me to assist thee?’ With a good-natured smile, but peculiar energy, Mr. Pitt, replied—‘No, thank you, sir; I can stand alone upon my legs yet.’

About the same time, he had a few friends to dine with him, among whom was a general officer who had been wounded in the service. ‘General,’ said he, ‘if I were lame from the same cause that you are, I might shoulder my crutch, and shew how fields were won. But it is my fate only to shew by what damnable treachery they have been lost.—Come’, said he, ‘I am the youngest man in the company, and will be gayest man in the gout you ever met with yet.’ This he amply verified, for not one of the company ever recollected him so jocular or facetious.

In a few days, however, his appetite totally left him, for the first time, under any circumstances of his life; and he shewed evident marks of extreme weakness and exhaustion. This first alarmed his very anxious friends, and, unknown to him, an express was sent to sir Walter Farquhar, who went down to Bath

immediately. Sir Walter declared that the Bath waters had produced a greater tendency to gout than his constitution had strength to bear; but would not undertake the responsibility of removing him from Bath, without the sanction of two other physicians. Drs. Haysgarth and Parry were therefore called in, and they concurred in the necessity of a change of air, to try if it would restore his appetite, more particularly as the house which had been chosen for him in Bath was in a very low, damp, and exposed situation, from which he sustained material injury.

The violence of the gout had now partly left him, and nothing appeared to remain but extreme debility. Sir Walter Farquhar having suggested that if he preferred staying in Bath, a house more convenient for him might be procured, and that he had no doubt but arrangements might be made for postponing all business in parliament, and partly hinting that he was authorised to make overtures for that purpose, Mr. Pitt replied—‘No, I will not consent to a moment’s delay, when my conduct is in question. I will go to the house, though I should be carried to it in a litter. I feel from the strength of my own mind that I shall be well enough for that.’

He was not, however, able to enter the House of Commons again. About the middle of January 1805, he returned from Bath to Putney, and though extremely fatigued by the journey, flattering hopes of his recovery continued to be for some time entertained. Parliament met on January the twenty-first, but the day before he had a very serious relapse. The next day his disorder seemed to have taken a more favourable turn, and the fever was apparently so much abated, that the physicians encouraged hopes of his recovery; but towards the evening,

when the physician who chiefly attended him paid his visit before taking leave of his patient for the night, he found that the fever had returned with increased violence, and every symptom was so aggravated that all hope was at an end. It became now necessary to declare an opinion, and to acquaint Mr. Pitt himself with the imminent danger.

The bishop of Lincoln, the oldest and fondest friend of Mr. Pitt, was called out of the room, and the following opinion was expressed to him, nearly in these words.—

‘He cannot live forty-eight hours: the disorder has now taken a mortal turn; any attempt to rouse him from his present lethargy would be attended with instant death. He is not strong enough for medicine, or any restorative application. If he lingers a few days more it will astonish me.’

The bishop of Lincoln now saw the necessity of intimating the danger to Mr. Pitt. He fulfilled this painful office with firmness. Mr. Pitt was hardly sensible; this dreaded shock had scarcely power to dissipate his lethargy; but after a few moments he waved his hand, and was left alone with the bishop.

He had desired that some papers should be brought to him to which his signature was necessary. He then desired to receive the sacrament from his venerable friend, and it was accordingly administered. In the most composed and collected state, he afterwards expressed to the bishop his perfect resignation to the will of Heaven; and his mind bore up under his nearly exhausted body with such manly fortitude, that he entered into a conversation on religious subjects, speaking of himself with Christian humility, though with philosophic firmness—a firmness indeed that must rather be referred to that spirit of devotion which was always a lead-

ing sentiment in his mind. A long time, for such an awful crisis, was passed in the solemn duties of religion; and almost the last words he uttered signified that he died in peace and good-will towards all mankind. He had received no sustenance from Tuesday the twenty-first. His will* was made in a calm interval between that and the following day. He had signified a desire to write a few lines, but his exhausted condition deprived him of the power.

During the night his fever continued, and the strong convulsions in his stomach more than once threatened to break up his frame.

The bishop of Lincoln sat up with him. The physicians had discontinued medicine. On Wednesday the twenty-second in the morning, lady Hester Stanhope his niece, and Mr. James Stanhope, had an interview with him, and received his last adieu. His brother, the earl of Chatham, took his last farewell late in the afternoon; Mr. Pitt was scarcely sensible. He could speak nothing: he could express affection, gratitude, and hope, only by signs.

The bishop of Lincoln continued with him all night. The mortal symptoms were now approaching to a crisis. His extremities were already cold, and his senses began to fail. As a last and desperate effort to protract life, blisters were applied to the soles of his feet. They restored him to something of life and recollection, but they could arrest nothing of the progress of death. It is said that he continued clear and composed till a short time before his dissolution, which took place, without much addition of suffering or struggle, at half-past four o'clock in

the morning of Thursday, January the twenty-third, 1806.

With respect to the character of this great statesman, his great financial abilities seem scarcely ever to have been contested. It has been observed, and apparently with justice, that had the same plans of finance which he carried into execution been adopted from the beginning of the seven years war till the present time, our debts would not have amounted to one-third of what they do; and had they not been begun by Mr. Pitt, our debts would now have been at least one-third more than they are.—When we consider his abilities in this respect, we admire them the more, since nearly all the financial projects attempted in other nations have failed: and we regret the loss of those abilities the more, that our having occasion for them again is far more than merely possible. Let us, however, hope that a system which has now been persevered in for twenty years has made so many converts to its advantage, that it will not be abandoned; and that if difficulties occur, men of abilities and genius will be found who will imitate the disinterested and firm conduct of William Pitt.

As a general politician and a minister, conducting the affairs of a nation during a most unprecedented period, opinions will be more divided with respect to the conduct of Mr. Pitt. The nature of things renders it impossible to appeal to facts and demonstrations in the same manner, because, in this case, though we know what he did do, and we know the consequences, we are ignorant of the motives, in some cases; and in all we are ignorant of what the consequences would have been had he acted differently.

As an orator in the senate Mr. Pitt was almost unrivalled. On this

* For a copy of this will, see vol. xxxvii. (for 1806) p. 122.

subject we shall borrow the words of a confidential friend and admirer of him, who has himself taken and still continues to take a very active part in public affairs.—'As a debater in the house of commons his speeches were logical and argumentative; if they did not often abound in the graces of metaphor, or sparkle with the brilliancy of wit, they were always animated, elegant, and classical. The strength of his oratory was intrinsic; it presented the rich and abundant resource of a clear discernment and a correct taste. His speeches are stamped with inimitable marks of originality. When replying to his opponents, his readiness was not more conspicuous than his energy. He was always prompt, and always dignified. He could sometimes have recourse to the sportiveness of irony, but he did not often seek any other aid than was to be derived from an arranged and extensive knowledge of his subject. This qualified him fully to discuss the arguments of others, and forcibly to defend his own. Thus armed, it was rarely in the power of his adversaries, mighty as they were, to beat him from the field. His eloquence, occasionally rapid, electric, and vehement, was always chaste, winning, and persuasive; not awing into acquiescence, but arguing into conviction. His understanding was bold and comprehensive. Nothing seemed too remote for his reach, or too large for his grasp.

'Unallured by dissipation, and unswayed by pleasure, he never sacrificed the national treasure to the one, or the national interest to the other. To his unswerving integrity, the most authentic of all testimony is to be found in that unbounded public confidence which followed him throughout the whole of his political career.'

Mr. Pitt's mind was strongly actuated by the love of glory and the fire of genius: it was deeply imbued with taste, literature, and the best endowments of nature. He was beloved by his friends, and steady in his attachments. His temper, as a private man, contrary to what has been most unwarrantably said of him, was open, generous, and kind. His powers of conversation bore the stamp of his genius; but it was genius unbending from the dignity of senatorial eminence, to that fascinating and familiar simplicity which great men are ever known to display in domestic and relaxed hours.

Abroad, and in political contest, he was proud and inflexible. To those who knew him confidentially, he was said to bear an uniform demeanour of kindness and good nature. But it must be remembered that among his friends, even in the cabinet, there were few obstinate men—few men who could pique his jealousy, or, in the slightest degree, ruffle the tide of his inclination.

ACCOUNT of the new PLAY called
'THE CURFEW,' performed for
the first Time at the Theatre-
Royal, Drury-Lane, on Thursday,
February 19.

THE characters were thus represented:

NORMANS.

Hugh de Tracy,	- - -	Mr. Barrymore.
Robert,	- - -	Mr. Bannister.
Bertrand,	- - -	Mr. H. Siddons.
Walter,	- - -	Mr. Penley.
Philip,	- - -	Mr. Eyre.
Dunstan,	- - -	Mr. Cook.
Matilda,	- - -	Mrs. Powell.
Florence,	- - -	Miss Duncan.

DANES.

Fitzharding,	- - -	Mr. Elliston.
Armstrong,	- - -	Mr. Palmer.
Conrad,	- - -	Mr. Matthews.
Herman,	- - -	Mr. Carles.

The scene lies in England, in the time of William the Conqueror.

THE PLOT.

THE *Baron de Tracy*, a native of Normandy, having married an English lady there, was so violently instigated to jealousy, by cert in anonymous letters, that he plunged his dagger into his wife's breast, caught, as he considered her, in the arms of her seducer. His wife, *Matilda*, only wounded, fled with her infant son, leaving her husband to the distracting conviction of her honour, and to the still more distracting surmise, that the vessel in which she had departed was lost in its passage. The cause of all this misery was *Fitzharding*, a youth, who having enlisted in the baron's service, received from him, for some trifling offence, the ignominy of a public punishment; and of this the imposture he practised on the baron was but the commencement of his revenge. In the present play, we find the baron, an English lord, and *Fitzharding*, the captain of a Danish banditti, infesting the woods adjacent to the baron's castle. *Fitzharding*, luckily for the completion of his revenge, intercepts a friar, who is on his way to confess the baron, assumes the monk's disguise, and proceeds thither himself, having previously planned with his fellow-robbers an attack upon the castle at the tolling of the curfew-bell. Near to this scene of action resided *Matilda*, and her son *Robert*, the former of whom, from her recluseness, had obtained the reputation of a witch, and the latter had just joined *Fitzharding's* banditti. This banditti in their prowlings meet with *Florence*, the daughter of the baron, who had left her father's castle in male disguise on account of his refusal to her union with *Bertrand*, the companion of her earliest years: the robbers bear her away to their cave,

where she overhears the whole plot to besiege her father's castle. The robbers, conceiving her to have been too attentive to their discourse, give her over to *Robert* to be dispatched. The tender heart of this youth in iniquity is melted by her confession of her sex, and he not only preserves her, but secures her escape to his mother's cottage. *Robert*, too, shoots an arrow with a written discovery of the robbers' intention into the confines of the castle, where it is picked up and delivered to the baron, in the midst of his conference with the supposed friar. The baron gives it to *Fitzharding* to read, who, of course, perceiving its drift, evades the communication of it to the baron. In the mean time, *Florence* is brought into the baron's presence, under his order for the seizure of every soul in *Matilda's* cottage. *Florence* develops enough of *Fitzharding's* dark design to put the baron's castle in the utmost readiness for attack; and just as *Fitzharding* had led the baron into the deepest recess of the castle, and had discovered himself and his bloody intentions, we find the form of *Matilda* interposing, and confessing herself the long-lost wife of the baron. The next scene is, of course, the frustration of *Fitzharding's* plot, and the happy union of *Bertrand* and *Florence*.

This play has been announced as the posthumous production of Mr. Tobin, the author of the *Honey Moon*, a name now well known, and whose memory and accomplishments are deservedly esteemed in the literary world. Being introduced under circumstances which Dr. Johnson forcibly describes—

From praise or censure now no more we
dread,
For English vengeance wars not with the
dead—

the province of criticism becomes

peculiarly delicate. Panegyric would therefore in some degree be superfluous, and correction of no avail—for

We need not hiss—the Author cannot hear!

'*The Curfew*,' in several instances, excites the tender emotions of the mind. Although it by no means rouses our stronger energies, yet it commands an interest throughout which will ensure it that portion of popularity refused to several plays of modern times. It has little, if any, novelty; yet the attractions of the plot—although drawn from obvious sources—the elegance and purity of the sentiments, and its powerful stage effect, all happily combine in forming a play fit for our rational amusement. If it have no originality of plot or character, some may perhaps express their astonishment at the cause of its success; but that astonishment will cease when they are informed that a strong combination of incidents, managed by the hand of a master, and strengthened and adorned by forcible and eloquent observations on life and manners, will contribute to the success of a play in which originality of plot or character may be wanting. Although we are presented with many likenesses and colourings from various other dramas, yet the poetical machinery is so very happily blended, as to obtain our best and most sincere approbation. In '*The Curfew*' we frequently find the most prominent features of '*The Revenge*'—'*The Children of the Wood*'—'*Castle Spectre*'—'*The Battle of Hexham*,'—Shakspeare's Plays, &c. &c.: but the author draws from those sources so dexterously, as to ensure not only our forgiveness but

our warmest encomiums. Between the character of *Fitzharding* and that of *Sanga* there is very little difference of sentiment and operation of the mind. In one passage there is the mere substitution of the word 'braud' for 'blow!'

The scenes where *Matilda* undergoes an interrogatory as a witch, and where she rescues her husband from the revengeful dagger of *Fitzharding*, are worked up with uncommon skill, and fraught with the deepest pathos. Not less striking are the scenes where *Fitzharding*, as the confessor, probes the conscience of the baron, and afterwards discovers himself to be an officer, whom the baron had formerly insulted so gallingly, and punished so ignominiously. The vigour of the sentiments which distinguish the chief character is suitably exhibited in equal vigour of expression. Indeed Mr. Tobin was perfect master of a style that has almost every thing to recommend it, viz. force, elegance, splendour of imagery, felicity, and justness of illustration and comparison.

We have seldom seen a new play so ably sustained by the performers, who were perfect in their respective parts. Elliston evinced unusual powers in *Fitzharding*, and Mrs. Powell infused much dignity and tenderness into the part of *Matilda*. Miss Duncan and Bannister were as interesting as ever; nor have we often seen Mr. H. Siddons to such advantage. Unmixed applause accompanied the performance from the beginning to the end of the piece, and broke out in an universal burst when the play was announced for a second representation.—A prologue and epilogue were spoken; the former has great merit.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL,
AND THE
GRASSHOPPER'S FEAST.

Said to have been written by WILLIAM ROSCOE, esq. M. P. for Liverpool, for the use of his children, and set to music by order of their Majesties for her royal highness the princess Mary.

COME, take up your hats, and away let us haste
To the Butterfly's ball and the Grasshopper's feast:
The trumpeter Gad-fly has summon'd the crew,
And the revels are now only waiting for you.
On the smooth shaven grass by the side of a wood,
Beneath a broad oak, which for ages had stood,
See the children of earth, and the tenants of air,
To an evening's amusement together repair.
And there came the Beetle, so blind and so black,
Who carried the Emmet, his friend, on his back;
And there came the Gnat, and the Dragon-fly too,
And all their relations—green, orange, and blue.
And there came the Moth, with her plumage of down,
And the Hornet, with jacket of yellow and brown,
Who with him the Wasp, his companion, did bring,
But they promised that evening to lay by their sting.
Then the sly little Dormouse peep'd out of his hole,
And led to the feast his blind cousin, the Mole;
And the Snail, with her horns, peeping out of her shell,
Came fatigued with the distance, the length of an ell.

A mushroom the table, and on it was spread
A water dock-leaf, which their table-cloth made.
The viands were various, to each of their taste,
And the Bee brought the honey to sweeten the feast.
With steps most majestic the Snail did advance,
And he promised the gazers a minuet to dance;
But they all laugh'd so loud that he drew in his head,
And went in his own little chamber to bed.
Then as evening gave way to the shadows of night,
Their watchman, the Glow-worm, came out with his light:
So home let us hasten, while yet we can see,
For no watchman is waiting for you or for me.

THE HAUNTED COTTAGE.

IN yonder neat cot, at the skirt of the grove
Near which a small streamlet doth glide,
Fair Laura resided, a maiden so fair,
That she was of the village the pride.
Young William, who liv'd at the foot of the hill,
Beheld this sweet flower of the vale;
His breast with the fondest emotions was fill'd,
And soon he disclos'd his soft tale.
But when the attachment was known to his friends,
They resolv'd that the lovers should part;
And vow'd that the youth should his passion forego,
And leave the dear girl of his heart.
They fondly imagined that absence and time
Would all kind sensations remove;
That London's gay scenes would influence the youth,
To forget his fond Laura and love.

How vain their conjectures the sequel will
prove:

In youth's bright meridian bloom,
Depriv'd of his Laura, the joy of his heart,
He sicken'd, and sunk to the tomb.

No sooner the news was to Laura convey'd,
When frantic and wild with despair,
She plung'd in the streamlet that glides by
the cot,

And sought a retreat from her care.

So blooms the fair lily that graces the vale,
Eclipsing each floweret around,
Till broke from its stem by the rude blast's
rough wing,

In an instant it falls to the ground.

Her parents, distracted, beheld the sad scene;
With Laura their comfort was fled:
Bow'd down with the weight of distress and
old age,

They sunk to the realms of the dead.

How lonely and sad does the cottage appear,
Which erst was the seat of delight!
The orchard, the garden, and jasmine bower,
How dreary they look to the sight!

No villager e'er will inhabit the cot,
For 'tis roundly affirm'd, that at night
Deep murmurings are heard, and dire sounds
load the gale,

And the windows emit a pale light.

'Tis likewise reported—and credited too,
At midnight's dark ghost-walking hour,
That William and Laura, with arm lock'd in
arm,

Oft walk to their favorite bower.

The birdnesting stripling—a truant from
school,

Ne'er frequents this dread haunted spot;
The peasant returning from labour at eve,
Goes a circle, to shun the drear cot.

Fast by the small fane that o'erlooks the low
vale

The remains of poor Laura repose:
The maidens subscrib'd, and erected a tomb,
And a youth did these verses compose:—

EPITAPH.

Well may the sculptur'd Cupids on this stone
With bows unstrung and broken arrows
mourn;

And chisel'd cherubs, as they hover near,
Here shed, or seem to shed, the pitying tear:
Here the hard heart may learn to sympathise,
And soft'ning dew distil from marble eyes.

Pause, youthful passenger, who stroll this
way,

And wisdom learn from Laura's mould'ring
clay;

Here see how oft bright beauty's fairest
flower

Feels disappointed passion's noxious power.
And may an happier influence from above
Preserve thee from th' effects of frantic love.

Haverhill, Jan. 20, 1807. I. WEBB.

ADDRESS TO

OPULENCE AND COMPETENCE.

(Written February, 1807.)

————— 'Take physic, Pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'st shake the superflux to
them,

And shew the Heavens more just.'

SHAKESPEARE.

YE sons of opulence, while winter reigns
In frigid terror o'er your wide domains;
While from the north the gelid breezes
blow,

And covers nature with a mask of snow;
O freely from your purse impart your store,
And clothe and feed the naked, starving
poor!

Behold yon cot, whose miserable form
Shakes at the pressure of the wintry storm;
Whose mossy roof, chink'd walls, and broken
pane,

Admit the feathery snow and driving rain:
Enter the ruinous abode, and see
In living traits, domestic misery.

Crouch'd o'er the embers view the squalid
race,

Rags on each back, and famine in each face;
While cries for bread assault their mother's
ears,

She gives but one expressive answer—tears!
Lo, at her breast a famish'd nursing lies,
The milky fount refuse to grant supplies;
Want has dry'd up the source whence freely
flow'd

The mild nutritious stream.

Ye sons of competence, to whom kind heaven
With lib'ral hand has needful plenty giv'n,
Practise frugality—but spare, to spend;
Think what you give the poor to God you
lend.

Go seek distress, explore the tents of woe,
Bid the wan cheek with rosy tints to glow;
Smooth with soft touch Misfortune's rugged
road,

Clothe shivering Want, and fill it's mouth
with food.

At length, transfixt by death, yon heights as-
cend,

Where active virtue finds an heav'nly friend.
Haverhill. JOHN WEBB.

SONNET.

(On viewing a withered Rose.)

WHILE thus in pensive silence, sacred
flow'r,

O'er thy lost sweets with downcast look I
gaze,

And view, alas! thy charms with wild
amaze,

Now wither'd,—once the pride of Flora's
bow'r,

How does remembrance sad with tears re-
view
Scenes, hours, and days that once like thee
were fair!
When pleasure felt no pang and love no
care,
And naught but happiness this bosom knew.

Life then indeed was dear: like thee, sweet
flow'r!

My Mary smil'd serene, till o'er her
charms

Death unrelenting stalk'd 'in evil hour,'

And snatch'd the lovely image from my
arms.

Come, let me kiss thy leaves, as with a tear
I strew their moisten'd cups to deck my
Mary's bier.

H. C.

THE TEAR.

HOW seldom, in this desert vale,
Congenial happiness we find;
Seldom, that friendship's steady gale
Re-animates the drooping mind!
Some passing breeze, to sorrow dear,
Dries but a while the bitter tear!

Scarce bud the wishes of the heart,
When, blighted by distrust, they die;
We feel the sum of bliss depart,
And o'er our fairest prospects sigh!
Some passing breeze, to sorrow dear,
Dries but a while the bitter tear!

Ah! when, to ills no more a prey,
Shall yet the wearied soul repose?
Soon, and behold earth's toilsome day
An everlasting sabbath close!
Fresh from the tree of life, is near
The breeze that dries the bitter tear!

A WINTER SCENE.

By the Rev. RICHARD MANT, M. A.

(Written on Christmas-day.)

'TIS sad to gaze when nature shrouds
The sun's reluctant ray,
And veils in deep embitter'd clouds
The glories of the day:
When sighing to the gale the wood
His wather'd honour yields,
And dark is now the mountain flood,
With storms deform'd and foul with mud,
And dimm'd the pleasant fields.

For who that has an eye to view,
And who that has a breast
To feel the charms that round him glow,
In summer splendour drest,
O'er all the scene a glance can dart,
And see without a sign;
Not all the scene can now impart
A charm to glad his drooping heart,
And fix his roving eye.

O then 'tis sweet to think the hour
Of gloom shall pass away,
And dark December's stormy power
Soon yield to gentle May:
That soon the sun his laughing beam
From azure skies shall shed,
Soon on the torpid forest gleam,
And tint with gold the lucid stream,
And robe the verdant mead.

E'en so it is with them who trace
The monuments of death,
And mourn for man's devoted race;
Till to the eye of faith,
The winter of the grave to cheer,
Look forth the smiling spring,
And, leading heav'n's eternal year,
The Sun of Righteousness appear
With healing on his wing.

THE ADIEU.

THE hour is almost come
When I must bid adieu
To my parental home,
And part, dear friends, from you,
Whose kindness, love, and hospitality,
Has shielded me from man's duplicity.

Farewell thou pleasant hill,
And sweetly shady bow'r,
For contemplation form'd;
Where oft at evening hour
I've pensive sat, and view'd the charming
scene,
The church, the cot, the mill, and winding
stream.

When from the golden broom
The lark has soar'd to sing,
His grateful vesper song,
To heav'n's all bounteous King,
Oft' have I wish'd, sweet bird, thy strength of
wings,
That I might mount above terrestrial things.

Yet cheerfully I'll go,
For duty's voice is dear;
Tho' mem'ry with a sigh,
Will fondly linger here.
May health and peace ever attend on you,
And joy and love.—Adieu, dear friends, adieu!
Feb. 8, 1807. SOPHIA T.

THE CHARMER OF LEADENHALL
STREET.*

(*A burlesque Valentine*).

DEAR charmer of Leadenhall-street,
Attend, while I sing of my pains :
Thy beauties, alas! are so sweet,
They've puzzled my planet-struck brains.
Thus plagued, at a loss for a name,
By which thy bright charms I might greet,
It struck me to call thee, fair dame,
The charmer of Leadenhall-street.
I've known thee, alas! a long while,
And sometimes have written to thee ;
But your pride ne'er allows you to smile
On a wretch so devoted as me.
Oh! deign, beauteous maiden, to give
Me a smile the next time that we meet,
And then I'll adore while I live
The charmer of Leadenhall-street.
May Venus inspire you with love,
Though with Venus in charms you can vie;
May Hymen unite us, my dove,
And in wedlock fast bind you and I;
Then our lives will pass on without strife,
Our hearts in fond union will beat ;
I shall bless, while I have any life,
The charmer of Leadenhall-street.
Valentine's day, 1807. J. M. L.

MARY MARTON.

A BALLAD.

(*By John Mayne.*)

I.
POOR William was landed at bonny Dum-
barton,
Where the streams from Lochlomond run
into the sea:
At home, in sweet Ireland, he left Mary
Marton,
With a child at her foot, and a babe on her
knee.
The regiment march'd off when the passage
was over,
The rout was for England, by land all the
way;
No, never to halt, but, at Ramsgate, or
Dover,
Embark in the vessels that were in the
Bay.

* If any male reader of the *Lady's Magazine* should find this *elegant valentine* adapted to his *own case*, by altering the name of the street, it may be made to apply to any fair lady; as the writer of it merely chose *Leadenhall-street* as containing a sufficient number of syllables to *fill up the measure* of his *rhyme*, (he had almost written *iniquity*), and as being a name *heavy enough* to correspond with his verses.

II.

Fond Mary, the while, in her spirit quite
broken,
Disturb'd in her sleep, and perplex'd in her
mind,
No letter from William, no tidings, no token,
Resolv'd, at all hazards, her hero to find.
O! what, in this world, can deter a true
lover?
It is not long journies by land or by sea :
'Tween hope and despair, in a boat without
cover,
She cross'd to Port Patrick from Donag-
hadec!

III.

The Irish are true to humanity's claims,
And the Scots and the English are never
unkind ;
Poor Mary found friends from the Boyne to
the Thames,
As she trudg'd with her babes in a wallet
behind!
Arriv'd at the coast—by her sorrowful tale,
She soften'd the captain to let her on
board ;
And never, O! never, did mariner sail
With a couple like William to Mary re-
stor'd!

IV.

When he press'd to his bosom his infants and
wife,
The sailors gave way to a tear, and no
more ;
The soldiers danc'd round to the drum and
the fife,
And plaudits were heard from the people
on shore :
Then away went the fleet—and, sailing with
glee,
May glory, in battle, be ever at hand ;
May Britons live happy, united, and free,
Supreme on the Ocean, unconquer'd by
Land!
Saturday, August 25, 1806.

A SONNET.

(*By W. M. T.*)

WHY do I shun soft pleasure's sportive train?
Why seek the midnight's solitary gloom?
And, heedless, see depart health's roseate
bloom,
Dread sign of loath'd disease, sad care or pain?
'Tis not desire of wealth—ambition vain!—
Or philosophic lore, or sickness' doom :
'The charms of song' the dusky scene il-
lume,
And o'er my willing mind their sway main-
tain.
And whilst I, pensive, sweep the trembling
lyre
Of sad Valclusa's bard, or Flaccus sage,
The virgin Hope warbles her sweetest strain,
And bids me to the glorious meed aspire
To genius due—her smiles my fears assuage,
And led by her I seek the wreath which few
attain.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Constantinople, Dec. 10.

ON the 15th of November, a courier from the French head-quarters at Posen, brought the grand seignor the agreeable assurance that the emperor and king Napoleon was determined to defend with his whole power the independence and integrity of the Porte. The French ambassador here, Sebastiani, is treated with the greatest distinction on every occasion.

Dec. 12. Notwithstanding the respect paid to the commandant of the British squadron, it does not prevent the French ambassador Sebastiani from receiving the most polite and cordial attention. Never did the Porte stand more in need of the assistance of the French than at present. People imagine they observe the Divan engaged in new measures of defence, and these measures seemingly are extended to the Turkish navy, orders having been given to get all the vessels ready for sailing with all possible speed.

According to letters from Bucharest, the Russian troops are momentarily expected in that city; the number of those who have passed the Dniester are reckoned at 30,000 men; general Michelson, who commands this corps of the army, has under him generals Hulser and prince Dolgorucky.

Vienna, Dec. 27. The fate of marquis Ghisilieri, who, in his capacity of commissary general in Albania and Dalmatia, surrendered Cattaro to the Russians, is now decided: he is dismissed from the imperial service, and sentenced to be confined in a fortress in Transilvania for the remainder of his life.

Warsaw, Dec. 27. The line of de-
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fence which was drawn from Konigsberg to the mouth of the Narew is now broken through. The Russian army is estimated at 120,000 men. Within these few days from 800 to 1000 casks of wine have arrived for the use of the troops. The Poles who are stationed on the right wing of the army, have distinguished themselves in several engagements.

Danzic, Jan. 1. Notwithstanding the column of French that marched from Thorn, and which was said to have taken the route for Konigsberg, have actually proceeded southward to Poland, our court has rightly judged the present situation of affairs as too critical to admit of any longer stay at Konigsberg. It is, therefore, preparing to transfer the seat of government to Memel. Baron Hardenberg is already set out for that place, with the treasury and the archives. Still his Prussian majesty seems inclined to make further efforts for procuring a peace; and we learn that baron Krusemark has again set out for Petersburg, in order, as we are informed, to prevail upon the court of Russia to take the immediate interest of Prussia into consideration.

Konigsberg, Jan. 2. Our gazette contains the official account of the battle between the Russians and the French, on the 26th of December, in the following letter from the Russian general Beningsen to the king of Prussia.

‘I have the happiness most respectfully to acquaint your majesty, that I have succeeded in repulsing the enemy, who yesterday morning attacked me on every point near Pultusk. The main attack was made by general Soucher, at the head of 15,000 men, on my left

wing, near Farmgurka, in the view of getting possession of that town. I had only 5000 men, under general Bagnaut, to oppose the enemy on that side. They made a brave defence till I sent a reinforcement of three battalions of reserve, and afterwards three more under general Tolstoi, by which means the right wing of the French was totally defeated. The second attack, equally brisk, was made on my right flank, where general Barkelay De Tolly was posted with the vanguard. This wing extended, on the road towards Stzegocyn, to a small wood, where I had placed a covered battery, which the enemy attempted to turn. I therefore made a movement backwards on their right, which succeeded so well that I not only frustrated the attempt of the enemy, but was also so fortunate as to reinforce general Barkelay De Tolly with three battalions, ten squadrons, and one battery, to repulse the enemy; on which the enemy retreated from the wood. The attack commenced at eleven in the morning, and lasted till dark. From the relation of all the prisoners, I was opposed by Messrs. Murat, Davoust, and Lasnes, with an army exceeding 50,000 men. They have lost about 5000 according to their own account.

‘All my troops fought with the greatest bravery. The following generals particularly distinguished themselves:—Osterman, Tolstoi, Barkelay De Tolly, prince Dolgorouky, Bagnaut, Somhoff, and Sitoff, of the infantry; also colonels Daviddoffsky and Gondoff, &c. &c.

‘Field-marshal Kamenskoy departed from Pultusk for Ostrolenka on the morning of the 26th of December, previous to the attack, and again gave up the whole command to me, so that I have had the good fortune to command alone in this affair, and to beat the enemy.

‘I have to lament, that the long expected succour of general Buxhoevden had not arrived, although he was only two German miles distant, and even halted half way. I should otherwise have been able to follow up my victory. I have further to lament, that the total want of provisions and forage obliges me

to retire with my corps to Rozaw. The enemy has not molested me in my retreat.

(Signed) ‘Beningsen.’
Rozaw, 27—15 December, 1806.

Vienna, Jan. 7. The Russian ambassador at our court, M. Razomousky, has received intelligence of the Russians having taken the island of Curzola, in the Adriatic, near the coasts of Dalmatia, and have placed a strong garrison in it. The college of war has also received the unexpected news that the Servian insurgents have taken possession of an island near Semlin, called Kingsmul, (L’Isle de la Guerre): orders have already been given to drive the Servians from the said island, unless they quit it voluntarily. It is thought that the Servians only occupy it in order to approach with more advantage the fortress of Belgrade.—(*Hamburg Correspondent.*)

Stutgard, Jan. 10. The discharge of cannon has announced to us the surrender of the fortress of Breslau on the 5th inst. by capitulation, on the same conditions as Glogau. The allied troops were to enter first on the 7th, under prince Jerome of France, who was expected back from Poland on the 8th. On the 29th of December some considerable engagements took place near Ohlau, and on the 30th, in the vicinity of Breslau, in which the royal troops again greatly distinguished themselves, 3000 prisoners, 13 cannons, 1200 horses, and some standards, have been the fruits of this surrender. Details will be given in a few days.

Breslau, Jan. 10. After sustaining a month’s siege, and a bombardment nearly of the same duration, with considerable damage, our city has at length been compelled to surrender to the troops of the emperor of the French and king of Italy. The besieging corps, under prince Jerome, comprising the troops of Wurtemberg, having appeared before this place from the 17th to the 20th of November, it was inclosed by a corps of cavalry and some cannon.—From that period all communication with Glogau and Lower Silesia was cut off. His excellency general Thile was governor, and major-general Kraft commandant of the fortress, having

with him major-general Lindener, of the corps of engineers.—The bombardment commenced in form on the morning of the 10th of December, and continued day and night, with some intervals till the 3d of January, in consequence of which the place was often on fire, and upwards of 100 of the inhabitants partly killed and partly wounded. The houses and churches have suffered very materially; and as the uneasiness of the people increased every day, the hope of relief seemed further and further removed, and as any further resistance only tended to expose this once flourishing city to inevitable ruin, on the 3d instant an armistice was agreed to; and on the 5th the capitulation, which is exactly the same as was granted to Glogau, was formally signed.

Leipzig, Jan. 12. Two other affairs between the Prussian and Wurtemberg troops have followed that of the 24th. These occurred on the 29th and 30th, when the Prussians lost 1500 prisoners and seven pieces of cannon. The garrison of Breslau consists of six or seven thousand men. Immediately after its surrender, general Deroi marched to Brieg to invest that place. General Vandamme is charged to blockade Schweidnitz with the division under his command, to which place the prince of Anhalt Pless has retired.

Stralsund, Jan. 12. The French general Mortier has again taken possession of Anclam, with a corps of 5000 foot and 1000 horse: his artillery consists of 4 howitzers and 12 twelve-pounders. The rest of his corps, which is in the whole estimated at 14,000 men, occupy the neighbouring country: it is said to suffer much from want of provisions. General Mortier left Anclam on the 25th of last month, with the greatest part of the garrison, and was joined between Lapin and Netzhof by three regiments of infantry, manœuvred some days in the vicinity, and then returned to Anclam.

In the duchy of Mecklenburgh remain at present but very few French troops, most of them having marched to Prussia. In the mean time the country

is treated in the most hostile manner; in the towns all sorts of goods are taken away on pretence of their being English; contributions of every description are levied on the country, and the duke's arms replaced by those of the French emperor.

At Ribnitz as well as Demmin demonstrations have been made to cross over to this side, and to construct bridges for that purpose. At Meyenkebs-pass a storm threw a considerable quantity of timber collected for the construction of bridges on the Swedish side, which the commanding officer of the Swedish chasseurs stationed there seized upon, and rejected the demand of the French officers who reclaimed it with contempt.

Between Stemburgh and Butzow, in the duchy of Mecklenburgh, we understand a considerable French park of artillery has been obliged to halt on account of the heaviness of the roads, which renders the conveyance of ordnance almost impossible.

Frankfort on the Maine, Jan. 13. An official account from Pultusk, of the 30th of December, says, 'Marshal Lasnes commanded in the battle of Pultusk 18,000 men; he had 50,000 men opposed to him. He defeated them; 12,000 were killed, and 3,000 were taken prisoners and wounded. Marshal Augereau commanded at Golymin; he had a horse killed under him: the result was almost equally splendid.'

Augsburg, Jan. 14. This day several hundred Bavarian troops, infantry and cavalry, with four pieces of cannon, marched for the Iller, to suppress the tumultuary movements which have taken place in some parts of the country, on account of the raising of recruits, but which will soon be suppressed.

Magdeburg, Jan. 17. Our hospitals are full of sick, the forced marches in such a season and in such bad weather have inundated us with several disorders, and particularly dysenteries.

The French authorities at Berlin have just sent us an order to press the payment of the contributions.

HOME NEWS.

Edinburgh, Jan. 24.

HIS majesty's sloop *Nightingale*, captain Wilkinson, arrived last night in Leith roads, from off Tübingen, which place he left last Tuesday.—Two days before, the 18th instant, captain Mott, of his majesty's armed ship lying there, made a signal that the French army were defeated beyond Warsaw. Capt. W. immediately went on board captain Mott, who informed him he had received a letter from the consul, stating that the Russians, after several defeats, and losing from sixty to eighty pieces of cannon, had retreated to a distance beyond Warsaw, and that the French had gone into winter-quarters;—thus situated, the Russians, collecting all their forces, fell upon the French armies, the remains of which had retreated to Berlin, after losing 80,000 men. The archduke Charles, with an Austrian army, had been ready to fall upon the French in Silesia.

The reason given for the French going into quarters, was their being unable to stand the severity of the weather.

Leith, Jan. 23. 'His majesty's sloop *Nightingale*, captain Wilkinson, has just come up from the Eider, which he left on Tuesday. Captain Wilkinson informs me, that captain Mott, of his majesty's armed ship lying in the Eider, on the 18th, acquainted him, per signal, of the defeat of the French with the loss of eighty thousand men; and that, on going on board for the particulars, he informed him, that he (captain Mott) had a letter from the consul advising, that that day's mail had brought the accounts of the Russians

having defeated the French, who lost 80,000 men, and were retreating to Berlin. Captain Mott left the master of his ship to bring him the news that the next day's mail brought, but he had not gained the ship when captain Wilkinson left the Eider, on account of the frost setting in, on Tuesday the 20th. Perhaps the mail may not have arrived which he was ordered to wait for by captain Mott.

'Captain Wilkinson informs me, that the Russians had met with several defeats, lost many men, and from 60 to 80 pieces of cannon, and retreated. The French had advanced considerably beyond the city of Warsaw, and had gone into winter quarters. The Russians, after collecting all their forces, attacked them in this situation, and the battle above alluded to was the result. It was also reported, that the emperor of Russia had created Constantine king of Poland.

'The last accounts from the Austrians were, that the archduke Charles was ready to strike a blow in Silesia.'

Narmouth, Jan. 26. Yesterday afternoon arrived the *Astrea* frigate from Copenhagen, which place she left on the 20th instant, at which time it was reported that the French had lost 60,000 men, and several pieces of cannon. The frigate, on her passage outward, lost her main and mizen masts, threw all her guns except seven overboard, and made 14 feet water in an hour.

London, Jan. 27. On Saturday Mr. Chivers, of Clapham-common, was most barbarously murdered by his own servant. On the morning of that day, after breakfast, the niece of Mr. Chivers, who resides with him, went in

his carriage to take an airing; Mr. Chivers, who was between 70 and 80 years of age, went into his garden to take a walk, as was his daily custom, inspecting the gardener at his work, and conversing with him; the latter is a Scotchman, 22 years of age, and full six feet high. About half past eleven o'clock, the gardener ran into the house from the garden in great agitation and terror, exclaiming to the servants, 'Lord, what have I done? I have struck my master, and he has fell;' and immediately left the house, without giving any explanation, and made for the town of Capham. The footman went into the garden to discover what had happened, when he found his master on the ground, apparently lifeless, and his face a most shocking spectacle; it appearing that the gardener had struck his master with a spade that he was at work with, the end of which entered the lower part of his nose, broke both his jaw bones, and penetrating nearly to a line with his ears, so that his head was nearly separated. The gardener was soon after apprehended, and the magistrates committed him to Horse-monger-lane prison. The cause of the shocking act, it is supposed, was a dispute between him and his master respecting the management of a tree.

Last night, in the second scene of the pantomime, at Covent-Garden theatre, and while the younger Bologna and miss Searle were on the stage, a person in the two shilling gallery threw a glass bottle, supposed to be aimed at Mr. Bologna, jun.; it fell near the orchestra, and severely wounded in the head a gentleman in the pit; a great quantity of blood gushed from the wound; he was immediately carried out for surgical assistance. The house was thrown into a great confusion, and the cry of 'manager' resounded from all parts of the theatre. Grimaldi came forward, and after some time had elapsed he obtained an hearing. He stated that the manager was not in the house, but a proper officer was sent up into the gallery to endeavour to find out the offender. Shortly afterwards, Farley, with two of the Bow-street officers, appeared in the gallery, and, in the name

of the proprietors, offered a reward of fifty guineas to any one who would discover the person who had thrown the bottle. He was immediately pointed out, and was by the officers carried to Bow-street.

Bath, Jan. 27. A singular instance of accumulated misfortune occurred in the family of a respectable farmer near Devises a few days since: a fever swept off three children at the same time; scarce had the unfortunate victims of disease been carried 'to their silent home,' when the remaining offspring, two fine boys (at the drear hour of midnight), had not returned from a neighbouring school; in vain did the anxious parent search with quickening step each snow-clad path; returning home for aid, some hours elapsed before the little wanderers were discovered under a hedge; one of them in a torpid state, the other just sufficiently able to articulate. The joy of the mother on their being restored to her, acted so strongly on her feelings, as to awaken a conflict of passion that had well nigh terminated her existence.

The same evening a clergyman in the neighbourhood, returning homeward after having performed his sacred duty, perished through intense cold; his body was found the next morning.—A numerous family are left to lament his untimely fate.

London, Jan. 29. The business of the house of lords to day was for a few minutes interrupted, in consequence of the intrusion of the personage who so frequently infested the court of chancery a few months since as the pretended duke of Norfolk. He entered the house yesterday with the utmost sang froid; stopped for a moment opposite the fire place; and was apparently proceeding to communicate with the lord chancellor, on the woolsack, when he was recognized by some of their lordships, and his progress stopped by lord Kenyon. The assistance of the acting usher of the black rod, the sergent at arms, and some of the attendants, was of course resorted to; and his soi disant grace was compelled to abdicate his intended seat. After he was put out of the house and the anticham-

ber, he did not appear inclined to renew the change.

31. The daughter of a gentleman of fortune, in the vicinity of St. James's-street, absented herself from her father's house on Thursday morning, and, as it is supposed, has decamped with an officer belonging to a regiment of cavalry. The lady, who is twenty-three years of age, does not appear to have made any particular preparation for her flight. She walked out as usual before breakfast, but without a servant maid who was used to attend her. She did not return, of course, at her usual time, and her absence caused no small degree of anxiety for her safety. It was ascertained, however, in the course of the morning, that a chaise from the city had been waiting upwards of two hours in Berkeley-street, Piccadilly, which had at length conveyed away a lady answering the description of the fair fugitive, and who was accompanied by a gentleman. No other traces of the parties were discovered yesterday, but that they had taken the Bath road. A secret correspondence it seems had subsisted between the parties during a fortnight. The gallant is a lieutenant in a regiment of dragoons.

Feb. 3. The following shocking catastrophe befel Mrs. Simison, the wife of an attorney in Poland-street, Oxford-street:—The lady, who is now no more, was sitting alone in the kitchen of her house on Monday night, waiting the arrival of Mr. S. after her family had retired to rest. About twelve o'clock, a gentleman who lodged in the house was alarmed by a smell of something burning, which induced him to go down stairs, and on his approaching the kitchen door, he discovered the unfortunate Mrs. S. lying near the fire-place, with her clothes burned to ashes. The room was also on fire, and the gentleman alarmed the neighbourhood; but all assistance towards saving the life of the unfortunate sufferer proved unavailing, although it was the cause of a momentary respite from death.—The unfortunate lady remained alive until five o'clock in the morning, in the most extreme agony, during which time she was sensible, and took leave of her family, whom she had expressed a wish to have

in her sight. The deceased was a handsome woman, about 40 years of age, and has left an offspring of a son and four daughters.

There was a most violent hurricane at Exeter on Thursday, which did considerable damage. A stack of chimneys was blown down at one house, which forced the floors in its way, and killed one of the band of the Montgomery militia, who was sitting in a parlour, from which several of his companions had just departed. A woman being in the attic story, was carried down with the ruins to the ground, and was extricated from them unhurt.—Many persons wounded in the streets by slates, &c., and 33 large elms in Cowick park, were torn up by roots.

Truro, Feb. 6. On Monday the inhabitants of this town were alarmed by an awful thunder-storm, which threatened the most serious consequences. The wind blew strong from the south-west during the morning, and several explosions were heard, but all too distant to excite any serious apprehensions, till about 11 o'clock, when a flash of lightning, extremely vivid, was instantly followed by a tremendous crash of thunder, which seemed to burst close down upon the tops of the houses, and shattered the windows of the Red-lion inn, Mr. Mudge's house, Mr. Hodge's, and several others. In the mean time the electric fluid struck the church tower in several places, where the conductor, neutralised perhaps by rust, did not afford all the security expected from it. A stone of nearly 2 cwt. was thrown off the south-west angle of the top of the square tower, at the base of the spire. As the fluid descended in a zig-zag direction, it recoiled again and struck the base of the wall near the porch with great violence, but was repelled by the solid masses of granite of which it is formed. Some part of it, however, entered the church, and passing out at the great window over the altar, broke several panes of glass, and greatly damaged the window frames. It then entered the kitchen of the Bear inn (which stands close to the N. E. angle of the church), struck a man backward, but without injuring him,

and passed off without further damage. Early on Thursday morning last we were visited by another thunder storm, one clap of which (about five in the morning) was little less tremendous than that whose effects we have described, but providentially did no harm that we have heard of.

Deal, Feb. 18. The wind, which all day yesterday was variable and light, gave no indication of an approaching storm; but after sun-set it veered round to the N. N. W. and by midnight blew a hurricane, accompanied with a prodigious fall of snow and sleet. It continued to increase in violence during the night, and this morning presented to us a most distressing spectacle; no less than eight vessels being driven on shore between the south end of the town and Kingsdown, a distance not exceeding two miles and a half in length.—Two large outward-bound West Indiamen (one a fine copper-bottomed vessel) are wrecked close by Deal castle. The Hope, Deal hoy, with a large freight of goods from London, is on shore near Walmer castle, but it is hoped that greater part of the goods will be saved. A large American vessel drove on shore at the same time, and striking the ground sooner than the Hope, formed a kind of barrier to the latter, and in a considerable degree broke off the violence of the sea. Four other vessels are on shore to the southward of Walmer castle; but at present I cannot learn any particulars respecting them, except that one is a large Plymouth trader; and at the instant of her striking the ground, the mast went by the board, and in its descent fell on two of the unfortunate crew and crushed them to atoms. In the momentary intervals of the snow's ceasing, we can discover seven or eight vessels in the Downs dismasted. One of them has neither bowsprit nor the stump of a mast standing. The Defence of 74 guns, captain Ekins, with a number of other ships, have parted their cables and drove from their anchorage, but the storm and snow continuing, we cannot tell what has become of them.

BIRTHS.

Jan. 25. At Cheshunt, Herts, lady Charlotte Wollesley, of a daughter.

31. At Guildhall, the lady of the city remembrancer of a son, her twelfth child.

Feb. 1. In Red-lion-square, the lady of Malcolm Ross, esq. of a daughter.

2. The duchess of Montrose, of a son, in Grosvenor-square. This child, although not the heir apparent to the family estates, becomes entitled to considerable property, by the bequest of a near relative.

3. At his house in Portman-square, the lady of colonel Beaumont, of a son.

8. At his house in Berkeley-square, the lady of Thomas Buckler Lethbridge, esq. M. P. of a daughter.

The lady of the hon. general sir Arthur Wellesley, of a son and heir, at his house in Harley-street.

9. At Clapham, the lady of Christopher Magnay, esq. of a daughter.

10. At his house in Lincoln's-inn-fields, the lady of Thomas Peregrine Courtenay, esq. of a daughter.

17. At Mapledurham-house, Oxon, the lady of Edward Blount, esq. of Belmore, Staffordshire, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Jan. 29. At Hampstead church, J. W. Lloyd, esq. to miss Anna Maria Longley, daughter of John Longley, esq. of Hampstead.

At Crawley, by the rev. E. Oslebar Smith, Robert Oslebar, third son of the late Richard Oslebar, of Renwick-house, in the county of Bedford, esq. to Charlotte, daughter and heiress of the late rev. D. Shipton, of Crawley, in the same county.

At the collegiate-church, Manchester, by the rev. Joshua Brookes, James Belairs, esq. of Derby, banker, to Elizabeth Ann, eldest daughter of Lawrence Peel, esq. of Ardwick-green, and niece of sir Robert Peel, bart. M. P.

31. At Acton, Thomas Packin, esq. of Lombard-street, merchant, to miss Hughes, daughter of the late Wm. Hughes, esq. of Birmingham.

At Plymouth, Henry Strangeways, esq. of Snapwick, in Somersetshire, to miss Bewes, eldest daughter of the late Harry Bewes, esq. of Duloe, in Cornwall.

Feb. 1. The rev. J. J. Hume, rector of West Kingston, Wilts, to miss Lydia Lane, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Lane, esq. of Grintleton-house, in the same county.

2. Thomas Kinloch, esq. of Kilric, Scotland, to miss Anne Morley, third daughter of the late James Morley, esq.

5. At St. George's, Hanover-square, by the rev. Thomas Walter Ward, Mr. Smith, of Barnet, to the accomplished miss Dean, of Princes-street, Hanover-square.

At St. George's Bloomsbury, Edward Barnwell, esq. of the colony of Demerara, to miss Lucy Brotherson, of Charlotte-street.

John Walter, esq. to miss Moody, both of Chelsea.

At St. George's church, Hanover-square, sir Daniel Fleming, bart. to miss Fleming, daughter of the late sir Michael Le Fleming, bart.

At St. George's church, Hanover-square, Thomas Vincent, esq. to Mrs. Hazlewood, of Dean-street, Soho.

10. At Barham-court, the seat of the right hon. lord Barham, Wm. Henry Hoare, esq. eldest son of Henry Hoare, esq. to miss Noel, eldest daughter of Gerard Noel, esq. of Exton-park Rutlandshire, and granddaughter of lord Barham. The ceremony was performed in Tutor-church by the rev. Gerard Noel, the lady's brother. After the ceremony, the happy pair set out for Mitcham-grove.

By special licence, at the hon. colonel St. Leger's, in Sloane-street, the hon. and rev. Edward Taylor, brother to the marquis of Headford, to miss St. Leger, eldest daughter of colonel St. Leger.

At Mary-le-bonne-church, Robert Harry Inglis, esq. only son of sir Hugh Inglis, bart. to miss Biscoe, eldest daughter of Joseph Seymour Biscoe,

esq. of Pend-hill, in the county of Surrey.

At Wollerton, in Norfolk, the hon. and rev. Wm. Wodehouse, youngest son of lord Wodehouse, to miss Hussey, eldest daughter of Thomas Hussey, esq. of Galtrim, in Ireland, and granddaughter to lord Orford.

DEATHS.

Jan. 22. At Southampton, in the 67th year of his age, Arthur Hammond, esq. a justice of the peace for that town and county, and late one of the surveyors-general of the customs in London.

25. Miss Catharine Sarah, youngest daughter of the rev. Thomas Sandford, of Sandford-hall, in the county of Salop.

Mrs. Huet, wife of Doctor Huet, M. D. of Gower-street, Bedford-square.

30. At Bath, the lady of Wyndham Knatchbull, esq. of Russell-place, sister to sir Edward Knatchbull, bart.

Feb. 2. At her brother-in-law's, general Berthwick, at Greenwich, Mrs. Mary Lind, eldest sister to the late John Lind, esq. barrister, of Lincoln's-inn.

On Monday last, at Hadley, Mrs. Harris, relict of the late James Harris, esq. of Great Baddow, Essex.

4. At his house at Stamford-hill, in the 70th year of his age, Mr. Wm. Holdsworth, formerly of the Bank of England.

5. Wm. Buckley, esq. in Gower-street, and of Garden-court, Middle-Temple.

6. Lady Ashhurst, wife of sir Wm. H. Ashhurst, of Waterstock, in the county of Oxford.

8. At her house in Hinde-street, Manchester-square, the right hon. baroness Dufferin and Clanboye, of the county of Downe, in Ireland. Her ladyship died at the age of 80 years, leaving issue five sons and four daughters, all married. She is succeeded in her fortune and title by her eldest son, the hon. James Blackwood, now lord Dufferin and Clanboye.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR MARCH, 1807.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates :

- 1 BOTANY, Plate XIV.
- 2 THE SUDDEN ALARM.
- 3 LONDON FASHIONABLE FULL DRESSES.
- 4 An elegant new PATTERN for the ORNAMENT of a CHIMNEY-PIECE.

LONDON :

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

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A continuation of the *Elville Family Secrets* is intended for our next: we hope the ingenious authoress will favour us with one.

The Essay signed *Mercutio* requires revision.

The Lines on *perusing a beautiful Sonnet*, by W. M. T.—*Sonnet*, and *Lyre of Woe*, by W. M. T.—Verses on *the cutting down of a favourite Elm*, by Mr. J. Webb—shall certainly appear in our next.—Stanzas to *Cupid* are likewise intended for our next.

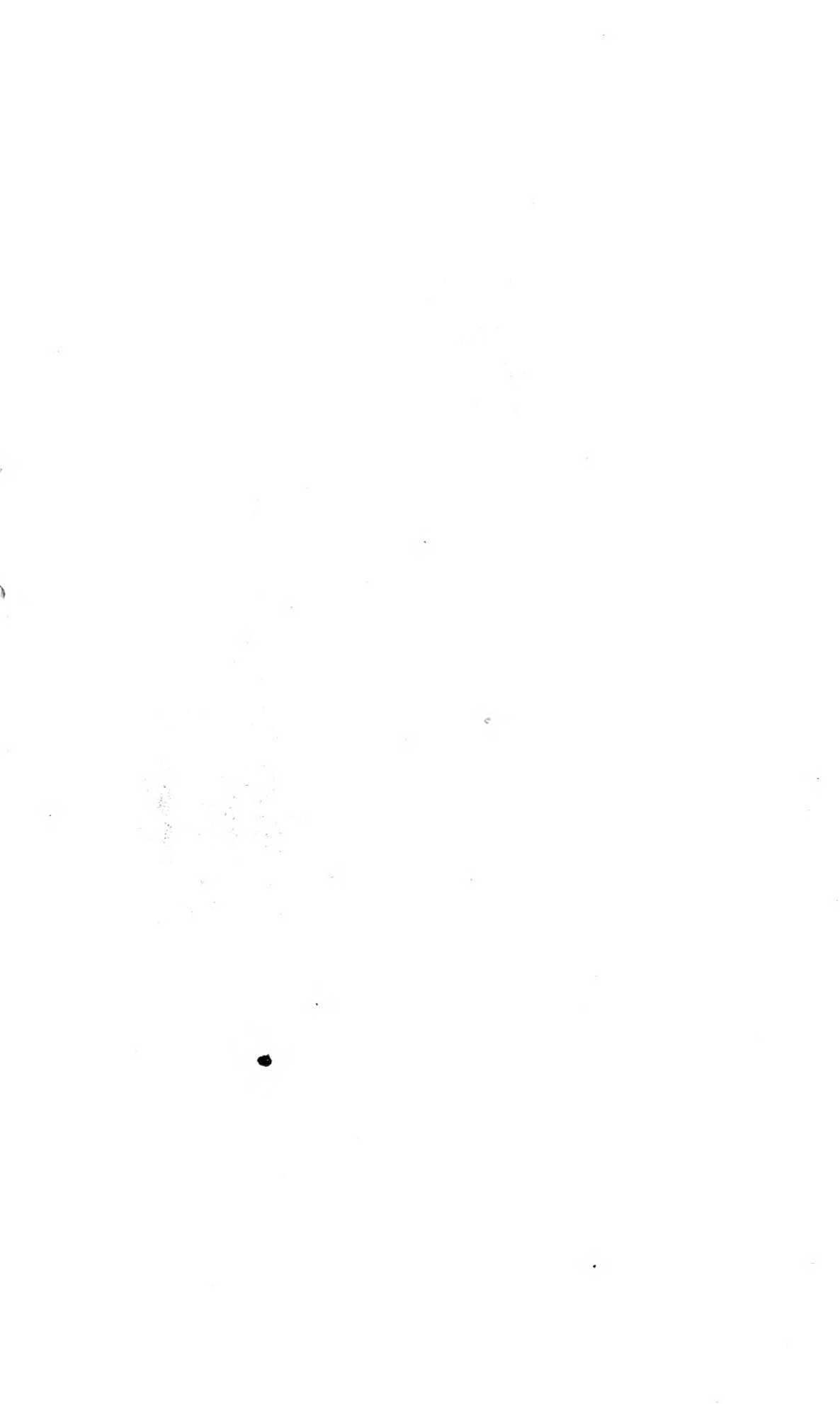
S. Y.'s *Eugenio and Zelma*, with an Engraving, in our next.

* * * Our Readers are requested to notice the following *Errata*:

In the *Lines addressed to S. Y. by J. M. L.* in our Magazine for December last, p. 667, in line 1 of the 7th stanza, for *Then scarcely*—read, *Then surely*.—We have to apologize to our ingenious correspondent J. M. L. for having so long delayed correcting this mistake, which he pointed out to us in the month of January; but his letter having unfortunately been mislaid, it escaped our recollection.

In the Magazine for January, page 29, col. 2, line 10 from the bottom—for *naval hero*—read *novel hero*.

The Botany Plate in this Number is referred to in the Continuation of the *Ninth Lesson*, given last month.



Engraved for the Lady's Magazine



The Sudden Alarm.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE.

FOR MARCH, 1807.

THE SUDDEN ALARM ;

OR,

A LESSON FOR SCANDAL.

A Tale.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

THOSE who habituate themselves to evil-speaking and slandering, and censoriously revile or ridicule those who are absent, not only act in that mean and ungenerous manner which must draw on them the utmost contempt of every person of sound understanding and liberal sentiments; but not unfrequently expose themselves, by the levity and petulance of their tongues, to more serious mischiefs than they could have imagined they had to apprehend.

Letitia Marlow had been left an orphan almost totally unprovided for, at the age of ten years; but her uncle by the mother's side, Mr. Wilson, had taken her under his protection, and brought her up as his own daughter. Letitia was mild, gentle, and engaging, and every day gained more and more on the goodwill and affection of her uncle, till, as she grew up, she became the ma-

nager and mistress of his household affairs, and obtained an almost uncontrollable authority over him.

Mr. Wilson was a gentleman who, possessing a lucrative office in one of the departments of government, which he filled with much ability and credit to himself, had realized a considerable fortune. He had real generosity and goodness of heart, but at the same time might occasionally excite a smile from those who were not accustomed to him, by certain singularities of character and oddities in his manner. He had an impediment in his speech and a kind of snuffle, which when he endeavoured to be grave and sententious in what he said, as he commonly did, had sometimes a very ludicrous effect. Notwithstanding these infirmities, he seemed to have persuaded himself that no person could speak more forcibly or pointedly; and this opi-

nion of his powers tended only to heighten the ridicule to which he too frequently exposed himself. Yet, with the exception of this foible, he possessed much good sense, a considerable stock of acquired knowledge, and a sound judgment. He was friendly and beneficent to all who were civil and prudent enough to take no notice of his infirmities; of the ridiculing of which he was extremely jealous, and which he scarcely ever forgave. To his niece he was constantly extremely kind and affectionate; and his love for her, from the gentleness, delicacy, and propriety of her behaviour, as has been before said, continually increased.

When Letitia had attained the age of nineteen, Mr. Wilson enlarged his household, of which she had the direction: she, however, kept scarcely any company, and saw but little of the world, as her uncle was rather of a reserved disposition, and totally averse to fashionable gaiety. Letitia passed her time chiefly in reading, drawing, and at her piano-forte. She knew nothing of a life of gaiety and dissipation, and she had no desire to plunge into fashionable follies.

About this time Mr. Wilson, in consequence of some business he had to transact relative to an estate he had purchased in a distant county, found it necessary to leave London. As he had reason to believe that he should be obliged to be absent for a long time, and he was so for a considerably longer time than he expected, he engaged a widow lady of the name of Graham, a distant relation of his, whom he had constantly endeavoured to serve, having a very advantageous opinion of her good sense and prudence, to be a companion to his niece during his absence. He then took a very affectionate leave of Letitia, and giving some good advice to her and Mrs. Gra-

ham, in his peculiar manner, set out for the country.

It chanced that the business which had occasioned Mr. Wilson's absence from town detained him in the country several months, during which time, the unexperienced Letitia, and Mrs. Graham, who was not quite so unexperienced, finding themselves under no restraint, indulged themselves somewhat freely, in company with several of the intimate female acquaintances of the latter, in the fashionable entertainments of the town. These new acquaintances of Letitia frequently visited her, and she visited them in return. Their company and conversation, however, were not very improving to the hitherto innocent and artless Letitia. The subjects of their conversation, or rather of their tittle-tattle conferences, when most innocent, related only to the frivolities of dress and fashion, and the most insipid trifles; and when not quite so harmless, turned upon the foibles and faults which they discovered, or pretended to discover, in their acquaintances and friends. Among these females was a Miss Jenkins, who possessed much vivacity, and, indeed, real wit, though lamentably misapplied to the purposes of scandal, in which she was a great adept; and as she had a fertile invention, she never either wanted for a subject, or suffered her levity to be confined within the bounds of truth. Mrs. Graham had nearly the same propensity to scandal, and to turning into ridicule even the persons to whom she was most obliged; but as she had less liveliness of imagination, she was under the necessity of being contented with ill nature instead of wit.

Unfortunately, Letitia conceived an admiration of the accomplishments of these two ladies, and imagined that all they said and did was in the exact taste of the most fashionable

part of the world; and in this, perhaps, she did not make so great a mistake as in supposing that such manners were consistent with true politeness, not to say with good sense or good nature. She, however, was dazzled with the ease and sprightliness of miss Jenkins, who frequently rallied her in a very lively manner on the old-fashioned maxims and manners which she had learned of her uncle, whom she took every opportunity to turn into ridicule, imitating his solemn manner of speaking on some occasions with great exactness and effect. In this ridicule, Mrs. Graham, too, very cordially joined, notwithstanding she had been frequently greatly obliged to the friendship of Mr. Wilson, and notwithstanding she knew that in his will he had bequeathed her a legacy of several thousand pounds, the bulk of his fortune being intended for Letitia.

The truth of the maxim, derived from the highest authority, that 'evil communications corrupt good manners,' became now every day more apparent. Letitia, anxious to emulate what she admired, and prove herself deserving to be admitted into the fashionable circles, began to imitate, but too successfully, the bad qualities of her companions. She vied with them in ridiculing and slandering, in the most flippant and petulant manner, all of whom she had any knowledge, provided they were absent, and many of whom she knew nothing. Her former acquaintances, when present, she addressed, according to the lessons she had received from her new and more accomplished companions, with a formal and fulsome flattery, but, in general, with a strong mixture of the ill-concealed sneer, and the more so, the more they were simple in their manners, and strangers to affectation.

This change in the character and behaviour of Letitia was solely to be attributed to the ill example given her by her new companions, for, in reality, her heart was inclined to what was amiable and praise-worthy, to the honest uncorrupt feelings of human nature. But she was led astray by the idea of thus attaining to fashionable manners and fashionable accomplishments, and rising superior to the tame and groveling ideas of unpolite life.

In the mean time, Mr. Wilson, having finished the business which had detained him so long from home, prepared for his return; and, notwithstanding his peculiarities, he had an honest and good heart. His long absence from Letitia had made him wish to see her again, and to receive that expression of pleasure, and warmth of congratulation, which, he thought, might naturally be expected from an innocently grateful heart like hers, he determined to surprise her, presuming, that, by this, he might ultimately heighten both her pleasure and his own. He set out, therefore, with all convenient speed, and, when he arrived in town, entered his own house with as little noise as possible, and strictly forbidding any person to apprize Letitia of his arrival, hastened abruptly to her apartment.

But it happened, that, at this moment, miss Letitia, Mrs. Graham, and miss Jenkins, were holding one of their polite conversations, in which they treated in no very merciful manner the characters of almost all such of their acquaintances as had any characters to defame. Most unfortunately, too, at this very time, some mention having been made of Mr. Wilson, miss Jenkins began to treat him with her accustomed levity and petulance; and miss Letitia, not to appear inferior to her very accomplished friend in acting

her part in this gay scene, very readily joined in ridiculing her uncle, by mimicking, with very indecent pleasantry and too great accuracy, his stammering speech, his snuffing voice, and his sententious gravity, which certainly, on many occasions, bordered not a little on the ludicrous, but which it was highly improper and most reprehensible in her to hold up as objects of scornful ridicule.

Mr. Wilson, when he approached this scene of indecent merriment, hearing his own name mentioned, did not enter the apartment of his niece, but, though the door stood open, passed on unperceived, and took his station where, without being seen, he could hear all the discourse of these facetious ladies. Of this he soon heard enough to incense him to the utmost degree against Letitia, his insolent, as he now deemed her, and most ungrateful niece. In the first emotions of his indignation and anger, he had half resolved to burst suddenly upon them, reproach them for their mean and ungrateful behaviour, and order them immediately to quit his house; but on further consideration he determined not to have any personal altercation, but to retire as he had entered, and employ some other method to signify that he was acquainted with their behaviour, and to manifest his resentment. He accordingly walked away without taking any further notice. But he did not depart, as he had entered, without being perceived; Letitia saw him, and started as if she had seen an apparition. She shrieked out—*My uncle!*—and the *alarm* became general, as it was *sudden*. Her companions, however, at first, endeavoured to persuade her, that it must be merely the effect of her imagination, and that it could not possibly be her uncle: but she persisted that she

was certain that it was him, and no other person; and in this she was undoubtedly right.

In the meantime, Mr. Wilson had hastily and abruptly quitted the house, leaving the ladies to recover from the consternation into which his sudden and unexpected appearance had thrown them as well as they could. On making enquiry of the servants below, they found that he had returned without notice, in the manner that has been before described, and intended to surprise his niece with his arrival. Letitia's conscience told her that he had acted in this unusual manner only because he had hoped he should give her an unexpected pleasure, and wished to witness the joyful emotions of her heart. What then must have been her feelings at the recollection, that she could have no doubt that he had heard all the false and scandalous insinuations against him of Mrs. Graham and Miss Jenkins, and all the ludicrous mimicry with which she had ridiculed his infirmities and peculiarities! That he was extremely offended she was sufficiently convinced by the manner in which he had left the house without saying any thing to the servants; and she well knew that, as she entirely depended upon him, it was in his power to make her very sensibly feel the weight of his resentment: she knew, too, that whenever he was offended it was very difficult to persuade him to forgive.

The foolish mirth of these ladies was now entirely at an end. Miss Jenkins soon took her leave, and left Mrs. Graham and the unhappy Letitia to consider what was to be done in the present exigency of their affairs.

They first made every enquiry in their power to discover, if possible, where Mr. Wilson was; but they could learn nothing concerning him

till the next day, when Letitia received from him the following letter.

‘ Miss,

‘ I might say most ungrateful niece, but I leave to your conscience how far you deserve that epithet. My kindness to you I find receives no return but contempt and the meanest insolence. I have nothing more to say to you but to require that both you and Mrs. Graham leave my house immediately: I cannot come into it till you are out of it. Inclosed I send you a hundred pound note, which is the last supply you must expect to receive from your insulted uncle.’

Letitia, heart-broken at thus, by her own folly, having lost the love and protection of so generous a relative, and having ruined all her fair prospect of future fortune, was obliged to comply with this severe command. When, after many fruitless attempts to gain admission to her offended uncle, she had succeeded, she found it impossible to move him from his fixed purpose of discarding her. At length, indeed, when he had been informed, and found it true, that she had been led into this gross impropriety of conduct by the example of Mrs. Graham, whom he had given her as a companion, he so far relented as to make her a present of a thousand pounds; but he could not be prevailed upon to take her again into favour, or indeed, except by accident, ever to see her again.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.

Sir,

BY inserting the following account of the insect called by naturalists *ptinus fatidicus*, and by the vulgar the *death watch*, extracted from the sixth volume of Dr. Shaw's *General*

Zoology, you may perhaps contribute to dispel the superstitious fears of some persons of confined knowledge; at any rate you will oblige a constant reader and occasional correspondent.

Doncaster, March 3. ELEANOR M—.

Among the popular superstitions, which the almost general illumination of modern times has not been able to obliterate, the dread of the death watch may well be considered as one of the most prominent, and still continues to disturb the habitations of rural tranquillity with groundless fears and absurd apprehensions. It is not, indeed, to be imagined that they who are engaged in the more important cares of providing the immediate necessities of life should have either leisure or inclination to investigate with philosophic exactness the causes of a particular sound: yet it must be allowed to be a very singular circumstance, that an animal so common should not be more universally understood. It is chiefly in the advanced state of spring that this alarming little animal commences its sound, which is no other than the call, or signal, by which the male and female are led to each other, and which may be considered as analogous to the call of birds; though not owing to the voice of the insect, but to its beating on any hard substance with the shield or fore-part of its head. The prevailing number of distinct strokes which it beats is from seven to nine or eleven; which very circumstance may, perhaps, still add, in some degree, to the ominous character which it bears among the vulgar. These sounds, or beats, are given in pretty quick succession, and are repeated at uncertain intervals; and in old houses, where the insects are numerous, may be heard at almost every hour of the day, es-

pecially if the weather be warm. The sound exactly resembles that which may be made by beating moderately hard with the nail on a table. The insect is of a colour so exactly resembling that of decayed wood, viz. an obscure greyish brown, that it may for a considerable time elude the search of the enquirer. It is about a quarter of an inch in length, and is moderately thick in proportion, and the wing-shells are marked with numerous irregular variegations of a lighter or greyer cast than the ground colour. In the twentieth and twenty-second volume of the Philosophical Transactions may be found a description of this species by the celebrated Derham, with some very just observations relative to its habits, and general appearance; and it seems singular that so remarkable an insect should have almost escaped the notice of more modern entomologists. In the twelfth edition of the *Systema Naturæ* of Linnæus it does not appear; but is probably the *dermestes tessellatus* of Fabricius, in which case he seems to have placed it in a wrong genus. Ridiculous, and even incredible as it may appear, it is an animal that may in some measure be tamed; at least it may be so far familiarized as to be made to beat occasionally, by taking it out of its confinement, and beating on a table or board, when it will readily answer the noise, and will continue to beat as often as required.

We must be careful not to confound this animal, which is the real death watch of the vulgar, emphatically so called, with a much smaller insect of a very different genus, which makes a sound like the ticking of a watch, and continues it for a long time without intermission. It belongs to a totally different order, and is the *termes pulsatorium* of Linnæus.

I cannot conclude this slight account of the death watch without

quoting a sentence from that celebrated work the *Pseudodoxia Epidemica* of the learned Sir Thomas Brown, who on this subject expresses himself in words like these—
'He that could eradicate this error from the minds of the people would save from many a cold sweat the meticulous heads of nurses and grandmothers.'

CHARACTERS.

LOOK at that lady who is walking with three others: she is at the right hand; her beauty is showy; she talks loud and laughs loud: if she had less colour, she would look less glaring, as it spreads too far over her countenance, and ill becomes the nose.

Elvira is a young lady of a very diffident air: her dress is studied, her looks reserved: if her eyes wander from the ground, they fall upon her own dress. She speaks little, and the tone is not pleasing that proceeds from a screwed lip.

Flora has a graceful figure, but her tongue is flippant. Her eyes are full, dark, and sparkling; but they express a malignant mind. Her eyebrows are beautifully arched, but she contracts them into a haughty frown. Her lips are red and liquid, but smiles are never seen to reveal round them. Her complexion resembles the lily and the rose, but it is artificial.

Mary is lively and engaging: she possesses the friendship of many, and she seeks the love and confidence of every one; but beware ye who confide in her. In reality she is artful and perfidious; for where she cures one wound in the breast of the afflicted, she inflicts others more deep and lasting.

ELIZABETH YEAMES.

HARRIET VERNON;
OR,
CHARACTERS FROM REAL LIFE.
A NOVEL,
In a Series of Letters.
BY A LADY.

(Continued from p. 69.)

LETTER VII.

Miss Harriet Vernon to Miss West.

I HAVE so much to say to my good friend that I can scarcely afford time to thank her for her letter just received, much less to answer it, except to say that I can have no objection for your good mother to see all I write, and shall think myself happy if I can contribute to her entertainment.

This colonel, my dear, indeed he is a prince of a man; this letter will let you into his character. He has now been with us ten days, but has taken lodgings at the west end of the town, to which he removes tomorrow, most heartily disgusted, I believe, with our brother's society. He says, however, he shall give us his company very often, and hopes that, as soon as he is settled and has got his sister with him, we shall favour him with our visits.

Two or three days after my last letter, Maria and I were sent masquerade dresses with tickets, and a note from the colonel, requesting that we would accompany him. Maria did not approve accepting the offer; and what do you think was her objection? Why, truly, she was afraid we should be run away with. Run away with two nymphs at a time! did you ever hear of such a circumstance? Well, I acquiesced, though it cost me a deep sigh.—But what were we to say to the colonel?—‘I suppose you won't tell

him the true reason,’ said I: ‘it would be rather an awkward thing to say—Sir, I am afraid of you; I am afraid you will run away with me.’

‘I will manage it,’ said she; ‘and if he is the man I take him to be, he will not think the worse of us for our refusal.’

The colonel came in, and addressing himself to Maria, asked her if she had received a box and a short note.

‘Yes, sir,’ she replied; ‘and we are much obliged for both.’

‘The obligation will be all on my side, miss Vernon, if you and your sister will honour me with your company.’

‘You are very obliging, indeed, sir, and I hope you will accept our best thanks; but we must beg leave to decline the favour you intended us. I know my brother would not approve it; and as we have never been accustomed to appear in public, we are cowards. I own for my part, nothing terrifies me so much as a crowd.’

‘That can be no objection,’ said the colonel; ‘you will be quite secure from fright or inconvenience under my protection, and I doubt not that I shall be able to prevail on your brother to give his consent, and perhaps we may prevail with him to be of our party.’

Seeing Maria at a loss for an answer, I thought I would help her out; but I might as well have been silent.

‘Indeed,’ said I, ‘we, who have never been in public, must cut a very awkward figure at a masquerade.’

‘The miss Vernons cannot appear awkward any where; that is impossible.’

I now saw I had unawares fished for a compliment: I blushed, and felt confused.

‘Come, come,’ said the colonel,

'I am not satisfied with your excuses, young ladies; there is not one of them has the least weight. Permit me to say your objections are vanquished.'

'No, sir,' said Maria, with a grave countenance, 'our excuses, perhaps, are not powerful, but such as they are, if you will accept them you will highly oblige us.'

You know there is something very decisive in Maria's manner, with a persuasive sweetness. 'Not another word will I say to urge my wish,' said he; 'it is sufficient for me it is not yours.' Maria dropt a curtsey, and gave him a look of inexpressible sweetness.

Dinner-time arriving, we were surprised at not seeing our brother. Mr. Wentworth came in. We enquired of him, and he informed us he was gone to dine with a friend: 'I have just parted with him, and he desired me to say he should not be home till bed-time.' Very polite, thought I. 'Sir,' said Maria, 'I am very sorry for my brother's absence; I dare say he was particularly engaged.' 'No apology, my dear miss Vernon: it is, I believe, out of your power or mine to account for your brother's actions.' His countenance shone with unusual gaiety, and I could plainly perceive he was not a little pleased at the circumstance, and I can truly say it was the most comfortable meal I ever sat down to in this house. Dorcas waited; and the colonel, all ease and good humour, condescended to notice the good creature in a manner highly pleasing. After dinner Mr. Wentworth (who I observed was particularly low and absent) withdrew to business, and the colonel taking a chair, placed it between us, and seated himself. 'Now,' said he, 'I have the opportunity I wished for of being alone with the two miss Vernons. To be admitted into your

friendship and confidence I am ambitious of: although our acquaintance is short, I have seen enough to convince me I cannot contract a more amiable one, and I hope to make myself in some measure worthy of it.'

'Ah! sir,' said Maria—a tear standing in her eye—'we have no friend or protector but our brother: to him are we indebted for the easy circumstances you see us in. We lost our parents early in life: our brother put us to a school in a small village, where we were brought up with a care and attention by the mistress not exceeding that of her own daughter: nothing but her great love for us both could have induced her to have kept us till the age of sixteen; for the small sum my brother allowed must have been insufficient, though she will not acknowledge it. At that age my brother took me home to keep his house, and three years after my sister. We have lived with him ever since; but I have always thought our continuance uncertain, for on every slight occasion he threatens to part with us, and often. But why should I say more? it is unbecoming in me to hint at defects in my brother.'

She ceased, and never did I see Maria look so lovely. She could scarcely restrain her tears, and it was with difficulty I could mine. The colonel took a hand of each, and said, with emotion—'Charming sisters! your short story has affected me; it would interest me in your favour independent of any other consideration: from this moment consider me as your friend, protector, and brother. Never will I lose sight of your interest; and let me intreat you to dismiss all fears as to your brother's continuance of his favours, as it will at any time be in my power to make up his deficiencies.—But we are grave, and that I will not allow.'

I was going to reply.—

‘If you are going, miss Harriet, to answer what I have been saying, I impose silence.’

‘Indeed, sir,’ said I, ‘I was going to attempt an answer; but as it must not be, I will take the liberty of asking you a question.—Pray, sir, how came you acquainted with our brother?’

‘As you have been so obliging to acquaint me with your history,’ said the colonel, ‘I will give you mine, if you think it worth your attention.’

‘You cannot oblige us more,’ said Maria. The colonel then began.—

‘My father was a clergyman in the west of England, possessed of a living of two hundred a year, and a small paternal estate, not more than fifty pounds a year. He married a young woman for love, her dower being only an agreeable person, a sensible mind, and a sweet temper. My father, I believe, always thought himself rich in the possession of his lovely wife; but, alas! his happiness continued only six years: she died, and left a daughter four years old, and myself one year. My father devoted all the time he could spare from his parochial duties to the care and education of his two children—precious pledges would he often call us of his dear Lucy, whose memory he revered, and whose loss he deplored in a manner becoming the true Christian. He was a very learned as well as a sensible man, and under such a preceptor I could not fail of making a progress in useful knowledge: my sister, also, received from him an education superior to what is usually bestowed on her sex; and being of an amiable disposition added charms to that learning without which it fails to please in your sex. I very early imbibed a turn for the army. Every military book I met with was perused

with avidity; and when very young I remember wearing a stick for a sword, and turning up my hat on one side, which my sister would ornament with a cockade. My father did not see this inclination with satisfaction: he wished me to be a merchant—in short, any thing but a soldier. I was placed with a merchant at the age of seventeen; and in the same house was your brother, whose assiduity in business gained him the applause of his master, whilst my negligence brought on me blame and disgrace. My master at length wrote to my father. How has the recollection of the pain I must have given this good parent distressed me! I was to be seen every where but in the counting-house. This was true, and all my father’s remonstrances had no avail. He ordered me home; but what was my surprise to find he had purchased for me a pair of colours! I expressed my gratitude in the best manner I was able, and promised—what did I not promise! of everlasting duty and affection to him and my sister. I can truly say, I felt all I expressed.

‘When the time arrived that I was to embark with the regiment, I felt a pang at parting with my father and sister. The mournful countenance of the former and the tears of the latter were daggers to my heart. But the field of honour lay before me, and nothing could have prevented my entrance. I shall never forget the conversation that passed between my father and me, the night before my departure. After taking an affectionate leave of my sister, I sat down alone with him.—“My dear son,” said he, “I saved the money with which I purchased your commission with difficulty; but I do not mean to reproach you, or make you feel the weight of the obligation. Your inclination leads

you to the army; I do not think it right to oppose that inclination. Go, distinguish yourself by your bravery: something whispers me that you will rise to eminence in the course of a few years. I may not live to see it; but your sister, my sweet Lucy, may. Remember, Charles, she has a claim on your good fortune. I hope to live long enough to save so as not to be quite dependent on you; but whether I do or not I commend her to your care and affection. Love and honour your sister, and you will love and honour mine and your mother's memory."

'I embraced my father with the warmest affection, but my heart was too full to speak; I stammered out—Until I forget myself, I can never forget my father and my sister. But I see you are affected: I will hasten to a conclusion.

'The first letter I received from England brought an account of this worthy parent's death. I was much shocked, but it is our duty to resign ourselves to these awful events. I immediately wrote to my sister, and from her I learned that she was left in circumstances only sufficient to board, which she did, with a friend on easy terms. It has pleased Heaven to bless me with every success my most sanguine wishes could desire, and I have now the happiness of returning to my native country, and meeting with this beloved sister unimpaired in health and affection. She lives in a small house near Portsmouth, unmarried. That she is so excites my wonder, but I have not yet enquired the reasons. The joy we felt at thus meeting again it is only in the power of such sensibility as yours to conceive. It is my intention, as soon as I can fix on a country residence, to solicit this worthy sister to reside with me

until I can prevail on some lady to honour me with her hand; for I own it is my wish to die a married man.'

We thanked the colonel for his narration. Congratulate us, my dear Susan, on our acquaintance with this worthy man. Maria says she had no doubt of his being what he professes. We discover every hour some new, good, or agreeable quality in him. I long to see this sister; if she resembles her brother, how amiable must she be! But I have not finished our conversation.

'Your brother, I believe,' said he, 'thinks my visit has been long enough: I have suspected it, and this day's behaviour has confirmed it.'

We both expressed our desire he would not leave us, and began to make excuses for our brother.

'I will not,' replied he, 'leave London. I purpose taking lodgings, and will, with your permission, pay my respects to you most days; it will be more convenient for me so to do, as here I cannot bring a servant.'

'Your brother,' he continued, 'was always an oddity, and loved his money too well when a young man. This love has increased, as might be expected. The young man who lives with you, Mr. Wentworth, seems a sensible, amiable man; but I believe your brother does not encourage him as he deserves.'

'He does not,' said Maria, 'and he has talked of leaving him; indeed I wonder he has not.'

'You will then not blame him for accepting an offer I made him a few days since of going to India. I have it in my power to set him out in a very advantageous manner.'

'Has he accepted your kind offer?' said I; for I thought Maria looked as if she could not ask the question.

'He has, and I suppose by

this time has acquainted your brother.'

'I thought he looked rather dull at dinner,' said I.

'He should rather have looked joyful,' said Maria.

'The thoughts of parting with his two charming friends, I doubt not, was in his head,' observed the colonel.

I watched Maria's countenance, but I discovered very little emotion; I believe I have been mistaken. I am sorry to part with Charles, but sincerely rejoice in his good fortune. When he came in to supper, he complained of a head-ache, and went to bed. My brother did not come home till eleven o'clock, and, without making any apology, called for a candle, and marched off.

'I am astonished how he can behave in this manner,' said I.

'The matter will be settled in the morning,' replied the colonel: 'in the mean while we will, if you please, follow him up stairs to our separate apartments.' So saying he took a candle, and with a smile and a bow retired.

Maria and I did not sleep half the night for talking over the conversation of the day, and I rose early to write to you.—Adieu, my dear, for the present. I smile at your idea of the colonel's falling in love with one of us. I believe he really regards us both with affection, particularly Maria: as for me, I love and admire him as a friend, but that I do not regard him in any other light is as true as that I am

Most affectionately yours,

H. VERNON.

LETTER VIII.

The Same to the Same.

A WHOLE month has elapsed, and I have not put pen to paper to my dear friend: what shall I say for an excuse?—Plays and concerts, I

assure you; a jaunt to Windsor too! Bless me, you say, what ails the girl; is she mad? I believe I am; but not to keep you in suspense, I inform you that the colonel left our house the next day. As he intended, my brother and he parted on civil terms. 'For,' said the colonel, 'I considered he had two charming sisters.' He has taken hand-m-lodgings, and my brother & I have visited him once; but age, scarcely a day passes that he spend an hour or two with us, very much pressed going into her scruples, we have been with him to the play and the opera. My penetration could now discover there was something more in all this attention than I at first suspected. The colonel is in love, but it is not with your friend Harriet; it is her sister who has engaged him. I must tell you how all this came out. He came yesterday morning, as usual. Come, thought I, I will not be a Marplot (we had seen the Busy Body the night before): if you want, good man, to speak to my sweet sister alone, I will give you the opportunity. Accordingly I walked up stairs; and when he was gone, which was in about two hours, (what an unconscionable time, Susan!) down I went into the parlour. Maria was leaning her head on her hand, drowned in tears. 'Bless me,' said I, 'what's the matter?' 'Oh dear! Harriet,' said she, 'I want your advice.'—'None of your oh dears!' said I; 'let us come to the point at once. I guess the colonel has done nothing less than offer you his hand this morning.'

'He has, indeed, offered himself to my acceptance in the most unreserved manner.'

'Well, I guessed so. I should like to have heard all he said: cannot you recollect, and tell me?'

This had the desired effect, and

made her smile.—‘ I wish, Harriet,’ said she, ‘ he had offered himself to you.’

‘ Thank you, sister, so do not I; but as a brother I shall adore him.’

‘ Then you would not have accepted him as a husband?’

‘ Indeed I believe I should. What, to see a man of his fortune! Such a my sweet Charles, sister, have said yes; but that is good fortune enough to serve to the purpose. What did dependent on?’ But I beg pardon, per- do or not.

‘ Yes, my dear Harriet,’ said she, ‘ I have no secrets from you. I was much confounded, as you may suppose; but I gave the colonel no reason to think I was averse to the proposal.’

‘ Well, very good,’ said I: ‘ one cannot on these occasions, to be sure, say yes at once. But why, my sweet sister, so very grave? you look as if you repented going so far.’

‘ Why, indeed, Harriet, I do not know my own heart. I fear I shall not love the colonel with the sort of affection I ought, and yet I feel the highest esteem for him.’

‘ Pish!’ said I; ‘ is not that sufficient? I have heard it said, love is sure to follow esteem, if the object continues to deserve it; and I am sure this colonel gives a proof of his sincerity in choosing a poor unportioned girl, when doubtless he might have met with many women of fortune, that would gladly have accepted him. I suppose you will consult Mrs. West. She will inform you all you ought to feel.’

‘ To be sure, I shall not take any material step without consulting her.’

‘ Here comes brother,’ said I; ‘ shall we tell him?’

‘ Oh no, I am not determined yet; besides, Mr. Wentworth is with him. Dear Harriet, hold your peace.’

‘ Well, don’t put yourself in a frustration. I shall not speak till you give me leave; not but I think the sooner it is over the better.’

Maria accompanies this with a letter to your mother. I conclude in haste, yours,

H. VERNON.

LETTER IX.

Miss Vernon to Mrs. West.

Dear and honoured Madam,

WHAT a happy girl is your Maria, in possessing a friend and adviser capable and willing to lead her through all the perplexities she may meet with! In you, my dear madam, have I through life found this friend; and to your maternal tenderness am I indebted for all the instruction my early years received, and all the credit my riper ones have gained. May I never prove ungrateful to my benefactress, by neglecting to ask her advice and approbation! My sister has informed you, from time time, of our acquaintance with colonel Ambrose. We have concurred in our sentiments of him, which are in the highest degree favourable. He is certainly a most amiable character, as well as a gentleman in the true sense of the word; I esteem, and I may say I admire him in a superlative degree. But, my dear madam, I am to acquaint you that he has offered me his hand. Now though I regard him in the favourable light I have described, I never felt the least desire of being his wife; on the contrary, I feel concerned at the proposal. Am I then justifiable in becoming the wife of a man I cannot with pleasure think of as a husband? He is many years older than me, but I have never considered this circumstance as an objection. To what then can I ascribe my indifference? You will, perhaps, say, to my partiality for another:

but if I know my own heart, I am not conscious of such a partiality. I am surely then ungrateful. Reprove my ingratitude, my dear adviser, and give me your opinion how I ought to feel and act. I dread to acquaint my brother with the proposal, because I know he will discard me if I refuse to accept it. But why should I dread it? for if I have your approbation of my conduct I shall know I have done right, and I hope I am superior to the consideration of sordid views when my duty is concerned. Harriet, all life and spirits, owns herself incapable of advising me: but I can perceive she will disapprove my conduct if I refuse the colonel. I will not, however, refuse him, if you can think me right, after considering all I have said, in accepting him.

Adieu! my dear madam. I am, with the greatest respect, yours,

M. VERNON.

LETTER X.

Mrs. West to Miss Vernon, in answer.

My dear Maria,

YOUR letter, now before me, is highly gratifying. To aid by my experience the judgment of my young friends is a pleasing task, and ever to be commanded by them are my advice and best services.

You consult me on an important subject, and, I must acknowledge, the one I least wish to advise on. I congratulate you, my dear, on the conquest you have made of the heart of such a man as colonel Ambrose. That he is really the man you think him I have no reason to doubt. Prudence, however, must not allow you to precipitate yourself into a union, until after a longer acquaintance.

This premised, I proceed to answer your queries. You tell me you esteem and admire colonel Ambrose, but never felt the least desire of be-

coming his wife: at the same time his age is no objection, and you are not conscious of an attachment elsewhere. To what then are you to ascribe your indifference? Depend upon it, my dear, you feel exactly the same as every prudent delicate young woman would feel in your circumstances. Did you more than esteem and admire a man twice your age, it would be unnatural; and did you wish to become the wife of any man on so short an acquaintance your prudence and delicacy would, in my eyes, stand impeached.

If his age is no objection, and you can esteem and admire him, I see no reason to suspect you will repent your choice; and if you have no partiality elsewhere, I think you have every chance of happiness with colonel Ambrose. I say nothing of interest, or your uneasy dependent situation, being sensible that to change that situation must be your wish as well as mine. I have in a very few words answered your letter. Much more might be said on the subject, but I would rather refer you to your own inclination and judgment than mine. That my dear Maria may determine for her happiness is the sincere wish of her affectionate friend,

M. WEST.

(To be continued.)

A NIGHT WALK

IN MARCH.

By J. M. L.

‘Hail melancholy night! mild pensive hour!
How sweet amid these mould’ring walls to
rove,
While beams on high the silent moon!

THE many-weathered month of March presented me with one beautiful evening: the moon floated on

high amidst the pure ether, and myriads of stars spread their splendor as far as the eye could reach. The air was chill, but dry; whilst the trees around waved in the wind the yet-bare boughs of winter. The beauty of the night had tempted me to take a walk, purely for the sake of doing so. The stillness that surrounded me was tranquillising to my breast: I knew that I was wandering in a part of the country where no danger was to be dreaded, and consequently strolled on without fear; though so solitary was the way, it might have well been supposed to lead

‘Through many a dismal lane, and darksome wood,
In story famous for the murder done
On nightly traveller.’

HURDIS.

One regret I only had, and it was, that I could not with inquisitive eye search for the hidden primrose, Spring's earliest tribute; for much I like to find a leaf or simple blossom, that leads the mind on fancy's eagle wing to summer hours and peaceful enjoyments. Dearly do I love to idle away a summer's day beside a willow-shaded stream, my only companions contemplation and a book. Let the Cynic cry it is wrong to waste the hours given to man for better purposes in this unprofitable way; I heed him not, but answer thus—

‘Give we none to vice,
And Hea' in will not strict reparation ask
For many a summer's day and winter's eve
So spent as best amuses us.’

HURDIS.

I proposed to extend my walk to some distance, that I might have the pleasure of wandering by moonlight amidst the ruins of an old abbey, that had often afforded me infinite satisfaction in my day-strolls. It was late when I set off, and when

I reached the venerable spot I might have said with Ogilvie,

‘Twas at the hour when midnight ghosts
The frightful ^{assume} shape, and sweep along the
gloom;
When the pale spectre bursts upon the view;
When fancy paints the fading taper blue;
When smiling virtue rests, nor dreads a foe;
And slumber shuts the weeping eyes of woe.’

I walked slowly among the mouldering ruins, filled with wonder at the stupendous masses which time had torn from their foundations.

‘The lofty tow'r complete in ev'ry part,
That stood (by numbers rear'd) the boast of
art;
The firm, compacted wall, that long defied
Each battering storm that thunder'd on its
side;
The sculptur'd brass, the monumental stone,
In one promiscuous heap were all o'er-
thrown.’

OGILVIE.

‘Alas! and even less than this seemed to remain of the former possessors of this place. The cemetery might still be traced where slept the forgotten remains of these whom Death had, ages since, borne to their tombs. Still unsatisfied, he sweeps from the earth, with indiscriminate vengeance, the old and the young, the rich and the poor.

‘See! where the Shade, to strike his gasping
prey,
Draws the keen dart, that never miss'd its
way;
Thron'd on the ruin of terrestrial things,
He sits, and tramples on the dust of kings.
See, his black chariot floats in streams of gore,
Pale Rage behind, and Terror strides before.
Not Beauty with'ring in the bloom of years,
Not dove-ey'd Innocence dissolv'd in tears,
Not kneeling Love, that trembles as it prays,
Not heart-struck Anguish, fix'd in stupid gaze!
Not all the frantic groans of wild Despair;
Not helpless Age, that tears its silver hair;
Can stay one moment the severe command,
Or wrest th' avenging dart from that relent-
less hand.’

Here pause:—the crowds extended on the
bier
Claim from the filial heart a parting tear:
Spend on the tomb where drooping grandour
lies
One mournful burst of sympathising sighs.

Oh death! terrific ere thy dart is try'd!
 Whose hand o'erturns the tow'ring domes of
 pride;
 What wide destruction marks thy fatal reign!
 What numbers bleed thro' all thy vast do-
 main!
 Whether thy arm, its dreadful strength to
 show,
 Like SAMPSON'S, sweeps its thousands at a
 blow;
 Or gives the cannon's parting ball to fly,
 Or wings the lightning glancing through the
 sky;
 Or bursts the opening ground (whole fields
 destroy'd),
 The city tumbling through the dreadful void!
 If in the fever, famine, plague, thou blast
 Th' unpeopled earth, and lay the nations
 waste;
 Though all her sons, the victims of thy
 pow'r,
 Her sons, that fall by millions in an hour;
 Yet know, should all thy terrors stand dis-
 play'd,
 'Tis but the meaner soul that shrinks with
 dread:
 That solemn scene the suppliant captive
 mourns;
 That scene intrepid virtue views, and scorns.
 Thine, virtue! thine is each persuasive
 charm;
 Thine ev'ry soul with heavenly raptures
 warm;
 Thine all the bliss that innocence bestows,
 And thine the heart that feels another's
 woes.
 What tho' thy train, neglected, or unknown,
 Have sought the silent vale, and sigh'd alone!
 Tho' torrents stream'd from ev'ry melting
 eye!
 Tho' from each bosom burst th' unpiety'd
 sigh!
 Tho' oft, with life's distracting cares oppress'd,
 They long'd to sleep in everlasting rest!
 Oh envy'd misery!—what soft delight
 Breath'd on the mind, and smooth'd the gloom
 of night:
 When nobler prospects, an eternal train,
 Made rapture glow in ev'ry beating vein;
 When Heav'n's bright domes the smiling eye
 survey'd,
 And joys that bloom'd more sweetly from the
 shade.'

OGILVIE.

As I leaned on the fragments of
 what had once been a pillar, con-
 templating the surrounding objects,
 fancy almost peopled the space with
 the imagined figures of those who
 had once been the inmates of this
 now-dilapidated ruin.

'Lo! rising from yon dreary tomb,
 What spectres stalk across the gloom!

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With haggard eyes, and visage pale,
 And voice that moans with feeble wail!
 O'er yon long resounding plain
 Slowly moves the solemn train;
 Wailing wild with shrieks of woe,
 O'er the bones that rest below!
 While the dull night's startled ear
 Shrinks, aghast with thrilling fear!
 Or stand with thin robes wasting soon,
 And eyes that blast the sickening moon!
 Yet these, ere time had roll'd their years
 away,
 Ere Death's fell hand had mark'd its aim,
 Rul'd yon proud tow'rs with ample sway,
 Beheld the trembling swains obey,
 And wrought the glorious deed that swell'd
 the trump of Fame.'

OGILVIE.

Greatness! what art thou? for a
 little while thou blazest a meteor
 amongst mankind; often more hated
 than beloved: death at last puts an
 end to thy career, and a splendid
 pageant conducts thee to the grave.
 When any man is infatuated by the
 false glare of ambition, and is dis-
 contented in his station, at which he
 probably inwardly repines, let rea-
 son draw aside the veil; let him
 seek the tomb of departed greatness,
 and

'Read o'er the monument that tells—*He
 died!*'

and I think he will return satisfied.
 This motto will be such a man's best
 guide.

'To be secure,'

Be humble; to be happy, be content.'

HURDIS.

'The great man, at the last day,
 will fare no better, nor be better
 looked upon, than the humblest hind
 that waited on him when here. Finely
 has Ogilvie pictured this in his poem
 entitled 'The Day of Judgment;
 and the language he puts into the
 angel's mouth who sounds the last
 trump is sublimely energetic.

'Be dark, thou sun, in one eternal night;
 And cease, thou moon, to rule with paler light
 Ye planets, drop from these dissolving skies!
 Rend, all ye tombs! and, all ye dead, arise!
 Ye winds, be still; ye tempests, rave no more!
 And roll, thou deep, thy millions to the shore!
 Earth, be disolv'd, with all these worlds on
 high!

And time, be lost in vast eternity!

T

'Now, by creation's dread tremendous
Sire,
Who sweeps these stars as atoms, in his ire;
By Heav'n's Omnipotent, unconquered King;
By Him who rides the rapid whirlwind's wing;
Who reigns supreme in his august abode,
Forms or confounds with one commanding
nod;
Who wraps in black'ning clouds his awful
brow,
Whose glance like lightning looks all nature
through:
"By Him I swear!"—(he paus'd, and bow'd
the head,
Then rais'd aloft his flaming hand, and said)
"Attend ye saints, who in seraphic lays
Exalt his name, but tremble while you
praise;
Ye hosts, that bow to your almighty Lord,
Hear, all his works, th' irrevocable word!
Thy reign, O man, and Earth, thy days are
o'er!
I swear by Him, that Time shall be no more.
He spoke (all Nature groan'd a loud reply;))
Then shook the sun, and tore him from the
sky!"

From the nature of my contem-
plations in this night's walk, my ideas
had become very sombre, but I was
not the less improved by it on that
account: I returned home, I trust
better than I went out, and as I
sank to repose put up a short prayer
to Him

'Whose hand the bolted thunder forms,
Who wings the whirlwind, and who breathes
the storms.'

OGILVIE.

FAMILY ANECDOTES.

By SOPHIA TROUGHTON.

(Concluded from p. 78.)

CHAP. XVII.

'When love hath charm'd the virgin's ear,
She hides the tender thought in vain:
How oft a blush—a sigh—a tear,
Betrays the sweetly anxious pain.

'For thee a mutual flame I own;
Thy joy, thy sorrows, both are mine:
Thy virtues all my soul have won,
That boasts a passion pure as thine.'

PETER PINDAR.

MARY had left her husband at
an obscure village in Cornwall, where
they had retired to avoid the impor-
tunity of their numerous creditors.
Here they had time for reflection on
past follies, and here they might
have been happy; but ill habits,
which are easily acquired but dif-
ficult to expell, followed them to
their retirement. Gordon could not
procure wine, but he dozed away
his time over jugs of ale: while
Mary affected a pre-eminence in
wit and fashion among the humble
villagers; and perhaps it was only
to change the scene a little which
first led her to think of paying her
mother and sister a visit.

After the funeral of poor Martha,
Sabina disposed of the cottage and its
furniture to a neighbouring farmer;
but many of its most useful effects
Mary entreated her sister to give to *her*.
'They will be dear to me and Gor-
don, for my mother's sake,' said she:
but afterwards, when she found how
expensive the carriage of them to
the Land's-end would be, she sold
them, and put the money in her own
pocket.

On the departure of Mrs. Gordon,
John Adams, (Mrs. Westwood's
husband), kindly enough, invited
Sabina to the house; which invita-
tion she gladly accepted, not know-
ing, indeed, where to go—for Mary
had not asked her sister to accom-
pany her to Hendon. She flattered
herself that she could make them
some amends for their hospitality,
by her attention to the domestic
affairs of so large a family; for Jane
had many children by her late hus-
band, and they had several servants.
But unhappily the temper of John
was exceedingly irritable, and the
patience of Jane but small, so that
constant quarrels and contentions
rendered the house insupportable to
the mild and placid Sabina. She
therefore determined to go to Lon-

don, and endeavour to get a situation in some family; but first she would visit her dear Mrs. Smith, and take her advice. Accordingly she took leave of honest John and his wife, returning them many thanks for their civility; which so pleased John (for the vulgar love thanks), that he went himself with her to the stage, and even insisted on paying her fare.

Sabina arrived safe at dame Smith's humble cot. The good woman rejoiced to see her.—'My dear child,' said she, 'the sight of you does me good: but you must be my bed-fellow, Sabina; for the little room your good mother had is occupied by a most worthy young man, who visits these parts once a year, and always has that room. He is in the linen trade, and I believe is an Irishman; but a better, nor a worthier, nor a handsomer man, perhaps, never lived. I have told him what a dutiful tender angel I have had here, and right glad am I that you are come while he is here. God send he may see you with old dame Smith's eyes—and you won't go from this house Sabina Gayton—that's all.'

'My dear friend, how you talk!' said Sabina. 'I have come to ask your advice concerning my future plan of life.'

'Marry the handsome Irishman, my sweet girl.'

'What, before he asks me?' said Sabina, smiling.

'No, not so neither: but I have talked to him a great deal about you, my child, and now I shall say a little more; and as you are on the spot, as a body may say, who knows what may happen—hey?'

'For pity's sake, for my sake,' cried Sabina, 'say nothing to him.—Do not drive me from your house. I have much to say to you—have great need of your counsel: you are my only friend, whom next to

Heaven I look to for comfort and assistance. Do not suffer your love and partiality for me to lead you into error.'

The worthy Mrs. Smith, affected by her earnestness, kissed her blushing cheek, assuring her things should take their course. Yet the hope she secretly cherished of seeing her favourite the wife of the good, and the worthy, and the handsome Irishman, gave a flow to her spirits which Sabina had never before seen, but which she rejoiced to witness.

In the cottage of Mrs. Smith Sabina found herself perfectly at home, and, for the first time since her mother's death, felt happy.

She informed her attentive hostess of all that had befallen her since their separation. The good woman was much offended with Mary for not inviting her sister to Hendon, and still more at her asking for part of the furniture.—'Proud, yet mean and good-for-nothing creature!' cried she, 'your dear mother never meant her to have a rag. But I warrant she took care to have the best.—I wish I had been there—that's all.'

Sabina, finding it impossible to stop her friendly, but to her painful, harangue, said, 'My dear Mrs. Smith, while you prepare our room, I will indulge in a visit to the dear drooping willow.—Nay, I will soon return, and the walk will do me good.'

'Well, my lovely child! go.—But remember your mother is happy, and do not give way to useless sorrow.'

'I will think on what you say,' answered Sabina, and was out of sight in an instant.

When she arrived at the grave, she was surprised to see a neat plain stone cover the spot which she had left bound with osiers. This was the work of the kind-hearted Mrs.

Smith. Sabina sat down on the humble grave, and gave free indulgence to her imagination till the church clock struck eight. She arose to return, and, lifting up her eyes, observed a tall, elegant looking man, leaning on an opposite tomb, whose attention was fixed on her. She was embarrassed, as she must pass him in her way to the gate. He moved his hat, and approaching her, said, 'Will you excuse a stranger's curiosity, madam? Was the owner of that lowly bed known to you?'

'O yes,' said Sabina; 'the body of my mother lies beneath this stone.'

'Amiable miss Gayton!' cried the stranger, with vivacity, 'my heart claims you for a friend. The worthy dame Smith has taught me to reverence the virtues of her who sleeps in peace beneath the willow. She has also taught me to love and admire the character of her daughter. I presume you are going to Mrs. Smith's. Do me the honour of accepting my arm.'

Sabina was more and more embarrassed: not doubting but this was the handsome Irishman, and fearing to provoke Mrs. Smith's wrath, by returning in company with the man she most wished to avoid—stammered out something, she scarce knew what herself, and hurried on. When they entered the little kitchen, the good woman held up her hands and eyes; but an imploring look from Sabina returned that to her heart which was springing to her lips.

The kind soul had killed one of her best fowls, which with a piece of her ham was soon set out on the table with much pride and pleasure; she declaring she had not felt so much happiness since the loss of her poor boy as she felt then. After supper, she drew a cork of her currant wine, and drinking the 'single

married, and the married happy,' desired Sabina (to the no small confusion of the poor girl) to pledge her.

Their companion, Mr. Hool, amused them by singing several Irish songs, and relating many pleasant anecdotes which had happened in his travels; and while the good dame pronounced him the drollest of mortals, Sabina thought him the most accomplished of men.

When they retired for the night—'My dear Mrs. Smith,' said Sabina, 'I have been much surprised this evening, and, though flattered by your goodness and respect for my dear mother's memory, am half angry with you.'

'Angry, my child! what have I done to offend you?'

'Do not talk of offending me, my dear, good woman.—But why—why did you put yourself to the expence of a stone?'

'O! is that all?—To be sure, I thought you left the five guineas in the table-drawer for that purpose. Shall the wicked and the worthless have marble monuments erected to their memory, and shall not a plain stone point out the place where goodness and virtue sleep?'

Sabina could not sleep for thinking of the goodness of Providence, in raising her up so true a friend.—How vain, how foolish, thought she, is it for mortals to trust in riches or relations for comfort in the hour of distress! Riches are fleeting—relations are selfish; but God can incline the heart of the stranger to sooth the sinking spirits, to pour balm on the wounded mind of those who put their trust in him.

Nor was the person who occupied the next chamber more inclined to slumber. The charms of the unassuming orphan, the modesty of her deportment, the amiableness of her character, had entered the heart of

the handsome Irishman, who was, perhaps, as much pleased with Sabina as even dame Smith herself could wish.

Sabina continued with her friend nearly six weeks, and then prepared for her journey to London, carrying a letter to a lady there from Mrs. Smith, strongly recommending Sabina to her notice.

On the morning of her departure, Hool came into the little parlour where Sabina was waiting for Mrs. Smith.—‘You are going, Sabina,’ said he, ‘and will soon forget, in the gay circles of London, the humble friends you leave behind.’

‘Ah! do not say so,’ cried Sabina, with emotion. ‘Never, never shall I cease to remember the happy days I have passed beneath this roof. Never can I forget the dear friends I am about to quit.’

‘Charming girl!’ cried Hool, snatching her hand, and pressing it to his lips. ‘Charming girl! may I hope—you said *friends*, may I hope I am included in the kind appellation?’

‘Certainly,’ returned Sabina blushing, and withdrawing her hand. ‘I have to thank you for much amusement, and the improvement your conversation has afforded me.’

‘Sabina, you are going, and I must speak.—I have found it impossible to live in the same house (prepared as my heart was to love you by our worthy hostess), and behold you with indifference.’

‘Your piety, your tender attention at the bed of your dying mother, your patient resignation to the will of Heaven when that beloved mother was taken from you, have all been imparted to me by the genuine language of nature. I loved your character before I beheld your lovely person. Just such a wife had I often prayed Heaven to bestow on me. I have no father, no mother.

No friends to consult, none to offend.—To my own exertions, my own industry, I trust alone. Providence has hitherto blessed my endeavours. I am partner (an under one indeed at present), but in three years am entitled to a half of a flourishing linen establishment. I have no doubt of success. Would you, my dear Sabina, consent to be mine, it would be a further incitement to industry; and to render you, my sweet girl, happy, would be the constant endeavour of my life. Mrs. Smith has known me many years. Make any enquiries of her or through her you think proper, and I am persuaded you will find I have not deceived you.’

Sabina looked around with the most painful emotions. Words did not immediately offer: at last she returned the following answer, which, as it marks the prudence and simplicity of her character in colours more vivid than my pen can paint, I shall give verbatim.—‘You do me much honour, sir, by your favourable opinion; but to accept your offer I must be lost to all sense of gratitude. You say you have no parents, no friends; you depend on your own exertions and the blessings of Heaven for support: May that Heaven prosper your endeavours! But shall Sabina Gayton, an orphan, without parents, without a home, almost without a friend, retard your progress in life? Shall she be a clog to your endeavours to attain that rank in society in which many would find their account? Forbid it honour, and forbid it justice. No, sir; among your equals seek a wife—one whose family and connections may forward your laudable endeavours. As for me, I have neither money, friends, nor connections; and until I can call at least one of those necessary requisites my own I will remain single.’

'Noble Sabina! I must think such sentiments, such virtues, will meet their reward. I cannot but admire the motive which prompts the resolution you have taken, though that resolution drives me to despair. But condescend to receive my letters:—suffer me to see you sometimes when I return to London; and if the unkindness of a world which never knows how to appreciate true merit should cause you to change your mind, remember there is one heart at least which beats only for you; one faithful bosom ever open to receive you. Though you may possess neither friends, family, nor connections, yet you must ever possess a heart of more value, and far more acceptable to me, than the riches of both Indies. Then let not new friends nor fresh acquaintance efface the remembrance of him who loves you from a knowledge of your worth—who wishes to become your husband from a hope that he may render you happy.'

'Generous man!' cried Sabina. 'Never shall the heart you are pleased to value know another attachment; never own another lord. A time may arrive, when you can receive my vows with prudence: but if at any future time you meet with a woman you could prefer to the one before you, consider yourself as free, and my best wishes shall attend you and your bride.'

'Amiable Sabina! do not think it possible that the heart which has once acknowledged you for its mistress can ever know a change in its affections.'

The entrance of Mrs. Smith prevented Sabina's reply. She had been placing some ham, and a couple of bottles of her best currant wine, for her nephew, whose door the stage would pass, in a little trunk which Sabina promised to deliver. Sabina left the whole of her little property

in the care of her friend, only taking with her a small trunk, containing her clothes, and a few books, which had been her mother's. This box Hool carried to the stage, where seeing it and its fair mistress safely placed, he said, 'Remember your promise!' and stepped back with emotion, to make way for Mrs. Smith, who, kissing the wet cheek of Sabina, said 'There's your watch, my child. Take care of your health, and write to me on your arrival in London, which if you don't like, come back to dame Smith, and we will live and die together—that's all.' Sabina bowed her head—she could not speak. The coach drove off, and the worthy Mrs. Smith and the dejected lover returned mournfully to the little parlour.

Dame Smith had redeemed Sabina's watch some days before, but would not give it her till she was seated in the stage, as she was fearful Sabina would leave the money behind her, as she had done once before; and the good dame well knew that in London Sabina would have need of all she possessed.

CHAP. XVIII.

—'She lets the sullen humour spend,
And with a virtuous book, or friend,
Beguiles th' uneasy hours:
Well colouring every cross she meets,
With heart serene she eats and sleeps;
She spreads her board with fancy'd sweets,
And strews her bed with flowers.'

DR. WATTS.

ON Sabina's arriving in Throgmorton-street, she was immediately engaged by Mrs. De le Peair, who asked with much kindness after dame Smith.

Mrs. De le Peair was the mother of two children. Her husband (a Turkey merchant) was in Flanders, and died abroad soon after Sabina became a resident in his family. He left the whole of his property,

amounting to upwards of forty thousand pounds, to his wife. Her children, a son and a daughter, were amiable. Accustomed from infancy to keep their passions in subjection, they were mild and unassuming; sensible of their dependence on the will of their mother, they obeyed her with alacrity; nor was their obedience prompted by interest, for they loved her from principle.

In such a family it was impossible to be unhappy. Sabina's sweet disposition won the hearts of all. Mrs. De le Peair and her daughter distinguished her by their favour. They had always regarded their servants as their fellow creatures: their manners were conciliating to all, but to Sabina they were particularly kind; ever treating her as their friend, they loved her, and loaded her with presents. Three years soon slipped away, when Hool became importunate with her to fulfil her promise. 'You have now,' said he, 'friends and connections; and if you had not, my business will allow me to support you in an elegant simplicity.'

But Mrs. De le Peair's health being then in a declining state, Sabina would not hear of quitting her; but the year following, when the health of that lady was perfectly re-established, and she was informed by Hool of the sacrifices her favourite had made to her convenience, she insisted on her compliance with the wishes of her lover. Mrs. Smith was sent for to be present at the wedding. Miss De le Peair stood bridesmaid, and her mother presented the blushing bride with three hundred pounds as a marriage portion. After the ceremony, the company returned to Throgmorton-street, where an elegant dinner was prepared, and the day spent with that decent mirth, that flow of soul, which

congenial minds alone are capable of enjoying.

A commodious handsome house had been taken by Hool, and here the worthy dame Smith was commissioned with the title of house-keeper, and lived many years their faithful friend and careful servant.

The connections of Mrs. De le Peair being very extensive, proved of infinite service to Hool. She lived many years their firm friend, and at her death further remembered Sabina by a handsome legacy.

Sabina, respected by her friends, beloved by her husband, blessed in several fine children, almost idolised by the poor, who never went unrelieved from her door; still found a something to convince her that, however hope may flatter or poets dream, this life is not the reward, but the trial, of virtue. Hool possessed a trait of jealousy in his temper, which not unfrequently obscured their otherwise bright prospects with the baleful hue of suspicion. Those fits, indeed, were transient; yet the bare idea of her husband's doubting, though but for a moment, her constancy and virtue, was a thorn which rankled in her pure bosom, and embittered at times her very existence: though to any but a jaundiced eye, her inoffensive life must have proved an antidote to suspicion.

Ever at home, ever cheerful, and ready to contribute to the pleasure and comfort of those about her; instructing her children—clothing the needy—feeding the hungry—comforting the sick—advising the young, herself setting an example worthy of imitation—thus passed her time; cheerful in trouble, patient in suffering—ever doing good.

Many years have since elapsed, yet she still lives surrounded by admiring friends, in an elegant retirement a few miles from the me-

tropolis. Time has convinced Hool of the worth, the prudence, the purity of his Sabina. His heart trusts wholly in her, and he now listens to her praises with delight. Two children alone survive: they are both married, and well settled. They on all occasions speak with the utmost reverence of their mother, whom they equally love and admire. They fervently invoke Heaven to lengthen out the thread of her useful life, and still to preserve the kindly ripened fruit on the bough.

Mary and Gordon, through the kindness of Sabina, came to London, and entered into the business of old Gordon: but the ill habits of profusion and inebriation were still attached to this thoughtless couple. Gordon soon became a bankrupt, and at last was compelled to labour for hire in the warehouse which had been his own. Thus might he date his ruin from the beauty of his wife; for though she preserved her virtue, yet by her follies and extravagance she brought him to misery and want.

Lady Facwett died soon after Mrs. Gayton, and sir Thomas marrying a rich widow in India, and settling in that distant country, all correspondence between him and Gordon ceased. At the age of forty-seven, the unfortunate Gordon sunk to a premature grave, to which his fatal propensity to drink had hurried him. Sabina attended his dying bed with the most tender pity, the most unwearied assiduity. She soothed the pangs of nature with tenderness, and charmed the throbs of guilt with the holy precepts of religion. She mourned his fate, and sighed to think that the man who had begun the race of life with so much dignity, probity, and honour, should slacken in the cause of virtue, and stop so distant from the goal.

Mrs. Gordon received from her

sister a weekly allowance sufficient for her comfortable support, but insufficient for the indulgence of those follies which in some measure attended poor Mary till the last hour of her life. Out of fifteen children, only one survived her. The education of this child Sabina herself attended to. She is now the wife of a respectable tradesman in the city of London. Mrs. Westwood has long been dead: John Adams, her second husband, lived to spend the money which ought to have been her children's; and the amiable Sabina has returned ten-fold to them the kindness her mother received from their father, proving the truth of the good old adage, 'a good action ever meets its reward.'

CHAP. XIX.

'Brief let me be.'

SHAKSPEARE

HAVING brought my story to a conclusion, at least so near one that it would be indelicate to proceed further, the principal character being still alive, I take my leave of the patient reader; and if the lip of beauty has been dimpled by a smile, or the eye of sensibility gemed with a tear, I am repaid.

This little narrative was commenced in the hour of pain, to amuse the dull monotony of a sick chamber. Could I flatter myself that the reader finds half the amusement in the perusal that I had in the compilation, I should be proud indeed. But methinks I hear some fair novel-reader exclaim—'What a stupid story! no point! no *éclaircissement!* I expected Rebecca to have been claimed by some rich parent.'—'Tis true, dear lady, the dash of a pen might have made her the daughter of a nabob. I could have poured the riches of both Indies

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



London fashionable Dress Dress.

at her feet: nay, I could have created her a princess, and have brought kings from afar to seek her. But I have aimed at relating things as they were, not as they might have been; and behind the resplendent shield of truth I shelter myself from all critics, whether fair or brown, tall or short, handsome or ugly: yet, if further particulars should come to my knowledge they shall be much at the service of those said ladies, if they deign to think ought of mine worthy their notice.

LONDON FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.)

1. A LONG dress of plain fine India muslin, the sleeves made of lace and muslin rolleau, intermixed in cross stripes, over a white satin linen: the front made to correspond. Head-dress, a gold bandeau, with a pearl crescent rather on one side: at the back, a drapery of fine nett spotted with gold: necklace and bracelets of gold chain: a circular opera fan of painted ivory. White kid gloves and shoes.

2. A slip of soft white satin or sarcenet, with a body and sleeves of jonquil crape: the sleeves are full, and confined with a narrow band: the body is continued under each arm in a long drapery, terminating in a point and tassel, the whole trimmed with a narrow silver fringe; a trimming to match. Hair dressed in plain bands, with a tiara of pearls or small white beads in front. Neck-lace and bracelets of small amber beads. Yellow kid shoes, with silver rosettes, and white kid gloves.

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PARISIAN FASHIONS.

PALE olive-coloured promenade coats, of a fine Circassian cloth, are much worn: they are buttoned down the front, cut high in the back, and have open round lappels at the bottom, with a double roll trimming round the arm and wrist. With these are worn full lace tuckers, and double demi-ruffs, *à la queen Elizabeth*. The sashes are of pale salmon colour, or pink sarcenet tied in small bows, with long ends on the right side. The hair is worn close cropped behind, divided on the forehead, and curled on the sides. The shawls are of pale salmon colour, with blue and crimson borders, and are carelessly thrown over the left arm. The gloves and shoes are of straw-colour.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

You will much oblige a constant reader by giving a place in your agreeable and extensively circulated Miscellany to the following *Curious Patent Inventions*, one of which, as you will perceive, is particularly intended for the preservation of ladies, in case of a dreadful accident, which has of late been but too common; and all are calculated to promote domestic convenience and utility.

CURIOUS PATENT INVENTIONS.

DR. CAREY has obtained his Majesty's royal letters patent for the following inventions.

1. A cistern and apparatus, by means of which, a fire, breaking out in a warehouse, &c. immediately

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produces a shower of water to extinguish it.

2. A cistern, with an apparatus of a different kind, by means of which, a shower of water is brought down to quench fire in a chimney, on simply pulling a wire over the mantle-piece.

3. A gridiron, which preserves the chimney from danger of fire, and (with the additional advantage of savory cookery) saves the meat from being singed or smoked.

4. A lantern (with a curious lock) for nurseries, stables, &c. The lock is, by means of a bit of paper, effectually secured against being opened without certain detection. It is applicable to all the purposes of a common padlock, and may, by the aid of a simple contrivance, be fastened in a moment, and without injury, to the key-hole of a drawer or door, so that neither key nor picklock can be put into the hole without discovery. By means of another simple contrivance, it will prevent fraudulent exchanges of articles purchased at market, or sent by carriers.

5. A fire-cloak, to extinguish fire in a lady's clothes, or protect a person from the flames in escaping from a house on fire.

6. A soot-trap, or strainer for the the smoke, to prevent the accumulation of soot in chimneys.

7. A soot-trap register-stove, of two different kinds; also a register-top, with a soot-trap, to be fixed on a common stove.

8. A water-trough in the back of a chimney, (kept constantly full by means of a ball-cock) to catch soot, and prevent the danger of fire.

9. An elegant japanned fire-screen, answering also the purposes of a fire-guard, a chimney-board, and an-extinguisher for a chimney on fire.

10. A chimney-damper, to ex-

tinguish fire in a chimney, by intercepting the draught of air.

11. A water-candlestick and night-light, both of improved construction.

EXTRACT from *The SPANIARD*;

OR,

THE PRIDE OF BIRTH.

A Tale, by M. Rymer.

THIS ingenious little novel commences as follows :

Every one who has frequented the Strada de Toledo, at Madrid, must have observed the little barber's shop, near the convent of the Carmelites, kept about twenty years ago by little Pedrosa Leandrez, the most facetious good-natured fellow in the whole neighbourhood: the front of this edifice, which was adorned with all the emblems of the profession, although its dimensions towards the street were not more than six feet, was yet capacious enough to exercise the arts, by which its possessor maintained a wife and three children.

Little Pedrosa, besides his knowledge in twisting a mustachio to advantage, was frequently employed in breathing the veins of his sick neighbours, and in extracting carious stumps from their painful and enflamed gums: this last was indeed his forte; he often boasted of his dexterity in the operation, and it must be confessed, that he had had the honour of torturing many of the prettiest faces in Madrid; but on these occasions we must do him the justice to say, that his feelings suffered more than his purse gained: nature had never intended poor Pedrosa for a

son of Esculapius, therefore, he never got rich by practising the art: scenes of misery were no way congenial to his disposition; he felt himself happy, and he delighted to see others so; and when the beauty of a summer's evening induced him to regale the children of the neighbourhood with the sound of his guitar, at his little shop door, Pedrosa forgot that there were such things in the world as pain, disease, tooth-drawing, or bleeding.

Misfortunes are inseparable from humanity; why should I attempt to exempt Pedrosa from them! often a hasty call from a suffering patient, or the heedless caprices of a vain customer, deprived him of his dinner; his wife had two or three times been of a different opinion from himself; and once the boys filled his little shop with smoke, blown in at the key-hole by means of a horn: these might have discomposed a philosopher, but little Pedrosa philosophised upon no subject whatever, and he felt the misfortune no longer than the actual inconvenience remained.

Kings and kingdoms have their revolutions, and we shall see by the sequel, that poor Pedrosa, in his turn, experienced the capricious mutability of fortune.

It was past twelve o'clock, on a very dark night in the month of September, that a loud thundering noise at the door awakened the little barber and his wife from a profound slumber. 'What is the matter?' cried he half asleep; 'what do you want?' 'Get up, Pedrosa, immediately!' said a voice on the outside; 'the Licentiate Signoir Garcia desires you will come immediately to bleed him: he is in the utmost danger; his disorder, I believe, has fallen upon his lungs.' 'I wish it were on yours,' muttered Pedrosa to himself as he jumped out of bed, 'we would not be so disturbed with

your impertinent bawling. Tell the Licentiate,' said he, opening the door to the messenger, 'that I shall be with him immediately.'

The Licentiate Signoir Garcia, by indulging too frequently in the pleasures of the table, had become too good a customer to be neglected. 'Holy Virgin have mercy upon his reverence!' said Pedrosa, as he hustled on his clothes, 'I have drawn more blood from him than might have filled the veins of twenty of his generation.'

The night was, as we have observed before, very dark, but little Pedrosa knew every inch of the way which led to the Licentiate's: he safely passed the windings which led to the great gate of the church of San Nicolas; not a passenger was to be seen in the streets, and poor Pedrosa, who never loved solitude, preferred talking to himself rather than preserving a silence, which he felt at all times disagreeable. He had, already, recited the names of above twenty of his customers, with more real devotion than the archbishop of Toledo probably would those of the saints of the calendar, when passing through a small street, he was suddenly interrupted by the figure of a man, who darted with incredible swiftness across the way, with a drawn sword in his hand. Pedrosa had never in his life evinced the smallest symptom of heroism; he stood motionless with terror, and with staring eye-balls, observed the stranger in his hasty passage to have dropped the dark covering with which he had been enveloped. Before he could recover his scattered senses, his terror was redoubled by a noise seemingly made by several persons forcing open the door, through which the unknown person had rushed into the street. 'The holy Virgin protect me!' cried the astonished barber; the ideas of robbery and

assassination crowded into his mind, and he instinctively fell with his face to the ground. In the mean time, the people had succeeded in their endeavours to force their passage to the street; three men with drawn swords, and one armed with a poignard, rushed out. 'It was you, Bernardo,' said one of them, in a furious tone, 'who let him escape; you ought to have plunged your dagger in his heart, rather than have marred such a job:' the others made no reply, for they all four immediately rushed forward to overtake the fugitive object of their vengeance. Poor Pedrosa, whom fear rather than prudence had induced to lie hid from observation, gradually recovered, as he imagined the object of his terror to be removed to a distance; and without wishing to have any thing to do with the adventure, began to creep forwards to the place of his destination. Scarcely had he gone two steps, when he felt his feet entangled in the cloak of the stranger. Though his skin was at that time covered with a copious perspiration, he felt the midnight damp spread its chilling influence over all his body; and as he now fancied himself, every moment, in greater security, the natural good humour of his temper began to exert itself. 'This is a lucky adventure for me,' said he to himself, as he lifted the garment from the ground; 'I shall have a great coat to keep myself from the cold.' By spreading it, and rubbing his fingers over it, he soon perceived it to be the habit of a monk of the order of St. Francis. 'It is the first benefit the holy fathers ever conferred upon me,' thought little Pedrosa, 'and when monks go a rambling.' The cautious barber suppressed the rest: it was certainly an ill-natured sarcasm on the holy community, which, notwithstanding his loquacious propensity, he was

afraid of exposing to the open air. Certain it is, that without any further reflection on the adventure, he folded the garment around him, and tucking up, in the best manner he could, the long skirts, which, by hanging on the ground, shewed sufficiently the disparity, in point of size, betwixt little Pedrosa and the former wearer, he proceeded forwards, recommending himself to the holy care of St. Peter, who, he used often to say, had never forsaken him.

It is asserted by some philosophers, that man has a natural propensity to move in a direct line forwards; but little Pedrosa seemed to have been born to give the lie to this assertion. His air in walking, excepting in the rapidity of his motions, resembled nothing in nature so much as a duck's: the simile, though not perfectly exact, may yet be rendered sufficiently illustrative, by observing that poor Pedrosa had acquired such a facility in turning the one side and the other alternately to that point of the compass whither he was bound, that a person from behind would imagine that at every step he intended to alter his course. This kind of motion, concurring with a rapidity of idea, for which Pedrosa was always remarkable, bestowed a considerable degree of friction on his mental and corporeal faculties; and to this kind of motion alone he was, perhaps, indebted for a discovery, of which we shall hasten to give an account.

Pedrosa had not made above twenty or thirty of these extraordinary evolutions, when he perceived something dangling in a small pocket concealed in the inside of his newly-acquired garment; he darted his hand into it to examine the contents, and felt about thirty ducats and a letter, which though neatly folded up, the broken seal showed to have been already examined. No anti-

quarian could boast of a greater share of curiosity than little Pedrosa; indeed this passion was generally carried to such an excess, that it might have been ranked amongst his faults, had it not been made ample amends for, by a still greater propensity to communicate the intelligence he had gained to every person he met with. This thirst after knowledge now suddenly seized the poor fellow, too powerfully to be resisted—'This letter will throw some light upon the business,' said he. The Licentiate Signoir Garcia might die of indigestion if he pleased; the pressing case of the patient, and the sovereign remedy of phlebotomy, were forgotten: Pedrosa had discovered an intellectual repast, which it was not in his power to forego; and all he redoubled his pace for was to procure a place, where he might read the mysterious billet, without any witnesses of his enjoyment; though he was firmly resolved that all his customers should be partakers of that pleasure in the morning.

By the side of the convent of Santa Clara, betwixt that and the great church of the Carthusians, stands a small neglected spot, on which may be still traced the ruins of an ancient Moorish palace: it is at present covered with several large and lofty trees, whose thick shades might have been consecrated, by serving as a retreat to many a pair of happy lovers, were it not for the daily sacrifices there made to the Roman goddess Cloacina the ungrateful odour of which must ever banish from delicate minds all ideas of harmonious enjoyment.

By turning the corner of the street, Pedrosa knew he might arrive at this place in the course of a few minutes; he would have taken a journey of as many hours to have gratified his curiosity, when he imagined he could do it with safety: he

therefore no sooner found himself among the thickest of the trees, than striking a light, the implements for which he always carried about him, by the feeble glimmering of a small piece of taper, he made shift to read the following lines:

'Fortune is again the friend of our love! yes, my dear Don Juan! for one once more permits me to write your name; I say once more, for if I may credit my foreboding fears, we shall soon be separated for ever. My uncle and duenna, for some days past, seem to watch over me with a more scrutinizing eye than usual— if they should have discovered—alas! I know not what I fear— if I must die, come, and let me breathe my last sigh on your bosom; you shall see with what fortitude I can bear the greatest calamities, when folded in your arms, and assured of your constancy: come at midnight in your usual disguise; you shall be anxiously expected by

Your

LUCINDA.

The reading of this billet but barely gratified the curiosity of Pedrosa: he folded it however carefully up, as a memorial of the adventure; and lest some unlucky accident should occur before he could reach home, he deposited the ducats which he had so singularly acquired in a corner of the hollow of a large tree. It was seldom that poor Pedrosa could boast of so much foresight; but the unexpected possession of riches, in some unlucky moment, introduces avarice into the heart, and avarice makes us cautious.

As there was no other thing now to engage Pedrosa's attention, the lamentable condition of the Licentiate Signoir Garcia darted into his mind, and he arose with alacrity to pursue his route; but fortune seemed to have decreed that the Licen-

tiat should recover, as he actually did, without the little barber's assistance. Whether we may ascribe this to the good constitution of Signoir Garcia, which once more stood his friend, or to the prayers which poor Pedrosa offered up by the way to St. Peter, we cannot pretend to determine. This agreeable circumstance, however, was unknown to little Pedrosa, who made all the haste he could to the relief of his patient; when he met with a much more disagreeable and lasting interruption than the last. Turning an angle of the monastery of St. Francis, with that rapidity which he thought the occasion required, he suddenly justled against an old woman, who was passing along by the side of the wall. 'Heaven have mercy upon me!' said the old woman, as she caught hold of the sleeve of Pedrosa's monkish habit to prevent herself from falling. Unluckily she guessed the character of the garment, and before Pedrosa could disengage himself, she, by slipping her withered arms across his shoulders, became confirmed in her conjecture. 'Santa Maria be praised! holy father,' said she, 'that I have met you: it is a blessed sign of good fortune: who would have thought I should have been so lucky? one ought never to despair! indeed I thought it would be a miracle to meet one of your holy fraternity at this unseasonable hour; but the old gentleman told me that Heaven would help me, and so I kept praying to Santa Maria all the way; for as my first husband used to say'—'Well, well, good woman!' interrupted Pedrosa, a little troubled at the adventure, 'your first husband, God rest his soul, I hope is in Paradise; and the second will not be long in arriving there: but the best thing you can do in this cold raw night, is to go home, to your warm bed, and leave me, in

God's name; for I have a long way to go.' 'Santa Maria forbid that I should leave you, holy father,' returned the old woman. Heaven has sent you to the relief of an old gentleman's soul to whom I am attendant, and who is, at this moment, at the point of death—Well! if ever a man deserves heaven by acts of charity, it is he, he has been so generous to me! to be sure, he has plenty of money—what a pity for the poor gentleman's soul to be lost for want of absolution. I dare say, he has a whole closet full of gold; and you know there are a great many charities, which you, holy father, can put him in mind of—and to be sure, it would go very hard with the good old gentleman's soul, if he should forget his poor nurse, seeing that he can take none of his money along with him, and has nobody, that I know of, to give it to: it would make your heart to ache, holy father, to see how I have toiled for this month past in his service; how I have run up stairs and down stairs; and how careful I have been to open the door, every time he came in.—How sorry I should be if the good gentleman went out of this world, without knowing the affection of his poor nurse.' 'Good woman,' returned Pedrosa, who began to tremble at the turn the affair was likely to take, and who had only been prevented from interrupting the old woman's harangue, by reflecting on the means by which he might escape the danger which threatened him. 'Good woman, you have taken me at the worst time in the world; you do not know that I am just now performing a penance, which the Abbot of our monastery has enjoined me. Cold and disagreeable as this night is, I dare not return, until I have six times recited the hymn to the Holy Virgin; said thrice as many paternosters, and double the number of

credos: I can hope in no other way to obtain absolution of the sin I have been guilty of; so that, you see, it is impossible I can accompany you.'

'Heaven forgive the sin, holy father, which lies so heavy upon your conscience,' returned the old woman; 'but of all the things in the world, nothing can give me more pleasure than to hear you recite six times the hymn to the Virgin; nay, I will even stay by you until you have said all those paternosters and credos you speak of; and I believe it will be my wisest way, for I might go through all the streets of Madrid, at this late hour, without meeting with another of your holy profession; for as my first husband used to say—take what you can get.'—'Good woman,' interrupted Pedrosa, commanding his temper, and concealing his uneasiness in the best manner he could, 'we are now but a step from the monastery of the Augustines, and you may easily prevail upon one of the fathers to accompany you.' 'That is all you know of the matter, holy father,' returned the old woman with great vivacity; 'the Abbot of the Augustines and his brethren would not be disturbed, at this hour, for the Infanta of Spain herself: they are, at present, very busily employed, I'll warrant you; and begging the holy fathers' pardons, I know very well what they are about.'

During this dialogue, poor Pedrosa and his tormentor kept walking together to the end of the street. His anxiety to get rid of the fiend that harassed him was become so great, that, curious and communicative as he naturally was; he hardly attended to her garrulity. The effect this uneasiness produced upon the vivacity of his temper was truly ludicrous. 'Cursed old hag!' said Pedrosa to himself as he bit his lip, first shrugged up one shoulder, and

scratched it, then the other; sometimes walking with a very quick pace, as if to tire out his disagreeable companion; then creeping along, to exhaust her patience by delay; but all this had no effect upon the old woman, who with a steady eye to her own interest, which, she imagined, would certainly be promoted by Pedrosa's assistance, stood firm to her purpose. At last, the unfortunate little barber, driven almost to despair, tried one scheme more, which he flattered himself would be infallible; and gathering together all the stock of cunning, which nature and art had given him, but which, unfortunately for Pedrosa, was very little; 'Heaven bless you, good woman!' said he, seeming all of a sudden to recollect himself, 'Heaven bless you, and preserve your memory, for with watching and praying I have entirely lost mine. It is not above a quarter of an hour ago since I was called to perform the holy duties of my function to a noble gentleman of Arragon, who now lies at the point of death—I am assured that he is, at this moment, in such a condition as leaves not the smallest room for delay. He is at the last gasp. Poor gentleman, I am afraid I shall be too late. Good night, my good woman, and may the blessing of Santa Maria and St. Francis rest upon you!' Saying this, he endeavoured to walk away as nimbly as he could, without waiting for a reply; but the troublesome old woman, still more tenacious of her purpose, followed him with an alacrity which could hardly be expected from her age. 'Holy father,' said she, as she held by the long sleeve of his garment, 'Heaven bless your charity; I shall be sure to remember the poor Arragonian gentleman in my prayers.—Heaven protect you from evil accidents by the way.—How far has your holy reverence to

go?' 'To the Strada de San Marco,' said Pedrosa, quickly; 'and as it is a long way'—'Santa Maria be praised,' interrupted the old woman, 'the street where my master lives is just close by it; and as the poor gentleman you say is in so very bad a way, he probably may be dead before you arrive there; in which case you shall be at full liberty to go along with me. Santa Maria be praised! it is all in my way to accompany you thither.' No resource now remained for poor Pedrosa; he was confounded, agitated, and vexed beyond description. 'Curse on this foolish old woman! curse on my own folly in dressing myself in this unlucky garment!' muttered he to himself: the old woman imagined he uttered a prayer for the sick gentleman, and closed every sentence of chagrin with a hearty and long sounding Amen.

Fear, and the consciousness of imputed guilt, to a mind unaccustomed to disguise its feelings in the track of vice, render it too often incapable of acting with the appearance of innocence; so that Pedrosa, although had he been really the character he assumed, might have easily got rid of his tormentor: yet, fearful of detection, and trembling at the apprehension of raising the slightest suspicion, his mind was too much harassed to act with the small degree of firmness he naturally possessed. The idea of the punishment, which would inevitably follow the discovery of his real character, after having, as it would be thought, assumed a disguise to perform one of the most holy offices of religion; and the almost certain impossibility he would find in proving his innocence, harassed and distracted his imagination. The poor fellow imagined he had now no other resource but to make his escape by the nimbleness of his heels; and this he determined to do,

when they should arrive at the next turning: but the tormenting old hag, as if she actually perceived his design, laid hold of his arm, and kept it so closely linked in her own, that it would have been physically impossible for poor Pedrosa to have deviated a step, without dragging her withered carcass along with him.

After a long walk, the unwilling and agitated Pedrosa arrived with his tormentor at the entrance of the Strada de San Marco; when driven to despair, and seeing no other resource, he determined to make his escape by force. The timid barber had just worked up his mind to this resolution, and was turning about to exercise his newly acquired heroism on his withered antagonist, when he beheld a troop of alguazils who crossed the way, and seemed intending to take the same direction. The moon had now risen, and poor Pedrosa recognised with terror the voice and form of one of his customers, who cried out, 'We crave your blessing, holy father.' Pedrosa slightly nodded, but made no answer. 'This is the Strada de San Marco,' said the old woman, pushing him to the right; 'it is here where the poor Arragonian gentleman lives, if he be still alive. Unfortunately, the alguazils turned the same way; this was enough to determine Pedrosa to abandon it: 'Something from heaven tells me,' said he, in a voice rendered almost inarticulate by fear, 'that he is now dead; let us hasten to your master.'—The old woman seemed to leap for joy; and, eager to take advantage of Pedrosa's compliance, she hurried him along. In a few minutes they halted at the door of a small house, which she immediately opened; and before poor Pedrosa had in any degree recovered from his terror, he found himself ascending a narrow staircase.—'Good Heaven protect my

master!' muttered the old woman; 'how unluckily will it be if we should find him already dead!' The tone and manner of this exclamation showed more of interested regret than compassion: but her fears were soon dissipated by the sound of a violent coughing; and she sprung with alacrity to the door of a small bed-chamber. 'Here, my good and worthy master,' said she, with a voice of the most profound grief, Santa Maria has heard my prayers, for I have brought you the most worthy and most holy father in all Madrid.' Pedrosa entered, and stared around him at every thing in the apartment, which was only lighted by a small lamp, which stood at the bedside of an aged man seemingly struggling with death. 'It was indeed a miracle,' rejoined the old woman, 'to have met with this holy man at such a late hour; but nothing is impossible for Santa Maria, and she always helps me to every thing I have a mind to.' The sick man regarded Pedrosa for a moment, then kissing a small ivory cross, which he held in his hand, he raised his eyes to heaven: 'O thou almighty Power!' said he, 'who hast scourged me in thy wrath, great and manifold are thy mercies; at the hour of death thou hast dawned peace and comfort upon my departing soul!—Holy father,' added he, turning his eyes towards Pedrosa, 'thy presence, and the comfort of thy heavenly council, in my dying moments, were all I dared to pray for: Heaven has heard my request, and I shall end a life of misery and regret, with comparative calmness and tranquillity.—Into thy bosom will I pour the secrets of an agonised mind.' The old woman by this time had left the room, and Pedrosa had seated himself by the bedside of the dying gentleman: his courage was at first the effect of despair; but he was now on

the point of obtaining possession of an important secret, a thing at all times pleasing to Pedrosa. He reflected within himself that he should at least be free from detection, while he remained in the apartment: he had escaped discovery by the alguazils, and he determined, the moment he should again breathe the open air, speedily to divest himself of the unlucky garment, which had created to him so much uneasiness. These reflections passed rapidly through the mind of Pedrosa, and served to rouse the small degree of firmness he naturally possessed. Imitating as well as he could the tone of mild sanctified benevolence—'Put thy trust in Heaven, my son,' said he; 'it will never abandon the righteous.' 'True, holy father,' said his sick penitent; 'but I fear I have been guilty: sometimes I fear I have carried what may be termed the prejudices of my education too far; I sometimes fear I have sacrificed too much to the opinion of the world; but Heaven knows my intentions were to preserve unsullied that dignity which God and nature had conferred upon me, by the virtues of a long line of ancestors; virtues equally pleasing to heaven and beneficial to their fellow creatures, and which, till obscured by my misfortunes, shone forth in the persons of their illustrious descendants, bright examples of the dignity of human nature, amidst the darkness of a degenerate age.'

The old man could proceed no farther. The vehemence with which he had uttered these last words was too great for his debilitated form to bear, and he appeared nearly fainting; when Pedrosa pulled from his pocket a small phial, which he always carried about him, to reanimate the courage and spirits of his suffering patients: this he applied to the nostrils of the sick gentleman, and

having made him swallow a few drops, saw with pleasure that he began to revive, and a few moments of rest seemed to re-animate his whole frame. Pedrosa begged if he had any thing on his mind, to reveal it; assuring him that he would find his account in the other world, by a candid confession in this: adding that his prayers should be always directed either for the restoration of his penitent's health, or the repose of his soul. The arguments which Pedrosa used upon this occasion, though not couched in the most elegant form, passed unobserved by the sick gentleman, who seemed wholly absorbed in the retrospection of past events. After a few minutes passed in silence, he desired Pedrosa to seat himself upon the bed. The cautious and inquisitive barber bolted the door of the apartment, and immediately took his station: he bent his head with eager curiosity over the emaciated object which lay before him; the pale glimmering of the lamp exhibited a set of features at once noble and impressive; his eyes, though seemingly about to be closed for ever, were faintly illumined with that animation which habitual dignity of soul seldom fails to inspire. Pedrosa very devoutly formed the sign of the cross upon his large and manly forehead, and again urged him to unbosom himself without reserve. The sick man grasped the sleeve of Pedrosa's habit. 'Hear then,' said he, 'the ignominy of a man whom the world once accounted noble; the misfortunes of him whom mankind had agreed to call happy: if through thy veins, holy father, runs the least particle of hereditary greatness, thou wilt learn how little the conservation of that dignity is in our own power, when Heaven wills the humiliation of the pride of man.—But I forget myself: my time, I feel, is short, and,

O holy father! I need thy assistance: listen then to the story of my woes.'

ACCOUNT of the new COMEDY called 'TOWN and COUNTRY; or, WHICH IS THE BEST?' performed for the first Time at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden, on Tuesday, March 10.

THE characters were thus represented:

Plastic, - - -	Mr. C. Kemble.
Trot, - - -	Mr. Blanchard.
Cosey, - - -	Mr. Fawcett.
The Rev. Owen Glenroy,	Mr. Murray.
Reuben Glenroy, -	Mr. Kemble.
Capt. Glenroy, - -	Mr. Brunton.
Hawbuck, - - -	Mr. Emery.
Hon. Mrs. Glenroy, -	Mrs. Glover.
Rosalie Somers, - -	Miss Brunton.
Mrs. Trot, - - -	Mrs. Mattocks.
Mrs. Moreton, - - -	Mrs. Davenport.

THE PLOT.

Plastic, a dissipated young man of fashion, and *Cosey*, a stockbroker, accidentally meet at the house of Mr. *Trot*, a wealthy cotton-manufacturer, father-in-law to the former. During their stay at that gentleman's country-house, *Plastic* learns that *Cosey* is on his road to Wales, to visit his ward, Miss *Rosalie Somers*, whom he has placed at the house of the rev. *Owen Glenroy*. The two families of *Somers* and *Plastic* are at enmity, on account of a former election contest. *Plastic*, from motives of revenge, forms a base design of attempting to seduce Miss *Somers* (whom he had formerly seen), but not knowing her place of residence, in hopes to discover it, tells *Cosey* he is going the same road, and requests to join him company. Failing in this, he follows him. *Cosey*, after much personal danger, from which

he is rescued by the intrepidity of a stranger, reaches Wales, and recognises his preserver in the person of *Reuben Glenroy*, whose attachment to his ward he discovers. *Reuben*, called upon by the voice of distress during a severe storm of snow, rushes out, and in a short time returns supporting *Plastic*, apparently lifeless—who, when recovered and finding himself in the same house with *Miss Somers*, to further his designs, assumes the name of *Maitland*. Unlooked-for circumstances aid his wishes, and he not only contrives to carry away *Rosalie Somers* from the protection of her friends, but also to make it appear that she consented to an elopement with him, and succeeds in bringing her to town. *Reuben*, after having passed the night on the mountains, succouring the distressed travellers, returns, and hearing that *Rosalie* has eloped with the man he preserved, sinks into apathy, from which he is roused by the intelligence that his brother *Augustus*, by habits of fashionable extravagance, is on the brink of ruin. Hoping to save him from the vortex of dissipation into which he is plunged, he consents to accompany *Cosey* to London. *Rosalie*, notwithstanding all *Plastic's* caution, eludes his vigilance, and accidentally meeting with *Trot*, is, by that gentleman, placed under the protection of the hon. Mrs. *Glenroy*. *Cosey* and *Reuben* arrive in town: the former gentleman furnishes the latter with the means of relieving his brother's necessities.—*Reuben* loses no time in waiting at his house—meets with Mrs. *Glenroy*, makes himself known, and acquaints her with the purport of his visit; prevails upon her not to go out that evening, and promises to bring her husband home. *Reuben* then goes to a subscription-house for play, where he knows his brother was to pass the evening; and while

waiting in an anti-chamber, *Augustus* rushes from the gaming-table, ruminating on his distresses; and goaded by despair, is on the point of committing suicide, when *Reuben* arrests his arm, and prevails upon him to go home to his family, having first learnt from him that he has pledged his commission for a gaming debt to *Plastic*. *Reuben's* next interview is with *Plastic*. He redeems his brother's commission; and *Plastic*, wishing to know to whom he is so much indebted, listens to *Reuben's* story, and finds he is known: but *Reuben* still thinking that *Rosalie* has voluntarily left her friends, and that her affections are fixed upon *Plastic*, and having promised that his life should be devoted to her happiness, prevails upon him to sign a written promise of marriage with the lady. *Reuben*, in company with *Cosey*, meets *Plastic* according to appointment, at the house of Mrs. *Glenroy*:—*Rosalie* being introduced, an eclaireissement takes place, which exposes the ingratitude of *Plastic*, and the young lady bestows her hand and fortune on *Reuben Glenroy*. The comic parts of the comedy arise from the incidents which are attached to *Cosey*, a stock-broker and a cockney; *Trot*, a great cotton-manufacturer; and his wife, a would-be woman of ton; *Harwbuck*, a lad brought up in a Yorkshire school; and Mrs. *Glenroy*, a sprightly elegante.

REMARKS.

As Comedy implies a picture or representation of the prominent features of mankind, in which the peculiar virtues, vices, and follies, are displayed, exposed and ridiculed; those dramatic writers deserve most praise who are the ablest in delineating what appears to be the closest copy of nature, without encumber-

ing the scene

With faultless Monsters which the world
ne'er saw.

In this view we are pleased and charmed with the admirable writings of Shakspeare, the wit of Congreve, the intrigue and vivacity of Farquhar, and the dry quaintness of Goldsmith, so lasting and so attractive.

In the new comedy of 'Town and Country,' &c. although some may be of opinion that it has not the qualities now described in their very highest degree, yet every impartial observer will readily admit that it has what constitutes a good and a rational entertainment; and that Mr. Morton has been very successful in the two last acts, in evincing some admirable efforts of the nervous and the pathetic. He has very happily contrasted the characters of *Cosey* and *Trot*; the former a strong advocate for the town, and the latter a strenuous pleader for the country. Although the choicest sentiments of this new comedy be not very striking for novelty, yet they arise so naturally and are dressed in such becoming simplicity, that they often make a very lasting impression on the mind. *Reuben Glenroy* bears occasionally a very close resemblance to *Penruddock*: like him, he appears deserted by the object of his fondest wishes; like him, in bitterness of heart he recites the injuries inflicted on his wounded spirit; and, like him, is generously anxious to relieve his treacherous betrayer. This assimilation may, however, be accidental; for, as Mr. Sheridan very truly observes, in his preface to 'The Rivals'—

'Faded ideas float upon the brain like half-forgotten dreams, till the fancy in her fullest enjoyments becomes suspicious of her offspring, and doubts whether she has created or adopted.'

Mr. Morton, with Shakspeare's

licence, and scorning the unities, introduces us to *Sir Richard Arkwright's* spinning jennies in the north—then carries us suddenly into Wales—and afterwards brings us back again, with the same poetical rapidity, to London, where the piece concludes.

The proprietors have been at considerable expence in scenery and decorations; and the success of the piece will, no doubt, amply reward them for their laudable exertions to please.

The performers acquitted themselves in a very laudable manner. Kemble's acting was in his very best style; and Fawcett, Emery, and Blanchard, were very successful. Mrs. Glover and Miss Brunton were very deservedly applauded.

The Prologue and Epilogue (for which, see the poetry) were very well received; the first was spoken by Brunton, and the latter very humorously by Fawcett and Blanchard.

Notwithstanding some designed and illiberal opposition, the piece was given out for a second representation amidst the loudest plaudits.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.

Sir,

THE serious alarm excited by dogs becoming mad in several parts of the town and country, which has very properly drawn the attention of the magistrates, and occasioned them to issue notices requesting that all persons would shut up their dogs, has induced me to send you the following account of the nature and mode of treatment of the *Hydrophobia*, or that dreadful disorder which ensues in consequence of the bite of a mad dog. It is extracted from the new edition of the *London Medical*

Dictionary, written and compiled by the late Dr. *Motherby*. It will probably not be unacceptable to many of your readers*. Yours, &c.
Southwark, Feb. 23, 1807. R. B.

Hydrophobia, a dread of water; is a symptom of the disease caused by the bite of a mad animal; but not peculiar to this disease, nor always attendant on it. The disorder has usually had the same appellation, and is called also *canina rabies*, *cy-nanthropia*, *cynolesia*. Dr. James observes, that this kind of madness properly belongs to the canine genus, viz. dogs, foxes, and wolves, to whom only it seems innate and natural; scarcely ever appearing in other animals, except communicated from these. Dr. Heysham defines it to be an aversion and horror at liquids, as exciting a painful convulsion of the pharynx, occurring at an indetermined period, after the canine virus has been received into the system.

The hydrophobia is a nervous disorder, though attended with some appearances of inflammation. Dr. Cullen places it in the class *neuroses*, and order *spasmi*, and defines it a loathing and great dread of drinking any liquids, from their creating a painful convulsion of the pharynx, occasioned most commonly by the bite of a mad animal. This definition, however, scarcely includes the full idea of the disease; and we would suggest the following as more complete: melancholy, a dread of cold air, of any thing shining, and particularly of water, often arising from the bite of a mad animal. He distinguishes two species.

1. *Hydrophobia rabiosa*, when there

* We received this letter last month, but too late for insertion; and though the alarm to which it refers has, fortunately, now almost totally subsided, we think it will still be acceptable to our readers.

is a desire of biting, from being bitten by a mad animal.

2. *Hydrophobia simplex*, without rabies, or a desire of biting.

The principal and original seat seems to be about the stomach, and parts contiguous to it.

The smallest quantity of the saliva of a mad dog produces the disease. The infection may lie dormant for a period, differing according to the habit of the patient, the time of the year, the degree of the disease in the animal, or the place in which the wound is made. If the patient is not of a strong inflammatory habit, and no circumstances intervene, which otherwise affect his health, it seldom takes effect till after about forty days: if in six weeks, or two months, no sign of disorder appears, the patient is usually concluded to be safe. It has been observed, that the nearer the place bitten is to the head, the sooner the symptoms appear. If the part bitten is covered with woollen or leather, the bite is harmless. The dread of water is a symptom in some fevers, and in some particular inflammations (*Edinburgh Medical Commentaries*, vol. xi. p. 331); and it is highly probable, that in those cases where the poison is said to lie dormant for six or nine months, or even a year, the disease was connected with fever rather than the rabid poison.

When a dog is affected with madness, he becomes dull, solitary, and endeavours to hide himself, seldom barking, but making a murmuring noise, and refusing all kinds of meat and drink. He flies at strangers; but, in this stage, he remembers and respects his master: his ears and head hang down; he walks as if overpowered with sleep; and a bite at this period, though dangerous, seldom conveys the disease. After these symptoms, the dog begins to pant; he breathes quick and heavy;

hangs out his tongue to discharge a great quantity of froth from his mouth, which he keeps perpetually open; sometimes he walks slowly, as if half asleep, and then suddenly runs, but not always directly forward: at length he forgets his master; his eyes look dispirited, dull, full of tears, and red; his bark is hollow and hoarse; his tongue of a lead colour; he grows faint, thin, and weak, often falls down, again rises, attempts to fly at every thing, and soon grows furious: this second stage seldom continues thirty hours, death by that time putting an end to the disease, and a bite received at this time is the most dangerous.

When the human species are the subjects of this disorder, a slight pain in the wound is first felt, sometimes attended with itching, but usually resembling a rheumatic pain: it extends into the neighbouring parts, and the cicatrix begins to swell, inflames, and at length discharges an ichor; this pain is considered as the primary invariable mark of a beginning hydrophobia. There are more general pains of a flying, convulsive kind, which are said to affect the patient in the neck, joints, and other parts; often a dull pain seizes the head, neck, breast, belly, and along the back-bone: towards the conclusion of the disorder the patient complains of this pain shooting from the arm towards the breast and region of the heart. A lassitude, a dull pain in the head, and a vertigo, soon come on: the patient is melancholy, mutters, is forgetful, and drowsy; his mind seems disordered; his temper irritable and irregular; his slumbers disturbed, and convulsive agitations immediately follow his waking; a deafness is sometimes complained of; the eyes are watery; the aspect sorrowful; the face pale and contracted; sweat breaks out upon the temples; an unusual discharge of

saliva flows from the mouth, though the fauces are dry; the tongue becomes foul, and the breath occasionally fetid. The fetor is often only perceived by the patient; and sometimes it attends the discharge from the wound, the dressings of which are said to be frequently black. Besides these, from the beginning, there is a peculiar stricture and heaviness on the breast, a struggling as it were for breath, a sighing, a nausea, and often a bilious vomiting. This oppression of the precordia is one of the constant symptoms of this disorder; it begins, increases, and ends with it. As the above symptoms increase, the second stage advances; a fever comes on, which at first is mild, and attended with momentary horrors, though there is sometimes no fever; sleep is lost, the mind is more and more disturbed, a delirium approaches, and an aversion at first to polished bodies, then to light, afterwards to fluids, is perceived. The air offends if it touches the skin, and the slightest sound is very painful. A constriction of the gullet, with difficulty of swallowing, first occurs; but as yet liquids are freely taken; afterwards, however, they are refused. This symptom augments so visibly, that on the sight of any liquid a horror seizes the patient; and if he strives to drink, spasms, anxiety, and loss of sense follow. As soon as the surface of the liquid is touched, a strangulation in the throat is felt; the stomach is inflated; the larynx is suddenly swelled externally, though the swelling quickly disappears. While liquids are thus rejected, solids are swallowed with tolerable ease; yet this symptom may become so violent as totally to prevent solids also from being swallowed. The patient now mourns bitterly; at times loses all knowledge of his intimate acquaintance; but reason returns at intervals, and he laments his own

calamity: the thirst excites a desire of drink, but he strives in vain to swallow, and soon sinks into the most affecting despondency; he advises his friends to keep at a distance, and it is supposed that he feels an inclination to bite; but this is suspicion only, and it is highly improbable that, with the disease of a dog, he should adopt his manners: biting is the common method by which that animal shows his resentment. The barking like a dog is equally imaginary. As the conclusion approaches, the fever and thirst increase; the eyes are bright and furious; the urine is high coloured, acrid, and in small quantities; the tongue hangs out; the mouth foams; the pulse throbs, strength fails, cold sweats come on, the tightness of the breath increases, and the patient soon expires in spasms, often losing the difficulty of swallowing liquids, for many hours; so that the dread of water is by no means a pathognomonic symptom.

The poison of rabid animals is, like that of the smallpox, secondary in its operation. It lies concealed till, perhaps, by an assimilatory process, its quantity is increased, or from the heat of the body it becomes more active. It is sufficiently certain, that if the part is extirpated soon after the bite, the patient is safe; it is highly probable that the same operation at the first commencement of the inflammation would be equally advantageous.

The disease in dogs is not owing to heat, but is probably produced by their confinement in kennels. In man the disease is exclusively owing to the poison introduced by the wound; but its action is said to be accelerated, probably increased, by fear, grief, or any of the depressing passions. The prognosis is always unfavourable.

If in a disease where remedies are

so uncertain we were to draw any prophylactic indications, they would be, first, to prevent the poison from acting, though it exists in the body; secondly, to evacuate it by the most speedy methods.

This disease is peculiarly rare. Some practitioners of the most extensive experience have never seen it; and some have boldly denied its existence. In general, very few of the dogs reputed to be mad are really so; and but a small proportion of those bit by a dog, really mad, receive the infection, as the parts are usually defended by the clothes, and the teeth of the animal are consequently wiped clean before the wound is inflicted. This circumstance has given a delusive credit to many trifling preparations employed as prophylactics. None are to be trusted except excision.

Nature is able to evacuate morbid poisons, if the animal power is supported, or at least no cause of debility gives the poison activity. We should therefore avoid whatever may depress or weaken, and employ every plan to give a tone to the system. The depressing passions are consequently to be counteracted; and should the patient's mind rest on the circumstances of the bite, it should be cheered by every encouraging representation. Perhaps the ridiculous specifics, as eating the liver of the dog broiled, or tying the skin of an hyæna about the arm, may have been useful by inspiring confidence; and avoiding cold and excesses of every kind must be advantageous in every view. Stimulants are useful with the same design; and numerous are the remedies of this kind recommended by the ancients, though condemned by Boerhaave.

We may evacuate the poison from the wound by sucking, by washing it with hot water, by cutting it out, by bleeding with cupping-glasses, by

enlarging the wound, increasing the discharge with suppurating applications, by burning it with gunpowder, or destroying an absorbing surface by a caustic. Each has been employed, and each has had its partisans; but to cut out the part is the only certain remedy, and it is certain at any period previous to the inflammation. If the wound is inflicted so deep that the bitten part cannot be separated, a caustic must be applied to what remains; and though we thus lessen the chance of relief, we should reflect that, at the depth of the wound, the tooth has already lost its venom. Yet such are the horrid consequences, that even the loss of a limb would, in the event of a violent wound from a dog, certainly mad, cheaply purchase security.

It has been supposed that the organs may be sheathed with oil, and absorption prevented, or the acrimony of the poison covered. This plan too has flattered and disappointed practitioners; and the Ormskirk medicine, which is principally an antacid, has had no better success.

When the disease has come on, it has been the object of practitioners to sooth the early symptoms of irritation by opium, or to assist the natural discharge by the more active exhibition of mercurials. Dr. Rush, in his reveries respecting inflammation, thought this disease also inflammatory, and proposed active bleeding. We can trace this remedy in the History of the Academy of Sciences at Paris for the year 1699, p. 58, recommended by Poupart; and we find it also mentioned in the Medical Essays of Edinburgh, vol. 5. part ii. § 51. This also has failed. Later authors have called hydrophobia a putrid fever, and given bark in large quantities, but with the same success.

Opium seems to rest on more ra-

tional principles, and two grains, or even a larger dose, given every three hours, seem to have relieved the symptoms, but has done no more. A ptyalism, rapidly excited, and steadily continued, has scarcely succeeded better; and the vinegar, of which four ounces have been directed three times a day, has equally failed. *In short, full, effectual, and COMPLETE EXCISION of the wounded part is the only certain means of relief; AND THIS IS CERTAIN.*

PATTERN for an ORNAMENT for a
CHIMNEY-PIECE.

AS we have been requested by several of our FAIR CORRESPONDENTS, among others by the lady who signs *Dorothee*, to give a pattern for an ornament for a chimney-piece; and as we are ever desirous to comply with the requests of our readers as far as in our power; we have this month presented them with a pattern of this kind, and intend occasionally to give such.

With respect to the colouring, ladies may exercise their own ingenuity and taste. In the original from which the present pattern was engraved, the figures in the medallion were washed over with a colour composed of gamboge, and a small portion of carmine or lake; those on the sides, and the ornament at the bottom, were coloured to represent bronze, with a mixture of yellow, blue, and black.

ACCOUNT of the TRIAL of SIR HOME POPHAM, by a COURT MARTIAL held on board his Majesty's Ship *Gladiator*, in Portsmouth Harbour, on Monday, March 6th, &c. on a Charge exhibited against him for quitting

his Station, with the Squadron under his Command, without Orders or Authority from his Superiors.

First Day, Monday March 6.— ON a signal gun being fired at nine in the morning on board the *Gladiator*, and the usual signal of a jack hoisted at her mizen-peak, the admirals and captains who composed the court-martial, with the several persons necessarily attendant on the trial, repaired on board the ship. The court assembled in the state cabin, and was composed of the following officers :

Admiral Sir W. Young, President.
Vice-Admiral Sir E. Gower,
Vice-Admiral J. Holloway,
Vice-Admiral B. Rowley,
Vice-Admiral Hon. H. E. Stanhope,
Rear-Admiral J. Vathon,
Rear-Admiral Sir J. Coffin,
Rear-Admiral Sir Richard Strachan,
Captain S. H. Linzee,
Captain Thomas Graves,
Captain M. Scott,
Captain J. Irwin,
Captain C. Boyle.

The proceedings commenced by the deputy judge advocate, Moses Greetham, esq. reading, first, the warrant of the lords of the admiralty for the arrest of sir Home Popham, after his arrival in England from South America, in order to his being brought to trial upon the charges alleged against him; and next, by reading the order to admiral sir William Young, for holding the court-martial; which is as follows :

By the commissioners for executing the office of lord high admiral of the united kingdom of Great-Britain and Ireland, &c. &c.

Whereas by an order, dated the twenty-ninth of July 1805, sir Home Popham, then captain of his majesty's ship *Diadem*, was directed to take under his command his majesty's ships *Belliqueux*, *Raisonable*, *Diomedes*, *Narcissus*, and *Leda*, the

Espoirsloop. and *Encounter* gun-brig, for the purpose of capturing the enemies settlements at the Cape of Good Hope, in conjunction with the troops under the command of major-general sir David Baird, which settlements were surrendered to the ships and troops aforesaid, in the month of January, 1806. And whereas it appears by letters from the said sir Home Popham to our secretary, dated the thirteenth and thirtieth of April following, that, with a view to attack the Spanish settlements in the Rio de la Plata, he did withdraw from the Cape the whole of the naval force which had been placed under his command for the sole purpose of protecting it, thereby leaving the Cape, which it was his duty to guard, not only exposed to attack and insult, but even without the means of affording protection to the trade of his majesty's subjects, or of taking possession of any ships of the enemy, which might have put into any of the bays or harbours of the Cape, or parts adjacent; all which he, the said sir Home Popham, did, notwithstanding that he had received previous information of the enemy's ships being in the neighbourhood of the Cape; and notwithstanding that he had been apprised of a French squadron that was expected at the Mauritius, of which he informed us by letter to our secretary, dated ninth of April, 1806, only four days prior to his departure from the Cape for the Rio de la Plata. And whereas it appears to us, that a due regard to the good of his majesty's service imperiously demands that so flagrant a breach of public duty should not pass unpunished; and whereas by our order, dated the twenty-eighth of July, 1806, rear-admiral Stirling was directed to send the said sir Home Popham to England, which he has done accordingly; and whereas sir Home Popham was, on hi-

arrival, put under an arrest by our order, and is now at Portsmouth, awaiting his trial.—We send herewith, for the support of the charge, the necessary papers.

And we do hereby require and direct you forthwith to assemble a court-martial, which court (you being the president thereof) is hereby required and directed to inquire into the conduct of, and try the said captain sir Home Popham for the offences of which he is charged accordingly. Given under our hands this second day of March, 1807.

Thomas Grenville.

H. Neale.

Thomas F. Freemantle.

To WILLIAM YOUNG, esq. Admiral of the Blue, and second officer in command of his Majesty's ships at Portsmouth, at Spithead.

By command of their lordships,

W. Marsden.

The following list of witnesses summoned upon the trial was then read :

Lord Melville,	Captain Parker,
Lord Whitworth,	Laughlan McLean,
Mr. Huskisson,	Lieutenant Madden,
Mr. Sturges Bourne,	Captain Dundas,
Mr. W. Marsden,	Mr. Thomas E. Neale,
Captain King,	Mr. Thomas Wilson,
Captain Edmunds,	Mr. Hollingsworth.

The charge was supported by eighteen official documents, which were severally read.

Second Day, Saturday March 7.—Sir Home Popham signified his wish to be allowed till Monday to prepare for his defence, for which he stated his reasons; and the court, having taken them into consideration, assented to his request.

Third Day, Monday March 9.—The court opened about nine, when sir Home Popham entered on his defence, which continued till near one. His address was both argumentative and eloquent, and he maintained that the charge was as extraordinary and unprecedented as

ever submitted to a court-martial. He could not help thinking it strange, that he should be brought to trial for having employed the means placed at his disposal in making a successful attack on a possession belonging to the enemy, instead of suffering them to remain inactive and dormant. Nor did he conceive that it was less unprecedented to criminate an officer, entrusted with a command of some importance, for having exercised that discretionary power, without which no service could be carried on with energy or effect, when the result of such an act, so far from having been attended with any ill consequence, was, on the contrary, glorious to his majesty's arms, and honourable to the country. Nor had he the smallest hesitation to assert, that if the administration by which he was selected for the command he had the honour to hold had still remained in power, he should have received thanks and approbation, instead of having been superseded, recalled, and then very unexpectedly put under arrest and brought to trial. He had to observe, that it seemed rather singular no notice whatever of an intention to bring him to trial was intimated to him when first ordered home from the *Rode la Plata*. Had the design of his prosecutors been then known to him, he might have procured a variety of evidence highly important to his case. He would undertake to shew that not only an expedition to South America was a favourite object with Mr. Pitt, that he had it in contemplation, and actually took some steps to carry it into execution in the course of his former administration; but that he never lost sight of it, being only restrained from attempting the execution of it by political reasons, which no longer existed when he felt it his duty, for the interest of his country, to proceed from the Cape of Good Hope

upon this long projected expedition. As to the discretion he exercised, he trusted he need not say, were not our naval and military commanders employed on foreign service, in distant quarters, allowed a latitude for the exercise of their discretion, what all consequences would often arise to his majesty's service. He mentioned the *coup de main* which put the British crown in possession of Gibraltar. Sir George Rooke had no orders for undertaking that bold enterprize, nor was he arraigned by his superiors at home for having exercised his discretion on that occasion. In the American war, sir Peter Parker and general Dalling, the then naval and military commanders at Jamaica, concerted an expedition against the Spanish settlement of Omoth, which was to a certain degree successful. No blame was attached to either of those officers for having directed this attack without orders. At the beginning of the late war in 1793, lord Hood entered Toulon, and afterwards attacked Corsica, without orders, and against the opinion of the general, who would not co-operate with him: yet that admiral was not brought before a court martial for having so acted; nor was it ever known that his conduct was censured. In 1796, lord St. Vincent (then sir John Jervis) sent the heroic Nelson to attack Teneriffe, in consequence of information which he received, that two ships had loaded their treasure there.—But that enterprize, though productive of a great effusion of British blood, was not censured. These precedents clearly proved the existence of that discretionary power on which he had acted. But he had yet to cite a case still more in point, since the officer whom he was going to mention commanded on the very station which he was accused of having left unprotected, and who actually prepared to embark the

troops on board his squadron, with which he was ready to sail from the Cape to the Rio de la Plata, in order to attack those identical settlements which were the objects of his enterprize. The late sir Hugh Christian had carried his intention so far as he had stated, when an account reached him from India, stating the urgent necessity of sending the military reinforcements to our army in the Carnatic. After dwelling upon various other points in his favour, sir Home concluded with an animated appeal to the justice and liberality of the court.

The examination of evidence for the prisoner then commenced. Lord viscount Melville, Mr. Sturges Bourne, and Mr. Huskisson, gave their respective testimonies. The former stated that the administration of which he had made a part had several communications with general Miranda, with respect to his projects on South America; and that he knew with certainty that sir Home Popham had been employed confidentially by that cabinet. Mr. Huskisson stated the different interviews sir Home had had with the late minister and himself on the subject of South America, and the anxiety expressed by Mr. Pitt to make use of the naval superiority of the country for the purpose of obtaining an advantage there, and admitted that it had been constantly an object that was deemed very desirable.

Fourth Day, Tuesday March 10.—The court having met at nine o'clock, resumed the examination of witnesses. Mr. Marsden, secretary to the admiralty, was the first evidence; but what he stated was not material to the cause. Mr. Wilson, a merchant of London, concerned in the trade to Rio de la Plata, deposed, that he had strongly pointed out to Mr. Pitt and the privy council the propriety of

making a conquest in that part of Spanish America, and also that he had several conversations on the subject with sir Home Popham. Mr. Brown, master attendant at the Cape, and captain King, of the *Diadem*, stated, that although the whole of the naval force was taken away by sir Home, the Cape was notwithstanding left in perfect security, from its excellent state of defence.

Fifth Day, Wednesday March 11.—The president, as soon as the court had opened, having asked sir Home Popham whether he had any other evidence to advance? He replied, that he had it in his power to produce several other witnesses; but, from the time the trial had already occupied, and from an unwillingness to trespass further on the attention of the court, he would decline any further evidence, if the court should think it unnecessary. He then presented a list of papers, which he wished to have read in his defence, and entered on the minutes. Those which included his correspondence with the admiralty were admitted by the court; but others were considered as inadmissible evidence.

Sir Home Popham then addressed the court in the following terms:—
‘ I here close my defence, and throw myself entirely upon the justice and wisdom of this honourable court. I have suffered much in my feelings and character; but I do trust and hope your judgment will relieve the one and rescue the other. If, in my zeal for the service, I have exceeded the limits of due discretion, I trust it will appear that I was solely actuated by an anxious desire to promote the interests, the honour, and the glory of my country. Aided by my brave followers, and under the protection of Divine Providence, I was put into possession of two capital cities, in two different quarters of the globe.

Upon an examination of my defence, I trust it will be found that

‘The head and front of my offending
Hath this extent—no more.’

‘ I retire, trusting in your wisdom and justice for my honourable acquittal.’

Sir Home Popham having, with his friends, withdrawn, about eleven o'clock, the court was cleared, and, after four hours' deliberation, was again opened; when sir Home having taken his place at the foot of the table, the members being covered, the judge advocate proceeded to read the sentence as follows:—

‘ This court having maturely considered the nature of the charges, heard all the evidence, and having fully deliberated upon the whole of this case, are of opinion, that the charges have been proved against the said captain sir Home Popham; that the withdrawing, without orders so to do, the whole of any naval force from any place where it is directed to be employed, and the employing it in distant operations against the enemy, more especially if the success of such operations should be likely to prevent its speedy return, may be attended with the most serious inconvenience to the public service, as the success of any plan, formed by his majesty's ministers for operations against the enemy, in which such naval force might be included, may, by such removal, be entirely prevented. And the court is further of opinion, that the conduct of the said captain sir Home Popham, in withdrawing the whole of the naval force under his command from the Cape of Good Hope, and the proceeding with it to the Rio de la Plata, was highly censurable;—but in consideration of circumstances, the court doth adjudge him to be *only severely reprimanded*—and he is accordingly hereby severely reprimanded.’

ROETICAL ESSAYS.

PROLOGUE

To the new Comedy of 'TOWN, AND
COUNTRY; or, WHICH IS BEST?'

Written by Mr. Taylor.

'FASHION in every thing bears sov'reign
sway;—

Says the gay record of a peaceful day;
And still, though dread convulsions shake the
Ball,

Before her throne conflicting nations fall.
Howe'er they else may differ, each agrees
In full accord with her august decrees;
Decrees she changes with the passing wind,
Yet all in turn a prompt obedience find.
E'en BRITAIN, that all other force disdains,
Submits to her caprice, and courts her chains.
Shall then a Bard with rash presumption
tow'r,

And dare rebel 'gainst her imperial pow'r?
Yes—let the subject world the sway confess
Of this wild Tyrant o'er the realms of Dress,
But let her baleful licence ne'er annoy
The sacred confines of domestic joy;
Ne'er tempt the husband wayward chance to
try,

Where Ruin hovers o'er the fatal die;
Or, wrapt in Gallantry's alluring 'guise,
The slighted wife's unguarded hour surprise;
When Fashion thus employs her direful art,
To warp the passions, and pollute the heart,
The scenic Muse her empire should disown,
Indignant rise, and pull her from her throne;
And hence our zealous Bard, no stranger
here,

Attempts to check her in her mad career:
Well may he hope to gain in such a cause,
What oft before has cheer'd him—your ap-
plause.

Then aid his effort for so just an end,
And Fashion may appear as Virtue's friend;
So shall your kindness lead our rising youth
To honest Nature, and to simple Truth.

EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

Written by Mr. Colman.

Enter TROT and COSEY (*squabbling a little
before entering*).

Trot.—THERE's a dispute, good folks,
between us two,

Cosey.—Which, with your leaves, we'll ar-
gue before you.

Trot.—Now for the question—

Cosey.— That is soeuz
express'd;

Trot.—Namely—

Cosey.— . . . 'The TOWN,

Trot.— AND COUNTRY;

Both — Which
is best?

Trot.—Give me the Country—I shall trun-
dle down

With rapture:

Cosey — . . . Yes.—You leave your wife
in Town.

Your back once turn'd, she'll spin away your
guineas;

Then who's to bring you more?

Trot.— My spinning
Jennies.

Cosey.—But tell me what the Country
boasts?—

Trot.— Its hills,
Dales, lawns, and groves, and streams for
cotton-mills;

Walks through plough'd fields, to circulate
your blood.—

Cosey.—Curse Country dirt!

Trot.— And damn the
London mud!

I'm for green banks, far from the deaf'ning
cries

Of Dust-ho! Matches! Muffins! Sweep!
Hot Pies!

E'en Sunday, though it checks the week-day
yell,

Can't save your ears from Milk! and Mack-
arel!

Cosey.—I'm for St. Mary Axe, remote from
sounds

Of Bullocks, Mastiffs, Asses, Hogs, and
Hounds.

E'en Ploughmen, like their brutes, mar Sun-
day's calm.

Taught, by their snuffing clerk, to twang a
Psalm.

As to your banks, however green they grow,
The Bank of England is the best I know.

Trot.—Vying with us, can Town the
Country beat?

What are the London Crops to Crops of
Wheat?

Your stocks yield cash; *Ours* punish vice and sloth;

And we're secur'd by *Government* in both.

Cosey.—With much the *Country* claims, the *Town* compares;

'Change Alley boasts not only Bulls, but Bears;

In lieu of Fallow Deer, we've City Bucks, And frequently (I grant they're lame) we've Ducks;

While the west-end of *London* owns a breed of

More Rooks and Pigeons, than the *Town* has need of.

Trot.—No more of *London* follies, fogs, and smokes!

Place me, say I, beneath my *Country's* Oaks; Where, while their leaves a sacred shade dispense,

I cry, Hail, *England's* beauty and defence! Whose branches decorate our hill and plain, Whose trunks declare us Masters of the Main:

Doom'd by the axe to vegetate no more, They form the *Wooden Walls* of *Britain's* shore.

Cosey.—Away with rural life! A life of voids!

Place me, say I, among the folks at *Lloyd's*; Where, though with noise of business almost stunn'd,

I cry, Hail *England's* Patriotic Fund! Whose store a *Nation's* opulence imparts, Whose aim denotes a *Nation's* glowing hearts. Blest *Wealth!* that gives our wounded *Tars* relief,

Or soothes their *Widows'* and their *Orphans'* grief.

Trot.—Come, since the bulk of *Britons* shew such spirit,

Let's own both *Town* and *Country* have their merit.

Cosey.—Strike hands! Agreed! Let *Englishmen* ne'er doubt on't,

But stick together, in the *Town*, or out on't. May unanimity ne'er be forgotten!

Thrive all our *Trades!*

Trot.— Particularly *Cotton!*

Cosey.—(coming forward)—Say, then, with us, to-night, if so it please ye,

Success to *Town* and *Country!*

Both.— And we're easy.

AIR,

Sung by Miss *TYRER*, in the *Comedy* of *TOWN* and *COUNTRY*; or, *Which is Best?*

LLEWELLIN, with his *Patience* dear, Was join'd in wedlock's band:

When war's alarms assail his ear, The foe invades the land.

He march'd among The valiant throng,

All proud of heart was she;

And smiling cried, My lovely bride, I'll soon return to thee.

Oh, *Eren wyle*, I'll soon return to thee.

She hears the drum, the victors cry, Your laurels now prepare; She views their march with eager eye— Her lover is not there.

His knapsack blue, Shot thro' and thro', They laid down on her knee, And sighing cried, Ah, luckless bride!

He'll ne'er return to thee. Oh, *Eren wyle*, He'll ne'er return to thee.

She lost her love—she lost her wits; She hasten'd far away: And now on *Snowdon's* clift she sits, And wildly sings her lay.

My eyes I strain Across the plain, In hopes my love to see; My joy, my pride, Behold thy *Bride*, Oh, sweet, return to me.

Oh, *Eren wyle*, Oh, sweet, return to me.

AMOROUS EFFUSION OF AN OLD MAN.

HAD I but wealth, beauty, and vigor of youth, Fair *EMMA's* affection to move, I'd woo the sweet maid in the accents of truth, With the ardor of juvenile love.

But *Venus* ne'er smil'd at my birth; and the pride Of beauty has never been mine. With a frown, niggard *Fortune* her boons has denied, And dooms me ungifted to pine.

With wrinkles has *Time* deeply furrow'd my brow, My temples has frosted with grey, My bosom has chill'd with the coldness of snow, And my vigor impair'd by decay.

Ah me! what remains, but to utter this pray'r, With fervor conceiv'd in my heart—? That *Heaven* propitious may smile on the *Fair*, And bounteous each blessing impart.

May I live to behold her consign'd to the arms Of a younger, a happier swain.

More worthy, than I, to be blest with her charms,
And bind her in Hymen's soft chain.

Meantime—to the maxims of prudence attend,
And repressing untimely desire—
Still silent and hopeless, let *me* be content
To listen—to gaze—to admire.

SENEX.

To Miss R. H. the Authoress of *THE MAN TO MY MIND*, which appeared in the Supplement.

THO' the fashion the vows of a cheat may approve,
And sanction a marriage divested of love;
How soon all Felicity's dreams will miscarry,
If Love should be out of the way when you marry.

No wonder, dear girl, it a task you should find,
To discover at *this day a man to your mind*;
The times are much alter'd, *mankind* all grown scurvy,
And the world, as for it, it's turn'd quite topsy-turvy.

Some hundred years back no such thing as deceit
Was practis'd in love by the *common* or *great*;
But now, as of faith I'm a Christian receiver,
'Tis the *fashion* to win a girl's heart, and then—leave her.

If a *Buck*, as parading or lounging the street,
Should an emblem of Innocence happen to meet,
He addresses and quizzes her void of confusion,
And thinks that his consequence sanctions intrusion.

When a *Blade* pays his court to a woman of fashion,
By appearances dazzled, he whispers his passion;
But if once he discovers she only has merit,
He declines all attentions in future with spirit.

When a lovely young damsel's address'd by a *Spark*,
No matter if *merchant, man, master, or clerk*;
She will find, when her swains in rotation have *canted*,
That it was not her *heart*, but her *money* they wanted.

But attend, and I'll tell you a way to discover
A man that would suit you, R. H. for a lover;

On whom you might make a few solid reflections,
And at last, void of fear, bestow all your affections.

As thro' Life's vary'd road you are trudging along,
Always shrink from the man that has got *too much* tongue;
For tho' *women*, when noisy, are reckon'd a curse,
Yet a *man* that's a scold is *ten thousand* times worse.

And seek not for him that's a slave to his pelf,
But for one that will love *you* instead of *himself*;
Whose looks and whose actions may always impart
The feelings that glow in his eyes and his heart.

Who o'er misery's pang with benevolence grieves,
As he sheds a kind tear o'er the fate he relieves,
And who thinks that the plenty that's sent him by Heav'n,
To the poor wretch in need, should in mercy be giv'n.

When united for life to a husband like this,
Whose love and whose virtues will breathe in his kiss,
As with transport you clasp him, you'll certainly find,
That at last you have met with a *man to your mind*.

C. B. B.

ELEGIAC STANZAS,

Written on the Approach of Winter, 1806.

By W. M. T.

(These Stanzas were printed incorrectly, and without the Author's consent, in 'La Belle Assemblée,' No. 11.)

BARE are the boughs where clust'ring foliage grew,
And loud the chilling wind howls o'er the plain;
The hedge-row shines no more with morning's dew,
But falls, with heavy sound, the patt'ring rain.

Another Summer of my youth is gone,
Nor left a trace to say it once was mine;
In Folly spent, its golden hours have flown,
Or lost at laughter-loving Pleasure's shrine.

I fondly hoped to cull the classic page,
Or woo stern Science in her sombre cell;
Still meaner thoughts each passing day engage,
And e'en neglected lies the Muses' shell.

Yet I had hop'd to form a raptur'd strain,
Might bid my memory triumph o'er the
tomb—
But Genius flies from Pleasure's brawling
train,
And seeks the shadowy glen 'mid ev'ning's
gloom.

'Tis hers to climb the mountain's craggy
steep,
And gaze upon the scene that glows around;
To bend, astonish'd, o'er the foaming deep,
Or list with horror to the tempest's sound.

'Tis hers, reclin'd beneath the moon's pale
beam,
To give the passing air a living form;
Or, wilder'd in Imagination's dream,
To view the angry Spirit of the storm.

Yet what avails her pow'r, her thoughts re-
fin'd!
They only give a keener sense of woe;
Far more serenity feels the humble mind,
Than they whose breasts with Genius'
throbbings glow.

Then be it mine, amidst domestic joys,
To live retir'd, nor feel Ambition's flame:
Its wild controul the bosom's peace destroys,
And arduous is the path which leads to
fame!

But happy he, with calm Contentment bless'd,
Who gazes raptur'd on an infant train,
Clasping a lov'd Companion to his breast,
Who gives each pleasure zest, and soothes
each pain.

Be mine his bliss! in some sequester'd shade,
Far from the world, its follies, and its
crimes!
Be mine to mark life's latest shadows fade,
Whilst Nature's lore my humble joy sub-
limes.

Tho' not forgot should be the simple lay,
That oft hath charm'd misfortune's heavy
hour—
Still, Poesy! I'd court thy heavenly sway,
Still should my willing bosom own thy
power!

ELEGY

To the Memory of Mrs. *Mary Robinson*,
written after reading her *Life and Poems*.

By W. M. T——.

SPIRIT of Sensibility and Love!
Doom'd by stern Fate to many a pang se-
vere,
The sting of Malice, Envy's scoff to prove,
And shed for Man's ingratitude the tear!

O! had I known thee! known the feeling soul
Which thus could wake Affection's dulcet
lyre;
Thou ne'er hadst felt Misfortune's harsh
controul,
Nor Poverty have damp'd thy Muse's fire.

O! had I known thee! to my bosom prest,
Thou shouldst have warbled many a love-
taught lay;
Whilst I, reclin'd upon thy swelling breast,
Had sigh'd the rapture which I could not
say!

And when thy feeling heart had ceas'd to
beat,
No other love thy memory should profane;
For in what breast do *thy* affections meet?—
'Thy like, thou tender maid! we ne'er
shall see again *!

STANZAS ON MY OWN FATE.

ADDRESSED TO MY SISTER.

By W. M. T——.

AH! sad, my dear girl! are the thoughts
which arise
When I think on my days yet to come;
When I think, where I hop'd to find unchang-
ing joys,
I shall meet with Misfortune's chill gloom.

Yes, yes, my Maria! too well I can feel
That this breast is e'er doom'd to know
sorrow;
That, heedless of wealth, to-day from me
shall steal,
Nor prudence provide for to-morrow.

That the vot'ry of Fancy, to passion a slave,
With a heart that's unconscious of guile,
I shall e'er be the dupe of each mean pod-
ding knave,
And the prey of each villain's dark wile.

That when, 'midst the crowd of dull mortals,
to stray
And seek riches should be my desire;
I shall list to the sounds of the soul-thrilling
lay,
Or strike the soft chords of my lyre.

That too proud (with the hope of a ne'er-
dying name)
At the shrine of the Great to importune,
Grim Want shall assail me—Disease waste
my frame—
The child of the Muse and Misfortune.

O! Poesy! why thus thy votaries use?
Why give them to mis'ry and care?
Why must he who the meed of the Poet
pursues,
His folly and poverty share?

* Sotheby's 'Fancy Sketch.'

FOREIGN NEWS.

Official Report, dated Elbing, Jan. 29.

‘THE intended junction between marshal Bernadotte and marshal Ney, the former of whom marched in the night between the 24th and 25th from Elbing, has been interrupted on the retreat of the latter near Mohringen, in consequence of the expeditious and unexpected arrival of the combined Russian and Prussian corps. In the enemy’s retreat near Mohringen, Liebstadt, and Saalfeldt, 4,000 of them were taken prisoners, ten pieces of cannon, and two stands of colours, as well as the whole baggage of marshal Bernadotte. The brave lieutenant-general Von Anrepp, however, of the Russian corps, has been killed by a musket ball.

‘Marshal Bernadotte has been driven back, by the persevering advance of our forces, into the forests of Strasburg, 20 leagues from Elbing; and marshal Ney to Przasnicz, in New East Prussia. The former is completely surrounded; but the latter has joined prince Murat, and the combined army will shortly give them battle. The Russian army is commanded by the general in chief Von Bennigsen, and consists of ten divisions, or upwards of 200,000 men, which will be joined in a fortnight by Hetsmann Platon, with 20 pieces of riding artillery, and 30,000 Cossacks.

‘Position of the ten divisions of the army:—

‘1. General Von Essen, with 40,000 men, stands near Brochi and Wissocki, in Macomiciecki, New East Prussia.

‘2. Major-general Sedmoratzky, with 20,000 men, near Johansberg, Cloyś, and Nickolaiken, between the lakes.

‘The remaining seven divisions, which are fronted by two van-guards and a corps of cavalry, have their left wing extended towards Neidenberg and

Passenheim, with their right toward Eylau.

‘General L’Estocq is posted from Saalfeldt to Reissenberg and Marienwerder.

‘According to some reports, for the veracity of which we cannot, however, altogether vouch, a large corps of Cossacks and Calmucks is shortly to come from Pillau, through the district of Dantzic, to act against the insurgents.’

The counsellor Theveust writes as follows to the government of Dantzic. His dispatch is dated Marienwerder, January 27:—

‘On the 24th and 25th of January, two actions took place at Mohringen, in which the divisions of Ney and Bernadotte were almost destroyed or dispersed, and the remains of the latter officer’s corps is cut off. Murat is wounded and taken, Bernadotte severely wounded, Rapp killed, and general Fourbier made prisoner.

‘Bonaparte is ill at Warsaw of a nervous fever. The Polish insurgents are in a wretched condition. The contributions of Elbing, amounting to sixty thousand crowns, are re-taken at Mohringen, with the entire equipage of Bernadotte.

‘The first are at Marienwerder; the Russians are at Culm; the blockade of Graudentz is raised; the bridge of Thorn has been carried away by the ice, which renders the passage of the French across the Vistula very difficult.

‘Lannes has lost both his legs; 6,000 French are killed, and 4,000 wounded. The victory was obtained by the arrival of the two corps of Bennigsen and L’Estocq. A general engagement is expected. General Victor, who has been made prisoner, is arrived at Dantzic.’

Dantzic, Jan. 31. A battle has taken place between the French and the combined Russian and Prussian armies, near Mohringen and Saalfeld; besides 4,000 prisoners, the French have lost 6,000 killed and wounded. The corps of marshals Ney and Bernadotte may be considered as cut off, or dispersed and destroyed. The Prussians have entered Marienwerder. Murat and Bernadotte are said to be severely wounded, and Bonaparte himself is sick at Warsaw of a nervous fever. Graudentz has been blockaded by Hessian and Darmstadt troops, but they had been forced to fly with loss. The Russians are said to be in Culm; the French will find some difficulty in crossing the Vistula with their cannons and baggage. The bridge at Thorn is said to be carried away by the ice. This gives room to hope great things, but no decisive battle has taken place as yet. We should hope the French right wing will not be able to retrieve the bad situation of the left. The most authentic accounts state the insurgents to be 14,000 men, under Dombrowski; they are ill armed, and look miserably. Krigsrath Peyelin, who had been commissioner to the Russian army, accounts for Buxhovden not supporting Bennigsen at Pultusk, in the following way: Kaminskoy, who left Pultusk on the morning of the battle, wrote to Buxhovden, before departing, that all was lost, and advised him to make the best retreat he could immediately. Upon this, Buxhovden, who was advancing, halted, and commenced his retreat. Kaminskoy is grown insane, of which the foregoing is a proof. Buxhovden has since been recalled, and Bennigsen commands in chief.

Warsaw, Feb. 2. The emperor continues his short excursions. Yesterday he passed the night at Willenberg, and this morning he left it again. We have not fallen in with any of the enemy's advanced posts.

An order of the day prohibits the admission of any Prussian officers into Berlin, who, being prisoners of war, leave their stations contrary to their parole of honour.

The Tartar Ibrahim, a janizary,

and the Greek Stephani Alexandrake, have passed through this city, on their way to Holland, from whence they will continue their journey to England.

All that we have advanced relative to the rupture between Russia and the Porte is confirmed by official letters received by the Turkish minister in this city. The Greek courier, and the Tartar, have brought dispatches respecting this event to M. D'Argiropolo, and state, that besides the troops on the shores of the Danube, which are very numerous, the grand vizier himself will soon join them with a respectable force.

Vienna, Feb. 4. The court gazette of this day contains the following article, under the head Turkey:—

On the 22d December, the declaration of war by the Sublime Porte against Russia took place: the gates of Constantinople were in consequence shut for some days.—Since the surrender of Belgrade, nothing of importance has passed between the Turks and the Servian insurgents. The report of a formal treaty of peace having been concluded between the Porte and the chiefs of the Servians is entirely unfounded. The Russian advanced guards have already approached Widdin, to which Paswan Oglou has retired. Up to the 7th of January, no action had taken place between the Turks and the Russians, neither on the Moldau nor in Wallachia; only a few straggling parties of the Ayan of Rudschuk have been repulsed and cut to pieces.

Warsaw, Feb. 4. At the battle of Eylau, in which the French gained a complete victory, his imperial majesty commanded in person. The victory was so much the more brilliant, as the Russians fought with obstinacy. One of the emperor's adjutants is killed, and marshals Lannes and Augereau are slightly wounded. A great Russian corps is said to have been cut off.

Jassy, Feb. 7. The Russian army, under general Michelson, seems to be marching to Constantinople. It is now at Georgia, on the road to Widdin. Near this place a battle has been fought between the Russians and a body of 10,000 Turks, who were defeated.

The Russians, on this occasion, lost 3,000 men. The Russian fleet, which appeared in the Black Sea, it is said, is destined to occupy the mouth of the Danube.

Thorn, Feb. 14. Marshal Lefevre attacked general Roquette on the 11th of February, at Marienwerder. The latter had seven squadrons of cavalry, one battalion of infantry, and four pieces of cannon. The enemy was routed at all points, and pursued, sword in hand, more than four leagues. The road was covered the whole way with dead and wounded. General Roquette was indebted for his escape to the swiftness of his horse.

Banks of the Main, Feb. 14. The Russian empire having put the whole of its forces in motion, in the French empire, and in the states of its allies, dispositions have been made which are not less formidable. No French army was ever seen in the field so strong as the present is about to be made. The new conscription has been attended with the greatest success, and the troops are incessantly marching towards the army. At first 20,000 men were destined to form the army of reserve, but by a new order, this plan has been changed, and all these troops will join the grand army. All the states of the confederation of the Rhine are obliged to have their contingents always complete, and it is said that in case of necessity they will be obliged to furnish the one-half of them to the French army. It is asserted also, that Naples and Switzerland, in capacity of allies of France, must send troops into the field; and that the kingdom of Naples alone will furnish an army of 30,000 men.

Warsaw, Feb. 14. The battle of Eylau lasted from eight in the morning till six in the evening. The combined Russian and Prussian army first began the engagement with three French divisions, which, on this occasion, added fresh laurels to those they had already acquired. Afterwards the divisions of Ney and Soult likewise took the most decisive part in the battle, in which the Russians made such an obstinate resistance, that whole ranks of them

were extended on the field. The imperial guard, in particular, made a horrid carnage. The emperor's adjutant, general Corbineau, was killed by a cannon ball. Marshal Augereau is wounded in the arm. The division of marshal Lannes, who was personally engaged, and was slightly wounded, is now commanded, in the vicinity of Ostrolenka, by general Savary.

Vienna, Feb. 18. From Wallachia we learn, that a corps of Russians that had passed the Danube, near Widdin, were joined by the troops under Czerni Georges.

Letters from the Turkish frontiers confirm the report that Passwan Oglou had died, in consequence of a disorder.

Berlin, Feb. 18. The *Telegraph* of to-day contains as follows:—'Although the following letter, dated from Prussian Eylau, on the 9th of February, at five in the evening, was written earlier than the intelligence we gave yesterday, yet we cannot refrain from communicating it to our readers, as it comes from a celebrated warrior, who was an eye-witness of the battle of Eylau; we can depend upon his veracity:—'The battle of Eylau is one of the most remarkable events of the war. The Russian army suffered a most dreadful disaster. They passed the whole night without being able to concentrate, and they are a march distance before us. They lost from 40 to 45 pieces of cannon, at least 18 standards, 10 or 12,000 prisoners, and 10,000 wounded. To state their whole loss at 30,000 men would be rather to lessen than to magnify.'

Altona, Feb. 20. We are assured that her majesty the queen of Prussia is expected at Schlüsselburg, from whence she will go to St. Petersburg; it is said that the palace of Catherinthal is ready to receive her.

Banks of the Elbe, Feb. 23. The late actions up to the 8th inst. on the theatre of war, now transferred from Poland to East Prussia, have taken place within an extent of 12 German miles. The French army has made a movement from south to north. The division of marshal Lannes, forming its right wing, has now the position on the Narew.

HOME NEWS.

London, Feb. 24.

YESTERDAY morning, as master Wingrove, of Mulford-lane, was passing St. Clement's, in the Strand, to school, he was thrown down by a mail coach, and the wheel passed over his body: he was carried into the Crooked Billet public-house, where Mr. Radnor, of Surrey-street, Strand, immediately attended, and bled him; but we are sorry to state he in a few minutes expired.

Yesterday morning, about ten o'clock, as two gentlemen were coming to town from Hertford in a single-horse chaise, they came in contact, in Kingsland-road, with a brewer's dray, when the chaise was overturned, by which one of them was killed on the spot, and the other was taken to Mr. Edwards, surgeon, near Shoreditch church, where he soon expired.

Portsmouth, Feb. 24. Sir E. Gower hoisted his flag this morning on board the *Dedalus* frigate, captain Warren, during the trial of sir Home Popham, Admiral Vashon, another of the members, arrived here this morning, from Leith.

Plymouth, Feb. 26. Letters received here, dated in December last, from our fleet in the Dardanelles, state the following interesting particulars of the state of affairs at that period in Turkey: The *Canopus*, 84, rear-admiral Luis, the *Endymion*, 44, and another frigate, are stationed directly opposite the grand seignor's seraglio or palace; the *Thunderer*, 74, and *Standard*, 64, and two frigates, are anchored to command the passage of the Dardanelles. A few days before these letters came away, a Russian frigate from the Mediterranean

passed the Dardanelles without molestation from the Turkish batteries; but Sebastiani, the French intriguing ambassador from France to the Ottoman Porte, made a violent remonstrance at this frigate passing the Dardanelles, but could get no redress, as our envoy, Mr. Arbuthnot, gave in a representation of the business, and placed it in its proper point of view to the satisfaction of the Turkish government.

There are 20 sail of the line and 15 frigates in the arsenal, but not above five of them half manned. Our ships are all in high order and discipline. The Turks treat our people with the greatest civility and attention. Refreshments of all kinds are sent on board our men of war. Our gallant admiral and his officers, and the captains and officers of the other British men of war, frequently dine on shore with Mr. Arbuthnot.

London, Feb. 27. Yesterday, Hanfield, who had been committed on Tuesday evening on a charge of having threatened Mr. Aris, the keeper of the New Prison, was brought up to the Public Office, Hatton-garden, and discharged, no one appearing against him. He disavowed, in the most solemn manner, before the magistrates, having ever said, as mentioned in some of the papers of yesterday, that Haggerty and Holloway were innocent of the murder of Mr. Steele. He was taken from the office by two of the Worship-street officers, who were ordered to protect him until he be properly disposed of.

28. A few days ago, as the Liverpool mail-coach was changing horses at the inn at Monk's-heath, between Congleton, in Cheshire, and Newcastle-

under-Line, the horses which had performed the stage from Congleton having been just taken off and separated, hearing sir Peter Warburton's foxhounds in full cry, immediately started after them, with their harness on, and followed the chace until the last. One of them, a blood mare, kept the track with the whipper-in, and gallantly followed him for about two hours, over every leap he took, until old reynard had led them round in a ring-fence, and ran to ground in Mr. Hibbert's plantation. These spirited horses were led back to the inn at Monk's-heath, and performed their stage back to Congleton the same evening.

March 4. Sir Home Popham left town in the afternoon of yesterday, on his way to Portsmouth, attended by Mr. Crickitt, the marshal to the Court of Admiralty; Mr. Harrison, the barrister; and Mr. Laurie, his solicitor. Admiral sir Wm. Young is to preside, in the room of admiral Montague.

Portsmouth, March 4. The court-martial on sir Home Popham is put off till Friday; admiral Holloway and admiral Rowley arrived here this morning, to hoist their flags. Sir Home Popham, captain King, Mr. Laurie, Mr. M'Arthur, and Mr. Harrison, arrived this afternoon. The three last gentlemen are to assist sir Home in his defence. It will be held on board the *Gladiator*.

London, March 6. On Wednesday evening, the guard on duty at the guard-house, Buckingham-gate, was drawn out, as usual, to salute his majesty on his leaving the queen's palace. It being very late before his majesty's chariot passed the palace to exercise the horses, the officer of the guard mistook this for his majesty's setting off, and gave orders to the men to present arms; the drum and fife of course played, which induced the party of light-horse, waiting at the bottom of Constitution-hill to escort his majesty, to set off without his majesty full speed on the road to clear the way. The king had in consequence to travel with only part of the guard.

Portsmouth, March 6. Sir Home Popham's court-martial commenced this

morning, on board the *Gladiator*, at nine o'clock. At one the court adjourned till to-morrow morning, the prosecution having closed, which consisted of various official documents and orders transmitted to him whilst at Cork, with the force which afterwards captured the Cape of Good Hope. These were read by Mr. Greatham, the judge advocate. Lord Melville was in the court, and looked very well; he is a witness for sir Home. Mr. Marsden, secretary to the Admiralty, was also in court.

Harwich, March 6. The last packet is just arrived from the other side of the water. It was sent away from Gottenburgh at a moment's notice, and was not permitted to wait for the mail. But it has brought dispatches, and I hear it rumoured that the French have attacked and gained a great victory over the Russians, 30,000 of whom were killed, wounded, or made prisoners. The packet sailed in such haste, that the steward of it was left behind.

London, March 7. Yesterday morning, about five o'clock, a fire broke out at the *Globe* public-house and chop-house, in St. Saviour's church-yard, adjoining Green Dragon-court, Southwark. Mr. Sims, the landlord, let out several of his apartments to lodgers, and nearly thirty persons slept on the premises every night. His own family consisted of a wife, a daughter, two sons, and his wife's sister; the latter acted in the capacity of nurse to Mrs. Sims, who for some time had been confined to her bed, and was in the last stage of a consumption. The fire was supposed to have originated in the cellar, or vaults, where some people had been at work the preceding day, and was first discovered by the sister, who hearing the crackling of wood, and smelling the fire, alarmed the landlord, who ran down stairs in his shirt to see what was the matter, when he perceived the flames burst from the bar, which he supposed had forced their way through the floor. He hastened up stairs, and wrapping a blanket round his helpless wife, with great difficulty rescued her from the flames. His daughter and sister-in-law escaped by leaping out of a window in the first

story into the court; his two boys likewise escaped through a trap-door at the top of the house to some of the adjoining houses. Two persons leaped out of the higher windows after being severely burnt, and were nearly killed on the spot. One of these unfortunate persons, a plumber, was taken to St. Thomas's Hospital, and remains dangerously ill: he stated, that when the flames first caught him, he had with him his son, about ten years of age, and his wife—they both struggled to get to the window to follow him, but in vain, and became the prey of the furious element. A Mrs. Burrow, and a child, were among the sufferers, as was also a waggoner. Two more persons, making in all seven, were dug out of the ruins on Saturday, but in such a state as not to be recognised.

Plymouth, March 7. Came in the Insolent gun-brig, 16 guns, with French prisoners from Falmouth, which were landed at Mill-bay.—As that fine ship the *Hibernia*, captain Osbourne, was passing down between the island and the main, for Cawsand-bay, while the boat with French prisoners lay on their oars, the Frenchmen were so struck with the grand appearance of the *Hibernia* majestically gliding down into the Sound, they one and all exclaimed, *There goes the grand coup de grace of Bonaparte!* She got to her moorings at three p.m. and was saluted by hearty cheers from all the ships as she passed them, her own band playing several appropriate tunes on the quarter-deck, which were answered by responsive national airs from the bands and drums of the Royal Lancashire, assembled on the banks at Devil's Point for the occasion.

March 9. Mr. Vick the messenger arrived yesterday morning, in 17 days, with dispatches from our ambassador at Petersburg. He left Petersburg on the 18th of last month, and Gottenburgh on the 1st inst. Soon after his arrival the following bulletin was circulated:—

'A king's messenger arrived this morning with dispatches from St. Petersburg, communicating the official details of the operations of the Russian

army in Prussia. It appears that the ardent and persevering gallantry of the Russian general has been crowned with signal success: for several successive days he attacked the French army, always to advantage, but in the last affairs to their decisive defeat, they having on that occasion lost upwards of 20,000 men, twelve eagles, and several pieces of cannon.

'Great rejoicings have taken place at St. Petersburg, and the city was illuminated at the departure of the messenger.'

It was said, in addition to the above bulletin, that six French eagles had been exhibited on the parade at Petersburg, previously to the departure of the messenger—that a French general, who had deserted, and had arrived at Petersburg, reports, that Bonaparte since he has been in Poland has lost upwards of 100,000 men.

In the evening an extraordinary gazette was published.

On Monday last a very large balloon was inflated in the duke of York's gardens, in the Stable-yard, at 11 in the morning, in the presence of his royal highness, general Gordon, and several other persons of distinction. It rose in the most majestic style, continued fairly in sight for about five minutes, and then took a southern direction, at an immense height above the earth. The experiment was performed by a gentleman of distinction. It has not been heard where the balloon fell.

Downing-street, March 11. Lord viscount Hawick, his majesty's principal secretary of state for foreign affairs, has this day notified to the ministers of friendly and neutral powers resident at this court, that in consequence of the recent proceedings, and the present position of the enemy on the continent, which enables him to command the navigation of the rivers Elbe, Weser, and Rhine, his majesty has judged it expedient to re-establish the most rigorous blockade at the entrances of those rivers, and to maintain and enforce the same, according to the usages of war acknowledged and allowed in similar cases.

Cardigan, March 16. Hafod, in Cardiganshire, the seat of Thomas Jones,

esq. member for that county, was destroyed by fire on Friday last. We have not yet been able to learn the cause of this melancholy accident, or whether any part of the valuable library, pictures, &c. which this elegant and classical mansion contained, was preserved from the flames. We have the satisfaction of stating that no lives were lost. Mr. Johnes himself, we understand, was in town attending his parliamentary duty. Mrs. and miss Johnes were at home; and very happily Mr. Hanbury Williams, Mr. Johnes's brother-in-law, was on a visit in the house. The family, under his protection, removed to the Hafod-arms, at the Devil's Bridge, whither every thing that could be saved was conveyed.

London, March 19. Yesterday morning, about half-past 4 o'clock, a dreadful fire broke out at the manufactory of Messrs. Clementi and Co. Tottenham-court-road: a smoke was observed, by a person who lives opposite, to proceed from the premises, who immediately gave the alarm. In a few minutes the flames issued from every part of the premises, and in a short space of time had assumed so formidable an appearance, that the whole neighbourhood was considered in the most imminent danger. About half-past six, a number of engines had arrived; but no water could be procured till nearly half-past seven, by which time the whole of the interior was a heap of ruins, and the flames were issuing from the front of the building: the houses on each side, composing a part of the manufactory, and occupied by several families employed in the concern, were entirely consumed, with the whole of the furniture; the backs of the houses in Francis-street, and the livery-stables on the other side, are very much damaged, and some of the furniture entirely destroyed. The damage is at present estimated at 40,000*l.* about 15,000*l.* of which only is insured. A small quantity of wood, and a few musical instruments, have been saved. The accident is supposed to have been occasioned by the flue of a stove, which ran through the floors of the building, and communicated with the wood work.

21. For several days past rumours of a general change of the ministry, but nothing can be stated with certainty. The duke of Portland, it is said, has accepted the office of first lord of the treasury; and lord Melville, it is expected, will come in.

BIRTHS.

Feb. 20. At his house in Devonshire-place, the lady of John Scott, esq. of a son.

At Yew-cottage, Denham, the lady of lieutenant Rowland Money, of the royal navy, of a daughter.

At Hareford, in Worcestershire, the lady of Thomas Boddington, esq. of a son.

23. At Winchester-house, Chelsea, the lady of the hon. and rev. Thomas De Grey, of a daughter.

25. Mrs. Horton, of Queen-square, Bloomsbury, of a son.

27. The lady of Tho. Bainbridge, esq. of Bedford-row, of a son.

The lady of Thomas Maltby, esq. of Chatham-place, of a son.

March 2. At Thorp, the lady of Matthew Richard Ouslow, esq. of a daughter.

12. At Bath, the lady of the rev. George Burrard, of a daughter.

14. At Mrs. Thompson's, in Grosvenor-square, the lady of brig.-general Dyott, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Feb. 25. At Mary-le-bone church, miss Ford, eldest daughter of the late sir Francis Ford, bart. to P. Touchel, esq. of Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square.

26. At Sandy, Bedfordshire, Richard Franklin, esq. of Gray's-inn, to miss Judith Monox, third daughter of the late sir Philip Monox, bart.

At Edinburgh, George Gordon, esq. of Hallhead, to miss Napier, eldest daughter of the hon. Charles Napier, of Merchiston-hall.

27. At St. James's church, Mr. E.

Willmott, surgeon, Sevenoaks, Kent, to miss Weighman, niece of Hugh Stacey Osborne, esq. major on the Bombay establishment.

At Mary-le-bone church, R. Small, esq. late of the Inner-Temple, to miss Savage, of Weymouth-street, Portland-place, youngest daughter of the late George Savage, of Madras, esq. deceased.

28. Edward M'Grath, esq. of Limerick, to miss Moore, of Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square.

March 3. At St. Peter's church, Cornhill, by the rev. Mr. Wrench, rector of St. Michael's, John Costeker, esq. to Mrs. Jane Wildash.

At Frant, in Sussex, the rev. Edw. Warneford, to Miss Caroline Eyles.

At St. John's church, Hackney, Mr. William Bulley, of London, to miss Allinson, only daughter of William Allinson, esq. Camberwell, Surry.

4. At Grantham, by the rev. A. C. Varetot Leonard, Walbanke Childers, esq. of Cantley, near Doncaster, to miss Sarah Anne Kent, second daughter of sir C. Kent, Grantham-house, in the county of Lincoln.

6. At Edinburgh, Mr. J. Murray, bookseller, London, to miss Elliot, daughter of the late Mr. Charles Elliot, of Edinburgh.

9. At the collegiate church, Manchester, James Parker, esq. of Queen-street, Cheapside, to miss Ellen Railton, of Manchester.

At Llandaff cathedral, by the rev. Powel Edwards, sir Robert Lynch Blossé, bart. of Gabalva, to miss C. Richards, sister of John Richards, esq. of Llandaff-court, Glamorganshire.

12. D. O'Brien, esq. son of Henry O'Brien, esq. of Blatherwicke, Northamptonshire, to miss Matilda Bedingfield, daughter of the late rev. Bacon Bedingfield, of Ditchingham-hall, Norfolk.

Mr. Joseph Devey, jun. of West-hill, Wandsworth, to miss Hollinshead, of Newington-place, Kennington.

16. At St. Mary-le-bone church, W. Smythe, esq. Brambridge, Hants, to miss Louisa Boycott, daughter of the late Thomas Boycott, esq. of Rudge, Salop.

18. At Mary-le-bone church, by the right rev. the lord bishop of Exeter, Philip Gibbes, esq. eldest son of sir Philip Gibbes, bart. of New Burlington-street, to miss Maria Knipe, third daughter of Robert Knipe, esq. late of New Lodge, near Berkhamstead, in the county of Herts, deceased.

19. At Mary-le-bone church, the hon. Thomas Parker, brother to the earl of Macclesfield, to Eliza, third daughter of William Wolstenholme, Holly-hill, near East Grimsstead.

DEATHS.

Feb. 19. At his house in Dowry-square, Bristol Wells, Francis Adams, esq. of Norton-Malreward, one of his majesty's justices of the peace, and deputy lieutenant for Somersetshire.

20. Aged 45, sir John Alston, bart. He having left only a daughter, the title devolves on his brother, now sir Charles Alston, bart.

25. At her house in St. Andrew's-square, Edinburgh, the right hon. countess dowager of Dalhousie.

At Edinburgh, in child-bed, lady Nasmyth, wife of sir James Nasmyth, bart. of Posso, Peeblesshire.

March 2. At Newington, Mrs. Poole, mother of Mrs. Dickons, the eminent vocal performer.

4. At his house in Mountjoy-square, Dublin, after a severe illness, the right honourable lord Carbery.

Mrs. A. Charriere, of Tottenham-court New Road.

6. At Darsham-house, in the county of Suffolk, miss Charlotte Peyton, third daughter of the late sir Henry Peyton, bart. of Hagbeach Hall, in Norfolk.

7. At the Polygon, Southampton, sir William Dunkin, late one of the judges of the supreme court of judicature at Calcutta.

13. At Helmington-hall, in the county of Durham, the seat of the rev. Robert Spencer, lady Maxwell, relict of the late sir Robert Maxwell, bart. of Orchardton, in Scotland, and aunt to Mrs. Spencer.

At his seat at Langdon-hall, Devonshire, Charles Holmes Calmady, esq. admiral of the white.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
 SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR APRIL, 1807.

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- 4 Elegant new PATTERNS for BORDERS of TRIMMINGS.

LONDON :

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

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE continuation of the *Elville Family Secrets*, certainly, in our next.

W. M. T. will see that we have made the alterations he requested. We shall be obliged to this ingenious writer for further communications.

Matilda D. T. must have overlooked her enigma; it was inserted in the Supplement.

Eugenio is not forgotten.

The communications of F. G. shall be inserted occasionally.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine



Heath sculp.

*Madame Calabrese,
in the Character of Argente, in the
Opera of St. Caterino di Verone.*

London. Published as the Act directs May 1st 1807 by G. Robinson, Paternoster Row.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE.

FOR APRIL, 1807.

MADAME CATALANI.

(With her Portrait, elegantly engraved.)

A CONCISE biographical sketch of this wonderful and inimitable musical actress has already been given in the Supplement to our last volume, p. 682, and to that we refer our readers.

This extraordinary performer was born in the Papal territory. At the age of fifteen, she made her *début* in the first parts of the serious opera; and notwithstanding her youth, and her little familiarity with the stage, she maintained her reputation by the singular merit of her voice, though she had to undergo a comparison with singers of the most consummate talents. Her fame soon spread all over Europe, and she was not suffered to remain long in Italy. She was induced to visit Portugal, and remained for a considerable time at Lisbon. In that city the wonderful talents which nature had bestowed on her were cultivated, and carried to the highest perfection. In fact, she unites in herself all the great qualities which excite our admiration when separately distributed to other artists. Her voice is equally

astounding both in the low and the high tones, and is no less remarkable for sweetness and flexibility than for strength and compass.

From Lisbon she went to Madrid, carrying with her the regret of the Portuguese. At the Spanish court she received the most flattering distinctions. She was honoured with innumerable marks of the most gracious condescension from the queen, to whom she was particularly recommended by the princess of Brazil. From Spain she went to Paris, where the same admiration and applause attended her.

Madame Catalani is about twenty-five years of age. She possesses a very agreeable person: her figure, indeed, might serve as a passport to a much inferior voice, and of course it will not diminish the effect of one that is excellent. She is of the middle stature; her figure is very interesting, active, easy, and graceful. Her face is oval, and full of female delicacy and expression. In a concert, Madame Catalani is the only singer; no other voice either of

man or woman can be heard beside hers. She is even a very formidable rival to the most able performers, either on wind or stringed instruments. Their most brilliant passages cannot be compared with what Madame Catalani easily executes with her natural voice.

Madame Catalani made her first appearance at the opera in London, at the commencement of the season, on Saturday, December the thirteenth. The attraction of the fame that had preceded her was so great as to crowd the house in a manner never before witnessed on a similar occasion. She chose for her *début* the part of Semiramis, in the opera of that name. The music of this opera was originally composed by Bianchi; but the present composition is by Portogallo, with a view to bring the vast powers of this wonderful singer into the most effectual action. On her entrance Arema exclaims, *Fear not*—to which she replies: *Timor non é*. It is not fear; that is, it is something more than fear. The effect which these speeches, so applicable to her situation, had on the feelings of the house can scarcely be imagined. During the first act, she was not perfectly herself, though encouraged by a deserved encore in her duet with Righi, and loudly applauded in the *Caratina* and *Bravura*, which she gave in a wonderful style of excellence. Her confidence increased as she proceeded, and with it the expression of her powers, which have never been equalled in this country. Her acting is only inferior to her singing. The compass of her voice is extraordinary, going at once as low as Grassini's, and as high as Billington's. Her tones are delightfully soft and musical, and her chro-

matic execution, or running half notes up and down, is truly surprising.

She has since appeared several times in the part of *Argenis*, in a serious opera, in two acts, called *Il Ritorno di Serse*, the return of Xerxes, the music of which is likewise by Portogallo. The plot of an Italian opera is generally contained in a small space. Xerxes, king of Persia, is betrothed to Argenis the princess of the Parthians, who is in love with his son Sebastes. The father being supposed dead, the prince mounts the throne, and the lovers are on the eve of being united, when Xerxes returns. Sebastes is condemned to die, and Argenis runs mad. In this scene Madame Catalani's acting is very great. Xerxes at length relents, and the lovers are made happy.

The music of *Il Ritorno di Serse* is of a different style and character from that of *Semiramide*. Portogallo seems to have wished to astonish in *Semiramide* rather than to touch the heart, to try the effect of a voice of unparalleled strength and compass, by making it execute airs which, from their extreme difficulty, would seem to belong to instrumental rather than to vocal music, and almost to defy the singer, if we may be allowed the expression, for whom they were composed. In *Serse*, however, the subject furnished him with an opportunity of producing an effect less astonishing, and of touching the heart, as well as charming the ear. He has done less for the singer, and left more room for a display of the talents of the actress.—Madame Catalani accomplishes the wishes and intentions of the composer in both operas:—as a singer she shews, in *Semiramide*, what can be effected by the voice—strength, flexi-

bility, variety, and expression.—In *Seneca* she displays, as an actress, an energy, a variety, a vivacity, a sensibility, and a grace, which are seldom united in the same person, particularly upon the Italian stage.—In the beautiful *cavatina*, which is always encored, *Oh quanto l'anima*, we are charmed with the sweetness of the melody, with the simplicity of the style, with the justness of the expression, and with a certain natural grace which the actress spreads over the part. But when *Xerxes* reclaims his throne, and the hand of *Argenis*, who deceives him by protestations of fidelity, whilst at the same time she assures *Sebastes* of her love and constancy, *Madame Catalani* acquires fresh claims to our admiration, by the dexterity of her dissimulation, and by the animation of her acting. The first scene of the second act has a pretty duet between *Argenis* and *Xerxes*, the end of which is beautiful, *Di tanti mali mei*. But the ninth scene is that in which she appears to the greatest advantage as an actress.—In her voice, in her step, in her attitude, in her gesture, the transitions from rage to grief, and from despair to astonishment and joy, are so well distinguished and characterised, that the spectator is hurried away by these different emotions.—He fears that effects so fatiguing will exhaust the strength of a young and delicate female, who seems by the mildness and gentleness of her look to be destined by nature to express only the softest sensations; and he is glad when the torments of *Argenis* finish, and she is united to *Sebastes*.

We shall soon have an opportunity of seeing her in another opera of *Portogallo's*, in *Mithridate*, which she has chosen for her benefit, and which will display the powers of her voice even to more advantage than the opera of *Semiramide*.

ACCOUNT of a VIRGINIAN DANCING-SCHOOL, and MANNERS of the AMERICANS.

(From *Janson's 'Stranger in America.'**)

ON our arrival at Orange, we found an old wooden building, which is used both as a court-house and a place of divine worship, a tavern, and half a dozen mean dwelling-houses. We could procure no accommodation. A dancing-master occupied the tavern by his quarterly attendance to teach the Virginian mountain-misses the graces of his art. His school was numerously attended, and every corner of the house was filled by the parents of the pupils. We were now in an awkward dilemma, for the waggons were only hired to this place, and no entreaties or extravagant offers could prevail upon the drivers to proceed; they were, as they alleged, under the obligation of a penalty to go elsewhere. They were proceeding to discharge our baggage in the street, when I enquired what punishment I should incur, or what sacrilege would be committed, were it to be put into the court-house. I was referred to the clerk of the peace, but he was not to be found, and dire necessity impelled me to commit a trespass. The door was

* This work may be particularly useful to those persons who are tempted to forsake their native country to settle in America. The author, as it is observed in the preface, has been at some pains to unfold the prospects that await the European emigrant in America. On this subject he is qualified to speak, not only from his own experience, but from that of many other persons, whose delusive hopes have terminated in disappointments. He has endeavoured to expose the knavery of American land jobbers, and to shew the fallacy of all that native writers have advanced relative to the facility and small expence of forming an establishment in the western regions of the republic.

not locked, and in a short time we were in possession; which proved a seasonable relief to the poor children, whose tender joints had hardly escaped dislocation by the jolting over rocks and stump of trees which had impeded our progress. Fortunately we arrived in the forenoon, but we were covered all over with dust. Having changed my clothes, and refreshed myself with the remnant of our travelling stock of provisions, I went to the dancing-school. The gravity of my friend, contracted from the study of theology, for he had been educated for the church, would alone have caused his declining to accompany me to such a place. I was agreeably surprised at the order and the systematic mode with which this part of polite education was conducted, amid the woods, and on the rising ground of the vast mountains called the Blue Ridge.* There were upwards of fifty scholars, though, from the view of the country, I could not have supposed the existence of fifty houses within the circumference of as many miles. Some of the pupils I was informed came from a great distance, and the carriages used for their conveyance formed the strangest and most uncouth collection of travelling vehicles perhaps ever collected together. A number bore such strong marks of antiquity, and so coarsely were they put together, that I could compare them only to my ideas of antediluvian machines. They, however, conveyed a number of pretty little modern-dressed misses, dressed and ornamented to a ridiculous pitch of extravagance. They had made great progress, performing the minuet, country-dance,

and reel, correctly; though this weekly school had been opened only four or five times. After the lessons were finished, a number of grown masters and misses joined in six-handed reels, the favourite dance in the southern states, and, as though I had not already undergone of late sufficient fatigue, I could not resist the desire of joining them, upon an invitation, given with Parisian politeness, by the master. Thus, in the heat of summer, and not a month out of the yellow fever, was I capering among the girls; an act of imprudence, which, happily for me, was not attended with any ill consequences.

On my return to the court-house, I found that Mr. Gilpin had been making provision for retaining the slender title we had acquired to it. He had made up one bed in the jury-box, and another on the table, round which the counsel sit, and had composedly seated himself, reading a Greek author, in the chair of justice. On my entrance, he was compelled to relax a little of his serious mood, and to brighten his features with a smile—the first I had observed. The loss of his wife, and disappointments resulting from the failure of his plans, had plunged him in a state of mind little better than that of settled melancholy. A partition which ran across the court-house formed a jury-room. American jurymen seldom fail to retire from the court, be the case ever so plain, to agree upon their verdict. This room had been reserved for my occupation, and accordingly I spread my mattress on the floor, upon which, being greatly fatigued, I soon fell asleep. In the morning I endeavoured to procure waggons to convey us to Madison court-house, distant between sixteen and eighteen miles, without success. I wondered what caused my friends in Fred-

* These mountains begin almost at the extremity of the northern boundary, and extend, with little variation, to Georgia, nearly through the middle of the United States.

ricksburg to advise us to proceed to this dreary place; but I afterwards found little choice in any part of the country, as to accommodation. We were favoured if any of the neighbours would *sell* us a fowl, or a dozen eggs. I had attended to the whistling of the quails all around me the day after our arrival, and being always provided with an excellent English fowling-piece, I went out in the afternoon, attended by two youths, who appeared anxious to see an Englishman pursuing game. I had no dog, and the luxuriant but coarse herbage of the cleared land was unfavourable to my pursuit. The young Virginians, conversant with the haunts, soon sprung the game, and were surprised at my success, two or three birds falling at each shot. The coveys had not been broken, and they took flight together at the same instant. Americans do not accustom themselves to shoot game upon the wing; but they are the best marksmen in the world with a rifle gun at a fixed object. The produce of my gun was very acceptable in the court-house; the girls soon prepared the game for cooking, and having with us every necessary material, without which no traveller must attempt to penetrate into the interior of this immense country, we made a delicious repast.

Here we were obliged to remain nine days, and, fortunately, during that time, our habitation was not wanted for the dispensation of law; but the gospel was twice expounded in it during our occupancy. At length we procured one waggon, which was appropriated to Mr. Gilpin, and a part of his family, while I remained with his nephew, waiting the uncertainty of another conveyance. This presented at the expiration of the second day, and on the third, I arrived at Madison court-

house. My friend had already hired an unfurnished house, and to my surprise, for the long term of six months, though the contemplated extent of the tour was not to exceed six or eight weeks. I soon found that he had determined to remain during the winter among the rocks and woods; a situation, at all events, well suited to the contemplative mind.

In this small place we found some society. There was a doctor and a lawyer; but neither parson nor parsonage-house. A jolly justice of the peace, however, supplied the place extremely well; being a moral upright man, whose advice often reclaimed the offender, when the enforcement of the law might have rendered him incorrigible. In such company occasionally, and with my gun, being in a fine sporting country, I had passed three weeks with much advantage to my health.

ANECDOTES OF BOILEAU, the French Poet.

BOILEAU, being asked by a friend, not long before his death, whether he had changed his opinion of Tasso*— ‘So very far from it,’ replied the satirist, ‘that I am sorry I did not express myself more fully on this subject in my translation of Longinus. I would have begun with allowing that the Italian poet had a sublime genius, and very eminent talents for poetry; but, speaking of the use which he has made of them, I should have said, and proved, that good sense is not the predominant

* Le clinquant du Tasse à tout l’or de Virgile, Sat. IX. (There are those who prefer the tinsel of Tasso to all the gold of Virgil).

quality of his poem, and that, in his narrations, he prefers what is pleasing to what is necessary to be told; that his descriptions are disfigured by superfluous ornaments; that in the delineation of the strongest passions, and amidst the saddest events which they occasion, Tasso destroys the pathos by untimely attempts at being brilliant; that his thoughts are frivolous, and more adapted to his *Aminta* than to his *Jerusalem Delivered*. Now,' exclaimed Boileau, 'all these faults being granted, and the wisdom, majesty, and gravity of Virgil introduced in opposition to them, the contrast is as great between the Latin and Italian poet, as between gold and tinsel.'

A man of very good sense, but totally unacquainted with literature, said once before Boileau, that he would rather be able to make a wig than to make a poem; adding, 'What is the use of poetry, and what end does it answer?' 'This very circumstance,' replied Boileau, 'raises my admiration of poetry; that having nothing useful in it, it should nevertheless be the delight of all men of talents and reputation.'

Boileau used to relate, that when he read to Moliere his satire which began with these lines,

* Mais il n'est point de fou qui par bonnes raisons

Ne loge son voisin aux petites maisons;'

* There raves no madman, but, with grave rebukes,

Would send his brother maniac to St. Luke's;'

Moliere observed, that he had once an intention of attempting this subject, but that he was deterred from it by the consideration of the great delicacy necessary in such an undertaking: 'A comic poet,' added he, 'should confine himself to those observations of the mind which so-

ciety considers as venial, and for which they do not shut up the delinquents, but treat them as fools and simpletons.'

Boileau was not superior to uneasinesses occasioned by the abuse published against him, but was the first person to applaud any ingenious satire levelled at him.—'I look on myself,' said he, 'like an enchanted hero, whom the blows of his enemies either do not reach or wound very slightly.' 'With all their malice,' he would add, 'they have not found out the vulnerable part of Achilles.'—'Where does it lie?' said a friend.—'That I shall not tell you,' replied the satirist, 'you must find out that.'—It is probable that he alluded to the sameness of his writings, particularly in his prefaces, the character of which is too monotonous.

Boileau never dined with any of his most intimate friends, without being invited in particular; observing, on this caution, that a certain pride of mind was the characteristic of men of honour, but that a pride of air and manner was the mark of fools and blockheads.

When Boileau launched any work into the world, he heard the attacks of the critics however severe with great attention and patience; observing, shrewdly, 'Well, those are the worst works, of which nobody speaks at all.'

Racine used to relate a very singular instance of the powers of Boileau for mimicry. 'He once,' says Racine, 'undertook to imitate the steps of an extraordinary dancer, whom he had seen in the exhibition of his skill. Boileau executed all the difficult steps and attitudes of the performer with great success, though he had never been taught to dance, and never practised the art at any time before.'

HARRIET VERNON;

OR,

CHARACTERS FROM REAL LIFE.

A NOVEL,

In a Series of Letters.

BY A LADY.

(Continued from p. 131.)

LETTER XI.

Miss Harriet Vernon to Miss West.

I ALWAYS thought, dear Susan, there was a magical power in your mother's eye, but I now find her pen is possessed of the same quality: her letter has fixed the wavering Maria, and she has consented in due form to make, as they say, the colonel happy. But she will not be hurried; it must not take place this twelve months. I should be in the best spirits in the world on this occasion, were it not that I perceive a melancholy on her countenance, which indicates that her heart is not so much in the purposed union as might be wished. Dear girl! I would not for the world have her unhappy; but I think she cannot be so with the colonel. I must say a word or two of Charles Wentworth: indeed, I don't know what to make of him. Let me see: a lover ought to look pale, to be absent in company, now and then to sigh profoundly; he ought never to look in his mistress's face but when he cannot possibly help it, to tremble like an aspen leaf when he drinks her health at table, and if by accident he touches her soft hand, Heavens! what an agitation! I have tried

Charles by all the e rules. He looks rather pale, to be sure; but this may as well be from his close application to business as from love. He is silent too and absent but these are all the symptoms I can discover. He leaves us in a week. He is, indeed, a fortunate young man. This dear colonel of ours has made his fortune, I believe.

But I must now inform you how the love business was broke to brother. It was a great undertaking for Maria; but I helped her out, as you shall hear.

We chose an opportunity after supper, as he is then in the best temper, though what we had to inform him was not likely to put him out of humour.—'Come, fetch the cribbage-board, Harriet,' said he; 'we must have a game to-night.' 'No, brother,' I replied, 'if you please we will talk, for we have something of consequence to inform you of.' 'What, you want money, I suppose.' 'Not at present, brother; but it may, indeed, lead to the want of it some time hence.'

'Then let me hear nothing about it: bad news comes soon enough.'

'You will not think it bad, I believe,' said Maria, blushing up to her ears.

Now as brother seldom looks in our faces, Maria might have blushed for an hour unobserved.

'I think any thing bad that takes money out of my pocket.'

'Now, brother,' said I, 'suppose I should tell you one of us had a lover.'

'That would surprise me: but it would not take money out of my pocket; it would save it.'

'But you would give us our wedding clothes?'

'Not I, truly; if you are not worth clothing, you are not worth having.'

‘I have,’ said Maria, who was desirous to put an end to the subject, ‘had an offer of marriage from—from ——.’

‘An offer of marriage,’ interrupted I, ‘from colonel Ambrose. Shall she accept it?’

‘The devil you have! Accept it! Why she is not such a fool to hesitate, surely!’

‘But suppose she can’t like him, brother.’

‘Suppose, a fiddlestick—like him, indeed! Stuff! nonsense! If she refuse him, I have only this to say—you depart my house. I hope you don’t suppose me such an ass as to forgive a refusal.’

‘This boorish speech was too much. I should have been in a passion; but she burst into tears.’

‘I then see what I have to expect. Oh! brother, you would disregard me if I was to refuse the first offer of marriage I ever received: how fortunate then for me is it that it is such an offer.’

He was somewhat softened.—‘Why, look ye,’ said he, ‘I don’t want to part with either of you, while you behave well; but you must not stand in your own light, as I see half the world do. If the colonel has taken a fancy to you, I would have the matter finished as soon as possible.’

‘Oh!’ said Maria, frightened out of her wits, ‘if you have any regard for me, don’t let me be hurried: it must be many months before I can marry. Consider how short an acquaintance.’

‘I consider there is many a slip between the cup and the lip; and if you consider my advice, or your own interest, you will not stand shilly-dally. Girls without money are not every one’s market.’

After a good deal more conversation tedious to relate, we at length

gained a promise that he would not be in a hurry, but permit her to manage it as she thought fit.

He appeared much pleased, and the next morning it was no secret in the family. I persuade myself his pleasure proceeds from his love to Maria. I am not willing to ascribe good actions to bad motives.

The colonel is a constant visitor; I suppose he woos in Othello’s style. Don’t you pity me, Susan? a poor forlorn damsel! Now if I had but a lover too, how charming would it be! Well, all in good time. I have nothing left for it now, but to sit up stairs scribbling to you, or talking to Dorcas. I will relate a conversation I had with the good creature this morning.

‘Well, Dorcas,’ said I, ‘what do you think of this alteration that is going to take place in our affairs?’

‘Think, miss, why I knows not what to think: I am all over as if I were in a dream. Why, to be sure, I am all over joy. This colonel is the most charmingest gentleman that ever my eyes beheld.’

‘Well now, but, Dorcas, don’t you think he is too old?’

‘Oh! no, not a bit; he is worth a hundred of your young flish-flash chaps. I always prophesied miss Maria would be a lady, she always carried herself so lady-like; and not proud neither: indeed, a true lady is never proud, and above speaking to poor people; and the colonel, I am sure, is a true gentleman, and talked with me yesterday near half an hour.’

‘Your observations are very just, Dorcas; true gentility gives itself no airs of importance to inferiors. But as you have prophesied so truly with regard to Maria, I should like to know if you have any about me.’

‘Why, lack-a-day, miss, I am always dreaming about you, and you

are always dressed in white ; but if I may speak my mind, I don't think you will be so rich as your sister.'

'A fig for riches! do you think I shall ever marry, and be happy in a good husband?'

'I think you will, indeed, miss Harriet.'

'Well, that's charming, good Dorcas : may you live to see it!'

'I hope,' says the worthy soul, with tears in her eyes, 'that when my young ladies are married, I shall live with one of you ; for I shall never be happy to stay here after you are gone.'

I assured her she might make herself easy, for we both loved her too well to suffer her to be uncomfortable.—How seldom do we find in low life such a character as Dorcas, and how much is it to be respected when found: and yet I often think merit is pretty equal in all stations; for how seldom do we find among our equals or superiors characters we can in many points approve: and when we consider the advantages of education in one and the other, I do not know now we can decide the preference.

I am summoned to tea by Maria. 'Why do you hide yourself?' said she. 'You may guess,' said I; however, I will now attend you, when I have subscribed myself dear Susan's affectionate

H. VERNON.

LETTER XII.

Mr. Wentworth to Mr. Johnson.

Gravesend.

Dear Johnson,

I AM at present waiting for a fair wind to waft me from Old England. With every prospect of success that attends the change in my affairs, I labour under a dejection of spirits I can indeed account for, but I fear

shall never overcome. The amiable miss Vernon is for ever lost to my hopes. She is disposed of to another. How can I write the dreadful word! she is to be the wife of colonel Ambrose. Pursuant to the advice you gave me, I resolved to lay before her the state of my heart, and a gleam of hope shot across me that I might not be unsuccessful in my wishes of gaining her affections; the colonel's frequent visits, and the ladies' engagements in consequence of them, afforded me no opportunity. I did not at first suspect the colonel's intention, but, alas! I was soon convinced there was something more than friendship in his attentions. Mr. Vernon informed me that the colonel had offered himself to his sister, and was accepted. By a person of the least penetration, my agitation must have been discovered. I thought I should have sunk; but my confusion was unnoticed by him, and I returned to reason. And why, said I to myself, does this intelligence grieve me? Do I not love miss Vernon, and is it not the first wish of my heart to see her happy? Her fortune is made by marrying colonel Ambrose, and such a man must make her happy. But, alas! what are the reasonings of a lover? A lover is selfish and inconsiderate. But there is no alternative now but to forget her: absence must, it will, abate my love—for to love her now is a crime.

With these reasonings I pacified my mind, and as I had but one week to stay in the house, I hoped to have sufficient command of myself to avoid saying a word that might lead to a discovery of what I was now anxious to conceal. The day came when I was to bid adieu: what a trial was this! As I was to set off early in the morning, it was necessary I should do it the preceding evening. Mr. Vernon took his leave

about ten, and went to bed: he shook me by the hand, and wished to see me return a rich man.—‘Mind the main chance,’ said he.

‘My dear young ladies,’ said I, as soon as he was gone, ‘I know not how to bid you adieu!’

‘Oh! no adieus,’ said miss Harriet, in her lively manner, ‘there is nothing I detest so much: come, give me your hand, and then I will run away.’

I saluted her; she burst into tears, and was out of sight in an instant.

And now in what a situation was I! Left alone with Maria, agitated beyond description, I seized her hand with eagerness.—‘O! happy colonel Ambrose,’ said I, ‘that is so soon to be intitled to this!’ She looked confused, but made no answer.—I recollected myself.—‘May you, my dearest madam, meet with the happiness you deserve!’—‘I thank you, sir,’ said she: ‘and, in return, I wish you every success. You will let us hear, I hope, of your welfare.’

‘Will then miss Vernon remember me?’

‘Most certainly,’ said she; ‘I hope you do not doubt it.’

I was silent; I knew not what to say. She arose.

‘You leave me, then.’

‘To what purpose should I stay?’

I clasped her to my bosom with an ardour I could not resist.—‘I go,’ said I, ‘and leave behind all that my soul holds dear.—She looked more confused and, I believe, was unable to speak. Had she stayed a minute longer I had lost all command of myself. But she was at the parlour door, when, turning round, she kissed her hand with inimitable grace, and retired.

I will say no more on this subject, but, from this moment, endeavour to banish it from my memory. Let me have a line from you before

I leave this place, which probably will be some days, and believe me to be yours sincerely,

C. WENTWORTH.

LETTER XIII.

Mr. Johnson, in answer.

PRYTHEE, Charles, let me receive no more such letters as thy last. Why, I thought thou hadst been a man of sense. With such prospects before thee to be unhappy, because thou hast not gained the affections of a girl! I am really ashamed for thee. She does not love thee, that is certain, or she would not have been in such haste to have accepted the colonel. For thou mayst say as thou wilt, but thy face is too fair an index of thy mind for her not to see what was passing there, if she had a grain of penetration. I could not refrain from laughing at the parting scene, though I am horribly mad with thee for saying so much. Never, Charles, let a woman know her consequence. Now by thy account of these sisters, I like Harriet best, ten to one. Why didst thou not transfer thy affections? So thou didst venture to salute them both: I wonder at thy courage. I was in a dreadful panic for thee just then, and heartily rejoiced to find the gipsy at the door, kissing her hand with inimitable grace. But I will have compassion on thee, and say no more just now: when I write in the same style, take thy revenge. At present, I say with Castalio—

‘Were she as fair
As would the vainest of her sex be thought,
Or had she wealth
Beyond the power of woman’s wish to
waste,
She should not rob me of my freedom.’

But enough of banter:—I am out of spirits at present, as well as

yourself, though from a different cause. My uncle is ill, and the faculty say he is not long for this world. I have the tenderest affection for the good man, and shall consider the independent fortune he will leave me by no means an equivalent for his loss. I have informed him I was writing to you: and he desires to give you a piece of advice from himself.—‘I am not,’ said he, ‘fond of young men’s going to India; I have observed but few return with the same amiable dispositions they possessed on leaving their native country. Whether it be the company they fall in with, the nature of their employment, or the customs of the country that corrupt them, I cannot determine: but I hope your friend will guard against the corruption, be it what it may, and prove an exception to my observation.’ Permit me, Charles, to enforce this advice of my uncle; for I have made the same observation in many instances. I suppose you will write to colonel Ambrose, and I trust I need not add to your friend Johnson, very often: I will be punctual in my answers. Heaven prosper you! and I hope you will drink deep of the waters of Lethe, but not so deep as to forget your faithful friend,

JOHN JOHNSON.

LETTER XIV.

Colonel Ambrose to Mrs. Lucy Ambrose.

MY dear sister begins to wonder at not seeing me ere this; but I deferred my visit, or letter, until I was come to some determination as to my future plans. I informed you in my last that it was my intention to marry, if I could meet with a woman every way suited to my taste. If I had not been rather difficult in my choice, I had not been a bachelor at

the age of forty-five. I likewise spoke of the eldest miss Vernon as a young woman, who, from the little I had seen of her, seemed to comprise all my ideas of female excellence. I stayed but ten days with Mr. Vernon; for his manners were so disgusting, that it was really a pain to be in his company. For, absorbed as he is in calculations and economical pursuits, my presence was a visible constraint upon him. I, however, paid constant visits to his lovely sisters, who every day won upon my esteem, as every day convinced me more and more of their worth.

You are now prepared for what is to follow. I offered my hand and heart to miss Vernon, am accepted, and obtained a promise that she would be mine at the end of twelve months. I urged, as you may suppose, an earlier day, as, at my time of life, there is no time to lose; but in vain, the urging it gave her uneasiness. Nor can I blame her. No prudent woman would marry on so short an acquaintance.

Although this lovely woman has accepted my offer, yet I discover a dejection in her that alarms me, and makes me fear I do not possess her heart with that entire affection I hope for in a wife. And how can I expect, I sometimes say to myself, to possess the affections of so young a woman? Can she marry for any consideration but interest a man old enough to be her father?—But a truce with these reflections; I proceed to the main purport of my letter.

I have taken a house at Windsor; but the present occupier does not quit till Christmas. I have therefore resolved on continuing in my present lodgings in Portland-place till next spring, when I hope to settle myself and charming wife in my new house.

And now, my dear Lucy, I am going to make a request to you, which if you approve, it will much please me; at the same time, it is my particular desire you will not act contrary to your inclination. It is, that you shut up your house, and reside with me until the time mentioned above. I shall then have an opportunity to introduce you to the miss Vernons, which I much wish; and in their society I think you will find pleasure, to say nothing of the satisfaction the company of my dear sister will afford me. If you approve this, let me know immediately, and I will order every thing relative to your journey. In the mean time, I rest your ever affectionate brother,

CHARLES AMBROSE.

LETTER XV.

Miss H. Vernon to Miss West.

I HAVE been laughing, my dear Susan, this hour past, at a young man too—the queerest, surely, that was ever seen. You must know, brother has taken a new clerk, in the room of our poor Charles. But why do I say poor? he is in a way to be rich.

After expecting this rare youth several days, he arrived yesterday express from Hampshire. You have heard of Hampshire hogs, Susan.—He was taken to the counting house first, and did not make his appearance before us till dinner-time. My brother was then followed by a little diminutive figure, dressed in a whole suit of brown clothes, with carrotty hair, tied in a tail behind about the size of my finger. Every feature in his face is what you may call *pretty*, and his complexion may rival the lily for whiteness, with scarcely any red to contrast it; but a more vacant countenance you cannot possibly

conceive. He made a sort of side-long bow at his entrance, without venturing to look at either of us.

‘This is Mr. Jeremiah Curtis,’ said my brother.

‘Yes,’ said he, ‘that is my name.’

‘Pray, sir, take a chair,’ said Maria. I screwed up my mouth as close as possible, and dared not trust myself with a sentence.

‘Thank you, Ma’am,’ said he, ‘this stool will do’—at the same time seating himself on one, or rather between one and a neighbouring chair.

I could contain myself no longer; but, by way of excuse for laughing, said, ‘Take care, sir: you know the old saying, I suppose.’ This raised a laugh, in which I had an excuse to join, and gave Mr. Jerry an opportunity of shewing a set of beautiful white teeth, as an additional ornament to his sweet face.

Dinner arrived, but I dared not look on Maria, or any where but my own plate, the whole time. My brother said, ‘Young man, you must not expect cheese after dinner; I never have any, I think it unnecessary.’

‘I think so too,’ said he; ‘and toasted it is unwholesome.’

‘Dear!’ said I, ‘I am sorry for that, for I am very fond of toasted cheese. But how is it unwholesome?’ ‘Why, I have heard it makes people short-breathed, and causes a bad smell.’

This was too much, and I could sit it no longer; but, putting my handkerchief to my face, I ran up stairs, and laughed so immoderately that Dorcas thought I was in hysterics. Maria soon joined me, and owned it was with difficulty she could refrain.—‘What shall we do?’ said I: ‘I shall never be able to live in the house with this queer creature?’

Oh! when we are used to him it will wear off: you must reason yourself out of it, and think on grave subjects when he is present.

‘Thank you for your advice,’ said I: ‘but I fear I shall not be able to profit by it.’

By tea-time I had laughed myself into gravity, and was able to face the second interview. He sat himself down on the same stool as before, which I have now named *Jerry’s stool*; and all Maria’s persuasions could not prevail on him to take a chair. Nothing particular occurred at tea. Brother went to the club, and we were left to entertain our pretty spark.

‘You had better take a little walk,’ said Maria.

‘If you please, Ma’am,’ said he, happy to be released—and away he went.

He returned in about half an hour, rubbing his hands, saying he was afraid of losing himself if he walked further.—I observed it was coldish this evening.

‘Cold, my dear, in August! I do not think so,’ said Maria. ‘But we will have a fire,’ said I, very gravely.

‘Oh dear!’ he replied, ‘not on my account. I was only cold coming out of the fresh air, I suppose.’

‘Very likely,’ said I. ‘I hope your cold fit won’t last long. Are you subject to the ague?’

‘I had it once, Ma’am; but I cured it with a charm.’

‘Really! that was charming,’ said I.

‘Do you ever read, sir?’ said Maria: we have a few books at your service.’

‘I can’t say I do.’

‘How, then, do you employ yourself?’

‘Why I think a great deal Ma’am.’ fixing his eyes on the floor.

‘And pray, sir, what do you think of this carpet?’ said I.

‘I think it a very pretty one,’ replied the oaf.

Just then the colonel arrived. Jerry retired behind the door. The colonel entered.

‘What alone, ladies!’ said he.

‘No, sir,’ said Maria, ‘here is a gentleman with us:’—then looking round—‘Bless me, where is he gone?’

I who saw him sneak behind the door shut it, and discovered him to the company. The colonel, who could scarcely keep his countenance, observed the gentleman was playing hide and seek.

‘And a very innocent amusement too,’ said I. ‘This, sir, is Mr. Jeremiah Curtis.’—Colonel Ambrose, Mr. Curtis.

I shall not attempt to describe poor Jerry’s confusion; it is impossible. I had compassion on him, and let him sit quiet the remainder of the evening.

And now for a word of the colonel.—He told us, that he had just received a letter from his sister in answer to one he had written, requesting her to spend the winter with him at his lodgings; that she had conformed to his wishes, and that he expected her in a few days. I was delighted with this intelligence, and Maria looked pleased.

I am all impatience to be introduced to her. I will lay down my pen till that wished-for day arrives. Maria has been reading this letter. ‘For shame, Harriet!’ she says, ‘you are growing satirical. You should not represent the young man in so ludicrous a light: he will improve; he is but just come from the country.’

‘I wish he may,’ said I; ‘but till that happy day arrives, you must give me leave to laugh at his expense: I promise you I will cease, when he ceases to be an oddity.’—Adieu for the present.

In continuation.

A WEEK has passed since I wrote the above. This morning the colonel came, and informed us that his sister was arrived, and wished to see us: he therefore proposed, if agreeable, to take us with him directly. We made no objection; but, equipping ourselves in neat morning dresses, attended him. Maria whispered me, that she felt rather agitated.—‘Foolish,’ said I, ‘what are you afraid of?’ I, however, was not surprised. The colonel chatted very agreeably during our ride; but, I believe, he noticed Maria’s tremor.—‘I have,’ said he, ‘mentioned my sister to you as a sensible, and even a learned woman: I leave you to discover a thousand good qualities of more value in my estimation; for I own, although I admire learning in your sex, I never could find a charm therein to counterbalance the want of an amiable temper and agreeable manners: and, much as I esteem good sense, there is a sort of understanding which I term common sense, that I greatly prefer.’

‘But surely, sir,’ said I, ‘a person endued with a superior understanding cannot be deficient in common sense.’

There certainly are instances of that deficiency, miss Harriet, and some have fallen within my knowledge. But we are arrived.

He then handed us out of the carriage, and, taking a hand of each, led us into the parlour, where was his sister, sitting at work, with spectacles on.

‘I am much obliged to the young ladies,’ said she, rising from her seat, ‘for their early attendance:—at the same time saluting Maria and me with the most engaging freedom.

By this time the colonel had

placed chairs, and we were seated on each side of her. But before I proceed any further, I must describe the person of this lady.

‘She is tall and graceful. Her face, though impaired by time, is still pleasing; and it is easy to perceive, that twenty years ago it must have been much more so. She has still a good complexion, although the roses are somewhat faded; and a good deal of vivacity in her countenance, joined to an extremely sensible look. Her dress was neatness itself.

‘I am,’ said she, looking in each of our faces by turns, ‘well acquainted with you both; and as that is the case, we will, if you please, lay aside that reserve that usually attends a first visit, and enter into chat as freely as though we were old acquaintances.’

We smiled at her good-humour, and, after thanking her for so kind a proposal, obeyed her; and having chatted away for near two hours, we took our leave. I should have told you, that the colonel left us in about half an hour, saying—‘Now I have brought your visitors, and introduced them, I have done my part.’

‘Aye, aye,’ said his sister, ‘we have done with you now; so you may march off.’

She did not drop a hint relating to her brother and Maria. I thought this was delicate and considerate. She pressed us much to stay dinner, but we declined it. She rang to order the chariot; but, as the weather was fine, we chose to walk home. She then insisted on fixing a day to dine, accompanied by our brother. The day after the morrow was fixed; and we took our leave, highly pleased with our visit.—As I shall have occasion to speak often of this lady, I shall say no more now.

Our long visit and walk had

brought it past our dinner-hour at home; the cloth was just taking away.

'Oh, oh!' said my brother, 'you are returned then, like bad pennies: I thought I should have saved a dinner to-day.'

'No, not to-day,' said I; 'but on Thursday we have engaged you and ourselves to dine at the colonel's.'

He made no objection, but asked if Mr. Curtis was invited.

'Dear, no!' I replied: 'how do you think he would look in such a visit?'

'Look! why, how should he look? I think he is a very good-looking young man. But you have taken it into your heads to laugh at him. I tell you, he is a very clever young fellow in business.'—I did not dispute my brother's assertion.

After we had dined, we began to tell him the particulars of our visit.—'And now,' said I, 'do not you long to see Mrs. Ambrose?'

'No,' said he; 'she is only a woman, I suppose.'

'But she is a very fine one,' said Maria.

'Her fineness did not get her a husband. I suppose she knows nothing of good housewifery, and so forth:—how should she, for her father taught her nothing but reading and writing, both of which are unnecessary to a woman, unless it be books that relate to household management.'

'I am sure you will like her,' said I; 'and we shall be able to judge of her housewifery by her management of her table.'

I retired up stairs to finish this letter; but hearing an uncommon noise in the kitchen, I stopped to listen.

Dorcas was exalting her voice to a very loud key, with a 'Come from behind the door; I will have no such doings in my kitchen, I assure you!'—I now found it was Jerry kissing

the maid (I suppose behind the door).

'And who made it your kitchen, old madam Grumpus?' said Jerry.

'I have been mistress of my master's kitchen these twenty years, replied she, 'and will not be ruled by such a jackanapes as you. I will acquaint the ladies, I assure you.'

'Go tell them,' said he. 'Who cares for you, or they either?'

Dorcas, angry enough before this, was enraged still more.—'Youngster,' said she, 'I give you to know, you must speak more respectable of my young ladies, if you live here: marry, truly you are come to a pretty pass in a week.'

'Don't make such a rout to me,' retorted Jerry: 'I don't care a fig for either of them, although they are such wits.'

'Wits!' said she, 'no more wits than yourself: you had not best stand there, calling names!'

Thus they went on for some time, when master Jerry was sent out on business; and I shall here conclude myself affectionately yours,

H. VERNON.

(To be continued.)

ACCOUNT of the new Grand Romantic Melo-drama, called 'The Wood Demon,' presented for the first Time at the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane, on Wednesday, April 1.

THE following are the principal characters:

Hardyknute,	-	Mr. De Camp.
Guelpho,	-	Mr. Penley.
Willikind,	-	Mr. Dowton.
Oswy,	-	Mr. Gibbon.
Rolf,	-	Mr. Webb.
Sangrida,	-	Mr. Montgomery.
Leolyn,	-	Miss C. Bristow.
Una,	-	Mrs. H. Siddons.
C'otilda,	-	Mrs. Harlowe.
Alexina,	-	Mrs. Scott.

C c

Paulina, - - Miss Kelly.
Mistress of the Revels, Miss Fearon.

This drama is founded on a German tale, which affords full scope to the wild fancy of Mr. Lewis, author of *The Castle Spectre*, &c. who has acquired so much celebrity for productions of this description. The scene is laid in Holstein, and the interest and incidents of the piece almost wholly arise from the devotions paid to the *Wood Dæmon*, to whom, it seems, it was the superstition of the place yearly to immolate a child.

Mr. Lewis has chosen *Denmark* as the scene of his magical incantations; and has fixed the period when the power of Dæmonology was implicitly believed. It appears, that *Hardyknute*, being born deformed and poor, exchanges these disadvantages for their contrarieties, through the influence of the '*Wood Dæmon*,' to whom he pledges himself, under penalty of destruction, that on a certain night in each revolving year he will sacrifice blood upon the altar of the spirit, before the clock exhibited by the side of the altar strikes the awful hour of *one*!—For eight succeeding years he has kept his sanguinary vow; and on the *ninth* he is so far fortunate, that his victim *Leolyn*, a dumb boy, is secreted in the fatal cavern; whence he is delivered by *Una*, to whom *Hardyknute* is betrothed. The time is within a *quarter of one*, and *Hardyknute*, draughting his immediate dissolution, prepares to immolate *Una*; when the boy, climbing near the clock, by the assistance of a spear, accelerates its movement. *One* is struck!—*Hardyknute* perishes!—The boy is saved!—And the rescued *Una* is united to the virtuous but unassuming *Oswy*.

Mr. Lewis has given such loose to his imagination, and introduced so

many spectres of various descriptions, that nothing less than a jury of ghosts can decide upon the merits of this extraordinary performance. Whatever credit may be given to his powers of invention, his reputation, as an author, will be rather diminished than increased by the *Wood Dæmon*; which owes its principal attraction to a profusion of splendid scenery, admirably arranged; some charming and appropriate music by Mr. Kelly; and the laudable exertions of De Camp, Downton, Gibbon, Mrs. H. Siddons, Mrs. Harlowe, and Miss C. Bristow, who performed the interesting *Leolyn* with great propriety of gesture and expression. A miss Fearon made a *vocal début*, and from the sweetness and power of her voice promises to prove a valuable accession.

Of the scenes it is difficult to say which was the most beautiful. We were most struck, however, with the picturesque variety of the third scene, which exhibits a splendid Gothic Hall, with a gallery crowded with spectators, and an emblematic representation of the Four Seasons, who, as they move in a superb pageant, make offerings peculiar to each to the *Count*—The scenes, machinery, &c. were worked with wonderful ease and dexterity for a first exhibition of so complex and elaborate a nature. At the close of the last scene, when the *Wood Dæmon* and the *Clock* sink into the earth, that opens to devour them, amidst all the horrors of the infernal regions, there was a general cry of *Bravo!* which was redoubled when the piece was announced for a second representation. It promises, indeed, to be of lasting attraction, and amply to repay the vast expence that must have attended the getting up a spectacle of such splendour, magnificence, and variety.

A NIGHT WALK

IN APRIL.

By J. M. I.

'Night, sable Goddess! from her ebon throne,
In ravless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world.
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
Nor eye, nor list'ning ear, an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause;
An awful pause! prophetic of her end!

YOUNG.

APRIL had for some days led the infant steps of Spring, and had begun to clothe the world in her drapery of green, when I commenced my present night walk; in which I am precluded, by *the time* of it, from describing

'The lab'rer trudging to his daily task;
Who goes, loud carolling his untaught song,
In emulation of the soaring lark:
Without a care to canker in his breast,
He breathes the air of liberty and peace.'

Author's Poems.

Now, all such as him had long been stretched in slumber; for it was the time when

'Silence soothes the woe-worn mind,
A balm to sorrow's wound is giv'n;
Religion leaves this world behind,
And soars on seraph wings to heav'n.'

MURRAY.

I had been at a friend's house, about three miles from London, to a dance; yet not to one,

'Where crowded ball-rooms fascinate the train,
Who worship Folly in each varying mood;
Where blazing chandeliers, with shining light
That fain would mimic morning's vivid beam,
Guide the light-footed throng in mazy dance;

but to one given in commemoration of my friend's union with Eliza, his present wife; the handsomest and best of women.

'The clock had told its longest tale'

before I set off: no part of the company were going my way, so that I was quite uninterrupted in my ideas, as I paced homewards. April had wept but once this day, and that was over a beautiful violet, which the fervid ray of Sol had nearly withered; but the kindly drops had cheered the drooping sufferer, and restored him back to blooming healthfulness. The paths were, on this account, tolerably dry, and though I could not discern the beauties that Spring had begun to spread around, I could yet feel her genial influence in every breath of air. The night was dark and starless, but perfectly serene, and very pleasant; it was so silently still, that I might have said with Hurdis,

'A whisper is too loud for solitude
So mute and still.'

It must have been a similar night that he had in contemplation, when he wrote the following lines:

'So have I gone at night,
When the faint eye of day was hardly clos'd,
And turn'd the grating key which kept the door
Of church, or chapel, to enjoy alone
The mournful horrors which impending night
And painted windows shed, along the dark
And scarce-to-be-distinguish'd aisle. My foot
Has stood and paus'd, half startled at the sound
Of its own tip-toe pace. I've held my breath,
And been offended that my nimble heart
Should throb so audibly. I would not hear
Aught else disturb the silent reign of death,
Save the dull ticking of a lazy clock.
That calls me home, and leads the pious soul
Through mazes of reflection, till she feels
For whom and why she lives. Ye timid fair,
I never saw the sheeted ghost steal by,
I never heard th' imprison'd dead complain,
And gibber in my ear, though I have lov'd
The yawning time of night, and travell'd round
And round again the mansions of the dead.
Yet have I heard, what fancy well might deem
Sufficient proof of both; the prowling owl
Sweep by, and with a hideous shriek awake

The church-yard echo, and I too have stood
Harrowed and speechless at the dismal
sound.'

HURDIS.

As I went on, methought it was
a night well suited for the lone
maiden whose lover is no more to
seek the sea-shore, and thus complain:

'When joy's bright daughters slumber,
These wave-wash'd bounds I reach,
And with a tear-drop number
Each sand that paves the beach;
Then chaunt some mournful ditty
In broken accents faint,
Till echo sighs in pity,
And answers to my plaint.

'But soon will life be over,
These pangs for ever sleep;
And I rejoin my lover,
Embosom'd in the deep.
You golden orb that sinking
Illumes the rosy west,
Ere ocean's waters drinking,
Shall view my griefs at rest!

'This frail heart, worn with aching,
Can bear its load no more;
Its fibres *now* are breaking,
Its sufferings well nigh o'er.
Then be this rock my pillow,
'That eating waves consume;
And swift the rising billow
Shall waft me to my tomb!'

DIMOND.

On such a night the child of sorrow, too, may seek the silent grove, and pour his pensive plaint, unseen and unheard by all, save that omniscient Being who will attend to his sorrowful ejaculations, and heal his lacerated bosom. We may suppose his complaint to be similar to the following:

'I long to lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil,
To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.

'For misery stole me at my birth,
And cast me helpless on the wild;
I perish;—Oh! my mother Earth!
Take home thy child.

'On thy dear lap these limbs reclin'd,
Shall gently moulder into thee;
Nor leave one wretched trace behind,
Resembling me.'

MONTGOMERY.

There is something peculiarly

soothing in the influence of a calm night, to a bosom that can feel. Peace, though, should be its inmate, for despair is but increased by the placid stillness of every thing around; the recollection of recent, and perhaps severe disappointments, rush upon the mind, and rouse feelings almost too pungent to be borne. As a very appropriate illustration of the foregoing remark, I shall quote the following from Dr. Nathaniel Drake's *Literary Hours*:—

'In the *Argonautics* of Apollonius Rhodius, a description of this kind, in which the inquietude of Medea is opposed to the tranquillity of all around her, has been justly admired, and may, indeed, be considered as one of the most highly-finished scenes in the poetry of antiquity. It has been thus happily translated.

'Night on the earth pour'd darkness; on the
sea,
The wakesome sailor to Orion's star
And Helice turned heedful. Sunk to rest,
The traveller forgot his toil; his charge
The sentinel; her death-devoted babe,
The mother's painless breast. The village
dog
Had ceas'd his troublous bay. Each busy
tumult
Was hush'd at this dead hour, and darkness
slept,
Lock'd in the arms of silence. She alone,
Medea slept not!'

On the contrary, when the bosom is at rest, and no sorrows but those long forgotten remain to intrude upon its peace, it is pleasing to stroll at night, when every noise is hushed, and giving to the fancy its fullest range, recal past events, or anticipate the future; while, if, in so doing, a recollection of grief, long gone by, should arise, the tear it will call into the eye will seem sweeter than the loudest burst of the rudest merriment.

'Sweet is the odour of the morning's flower,
And rich in melody her accents rise;
Yet dearer to my soul the shadowy hour,
At which her blossoms close, her music
dies—

For then, while languid Nature droops her head,
 She wakes the tear 'tis luxury to shed.'
 HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

Better to exemplify my thoughts on the influence of the night's awful and sublime, yet often beautiful scenery, I will again quote from Dr. Drake.

'Some of the sweetest passages in the productions of the poets, ancient or modern, may be drawn from their descriptions of evening and night scenery, and many of these elegant sketches have been committed to memory, for their peculiar truth and beauty. Even when the delineation is merely that of inanimate nature, still the pensive train of thought which we usually associate with the decline of a fine day, or the tranquil lustre of a moon-light night, brings with it a fascinating charm; but when with these are mingled or contrasted the passions of the human breast, an interest of a stronger kind is excited, and the picture becomes complete. What can better harmonise with the sensations of love or friendship, than those delicious tints which a setting sun frequently diffuses over the face of nature? or what more congenial to the gentlest emotions of the heart, than the landscape lighted up by the soothing splendour of an autumnal moon? How are the tortures of an agonised mind, the wilder passions of the soul, heightened by the contrast of scenery such as this! When sorrow, disappointment, and despair, exert their energy, surrounded by images of the most beautiful repose, they rush upon the eye in so bold and prominent a style, as instantly and forcibly to arrest our feelings, and compel our keenest attention.'

In going through Islington, I passed a house where a female once lodged, whose little history may not be uninteresting nor unimproving.

She was born and brought up at a town about fifty miles from London, in all the purity of innocence, and at a proper age was placed apprentice to a mantua-maker; before the expiration of her time with whom, her friends died, and she was left with a small property to the care of a guardian, who ever acted the part of a parent by her. When she was out of her time, some friends advised she might be sent to London for improvement, and, *very unfortunately* for her, her guardian acceded to it: to make short of my story, she was placed with a *very fashionable* dress-maker, in an *extremely fashionable* part of the metropolis. Here in two years *she forgot* nearly all she had learned in the country, became corrupted in her morals, and when her time was expired, positively went off with a man who had been but *five weeks* married to an amiable young woman. At this house she lodged, passing as his wife, till disgust succeeded to love (alas! how I have debased the name) in his mind, and he left her to misery.

Fortunately, at this time, her guardian discovered her retreat, took her again into his family, and by degrees restored her wounded mind to peace. She has now left this country, and in another realm is married, I hope happily.

May this be a caution to parents, and lead them to consider well with whom they place a daughter for *improvement!* I would willingly also hope it might be a warning to such libertines as was her seducer; but, alas! I fear it is a fruitless hope.

'Ye sons of night, whose each destructive
 word
 Stabs with more keenness than a ruffian's
 sword;

Whose hydra love can triumph in offence,
 A love that smiles at ruin'd innocence;
 Say, did you ne'er reflect, when at your side
 Truth bled, Peace groan'd, and murder'd
 Virtue died?

Did you ne'er think, when, frantic with despair,
 You've seen the anguish of some weeping fair,
 Whose voice, once sweet as Philomela's lay,
 On darkness call'd, and curs'd the coming day;
 Whose snowy bosom heav'd continual sighs,
 While tears ran streaming from her lovely eyes;
 Ah! did you ne'er with terror at his rod,
 Hear the loud voice of an affronted God?
 Say, has his rage, his vengeance, lost its fire?
 Is he not still almighty in his ire?
 Is then his potent arm by thee o'er-ru'd?
 His thunders blunted, or his lightnings cool'd?
 Ob, no!—e'en now his eye pervades the whole;
 E'en now he views, he reads thy inmost soul:
 Is there one thought, that (as the darting wind
 Uniform'd and fleeting,) glances o'er the mind?
 Is there an act thou tremble'st to prolong?
 Or word that died unfinish'd on thy tongue?
 Or form thou view'st, the phantom of thy fear?
 Or sound that languish'd on th' unfeeling ear?
 Didst act some hidden guilt, to man unknown?
 And wast thou then, or thought'st thyself alone?
 Mistaken wretch! whose blind, unequal sense
 With daring aim would judge Omnipotence;
 Thy ken just glancing o'er a bounded span,
 Would join with His who reads the heart of man:
 Thou, like the beaming of a morning sun
 That gilds the East, art clouded ere thy noon;
 He, in the blaze of one meridian ray,
 Burns with unsully'd light, and gives eternal day:
 Thee fancy, passion's cloudy mists o'er-cast:
 His all the future, scantily thine the past.

OGILVIE.

I was now near home. A remote bell heavily toll'd one: it brought Dr. Young's excellent lines on Time to my recollection; they are, in my estimation, uncommonly beautiful.

'We take no note of Time,
 But from its loss: to give it then a tongue
 Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
 I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
 It is the knell of my departed hours.
 Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.

It is the signal that demands dispatch:
 How much is to be done.'

Having reach'd my humble domicile, I hastened to prepare for repose, and soon sank into the arms of

'Tir'd Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep
 He, like the world, his ready visit pays
 Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes:

Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
 And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.'

YOUNG.

ALPHONSO AND ALMIRA;

OR,

THE NOBLE FORESTER.

A

SARDINIAN TALE.

By a Lady.

CHAP. I.

*Alphonso's extraordinary situation—
 His daughter Almira, and her nurse
 Ursula—His illustrious birth discovered by Ursula, who soon after dies.*

IT has been so common to represent novels and romances as founded on truth, that it will, perhaps, hardly be believed, that the present one has its origin in something more than fiction; yet that certainly is the case. The history here related owes nothing to the flights of imagination, or the effusions of fancy. The reader will, therefore, consider it as the pure and genuine memoirs of an unfortunate prince, and his still more unfortunate daughter, whose fate has too often drawn a tear from the eye of pity.

Alphonso, who is the principal subject of the following history, had lived, during more than thirty years, in a certain forest, where he dwelt in a kind of hut, shut out from society, and sequestered from the world. Scarcely ever did any human being approach his habitation. Sometimes, indeed, in wandering abroad, he would perceive the footsteps of

horses, whose riders had been hunting, the part of the forest where he resided being admirably suited to the chase, but without the good fortune of meeting with any one he could speak to. In this abode, the companions of his solitary hours were his lovely daughter, the fair Almira, and Ursula, an old woman, her nurse. As to the partner of his bed, she had been carried off by a fit of sickness soon after the birth of her child.

It is seldom that Providence abandons the good and virtuous. Hence, nothing could be more delightful than the abode of Alphonso, which had formerly been the residence of some poor hermit, grown weary of the world, and tired of its vice.

A number of trees, of the tallest and most beautiful kind, encircled the hut, and shaded it from the sun, except where it was suffered to come for the purpose of ripening some of the finest grapes, that clustered around a particular part. A small rivulet took its course on the south side, abounding with the finest fish; while plenty of fowl of every kind daily served his table, by means of a kind of snare invented by him, and artfully placed wherever they were likely to alight or assemble, by which they were caught as occasion required.

Nature, ever just in all her ways, having thus furnished Alphonso, little anxiety will be raised as to the manner in which he, and his little family, were subsisted. Plenty and variety went hand in hand together in supplying their wants, yet was Alphonso far from being happy or contented. Without any relish for the rarest food, or choicest fruits, the verdure and beauty of the scenes around him excited no pleasure in his mind. Sorrow sat heavily on his brow, and buried him, as it were,

under a load of anguish and dejection: nor did his distress remain long unperceived by Almira, who used a thousand little tenderesses towards him, in hopes to soothe away his cares, or make him sit more easily under them; but in vain. Deep-corroding grief pierced his heart, and every attempt to allay it only served to disturb him the more, moved, as he was, by some secret agent, to believe that his birth entitled him to a better fate.

Almira, than whom no one ever possessed a greater share of filial duty, could not be sensible of her father's uneasiness, without participating in it. Though nothing could hurt the brilliancy of her eye, the concern she felt on her father's account entirely discoloured her cheek, and cast a melancholy sadness around her. Bending under a sense of her situation, and despairing of better fortune, she became sad and pensive, till she gave herself entirely up to a life of solitude and reflection, sometimes wandering along the banks of the rivulet, gathering the daisies spread around, and forming them into a kind of wreath to deck her father's brow; sometimes calmly reposing herself where nature, as it were, had prepared a kind of bower in the adjoining woods, lulled to rest by the tuneful birds, whose happiness she sighing wished her own; and every now and then giving vent to her grief by the tear that bursted down her cheek.

It was in one of these moments of retirement that Almira accidentally met her father, and had just enquired the particular cause of his unhappiness, for he had never imparted to her the idea he possessed of an exalted birth, when Alphonso interrupted her, by informing her that he had been in search of her, that she might accompany him to Ursula, who then lay dangerously

ill, and earnestly wished to disclose a secret highly interesting to them both.

Upon their arrival at the hut, they found her approaching very fast towards a dissolution. 'I find myself,' said Ursula, 'too far gone to entertain any hopes of a recovery, and would wish to unfold a story, good Alphonso, of the most important nature to you and Almira.' Having said this, a flood of tears bedewed her cheeks, while the father and daughter stood struck with amazement and surprise. 'You are no son of mine,' resumed Ursula, as soon as she could collect herself sufficiently to proceed, 'but of illustrious birth. Your father, Antonio, was king of Sardinia: his brother, equally cruel and ambitious, no sooner heard of the death of your mother, which happened before you had attained your seventh year, than he determined to prevent your being any obstacle to his succeeding to the throne. Alas! that I should have been selected out by your uncle as a proper instrument to work his design.—He accordingly sent for me, and putting ten thousand ducats in my possession, made me a promise of as many every year, upon my agreeing to put an end to your life. I took the bribe, and attempted to execute the deed—but a sudden fit of horror arrested my purpose. What could I do? I was obliged to conceal from your uncle my want of courage, while my conscience prevented me from proceeding—in short, I could neither recede nor go on. In this situation, and dreading, at length, the anger and resentment of your uncle, I resolved to retire to some remote part of the kingdom. I therefore quitted Sardinia, now, alas! thirty years since, bearing you in my arms, with a child of my own, and after wandering about in the forest for some

time, Providence at length guided me to this hut, when my daughter arriving at years of maturity, I gave you her hand, and soon had an opportunity of witnessing your mutual love in the birth of Almira. After my death, which I feel near at hand, buried behind the hut, you will find the sword of state, with which your father, before he came to the crown, fought a duel. The inscription on it you will find curiously engraved on the blade. I found means to bring it with us in order to testify your birth, should occasion ever require it. Heaven preserve you both!—I would say more—but fate calls me to my long-wished-for home.'

'And is my father still living?' exclaimed Alphonso. Ursula, seizing hold of his hand, endeavoured to reply—but in vain. Her speech had entirely left her, and her dissolution presently took place without a single groan.

CHAP. II.

Alphonso resolves to quit the Forest.

—Almira meets with an extraordinary adventure.

THE secret disclosed by Ursula was of too much consequence to Alphonso and Almira, not to have an extraordinary effect. They attended to her with an equal share of astonishment and surprise. Alphonso seemed in a manner rivetted to the tale he heard, while Almira's bosom heaved with expectation, impatient and anxious to learn in what it would end.—Alphonso and Almira looked with wonder and amazement at each other; but neither could utter a single word, to express the thousand thoughts that rushed into their agitated minds.

But the strongest agitations of the mind, however violent when first produced, or whatever the cause

from which they arise, yield to time and reflection. A few days were sufficient to recover Alphonso and his daughter from the consequences of the surprise they had been thrown into; and having buried Ursula in an adjoining piece of ground, as well as circumstances would admit of, Alphonso began seriously to consider what course he should pursue. Acquainted with his history, he grew every day more and more impatient under his situation. Resentment against his uncle succeeded the wonder with which he had heard of his conduct towards him, and he determined, at all events, to seek that station to which his birth entitled him; but all he knew of the world was no more than the little he had heard of it from Ursula.

It is seldom that Providence long neglects to work the ends of justice. While Alphonso was deliberating within himself on the means of quitting the forest, distracted with a thousand obstacles that presented themselves to his view, an adventure befel Almira, as happy in its consequence as it was extraordinary in its occurrence.

Sauntering through a neighbouring grove one morning, buried in contemplation on her hard condition, a human voice assailed her ear. Frightened and alarmed, Almira immediately resolved to fly to the hut, and was making all possible haste back to it, when a sudden impulse checked her on her way, and carried her insensibly towards the spot from whence the cry proceeded. She had scarcely time to reflect on what she was doing before she espied a horse, bridled and saddled, without any person on it. The reason, however, presently appeared, when, looking with a mixture of wonder and pleasure at the animal, she beheld the rider of it at its feet. She instantly flew to his assistance,

and tenderly pressing his hand, enquired whether he was hurt; but the fall had stunned him to such a degree as to deprive him entirely of the power of speech. This circumstance gave Almira an opportunity of revolving in her mind the nature of the accident, and the propriety of what she had done. A supposed indelicacy on the part she had acted, at first gave her some reason to think she had proceeded too precipitately in throwing herself in the way of a perfect stranger; and no very common emotions disturbed her breast in the thought of being, upon the youth's recovery, in the hands of one she had never seen, alone, and at a considerable distance from her father, the only help and succour she could fly to. But the purity of her intentions fully justified her, and rendered her insensible of any danger. Unconscious of any offence herself, she suspected none in another. There were besides every thing to captivate and ensnare her. She beheld a youth alone, of the age of twenty, of an admirable stature, and handsome face; and she found a sensation within her, of too pleasing and delightful a nature to be resisted.

The stranger on his recovery was equally charmed and surprised. 'Heavens!' (exclaimed he, in a kind of extacy), 'to what angel has Providence directed me?'

And it would have been extraordinary, indeed, had he not felt himself more than commonly agitated, upon his coming to himself, to behold one of the most beautiful women, perhaps, that ever nature formed, for such, without exaggeration, was Almira.

'Tell me,' said the stranger, 'to whom am I indebted for this kindness?'

'To one of the most unfortunate of beings,' replied Almira,

'Is it possible,' exclaimed he, 'that one so fair and lovely can be unfortunate?'

'It is, indeed!' cried Almira; 'but who is it that I have the honour to address? for something tells me I ought to make this enquiry, and to prize this meeting as the only incident of good fortune I have ever met with.'

'My name, since you are pleased to ask it,' said the youth, 'is Rinaldo; my country, Sardinia. My father died some years ago, and left me under the care of my uncle, the count Antonio, who, with myself, were thrown out of a hunt this morning, in which the king himself partook.—How I came here, or where I am, I am yet to learn.'

'Let me then conduct you,' said Almira, 'to a place where you can be in safety, and take some rest. My father and I have a little home not far off. Such fare as we can give, you will have with a hearty welcome. My father will pity your misfortune, and commend me for recommending you to his care.' Rinaldo, who appeared not a little struck with the figure of Almira, could not avoid discovering how much he had become enamoured of her.—Good heavens! thought Rinaldo, what a difference between the studied manners I have been accustomed to, and the artless simplicity of this fair-one, in whose way so strange an accident has thrown me.

Rinaldo would fain have possessed himself of every little particular concerning Almira, but she delayed satisfying his curiosity until another opportunity, and offered to accompany him to her father's hut, an invitation which he most readily accepted.

Nothing could equal the astonishment of Rinaldo upon entering the hut. Every thing around him was

viewed as the effect of enchantment. —'Surely,' exclaimed he to Almira, 'this is some fairy castle allotted for the residence of some beautiful goddess, for certainly you can be no other. Your very air denotes you to be more than mortal. The simplicity of your manners, the virtue of your mind, and beauty of your person, must endear you to every one who has the happiness to behold you. What palace is there I would not leave to live with you in the humblest cottage!'

Alphonso being from home, the greater opportunity offered itself to Rinaldo for pursuing his discourse. Much he pressed her to give him her story, confident there must be something marvellous in it, and that her birth had given her a claim to a situation very different from that he found her in; but Almira, as often as she was urged to it, excused herself on account of her father's absence, not thinking herself justified in giving any relation of herself and family until she had obtained his consent so to do. She therefore conducted him to an inner apartment at the back of the grotto behind the hut, where having supplied him with some fruit, and several cakes of bread, made from an inferior kind of wheat that grew on the forest, she begged to leave him to his repose, rather wishing to avoid introducing him to her father until she had informed him of the adventure that had befallen her, and received his approbation of what she had done. Rinaldo accordingly withdrew to the place Almira had prepared for him, and pressing her tenderly in his arms, exacted a thousand promises of an early visit in the morning, to which Almira pledged herself with equal fervency, and sighing heavily, bade him adieu.

(To be continued.)

ACCOUNT of the new Comedy, called 'A DAY IN LONDON,' performed for the first Time at the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane, on Thursday, April 9.

THE CHARACTERS.

Jack Melange, - -	Mr. Bunnister.
Captain Import, - -	Mr. De Camp.
Sir George Dapple, - -	Mr. Russel.
Mr. Bouvere - -	Mr. H. Siddons.
Sir Sampson Import, - -	Mr. Cherry.
Briers, - - -	Mr. Raymond.
Issachar, - - -	Mr. Wewitzer.
Ponder, - - -	Mr. Maddocks.
Jones, - - -	Mr. Palmer.
Serjeant O'Sullivan, - -	Mr. Johnstone.
Farmer Sickle, - -	Mr. Downton.
Willow, - - -	Mr. Bartley.
Lady Mary Import, - -	Miss Duncan.
Mrs. Sickle, - - -	Miss Mellon.
Jane, - - -	Miss Boyce.
Maria, - - -	Miss Ray.
Dolly, - - -	Mrs. Scott.
Bar-maid, - - -	Miss Tidswell.

FABLE.

ON the opening of the piece, *Mr. Sickle*, a rich Gloucestershire farmer, arrives in London, and at the inn encounters an old friend, *Mr. Briers*, a hop-merchant in the Borough, to whom he recounts the motive of his visit to the metropolis, from which we learn that he has married a second wife, a young woman whose vanity and ill-temper have banished his son and daughter, and in search of whom he has undertaken his present journey. The farmer conceives he has some clue to the retreat of his daughter, as she was brought up with her foster-sister, *Lady Mary Import*, who is now married, and resides in London. *Briers* promises to assist him in his search, and offers every friendly interference. *Mrs. Sickle*, who is of a romantic turn, supposing her husband to have journeyed into Westmorland, takes this opportunity of visiting London, under the protection of young *Willow*,

a platonic cicisbeo; but arriving at the same inn, she is surprised by her husband, and left fainting in the arms of her pretended friend, while the farmer flies the scene, doubtful of the evidence of sight. The farmer's son, *Edward*, has found an asylum in the service of *Sir George Dapple*, an extravagant young man of fashion, whose affairs are in the hands of Jews, brokers, and money-lenders; while *Jane*, his daughter, meets the protection of her generous foster-sister. *Sir Sampson Import*, a banker and a city knight, has entered into a second marriage with the daughter of a ruined peer, without a portion—a woman of benevolent mind and polished manners. The old knight, proud of his choice, wishes her to be the object of universal admiration, and by opening his doors to men of fashionable levity, gives frequent opportunity for calumniating report. The farmer's wife is removed, by young *Willow*, from the inn to a private lodging, where he throws off the mask of friendship, and assumes the professed lover. Deceived in the confidence she had placed in him, and indignant at his advances, she flies the house, and rushes into the street, imploring protection, which she receives from the very step-son that her conduct had driven from his father's habitation. In this dilemma she is encountered by an Hibernian Serjeant, who had just returned from the house of *Sir Sampson*, whither he was dispatched on the business of his captain, nephew to the knight. *Jack Melange*, a generous eccentric, offers pecuniary assistance, which is rejected by *Mrs. Sickle*; in which he is surprised by *Briers*, of whose daughter *Melange* is a professed admirer. *Briers* misconstrues the motives of *Melange*, and enters the house in search of *Willow*, determined to demand satisfaction for the injuries of the Farmer. *Mrs.*

Sickle here accepts the good offices of the Serjeant, who conducts her to the house of *Sir Sampson*, where she is most honourably secreted and protected by *Lady Mary*; from which circumstance several embarrassments arise, to the injury of this generous woman's fame, which ultimately involves *Captain Import* in a duel with *Melange* and *Sir G. Dapple*; but chance placing the two latter parties in the power of *Lady Mary*, she prevents their meeting until proper explanation restores them to their former friendly intercourse. *Mr. Boucvere*, the partner of *Sir Sampson*, proves to be the younger brother of *Lady Mary*, who, on his return from the Indies, had adopted that mode of observing his sister's conduct, on which (the affinity unknown to her) he often ventured to comment with an asperity displeasing to her feelings. The piece concludes with the rescue of *Sir George's* estate by the generous interference of *Melange*, with a conviction of the purity and honour of *Lady Mary*; the marriage of *Jane* with *Captain Import*, of *Melange* and *Maria*; and the reconciliation of the farmer and his wife. Throughout the play there are several episodical characters and situations. The general design of the piece is to shew the inconvenience and distress that often arises from matches of unequal years; and that the best actions cannot insure us the good opinion of the world, if accompanied by a careless apparent levity of conduct. The Irish Serjeant is a principal agent throughout, and his actions stimulated by the most benevolent motives.

This piece is the avowed production of *Mr. Cherry*, the author of the *Soldier's Daughter*, &c. It is, however, entirely of the mediocre kind. The author is highly indebted to the performers for the best efforts of their

art. *Miss Duncan's* acting, both in the play and epilogue, saved the piece. *Miss Mellon* and *Miss Boyce* merited much commendation.—*Bartley* acquitted himself as well as possible in a prologue which earnestly solicited patience and forbearance. It had its desired effect.

One of *Bannister's* pleasantries was very successful. As *Melange* he was asked, whether he was not going on a shooting party? 'No (replied he), I never singed a bird's feather in my life. I went once indeed a shooting, and then I made but a bad hand of it.' The allusion to his late accident was instantly seized, and the audience shewed their feeling sense of his value, by three distinct rounds of applause.

A MORNING WALK

IN SPRING.

By S. Y.

' Old hoary-crested Winter has retir'd,
And lovely Spring, adorn'd with rosy garlands,
Puts on her beauteous many-spangled robe.
Her purple child, the aromatic violet,
Diffuse its sweets around; while sportive
Zephyrs
Convey the fragrance into distant dales.
The plummy tribes, with their mellifluous
strains,
Seem to congratulate the Spring's return,
And make the grove resound with melody.'

J. WEBB.

ERE the rays of newly-risen Sol had penetrated in at the window of my lowly yet contented dwelling, I arose, and taking my old oak-stick, sallied forth to enjoy the beauties of an early walk. The lark had just begun his matin song, and was soaring high above me, and with gladness seemed to hail the new-born day, whilst each feathered songster made the groves resound with their dulcet lays, when

winding my way towards a plantation, I with pleasure viewed the rising of the sun crowned in transcendant brightness.

—————‘ Beneath thy parent beams,
The queen of gentlest beauty earliest comes;
Sweetly she smiles, and gladsomely she trips,
And sings the song of joy.’

Before I had reached my destined spot, the sun had risen far above the distant hill, and clothed the surrounding prospects with enlivening beauty. The primrose and the violet adorned the ground, the grass was yet wet with the dew, the sportive flocks were scattered over the distant meads, the plowboy whistling drove his team to yoke, and all nature seemed to rejoice at the return of Spring. As I walked on enjoying the gentle zephyrs, the spangled fields, and verdant lawns, and thinking of thousands who were yet in their beds, or, perhaps, wasting the early hour in wantonness and luxury (which, in the modern fashionable phrase, is termed pleasure), the thought recalled to my recollection the following lines :

‘Ye pallid tribes, who breathe a stagnant air!
Ye sons of sickness, or corroding care!
And you, ye fair, whose radiant eyes impart
Delicious poison to the enraptur’d heart!
Here on the banks of willow-shaded floods,
Or with the Dryads of the groves and woods,
Inhale the morning’s aromatic breeze,
That wafts delight, and banishes disease;
Here woo the power that swells your balmy
sighs,
And kindles loves and graces in your eyes;
Here cheerful youth’s serenest tints resume,
The genial glow of love, and joys perennial
bloom!’

In an adjoining field stood a temporary lodge for the accommodation of the cattle. A gentleshower that began to fall quickened my steps towards it for shelter; when, entering it, to my great surprise, I found a man asleep on some straw, with his face downwards. He was dressed in an old soldier’s coat and blue trowsers. I

stood and gazed on him for some time, not willing to break his repose, which he seemed much to enjoy. At length he awoke, and my surprise was not a little increased, when, arising from this bed of straw, I beheld an old Indian. I was about retiring, when he accosted me with — ‘ Me, massa, no hurt you!’ — I turned, and viewed him again. I found he had lost his leg. I asked him many questions, which he answered me as well as possibly he could. I learnt that he had been in the English service, and lost his limb in an engagement with the enemy, and for his support had learnt to make nets and rush-baskets, which were concealed in a corner of this hut, covered with straw. An old knapsack served him for a pillow, and his crutch was all his defence. I put a pittance in his hand, for which he blessed my goodness.

‘ The check’d tear,
Dimming his dark eye’s lustre, seem’d to say,
This world is now, to me, a barren waste,
A desert full of weeds, and wounding thorns,
And I am weary; for my journey here
Has been, though short, but cheerless.’

I walked by his side until we reached the road that led to the next village, and, by his conversation, found that he acknowledged and adored the Deity. He told me the many dangers and miseries he had endured, and though at an advanced age, hoped once more to behold his native land. I reasoned with him, and bade him not repine though fortune frowned: every one that liveth hath more or less his portion of calamity.

‘ Exiled man,
Be cheerful! thou art not a fugitive!
All are thy kindred—all thy brothers, here—
The hoping, trembling creatures of one
God!’

By my watch, I found that it was near eight o’clock; so pursued my way across the fields home, having a

more pleasing prospect before me, which was to attend the nuptials of a friend, and the felicity and honour of being the donor of the bride. Having equipped myself in my best, I hastened to the spot, where I found my friend ready in his wedding suit, with hopes delighted, and the dear lovely object of his choice dressed in white, pure as the driven snow, attended by some lovely maids, with cheeks of living roses. Gentle reader, pardon me when I say, I was inspired by their lovely charms, and could not forbear to clasp each maiden alternately to my bosom—and

‘ One kiss, enchanting maid! I cry’d ;
One little kiss!—and then adieu!’

We then in lively array repaired to the sacred fane. As we approached the altar, a modest blush adorned the beauteous maid, while purest love with all its gentle emotions kindled in her eyes, and soon I gave her white lily hand to him who is worthy of the prize ;

‘ Who with noble mind,
To modest worth his nuptial hand resign’d ;
Each action dignified, each word serene,
Love’s tend’rest thoughts still bright’ning
o’er his mind,
Graceful he decks her with the mystic sign,
That bids their souls in endless love combine.
Then leads her kind to feasts luxurious
spread,
Where all the graces deck their nuptial bed ;
While youth with new-blown flow’rets strew
the way,
And round their steps soft hy.meneals play.’

We had scarcely quitted the church when the merry bells began the cheerful peal, and the day was spent with innocent mirth and pleasure. Gentle reader, you will doubtless allow the single state, under some situations, to be a source of comfort, and the marriage one much its inferior when minds are not correspondent—

‘ But happy they, the happiest of their kind,
Whom gentle stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings
blend.’

Happiness or misery is the lot of every votary of Hymen, and as such it highly becomes every one to observe the following piece of wholesome advice :

‘ Pause, ponder, sift ; not eager in thy choice,
Nor jealous of the chosen—fixing, fix :
Judge before marriage, then confide ’till
death.’

Though not proudly recorded in the annals of gallantry, nor too passionate in my affection, yet lives there *one* to whom my heart would fain acknowledge an esteem : my intentions, dictated by honour, wait for an avowal, and then will I acknowledge the secret fondness I bear.

‘ Yes, it is true, I utter’d not my tale ;
But didst thou never hear the bitter sighs
That swell’d my breast, ne’er see what deadly
pale
Stole o’er my cheek ; how often to mine eyes,
Spite of myself, the grief-wrung tears would
rise,
When by thy side some youth, than me more
bold,
Made blest in all those charms that wealth
supplies,
With ready tongue his artful story told?
Hast *thou* not seen my passion, ill-controll’d,
For *thee* in thousand nameless actions shewn ?
Seen that in others nought could I behold ;
That still I spoke, mov’d, breath’d, for *thee*
alone ?
And might not these have taught *thee*, far above
The feeble power of words, my *matchless*
love ?’

Since social scenes are more adapted to the female character, let me therefore recommend to you, fair readers, a choice of that happiness which an union of worth is likely to attain at the altar, as much preferable to a single life, uncheered by the pleasing contemplation of domestic society, or happy by the delightful satisfaction of maternal feelings, to sooth the

• Wintery blasts of sad declining age.’

Though a capricious maid has given me just reason to complain, yet will I not, for her sake, despise the sex, renounce society, and court the gloom of solitude. The smiling dawn of happy days may yet be mine; and I indulge the fond hope that the happy time is not far distant, when, like my friend, I shall with ineffable delight stray with rapture through the blissful groves of Hymen, and pluck with reciprocal delight the fairest and sweetest flowers of human felicity.

To conclude, I subjoin a character which truly belongs to the dear object of my wishes :

‘A maid

Who knows not courts, yet courts does far
outshine,

In every noble beauty of the mind :

One, who, in native loveliness arrayed,

Has a soul much too great to stoop to pride,
In the mean ways by which it aims at grandeur.’

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

IF the following letter, which was sent by a clergyman to a youthful and giddy relative of mine, and of which I obtained a copy, appear to you as ingenious and instructive as I consider it, you will greatly oblige an occasional correspondent by giving it a place in your agreeable Miscellany.

Yours, &c.

L. M.

Chichester, April 2.

‘If age may be allowed to confer wisdom, and claim the ear of public attention, I have the best title to a patient and respectful hearing from mankind. And, notwithstanding the subject-matter of my address will be complaints against them for their neglect and ingratitude, yet I trust

some will pay a proper attention to my remonstrance, while it is in my power to render them the most essential service. The commencement of my existence has been a matter of dispute among philosophers of most ages and nations, who have too much neglected to improve me, while they were unprofitably employed in fixing my origin. I, however, date my birth from the remotest antiquity. My mother, whose existence never had a beginning, lost that existence the moment I was born; but at my death she will regain it, and it shall never more come to an end. I was present when the vast fabric of created things emerged from ancient chaos, and saw it arise completely beautiful and perfect from the forming hand of its glorious Creator, when the ‘*morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy.*’ I saw the successive generations of men people the globe, presided at their birth, attended them through life, and fixed the period of their days. In me they existed, and from me the means of obtaining every blessing have been derived through all ages. I have not only brought into being emperors, kings, philosophers, and heroes, but have been their constant companion, and immortalised their names and characters through succeeding generations. Without me they could never have acquired honour, fame, or conquest. Their greatest labours, their best-concerted schemes, their most admired systems, philosophy, morals, and religion, gradually ripened under the auspices of my favour, and were by me matured, and brought to perfection. It was I that mellowed the glowing touches of Raphael and Titian, and spread a venerable glory on their works. To me Homer owes much of his fame, and the labours of ancient artists are indebted to me for much of the

praise they have acquired. I destroy as well as create: by me the Egyptian pyramids arose; by me they will be demolished. By imperceptible degrees I crumble the proudest monuments of human skill and labour to dust, and erase the memorial of the great. I bring to light truths long obscured by darkness, the secret machinations of the wicked, those virtues that bloom in obscurity, and establish the characters of men, of kings, and of nations. No man ever saw me *intire*; for though I am continually in view, yet they only behold in succession the parts of which I am composed. It is by my means that men enjoy their most desirable pleasures, and yet, while in the enjoyment of them, they frequently neglect and abuse me. Notwithstanding I am their best friend, yet they often compel me into the most unnatural employments, and many of the great use all their art to *kill* me, although they know me to be essential to all their happiness. The lover, the statesman, the poet, and the usurer, at certain periods, all wish me annihilated, and consider me as the greatest bar to that felicity which they contemplate in prospect. To the heir of a large estate I am peculiarly irksome, and he, at the same time, wishes my departure and arrival. Such is the inconsistency of mankind. They always think my presence tedious, and yet are frequently complaining that I depart too soon.

I am, however, differently judged of by the wise man and the fool. While the latter complains that my motion is slow, and that I hang heavy on his hands, the former esteems me in proportion to my value, and laments the rapidity of my flight. All are fools who neglect and abuse me; and indeed it is those only who can properly be stigmatised with that contemptuous

appellation. All are wise who value and improve me, and none but these are truly intitled to that dignified character. And although I shall not exist to see the final lot of those innumerable millions who have either revered or abused me; yet I will venture to assert that the reverence, or abuse, which they have shewn me, will be made the only criterion of their fate in another state of existence. In proportion as they have valued me, they will be esteemed in the sight of the Supreme Judge. But however slighted or misemployed I may be by the sons of folly, or votaries of pleasure, they will all seek the continuance of my presence and favour, when convinced that they can no longer enjoy it. The prospect of losing me for ever awakens affection, even in those who till that moment either totally slighted me, or employed me to the worst of purposes. Those who have wasted me in a guilty round of animal gratifications, the pursuits of folly and madness, or sacrificed me, days and hours without number, at the card-table, will then lament their foolishness, and seek with unavailing tears for a little more

TIME.

LONDON FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.)

1. A PLAIN white satin slip made strait, and high in front; sleeves of white crape, rather loose and full: over the slip, a vest made of pale blue sarsenet, either figured or plain, and trimmed with white fancy trimming. Head-dress, a tiara of gold in front, and over the back part of the head a purple silk net: handkerchief richly bordered and spangled with gold: on the left arm,

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine



London fashionable, full - Dress.



an armlet enriched with a topaz, &c. Small gold watch and chain outside the dress, ornamented with pearls and small seals. White shoes and gloves.

2. Round long dress of orange-coloured crape, over a petticoat of white sarcenet: sleeves of white net, lined with silk. Head-dress, a close round cap of purple velvet, ornamented with gold stars, and a rich gold cord and tassel hanging from the centre, and a plume of shaded swansdown feathers. White shoes and gloves.

with fine point lace: petticoat of white crape, the left side of which was embroidered in waves of silver; at the bottom a foil border, studded with stars of dead silver; on the right side across was a falling drapery of embroidered border of ivy leaves, over which two corners with tassels suspending, and showered with small spangles, having a particular good effect; on the other side a band of silver, tastefully supporting rich cords and tassels. Head-dress, plume of ostrich feathers, pearl coronet necklace, bracelets, &c. The elegance of this dress would only be surpassed by the appearance of the amiable wearer.

LADIES' DRESSES at the QUEEN'S DRAWING-ROOM.

ON Thursday, April 9, her majesty held a drawing-room. There were present the princesses *Augusta*, *Elizabeth*, *Mary*, and *Amelia*; the dukes of *Kent*, *Cumberland*, and *Cambridge*; and a very great number of the nobility, and persons of distinction. The new ministers were presented to her majesty. The following are some of the ladies who were presented, with the dresses they wore on the occasion.

The beautiful lady *Annesley*, by her mother the countess Mountnorris. Her ladyship was dressed in white crape, ornamented with pearls.

Miss *O'Beirne*, by her mother, the lady of the bishop of Meath.

Miss *Tilney Long*, presented by her mother, lady Catharine Long. Her dress was extremely elegant, and more admired than any one at court.

The train was of white satin, richly embroidered down the sides in silver mosau border, body strewed with spangles, and sleeves trimmed

Lady C. Long.—Crape petticoat appliqued with a rich gold border, and strewed with spots, drawn up with large gold cords and tassels; train of dark figured silk, trimmed with handsome point and gold lace.

Mrs. C. Berne.—Body and train of grass green satin, trimmed with joint lace; petticoat of pamonna green, appliqued in different shades of green and gold, forming three draperies with handsome borders.

Miss C. Berne.—Presented,—White satin train; sleeves appliqued in silver, and velvet spots with a rich border at the bottom, and trimmed with lace; petticoat of white satin, with draperies of white crape, appliqued in a rich border of velvet and silver, in the form of wheat-ears; a sash embroidered with the same pattern, thrown over the left pocket-hole, and a handsome drapery on the right side. This dress was extremely elegant. Head-dress, ostrich feathers, pearl coronet of butterfly.

Lady à Court.—White crape dress with points. The appearance of this dress was extremely neat.

THE BREAKFAST.

AN EXTRACT from 'SANTO SEBASTIANO, or the YOUNG PROTECTOR,' a NOVEL, by the Author of the ROMANCE of the PYRENEES.

JULIA now being ready to leave her chamber, Mrs. Goodwin conducted her down; and introduced her to Doctor and Mrs. Hargrave, and a party assembled in the breakfast-room.

Our heroine's figure, now no longer attenuated by recent sickness, nor her limbs unstrung by languor, combined in it all the harmony of exquisite symmetry: every movement displayed the perfection of graceful ease; and her whole appearance was truly feminine and lovely. Hers was a countenance that spoke instantly to the heart, her beauty was blended with such fascinating sweetness, such a bewitching expression of all that was amiable. She looked so intelligent and sensible, yet so mild and artless; her voice was so touchingly melodious, and her accent and language so prettily tinged with the foreign idiom (she, until the last year of her life, scarcely ever having attempted to converse in English), giving to all she uttered so much winning simplicity; that no being of sensibility could behold her, for a moment, without feeling interested for her happiness—could not listen to her an hour, without wishing to promote it.

Julia saw that Doctor and Mrs. Hargrave were still uncommonly handsome; but both strikingly affected, and their manners unpleasantly artificial. She was received by the doctor with supercilious courtesy; by Mrs. Hargrave, with words expressive of cordiality;

—but her countenance sparkled not with it, as Mrs. Goodwin's would have done, while bidding a stranger welcome. Doctor Sydenham and Mr. Bloomer, clergymen belonging to the county, who were come to stay at doctor Hargrave's during the election; Miss Penrose, a pretty missy girl of seventeen, a school-fellow of Miss Hargrave's; Charles Goodwin, Celestina Hargrave, her parrot, and three yelping puppy dogs, formed the party assembled.

Mrs. Hargrave, in imitation of the countess of Gaythorn, was become a wonderful admirer of beauty; and no one now could expect her favour, who was not handsome.

'I have been in company with so many hideous women, of late,' said Mrs. Hargrave, when they were all seated at the breakfast-table, 'that it is really quite refreshing to look at Miss De Clifford.—You must have heaps of lovers, Miss De Clifford' . . .

'Not one, at all, that I know of, madam,' replied Julia, blushing; 'except Henry Goodwin, who is for my acknowledged, *caro sposo*.'

'That is your youngest boy, if I recollect right, Harriot?' said Mr. Hargrave. 'Pray is Rosa improving in her looks? Is she growing up any thing approaching to pretty?'

Mrs. Goodwin smiled, while a deep blush heightened her natural fine bloom, but was silent. Julia blushed too, with resentment; and with vivacity replied—'Miss Goodwin, before I did ever see her, had passed *approach*, for pretty; and was arrived, quite, at *perfection of beauty*.'

'Indeed!' said Mrs. Hargrave: 'I am vastly happy at hearing this surprising news. I have not seen Rosa since she was in the small-pox, which I thought must have *completed* her beauty; and I always forgot to ask how she fared.'

'My dear sister!' replied Mrs.

Goodwin, 'surely you have been often at my house since Rosa had the small-pox!'

'Well!' answered Mrs. Hargrave; 'but I never looked at her.'

Tears started to Mrs. Goodwin's eyes; and she hastily bent them to the ground, to conceal what trembled in them.

'*In vero,*' said Julia, 'I am, a great deal astonished, why for any one could, not, look, at Rosa Goodwin; for yet, I never did behold, so much attractive a countenance.—Oh! so lovely, that when walked I have, sometimes, with her, in the Museum Garden, I have been distressed, very strongly, by the observation, she awakened; for not a being, did ever pass her, at all, who did not turn for to gaze, and make exclamations, expressive of their much admiration, for such sweet, mild, beauty.'

The clergymen looked at each other, and smiled.—'Great, indeed,' said doctor Sydenham, 'must miss Goodwin's beauty be, if she could be the object of attraction when her companion was miss De Clifford.'

Julia's cheeks were again suffused with a vermilion tint; and, with a smile, she replied—'Indeed, I could nothing claim, for the admiration excited; for I was such a spectre, of illness, that the only emotion, could I awaken, was pity very much in the beholder.'

'I know not what you then might have been,' returned this pleasant-looking, cheerful old man; 'but I see you now are exactly what I should wish to be my wife, were I five-and-twenty.'

Julia answered him, playfully; and a lively, spirited dialogue, was carried on by them.

'Do n't put faith in his protestations, miss de Clifford,' said Mrs.

Hargrave; 'for doctor Sydenham is the greatest flirt in the world.'

Mrs. Hargrave's information was pretty accurate:—Doctor Sydenham was a notorious flirt, and favourite of all the young women in the county. He was a bachelor, of seventy. In his youth he had been too poor, and in his old age too wise, to marry. He had often felt the influence of the blind urchin; but so frequently did he sigh in hopelessness, that his heart became callous to disappointment; and he could now make love to the daughters and grand-daughters of those very beauties he had formerly sighed for, without a pang of fond regret. Not until he had almost attained his grand climacteric, was his merit (which was certainly conspicuous) rewarded;—then, after being long reconciled to a fate which seemed to say he was to live and die a curate, most unexpectedly, a large living was presented to him; and to which he was scarcely inducted, when another, even more considerable, was bestowed upon him. 'T was now too late, he thought, to commence a wedded life. His parochial flock he adopted as his children, who all honoured their pastor, and loved him as a father. He was kind to his relations; benevolent to the poor; possessed the esteem of the old, and the affection of the young. His house, the seat of hospitality, was often filled with guests; and harmless mirth, and innocent amusement, were ever promoted by the cheerful, venerable, host.

Mr. Bloomer, by some preternatural influence, had obtained the singular favour of inverting the order of nature; and after he had passed his fiftieth year, time took, with him, a retrograde motion, and every birth-day his age decreased one year; so that now he was only

forty, though had he gone on as men (and women too, though often against their inclination) usually do, he must certainly have numbered sixty years. This man possessed a large fortune, independent of his church preferment, which was considerable. He had been called 'Beauty Bloomer' in his youth; and still thought himself an Adonis; and he was, and ever had been, so devoted to himself, that no expense his own purse could supply, no trouble which others could take, was ever spared by him for his gratifications. And he was the most formal, precise-looking, being, that ever prim Exactness modelled. That dust, or soil, which the wear of the day gave to others, and even the neatest people, never approached him; for he constantly appeared as if an invisible glass-case, or some ethereal substance, shielded him from all which could discompose or disorder his appearance: and now, at breakfast, he was seated powdered, perfumed, and polished up, to the highest degree of lustre, displaying his fine teeth and white hands to the greatest advantage; and hoping, most fervently, that this young and beautiful stranger was admiring him; when, just as Mrs. Hargrave had completed the sentence—'Doctor Sydenham is the greatest flirt in the world,' Celestina's immense parrot suddenly flew from his perch, and alit upon Mr. Bloomer's head, and, with a horrible, discordant imitation of laughter, began to flap his wings with all his might, covering the whole tea equipage, and filling the surrounding air, with clouds of perfumed powder.

Nothing could exceed the rage of Mr. Bloomer, except the boisterous mirth of Celestina, whose shouts of laughter and hooting, at the universally powdered coxcomb, only increased Poll's din and exercise. Doctor Hargrave, jumping up, seized the parrot, to extricate his friend;

but Poll, either from obstinacy or liking the sport, set her back fast in Mr. Bloomer's hair, and maintained her ground. Doctor Hargrave was compelled to his utmost exertions, to drag Poll from the head: which he would not loosen his hold of, but dragged too—a peruke off, and left the bald-pated beau an absolute friar, with only a tonsure round his face.

Mr. Bloomer had not temper to bear such an unexpected mortification; he aimed at instant retreat: but treading upon one of the puppies, a dreadful yelping succeeded, which brought Celestina to its aid, who having taken the wig from Poll, now, in a rage, slapped it in Mr. Bloomer's face. Doctor Hargrave attempted to apologize; but the now insulted beau, not deigning to hear a word, precipitately retreated from the room, and as soon as possible left the house.

'You should, Celestina, my love,' said doctor Hargrave, as, with lofty composure, he was returning to his seat, after Mr. Bloomer haughtily refused to hear his offered apology—'You should contrive to make your favourites less annoying, and more amenable to command.'

'Not I, indeed, pa,' replied miss Hargrave, saucily; 'and those who do n't like my favourites as they are, need not come to the house. As for that old vamped-up thing, he may go to the d—l, and shake himself.'

'Hell and furies!' exclaimed doctor Hargrave, at this moment observing one of the puppies busily employed tearing a manuscript pamphlet.—'My exquisitely written French Revolution, which I had only completed this very morning.' And now, with a passion far exceeding Mr. Bloomer's, he kicked the puppy, with violence, to the other end of the room; and, with savage rage, shook his daughter by the arm, and ordered her instantly to quit his

presence:—‘And he would take care,’ he vociferated, ‘to have the necks wrung off her infernal plagues!’

Miss Hargrave set up a hideous yell of crying; and peremptorily declared—‘She would not leave the room.’

‘Sir,’ said Charles, timidly, ‘the manuscript I saw you correcting before breakfast, is now lying behind the cushion of the sofa, where you left it; and this the dog has unfortunately torn,’ picking up some of the fragments—‘this was a sermon, I believe Oh! dear me! and, I am afraid, upon the Resurrection.’

‘Thank Heaven! it was nothing of consequence!’ cried doctor Hargrave, running to the sofa.—‘Aye, you are right, Charles; my treasure is safe.—Really, really I am quite shocked, to have appeared in such a pet; but you can feel for me, Sydenham. Authors, you know, have quick feelings; are ever tenderly alive to the fate of the offspring of their invention:’ and doctor Hargrave attempted to smile.

‘Aye,’ said doctor Sydenham, ‘the head of an author, as well as a beau, is his hobby horse; and we must forgive their being a little disconcerted, if any foe should attack either the head or the offspring with hostilities.’

Doctor Hargrave, feeling a little too silly to succeed in the smile he still aimed at, now called his bellowing daughter to him. ‘Come hither, Celestina, my dear love! come hither, and kiss me. I am sincerely sorry, my mistaking what your favourite had torn, should lead me to rebuke you.—Come, love, kiss and be friends.’

‘Never do you believe that,’ replied miss Hargrave, sullenly. ‘Do n’t think you shall break my head, and give me a plaster.’

‘Well!’ said her father, ‘I shall not at present contest the point with you: I shall wait until your judgment is unbiassed by indignation; and then, I know, your reason will lead you to my arms.’ And now, feeling himself particularly pleased with Charles, for having proved the herald of joyful tidings to him, doctor Hargrave suddenly addressed Mrs. Goodwin.—

‘Really, madam, your son is a vastly fine youth. I was much pleased with his conduct yesterday, at table;—it was so truly gentlemanly. He carved with so much ease and dexterity;—was so unobtrusively polite;—so attentive to the ladies near him, without servility or officiousness;—that I was infinitely charmed with him; and I am sure his appearance and manners are such, he will rapidly make his way in India. . . . But pray, Mrs. Goodwin, may I ask, at whose table Charles learned such a gentlemanly deportment?’

‘At his father’s, sir,’ replied Mrs. Goodwin, with dignity softened by the natural sweetness of her disposition.

At this moment, the door was thrown open; ‘Lord Gaythorn,’ announced; and a very tall, genteel-looking, elderly man, with a countenance of such undaunted boldness, that no woman of delicacy could behold him without disgust, entered; darted up to Mrs. Hargrave, and, taking her hand with much familiarity, expressed his happiness at ‘seeing her look so lovely.’ And now the rector contrived to obtrude upon the notice of his lordship; who, the instant he could escape the homage of the doctor, whose bows sent his mouth to kiss the carpet in reverence, turned to observe Mrs. Hargrave’s companions, and on beholding Julia, started. Our heroine

started not, but felt nothing like satisfaction, at recognising in him one of Fitzroy's companions, who had remained in the sociable, and so much distressed her, the preceding evening, by his ruddy indefatigable gaze. His lordship now hastily requested Mrs. Hargrave to introduce him to her fair friends; and Mrs. Hargrave announced lord Gaythorn and the three ladies to each other.

'Mrs. Goodwin,' said his lordship, with all the appearance of interest he could muster upon the occasion, 'I rejoice to see you so perfectly recovered from your dreadful alarm. My friend Fitzroy, and myself, could talk of nothing since, but your interesting terror, surrounded by such a savage multitude: and had my friend Fitzroy known where he could have the happiness of finding you, he would (for he is the most attentive man, to the ladies, in the world) have done himself the honour, even amidst the bustle of canvassing, of calling to enquire for you.'

Doctor and Mrs. Hargrave were now highly disconcerted, at finding their guests had been seen, by his lordship, travelling in a hack chair, without even the protection of a footman, the objects of ridicule and insult: and now, even more regretted having given so unlucky an invitation to Mrs. Goodwin; which they would by no means have done, only long feeling a scruple of conscience relative to their neglect of this estimable relation (to whom they owed such a debt of gratitude), and thinking this election afforded an excellent opportunity of inviting her to Z., when the variety of people entertained at every house, would sanction a woman of no fashion being at the Rectory; and the constant bustle every gossip would be engaged in, would occupy them too

much to indulge their curiosity: and, above all, lord and lady Gaythorn were in London, where they had resolved to remain during the election; but upon Fitzroy starting up as a candidate, and his lordship belonging to the party which espoused him, he found himself compelled to be present at Z. during the contest: and lady Gaythorn, too, had been obliged, for the same cause, to return to the Priory, his lordship's seat, near Z., the evening before the last;—the first moment his patron's intended presence at the election was announced to the dismayed rector, when it was too late to put off the visit of Mrs. Goodwin.

Lord Gaythorn having made his speech to Mrs. Goodwin, with a bold stare, and languishing manner, addressed some high-sounding compliments and congratulations to Julia, upon 'her apparent recovery, from her sweetly expressive terror, the preceding evening;' which she received with a formal bow, of repulsive ceremony. His lordship then, observing Celestina sobbing, over her still yelping favourite, kindly demanded 'What ailed his pretty one?'

'Only a row with my father,' said she; 'who was such a brute as to kick my beautiful darling, for tearing a dab of a trumpery sermon.'

Lord Gaythorn, shocked at this undutiful speech, instantly turned to Mrs. Hargrave, saying—'I perceive you have not changed your daughter's school.'

'No, my lord, nor do I mean it,' Mrs. Hargrave replied. 'I was dissatisfied certainly; but now they have got the first dancing-master in England. Scamperini teaches there.' 'And can a mother wish for more?' said doctor Sydenham.

'I am sure, sir, a mother must be difficult to please, who could,' returned miss Penrose; 'for miss

Hargrave has improved so rapidly, and surprisingly, under his tuition, that she is the wonder of every beholder. She is now our principal dancer; and on our last public day, all the spectators were in raptures with her: and beside that, she has learned from him to arrange her drapery, better than any girl in the school."

"What!" exclaimed lord Gaythorn, does signor Scamperini teach the misses to dress, as well as dance?"

"No, my lord, no; only the arrangement of the frock—to hold it so, when we walk, as to display the whole contour of the figure to the greatest advantage:" replied miss Penrose, consequentially.

"So, my lord, so," . . . cried Celestina, now flattered into good-humour, and suddenly dashing down her beautiful darling. . . . "I could shew it better had I a thinner frock on. Our governess makes us practise this a great deal:—but some of the girls, who are rickety, do n't like it at all. Aye, and if there is an election ball, I'll shew you, too, what good dancing is:—I'll dash through Parisot's hornpipe, like mad:—I'll make the company stare, I'll warrant me!"

"That I have no doubt of," said doctor Sydenham.

The rector now, with profound respect, asked his lordship some questions relative to the election; and lord Gaythorn told in his replies, "that Fitzroy was a guest at the Priory; that he was then gone far into the county, to canvass, and had deferred waiting upon doctor Hargrave until evening, of whose vote his lordship had assured him."

"Does your lordship favour any other of the candidates?" doctor Hargrave asked.

"No," returned his lordship; "I am for Fitzroy alone."

"Does her ladyship?" said the rector.

"Certainly you have not seen my friend Fitzroy, or you could not ask that question.—All the ladies are for Fitzroy;" returned lord Gaythorn.

"So must all discerning men too, since he is lord Gaythorn's friend," said doctor Hargrave, bowing to the ground. "Therefore, permit me to say, my lord, that I am for Fitzroy alone."

"That is kind, said lord Gaythorn, shaking the rector's hand.—"And pray, doctor Sydenham," he continued, "may I ask, who is to have the honour of your vote and interest?"

"I am at present," replied doctor Sydenham, smiling, "devoted to miss De Clifford, my lord; who must have the goodness to determine for me."

"Must I," said Julia, smiling too, "then if you have, great, many, hundred, votes, I wish them all to be given, for Mr. Fitzroy."

"Indeed!" said his lordship.—"His knight-errantry to your fair friend, has won, I see, your interest for him."

"My knowledge of Mr. Fitzroy," replied Julia, feelingly, "was of longer time, than his, so kind rescue, of Mrs. Goodwin's servant. I am of myself, under obligation, to him:" and her cheeks glowed with, and her eyes spoke, the most animated gratitude, while she continued:—"I was once, in so great distress—insulted, mortified, derided (by my own sex, it was; who had no shame, to do it)—I had friend, none near me—Oh! it was to me, a moment of strong suffering!—but Mr. Fitzroy, came, and came to my help. Mr. Fitzroy, was a stranger; but that, for him, was nothing; his heart was benevolent, I wanted of him aid, and he gave me, safe protection."

'My vote and interest, then, are his,' said doctor Sydenham, with emphatic feeling.

'Happy Fitzroy! to have such a resistless advocate!' said his lordship, looking expressively at Julia, who gravely replied—'That man, indeed, is most happy, my lord, whose own merits, claim, and secure him to, the so honourable support, of such a venerable, and so good friend, as doctor Sydenham.'

Lord Gaythorn now entered pleasingly into general conversation; and at length, when he arose to take leave, he, with much politeness and hospitality, invited the whole party at the Rectory to dinner, next evening, at seven o'clock;—an invitation which was most cordially accepted by Doctor and Mrs. Hargrave;—and his lordship departed, attended to the very outward gate by the obsequious rector.

The morning was chiefly taken up by a variety of insipid visitors to Mrs. Hargrave; and at dinner, a large company assembled. The dinner was fatiguingly pompous, yet excellently good; but went off natively, the whole conversation turning upon the election.

ON SOLITUDE.

HAD not society been that for which we were designed by infinite wisdom, there would not have been so strong a bias in our inclinations, such pleasures annexed to conversation, such irresistible charms in agreeable company; something that by a secret sympathy, an internal force, a pleasing kind of violence, seems to link us to each other, and makes us delight in a mutual communication of thoughts, a reciprocal exchange of sentiments.

Besides, it is not probable that

faculties so eminent as ours were given us to be concealed like sepulchral lamps intended only to enlighten urns, and spread their useless rays round their small circumferences. Doubtless they were designed for greater, much nobler purposes; their splendour was to be more extensive like the sun, to be every where conspicuous. They were to be the objects of esteem, to attract respect and veneration, by which their influence might become more prevalent, and they thereby be rendered capable of becoming benefits more widely diffused.

It was certainly not intended that those who possess exalted understandings should live only to themselves, and shine in private, but that they should be guides to those of less elevated sense, and that the ignorant and novices in knowledge should receive instruction from them. Such as had learned only the elements, the first rudiments of virtue, were to be enabled to make a greater progress by the precepts and examples of those who had made it their long and constant practice, and who by continual conflicts had acquired the mastery of their passions, the entire government of themselves. The rich were made so, that they might reward merit, and supply the necessities of the indigent and unfortunate: the great were made powerful, that they might become public blessings, defenders of the distressed, protectors of the innocent, and revengers of the injured.

From what has been said, it seems evident that we were not created wholly for ourselves, but designed to be serviceable to each other; to do good to all within the circle of our acquaintance, and in some way or other render ourselves useful to those we converse with; for which reason solitude ought never to be our choice, an active life including in

it much greater perfection. But if it be our fortune to live retired, to be, as it were, shut up in a corner of the world, and denied the pleasures of conversation, I mean those delights which naturally result from rational and instructive discourse, we ought to endeavour to become good company to ourselves, ought to consider, that, if we husband our time well, improve our abilities, lay in a rich stock of knowledge, and, by our diligence and industry, make a happy progress in the necessary as well as the pleasant parts of learning, we shall be always agreeably employed and perfectly easy without calling in foreign aids; we shall be cheerful alone, and entertaining to ourselves, without being indebted for any part of our satisfaction to those frivolous diversions to which the generality of mankind are obliged to have recourse.

What can afford a higher, a more masculine pleasure, a purer, a more transporting delight, than to retire into ourselves, and there attentively inspect the various operations of our minds, compare our ideas, consult our reason, and view all the qualities of our faculties, the inimitable work of divine wisdom, and the participations of inconceivable power which are discoverable in our wills and acts!

Without us there is nothing but what will be a fit subject for our contemplation, and afford a constant and delectable entertainment. If we look on our bodies, their complicated composition, the admirable symmetry and exact proportion of their parts, the intelligence which appears in the face, the vivacity which sparkles in the eye, together with that promptness and energy which accompanies every motion, will afford ample matter for meditation. If we extend our view to the

animal and vegetative kingdoms, make a strict scrutiny into the individuals of each respective kind, consider their forms, their properties, their uses, and their peculiar virtues; and if to these we add the totally inanimate part of the creation, and observe nature as she there luxuriantly exhibits her skill in numberless productions, we shall find abundant matter on which to employ our thoughts. But if we still widen our prospect, and look beyond the narrow confines of this globe, we shall be pleasingly confounded with a stupendous variety of objects; we shall be lost in a delightful maze, and stray from one wonder to another, always finding something new, something great, something admirable, and every way worthy of that infinite, that incomprehensible wisdom to which the universe owes its origin.

Thus may we delightfully as well as advantageously employ ourselves in our studies, in our gardens, and in the silent lonely retirement of a shady grove.

By day the verdant fields, the towering hills, the winding rivers, the murmuring brooks, the bleating flocks, the lowing herds, the melodious birds, the beauteous insects, the minute reptiles, together with the vast expanse of heaven, and that glorious fountain of light which adorns it, and imprints a pleasing lustre, imparts a delightful diversity of colours to every thing on which it shines, will suggest fresh hints: at night ten thousand sublime objects will entertain us; unnumbered orbs of light roll over our heads, and keep our thoughts agreeably employed.

If at any time we find that too strict an attention, too great an intenseness of mind, brings a languor on our spirits, we may have recourse to books. In them (if judiciously

chosen) we shall be sure to meet with rational amusement, something that will instruct as well as please; will make our hours glide easily along, and yet prevent their being lost.

‘ Dear to the Gods ambrosia prov’d,
As dear are books, where they ’re belov’d;
They ’re still the mind’s delicious treat,
Its healthful, most substantial meat;
The soul’s ennobling sprightly wine,
Like nectar sweet, and as divine:
Castalian springs did ne’er produce
A richer, more spirituous juice.
When by’t inspir’d we fearless rise,
And, like the giants, brave the skies;
Pelion on Ossa boldly lay,
From thence both earth and sea survey;
On them the huge Olympus throw,
Then to the tow’ring summit go,
Thence take a view of worlds on high,
From orb to orb with pleasure fly;
Still upward soar, until the mind
Effects does in their causes find,
And them pursue till they unite
In the bless’d source of truth and light.’

But none can be thus happy in solitude unless they have an inward purity of mind, their desires contracted, and their passions absolutely under the government of their reason. Learning without virtue will not, cannot, bestow felicity. Where there is an internal disturbance, a tumult of thought, a consciousness of guilt, and an anxiousness of soul, there can be no easy reflections, no satisfying pleasures. No, there must be innocence, calmness, and a true understanding of the value of things, before the mind can find an enjoyment and complacency in itself. To render a retired life truly agreeable, there must be piety as well as human knowledge, incorrupt morals, as well as an insight into nature; a disregard of wealth, at least no eager solicitude for it; a being weaned from the world, from its vanity, its applause, its censure, from all the means it has of enticing or disturbing, all that it can give or take away; for without an absolute independence on all things here we

cannot properly be said to enjoy ourselves, and unless we do so we cannot be happy alone.

M. T.

Poplar, February 15.

THE STROLLER.

By D. T.

‘ Alteration! alteration!
Oh, what a wonderful alteration!’

COLLINS.

A STROLLER!—‘ Pshaw!—I detest the name!’—perhaps some fair reader may ejaculate. Be that as it may, I am a stroller; and as nothing will alter my being a stroller, I trust the dear fair-one will not form an unfavourable opinion of me; but excuse me when I say, I am a good harmless sort of fellow, and mean no body any injury. My strolling has certainly taught me to be content; and let the world wag as it will, still I am happy: my bosom is serene,

‘ Like a peaceful sea that knows no storms.’

I envy no one; but as chance guides my steps, I cannot help now and then noticing some absurdities that present themselves: yet I am aware that roses as well as thorns spring up in every soil, so I take things as they fall. I was just going to say, I think your very amusing friends, *J. M. L.* and *S. Y.* are of my fraternity, for they are strollers to all intents and purposes; and if I consider them as such, I trust they will have generosity enough to forgive me: but on the other hand, if I should by saying thus much offend, why, I beg to assure them (as I do all others) I mean no harm, and would scorn to send them into either of their paths.

As I was strolling, I observed

across the fields, I met with an old school-fellow of mine; but you must know, some how or other he is fixed in what is called a higher situation than myself, and to prove to you he was in this instance, he was on horseback, and I on my legs: but I was content. Phillips once said,

‘Happy the man, who, void of care and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse, retains
A splendid shilling.’

I knew I had that in my possession, but really cannot answer for this old school-companion. As I passed him, I gave a *look-direct*, but he feigned not to recollect me; yet, as he crossed his nose with a white handkerchief (which I believe to be his mother’s), he condescended to return me a *look-oblique*. I really think that I appeared to him no bigger than one of Gulliver’s Lilliputians, while no doubt he conceited himself as big as one of his Brobdignagians; so apt are some people to suppose themselves *great*, because they happen to be placed in an exalted situation.

‘If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
That ’tis so frequent, this is stranger still.’

YOUNG.

At first sight I scarcely knew this exalted youth, and I firmly believe he had been using a little of that *certain something*, which (excuse me) many of you fair creatures make use of; for when we used to go to school together I recollect his face was as brown as a nutmeg, while mine (though I say it), was as fair as a lily, but now it was (as Tim says in the farce) all over red and white like the inside of a shoulder of mutton. Perhaps some of our modern finical sparks may hang their jibs, and say, ‘what business is it

to you, Mr. Stroller, what we gents do; we are of the *beau monde*, and will do as we please.’ To such I answer, you may do as you please, and so will I.—Now, fair readers, I submit myself to your smiles and protection; and if this trifle should meet your approbation, you may shortly anticipate something more from me, for I have kept on till my paper is full, and for the present I resign my pen.

———‘Such the vanity of *great* and *small*;
Contempt goes round, and all men laugh at
all.’

YOUNG.

ANECDOTE.

OLD Giffard the player, lately deceased, used to relate an anecdote which exhibited, in a strong point of view, one of those failings by which, it is well known, the lustre of Garrick’s transcendent merits was somewhat obscured. He and that great hero were performing together in *Hamlet*, and Giffard had the part of the *Player King* assigned him; which he acted to admiration, and with unceasing and rapturous applause from all parts of the house. On his retiring behind the scenes, he was greeted with the cordial congratulations of his fellow-performers; but one, more sage than the rest, observed, that ‘though he could not but witness his success with pleasure, yet he feared that that might prove one of the most unfortunate days of his life, and that Garrick and he would never be seen on the same boards together again.’ ‘And,’ said Giffard, ‘his fears were but too well founded; we never were.’

F f 2

POETICAL ESSAYS.

TO THE PRIMROSE.

By JOHN MAYNE.

BY murm'ring Nith, my native stream,
I've hail'd thee with the morning's beam;
Woo'd thee among the Falls of Clyde,
On Levin's banks, on Kelvin-side;
And now, on Hanwell's flow'ry plain,
I welcome thy return again—
At Hanwell! where romantic views,
And sylvan scenes, invite the Muse;
And where, lest erring man should stray,
Truth's blameless Teacher leads the way!

Lorn tenant of the peaceful glade,
Emblem of Virtue in the shade,
Rearing thy head to brave the storm
That would thine innocence deform!
Of all the flow'rs that greet the Spring,
Of all the flow'rs the Seasons bring,
To me, while doom'd to linger here,
The lowly Primrose shall be dear!

Sprung like a Primrose in the wild,
Short, like the Primrose, MARION smil'd;
The Spring that gave her blossoms birth,
Tore them for ever from the earth;
Nor left, ah me! one bud behind,
To tranquillize a Parent's mind,
Save that sweet bud which strews the way,
Blest Hope! to an eternal May!

Lorn tenant of the peaceful glade,
Emblem of Virtue in the shade,
Rearing thy head to brave the storm
That would thine innocence deform!
Of all the flow'rs that greet the Spring,
Of all the flow'rs the Seasons bring,
To me, while doom'd to linger here,
The lowly Primrose shall be dear!

THE LYRE OF WOE,

A Rhapsody.

ADDRESSED TO FANNY.

By W. M. T.—.

I'VE struck the Lyre of Woe too long,
My plaints can ne'er make sorrow cease;
To pleasure now I'll give my song:
Ah! could the strain my Fanny please,

I'd sing thee many a merry tale,
Or paint thy charms in amorous measure;
I'd swear the swiftly varying gale
Ne'er, varying, blew on such a treasure.

With fifty more such flights as these,
Such as the dreaming bard composes,
Who but in fancy's wand'rings sees
The coral lip, the cheek of roses:
Or in my song to nature true,
I'd paint the bliss I oft have known,
When, whilst each moment swifter flew,
Beneath yon hill with thee alone,

I've clasp'd thee to my glowing breast,
And sworn I lov'd thee o'er and o'er;
And as to mine thy bosom prest,
I still have lov'd thee more and more:
'Till feeling I could never tell
Thee how I lov'd, or paint my bliss,
I've press'd thy lips' bewitching swell,
And drown'd the accents in thy kiss.

Whilst every kiss still made me feel
That I did love thee more sincerely,
Then from my heart a sigh would steal,
And I would say 'I love you dearly!'—
'Twas all my rapture, let me say,
But, Fanny! 'twas sincerely true;
And I was bless'd to hear thee say,
Blushing, 'My William, I love you!'

Thus many a happy night I've pass'd,
And thought it fled but as a minute,
And I would ever think the last
Had most of heav'nly rapture in it.
This be my theme! no more I'll sigh,
No more I'll strike the Lyre of Woe;
From hence be mine the Harp of Joy,
And sweetly may its numbers flow.

BALLAD.

By W. M. T.—.

DARK and cold was the night, and the wind
was loud howling,
But I felt it not, F—, whilst wand'ring
with thee;

And tho' o'er the lone church-yard the black
cloud hung scowling,
I sat on a grave-stone with thee on my
knee.

And I felt too a bliss tho' the scene was so
dreary,
A rapture which none could inspire, love,
but thee;
'Twas the press of thy lips made me fancy it
cheary,
When sat on a grave-stone with thee on my
knee.

And when the fierce tempest's shrill whis-
tlings grew louder,
And thy bosom began to be fill'd with
alarms;
Than the gem-cover'd monarch thy William
was prouder,
To see thee forget all thy fears in his arms.

Thus, F——, thro' life will I ever protect thee,
Thro' each varying scene I still constant
will be:
Should sorrow assail thee, or friendship ne-
glect thee,
Thou still shalt be welcom'd, my F——, by
me.

MY FATHER.

WHO in my helpless infancy
Assisted oft to wait on me,
To ease my mother's arm and knee?
My Father.

When at my Mother's breast I lay,
Who would attempt in sportive play,
To make me turn my head away?
My Father.

Who would not let the servant share
With Mother her nocturnal care,
But chose himself that cross to bear?
My Father.

And when at night I left the breast,
Who took me on his arm to rest,
And to his manly bosom prest?
My Father.

Who, if the Rushlight ceased to glow,
Would softly down the staircase go
To fetch another from below?
My Father.

Who, when for pain I could not rest,
His tender sympathy exprest,
And tried each posture for the best?
My Father.

Who join'd in all my childish plays,
And in the pleasant summer days
Who drew me in my little chaise?
My Father.

Who lent his cane for me to ride,
And fix'd my little legs astride,
And smiled to see the horseman's pride?
My Father.

And when the cane had run its course,
And I grew tir'd of that resource,
Who bought this painted rocking-horse?
My Father.

By converse wise and manners kind,
Who help'd to store my opening mind
With knowledge of the useful kind?
My Father.

Who was it that with anxious care,
Forewarn'd me of each dangerous snare,
Taught how to seek for aid and where?
My Father.

Shall I not then, from day to day,
Strive that my future conduct may
Thy love and tenderness repay,
My Father.

Yes! I intend, while still a boy,
My hours of study so t'employ
As to be call'd thy darling joy,
My Father.

And when I shall become a man,
I'll still pursue the grateful plan
In every instance where I can,
My Father.

And as thy peaceful end draws near,
Be it my care thy hours to cheer
As long as thou continuest here,
My Father.

When Death his pointless arrow tries,
And summons thee from earth to rise,
My hand shall close thy long-loved eyes,
My Father!

Sheffield, 1807.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE,

Sir,

THE twofollowing Poems I have every rea-
son to believe are original, but I cannot pledge
myself that they are so. They fell into my
hands by mere chance, in the remains of some
letters from one female to another, which
from the appearance of the paper, writing,
&c. must have been written nearly fifty years.
At all events, I trust you will join with me in
thinking they are deserving of a public perusal,
and a place in your esteemed Magazine.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

J. M. L.

A LADY'S WISH.

COULD we our present wish obtain,
Should we contented rest?
Perhaps that wish might fatal prove,
Lamented, if possess'd.

Yet now my wand'ring fancy leads,
For once I'll give it way;
Nor fear the dictates of my heart
Sincerely to display.

Unlike some cynic bards I own,
Who wish to find a cell
With'n some lonely thicket's gloom,
Where they retir'd may dwell.

Not from humility, but pride,
Sure such disgusts proceed;
Benevolence and charity
To social duties lead.

Grant me, kind Heav'n! among the world
A fortune large to spend;
Not for myself alone the wealth,
But ev'ry worthy friend.

Yet still of wealth the sweetest joy
Would be, some share to grant
To ev'ry honest heart that sigh'd,
In misery and want.

Yet no conveniency I'd spare,
No elegance refuse;
No pleasure innocence allows
But I would freely use.

My hours amongst my chosen friends
I chiefly would divide;
Whilst writing, reading, and the muse,
Some share would claim beside.

Is there, beyond these mild delights,
A wish I do not own?
And is the heart by Heav'n design'd
For friendship's joys alone?

Should love sincere, and friendship strong,
With truth and virtue join;
Then might the modest virgin sure
Her heart to love incline.

And in the praise of him I lov'd
Should ev'ry voice agree;
His mind be gen'rous, just and good,
From mean disguises free;

Polite his manners, taste refin'd,
Well learn'd in ev'ry art;
In ev'ry science that exalts,
Instructs, or charms the heart.

From vices free, but not from faults,
I'd have the man I choose:
Myself unnumber'd failings feel,
Unnumber'd can excuse.

Yet not a lover less endow'd,
Can e'er my hand receive;
And sure without my heart's consent
My hand I'll never give.

Then hush, my sou', indulge no more
These vain romantic dreams;
For discontent alone attends
ImpRACTICABLE schemes.

Yet not from discontent arise
The visions I disclose;
My heart, for blessings I enjoy,
With gratitude o'erflows.

Too well I know such wishes vain
Would ne'er be satisfied;
One wish another would succeed,
If these were gratified.

Ambitious paths I must forsake,
Bid vanity adieu;
Then may content, by virtue led,
My wand'ring steps pursue.

DELIA.

HYMEN, thy torch so sacred light;
Venus, look on with features bright;
Ye smiling loves, advance;
Prepare the way, your banners spread,
Around ambrosial odours shed,
And chaste desires enhance.

Your altars raise, your brows adorn,
Grand as the blooming, blushing morn,
With colours bright and gay;
For Delia, and her fav'rite youth,
Led on by liberty and truth,
Come jocund on their way.

Ye wanton winds, in breezes play,
Ye sturdy poolars, homage pay,
Nor rudely shake the air:
Soft as Favonia in the vale,
Or mild as Cassia's spicy gale,
Salute the happy pair;

Whose minds no sordid sins reprove,
No gaudy thirst of lawless love
Their placid peace annoys;
Each heart approves the public voice,
Consenting parents crown their choice,
And glow with conscious joys.

Hail, wedlock! ever honour'd rite,
Resistless charms in thee unite,
Attractive graces shine;
In Eden's flow'ry vale assign'd
To bless and to enrich mankind,
In Adam's virtuous line.

How soft the chain, the bond how sweet,
Where merit, virtue, wisdom meet,
Where souls by instinct turn!
I like the chaste doves each other know,
With sympathetic ardour glow,
With honest transport burn.

Speak ye who feel its sacred force,
Who know its deep mysterious source,
Who can its cause explore;
Would men but love by virtuous rules,
The jests on marriage made by fools
Would then be heard no more.

Peace and content would bless each day,
The hours serenely glide away,
Nor feel time's restless rage;
Improving and improv'd, they'd learn
New charms in wisdom to discern,
New beauties in old age.

With health and undisturb'd delight,
Long may you bless each other's sight,
Each other's peace pursue;
In pleasures innocently gay
Pass the remains of life away,
With purer bliss in view!

TO CUPID.

FLY hence, thou cruel treacherous boy!
No more I'll court thy winning smile,
Which scarce appears but to beguile
And lead a tender heart astray.
Thy wiles I now will shun, for no alloy
Will then disturb this breast, or take away
The tranquil happiness that o'er it once held
sway.

For now deceiv'd, with haste the chain
That link'd so *false* a heart with mine
I'll break, nor e'er before thy shrine
Will bow submissive, or thy aid implore:
From sacred friendship I will seek to gain,
The long-lost peace thou'st from this bosom
tore,
Then laugh thy wiles to scorn, nor ever seek
thee more.
Cheer'd by her smiles, I ne'er shall feel one
pain,
And tho' *thou once* deceiv'd, shalt *ne'er* deceive
again.

MATILDA.

March 18, 1807.

SONNET.

By W. M. T.—.

WHY do I shun soft pleasure's sportive
train?
Why seek the midnight's solitary gloom?
And, heedless, see depart health's roseate
bloom;
Dread sign of loath'd disease, sad care, or
pain?
'Tis not desire of wealth—ambition vain!
Or philosophic lore, or sickness' doom:
'The charms of song,' the dusky scene
illumine,
And o'er my willing mind their sway main-
tain.
And whilst I, pensive, sweep the trembling
lyre
Of sad Valclusa's bard, or Flaccus sage,

The virgin Hope warbles her sweetest
strain,
And bids me to the glorious meed aspire
To genius due—her smiles my fears as-
suage;
And led by her I seek *the wreath which
I've attain.*

SONNET.

On reading the Fourth Sonnet of S. T.
COLERIDGE.

'Ah! that once more I were a careless child!'

WHY, Coleridge! wish for childhood's hours
again?

We heave a sigh of fond regret, 'tis true,
As memory bids its visions rise to view,
And feel that then we scarcely knew a pain;
For oh! 'tis sweet to muse on pleasures past,
Whether in youth's gay dawn, or man-
hood's prime:
Such thoughts a pleasing melancholy cast
O'er the rapt soul.—But not alone the
time
Of infancy's light hours such joys can bring:
Of *virtuous* love thou knew'st not then the
bliss,
The 'witching transports of thy Sara's kiss;
Nor friendship's charms, nor fancy's vi-
sions wild!—

Then, Coleridge! in thy hours of sorrowing,
O! wish not that thou wert again a child!

W. M. T.—.

SONNET.

Written after perusing a beautiful Sonnet,
by W. M. T. which appeared in the *Lady's
Magazine* for February.

AH! say, sweet Bard, whose melancholy
strains,

'Mid night's deep silence warbl'd, wake the
ear

To all the charms of melody, and cheer
With harmony divine the woods and plains,
Why thus thy footsteps seek the lonely
bow'r,

Or shun the busy crowd, and blaze of noon,
To court the pensive glances of the Moon,
That sweep the dewy green at night's dull
hour.

Soft are *thy* tuneful strains, as when along
Eve's sable bosom breath'd, the list'ning vale
Awake to Philomela's hapless tale,
Swells the sad note, and echoes back her song;
And as in ev'ry whispering breeze she sighs,
Wild on the ravish'd ear the mellow cadence
dies.

March 5, 1807.

H. C.

A BURLESQUE POETICAL EPISTLE

TO A FEMALE,

From a Solitary Bachelor.

THE *tea-things* are safe, I have put them all
by,
I have wash'd them, and wip'd them, until
they are dry;
Only one of the cups, dismal tale to relate,
Poor thing, by my hands, met an untimely
fate,
For I pinch'd him quite hard, though still he
ne'er spoke,
He was too proud to bend, so behold you, he
broke:
Now what caus'd his pride is to me quite a
ridd'le,
I survey'd him all over, top, bottom and
middle;
And my eyes did not shew me a beauty more
bright
Than the others possess'd, though I held up
the light,
And they all behav'd well, did not offer to stir,
And to all my rough usage still made no
demur:
But this haughty cup, so puff'd up with pride,
Met the fate he deserv'd, when unpitied he
died:
Though now I remember from China he
came,
But then all his brethren had just equal fame;
Yet still that idea might make the thing
proud,
For the Chinese are stiff folks, aye, e'en the
poor crowd;
This pretext is therefore the best I can find,
If you know of another, pray tell me your
mind.
Yet before I conclude let me say one thing
more,
'Tis what bachelors often have met with be-
fore,
The mice—now don't laugh, Miss, at what
I shall tell,
For if you do that, it will not be done well—
Have intruded their teeth 'mongst my bread
and my cheese,
And frisk round the cupboard my fancy to
tease;
For if I take pen up, as I may do now,
With their scratching and squeaking, they
breed a fine *noise*;
And just when I'm thinking of love and the
graces,
Plump before me pops out one or two of
their faces.
I think, do you know, that the mice, like
mankind,
Are grown wiser, for traps they no longer
will mind;
For when lately I've set them to catch the
curs'd rout,
Should any get in, before morning they're out:
Now this is most dreadful, and soon we shall
see,
Great Britain by mice quite devour'd will be,

If Parliament quickly don't take it in hand,
And save from such vermin this once-happy
land.

Another thing too is to me vastly shocking,
Just behind where I sleep, Miss, the cats all
come flocking;

There's a hundred, I'm sure, but I hear you
cry, 'No'.

Then I'm sure there is fifty, or twenty, or so.
Still you seem not to credit; well, don't make
a pother,

For certain I am there was ours and another.
But this don't concern what I meant to ad-
vance:

'Tis a shame they are suffer'd thus idly to
prance;

It is more than a shame, 'tis a *loud crying* sin,
For while they dance out doors, the mice
dance within:

Yet if these said cats would their duty attend,
Soon the mice to their capers would find a sad
end;

But the world topsy-turvy, dear Miss, is
now turn'd,

And all good advice by *such creatures* is
spurn'd.

April 2, 1807.

J. M. L.

LINES addressed to a YOUNG LADY, on a
dear Friend's going to Sea.

IN weeping numbers and with streaming eyes,
Distracting thoughts and agonising sighs,
I'll fondly dwell upon our last adieu,
And tell my sorrows, dearest girl! to you.

He's gone! he's gone! what pen or tongue
can tell

The pangs each felt as each pronounc'd fare-
well!

Farewells with sobs repeated o'er and o'er,
At last we part—*perhaps* to meet no more;

Then from each other pensively withdrew
With ling'ring steps, and sigh'd a *long adieu!*

The rising hills intrude their envious height—
He's lost for ever to my longing sight:

By friends despis'd, an alien from his home,
The bark he treads, regardless of his doom.

The breeze now wafts him from his native
shore,

To where proud billows, howling tempests
roar;

Where war's dread fury, with destructive
sweep,

Hurls desolation o'er a pathless deep.
Perhaps he falls by murd'rous bullets torn,

Or sinks a victim to some pit'less storm!
Perhaps, imprison'd in some lonely dome,

He heaves the sigh, and thinks with tears on
Home.

O wretched friend! unhappy and forlorn;
Protect him, Heav'n!—O, shield him in the
storm!

Ye waves, propitious prove, and bear him o'er
The raging sea, safe to these arms once more!

Jan. 6, 1807.

T. Y.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Constantinople, Feb. 14.

ON the 24th of January, an English brig arrived in the Straits of the Dardanelles, when the commandant of the castles informed its captain, that under the present circumstances he could not permit him to pass, without sending for instructions how to act. The captain of the English brig, unwilling to wait, immediately sailed on, and continued his course till his masts were shot away. It was generally thought that this captain was the bearer of dispatches to Mr. Arbuthnot, according to which the Porte would have to choose, between renewing its alliance with England and Russia, or an immediate attack upon Constantinople.

Mr. Arbuthnot has written to the English factory, advising them to take measures for their safety. Till the 29th ult. it was uncertain what part the Porte would take, when the English ambassador formally demanded his passports in writing, with leave to dispatch a courier. In the mean while, a French courier brought advices of the defeat of the Russians in Poland, which the Porte immediately communicated to the English ambassador.

On the thirtieth, Mr. Arbuthnot and his countrymen went on board the *Endymion* frigate. He has since arrived at Tenedos, where he joined the English fleet stationed near the Dardanelles.

General Sebastiani has been invested with the order of the crescent, of the first class; and Mr. Franchini and M. Ruffin have received that of the second class.

February 18. The Porte is engaged in taking measures to prevent the forc-

ing of the passage of the Dardanelles. The works are strengthened, and floating batteries constructed, while the ships of war under the captain Pacha are augmented every day. Batteries are also erecting at the extremities of the Seraglio, upon the Seven Towers, Leander's Tower, and as far as Scutari. Twenty thousand men are already assembled at Gallipoli, to oppose the landing of the English.

On the seventh, several of the diplomatic corps received letters from Mr. Arbuthnot, dated on board the admiral's ship, *Canopus*, off Tenedos, in which he declared, that his only object in leaving Constantinople was to obtain a position where he could carry on his negotiation with safety. This negotiation continues through the medium of the captain Pacha.

A circular note has appeared to-day, which affords little hope of his proposals being accepted by the Ottoman Porte; and we have just learned that the English minister has received his *ultimatum*, to the following import:— 'The Porte does not think it consistent to enter into negotiations with an ambassador who has deserted his post, and has, consequently, determined to transmit the explanations demanded immediately to London.'

Feb. 19. The English ambassador, Mr. Arbuthnot, having left Constantinople without taking leave, the Porte cannot but consider his departure as a declaration of war, and has sent off Tartars to Smyrna and other ports, with orders to detain and take possession of all English ships that may be found there.

Konigsberg, Feb. 22. The corps of

general Sidmoratz has effected a junction with general Bennigsen's army. He brought with him about 1400 Prussian and some Russian prisoners, as well as 2 or 300 French by whom they were guarded. Bonaparte's retreat has all the precipitation of a flight, and it is alone owing to the speed of the Cossack horses that so many prisoners are daily made. Within these three days 750 prisoners, several officers, and a quantity of waggons and forage have been brought in. At the sight of the Russians, detachments of French, exhausted by fatigue and famine, throw down their arms. The Russian advanced guard is already at Liebstadt. The main army is advancing towards the Vistula, and in a short time it will be seen on the other side of that river.

Feb. 23. The skirmishes which preceded the retreat of the French army, and the frequent flags of truce sent in by them, gave sufficient indications of their design. In all these skirmishes the bravery of our troops deserves notice, and only tended to establish the superiority of our light troops over those of the enemy. We gained considerable advantages on the 14th at Borchersdorff, and on the 15th, at Mansfeld; and on the 16th also, when the enemy sustained considerable loss, we obtained great advantages.

Feb. 25. The pursuit of the enemy affords brilliant opportunities for our troops almost every day.

On the twenty-first, the Hetman Platow entered Liebstadt with the advanced guard, where he took a large quantity of baggage from the enemy, made several prisoners, and set 200 Russians at liberty.

On the same day, general Lestocq attacked Heilsburg with two battalions of grenadiers, where two of the enemy's regiments attempted to defend the place, which was stormed, and the latter driven out with considerable loss.

On the twenty-second, major Arnim, with a detachment of cavalry, attacked the town of Bischoffsteen, drove out the enemy, and made several prisoners. He meant at the same time to extend

his attack to Seburg, in order to force the enemy to give up the horses he had collected.

General Pioss's advanced posts fell in with more of the enemy's troops in the neighbourhood of Braunsberg; in several actions with them he made a number of Bernadotte's corps prisoners.

According to some accounts, the neighbourhood of Dantzic is entirely cleared. Near Dirschau, there has been a smart action between some of the insurgents and the garrison of Dantzic, in which the latter were totally defeated.

Since Sunday, 3000 French cavalry have entered Elbing, and yesterday 2000 infantry were expected.

Feb. 26. On the 24th, the head-quarters of general Bennigsen were again removed from this city. On the first day they were transferred to Creusburg, and yesterday they were at Zinten; they were following the same tract with the army which is in pursuit of the enemy.

Vienna, Feb. 27. General St. Vincent is still at the head-quarters of the Emperor Napoleon. Couniers from him arrive daily, which occasion long conferences, at which the emperor and the archduke Charles assist; but no movement is yet observed among the troops, or the least preparation for war.

Hobenstein, Feb. 28. The following is the situation of the grand army, according to the last accounts:—The prince of Ponte Corvo occupies Braunsberg, Elbing, Frauenberg, Holland, and the whole coast up to the mouth of the Passarge, which river covers the van of his army; marshal Soult occupies Liebstadt, Mhrungen, and Liebmuhl; and marshal Ney, Guttstadt, Heilsberg, and Allenstein, at which place he has fixed his head-quarters. Marshal Davoust is at Hollenstein and Gilgenberg, and keeps an attentive eye upon Wirtenburg, Passenheim, Orfelsburg, Willenberg, the sources of the Passarge, the Alle, and the Omcleff; this last river, by the channel of the Narcw, empties itself into the Vistula, and the two first run into the Frisch Haff. Mar-

shal M'sena's corps guards the shores of the Narew. The corps that was under marshal Angereau is incorporated with the rest of the army.

The enemy's line extends along Seckburg, Bischofsburg, Bartenstein, and Knigsberg. When the letters were written, from which we have extracted these particulars, the imperial headquarters were at Osterode; but every thing seemed to indicate a general movement.

General Oudinot's division passed through here yesterday, and to-day it is in motion to pass the Passarge, and compel the enemy to retreat. The left wing of the French army have, for three days past, been combating the enemy with manifest advantage; 5000 prisoners, and 11 pieces of cannon, are the fruits of this period. The third corps of the army is approaching Osterode, where the imperial headquarters have been for these ten days past.

Vienna, March 28. The following are the demands made by the English of the Porte:—

1st. That the Porte shall immediately make peace with Russia.

2dly. She shall deliver her marine into the hands of the English, till the conclusion of a general peace.

3dly. She shall leave the Russians in possession of Moldavia and Wallacia, until the same period.

4thly. As a proof of her pacific intentions, she shall surrender to the English the outworks of Constantinople.

Although all these demands have been refused, the negociations still continue.

March 30. After the demands which admiral Duckworth made to the Turkish ministry, all the inhabitants of Constantinople, capable of bearing arms, were armed to the amount of 60,000 men; and the French engineers, which were in the capital, were distributed among the different forts.

The English fleet cut off on the sea side all the supplies of provisions for the populous city of Constantinople, which circumstance induces the Ottoman ministry not to break off entirely the negociations with the English,

According to the last official accounts from Turkey, of the 3d March, no treaty had yet been concluded between the Porte and the courts of London and Petersburg, but the negociations with the English ambassador, Mr. Arbuthnot, were broken off, and the preparations for defence on the part of the Turks carried on more actively than ever.—Why the English fleet sailed back to the Dardanelles—whether, as some suppose, its return was merely to be ascribed to a gale of wind, is not known with certainty.

March 31. The following intelligence, of the date of the 3d March, has been received from Constantinople:—

On the 28th February, the English endeavoured to make a landing on what is called the Prince's Island, but failed in the attempt. Their loss on this occasion, it is said, was 400 men, killed or wounded, and 200 prisoners. The next day the fleet weighed anchor, and sailed towards the Dardanelles.

The preparations for defence at Constantinople, are continued with extraordinary vigour. The French and Spanish ambassadors promote them by their advice and activity. The council of the Grand Signior is likewise permanent. On the evening of the 1st of March, the negociations were broken off, and the English ambassador sailed away with the fleet. The English have been disappointed in their expectations of reinforcements from Malta and the Black Sea.

The number of Turks who are armed in and about Constantinople, amounts to nearly 100,000. Public order has not been in the least disturbed. The Grand Signior has not shewn the least inclination to leave Constantinople, as had been falsely asserted.

Berlin, March 6. Official accounts from the head-quarters at Osterode, dated the 28th of Feb. state, that all accounts concur in estimating the loss of the Russians in the battle of Eylau at 20 generals and 900 officers, partly killed and partly wounded, and at 30,000 men disabled from further service. In the battle of Ostrolenka, on the 16th of February, two Russian generals were killed, and three wounded.

HOME NEWS.

London, March 24.

YESTERDAY morning at nine o'clock, John Maycock was executed on the platform at the top of the new prison in Horsemonger-lane, pursuant to his sentence at the late Kingston assizes, for the murder of Mrs. Pooley.

The same obduracy and insensibility to his fate, which this culprit evinced at the moment of receiving sentence, continued to mark his demeanour till the last moment. Neither the entreaties of the clergyman who attended him, nor the repeated requests of Mr. Ives, the keeper, could induce him to acknowledge his guilt; for he persevered to the last in asserting his innocence, and arraigning the injustice of his sentence. Such were the popular abhorrence and indignation, that shouts proceeded from the multitude on his being launched into eternity.

At half past one yesterday morning, a reprieve was received at the prison from the judge who had presided in the criminal court of Kingston, deferring until Thursday the execution of William Duncan, the gardener, who was convicted of the murder of Mr. Chivers, his master.

March 26. On Tuesday night, lord Grenville received a letter from his majesty, stating that he would be ready to receive his and his colleagues resignation on the following day, at twelve o'clock. They accordingly attended his majesty yesterday, at the queen's palace, at the above hour, viz.

Lord Erskine, lord chancellor; viscount Sidmouth, lord president of the council; lord Holland, lord privy seal;

lord Grenville, first lord of the treasury; lord H. Petty, chancellor of the exchequer; earl Spencer, viscount Howick, and Mr. Wyndham, the secretaries of state; earl Moira, master-general of the ordnance; and the hon. T. Grenville, first lord of the admiralty.

All of whom had private audiences of his majesty, according to their rank in office, and resigned their seals, except the lord chancellor. The audiences lasted till near two o'clock.

At three o'clock his majesty held a private levee, which was attended by

The archbishop of Canterbury; the duke of Portland; earls Aylesford, Elgin, Selkirk, Westmoreland, Chatham and Camden; viscount Castlereagh; lords Arden, Hawkesbury and Lowther; sir S. Cotterell; Messrs. Sheridan, Falkener, Verney, and Mr. Perceval.

The following had the honour of being presented to his majesty, and kissed hands on their several appointments:

Earl Westmoreland, upon his being appointed the lord privy seal.

The duke of Portland, upon his being appointed first lord of the treasury.

Lord Hawkesbury, upon his being appointed secretary of state for the home department.

Mr. Canning, upon his being appointed secretary of state for the foreign department.

Viscount Castlereagh, upon his being appointed secretary of state for the war and colonial department.

Earl Elgin, upon his being appointed lord lieutenant of Fifeshire.

Earl Selkirk, upon his being appointed lord lieutenant of Kirkcudbright Stewartry.

The ministers had audience of his majesty, when he delivered to them the seals of office.

After the levee his majesty held a privy council, which sat till five o'clock.

March 27. Mr. Perceval received the seals of office yesterday, as chancellor of the exchequer, and chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster—the latter office during his majesty's pleasure. He kissed hands on the occasion, as did also the following noblemen and gentlemen, on receiving their several appointments:—

Earl Camden, president of the council.

Lord Mulgrave, first lord of the admiralty.

Mr. R. S. Dundas, president of the board of controul.

Earl Chichester, one of the post-masters general.

Earl Bathurst, president of the board of trade, and master of the mint.

Lord Charles Somerset and Mr. Long, joint paymasters of the forces.

Marquis of Titchfield, one of the lords of the treasury.

Lord Lovaine, a member of the board of controul.

His majesty afterwards gave audiences to the duke of Portland, lords Camden and Hawkesbury, and Mr. Perceval, chancellor of the exchequer. At five o'clock his majesty left town.

Mr. Hammond and lord Fitzharris are appointed under secretaries of state in the foreign department; and Mr. Cooke and the hon. e. lonel Stewart in the war and colonial department; Mr. Dacre Adams, who filled the office of private secretary to Mr. Pitt, has been appointed to the same situation by his grace the duke of Portland.

March 28. An inquisition was taken on Thursday, at the Mitre, on the Paddington canal, before G. Hodgson, esq. coroner, on the body of John Taylor, who was found drowned in the canal on the preceding day.—The deceased had originally been a clerk in some very respectable houses, in St. James's, but he

had, for nearly two years past, been unfortunately in a dejected state of mind, and incapable of following his industrious pursuits. The unfortunate man had a wife in Audley-street, and he had also a comfortable home arising from her industry. On the morning of Wednesday, the deceased informed his wife that he should arise and take a walk; but being gone longer than was expected, his wife arose also, and on going into her sitting room, she saw a letter of her husband's hand-writing, which had been left by him to inform her that he was gone to the canal to drown himself, being tired of his life. The letter exhorted the wife not to grieve, as she would meet her husband again in heaven. The wife, on reading the letter, hastened to the canal, and having been informed by the bargemen of the course her husband had taken, she hastened towards the Mitre, when she beheld a body floating on the water. The poor woman, in a frantic state, rushed into the current, and brought the body on shore, but the spark of life was extinct. The landlord of the Mitre took the body in, and used every effort, but in vain, to restore life. Verdict—Insanity.

March 31. Yesterday morning, Richard Nettlefield was taken at an early hour from his cell to the chapel of the new gaol, Horsemonger-lane, in the borough, where having passed some time in prayer with the rev. Mr. Mann, the chaplain, he was conducted to the fatal platform, and was in a few minutes launched into eternity. His behaviour was as pious and resigned on the scaffold, as it was at the condemned sermon the preceding day:—it was observed that the deceased and Duncan, the gardener, who was in the chapel with him on Sunday, were two of the most pious and resigned men that have ever been seen there together.—The deceased, who was a resident at Putney, suffered under the operation of lord Ellenborough's act, for cutting and maiming a watchman, who had him in custody at Putney under a charge of felony, and has left a wife and five small children, the youngest only six weeks old.

April 1. On Saturday last, as the lady of Mr. Williams was going from Mill-hull to Hendon, in her chariot, accompanied by two of her children and a gentleman, the coachman drove against a cart on the road; the shock was so violent that it threw him from the box: the horses being much frightened, soon disentangled the carriage, and went off at full speed. The road along which the vehicle had to pass was so extremely narrow, that at any time it required great caution to drive with security; notwithstanding which, the carriage was not overturned. The horses having to pass another cart, they had the sagacity, though they were going at the rate of twenty miles an hour, to pass on one side of it, but so near that the handle of the chariot door was struck off by a collision with the wheel. Mr. Williams was at a friend's house on the road when his chariot passed, and almost fainted on seeing his wife and children in so perilous a situation. Mrs. Williams shrieked for assistance to no purpose. The gentleman in the carriage contrived to open the door and jump out, by which means he escaped unhurt. The horses still continued their pace; the flapping of the door tended to increase their speed, until they came to a narrow part of the road, when providentially the door of the chariot became entangled in the hedge, which stopped for a moment the career of the animals, but they soon ran off again with great rapidity.—They broke all the traces, leaving the carriage behind; and fortunately Mrs. Williams and her children received no injury whatever. They suffered much, however, from the alarm. The coachman was taken up with three ribs broken, and so violent a contusion in his head that his recovery is despaired of.

Plymouth, April 1. The Contest gun-brig, lieut. Gregory, some days since on a cruise near the enemy's coast near Rochefort, observed a battery which might have annoyed them, had they been forced to anchor: he therefore sent his boats manned and armed to attack it. The boats crew stormed the battery, spiked all the guns, and drove off the people. Our seamen having

effected this service, embarked again, and returned to the Contest gun-brig without any loss.

There are now in commission 711 ships, of different descriptions; of which 145 are of the line, 20 from 50 to 44 guns each, 166 frigates, 207 sloops, and 172 vessels of a smaller description.

April 2. A remarkable instance of sagacity and love for the human species in a dog, occurred on Monday se'nnight in Romney Marsh.—A female child, about four years old, the daughter of a looker, at Belgar, between Romney and Lydd, having been left by its mother alone in a room where there was a fire, whilst she went abroad upon some business, the clothes of the child caught the flames, and she ran terrified, with the garments burning, into an adjoining apartment, where a dog was tied up. The animal, it appears, as soon as the child came within his reach, threw her on the ground, and tore every article of her clothes off, in which situation she crawled to a bed, and wrapped herself in a coverlet. On the return of the mother, she discovered some ashes and remnants of the child's clothes beside the dog, and on approaching the bed, found the poor infant, with one of her arms burnt, and her side so miserably scorched, that her heart was nearly perceptible; she had, however, power to tell her parent, that Shepherd, the dog's name, had taken her burning clothes off. She survived about an hour after her being discovered, and then expired.

April 4. On Wednesday afternoon, as a miss Thompson, in Bishopsgate-street, was standing too near the fire, her train accidentally caught the flames, and although they were in the space of a minute extinguished, and medical assistance instantly procured, yet she was so much burnt as to languish till the following afternoon, when she died.

April 6. On Friday the new members of the board of trade, consisting of earl Bathurst, Mr. Rose, the duke of Montrose, sir Joseph Banks, and Mr. Long, met for the first time since their appointments, at the office in the Treasury, and proceeded to business.

On Friday last, his grace the duke of Richmond visited the earl of Mansfield, at his house at Caen Wood, and on Saturday he returned to town. It is expected that on Thursday next he will take his final leave of his majesty, and that on Saturday he will leave town for Dublin, according to his appointment as lord lieutenant of Ireland.

Deal, April 8. A considerable fring was heard here last evening in the direction of Boulogne, but we are at present ignorant of the cause. From the circumstance, however, of there being hardly a breath of wind, it is probable some of our ships got becalmed under the French batteries. Vice-admiral Rowley is expected here this evening, to assume the command in the Downs, on the departure of vice-admiral Holloway for Newfoundland.—The flag it is supposed will be shifted to-morrow morning.—A considerable naval force seems imperceptibly accumulating here, and upwards of twenty north sea pilots are ordered to the Downs. A strong squadron will certainly be sent into the Baltic as early as possible. The *Namur* and *Orion* have already left the Downs for Yarmouth, which I understand is the appointed rendezvous for the fleet to assemble. If any credit may be attached to the reports made by the captains of neutral ships, that are almost daily arriving in the Downs, a general action between the Russian and Prussian combined forces and the French army, has certainly taken place, in which the latter were most signally defeated.

BIRTHS.

March 21. At Manchester, the lady of major James Erskine, of the 48th regiment, of a son.

25. At Malshanger, near Basingstoke, Hants, the lady of colonel Cunynghame, of a son.

At his lordship's house in Spring-garden, viscountess Fitz-Harris of a son,

At his house in Hunter-street, the lady of Henry Hobhouse, esq. of a daughter.

At Roxton, in Bedfordshire, the lady of major-general Onslow, of a daughter.

Lady Francis Spencer, of a son, at Blenheim, Oxford.

April 2. Mrs. C. Kemble, of a son, at her house in Newman-street.

3. Lady Andover, wife of captain Digby, of a daughter.

At Bath, the lady of captain Purvis, of the first (or royal) dragoons, of a son.

4. At Hean Castle, Pembrokeshire, the lady of Thomas Stokes, esq. of a son and heir.

The lady of Edwin Martin Atkins, esq. of Kingston Lisle, Berks, of a daughter.

7. In Upper Gower-street, Mrs. John Shedden, of a daughter.

At his house in Poland-street, the lady of the hon. Wm. Herbert, of a son.

At Kenyon House, the lady of col. Thornton, of Thornville Royal, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

March 26. At St. Mary-le-bone church, captain Stuart, of the 16th light dragoons, to Miss Anson, youngest daughter of the late George Anson, esq. and sister to viscount Anson.

At St. Mary-le-bone church, the hon. Thomas Parker, to miss Eliza Wolstenholme, youngest daughter of William Wolstenholme, esq. of Holly-hill, Sussex.

27. At St. Mary-le-bone church, David Scott, esq. of Drumnald, in the county of Forfar, to miss Caroline Grindall, of Portland-place.

30. At St. James's church, Bath, Charles Arthur Tisdall, esq. of Charles Fort, county Meath, Ireland, to miss Vernon, eldest daughter of John Vernon, esq. of Clontarf castle, county Dublin.

31. At Greenwich, James Reid, esq. of the island of Jamaica, to miss Helena Reid, daughter of William Reid, esq. of Greenwich.

At Exmouth, by the rev. Mr. Fel-
lowes, Mr. Charles Freeman, son of
John Freeman, esq. of Cornhill, Lon-
don, to Eliza, second daughter of Ed-
mund Burke, esq.

April 2. Mr. Charles Lestourgeon,
of Edmonton, to miss Elizabeth Bur-
bidge, daughter of J. Burbidge, esq.
of Tottenham.

At Quatt church, Salop, Harriot, sixth
daughter of William Whitmore, esq.
of Dudmaston, to Elias Isaac, of Wor-
cester.

In Dublin, Hans Hamilton, esq.
M. P. for the county of Dublin, to miss
Anne Mitchell, daughter of Hugh
Henry Mitchell, esq.

At Beckenham, in Kent, Brownlow
Matthew, of Clanville Lodge, Hants,
esq. to miss Naylor.

At Stamford, Lincolnshire, Thomas
Jones, of Brecon, South Wales, to miss
Anne Sharpe, of Stamford.

Mr. Wm. Green, to miss Dance, of
the Crown inn, Ludlow.

Hugh Gordon, esq. late of Madras,
to miss Elizabeth Forbes, daughter of
Wm. Forbes, esq. of Echt.

4. At West Malling, Berks, William
Henry Douce, esq. third son of the late
Thomas Augustus Douce, esq. to miss
Jane Downman, third daughter of lieu-
t. colonel Downman, of the royal ar-
tillery.

At Acton church, James Wolfe Mur-
ray, of Cringlebe, esq. in Scotland, to
miss Isabella Strange, eldest daughter
of James Strange, esq. in the service
of the honourable East-India company,
on the Madras establishment.

At St. George's, Hanover-square,
Mr. Francis Des' Anges, third son of
William Des' Anges, esq. of Spital-
fields, to miss Anelia Kuse, eldest
daughter of George Kuse, esq. of Chi-
chester.

At Edmonton, James Lonsdale, esq.
attor. of Store-street, Bedford-square,
to miss Thornton, of Southgate.

10. George Cooper, esq. of Lin-
coln's-inn, barrister at law, to miss
Mary Justina Martha Lloyd, of Deal-
castle, Pembroke-shire.

11. At St. George the Martyr, Queen-
square, Mr. Wm. Baker, of Limehouse,

to miss Smart, daughter of Richard
Smart, esq. of Lamb's Conduit-street.

16. At Edinburgh, Robert Hardie,
esq. of Kelso, to miss Miller, of Lon-
don.

At St. George's, Hanover-square,
lieut. colonel Reade, of the Bengal estab-
lishment, to miss Reade, only daughter
and heiress of the late Thomas Reade,
esq. of Little Stoke, Oxford.

Wm. Phillimore, esq. of Lincoln's-
inn, to miss Almeria Thornton, young-
est daughter of the late Godfrey Thorn-
ton, esq. of Muggahanger, Bedford-
shire.

DEATHS.

March 19. At his chambers, in Lin-
coln's-inn, at an advanced age, Walter
Long, esq. bencher of that honourable
society, and senior judge of the sheriff's
court of the city of London.

21. After a short illness, Anna Ma-
ria, third daughter of J. Nailer, esq.
Queen-square, aged 19.

Mrs. Cuff, wife of Joseph Cuff, esq.
Whitechapel.

At Chertsey, in Surrey, Mrs. Su-
sannah Wapshott, aged 65, wife of
Richard Wapshott, esq. of that place.

In Doughty-street, Mrs. Moore, wi-
dow of Mr. Philip Moore, of Doctor's
Commons.

26. At Brenchley, after a long ill-
ness, Mrs. Katharine Foster, aged 66.

At the house of sir M. Cholmely,
bart. Mrs. Harrison, the lady of John
Harrison, esq. of Norton place, Lincoln-
shire, and mother to lady Cholmely.

April 3. In the 79th year of his age,
at his seat at Santon Downham, Suffolk,
Charles Sloane, earl Cadogan, viscount
Chelsea, and a trustee of the British
Museum. His lordship is succeeded in
his titles and estates by his son, Charles
Henry viscount Chelsea, now earl Ca-
dogan.

At Pentonville, Mrs. Robinson, the
widow of the late George Robinson,
esq. of Paternoster-tow.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR MAY, 1807.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates :

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Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE are much obliged to W. M. T. for his communications: we have no doubt that the long Poem he speaks of may be inserted, perhaps at once, at any rate at twice, and shall be very happy to receive it.

We hope S. Y. will not overlook the notice annexed to one of his pieces in the poetical department.

Belinda's Essay is intended for our next.

R. P's. pieces were received, but require revision.

We entertain a very favourable opinion of C. D.'s specimen, and hope we shall hear again from him.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine



The Unsuspected Declaration!

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE.

FOR MAY, 1807.

THE UNEXPECTED DECLARATION.

A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

THE first temptations and inclinations to swerve from the paths of honour and propriety of conduct ought to be carefully guarded against, and firmly resisted, as otherwise we may insensibly be led into the most reprehensible errors, the effects of which may prove fatal to all our future peace and happiness.

Charles Euston and Frederic Barlow, having been educated in the same public seminary, had contracted an intimacy with each other which increased every day into the closest connection, and with their ripening years produced the warmest and most enthusiastic friendship. In their youthful sports they were inseparable, and they seemed to possess their little property in common. Neither could want any thing that belonged to the other, for the moment his wish was discovered by his companion it was at his disposal. In their business in the school, each aided the other to the utmost of his ability; and in any little dispute with their com-

panions, they invariably took part with each other. When they had attained to more mature years, the same disinterested friendship continued between them; and though they were now sometimes separated from each other for considerable intervals, an epistolary correspondence maintained their inviolable connection; and their temporary separations seemed only to render their attachment to each other still more close and strong.

When a few years had thus passed on, a more tender and more forcible passion than that of friendship arose in the breast of Mr. Euston. He had seen Amelia Warton. He saw, and he admired; he admired, and he loved; he loved, and he sought her approbation of his passion. This his sincere and natural expression of his ardent affection soon obtained; or Amelia was no coquette, and a stranger to affectation. With a most delicate modesty, and in a language which the heart well understands,

she gave her consent that he should love her; and Mr. Euston felt a happiness utterly unknown to him before. He seemed as it were to be born into a new world, a new world of transcendent felicity.

In his next letter to his friend Frederic, he communicated to him his happiness. He described his lovely Amelia in the most glowing and rapturous language. He expatiated on the delicacy of her manners, the gentleness of her disposition, and the benign goodness of her heart. In short, she formed almost the only subject of his letter; for as he could think of nothing else, so of nothing else could he write.

A short time after Mr. Barlow made a visit to his friend Euston, and was by him introduced to the idol of his heart, the charming Amelia. Fatal, alas! was the introduction to all the parties. Mr. Barlow had smiled at the panegyric of his friend George, on the beauties and admirable qualities of his mistress; he had taken it for merely the rhapsody of a lover who had been blinded to defects by his passion: but when he beheld Amelia, he was so struck at the first sight of her, that all the eulogiums of his friend appeared to him poor and barren in comparison with her excellence. The more he gazed, and the more he conversed with her, the more he admired her; and this admiration soon became a most violent passion, which might be called love, could that name be given to what is contrary to every obligation of honour, to every claim of friendship. Though the solemn union of hands had not absolutely taken place between Mr. Euston and Amelia, Mr. Barlow knew well that their hearts were pledged to each other: and his conscience could not but tell him that it was base and even criminal in no small degree to attempt to break such a bond, espe-

cially when it could only be done by acting in the most treacherous manner towards the man with whom he had always lived in habits of the strictest and most ardent friendship.

But Mr. Barlow did not attempt to restrain his reprehensible passion, but suffered it to increase upon him till he formed the perfidious design to supplant, if possible, his friend. He found some opportunities of being with Amelia when Mr. Euston was not present, for the generous disposition of the latter prevented his perceiving or even suspecting the designs of his now treacherous friend. On these occasions he always spoke to her very slightly of Mr. Euston, and endeavoured to insinuate that he was by no means the man he appeared to be either in character, disposition, or property. When he hoped that by these suggestions he had made some impression on her, he took an opportunity, when they were alone in a park near the residence of Mr. Euston, to throw himself in a suppliant posture, and make a most vehement declaration of his passion. Amelia was thunder-struck, and stood like one almost deprived of sense. When she had recovered herself a little from the first shock, she endeavoured to get from him: but he forcibly detained her, and behaved as if frantic; while she trembled in the utmost agitation, and cried out aloud for assistance, under the strongest impressions of fear for her person.

It chanced that at this very time Mr. Euston had unexpectedly returned home, and was come into the park in quest of his dear Amelia and his friend. He heard her cries with equal astonishment and alarm, and hastily rushing forwards to the spot, found that his bosom friend, in whom he never could have conceived the existence of treachery, was the author of the assault. Rage and indignation on the part of Mr. Euston, surprise

and shame on the part of the perfidious assailant, and confusion and terror on that of Amelia, rendered them all three for some moments silent. At length, the injured lover having enquired of Amelia what had passed, and been imperfectly informed by her, as well as the extreme agitation she suffered would permit, burst forth in a torrent of the bitterest reproaches on the base attempter to supplant him in the affections of her he held dearer than his life. Barlow, enraged at the detection, and the contemptible situation in which he was placed, answered with equal vehemence and asperity, and from mutual invectives they passed, not indeed to immediate blows, but to a challenge to decide their fatal dispute with pistols. In despite of all the entreaties, of all the adjurations of the agonised Amelia, they met, according to appointment, a few hours afterwards. At the first fire each wounded his antagonist. Mr. Euston received the ball in his body, and Mr. Barlow in the upper part of the arm. Mr. Euston's wound appeared at first the most serious; but the bone of Mr. Barlow's arm being shattered, and a mortification beginning to make its appearance, he was obliged to suffer amputation. The ball was extracted from Mr. Euston's wound, and he seemed to be in no danger, but in a few months it appeared that some internal part of consequence had been so much injured as to produce a rapid decline, to which he fell a victim in less than a twelve-month. Amelia, from the shock she had experienced, and the effect of immoderate grief for his loss, survived him but a little more than a year; and the bitter remorse which rent the heart of the suffering Barlow, when he recollected the mischief he had occasioned, rendered

him, perhaps, more to be pitied than those who had ended their sorrows by death.

Such was the scene of misery occasioned by not restraining the violence of an improper and dishonourable passion on its first appearance.

SOLITARY WALKS

IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

BY JOHN WEBB.

WALK I.

'The man how wise, who, sick of gaudy scenes,
Is led by choice to take his favourite walk
Beneath death's gloomy, silent cypress shades,
Unpierc'd by vanity's fantastic ray!
To read his monuments, to weigh his dust,
Visit his vaults, and dwell among his tombs!'
YOUNG.

GAIRISH day had given place to sober evening: Sol had terminated his diurnal career, and garnished the west with purple and gold, when I began a solitary walk; not to climb the verdant hill, and view the sylvan scenery of nature, nor to visit my favourite grove, to hear the soft descant of the nightingale; but to enter a scene big with solemnity and replete with awe: and to ruminate over the relics of deceased relatives and departed fellow mortals.

A solemn stillness pervaded the dreary recess; no sounds assailed the listening ear, save the nocturnal dirge of the owl, and the barkings of a watch-dog at a distant farm. The bird of night, on hearing the foot of an intruder, winged his slow flight to some other solitude; and at length sleep and silence closed the eyes and sealed up the tongue of the noisy cur.

A mind less tinctured with a be-

rief in apparitions would, perhaps,
have felt a tremor while traversing
this depository of the dead. To have
felt no emotion, he must have been
possessed of stronger nerves than I
can boast of.

‘ This was the spot where superstitious fear
Believes that white-clad spectres oft appear;
Where injur’d ghosts arise, and grimly glide
To haunt the house where perjur’d swains
reside;

To fill the guilty mind with awful dread,
And shake the curtains of the murd’rer’s bed.
Weak superstitious dream! while there I
walk’d,

No disembodied shade before me stalk’d;
Chas’d by bright reason’s clear refulgent ray,
These wild chimeras vanish all away.’

Author’s Manuscript Poem.

As I traversed the gloomy domain
‘ where heaves the turf in many a
mouldering heap,’ the grave of a
young friend drew my attention; and
retrospection exhibited to view the
early period of life, when with the
tenant of this humble tomb I ranged
through nature’s fairest scenes, rambled
through her groves, mounted
her hills, and descended into her
vales, to find the blackbird’s mud-
walled tenement, or to purloin the
linnet of her speckled brood.

Dear departed youth! those pas-
times and recreations I enjoyed with
thee (how unlike the amusement of
riper years!)

‘ Left no foul stain upon the wing of Time.’

Crossing the church path-way,
I beheld the tomb of a respectable old
man, who was, in the truest sense of
the word, a village philosopher. Let
my rustic muse sketch his character.

‘ Near where I trod reclin’d respected age.
I knew him well—a venerable sage;
Who travell’d thro’ this world serenely mild,
And Providence upon his journey smil’d:
Religion’s radiant path he wisely trod,
And studied with delight the book of God;
From that blest source the best of knowledge
drew,
And (pleasing thought!) he practis’d what he
knew.

Oft on his words my fixt attention hung,
While wisdom flow’d from his persuasive
tongue:

Fond of admonishing unguarded youth,
He pointed out to me the road of truth
Advice when given in language soft and kind,
How grateful to a young enquiring mind.

Thou friend of peace! it was thy constant aim
To calm life’s storm and quench fierce discord’s
flame;

Till thy mild spirit, ripe for scenes of bliss,
Dropp’d its clay robe, and soar’d to realms of
peace.

Oh how unlike the man of martial fame,
Who rush to arms to gain a glorious name;
Who, goaded by ambition’s mad desire,
To gain renown would set the globe on fire;
Would wade thro’ seas of blood his wish
t’ obtain,
And climb to empire over hills of slain!

Edmund, farewell! Thy philanthropic mind
No longer seeks the good of human kind;
No more thy feeling, amicable breast
Dilates with joy, to see thy neighbour blest:
Thy soul, from earth’s contentious clime
remov’d,
Enjoys that sweet serenity it lov’d.’

In the course of my meditations I
was led to reflect upon the inatten-
tion with which the humble, the
useful, and pious man is treated by
the bustling world.

‘ The world o’erlooks him, in her busy
search
Of objects more illustrious in her view;
And occupied as earnestly as she,
Though more sublimely, he o’erlooks the
world.

She scorns his pleasures, for she knows them
not;

He seeks not hers, for he has prov’d ’em
vain.

He cannot skim the ground, like summer
birds

Pursuing gilded flies; and such he deems
Her honours, her emoluments, and joys.

Not slothful he, though seeming unemploy’d,
And censur’d oft as useless. Stillest streams

Oft water fairest meadows, and the bird
That flutters least is longest on the wing.

Perhaps the self-approving haughty world,
That, as she sweeps him with her whistling silks,

Scarce deigns to notice him, or if she see,
Deems him a cypher in the works of God,

Receives advantage from his noiseless hours
Of which she little dreams. Perhaps she

owes
Her sunshine and her rain, her blooming
spring

And plenteous harvest, to the prayer he
makes,

When, Isaac-like, the solitary saint

Walks forth to meditate at eventide,
And think on her, who thinks not for
herself.'

COWPER.

Gentle reader of this solitary walk! whoever thou art, whether a stately dome be thy residence, or a clay cottage thine abode; whether thou reclinest on the downy pillow of affluence, or reposest on the hard pallet of poverty; whether the emanations of genius irradiate thy mind, or thy intellectual faculties impart but a feeble ray; whether knowledge opes to thee her storehouse of scientific treasures, or ignorance denies thee access to the gate of learning, and with her clouds hides from thy ken all the inviting walks of literature; whatever be thy situation, character, or sentiments, methinks, upon a review of the account of this worthy old man, thou wilt exclaim with me 'Let my last end be like his!'

Having meditated among the silent relics of mortality till darkness drew her ebon curtain o'er the gay canopy of heaven, and the green scenery, of earth, I sought the region of repose, where I was soon rocked into a state of insensibility by 'Nature's soft nurse.'

Haverhill.

To J. M. L.

SIR,

IN your Night Walk for February, I observe that you complain of being a 'solitary bachelor,' and regret the absence of those tender felicities that are the almost constant concomitants of the nuptial state. Permit then, sir, a brother scribbler, though not a brother bachelor, to expostulate with you for remaining, as Sterne says, 'cheerless and alone, without a breast to

recline your head, or trust your cares to;' while doubtless many an engaging feminine would be happy to twine with you the gordian knot of matrimony, and range through all the delectable groves of Hymen.

How pleasing you would find an agreeable companion of the softer sex, to attend you in your nocturnal rambles, or to be ready to welcome you to a scene of domestic enjoyment, to dry your wet raiment, and to administer a refreshing cordial, rendered doubly palatable by her kind officiousness and fond attention!

Having myself experienced many of the cares and comforts of matrimony, I think myself qualified to become an advocate for the connubial tie.

'For fourteen years I wore old Hymen's yoke,
And never wish'd the chequer'd bondage
broke:

Seven blooming prattlers crowd my humble
board,

And make their father happier than a lord:
Their sports and fond endearments can im-
part

An exquisite sensation to my heart.'

Author's Manuscript Poem.

I recollect that Dr. Franklin, somewhere in his works, speaking of a bachelor, compares him to an odd volume of a set of books, worth but little—or (what is more degrading) to the half of a pair of scissars, which cannot cut any thing, but may possibly serve to scrape a trencher with.

Can you read the character of Solus in the play*, and not execrate the idea of being an old bachelor? Can you hear him exclaim, 'I wish I had been married thirty years ago; I wish a wife and half a score children would now start up around me, and

* 'Every one has his Fault,' by Mrs. Inchbald.

bring with them all that affection which we should have had for each other by being earlier acquainted; without feeling a deep conviction of the necessity of a speedy metamorphosis? I think you cannot.

But if, in spite of what poets or prosemen may sing or say, you still remain inexorable,

For You no tender mate with anxious fear
Will dew her cheek with Nature's loveliest
tear;

For You no prattling babes, in sweet em-
ploy,

Will wake the raptures of paternal joy.

Unwept you'll fall; for your unnotic'd bier
Will not be moisten'd with one heart-felt
tear.

JOHN WEBB.

Haverhill, April 11, 1807.

SIGNOR NALDI.

(With a Portrait.)

AS we gave in our last an elegantly engraved portrait of that astonishing singer Madam Catalani, we this month present our readers with a whole length sketch of the celebrated performer, who so often appears on the stage with her, signor Naldi, in the character of *Roberto il Assassino*, or Robert the Assassin, an operatic character similar to that of Rugantino on the English stage.

Signor Naldi is from Lisbon, and made his first appearance at the King's theatre, in the Haymarket, on Tuesday the fifteenth of April of last year, in the opera of *Le Due Nozze e un Sol Marito*, (Two Marriages and only one Husband), the music of which is by Guglielmi, and abounds in beauties. His voice is a tenor of great compass and brilliancy. The ease, grace, delicacy, and rapidity of his modulation, afford a treat to which English amateurs have been long unaccustomed. His *début* was crowned with great

and deserved success. To the powerful attraction of his style of singing he adds a very uncommon share of good acting and comic humour.

At his first benefit, which he had on Thursday, the nineteenth of June, 1806, he presented the public with Meyer's comic opera, entitled *Il Fannatico per Musica*, which he has greatly improved and enriched, since its first appearance in Italy, by the insertion of several new pieces. *Le Musicien Enragé* of signor Naldi was a fine piece of that style of acting called *caricato*, or *chargé jusqu'à l'excès*. Mrs. Billington sung the delightful song *che temi mio cor*, accompanied by signor Naldi on the violoncello, and herself on the piano-forte, and produced the most pleasing effect.

MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS.

THE most necessary virtue to woman, and that which gives her the greatest degree of power, is modesty. This amiable quality influences the features, the air, the mind, in such a manner, that every thing shocks us where it is wanting.

We must allow that there are some virtues which, though one would be glad to have *within call*, one wishes never may be called for. Patience is one of them. She is an excellent physician to a diseased mind; but would any body desire to be sick for the sake of having a doctor, even though it were the infallible Esculapius himself?

There is but one test of friendship, a test by which no one would wish to try the genuineness of it—and this is, necessity: and yet without that it is not easy to know whether the professions of our friends flow from the heart, or only stream from the lips.

HARRIET VERNON ;
OR,
CHARACTERS FROM REAL LIFE.

A NOVEL,
In a Series of Letters.

BY A LADY.
(Continued from p. 189.)

LETTER XVI.

Miss H. Vernon to Miss West.

ACCORDING to promise, I sit down to inform my dear friend of our visit to the colonel and his sister. Brother put on a new black bob, his best coat, and a new pair of striped stockings. He joined us in the parlour at three o'clock : the colonel was to dine at four. We were dressed in our best ; and Dorcas, who assisted, declared she thought as how there were not such pretty-looking young ladies in all London.

'Come,' said brother, 'you have been a long time dressing, I think : it's time to set out.'

'Dorcas then may call a coach,' said Maria.

'A coach!' repeated my brother, with a look of astonishment.

'Yes,' said Maria ; 'it's impossible for us to walk so far this hot day.'

'You are likely to walk so far, or stay at home, I promise you. Pray how did you walk on Tuesday?'

'We were not dressed in our best then. Why, only consider, brother ; here is Maria and me in our new white chip bonnets, which nothing injures so soon as the sun : only look on us, brother, and say if it be fit we walk all through the city dressed as we are.'—I might as well have talked to a post ; for, walking up and down the room, he paid not the least attention.—'A pretty pass,

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muttered he to himself, 'the women are come to now a-days : formerly a woman could walk from one end of the city to the other with pattens, and a cloth cloak over her shoulders, rain or hail ; and now two young girls cannot walk half a dozen streets in a fine summer day.'

'Indeed,' said Maria, 'I cannot undertake the walk. I do not feel perfectly well to-day.'

'Then stay at home ; for I swear by Change-alley, there shall no coach be called to my door this day.'

Now this is an oath he never violates ; so the debate ended, and we were going to take off our cloaks, when looking through the window—'Joy, joy!' said I ; 'here is the colonel's chariot come to fetch us.'

'As sure as sixpence,' said brother ; 'so I hope you'll be pleased.'

'I don't know,' said Maria (with a sort of sneer I never saw on her face before), if it will save anything, for I suppose the coachman will expect something to be given him.'

'Then let him expect,' said brother, 'and I will ask him if it's the first time he was disappointed.'

So saying, he led us to the door, and remarking that he saw no fun in walking when he could ride for nothing, stepped into the carriage, leaving us to follow. He then entered into a long dissertation on the growth of luxury in the increase of wheel carriages, which lasted till we reached the colonel's.—While we were getting out, 'Do you expect anything, young man?' said he to the servant.

'Sir!' said the fellow, not knowing what he meant.—'Do you expect to be paid for the job?'

'No, sir,' said the man, who now understood him ; 'my master don't allow us to take vails.'

My brother made some reply, which set the fellow laughing.—By

I i

this time Maria and I were half up the stairs. Mrs. Ambrose received us as old acquaintance. The colonel shook my brother by the hand, and presented him to his sister as an old friend.—‘I hope I see you well, miss,’ said he. Then sitting down and turning to the colonel, ‘It was lucky,’ said he, ‘that you sent the carriage; for the girls were just taking their cloaks off, and I was setting out by myself.’

Maria and I were confused; but before we either of us could think of a proper answer, the colonel said, ‘Indeed! I could not suppose my omission of not mentioning it could have been attended with such fatal consequences; but I sent the chariot, as thinking it more agreeable than a hackney coach, if one may judge by their outsides.’

‘We have no wish for a better,’ said I: ‘but brother declared we should walk, or stay at home; and as we really felt unable to do the former, we were making up our minds to the latter.’

‘How could you,’ said Mrs. Ambrose, ‘wish the young ladies to walk such a distance such a day as this?’

‘Because, miss,’ said he, ‘I never ride in a hackney coach, and I see no reason why they should, who are twenty years younger, and have the use of their legs better than me; for I have corns, that lame me sometimes.’

There was no replying to so very absurd a speech; and my brother, thinking he had convinced her, turned himself round in the chair, and putting one arm over the back of it, sat looking out at window until dinner was announced.

‘Dinner!’ said he; ‘why I see no cloth laid yet.’ The colonel informed him it was in another room.

‘Oh! two sitting-rooms is the vogue now.’—He then followed us where a very genteel dinner was pro-

vided, when he began to reckon the dishes, one, two, three, four; egad I see no end to them. Fish a top, a plaguy dear dish!’

‘You will partake of some,’ said Mrs. Ambrose, ‘I hope.’ ‘Yes, yes; I have no objection to partake of it.’

The colonel, who was uneasy because of the footman’s presence, tried to turn it off as a joke.—‘You are merry to-day, Mr. Vernon: it’s well we don’t believe all you say.’

‘I never say what I do not mean, and I will give any man a guinea that will say he ever saw fish at my table.’

The footman, who was stifling a laugh at the side-board, in drawing out his handkerchief to stuff into his mouth, threw down a glass.

‘Is that the way,’ said my brother, ‘you use your master’s property? There goes sixpence: it’s all you livery servants are good for to waste and confound.’

‘Come,’ said the colonel, ‘we will make him useful in some other way.—Give a glass of wine round, John.’

My brother observed it was very good wine, but wasting it to drink it with good meat.

It would be endless to repeat all the uncouth things said by this odd brother of ours at dinner.

Did he not continually expose himself to ridicule, I would not subject him to yours by repeating any of them.

We retired very soon after dinner, at which the colonel looked disappointed: but my brother seemed very well pleased; he relished, he said, the colonel’s wine. We spent a most delightful afternoon with Mrs. Ambrose. You and your good mother furnished the chief of our conversation. Now do you want to know all that was said; but I will not tell you a word.

‘I hope,’ said Mrs. Ambrose, ‘to see you here very often; but you

must excuse my attending you in the city, as I am extremely fearful of riding in London streets, and am besides very averse to visiting.' We assured her we would see her in the way most agreeable to herself—'Dear obliging girls,' she called us; 'my brother proposes spending next month in a shooting party: I will then petition your brother to spare you entirely. We can then,' turning to Maria with a smile, 'enter on business.'—Maria blushed, and both of us expressed our thanks in the best manner we were able. We chatted till near seven o'clock, when we summoned the gentlemen to tea. My brother made his appearance with a pipe in his mouth, and the effects of the colonel's wine pretty visible in his face. He staggered up to Mrs. Ambrose—'Egad,' said he, 'you are a likely woman!' at the same time puffing a cloud of smoke in her face.

'How could you think, brother,' said Maria, 'of bringing your pipe here?'

'Why, the colonel told me miss did not dislike tobacco.'—Mrs. Ambrose confirmed it, but desired he would sit a little further from her. This he complied with; and Maria and I placed ourselves on each side of her, by way of guard. The colonel now entered, and introduced no less a personage than Mr. Jerry, dressed in a scarlet coat, and his hat in his hand.

'Oh! Curtis,' said my brother: 'I told him to come, if we did not come home to supper!'

'The gentleman is just arrived,' said the colonel, 'and I am glad to see him. My sister, sir,—Mrs. Ambrose.'

Jerry bowed, and immediately looked round for a pin to hang his hat. The servant offered to take it, but he insisted on not troubling him; but not knowing how to dispose of

it, was at length prevailed on, and seating himself in an arm-chair, said 'he should not have come if Mr. Vernon had not ordered him.' 'Your presence needs no apology,' said Mrs. Ambrose. She then whispered me, to know who he was.—The colonel proposed cards. Maria expressed a wish to go home before supper; but Mrs. Ambrose insisted we should stay all night, and send the gentlemen home alone. To this we had no objection, not liking the thoughts of going with our brother, who, we had reason to think, by the time supper was ended would be incapable of taking care of us. Jerry said he could play nothing but all fours; and my brother, who was extremely talkative, proposed we should tell stories. I said, he will begin, and tell you the history of his courtship. The proposal diverted all parties, and my brother began.

'I have now given over all thoughts of marrying: five years since I intended it, and took a journey of forty miles after a young woman I had taken a fancy to seven years before; she was reported to have ten thousand pounds in hard cash, independent of her father, who being a man of large property, one might reasonably expect he would give her at least five thousand more. As I had never made any overtures to the lady, and had only seen her twice in my life, I of course wanted an introduction; I accordingly packed up a basket of oranges and almonds and raisins, the best I could procure, and sent them by the waggon, carriage paid, inclosing a letter to the father, saying I would pay a visit, for a day or two, shortly. Not hearing to the contrary, I set out, and was received by the father and daughter very civilly. I took the first opportunity to explain my intentions, which I did in nearly the

following words: "Sir," said I, "having conceived a very high opinion of miss, and imbibed a strong desire of exchanging a bachelor state for the more eligible one of husband, I resolved on this visit to you, in order to obtain the young lady in marriage. Now, sir, as I like to be open and above board, before I left home I took the exact statement of what I was worth, which (taking a paper from my pocket) you may see, sir, are so many pounds, shillings, and pence: now, as by this statement you find I am worth a pretty considerable sum, you cannot be surprised if I expect you will give your daughter in proportion." "Not a farthing!" interrupted he; "her grandfather left her independent of me, and independent she shall still remain. All my fortune shall be divided between her sisters, who were overlooked by the doting grandfather." Whilst I was thinking of a proper answer, and lamenting in my mind the hard case of the young lady, she suddenly arose, and making me a very low curtsy, "Sir," said she, "I am not to be sold;" and instantly left the room. It is impossible to describe the surprise and rage I felt on this treatment. The father, who burst into a fit of laughter, was going, doubtless, to insult me still further; but looking through the window, I glanced a stage coach passing for London; so snatching up my hat and stick, without saying a word, I ran out of the house, and, mounting the top of the machine, was out of sight in an instant. Thus ended my first and last courtship; for never will I again subject myself to the insult of another woman. She may, however, repent it, for I find she is married to a country gentleman, as he is called, who keeps a good deal of company; so, perhaps, he may bring her noble to

ninepence, and serve her right toe, for refusing a man that would have preserved her fortune, and left her a rich widow.'

Had my brother given the history of his whole life he could not more effectually have drawn his character: this one transaction is so strongly marked with ignorance, avarice, and insensibility, that it shews at once the whole complexion of his mind; nor will in future any meanness or absurdity he may be guilty of be wondered at.

This story, being told with much circumlocution, and many interruptions from the operations of the pipe, which he continued using the whole time, lasted till supper was announced. Nothing particular passed at this meal. Jerry ate very heartily, but behaved very well: brother was in high spirits; and, when the cloth was removed, gave us an old bachelor's song, at the request of Mrs. Ambrose.—'Come,' said he, when he had done, 'you may give us an old maid's ditty.' With this polite request she instantly complied, and sung—

'In the days of my youth shall it ever be
said
A nymph so engaging shall die an old maid?'

She then called on her brother, who gave us 'Free from bustle, care, and strife.' The colonel called on Maria, and she sung 'For tenderness form'd;' and I thought she never sung so sweetly. The colonel seemed quite enchanted; and I happening to say 'Your good mother had instructed us in playing on the piano forte,' he whispered me he would send us one the next day, which he accordingly did.

At twelve o'clock my brother took his leave with Jerry, saying he should come again soon. After they were gone, the colonel requested an-

other song from Maria. She sung 'Old Robin Grey:' the colonel, having never heard it before, was much affected: he sighed, and was so absent, that he sat five minutes after she had finished without speaking. 'Brother,' said Mrs. Ambrose, 'we will leave you to your meditations;' and took up the candles to retire with us.

'I beg pardon,' said he; 'but this little ballad has affected me.'

'I will never sing it again,' said Maria.

'Say not so, my dear Maria: whatever you sing cannot but be pleasing to me.'

As soon as we were retired I said to Maria, 'I wish you had not sung Robin Grey.'—'I wish so too,' said she.—'And I cannot think,' said I, 'why you did it, unless it was to make the colonel think you was about to make the same sacrifice as Jenny did.'

'Sure,' said she, 'he would not suppose so. Do you think he could?'

'Nay, I don't know; but he certainly looked very grave.'

'Dear! how could I be so inconsiderate! I know not how it was, but I felt an unconquerable inclination to sing it.'

'Yes,' said I, 'and to hum it about the house all day long, when you are alone.'

She blushed; and, seeing her confused, I forbore saying more on the subject. But this little circumstance has dwelt on my mind ever since. I observe with much uneasiness the increased dejection of her spirits. There must be a cause, and I own I am persuaded a secret attachment to Charles is preying on her, and she is struggling to overcome it. Pray Heaven she may succeed, for her interest and happiness depend on it.

I was surprised the next morning to find the colonel was not to break-

fast at home; he was gone out on business, his sister informed us. Maria was very low all breakfast-time. Mrs. Ambrose rallied her on it. 'My brother,' said she, 'will be highly gratified when I inform him the alteration his absence makes in you.' She entertained us with playing on the harpsichord, of which she is complete mistress. I expected the colonel every minute: at length he arrived. I thought I discovered an air of dejection in his countenance; he however assumed the same easy cheerful manner as usual. Maria could scarcely summon resolution to look up; but he took no notice of her confusion. We took our leave about one o'clock, and the colonel insisted on our going home in the chariot. As he led us to it, he informed Maria he was going for a week on a shooting party, and should be much obliged to us if we would bear his sister company in his absence. She told him she had with pleasure consented so to do, if our brother could spare us. He looked pleased, and said he had already secured that.

I will now conclude this long letter, with a request to hear from you soon. Best respects to your mother, and am, affectionately, yours,

H. VERNON.

LETTER XVII.

Mrs. Ambrose to Colonel Ambrose.

I CAN truly say this is the first time I ever took up my pen to write to my dear brother with reluctance. To communicate unpleasing intelligence to those we love, is of all employments the most irksome. But I will not make a long preface to my information, which I doubt not you have already guessed at. My dear brother must think no more of miss Vernon as a wife. These two

lovely sisters came, as they had promised, the day you left town; and, agreeable to your request, I have watched every word and action of Maria's, in order to discover if your suspicions were true in regard of her preference of another to yourself. It needed not much penetration to perceive some uneasiness sat on her mind. Too frank and ingenuous in her temper to disguise her feelings, she yet suffered them to prey on her heart, as she was convinced the disclosure would distress her sister. I often surprised her in tears, and when I asked the cause she would answer 'Nothing, dear madam, but an involuntary weakness. I know not what ails me of late; when I ought to be most cheerful I am most grave, but I will be better.'—I applied to Harriet—'What is the matter with your sister?' said I, 'Alas,' she replied, 'I do not know; and when I ask her the question, she answers me by sighs.' 'But cannot you guess?' said I. A deep blush suffused the face of Harriet. She was going to say no; but as it was the first untruth she ever attempted to utter, it died on her voice. 'Ah! Harriet,' said I, 'that countenance cannot deceive me, were you inclined it should. I know you guess the cause of your sister's dejection, and if you think me your friend you will acquaint me.'

'But you will tell the colonel, madam?'

'I will not, indeed, promise secrecy to him, for of all persons he is most interested. Your sister's depression of spirits has not escaped him; and he has particularly requested me to discover the cause, and acquaint him, that he may remove it.'

'I fear that is not in his power, if it be what I guess; but I will not be reserved to you, who have such

an undoubted right to my confidence.—Previous to our acquaintance with colonel Ambrose, I saw, or fancied I saw, a partiality on my sister's part towards Mr. Wentworth, the young gentleman you have heard us frequently mention. He is a sensible young man, agreeable in his manners, and elegant in his person: I could not discover the like partiality on his part, but the opinion I entertain of Maria's charms left me not in much doubt of it. When my sister accepted the colonel's offer, and Mr. Wentworth acceded to his proposal of going to India, I considered myself either to have been mistaken, or that an attachment in infancy was found easy to conquer on each side. But the increasing dejection of Maria has since led me to think her unfortunate passion has taken a deeper root than she at first imagined; for such is her delicacy, that I am certain she never would have consented to have given her hand to the colonel, had she been conscious of the smallest preference to another.'

I thanked Harriet for her information, and told her I thought it necessary for your peace as well as hers that the matter should be investigated. She thought so too; and we agreed that we would, that very afternoon, set about our examination of our poor prisoner.

Being seated at work, Harriet, according to agreement, began.—'I wonder,' said she, 'where Mr. Wentworth is just now.'

'Really,' replied I, 'you seem very anxious about that young man, miss Harriet. Pray, miss Vernon, is there not something more than friendship in this solicitude of your sister's?'

'Not that I know of,' replied she, blushing as she spoke.

'Was it possible,' resumed I, 'that a young man of sensibility

should reside in the same house with my two charming friends, and not have a pre-dilection for one of them?

Maria took notice of her eyes from her work.—‘What say you, Harriet, to this?’ said she.

‘What do you say, Maria?’

‘I protest I have no other partiality for Charles than as a friend, nor have I ever conceived he entertained any other for me.’

‘Come,’ said I, ‘we will not dwell on the subject in this way: I consider you both as frank and ingenuous; don’t on this occasion give me reason to doubt it. I have long observed, with deep regret, the melancholy of my dear Maria: it is natural I should search in my own ideas for a cause. This young man is, by all accounts, extremely amiable: what if I should say his merit has made an impression on—’

‘Oh! stop, madam,’ interrupted Maria: ‘have I not engaged myself to your worthy brother, and can I prove ungrateful for his kind partiality to me?’

‘Who,’ resumed I, ‘can command their affections? It is no fault to prefer one object to another; but it is a fault to give your hand without your heart.’

The dear girl caught my hand, and agitated beyond description—‘No, my dear madam,’ said she, ‘I will have no reserves to you. But I do not deserve your kind solicitude. I have been guilty of an error in the highest degree reprehensible. I have promised to become the wife of colonel Ambrose, and—’

‘You have given your heart to Charles Wentworth,’ interrupted I.

‘May I endeavour at an extenuation of my fault? I knew not half my affection until he quitted England. His absence I then found almost insupportable. One moment I resolved to lay before you and your brother my weakness, and the next

resolved to conquer that weakness. Alas! I know not what to do: to be ungrateful to your brother, and to forfeit my promise, I cannot bear the thought of; but to give him my hand under such circumstances is impossible.’

‘Nor would he accept it,’ said I. ‘He has long suspected the cause of your anxiety, and it is by his desire I entered on the conversation. Do not, my dear girl, distress yourself: my brother is generous and candid.’

‘I know he is,’ replied the weeping Maria, ‘but he will despise me; he will cease to be my friend.’—Then turning to Harriet—‘My sister too will despise me. I have set her a pattern of duplicity.’

‘Impossible!’ said she, and embraced her. ‘My Maria is my pattern in every thing.’

It would be endless to repeat all that passed between us on this occasion. I promised to write to you by the next day’s post. I endeavoured to argue Maria out of her passion for this young man, which really appears to me an unfortunate one; but it seems to have taken a lasting root in her heart. She is only anxious at present to acquit herself in your eyes of ingratitude and caprice.—‘He retains, and ever will retain,’ said she, ‘the second place in my heart: would I could bestow on him the first!’

I am not at a loss to guess what your determination will be; but I hope, in parting with Maria, you will not part with your peace of mind. You are past the romantic age. Give me your advice how to act in regard to the brother, for to acquaint him with all the truth must not be. His narrow soul is totally incapable of comprehending such refined delicacy as Maria’s; and were he acquainted with it she would be subject to his anger, and perhaps resentment.—Adieu, my dear brother! Be assured I most tenderly

sympathise in your distress, and am ready to contribute all in my power for its alleviation.

Yours most affectionately,
LUCY AMBROSE.

LETTER XVIII.

Colonel Ambrose, in answer.

WHAT an interesting letter is my dear Lucy's? I found it impossible to reply to it yesterday, and indeed feel almost incapable for the task this morning, but I will summon all my resolution so to do.—My fears are then realised: I do not possess Maria's heart, and she must no longer possess mine. But I may yet be allowed to admire her, to be her friend, and to partake with you of her company. To give her up as my wife has cost me a pang beyond my power to describe; but reason and the consideration of her happiness require it, and it is done. I thank you for all the particulars you favoured me with: it is impossible I can answer to them; the subject affects me too much to permit me to dwell on it. I observe you do not say if Wentworth has an equal partiality to her. Pray Heaven she may not become the victim of an hopeless passion! I should in that case feel more distressed than I do at present. I have revolved several schemes in my mind as to acquainting the brother of the change that unhappily has taken place, and I can think of nothing better than for Harriet to tell him, in general terms, the affair is broken off. I have never myself entered with him on the subject, but if he should now do so with me, I have answers that will acquit Maria in his eyes; and as I am not solicitous what such a man as he may say, I doubt not this affair will be managed without difficulty.

If I can make Maria easy, and

continue to possess her friendship, I care for little else. I have almost heroism enough to say I shall be happy to see her the wife of Charles Wentworth, if his fortune and merit should, a few years hence, make him worthy her preference. I purpose staying here the remainder of the month, though I own I receive no great pleasure in the company of those country sportsmen, vulgar in their manners and dissolute in their conduct; but I think a short absence will tend to confirm my resolution in regard to my future conduct towards Maria. The advice and approbation of my dear sister will ever be anxiously sought for and desired by her affectionate brother,

CHARLES AMBROSE.

LETTER XIX.

Colonel Ambrose to Miss Maria Vernon.

Dearest Madam,

A LETTER yesterday received from my sister has informed me of the particulars of a conversation that passed a few days since between you, your sister, and herself.—To see you happy is the first wish of my heart, and to endeavour to make you so shall be my constant effort. What proof can I give you that those are really my sentiments equal to the one I am now about to give? I am going, my dearest Maria, to release you from all engagements to myself but those of friendship. Yes, painful as the resignation is, I will resign you to another, if by so doing I can see you happy; and I will relinquish all my hopes as your lover, if I may possess that place in your affections you would bestow on a brother. If I may be allowed the pleasure of your company, be honoured with your confidence, and permitted to call you my friend, my

sister, I shall feel as much happiness as a person who once aspired to the title of your husband can possibly experience. I refer you to a letter I have by this post written to my sister, for more of my sentiments. It is painful to me to dwell on the subject; I will, therefore, at present only request the favour of a line from you to confirm the hopes I entertain and have expressed in these few lines, and am your obedient friend and servant,

C. AMBROSE.

LETTER XX.

Miss Vernon to Colonel Ambrose, in answer.

Dear Sir,

THE inability I feel to answer as I ought such a letter as you have honoured me with, can only be equalled by the generosity and disinterested friendship therein evinced: for that generosity and friendship I beg leave to offer my grateful acknowledgements, and, at the same time, to assure you that no consideration but the one of still possessing your esteem could give me ease under the consciousness of having wounded your peace of mind. Suffer me then to request that you will ascribe my present conduct to my weakness, not to my capriciousness. Believe me, sir, independent of consideration respecting my own happiness, I have a far greater regard for yours than to risque it by bestowing my hand without my heart.—I have now only to regret the absurdity of my conduct, in not before discovering that I had not a heart to bestow. Your kind consideration for me in regard to my brother I am highly sensible of; but, although his good opinion may not be material, I cannot suffer him to be deceived in so essential a

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point as the honour of my best friend. It is impossible that I can refuse the request you make for my future friendship, and if my company can contribute to your satisfaction it is equally at your command; but Mrs. Ambrose joins me in opinion, that a few months' absence will be more desirable. My sister and myself have received an invitation to spend the winter with a distant relation in Wiltshire. We have thoughts of accepting it, but in this I will be guided by your wishes: did I not make them my first consideration I should be unworthy your generous concern. I remain, sir, with the highest esteem and gratitude, your ever obliged and obedient servant,

MARIA VERNON.

LETTER XXI.

Colonel Ambrose to Mr. Vernon.

Sir,

You will be surprised at the contents of this letter, which is to inform you that I have altered my mind in regard to marrying your sister, or, in short, marrying at all. It is my intention to follow your example, and continue a bachelor. Now I hope you will not take amiss this alteration in my sentiments, and I flatter myself that we shall not be worse friends than before. I have written to the young lady, and she declares herself perfectly satisfied in the matter. As that is the case, and she is the principal person concerned, I see not why the affair should be talked of. I hope to have the pleasure of meeting you and your sisters when I come to town as old friends; in the mean time I remain your friend and servant,

CHARLES AMBROSE,

(To be continued.)

K k

A NIGHT WALK

IN MAY.

By J. M. L.

'Silence and Darkness! Solemn sisters!
 From ancient Night, who nurse the tender
 To reason, and on reason build resolve,
 Assist me!'

YOUNG.

THE lovely month of May, with all her train of bloom-bedecked attendants, had appeared, to bless the growing year.

'Soft as the slumbering infant's sigh'
 was her balmy breath: all nature felt its genial influence; the birds warbled their grateful thanks to Nature's God for his beneficence; and delighted man might exclaim—

'How soft is now the gently-passing breeze;
 How sweet the cowslip that bedecks the
 How pure the green that decorates the trees;
 How full of melody the wood-bird's tale;
 How rich the landscape bursts upon the sight;
 How still the streamlet wanders on its way!
 No more we find dull Winter's length'ning
 But hail the softest hour of Spring's bright
 days.'

Author's Manuscript Poems.

Bloomfield, in his 'Farmer's Boy,' has displayed the rustic occupations of spring with great beauty; among the rest, the description of Spring and her attendants, with Giles's employment as a shepherd, are particularly pleasing.

'Neglected now the early daisy lies;
 Not thou, pale primrose, bloom'st the only
 prize:
 Advancing SPRING profusely spreads abroad
 Flow'rs of all hues, with sweetest fragrance
 stor'd;
 Where'er she treads, LOVE gladdens ev'ry
 plain,
 Delight on tiptoe bears her lucid train;
 Sweet Hope, with conscious brow, before her
 flies,
 Anticipating wealth from Summer skies;

All Nature feels her renovating sway;
 The sheep-fed pasture, and the meadow gay;
 And trees, and shrubs, no longer budding
 seen,
 Display the new-grown branch of lighter
 green;
 On airy downs the shepherd idling lies,
 And sees to-morrow in the marbled skies.
 Here then, my soul, thy darling theme pursue,
 For ev'ry day was Giles a shepherd too.
 Small was his charge: no wilds had they
 to roam;
 But bright enclosures circling round their
 home.
 Nor yellow-blossom'd furze, nor stubborn
 thorn,
 The heath's rough produce, had their fleeces
 torn:
 Yet ever roving, ever seeking thee,
 Enchanting spirit, dear Variety!
 O happy tenants, prisoners of a day!
 Released to ease, to pleasure, and to play;
 Indulg'd through ev'ry field by turns to range,
 And taste them all in one continual change.
 For though luxuriant their grassy food,
 Sheep long confin'd but loathe the present
 good;
 Bleating around the homeward gate they
 meet,
 And stave and pine, with plenty at their
 feet.
 Loos'd from the winding lane, a joyful throng,
 See, o'er yon pasture, how they prur along.
 Giles round their boundaries takes his usual
 stroll;
 Sees ev'ry pass secur'd, and fences whole;
 High fences, proud to charm the gazing eye,
 Where many a nestling first essays to fly;
 Where blows the woodbine faintly streak'd
 with red,
 And rests on every bough its tender head;
 Round the young ash its twining branches
 meet,
 Or crown the hawthorn with its odours
 sweet.
 Say, ye that know, ye who have felt and seen
 Spring's morning smiles, and soul-enliv'ning
 green;
 Say, did you give the thrilling transport way?
 Did your eye brighten, when young lambs at
 play
 Leap'd o'er your path with animated pride,
 Or gaz'd in merry clusters by your side?
 Ye who can smile, to wisdom no disgrace,
 At the arch meaning of a kitten's face;
 If spotless innocence, and infant mirth,
 Excites to praise, or gives reflection birth;
 In shades like these pursue your fav'rite joy,
 Midst Nature's revels, sports that never
 cloy.'

Such was the season, and such had been the day preceding my present walk. The fragrant sweetness of the air, loaded with the essence of a

thousand blossoms; the still serenity of the sky, without a cloud to darken its star-crown'd glory; the plaintive song of night's peculiar bird, and the distant cadence of a well-known water-fall, were all circumstances congenial to the moment, and to the state of my mind. A year, a little year, had elapsed, since a father, my only remaining parent, had sought the 'bourne from whence no traveller returns.'—And shall twelve trifling months make me forget him?—forbid it, every grateful feeling of my soul!—Never can I forget him; never can I cease to remember his unceasing goodness to me. It may, perhaps, not be fashionable to seem to possess any feeling, or to remember any kindness that a parent has shewn towards his neglectful offspring; apathy *may* rule the votaries of fashion, but shall not be numbered amongst my catalogue of frailties—for frail is every child of man, weak as the reed that trembles in the storm!

My steps were pointed to the silent depository of the dead: there, undisturbed, I could vent the still murmurs of my pensive breast; there I could call to recollection, uninterrupted by the voice of man, my parent's every act of affection; I could, with fancy's soothing aid, picture his form as it was when health shed her influence over it; and thus live over again, as it were, my better moments of existence. But, ah! fancy too, with fickle mind, pictures his hours of pain, pitilessly pictures his departing moments. Heaven knows, I dread not the remembrance; no scream of agonising conscience fraught the dreadful hour with horror; no bitter recollection of studied sin disturbed his dying thoughts; no pang but that of bodily pain was felt. Oh! 'twas an awful moment! but it was a very

satisfactory one. To see a parent die most assuredly is a painful task; but to see him die happy, to feel confident that his sainted spirit will be so, is consolatory in the highest degree. I know not a greater satisfaction than the recollection of having soothed my parent's last hour on earth, of having knelt by his bedside when nature yielded up her trust, and in a long, last sigh, his soul sought its heavenward course.

' For e'en the bed where life expiring lies,
So fraught with terror to the feeble mind,
Causes no fear when there a *good man* dies,
Who fixes hope on heav'n, to death resign'd.

' So have I seen my life's best friend expire
Without a murmur at each pang of pain.
Fall fast my tears; embalm an honour'd sire,
Whose spirit fled without one sinful stain.

' Father of ev'ry good that here we know!
Lord of all space! Omniscient King of
Heav'n!

Mercy's great God!—best friend of human
woe!

To whom eternal honour should be giv'n!

' Grant all the griefs that press upon my soul
May teach it humbleness to thy commands;

Teach it to bend to Mercy's just controul,
And bless the chastening of thy holy hands!

' And when the feebly-beating pulse of life
Shall point the path to Nature's op'ning
tomb,

May blest Religion banish sinful strife,
And like my parent may I meet my doom!'

Author's Poems.

Having ended my melancholy visit to the grave of my father, I returned home; for I did not feel inclined, after such a course of thought, to extend my ramble, or let my loftier tone of mind sink to more unworthy objects than those on which it was fixed. But ere I wooed the goddess of repose, I gave my late sensations the following elegiac form:

' Silence has clos'd the scene of noisy day;
Soft-breathing Time approaches, neck and
slow;

Whilst I, a lonely being, seek my way,
To pour on earth's still ear the plaint of
woe.

- 'The glare of day may suit the son of pride,
But unto sorrow's eye its beam gives pain;
The mournful stillness of the evening tide
Affords an hour when woe may safe complain.
- 'And such an hour is this; for on the breeze
No sound is borne to strike the timid ear,
Save the soft zephyr sweeping through the trees,
Whispering its wild solemnity of fear.
- 'And that is pleasing to the ear of grief,
For trifles oft o'er misery have controul;
It darts one feeble ray of soft relief,
It seems to speak of peace, and soothes the soul.
- 'In yonder grove the rooks are hush'd to rest,
Within their nests, the topmost boughs among;
The light-wing'd Lark his lowly bed has prest,
The glossy Blackbird has forgot his song.
- 'The distant glimm'ring from the cottage door,
Where chinks betray the taper's trembling light,
Now disappears; its gleam is seen no more,
And sleep serene awaits the rustic's night.
- 'The baying yard-dog ceases now his cry,
In calm security he sinks to rest;
And many a child of woe neglects to sigh,
While unsought slumber lulls his troubled breast.
- 'My footsteps bear me where the moss-grown pile
Sheds in the moon-beam softer tints of shade;
Where grandeur sleeps beneath the gloomy aisle,
The crimson'd coffin low in splendour laid.
- 'There the tall tomb uprears its pompous head,
With verse high-sounding, and with praise spread o'er;
As though the fulsome theme could please the dead,
Or soothe them on Eternity's vast shore.
- 'But Time will mock the artist's feeble pow'r,
Will make the tell-tale marble's surface plain;
And with the silent, slowly-moving hour,
Will into ruin rock e'en yon proud fane!
- 'Round the lone walls is many a humbler grave,
Where rest as quiet from the world's worst pain
The village matron, or the great man's slave;
Wrapt in their turf-bound tombs, they sleep as warm.
- 'What matters now the mighty man's lost pow'r?
Or what the troubles that the swain once bore?
Lost is the grandeur of the festal hour;
The poor man feels his heaviest griefs no more.
- 'The lab'rer who has toil'd here finds a bed
Of soft repose from ev'ry ill of life;
No more he meets the coming day with dread,
No more he fears the bitter pang of strife.
- 'The blust'ring son of Mars, whose trade was war,
Here sleeps as mildly as the simplest swain,
Whose bloodless battles never left a scar,
Whose wars were only with the bending grain.
- 'The soldier sweeps with devastating hand,
And leaves destruction where he found delight;—
The rustic's toil bedecks a smiling land,
And leads the corn-blade into life and light.
- 'Which the most useful of these fellow men?
I scarcely need enquire, for all will say,
Him, surely, who can teach the barren glen
To teem with life, and bless the toil-fraught day.
- 'Here, quite adjacent, lie the miser mean
And spendthrift, prodigal of all his joys;
Who, though in life together ne'er were seen,
Here huddled close, escape from all its noise.
- 'And here the sorrowing son of anguish sleeps,
Freed from the pang that stole his bosom's peace;
Now from his couch no more he starts and weeps,
But all his woes and all his sorrows cease.
- 'And here I come to shed the tender tear,
That falls in mem'ry of a father's love;
For here I linger'd o'er his mournful bier,
And here the luxury of grief can prove.
- 'While night-air's murmur in my pensive ear,
I call to mind his venerated form;
Nor find, while thus employ'd, a timid fear,
Nor heed the loud approaches of the storm.
- 'For 'tis a debt to gratitude I owe,
A debt that gives a pleasure as I pay;
It leads the mind its inmost thoughts to know,
And points to Heav'n's eternal happy day.
- 'No sculptur'd stone, 'tis true, points out the place,
Where rest his ashes; but affection's eye
The honour'd spot with greater care will trace
Than if the praise-encumber'd tomb was high.

'Yet, if an epitaph had mark'd the spot
That now contains the form so late held
 dear,
This only should have told his former lot,
This only should have drawn sweet friend-
 ship's tear.

EPITAPH.

'HERE lies entomb'd a friend, a father
 true;
Who, as this pensive vale of tears he trod,
This one short maxim ever kept in view—
"An honest man's the noblest work of
 God."

Author's Manuscript Poems.

ALPHONSO AND ALMIRA;

OR,

THE NOBLE FORESTER.

A

SARDINIAN TALE.

By a Lady.

(Continued from p. 189.)

CHAP. III.

Almira relates to Alphonso her meeting with Rinaldo—Further conversation between Rinaldo and Almira—Rinaldo is introduced to Alphonso, and agrees to accompany him to Sardinia.

THE morning had scarcely began to dawn before Almira sought her father, whom she found busily employed in the little garden he had formed and cultivated. She accosted Alphonso in her usual strain of filial tenderness; but her faltering voice, and fluttered spirits, too plainly indicated that something more than common lurked in her mind. Alphonso, therefore, threw aside his spade, and enjoined his daughter to unburthen herself without any restraint or fear. Almira accordingly took courage, and made her father acquainted with the meeting she had had with Rinaldo, which made a too visible impression on him not to be observed.

'I hope I have done nothing,' exclaimed Almira, 'to displease my father.'

'Oh! Almira,' said he, 'I know you are good and virtuous. Innocuous are your thoughts—pure and unsullied. Your charms too justify you in the first of expectations, and will warrant you in thinking the love of every man sincere. But to be poor is not always to be unhappy. There may shortly come a time, my dear Almira, when we may burst forth from the cloud of adversity that at present obscures us: when prosperity may shine upon us—when you, my best of daughters, may sit upon a throne. I would, therefore, have your affections perfectly disengaged; so that, if ever we should obtain our right, you may be left at liberty to place them on an object suited to your rank.'

'And yet,' replied Almira, who had heard her father with every mark of attention and respect, 'if the youth I chanced to meet should be formed to move the tenderest passions, and make a maiden happy, and possess with these accomplishments a high sense of honour, surely, my dear father, there could be no harm in my listening to him.'

Alphonso, who plainly perceived that her breast laboured with something she did not care to utter, requested her to proceed, and unbosom herself to him without reserve; assuring her, that whatever might remain undiscovered should meet with every kind of tenderness and consideration.

Almira, thus encouraged, confessed that the generous youth had made an impression on her heart she had never known before.

'What is this I hear?' exclaimed Alphonso. 'Beware, Almira, of a father's anger. Remember the solemn caution I give you, not to suffer an attachment for any one in

this situation; and if any accident should throw you again in the way of the stranger, on no account give him your conversation, or entertain him with a single word.'

'Not speak to him!' cried Almira.

'I have said it,' cried Alphonso, 'and expect to be obeyed!' and immediately left her to herself.

'Good Heavens!' reflected Almira, 'what cause of anger can I have given to my father! Surely there can be no harm in the stranger's love for me, or in mine for him. He surely has too much generosity to deceive me, and can have nothing more in view than my good. At least it would be cruel in me not to love him, since that alone, he says, would make him happy.'

Such were the reflections that filled Almira's mind. The appearance and language of Rinaldo had worked most powerfully on her, and established an interest equal to his wishes. In this situation her distress may easily be imagined. Her father had imposed on her an injunction against holding any further discourse with Rinaldo, should chance again throw him in her way, and it was impossible for her to muster up resolution enough to make a discovery of his being at that very time concealed near the hut. Rinaldo's presence, however, suddenly put an end to all further reflections.

'I have sought you, lovely maid!' cried Rinaldo, 'unable any longer to forbear your presence; for be assured it will never be possible for me to endure your absence. The impression your beauty has made on me can never be effaced. My heart is yours. I live but in your smiles, and pant for an opportunity of making your father acquainted with it.'

'Alas!' replied Almira, 'that cannot be. He must not know you are here.'

'Not know I am here!' exclaimed Rinaldo. 'Did you inform him of the declaration I had made you of my love?—I will go this instant and seek him. But first, my dear Almira, let me know who and what you are; for though I have found you and your father obscured here in this humble hut, a thousand things conspire to convince me that you are not what you seem, and that while adversity appears to surround you resplendent hope breaks in, and cheers you with the expectation of better days.'

Almira for a while resisted his curiosity, but, importuned, she at length revealed every circumstance of her history necessary for him to know.

'Good Heavens!' exclaimed Rinaldo, 'is it possible that Alphonso can still be living? I know his story well, and often have heard his fate lamented. All Sardinia is in his favour, and would gladly place the prince on the throne whose supposed death they so generously mourn.'

Rinaldo now insisted upon seeing Almira's father. But it was in vain that he urged her to consent.—'I entreat not,' said he, 'an interview for my own happiness, but to make myself known to him, and concert the best measures that can be taken for restoring to him his long-lost dignity. For however I may wish to make you mine, every hope of it is now no more! Your birth places you, my dear Almira, too high for an untitled individual, as I am, to look up to.—'Heavens!' exclaimed Rinaldo, 'what situation can possibly be too great for virtue and merit like yours? You declared you loved me when interest could have no share in it; and if fortune should ever place me on a throne, the only reason I shall have to rejoice at it will be on account of the opportunity it will afford me of evincing the sincerity of my love.'

During this interview, Alphonso having accidentally gone to the apartment in which Rinaldo slept, was alarmed at finding a man's cloak, richly embroidered with lace. It is impossible to conceive the thoughts that rushed into his mind, and tortured his imagination, upon a discovery of so novel and unexpected a nature. How to account for it, or what to think, he knew not. The freshness of the dress plainly proved that it could not have been there any length of time, and the value of it at once denoted it to have been worn by a person of some distinction. The account given him by Almira of her meeting with Rinaldo came to his recollection. He instantly went to the hut, and found Almira from home. A variety of conjectures now distracted him. Almira's virtue would not suffer him to think for a single moment that she could have done any thing that could dishonour her; but he thought there was too much reason to apprehend that she had been thrown again in Rinaldo's way, and his imagination suggested to him the worst of consequences; sometimes fearing that she might have been prevailed upon to quit the place under his protection; and sometimes dreading, lest she might have been dragged away by force, and that he should never see her again.

Rinaldo having used many arguments with Almira, why he should be permitted to have an interview with Alphonso, at length prevailed upon her to introduce him; an opportunity for doing which offered itself at this very juncture of time. Nothing could exceed the surprise of Alphonso, or the suspicion with which he viewed Rinaldo.

An angry eye at first darted his resentment against Almira for her apparent disobedience; but the generous youth, having obtained an op-

portunity, addressed himself with such address, as not only to convince him of the honour and sincerity of his love for Almira, but to gain his confidence so far as to obtain his promise to accompany him to Sardinia, for the purpose of restoring him to his long-lost father, from whom he had been severed by his cruel and ambitious uncle, whose life a short fit of sickness, Rinaldo informed him, had just put an end to, hated and despised by the generality of the people, since through his art and villany they had long suspected the infant prince, Alphonso, had been deposed.

CHAP. IV.

Alphonso prepares to quit the forest—Almira relates a disagreeable dream—Antonio, Rinaldo's uncle, discovers Almira, of whom he becomes enamoured—Consequences of his meeting with her.

EARLY the next morning Rinaldo awakened Alphonso and Almira, in order to prepare for their intended journey. No bride, surely, ever felt so great a pleasure on the day of marriage, as both the father and daughter experienced in his visit, made for the purpose of conducting them, as it were, to a new world.

And here let me ask those who can best read the human heart what must have been the state of Alphonso's mind, called by an angel, as it were, to life and prosperity, to wield, perhaps, a sceptre, and emerge from a state of indigence and obscurity to that of wealth and fame. As to Almira, she knew not what to think, or what idea to form of the station she was likely to fill, from the account she had received of it from Rinaldo. Every distinction in life Almira was taught to expect, and she was too sensible of her personal

charms not to conceive the lustre they would derive from the aid of dress, and those thousand ornaments that serve to captivate and ensnare.

'Come,' said Rinaldo, 'this day shall restore to the world one of the best of men, and one of the fairest maids that love and fancy ever formed.'

'Generous youth!' cried Alphonso, 'what but Heaven could have directed you hither? A life of gratitude can but poorly repay your kindness. As to Almira, you know her sentiments too well not to be convinced that her affections must be eternally fixed on you as her deliverer.'

'Hold,' exclaimed Rinaldo, interrupting him; 'it was impossible to look on Almira without feeling a more than common degree of pleasure and delight. I owned, too, that I loved her; but to be moved in your behalf by any other impulse than that of friendship would be to dishonour and reproach my name. No, good Alphonso, my life and fortune, such as it is, shall be at your service; and if, after I have procured you justice, you should think me deserving of Almira's hand, I shall think it a reward infinitely beyond any thing I can possibly have a right to claim.'

'Oh!' cried Almira, 'you are all goodness, and Providence surely designed you for my happiness; but I have had a dream to-night—a dream that fills me with the worst of apprehensions. I thought I was in the midst of the forest, alone, and unprotected; and that a wild beast, of a most ferocious nature and hideous form, came suddenly upon me, and seized hold of me with his teeth. A stream of blood appeared to gush out at his nostrils, and lifting my feeble arm to strike the monster, his horrid groan instantly roused me out of my sleep.'

Alphonso could not help shewing how much he was disconcerted at her relation; but Rinaldo endeavoured to explain the dream to have been occasioned by her over anxiety for their safety, and entreated her to consider it as wholly undeserving her serious attention.

There is a fatality, however, in dreams, that frequently baffles every endeavour to disregard or despise them. From whatever cause they arise, the effects are too well known to be disputed; and idle and superstitious as those may be thought who give them any sort of regard, events have been, perhaps, accidentally preceded by them, which, though not exactly the same, yet in some shape or other so much resemble them as to recal them to our memory and reflection.

Thus it happened with Almira. Little respect was paid to her dream; but it was in vain that care was used to avert what it predicted, and turn aside an incident that for a while delayed their intended journey.

Antonio, the uncle of Rinaldo, it seems, had been thrown out of the hunt just after his nephew, and wandering about the forest in search of some refreshment, happened to come near the hut, at the very moment Rinaldo and Almira were discoursing together near the grotto. The sight of his nephew was so wholly unlooked for, that it was impossible for him not to be struck with astonishment the moment he saw him; but a still greater degree of surprise seized him, upon perceiving him in company with the most accomplished beauty his eyes had ever beheld.

Antonio, who gazed with wonder and admiration, was for a while at a loss to determine whether to accost his nephew, and make himself known to him, or watch for an opportunity of addressing Almira alone.

While he was thus deliberating within himself, Rinaldo left his fair companion for a conversation with her father. The moment, at once the most favourable to his wishes, was too precious to lose. He immediately alighted from his horse, and presented himself before her.

Almira screamed with alarm, demanded whence he came and who he was, and entreated him to forbear offering any violence. But Antonio, wholly disregarding her admonition, proceeded to salute her, declaring that nothing should ever dispossess him of a woman so fair and lovely. At this instant Rinaldo returned! He returned, but who can describe his feelings? It would have been enough to have struck him motionless to have found her with a man; but to behold his dear Almira rudely folded in the arms of another was death itself. Fired with too much rage for reflection, he immediately drew his sword, and running up to Antonio, was upon the point of plunging it into his heart, when he perceived it to be his uncle. 'Heavens!' exclaimed Rinaldo, 'is it possible that my eyes can see right, or do they not deceive me, when they present to my view one of the worst of ruffians, in the person of my uncle Antonio?' Antonio, instead of offering any excuse for the insult he had given, used the grossest language to Rinaldo, and loaded Almira with the foulest abuse, telling her that his power was not to be resisted, and that no protection should shelter her from his intentions. So saying, he turned abruptly away, and, after remounting his horse, vowed he would presently return with a force too powerful for them to think of opposition.

Rinaldo requested Almira to be composed, and to fear no hurt. There was more reason, however,

for her to be alarmed than he was aware of; for Antonio quickly appeared again with three attendants, and demanded admission at the hut, in which Alphonso had, for the present, advised Rinaldo to secure Almira.

Every argument was used in vain to dissuade Antonio from proceeding any farther in his views against Almira. Every assurance of opposition was treated with contempt, and he only became more irritated when he was informed, that, whatever her present appearance might be, she would in a very short time move in a sphere of life as much above him in rank, as she was superior to him in every accomplishment of the mind. Antonio, notwithstanding, still persisted in his resolution to possess himself of Almira, for whom he assured Alphonso he had imbibed the most inviolable regard. Rinaldo, he said, was no stranger to his title and riches, both of which he was ready to lay at Almira's feet, however above what she could have any right to expect; but that if she was still denied to his wishes, she should nevertheless be his.

Antonio, having expressed himself to this effect, immediately left the hut, bidding Alphonso and his nephew beware of provoking his resentment.

(To be continued.)

LETTERS TO A YOUNG LADY.

LETTER I.

Dear Betsey,

I RECEIVED yours, in which I find nothing to complain of but a little false spelling, which is generally to be expected in letters from young persons unused to epistolary correspondence. It is not the ca-

capacity of spelling with correctness with the tongue that is always attended with the certainty of writing with the same correctness with the pen. The *eye* must be taught as well as the *ear*; and here, perhaps, the means of instruction may be considered of a twofold nature. The habit of knowing correct orthography by sight must be acquired. Spelling rightly is sometimes gained by reading the thoughts of others; but it is oftener obtained by writing our own.

I much question, could you spell all the words of the English language by rote, as they occur in the dictionary, if you have not been accustomed to see them as they are arranged in the manner they are used in compositions, whether it would be possible for you, in many hours, to write correctly one single line.

You are therefore, if for no other purpose but to improve yourself in orthography, to accustom yourself very frequently to be giving your thoughts to paper, upon one subject or other; which are then to be carefully examined by the helps to be obtained from your dictionary, with a view to correct the errors you have made.

It matters not what you write, so that you write as good sense as you can: by this means you will soon perceive that you will make considerable improvement; for every error you detect by these means is more likely to be impressed on your mind, than if you had been told of them by another person.

But there is another advantage in this practice: by habituating your mind to produce matter to be expressed with your pen, you will soon find no difficulty when you sit down to write to your friend, or for your own private perusal, to fill up your paper with facility and pleasure; or

at least the essays thus produced will give you more satisfaction in the course of a few months than you can really imagine. And in the next place, reading different authors will very much contribute to help you forward in spelling, and for this reason, because the words most in use, by occurring the most frequently, become the more familiar to the mind, and the true manner of spelling them is by this means the more likely to be seen and remembered.

But still inditing your own compositions has very much the advantage of reading the productions of others, to aid you in the accomplishment of the art I am speaking of. The eye becomes familiar to the word as it is written, and when a word correctly spelt has occurred to your eye frequently, it makes an impression on the mind peculiar to itself; by which the same word improperly spelt creates a kind of disgust, which is principally the reason why false spelling is so extremely disgraceful to the writer and offensive to the reader.

You would little suppose it, but I can fully assure you that by frequently exercising yourself in this way, you, in a very little time, would be able to detect any error in spelling, almost the moment you fix your eye upon the paper, or letter you have to read; by a single glance from the top to the bottom of the page. I will venture to say, you will be enabled to discover any incorrect spelling in it, though, perhaps, there is but one single mistake. Any disproportion in a word, any little error would appear obviously to your sight at once; so astonishingly correct is the faculty of seeing, in discovering by a certain rule it has attained any thing that does not correspond with that rule. You will be able now, my dear Betsey, to take the few errors you have made in your letter

into serious consideration.—Let not my remarks discourage you: had you made ten times more, you would soon be able, by attending to the directions I have given you, to avoid them in future.

I wish you much to make the most of your mind: the thinking and reasoning faculty which God has given you is a great blessing; but, like other of his blessings, it must be improved and cultivated, or it comes to nothing.

The whole creation is one continued display of motion and industry. All beings that have any wants must be brought to exercise, to answer those wants: this is the law of nature.

The creature that is given up to idleness and sloth must degenerate, if not die, without the supply of others; and with this supply what is the life of such a creature? born for activity, it becomes the sink of diseases, stupidity, and sorrow. Seek then to improve all the faculties of your mind; now especially, while you are young.

Any wisdom now gained is of tenfold worth: what is gained in the decline of life serves us but a little time; but the wisdom of our mind that guides our earliest years grows with our growth, and increases in value as we advance towards old age.

Watch well your hours: each hour is your friend, or it is your enemy; it has something good to bestow, or something valuable to take away.

I am not, however, an advocate for intense application. Tasks that are too severe and injudicious do the mind more harm than good; they cramp all its energies: the faculties must not be hastened, nor burthened too soon. Thousands are ruined by being made to appear early prodigies. The child is often thus sacrificed to the vanity of the

parent: early intense mental application as well as early intense labour, are both injurious. The colt of every ignorant farmer is managed better, that its strength and growth may not be checked. And shall the intelligent child whose mind looks forward to heaven, formed for the noblest flights, not have time to allow its pinions to gather strength and nerve, that it may stretch, and expand itself, in the noblest atmosphere—in the sublime regions of Genius, because it was forced too far at first, before the mind was qualified to receive the nourishment of the element to which it is carried, and which it is calculated to convey?

In my next I shall endeavour to give you some instructions concerning grammar; that is, the proper placing of words in the construction of sentences; which will probably be followed, as I have leisure, by other subjects that I may judge most useful in assisting you to open your mind, regulate your conduct, and guard against those pernicious weeds of error, which will arise and flourish where there is not due cultivation. I am your very affectionate uncle,

VESPER.

April 22, 1807.

ACCOUNT of the new Opera, called 'PETER THE GREAT; or, WOODEN WALLS,' performed for the first Time at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden, on Friday, May 8.

THE CHARACTERS.

Peter the Great,	-	Mr. C. Kemble,
Le Fort,	-	Mr. Bellamy,
Count Menzikoff,	-	Mr. Pope,
Mauritz,	-	Mr. Munden,
Sparrowitz,	-	Mr. Simmens,

Olmutz, - - -	Mr. Waddy.
Old Petrowitz, -	Mr. Murray.
Michael Petrowitz, -	Mr. Inledon.
Paulina, - - -	Miss Bolton.
Genevieve, - - -	Mrs. Davenport.
Catharine, - - -	Mrs. C. Kemble.

FABLE.

PETER the Great, and his minister *Le Fort*, after having visited and worked as ship-carpenters in England, France, &c. under the disguised names of *Pedro* and *Alexis*, are returned to Muscovy, and still continue their labours in one of the northern ports, under *Mauritz*, a ship-wright; who, acknowledging the obligations he owes to the industry and skill of *Pedro*, conceives the highest opinion of him, and is resolved to marry him to his daughter *Paulina*, and make him his successor; but *Pedro*, already acquainted with the mutual loves of *Michael* (a young soldier) and *Paulina*, declines the promised favour of his employer, and avows his passion for *Catharine*, the niece of *Mauritz*. Disappointed, but not displeased, *Mauritz* gives his consent, and, through the intercession of *Pedro*, promises to ratify the marriage of *Michael* and *Paulina*. In deviation from the historic facts, *Catharine* is here represented, not as the follower of a camp, but, as far as her means extend, the general advocate and benefactress of the village; and, according to an ancient custom, is presented with the rural crown, annually bestowed on the most deserving female. During the absence of *Peter*, the reins of government are placed in the hands of *Menzikoff*, who alone is acquainted with the place of the emperor's retreat; when the *Boyards*, impatient of their master's absence, and suspecting some foul play on the part of *Menzikoff*, order him to immediate trial, and sentence him to death, unless in six

days the emperor returns to Moscow. Under a strong escort, *Menzikoff* is permitted to go in search of his royal master; and arrives just at the moment when *Peter* is about to espouse *Catharine*.—The emperor (still unknown to *Catharine* but as the humble *Pedro*) hurries to the escort, declares himself, and gives freedom to *Menzikoff*; leaving *Catharine* in the utmost despair.—*Menzikoff* returns, relieves the anxiety of *Catharine*, announces the emperor, and claims her as the bride of his royal master.—*Peter* now appears in all his splendour; when *Catharine*, yielding to the dictates of love rather than to those of ambition, gives her hand to the emperor, who bestows that of *Paulina* upon *Michael*.—The under-plot is sustained by *Olmutz*, *Sparrowitz*, *Old Petrowitz*, *Michael*, *Mauritz*, *Paulina*, *Genevieve*, &c. and the piece concludes with a civil and military spectacle.

This piece is the production of Mr. CHERRY, and was very well received.—It has considerable merit.—The story is well told, and the characters are judiciously drawn. All the performers acquitted themselves with the greatest commendation; and it was announced for a second representation, with the loudest plaudits.

THE

ELVILLE FAMILY SECRETS.

A NOVEL.

(Continued from p. 36.)

THE earl, Matilda's father, taking her a little aside, said it gave him inexpressible pleasure to see her so cheerfully obey his injunctions, and congratulated her on the

splendour she would that day be mistress of. She heaved a heavy sigh, and, in spite of her utmost efforts, a tear rolled down her cheek. But she uttered not a syllable; receiving the compliments of the nobility with a dignified politeness peculiar to herself alone. Heaven only knows how little she participated in the joy which illumined every countenance but her own. Her father soon presented her to the earl, whose dress at once convinced her of the narrowness of his mind, as it was evident that he supposed the frippery glitter of apparel would carry great weight, and recommend him more strongly than any virtuous trait in his character. Poor Matilda! what a hopeless situation! But she was conscious she had gone too far to recede; yet a certain monitor in her own heart informed her, that from the hour she gave her hand to the earl she was doomed to wear out a life of wretchedness! Ill-fated, unfortunate victim of a parent's ambition! Had she known the real state of the case, nature would have shrunk from the dire contest; her gentle spirit could not have supported it, but must have taken its flight from the fragile casket which contained it for ever.

Her father said, as he gave her hand to her intended lord, 'I give you this day my darling child; endeavour, by kind usage, to reclaim her from that path of error in which she has long strayed: you will, I hope, be able to disperse the gloom which pervades her beautiful countenance. Her disposition is no common one. Her good opinion must be won by unremitting assiduity and tenderness. She has been a dutiful daughter, and I have no doubt but she will prove an obedient wife. In one instance only has she ever deviated from the paths of filial duty; but her guilt has been sufficiently expiated by sincere repentance, and

that, my lord, you are well aware of. I need give you no advice on the important crisis of your life you this day enter on: you require none; you are every thing I could wish as a husband for my daughter.'

With this eulogium he resigned the unhappy trembling, almost fainting, Matilda; who, after pausing a few minutes to collect her scattered senses, said, in faltering accents—'I hope, my lord, you will excuse my feeble efforts to be gay on a day when such high honour is conferred upon me. I hope your goodness will consider what I have of late encountered. You know I have already informed you that you never could possess my affection. You said you were content with possessing my person. My father insists on a union of hands this day taking place. I am compelled to become the countess of Holden, without one spark of affection for the person whom I must call by the endearing name of husband. Therefore pity and forgive an unfortunate wretch, who cannot so far disguise her feelings as to conduct herself as she ought.'—Then, turning her eyes towards her father, she faintly uttered—'To your will I sacrifice myself; never can I know peace more!'—A stern look silenced her. She lowly ejaculated, 'Gracious Heaven, send me aid, and support me through the trying ceremony; or, if it please thee in thy goodness, take me to those realms where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest!'

The procession at length commenced with great formality. Matilda was the only person sad. When she came before the never-to-be-forgotten altar, a livid paleness overspread her fine features, and she sank into the arms of her father. After a few minutes she recovered, and went through the ceremony with tolerable composure. She attended the procession back, but in the se-

cond antichamber leading to the groundsaloon, fitted up most superbly for their reception, her eyes met her brother's picture. She thought he assumed an unusually reproachful look, which pierced her soul. 'Perhaps,' thought she, 'I have been deceived: if I am thus a dupe to credulity, I never can see him more.'

She feigned indisposition purposely to retire to her own apartment to meditate alone, and by that means avoid the festivities of the day. She prevailed on the earl, her husband, to take her to his own residence as soon as he possibly could, thinking change of scene might in some degree obliterate former remembrance, now of no avail only to make her more wretched than she would otherwise be, conscious should she discover that Burns yet lived it would be death to her. He consented, but not till Matilda had satisfied herself that there had been every art tried to alienate her affections from the gallant Burns, who had in vain sought the object of his love, during the residence at the castle.

We will now leave her paternal residence, and follow her to that of the earl her husband; who, instead of introducing her into that sphere of life which she was born to adorn, selected the most retired place he could possibly think of, to immure her within its shades, in case she should ever meet with any one who might disclose the sad secret of her brother and Burns.

The mansion was large and irregular, situated at the foot of an almost perpendicular mountain in North Wales, surrounded on all sides by a barren heath, in some seasons of the year impassable from the dangerous bogs which were on all sides. Scarcely a tree or single shrub was standing to direct the traveller on his way. This was a place convenient

to such a character as the earl, as few who entered those walls ever again returned. An old friar was his only confidant, a hoary headed monster of iniquity, capable of any crime the vicious disposition of his employer suggested. He had but to say the word, and the deed was done with promptness and secrecy. Two or three domestics, ignorant, low-bred beings, easily imposed on and deceived by his art, comprised his household; many miles from any habitual dwelling, except a few labourers' miserable huts, dispersed here and there near the mountains.

Thus was the unhappy Matilda secluded from all society, all intercourse with any one, as no letters were permitted to go from her hands without the inspection of the earl her husband. She saw all this precaution unmoved. The fond hopes of her heart had been disappointed; it was now immaterial where, and how, she dragged on a miserable existence, become hateful. She packed up some valuable remembrances of her dearly loved brother, and the no less valued Burns, putting them in a private cabinet, determining, if she could not forget them, not to deviate so far in her duty as to cherish the thought of them (not even leaving out the favourite ring), conscious it was now criminal to regard them as she had hitherto done; not wishing to injure herself in the eyes of her lord, who had provided very splendid apartments entirely appropriated to her use, and fitted up in the most superb manner, plainly shewing if grandeur could have procured peace of mind she would have had no occasion to have been uneasy; the liberal profusion displayed all around must have been effectual. But pomp, and all the pageantry of greatness, could afford a mind like hers no delight; she despised alike his wealth and the unbounded extravagance

with which he lavished it, to gain her good opinion, as a substitute for a feeling and generous heart, which she possessed in that of her former lover. How did she wish it had been her destiny to have moved in a lower sphere of life; then would she never have known the pangs which rent her heart. 'Ah!' sighed she, as the labourer plodded along to his peaceable cottage, 'how I envy you those tranquil retreats, ye who toil for your daily bread! No care nor ambition ever haunts your breast: so as your subsistence is earned by your own hands, ye have nothing more to fear; while I, hapless mortal! am wretched, surrounded by every luxury the world can afford.'

Months thus passed over her unhappy head. Her lord seldom deigned to visit her: when he did, it was in that careless indifferent manner, that plainly evinced if he ever had any affection for her it was now entirely vanished. She could support his unkindness no longer without mentioning it; conscious she had, on his account, estranged herself from the world, from all she held dear, and had become quite an exile. She entreated him to give her some explanation, as she once thought that she was certain of his affection, and might so far overcome all former recollections as in time to make him a tolerable good wife, had he continued to behave as he did when first they met. His answer was with a frown, and such a voice that alarmed her—'Madam, do not disturb my repose by seeking any explanation of my conduct. I shall grant none, farther than that you never did please me: it was merely to oblige your father that I condescended to marry you, fearing you might dishonour his family by your connection with that stripling Burns.'

With these unfeeling words he abruptly left her. Confident that

she had now no hope of enjoyment of this life, every ray of consolation was entirely destroyed; and during the day another circumstance added to her uneasiness. She accidentally overheard the old friar say exultingly to one of the domestics—'She has no occasion to carry herself so high; our walls have been graced with as handsome faces as hers before now. She will be served no better than those who have preceded her, although she thinks so much of herself.' These dark expressions alarmed her: she knew not to what they could allude.

Time thus passed heavily on. No father, no sister, ever came near to pay their respects to the wretched bride. She wrote to her sister Elfrida, but no answer did she obtain; indeed she hardly expected one, as she found she was to be denied all intercourse with any person, and for what reason she could not conceive. Day after day she sat disconsolate and sad, deserted by all the world, looking wistfully over the wide extended plains, to see if perchance any human being, more compassionate than the rest, directed his steps towards her solitary habitation. But no one ever met her eye. Her lord scarcely ever came; and when he did he gave her the strictest orders, under pain of his severe displeasure, not to leave the house, and likewise to see no strangers. He knew that Burns, whom they had reported to be dead, was returned to England, and that her brother accompanied him, and he feared they might seek some means of seeing her, to be satisfied that her marriage was by her own wish; and he dreaded the vindictive spirit of these young soldiers, conscious of his own baseness in thus forming an alliance with so amiable a person, and then treating her in such a villainous manner.

A year after her seclusion from

the world, she became a mother. She hoped that this event would soften the manners of her unkind husband; but even the speechless eloquence of the beautiful little innocent made no impression on his obdurate heart. He once deigned to look on it, but that in so indifferent a manner as to testify still farther his brutal disposition. Her only comfort now was to watch over the dear little Martha, for that was her name; as her cruel father said he detested Matilda, the name of her mother, it had become so familiar to his ears. For some months her life was despaired of. The cruelty and unfeeling conduct of all her relatives nearly overpowered her delicate constitution: yet, for the sake of her darling daughter, she invoked Heaven to spare her. Her prayers were heard: she recovered, and devoted her whole time in attendance on the sweet little cherub, who possessed the fragile form and tender constitution of her mother. Many a wearisome night did she sit by its sick couch, while its hard-hearted father slept undisturbed by its moanings, scarcely ever enquiring after it.

No intelligence whatever reached Matilda of her brother. She one day ventured to enquire of the old friar what success the army met with in France, and whether the king and his brave followers were returned; but his answer was, in a stern manner, his lord had forbid his answering any questions, and he should firmly adhere to his commands.

In the mean time her unhappy lover and brother had returned. A very plausible tale was invented, that she was married by her own choice, and despised her brother for imposing on her, by introducing Burns under a fictitious name; that in consequence she had united herself to the man of her heart, and had retired into the walks of private life, deter-

mining to see neither of them any more. Sydney, scarce giving credit to this, wrote a pathetic letter, reproaching his sister for so much duplicity in thus wounding his friend's peace of mind for ever, and much injuring him in his esteem, as he had placed such unbounded confidence in all he had said when he represented her as the very model of perfection; concluding by wishing her all the happiness she deserved.

This reproach stung her very soul. For the first time she was convinced that Burns yet lived, as her brother never so much as once mentioned his death. This letter, as usual, was intercepted by her husband, who, seeing the contents, purposely to favour his views, let her see it; and, answering it as if from her, wrote a very cold distant letter, saying, she hoped they would no more intrude on her time by their nonsense, as she was perfectly happy, and despised all their endeavours to make her otherwise, by reminding her of a circumstance in her life which she now was perfectly ashamed of.

Thus were Burns and Sydney persuaded that what she had done was her own act. Burns was distracted. To see her would not alleviate his distress. Since she treated him so disrespectfully, he vowed never more to trust her sex, since she had proved faithless. He resolved to live a life of celibacy, and in some foreign land; a life now become hateful, since the only person for whom he wished to live had deserted him, and that for a man who bore the basest character, who had no one qualification to recommend him but wealth and power, which had dazzled her eyes, and made her faithless to the most sacred vows.

He went to his mother in Scotland, who could afford him no consolation. Elfrida too, what could

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



London. Fashionable Evening Full Dress.

she say? how could she account for her conduct, who had so sweet a disposition in her childhood? She endeavoured to pour into his bosom the balm of comfort, but in vain: he wandered from place to place as an outcast from society, a victim to hopeless love.

(To be continued.)

LONDON FASHIONABLE FULL DRESS.

(With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.)

1. DRESS of white satin or sarsenet, made strait and close over the bosom, enriched with lace and work; in the centre a sapphire or topaz brooch, set with pearls; the waist confined with a silk cord and tassels, tied in a knot on the left side, and reaching to the knee: sleeves full plaited crosswise, and trimmed with lace; and the bottom of the dress ornamented with a rich border of flowers: cap of lace intermixed with white satin, and ornamented with flowers. Persian scarf shawl. White kid gloves and shoes.

2. Child's vest of cambric muslin, enriched with a worked Grecian border, and several narrow tucks; trowsers of the same, tucked and frilled to correspond. Necklace of blue beads; and blue kid shoes.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

ROUND dresses of Italian crape, or Indian muslin, are much worn, with short full sleeves: the bosom round and cut low, with sometimes round it a deep fall of Mechlin lace. Turban hats, and conversation bonnets of chip, frequently trimmed

with lilac ribands, are in much request. The hair is worn curled on the forehead, and often in ringlets on the shoulders. Long Angola shawls of a bright amber colour, with rich and variegated borders, are much worn.

On the PROGRESS of SOCIETY and MANNERS in SCOTLAND.

(From Stark's 'Picture of Edinburgh'.)

IN the beginning of the eighteenth century, public amusements began to be introduced into Edinburgh in greater variety than formerly. Of these, music, dancing, and the theatre, were the chief; and perhaps had no small effect in the improvement of manners. Science also now began to dawn in the Scottish capital with a distinguished lustre; and industry and commerce, by the introduction of luxury, almost entirely changed the habits of the inhabitants. Still, however, the gloom with which rigid presbyterianism shaded all transactions till the middle of the eighteenth century was remarkably conspicuous in their aversion to stage performances, and other amusements.

A paper published by Mr. William Creech, in the statistical account of Scotland, throws considerable light on the manners of this period. From this account it appears that in 1463 people of fashion dined at two o'clock, or a little after it, and business was attended to in the afternoon. It was a common practice at that time for merchants to shut their shops at one o'clock, and to open them again, after dinner, at two. Wine at this time was seldom seen, or in a small quantity, at the tables of the middle rank of people. It was the fashion for gentlemen to

attend the drawing-rooms of the ladies in the afternoons, to drink tea, and to mix in the agreeable society and conversation of the women. People at this period, too, were interested about religion, and it was fashionable to go to church. Sunday was strictly observed by all ranks as a day of devotion, and few were seen strolling about the streets during the time of public worship. Families attended church with their children and servants, and family worship at home was not unfrequent. The collections made at the church-doors for the poor amounted, at this time, to 1500*l.* and upwards yearly.

In 1763, according to Mr. Creech, masters took charge of the moral conduct of their apprentices, and generally kept them under their eye, in their own houses. The clergy visited, catechised, and instructed the families within their respective parishes in the principles of morality, christianity, and the relative duties of life. The breach of the seventh commandment was punished by fine and church-censure. Any instance of conjugal infidelity in a woman would have banished her irretrievably from society, and her company would have been rejected even by men who paid any regard to their character. The number of abandoned females was very small. House-breaking and robbery were extremely rare, and many people thought it unnecessary to lock their doors at night. The execution of criminals in Edinburgh for capital crimes was rare; and three annually were reckoned the average for the whole kingdom of Scotland. For many years in Edinburgh there was no execution.

In the year 1763, there was no such amusement as public cock-fighting, the establishments of this kind which were in the city before having been given up. A young

man was termed a *fine fellow* who to a well-informed and accomplished mind added elegance of manners, and a conduct guided by principle; one who would not have injured the rights of the meanest individual; who contracted no debts that he could not pay; who thought every breach of morality unbecoming the character of a gentleman; and who studied to be useful to society, so far as his opportunities or abilities enabled him. At this time, in the best families in town, the education of daughters was fitted not only to embellish and improve their minds, but to accomplish them in the useful arts of domestic economy. The sewing-school, the pastry-school, were the essential branches of female education; nor was a young lady of the best family ashamed to go to market with her mother. At this time, too, young ladies, even by themselves, might have walked through the streets of the city in perfect safety at any hour, and no person would have presumed to speak to or interrupt them.

The weekly concert in 1763 began at six o'clock, and the performance was over at an early hour. The morality of stage plays was at this time much agitated, and several of the clergy were censured for attending the theatre. By those who attended this amusement without scruple, Saturday night was thought the most improper in the week for going to the play. Every thing improper, either in sentiment or decorum, would have been hissed at with indignation, at this period. In the dancing assembly-rooms in 1763, strict regularity with respect to dress and decorum, and great dignity of manners, were observed. The profits of this assembly went to the charity workhouse. The company at the public assemblies met at five o'clock in the afternoon, and

the dancing began at six, and ended at eleven, by public orders of the manager, which were never transgressed.

In the year 1763 the accommodation of the inhabitants of Edinburgh was mean compared to what it now is. The city at that time was almost confined within the walls, and the suburbs were of small extent. With respect to lodging, the houses which, in 1763, were possessed by the first families, were twenty years after inhabited by tradesmen, or by people in humble life. Lord justice Clerk's house was possessed by a French teacher; lord president Craigie's house, by a rousing wife (saleswoman of old furniture); and lord Drummore's house was left by a chair-man, for want of accommodation. In 1763 there were only two stage-coaches to the town of Leith; and the only other in the Scottish capital was one to London, which set off once a month, and was from twelve to sixteen days on the road. The hackney-coaches at this time were few in number, and, perhaps, the worst of the kind in Britain. But the want of these was less severely felt at this period from the great quantity of sedan-chairs, which were to be had at a very moderate price. In 1763 few coaches were made in Edinburgh, and the nobility and gentry in general brought their carriages from London. Perfumers' shops were not at this time known, and there was no such profession as a haberdasher. Hairdressers were numerous, but were hardly permitted to exercise their profession on Sundays, and many of them voluntarily declined it. There was no such thing known or used as an umbrella. The wages to maid-servants at this period were from three pounds to four pounds a year. They dressed decently in blue or red cloaks, or plaids, suitable to their

stations. Few families had men servants. The wages were from six pounds to ten pounds per annum. A stranger coming to Edinburgh was obliged to put up at a dirty uncomfortable inn, or to remove to private lodgings. There was no such place as a hotel; the word, indeed, was not known, or was only intelligible to persons acquainted with the French.

The chief characteristic feature of the times we are speaking of seems to have been a formality, which those who recollect the period call decorum; an affected gravity, which has been called dignity; and a sanctimonious preciseness and regularity, the last remains of fanaticism, which has been named prudence and propriety. It is natural for those who spent the best part of their life about the time we have mentioned to look back with partiality to that period; and, when comparing it with the present, to look with less complacency upon that freedom of manners, unshackled with affected gravity or distant reserve, which marks the present age; but we do not choose to rank among those common-place declaimers, who think every succeeding age to be worse than the former.

The gentleman from whose notes we have chiefly extracted the preceding state of the manners of the inhabitants of Edinburgh in 1763, has fortunately also given a statement of facts relating to the same subject in 1783. If this statement be correct (which we have no reason to doubt), luxury and licentiousness, rapine and robbery, had, in the short space of twenty years, made a remarkable progress indeed. Happily, however, the current of vice has not increased with the same rapidity since that time, or we should by this time have been totally overwhelmed in it.

In 1783, people of fashion and of

middle rank dined at four or five o'clock; no business was done in the afternoon, dinner of itself having become a very serious matter. Every tradesman in decent circumstances presented wine after dinner, and many in plenty and variety. At this time the drawing-rooms were totally deserted; invitations to tea in the afternoon were given up; and the only opportunity gentlemen had of being in the company of the ladies, was when they happened to *mess* together at dinner or supper, and even then an impatience was sometimes shewn till the ladies retired. Card-parties after a long dinner, and also after a late supper, were frequent. Attendance on church, too, at this period, was greatly neglected, and particularly by the men; Sunday was by many made a day of relaxation; and young people were allowed to stroll about at all hours. Families thought it ungentle to take their domestics to church with them; the streets were far from being void of people in the time of public worship, and in the evenings were frequently loose and riotous; particularly owing to bands of apprentice boys and young lads. Family worship was almost disused. The weekly collections at the church doors for the poor had greatly decreased in amount.

In 1783 (says Mr. Creech), few masters would receive apprentices to lodge in their houses. If they attended their hours of business, masters took no further charge. The rest of their time *might be* passed, as too frequently happens, in vice and debauchery; hence they became idle, insolent, and dishonest. The wages to journeymen in every profession were greatly raised since 1763. and disturbances frequently happened or a still further increase: yet many of them riot on Sunday, are idle on Monday, and can afford

to do this on five days labour. Visiting and catechising by the clergy were disused (except by a very few); and if people do not choose to go to church, they may remain as ignorant as Hottentots, and the ten commandments be as little known as obsolete acts of parliament. At this time, likewise, although the law punishing adultery with death was unrepealed, church censure was disused, and separations and divorces were become frequent. Even the women who were rendered infamous by public divorce had been, by some people of fashion, again received into society. Every quarter of the city and suburbs were infested with multitudes of females abandoned to vice; and street-robbery, house-breaking, and theft, were astonishingly frequent. At one time, at this period, there was no less than six criminals under sentence of death in Edinburgh prison in one week; and upon the autumn circuit of this year (1783), no less than thirty-seven capital indictments were issued.

In 1783 there were many public cock-fighting matches, or *mains*, as they are technically termed, and a regular cock-pit was built for this school of cruelty. A young man at this time was termed a *fine fellow*, who could drink three bottles of wine; who discharged all debts of *honour* (game debts and tavern bills), and evaded payment of every other; who swore immoderately, and before ladies, and talked of his *word of honour*; who ridiculed religion and morality as folly and hypocrisy (but without argument); who was very jolly at the table of his friend, and would lose no opportunity of seducing his wife, or of debauching his daughter; but, on the mention of such a thing being attempted to his own connections, would have cut the throat or blown out the brains

of his dearest companion offering such an insult; who was forward in all the fashionable follies of the time; who disregarded the interests of society, or the good of mankind, if they interfered with his own vicious selfish pursuits and pleasures. At this period, the daughters of many tradesmen consumed their mornings at the toilette, or in strolling from shop to shop, &c. Many of them would have blushed to have been seen in a market. The cares of the family were devolved upon a housekeeper, and a young lady employed those heavy hours when she was disengaged from public or private amusements in improving her mind from the precious stores of a circulating library; and all, whether they had taste for it or not, were taught music. Such was the danger at this time to which unprotected females were exposed, that the mistresses of boarding-schools found it necessary to advertise that their young ladies were not permitted to go abroad without proper attendants.

In 1783 the weekly concert began at seven o'clock; but it was not, in general, well attended. The morality of stage plays, or their effects on society, were never thought of, and the most crowded houses were always on Saturday night. The boxes for the Saturday night plays were generally taken for the season, and strangers on that night could seldom procure a place. The galleries never failed to applaud what they formerly would have hissed as improper in sentiment or decorum. The public assemblies met at eight and nine o'clock, and the lady directress sometimes did not make her appearance till ten. The young masters and misses, who would have been mortified not to have seen out the ball, thus returned home at three or four in the morning, and yawned, and

gaped, and complained of headaches all the next day.

In 1783 the accommodation of the inhabitants of Edinburgh was splendid, and the houses in the New Town unrivalled in elegance. The city had extended so much, that it covered twice the extent of ground it formerly did. The stage-coaches to Leith and other parts were tripled, and no less than fifteen every week set out for London, and reached it in sixty hours. The hackney coaches at this time were the handsomest in Britain. Coaches and chaises were constructed as elegantly in Edinburgh as any where in Europe; and many were annually exported to St. Petersburg, and the cities on the Baltic. The profession of a haberdasher, which was not known in 1763, was now nearly the most common in town. (This profession includes many trades, the mercer, the milliner, the linen-draper, the hatter, the hosier, the glover, and many others.) Perfumers had now splendid shops in every principal street; and some of them advertised the keeping of bears, to kill occasionally, for greasing ladies and gentlemen's hair, as superior to any other animal fat. Hair-dressers were more than tripled in number, and their busiest day was Sunday. An eminent surgeon, who had occasion to walk a great deal in the course of his business, first used an umbrella in Edinburgh, in the year 1780; and in 1783 they were much used. Maid-servants dressed now as fine as their mistresses did in 1763. Almost every genteel family had a man-servant; and the wages were from ten pounds to twenty pounds a year. In 1783, also, a stranger might have been accommodated not only comfortably, but elegantly, at many public hotels; and the person who, in 1763, was obliged to put up with accommodation little better than that of a wag-

goner or carrier, may now be lodged like a prince, and command every luxury of life.

Such are, according to Mr. Creech, the features of the times in 1783. Less rigid, morose, and affected than those of 1763; an ease of manner seems to have been by this time introduced, which characterises an improvement in manners. Of morals, this period, from the foregoing facts concerning the decay of religious principle, the multiplication of the women of the town, of robberies, and the late hours which fashion had introduced, presents not such a pleasing picture.

‘In no respect,’ says Mr. Creech, ‘were the manners of 1763 and 1783 more remarkable, than in the decency, dignity, and delicacy of the one period, compared with the looseness, dissipation, and licentiousness of the other.—Many people ceased to blush at what would formerly have been reckoned a crime.’—‘The behaviour of the last age (says Dr. Gregory) was very reserved and stately. It would now be reckoned still and formal. Whatever it was, it had certainly the effect of making them more respected.’

Of the leading traits of the manners since that period, the following is a short sketch. The luxury of the table, and the late hours of dinner and amusements, have much increased since 1783. By the more opulent tradesmen and merchants business is little attended to in the afternoon; and the variety of delicacies at their table is, perhaps, equal to what the first cities had in 1763. The company of the ladies is also, as in 1783, much neglected; and the bottle is preferred to the amusements of the drawing-room. Attendance at church, however, was in 1796 fashionable, and a universal interest was excited with regard to

religion. The large building of the Circus, which had been erected in 1788 for equestrian performances, and in 1792 converted into a play-house, was now occupied as a place of worship; and considerable sums of money were subscribed for sending missionaries to convert the heathen in foreign lands. At this time religious zeal was so universal, that even some of the *servants of Satan*, the players themselves, became ministers of the gospel*. Sunday, however, was not so rigidly observed as in 1763, and is still continued by many to be held as a day of relaxation. Whether family-worship was much attended to in the period we are speaking of we have not ascertained, but public prayers were more frequent than before. Religious societies were also formed for propagating the gospel at home; places of worship, called tabernacles, were built; the Scottish capital was inundated with different preachers from England; and from it, as a centre, missionaries were issued to every part of the country. One of the most elegant amusements of the metropolis, the concerts at St. Cecilia’s Hall, was at this time given up; and the hall itself was, and is still, occupied as a place of worship.

Visiting and catechising their parishioners is by the clergy at this time (1805) almost entirely given up, excepting among the dissenters; and these, too, do not officially visit so often as formerly. People of fashion do not frequent the church as often as a few years ago. The wages of journeymen, since 1783, has been much increased, and nearly doubled since that time. Housebreakings and robberies at present are rare;

* Vide Edinburgh Missionary Magazine, Vol. I.

and the execution of criminals seldom occurs in Edinburgh. If the terror of ecclesiastical punishments, the *repenting stool*, and *public satisfaction to the kirk*, did not precipitate unfortunate women into the unnatural crime of child-murder, perhaps a series of years might be mentioned in which there was no capital offence committed in Scotland.

Public cock-fighting matches are now nearly given up in the city; and this barbarous amusement, it is hoped, will soon be laid aside for ever. Of the *fine fellow* of 1805, it is difficult to strike the peculiar likeness. Less accomplished than those of 1763, and without many of the vices of those of 1783, the *fine fellow* of the present day is rather an object of laughter than censure, of pity rather than approbation. He can drive a coach full of ladies equal to the most experienced coachman, does not often overturn the carriage, and very seldom rides down old people or children. As a genealogist he equals the Highlander or Welshman; can trace the pedigree of Goldfinder through a hundred descents, and enumerate all the dams, grand-dams, and great-grand-dams, with the most fluent accuracy. He is a skilful physiognomist; can tell the good or bad qualities of a horse at first sight; and in the refined employments of the stable can vie with the most expert groom or stable-boy. With regard to religion, unless he acquires it in the Racers' Kalendar, or Taplin's Farriery, he has no opportunity of knowing any thing about it. But in other parts of education he is not deficient: he excels in those tropes or figures of speech which the vulgar call swearing; and his method of arguing is much more simple and convincing than the analytic or synthetic modes of the schools. By this mode (bet-

ting) he could argue with a philosopher, and come off victorious, unless the philosopher were richer than he. As for the fair sex, the elegant society of the stable is preferable, in his estimation, to that of the drawing-room; and the lounge among brother *fine fellows* in the coffee-house, or tavern, is superior to the company of the ladies, in whose conversation his accomplishments do not enable him to bear a part. He pays his debts of honour much in the same manner as the *fine fellow* of 1783, can drink three bottles of wine, can kick the waiter, and knock down watchmen with a good grace. In short, the *fine fellow* of the present day is neither calculated to add much to virtue by his good qualities, nor to increase vice by his bad ones.

Balls and concerts are conducted much in the same manner as in 1783, except that, perhaps, later hours become more fashionable. In the theatre, though loose expressions may still be applauded by the upper gallery, yet by the other parts of the audience they are always reprobated. Of the present manners of the female sex, the improvement is certainly striking. Though the young ladies are seldom to be seen at market, or, perhaps, do not interest themselves much in the management of household affairs, yet we may pronounce them superior to those of 1763, or 1783. Music, dancing, and a grammatical knowledge of their own, and of the French and Italian languages, are essential parts of modern female education; and though the making of pastry, jellies, and gooseberry wine, are not held of so much importance as they appear to have been in the first of these periods, yet they are not even now totally neglected. As domestic conveniences, the ladies of 1805 may possibly be inferior to those of 1763; but as accomplished

companions they are certainly far their superiors.

The accommodation, in every respect, is better now than at any former period. The Edinburgh inns and hotels equal those of any city in elegance and ready service; and if the manners of the people are not so perfect as might be wished, they are at least as good as could be expected in a city where wealth and luxury give so many temptations to corruption and vice.

The gentleman of 1763 seems to have been so much under the restraint of rules, which regulated all his periods of amusement, as to leave him very little exercise of thought, or allow him little liberty of consulting his own ease. In 1783 this stiffness was thrown off, ease and familiarity occupied its place, but vice and folly seem to have predominated. In 1805 this ease and freedom of manner continues; but, to the honour of the times, vice is not so prevalent as it is related to have been in 1783. The ladies have also much changed since 1763, but that change has been for the better. At that period they were good housewives and nurses, and, perhaps, nothing else; but in 1783 and 1785, if they have lost something of these qualities, they have made it sufficiently up by improving themselves in all that can be expected or wished in an interesting agreeable companion.

COLONEL VASSALL AND CAP- TAIN KENT,

OF THE MARINES.

AS we would wish to contribute our share of national gratitude, which brave men who nobly sacrifice their lives in the defence of their country

so richly merit, and as we are certain that our fair Readers will ever bestow their admiration, and, in the event of their fall, the tenderest commiseration, on their gallant defenders, we here insert some brief notices of two spirited and able officers, who have lately fallen heroically in the service of their king and country.

Colonel Vassall, the gallant hero who so gloriously fell at the assault on Monte Video, leading on the brave thirty-eighth, was one of the younger sons of the late American loyalist of that name, who remained in America to the last moment that he could assist the royal cause.—When a further struggle for his king would have been ineffectual, he sought an asylum in England, supporting an honourable independence upon a West India property, which alone remained to him from the revolution. Notwithstanding he had a numerous family, and had suffered great personal losses by his adherence to the mother country, his high and noble spirit would not permit him to receive any remuneration for the sacrifices which he had made, contenting himself with receiving back from government the advances which he had made for them whilst in America. On being earnestly pressed by lord George Germain to bring back forward his claims, he modestly answered, ‘It shall never be said that I emigrated from my own country to become a burthen to this.’—So ardent was his attachment to the best of kings, that his family motto being of the republican form, he would never use it. Such was the father, such the bright example of the gallant colonel Vassall, who has just added another name to the long list of British patriots and British heroes, who have fought and died for their country. This brave officer commenced his mil-

tary career in the year 1779, at twelve years of age, and served in the fifty-ninth regiment of foot at the siege of Gibraltar. He was singularly unfortunate in not obtaining promotion commensurate to his undisputed abilities, although he purchased 'step by step;' and it was not until early in 1800 that he obtained a lieutenant-colonelcy, and in 1801 he took the command of the thirty-eighth regiment, and went with it to Ireland, to receive 1000 drafts from the British militia: so active, indefatigable, and zealous was he to render this regiment worthy of himself, that although fresh recruited, in the space of a few months it was ordered by sir William Meadows on Dublin duty. —The general was pleased to declare publicly, that the thirty-eighth was not excelled by any regiment in the service; and from that time to its sailing for the Cape it was considered the 'Crack Regiment' of Ireland.—The soldiers, their wives and children, looked up to colonel Vassall as their father. In return for this affectionate confidence, his highest felicity, next to that of serving his country, was in attending to their wants and adding to their comforts, or in relieving their necessities.

Colonel Vassall was in the West-Indies, and on every expedition (Egypt alone excepted) either with his regiment or on the staff, the two last wars. He was field-officer of the night, on the memorable twenty-third of July, in Dublin. His cool determined conduct on that occasion gained him the thanks of the Irish government, and the applause of the general officers employed. His firmness on that night preserved his life for a short time longer, to bless his family, and do honour to his country. Colonel Vassall had the honour of serving

under the separate command of several distinguished generals, among whom were the late marquis Cornwallis, sir Ralph Abercrombie, Beresford, &c. &c. who knew and justly appreciated his merits.

His private life was adorned with all the virtues, all the charities. His public life was one unbroken series of devotion to his sovereign and his country. He loved his family; for he was the best of husbands, the best of parents.—He loved his king, his kindred, his country, and his God. If he had one failing, it was a too great diffidence of his own transcendent abilities. In him the country has lost one of its brightest ornaments, the army one of its choicest flowers. But the loss of his disconsolate widow and the dear pledges of their mutual undivided love is irreparable.

CAPTAIN KENT of the MARINES.

CAPTAIN Rodolphus Kent, of the royal marines, belonging to his majesty's ship the *Canopus*, was the son of Sober Kent, esq. late mayor of Cork. From his earliest youth he evinced a brave and enterprising disposition, and when he was about fourteen entered into the corps of marines, in which he served with honour to himself for the space of six-and-twenty years, till he gloriously fell on the evening of the twenty-seventh of February last, in a gallant but unsuccessful attack on the Turks, on the island of *Prota*, near Constantinople.

At the commencement of the former part of the arduous contest in which we have so long been engaged with France, he served on board the *Pomona*, under sir John Borlase Warren, and was with him on the expedition to *Quiberon*. He was afterwards appointed adjutant to the Portsmouth division of marines, in

which situation he continued to serve, till the treaty of Amiens for a short time suspended hostilities.

After the renewal of the war, he was appointed captain of marines, on board the *Venerable* of seventy-four guns, commanded by captain John Hunter, and was shipwrecked in her in the night of the twenty-fourth of November 1804, on the rocks in Torbay. During that dreadful night he never quitted his commander, but stood by his side with the sea breaking over them till the whole of the crew were saved. They had continued with the ship till the last moment it was possible; for immediately after they had quitted it, the part on which they had stood was separated from the remainder of the wreck, buried in the furious waves, and never seen more.

He afterwards was ordered to Ireland on the recruiting service, and on his return was embarked as captain of marines on board the *Canopus*.

This ship was one of the squadron of admiral Duckworth, in the late unsuccessful attempt upon Constantinople. After the fleet had passed the Dardanelles, a landing was made upon the island of Prota. Captain Kent advanced with his party towards an old monastery, of which the Turks had taken possession. It was at first supposed that the enemy were but few in number, but this appeared to be a mistake; for when captain Kent reached the foot of the hill on which it stood, he received a very heavy fire from all parts of the building, through the windows, loop-holes, and every place from which a musket could be discharged. Several of his company fell; but with that undaunted courage for which this spirited officer and the corps to which he belonged have ever been distinguished, he rushed up the hill at the head of his brave companions, and set fire to

the gate of the monastery. His force, however, he found was very inferior to that of the enemy he had to encounter, and he directed a signal to be made for assistance. He continued animating his men to continue the desperate contest until he received a ball through his head, which instantly terminated his life.

Thus gloriously fell in the cause of his country this truly brave and meritorious officer, in the fortieth year of his age, possessed of all the social virtues which could endear him to mankind. His loss will long be regretted by the corps in which he served, and long will he be lamented by all those relatives and friends who were more intimately acquainted with the excellent dispositions of his heart and the mildness of his manners.

THE STROLLER.

By D. T.

— 'Tell how Richard strayed from post to post,
What towns he din'd in, and what bridges
cross'd;
How many *puppies* by the way were seen,
How many *asses* graz'd along the green.'

Heroic epistle to Truiss.

IN saying thus much I do not mean to infer that I am a traveller. —No; I am only the *humble, honest, gentle, good and sweet-natured-stroller*, who generally roves upon his own legs, and seldom troubles those of a horse.—The late warm weather has produced a multitude of *butterflies* of various denominations, colour, and shapes. The *human butterfly* has particularly attracted my notice; I mean those *imitators* of the *beau-monde* you cannot walk out to enjoy a quiet walk in the evening, but you are sure to be pester'd with: *shopmen, clerks, taylors' apprentices, &c.* some perched on horseback,

others in gigs, or fashionable vehicles—dressed in the *first* style, and *assuming the gentleman!* and I know from good authority, they often astonish the *feeble minds* of rustics and villagers, when they take their fashionable excursions. They talk *loud!* swear by their *honour!* bluster and strut like crows in a gutter! smock and take snuff! and run into every extreme of fashionable folly.—Really, I often pity them; and you, my fair readers, I am confident cannot approve such absurdities: they cannot have any just claim to the smiles of the *beauteous*, and the amiable approbation of the fair sex.

‘ Let the spruce beau,
That beau, sweet-scented, and palav’rous fool,
Who talks of honour and his sword, and
 plucks
The man that dares advise him by the nose;
That puny thing, that hardly crawls about,
 Yet drinks on,
And vapours loudly o’er his glass, resolv’d
To tell a tale of nothing, and out-swear
The northern tempest; let that fool, I say,
Look for a wife in vain, and liv’d despis’d.’

Those lines I extract from ‘the Village Curate,’ and flatter myself they accord with the wish of every sensible fair-one, who *condescends* to emit a smile upon the *well-meaning Stroller*—You must know, mysweets, I have a *profound*, a *sincere regard* for your sex; and I must (in confidence) tell you, I have a *particular regard* for ONE. I found her in my strolling; she is not of those

‘ Who twirl a fan, to please some empty
 beau,
And sing an idle song—*the most they know!*’

I should be sorry to depreciate; but there are good and good for nothing of all sorts, and allow me to say, this fair creature of mine is one of the *good sort*. If she sees this (as no doubt but she will), she has got too much sense to deem it flattery.

‘ I do not wish to see the female eye
Waste all its lustre at the midnight lamp;
I do not wish to see the female cheek
Grow pale with application. Let their care
Be to preserve their beauty; that secur’d,
Improve their judgment, that the loving fair
May have an eye to know the man of worth,
And keep secure the jewel of her charms
From him that ill deserves.’

ANECDOTE

OF SIGNORA TESI.

THE following anecdote is related of this celebrated singer by Dr. Burney.

She was connected with a certain count, a man of great quality and distinction, whose fondness increased by possession to such a degree as to determine him to marry her: a much more uncommon resolution in a person of high birth on the continent than in England. She tried to dissuade him, enumerated all the bad consequences of such an alliance; but he would listen to no reasoning, nor take any denial. Finding all remonstrances vain, she left him one morning, went into a neighbouring street, and addressing herself to a poor labouring man, a journeyman baker, said she would give him fifty ducats if he would marry her, not with a view to their cohabiting together, but to serve a present purpose. The poor man readily consented to become her nominal husband; accordingly they were formally married, and when the count renewed his solicitations, she told him it was now utterly impossible to grant his request, for she was already the wife of another, a sacrifice which she had made to his fame and family.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

THE SPANIEL'S PETITION.

By JOHN WEBB.

'THE well-taught philosophic mind,
To all compassion gives;
Casts round the world an equal eye,
And feels for all that lives.'

MRS. BARBAULD.

PITY the sufferings of an harmless brute,
(While your kind hearts to man compassion
gives);

View Nature's tribes with philosophic eye,
And nobly feel for me—for all that lives.

Our race may justly man's protection claim;
Their useful virtue challenges respect:
O how can man, a debtor to our kind,
Repay such faithful service with neglect?

Come retrospection, paint departed scenes,
Scenes big with comfort, and replete with
glee;

When Zephyretta, fairest of the fair,
Profusely lavish'd her regards on me.

With her I rang'd thro' many a sylvan vale,
Frisk'd at her feet, and gamboll'd by her
side;

Despairing beaux beheld with envious eye:
Could envy kill, they had of envy died.

Frail is the flower that scents the breeze of
morn,

Transient the gleams that gild an April day:
So frail the hope of those who trust the sex;
So transient are their smiles, which oft be-
tray.

Too soon another favourite gain'd my place,
And I was to a worthless stranger giv'n;
Till, starv'd and persecuted, hapless me
From his inhospitable roof was driv'n.

Misfortune prowls around this nether sphere,
And views with eye askance his destin'd
prey:

Disease and death assail both man and beast,
And drive them from the cheerful face of
day.

When winter reign'd, and I was turn'd
adrift,

The hydrophobia rag'd amongst my race:
Pleas'd with th' excuse to torture innocence,
Mischievous urchins soon began the chase.

They saw, and quickly mark'd me for their
game;

With clubs and stones they dealt full many
a blow.

O how I wish'd some gen'rous Erskine*
near,

To snatch me from the bloody-minded foe!

I could recount, but brevity forbids,

Like brave Othello, all my hair-breadth'd
'scapes;

How cheering Hope withdrew his radiant
beam,

And Death was hov'ring in a thousand
shapes.

Tho' wounded, still I urg'd my rapid flight,
As chance directed, to a river's side;

Breathless and faint I plung'd amid the
stream,

And stem'd with active foot the reflux
tide.

Elate of heart I climb'd the steepy bank,

Shook my dishevell'd coat, and bark'd for
joy;

Borne on the gale I heard the miscreant's
curse,

Sore vex'd his cruel arm could not destroy.

Advancing Evening drew its curtain brown,
And screen'd me from my persecutor's
sight:

O how I hail'd the intervening gloom

That banish'd fear, and check'd my hasty
flight!

* A short time since, as Lord Erskine was passing through Holborn, he observed some boys beating a little dog with sticks, under the idea of its being mad: his lordship, with great humanity, observing not the least symptoms of madness, rushed into the crowd and rescued the poor animal from the hands of its destroyers, and carried it some distance, and hired a boy to carry it to his house in Lincoln-fields.

The gloom of night, that conjures up to view
 Or coward man an host of guilty fears,
 To me mere grateful far than gairish Sol,
 When his broad eye Spring's budding
 scenery cheers.

I sought a neighb'ring grove, where downy
 sleep
 Buried in sweet oblivion all my cares:
 Waking, I shunn'd the savage haunt of men,
 And since have liv'd on leverets and hares.

Yet still my heart some social feelings own:
 Yes, still, (perhaps to my own interest
 blind)

I wish to mingle in domestic scenes,
 And pay my 'suit and service' to man-
 kind

O could I find some man of generous mind,
 With him fair freedom's blessings I'd
 forego;

By day attend him with unwearied feet,
 And nightly guard him from the plundering
 foe.

Pity the sorrows of a harmless brute;
 To a poor sufferer's plaintive tale attend;
 Invite me to your roof, and cheaply gain
 A faithful servant, and a constant friend.

Haverbill, April 20, 1807.

ADDRESS TO A BLACKBIRD;

*On rescuing it from an idle Boy, and giving it
 Liberty.*

FLY, jetty warbler, to thy favourite haunts,
 And, perch'd on lemon-pippin's topmost
 twig,

Chaunt the glad hymn to freedom and to
 me,

'Till Echo, starting from her mossy cell,
 Catch the soft sounds, and waft them down
 the vale.

To me thy welfare and thy song is dear;
 I rescu'd thee from slavery and death,
 And with a pleasure tyrants never feel
 Bade thee to taste the bliss of liberty,
 And flit as fancy wils thro' wilds of air.

Go, jetty minstrel, seek thy favourite haunts,
 And, tell the feather'd partner of thy choice,
 In language only known to plummy lovers,
 The reason of thy absence, thy confinement
 In wicker prison, of thy liberation,
 By hand humane; and for my kind attention
 Chaunt thy deliverer many a thankful song,
 And leave ingratitude to thankless man.

When radiant morn, array'd in saffron ves-
 ture,

Awaits the entrance of imperial Sol
 Bedeck'd with royal splendors, tune thy lay,
 To hail him welcome to my rural scene:

And when he sinks, replete with purple gran-
 deur,

And paints the golden scenery of the west,
 Pour from thy pipe a soft mellifluous carol,
 And add new transport to mine evening walk.

Go, jetty bird, and with thy faithful mate
 Seek some fit spot, and rear a clay-built home;
 And with parental fond solicitude
 Protect and feed, and teach your young to
 fly:

And when the devastative blast of Death
 Shall sweep you to oblivion's dusky cave,
 Then shall your progeny (while future
 springs

Clothe nature's vegetable sons in green)
 Cheer with their matins Burton's rural
 vale.

JOHN WEBB.

Haverbill, April 25, 1807.

STANZAS

On the cutting down of a favourite Elm.

THE Elm is laid prostrate, beneath whose
 broad shade,
 In childhood's blithe day, I have gamboll'd and
 play'd,
 Pluckt the violet so fragrant, the primrose so
 fair,
 And plunder'd a redbreast that built her nest
 there.

The Elm is laid prostrate, whose favourite
 form
 Long shelter'd my cot from the winter's rude
 storm;
 From the fervours of Phæbus it prov'd a kind
 screen,
 When summer's bright splendors illumin'd
 my scene.

No more shall the wryneck, those branches
 among,
 In April's glad era attune his plain song;
 Nor the blackbird, secure in the shady re-
 treat,
 Shall cheer Burton-Vale with his carols so
 sweet.

No more on its boughs the gay thrushes shall
 sing,
 Nor goldfinches hail the commencement of
 spring:

Depriv'd of their perches, the musical choir,
 Replete with regret, to the thickets retire.

The solemn-fac'd owl, who in midnight's still
 reign,

Embower'd in its leaves, did to Cynthia com-
 plain,

Expel'd from his haunt, to yon steeple must
 fly,

And hoot his drear song to the ghosts that
 glide by.

Tho' the grave bird of night, and the gay birds
of day,
To scenes more congenial are hast'ning
away;
Yet still the lov'd muse with her lyre shall
attend,
And prove thro' life's course my companion
and friend.

Her presence shall cheer me tho' Fortune
depart,
Tho' sickness should taint the pure stream of
my heart;
In death's sable period she'll ne'er me dis-
own,
But mount with my spirit to regions un-
known.

JOHN WEBB.

Haverhill, March 3, 1807.

THE OLD CAT'S PETITION.

By S. Y.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old cat,
Whose feeble limbs scarce keep her on the
ground;

Whose aged eyes can scarcely see a rat;
Oh! I am lame and wretchedly unsound.

My skin was once the sleekest of the kind,
And dappled o'er with many a handsome spot;
In peace I liv'd, nor did expect to find
My useful deeds by ev'ry one forgot.

A mother's care my tender years did guard,
And fondly watch'd my ev'ry waking hour,
Whene'er I rambled in the little yard,
Or clamb'd amidst the circling woodbine
bower.

I often too, upon the carpet laid,
Along with Buff* have snor'd the hours away,
And with him oft have to the orchard stray'd,
And basked there, upon the new-mown hay.

When ev'ning came, upon the watch was I,
In ev'ry corner 'bout the spacious house:
I ween I was for all the rats too sly,
And rare it was that any saw a mouse.

A kitten once, the pleasure of my days,
'Till it grew up—Oh! shall I tell the tale?—
To thieving took, and wicked were her ways:
At length some school-boys did her life assail.

They tore her from me on one summer's
morn,
With dogs and sticks, ah! shocking to relate:
Then at a stake the dogs her body torn;
She fell, alas! a victim to their hate.

At length, alas! arriv'd that luckless morn,
My master from this cot was forc'd away;
With him took Buff, and left poor me for-
lorn,
To die with hunger on this wintry day.

* My mistress's lay-dog.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old cat,
And give me shelter from the piercing cold
Within those walls where happily I've sat;
Oh! I shall die! then you my fate unfold.

JEMIMA.

WHO dwells in yonder little cot,
And envies not the rich one's lot;
Who ne'er will be by me forgot?

Jemima.

The loveliest of the village throng
At eve's approach she is among,
And warbles sweet her dulcet song,

Jemima.

The fairest of the fair is she;
Her diligence is like the bee;
And often she has smil'd on me,

Jemima.

Who me once with a smile receiv'd,
And plighted vows which I believ'd,
And then, alas! my truth deceiv'd?

Jemima.

Who, when my heart was sunk in grief,
And I approach'd to claim relief,
Shunn'd me, as if I were a thief?

Jemima.

Yet still I love you, cruel maid,
And must 'till in the earth I'm laid,
And soon I shall, I am afraid,

Jemima.

S. Y.

*By the Banks of the Lee,
May 8, 1807.*

TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Sir,

Will you have the kindness to insert the
following in your respected repository, the
Lady's Magazine.—The attention will oblige
S. Y.

ACROSTIC.

SINCE I'm consign'd to give my friend a prize,
Prepare the way, ye sylphs in Cupid's care;
And with the bliss that in your power lies,
Reign in their hearts, and bless the happy
pair:
Keep them from harm, ye guardian sylphs, I
crave,
Safe here below, and bless'd when in the
grave
May, 1805. S. Y.

+ S. Y. is particularly requested to send to
the publisher's an address, by which a com-
munication it is wished to make to him may
reach him.

ACROSTIC.

W ELCOME is the month of May,
 A nd echo shouts it o'er the lawn:
 T o the church we'll haste away,
 S oon as twilight spreads the morn.
 O then the fair will I present to you,
 N ot *worthier* is there 'mongst the *worthy*
few S. Y.
 May, 1805

HAND BILL.

*Circulated by a Scotch Innkeeper, whose Name
 is Gass, who has set up an Inn at South-
 port, North Meoles, near Ormskirk, a re-
 markable fine Bathing-place.*

LET Weymouth boast its nymphs of royal
 blood,

And Margate glory in old Ocean's flood,
 Proudly exult in many a Cockney face,
 And puff the pleasures of a donky race;
 Brighton rejoice to see its prince's train,
 Its painted beauties on the walks of Steine.
 Ask not at Meoles such wond'rous things to
 see,

We've nothing here save health, longevity;
 If these have no attractions, keep away,
 For sickness shuns this place, as night shuns
 day.

No gamesters here, deep skill'd in loaded
 dice,

Nor guilty brothels, the abodes of vice;
 Yet simple sports we have, in these our gain,
 Nurses of health, and purchas'd without pain.
 For hark! the rippling tide calls to the shore,
 Where rests the anxious seaman on his oar,
 In expectation soon his boat to fill;
 Fast flows the tide, he cries, and ev'ry wind is
 still.

They haste on board, but oft a pearly tear
 Steals down some lovely cheek, appall'd with
 fear;

Embolden'd once the vast abyss to try,
 They pluck new courage from their victory,
 Propose another voyage, and fix their plan
 To visit Blackpool, or the Isle of Man.
 Others will cross dark Ribble's turbid wave
 To taste of Crookel's best, then back to
 bathe.

Dame Flora likewise decks, with flowrets
 rare,

And many an unknown plant, our gay par-
 terre;

Whilst Neptune's Naiads strew their fav'rite
 shells

Upon these shores, to please young beaux and
 belles.

Haste then to Gass, all you who seek for health,
 Without whose presence vain is all your
 wealth.

Good are his wines, his beds both neat and
 trim:

He'll try to please you, ladies, pray please
 him.

TO MISS T———Y.

I.

NO nymph that e'er tripp'd o'er the plains
 Could her charms with Maria's compare;
 Oh! how justly the shepherds and swains
 Have esteem'd her the queen of the fair!
 Tho' cheer'd by the dew-drop of morn,
 No lily that smil'd in the shade
 Could such beauties display, as adorn
 The soft cheeks of my beautiful maid.

II.

At her smile, which the graces attend, !
 The sad scenes of anxiety fly,
 And the wretched are sure of a friend,
 If they catch but the glance of her eye!
 The nymphs of the valley and grove
 My heart once delighted survey'd;
 But what taught it the raptures of love,
 Were the charms of my beautiful maid.

III.

Oh! would that kind fate had ordain'd
 Me thy heart and affection to share!
 I wou'd boast of the prize I had gain'd,
 As I moisten'd thy cheek with a tear.
 Thy pleasure should ever be mine,
 And by thee ev'ry action be sway'd;
 I could all other pleasures resign
 For the sake of my beautiful maid.

IV.

Oh! how happy, thrice happy, my lot,
 Could Maria my wishes approve;
 My repinings wou'd all be forgot
 As I knelt at the altar of love.
 Each morning by happiness blest
 Should my fond adoration be paid,
 And the ev'ning would lull me to rest
 In the arms of my beautiful maid.

V.

So, my heart, which the virtues have taught
 All the storms of misfortune to brave,
 When fate shall ordain it my lot,
 Unrepining will sink in the grave:
 For in yonder bright regions of peace,
 Where rewards due to virtue are giv'n,
 These eyes, when all sorrows shall cease,
 Will review their lov'd Mary in heav'n.
 SALISBURIENSIS.

SONG.

' CATHLIEN NOLAN.'

From a Translation of the ancient Irish.

By W. M. T.—

I.

WHEN o'er the craggy mountain's sides
 The dewy cloud of evening glides,

* *See 'Wild Irish Girl'—Vol. II. p. 12.*

And sparkles in the sun's last beams;
 Whilst tripping o'er its summit, seems
 Lovely as this, my Cathlien Nolan.
 Her forehead to the dazzled sight
 Shines as the native pearl; as bright
 Her spiral locks as burnish'd gold:
 Would to her charms my breast were cold,
 And I'd forgot sweet Cathlien Nolan!

II.

When, as the bounding doe, she trips
 The green-wood o'er, with airy steps,
 Brushing away the glistening dew,
 O then how lovely to my view
 Seems my dear maid, my Cathlien Nolan!
 Loose o'er her arm her mantle flies,
 To cut the branch of flame* she hies,
 Whilst in her hand the axe bright gleams;—
 I know not then which noblest seems,
 The Saxon king†, or Cathlien Nolan.

SONNET,

Written on Sunday the 7th of December, 1807.

By W. M. T.—

HOW sweet the morning! scarce a passing
 cloud
 Shadows heav'n's blue expanse, serenely
 bright!
 Nature seems lovely e'en 'midst winter's
 blight.
 The hedge-row birds, with merry pipe and
 loud,
 Hail the faint sun.—Retiring from the crowd,
 The dull and vain, I gaze with calm de-
 light,
 And joy deep-felt, upon the beauteous
 sight
 Which glows around—and feel it, as I should.
 O lovely morn! shining 'midst winter's
 gloom,
 An earnest of the spring's reviving ray!
 Thou seem'st to me like pleasure's short-
 liv'd day,
 Bright'ning amid misfortune, to illumine
 The child of sorrow on his weary way,
 And bid him hope that better days will
 come.

ODE

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

By W. M. T.—

'TIS not that winter's mists recede
 From green-clad hill and flow'ry mead,

'Tis not that now the daisied field,
 The lark's shrill carol, or the cuckoo's note,
 To Nature's votary can yield
 A greater bliss than when, in ice-hung coat
 Stern Winter spread his gloom around,
 Hail'd by the night-bird's shriek, and tem-
 pest's dreary sound.

'Tis not for this I hail thee, Spring!
 But that more oft my F—— I shall view:
 Then haste thee, borne on Zephyr's wing,
 In vest of violet's hue!
 And when with her I fondly stray,
 Strew with thy sweetest flow'rs our way!
 Oft then, amid yon distant glade,
 Beneath the spreading hawthorn's shade,
 I'll clasp her panting in my arms;
 And, free from envy's jaundic'd eye,
 Or prying curiosity,
 Hang with fond rapture o'er her glowing
 charms.

If these the joys thou bidst me taste,
 Hither Spring, O! hither haste!
 For these I hail thee with my early song,
 ' And welcome thee, and wish thee long!

STANZAS

Written at EVERTON on Sunday Morning.*

By W. M. T.—

O COULD I for life, freed from every care,
 As pensive, as blest, as serene,
 Nor feeling one lingering wish to be there,
 Thus gaze on the world's joyless scene!

'Tis the morning of rest, scarce a murmur is
 driven
 Before the soft current of air;
 'Tis so still that an angel might whisper from
 heaven,
 To soothe the cold breast of despair.

And happy is he who thus raptur'd can gaze
 On nature's bright prospects; and view
 With pity the bosom where guilt ever preys,
 Or the check mark'd by sorrow's pale hue.

For oh! 'tis not theirs, when retir'd from
 mankind,

This calmness of soul to attain;
 For, where guilt or misfortune oppresses the
 mind,

In solitude† keenest's the pain.
 And not as now happy I long can remain,
 'Tis a bliss too extatic to last;
 And soon, mingling again with the dull and the
 vain,

I'll forget the sweet moments I've pass'd!

* An eminence overlooking the town of
 L———.

† "O seek not, Lesbia, the sequester'd dale,
 Or bear thou to its shades a tranquil heart."

ANNA SEWARD.

'This does not altogether agree with the
 doctrine of Lavater.

* This is literally translated: in the lan-
 guage of prose it is fire-wood.

† The king of England is still called by the
 common Irish 'Riagh Sassenach.'

'Wild Irish Girl.'

FOREIGN NEWS.

St. Petersburg, March 6.

IN the room of the guards and the other troops sent to Poland, in sledges, we have only the country militia for a garrison. A number of light troops from Asia are passing through this city. Our preparations continue; all the troops that fought at Eylau are to have a largess. Medical men have been sent to the army, where the number of wounded is very great. A great many cannon are also gone from our arsenal.

Though general Bennigsen was some days since threatened with the loss of his command, and the emperor's favour, he still contrives to retain it.—He has not only what is called the Livonian party against him, supported by Buxhowden, his sworn enemy, but likewise the majority of the Russian generals, and many natives, who are displeased at seeing the greatest army the Russians ever had on foot under the command of a foreigner. General Bennigsen's first adjutant, who is more the commander than himself, is a native of Alsace. The party against Bennigsen is also supported by several of the ministers. They wished to persuade the emperor to appoint Michelson in Bennigsen's place; but the emperor, recollecting the conduct of old Kamenskoy, rejected the advice. It cannot be concealed that great discontents prevail against the government and the present war.

Trieste, April 5. We have still in our road Russian and English frigates, as well as cutters, which greatly annoy the navigation of neutrals, and do much mischief to our traders. As late as yesterday a notice was posted up at the exchange, that the English had stopped

four of our merchantment, which came from the Levant, and sent them to Cattaro.

Finckenstein, April 9. A corps of 400 Prussians, who embarked at Konigsberg, and landed on the peninsula opposite Pillau, advanced towards the village of Carlsberg. M. Mainguernaud, aide-de-camp of marshal Lefebvre, marched towards that place with a few men. He manœuvred so dexterously that he took the 400 Prussians, among whom were 120 cavalry.

Several Russian regiments have entered Dantzic by sea. The polish legion of the north, and their commander, prince Michael Radzivil, have greatly distinguished themselves. They took about 40 Russian prisoners. The siege is carried on with activity. The battering train begins to arrive.

There is nothing new at the different posts of the army.

The emperor is returned from the excursion which he made to Marienwerder, and the *tête de pont* on the Vistula. He reviewed the 12th regiment of light infantry, and the orderly *gens d'armes*.

A thaw has begun in the country, and in the lakes and small rivers with which it is filled. Still there is yet no appearance of vegetation.

Thorn, April 12. For this week past very considerable movements have been observed among the French troops, and it is particularly remarked that their centre is greatly reinforced. The neighbourhood of Willenberg is covered with soldiers. Fresh French troops arrive here daily from the interior of Germany, where they are replaced by others from France. A convoy of heavy ar-

tillery arrived here two days ago from Silesia, and proceeded immediately to Dantzic and Graudentz. The besieging artillery employed before the latter of these places, was on the 4th removed to the corps which besieges Dantzic. The Prussian garrison in Dantzic has made sorties, with the view of driving back or harassing the Polish troops which invest that town. That which took place on the 26th of March appears to have been the most serious.

Memel, April 14. His imperial majesty attends to the labours of the cabinet with uninterrupted assiduity. Notwithstanding the fatigue of his journey was very great, owing to the badness of the roads and of the weather, on the morning of his arrival, his majesty was up at five, and sat down to write; this is his daily custom.

M. De Hardenberg is the only minister who accompanied the two sovereigns to Georgenburg. This esteemed cabinet minister received a private visit from the emperor, who staid with him two hours and a half.

A Russian courier arrived here on the 11th: he was the bearer of eleven tails (or Turkish standards) taken from the Turks in an engagement, in which the Russians gained the victory. Being unacquainted with the Russian language, we could not learn the name of the place where the battle was fought.

The reinforcement which arrived with the grand duke Constantine consists of thirty-two battalions, twenty-seven squadrons, and ninety-two pieces of heavy ordnance. It is to be followed immediately by thirteen battalions; a corps de reserve of 60 or 70,000 men is also on its march. The voluntary contributions for carrying on the war already amounted, according to the last accounts, to forty-two million six hundred thousand rubles, and the lists from the distant provinces were not then come in.

Bonaparte has removed his headquarters still further back, to Rosenberg, two leagues from Marienwerder.

Berlin, April 17.—(From the *Telegraph*.)—The French division which formed the blockade of Stralsund having partly received another destination,

the Swedish governor availed himself of the superiority in numbers which he obtained from reinforcements arrived from Sweden, to attempt a sortie on the 1st of April. The troops intended to reinforce the blockading corps not having yet arrived, general Grandjean, who commanded the blockade, was attacked by a superior force, and thereby induced to fall back to Stettin, in order to wait for the expected reinforcements, under the guns of that fortress. This retrograde movement was made with the utmost order, and without the loss of a single gun or baggage waggon.

The regiments expected from the interior arrived a few days after, having directed their march from Berlin towards Zehdenick, and joined the division of gen. Grandjean, at Pasewalk. At the same time, marshal Mortier took with him part of the troops employed in the siege of Colberg, to Stettin; and marshal Brune marched with a considerable corps against Rostock. Marshal Mortier ordered the Swedes to be attacked on the 16th of April, at two o'clock in the morning, at Belling, Pasewalk, Ferdinandshof, and old Cossenow; they were defeated on all points. The French troops entered Anclam, mixed with the Swedes, and the contest continued for some time in the street. The French took four hundred prisoners and six pieces of cannon. The column of colonel Cardels was cut off, and forced to fall back to Ukemunde, whither they are pursued by the French. General Armiel was wounded in the arm.

Hamburg, April 18. This day or to-morrow we expect marshal Brune to arrive here from Ratzburg; and 3000 Dutch troops are on their way hither from Pomerania. The French, uncertain of their success, have prudently thrown two bridges over the river Elbe near Artenburg. Their fear of a British expedition is unabated, and as great as ever; and, in fact, there was never a more favourable opportunity for a British force appearing on the continent than the present one, which, if not profited by, will perhaps never offer again.

A strong doubt is entertained here, that his Swedish majesty will not ratify

the armistice.—His majesty continues to reside at Malmoe.

There is no news from Constantinople, via Vienna; but it is certain that the Russians are completely masters of the greatest part of the Turkish provinces in Europe, and only need a march of 45 leagues to reach the capital of the Ottomans.

From the borders of the Main, April 19. The rumours of an armistice and peace still continue. A Frankfort paper says, 'From Vienna it is stated, that an important declaration is very shortly expected on the part of that court, in which Russia and Prussia will be admonished to attend to the pacific sentiments of the monarch of France.' In a Stutgard paper we read, that the negotiations are continued at the French head-quarters, where, besides general St. Vincent, the prince of Lichtenstein has arrived with fresh proposals from the court of Vienna. The prince has five state couriers in readiness to convey the ultimatum of his negotiation to its respective destination.—In a Nuremberg paper, under the head of 'The Danube, April 10,' the following paragraph appears:—'We are generally assured that the mediation of the court of Vienna has been accepted by the belligerent powers.'

Frankfort, April 20. All that has been said about the approaching departure of the French troops from Brannau, and the cession of that place to the Austrians, appears unfounded. We are assured, on the contrary, that the fate of Brannau is irrevocably connected with that of the Cattaro.

Stettin, April 20.—Order of the day. * According to an armistice concluded in the night of the 18th, at Schlatkow, between marshal Mortier and general Essen, the islands of Usedom and Wolken will be evacuated by the Swedes on the 20th.

'The result of the affair of the 16th was from 1000 to 1200 prisoners, and 6 pieces of cannon. A whole company of Swedish light artillery was taken prisoners.

'The Swedish army is to send no relief to Colberg and Danzig during the armistice, and to permit no foreign troops to land in Swedish Pomerania. Ten

days notice is to be given in case hostilities should recommence.

(signed) 'Liebert,
'General of division and governor of Pomerania.'

Hamburg, April 21. Yesterday morning, at four o'clock, marshal B.une sent to the senate, requiring, by seven o'clock, an escort of 40 dragoons and two trumpeters, to attend him to the Hamburg frontiers; and at eight he took the road to Ratzburgh, leaving a note addressed to the senate, recommending the French custom-house officers, whom he left behind, about 100 in number, to the especial care of the senate, the members of which he holds responsible for their safety. On Sunday the Dutch general Dameronceau, with his staff, passed through this city to join Mortier's corps. He is to be followed by 8000 Hollanders, now on their march through Hanover.—A camp is forming at Ratzburgh, to which the Dutch garrison of Lubec has been ordered to repair by forced marches.—The Swedish gun-boats, on the 11th, took Swinemunde.

Altona, April 25. Neither the Dutch, Copenhagen, nor Stralsund posts arrived yesterday evening. The Dutch troops at Ratzburgh are in a state of general insubordination; seven of them have been executed for their mutinous conduct, on the morning of the 18th, when leaving Hamburg. The lights at the mouth of the Elbe having been discontinued, the captain of the British frigate on that station threatened to fire on Cuxhaven if they were not regularly lighted, which has, in consequence of this threat, been done.

Berlin, April 25. We are assured, that some days before the death of the empress of Austria, count Stadion, the minister of foreign affairs, delivered a circular note to the accredited envoys of the belligerent powers, in which he made an offer of the mediation of his sovereign, and invited them to a congress, to be holden at any place within the circuit of the Austrian territory.

The senators Aboville and Ferino, appointed military governors of the ports of Brast and Antwerp, have already repaired to their respective destinations.

HOME NEWS.

London, April 27.

THIS day, about a quarter past three o'clock, the black rod was in attendance in the lobby of the house of commons, and soon after the speaker entered in state. Prayers being read, the black rod entered the house with the usual ceremonies, announced the royal assent to two bills, and desired its attendance in the house of lords, to hear the king's speech from the throne previous to proroguing parliament.

Parliament was afterwards prorogued.

Jersey, April 27. We have here witnessed a most distressing scene, which has excited sensations that no language can describe. Some soldiers belonging to the 34th regiment having committed some depredations here, were brought to trial, and two of them condemned to suffer death. Only one of them, however, was left for execution, named *Hales*. Saturday last was the day fixed on for his execution. When he had hung about a minute and a half, the executioner taking hold of his convulsed body, suspended himself on it, by whose additional weight the rope gave way in such a manner, that the miserable sufferer's feet touched the ground. The executioner then pulled him sideways in order to strangle him; and being unable to effect it in this way, got upon his shoulders. To the great surprise of all who witnessed this dreadful scene, the poor criminal rose straight upon his feet with the hangman on his shoulder, and immediately loosened the rope from his throat with his fingers. No language can describe the sensations which were excited among the by-

standers by this shocking scene. The sheriff ordered another rope to be prepared, but the spectators interfered, and the sheriff, distressed beyond description by the shocking spectacle, agreed that, before proceeding to the execution of the sentence, he would wait till the will of the magistracy should be known. The civil magistrate not being in town, orders were sent by the commander in chief to carry the man back to gaol. By the time this order arrived the poor fellow had recovered his senses. Capt. Nicolls and another gentleman took him under the arms to conduct him, and by their assistance he was able to walk back to prison. The court has decided, that the whole matter shall be transmitted to the king; and the execution of the sentence, in consequence, is suspended till his majesty's pleasure be known.

London, April 29. The proclamation for the dissolution of parliament was signed by his majesty this day. The new parliament is to meet for the dispatch of business on the 22d June, and will sit for about six weeks.

Plymouth, May 2. Arrived captain Blackwood, with dispatches from vice-admiral sir J. T. Duckworth, K. B. for government, in *L'Espoir*, 18 guns. She has brought several letters from the ships of the squadron, by which is learnt that (as has already been stated) our squadron passed up through the Dardanelles, under a tremendous fire from the batteries, which they silenced, and spiked the guns. One of the shot fired fell on board the *Windsor Castle*, 58 guns, which weighed near 700 pounds, killed five men, wounded 20, and set

the rigging of the main mast on fire, which was soon extinguished, without much damage. Our fleet destroyed a Turkish 64 gun ship, and several frigates. Owing to baffling winds our ships could not get nearer Constantinople than six miles, and, after staying there some days, they returned again through the Dardanelles, under a more dreadful fire than before, as a great number of new batteries had been constructed and guns mounted on them, it is supposed by the assistance of the French.—Vice admiral Duckworth then arrived safe at Tenedos, but whether he accomplished his mission is not mentioned. The Turkish fleet are said to be 14 sail of the line, 20 frigates, and a host of large gun boats.

London, May 2. A duel was fought near Combe Wood, between sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Paull. On the first fire neither of the balls took effect. Mr. Paull was asked whether he was satisfied, but he declared he was not unless he received an apology, and this being refused, they fired, when Mr. Paull was severely wounded in the leg, and sir Francis shot through the upper part of the thigh; Mr. Paull's wound is considered the most dangerous.

6. In consequence of information received by government, above thirty warrants, according to a morning paper, have been issued against French and Italian emigrants, most of them of title.—The warrants were issued on Thursday; since which time all the messengers belonging to the alien-office, and several assistants, have been employed in executing them. They succeeded last week in apprehending ten of the persons of whom they were sent in pursuit. On Saturday morning four of them were sent off in custody of three messengers for Harwich, where a vessel was in readiness to receive them; and on the same night they sailed for Tonningen. On Sunday morning early, the aid-de-camp and secretary of a general was apprehended by two messengers, and lodged in the house of correction, in Coldbath Fields. We do not believe that he has yet undergone an examination. His papers, which are very voluminous, have been

seized. A Frenchman, a companion, was lodged in the same prison, on the same day, under similar circumstances. They are confined in separate apartments, and none but the officers of the prison are suffered to see or speak to them. The remaining four have undergone several examinations, and are in the custody of messengers.

Another morning paper states, that a French general of high rank is reported to have been brought to town on Monday evening by a king's messenger. His aid-de-camp, with two more emigrants, are at this moment in Coldbath Fields prison, and two foreign counts have been taken into custody by a messenger. A French baron was taken at his lodging on Monday.

6. The election for the city of London commenced, when a show of hands was had for the five following candidates:

Alderman sir W. Curtis,
Alderman H. C. Combe,
Alderman sir C. Price,
Alderman James Shaw; and
Alderman J. P. Hankey.

The sheriffs declared the shew to be in favour of the four last mentioned gentlemen.

A poll was then demanded, which continued until a quarter past four, when the numbers were:

For Sir C. Price	171
Sir W. Curtis	167
Alderman Hankey	154
Alderman Shaw	148
Alderman Combe	121

This election, which threatened as severe a contest as had ever been known, has found a termination as awful as it was unexpected. Mr. Alderman Hankey, one of the candidates, at the moment when he might be supposed to be flushed with the hopes of success, and when the fairest promises of it were before him, has been called away from all the concerns of human life. He died of an inflammation in the bowels yesterday afternoon, at a quarter before six o'clock. The first symptoms of his complaint appeared about eight on the preceding evening, when he complained of great fatigue and an extreme thirst. He preferred wine and water to tea,

which had been recommended to him, and felt himself so refreshed for the moment that he actually proposed to proceed on his canvass in the neighbourhood; but that was only a momentary design, which he soon found himself unable to execute. His disorder now increased with an uncommon rapidity. At an early period of yesterday afternoon his approaching fate was announced to him; when he called for his four children, the eldest of whom is about nine years of age, and took an affectionate farewell of them.

7. This morning the election for Westminster commenced. The candidates put in nomination, and for whom a show of hands was taken, were

Lord Cochrane,
Mr. Elliot, and
Mr. Sheridan.

The high bailiff declared the shew of hands to be in favour of lord Cochrane and Mr. Elliott.—A poll was then demanded for Mr. Sheridan and sir Francis Burdett.—The populace cried out for the shew of hands to be taken in Mr. Paull's name, but the high bailiff said that gentleman had been withdrawn from the list of candidates.

8. To-day Mr. Paull's name was added to the list of candidates at Westminster, and at the close of the poll the numbers were .

Cochrane	102
Elliott	83
Burdett	52
Sheridan	11
Paull	9

The following bulletin was received by the lord mayor:—

Admiralty-office, May 9.

By dispatches received this morning from vice-admiral lord Collingwood, dated 27th April, enclosing a letter from captain Hallowell, of the *Tigre*, dated off Alexandria, 24th March, it appears that the transports containing his majesty's land forces under command of major-general M. Frazer, appeared off that place on the 17th, and a partial landing was effected, and a summons sent to the governor; and that upon a junction of the remainder of the troops on the 20th, a capitulation was entered

into, by which the city and fortresses, with two frigates and a corvette in the harbour, were surrendered to his majesty's arms.

Plymouth, May 11. This morning sailed with dispatches and a large quantity of ordnance and naval stores for Monte Video and the Rio de la Plata, the *Woolwich* store ship, of 44 guns, capt. White.—Letters from an officer in general Craufurd's expedition, dated in the beginning of February, state that the object of this expedition was an attack on Lima, and they expected shortly to go round Cape Horn for that purpose.

Penzance, May 12. Arrived this morning the Portuguese brig *St. Anna*, from Madeira in eleven days, bound to St. Petersburg: one of the passengers that landed from her states, that on the 28th ult. his majesty's ship *Sybilie* arrived at Madeira, the captain of which informed him that he had spoke with sir Samuel Hood, cruizing off the Canaries, by whom he was informed that Buenos Ayres was re-captured by our troops.

London, May 23. The contest for Westminster terminated in favour of sir Francis Burdett and lord Cochrane.—When the poll closed, the numbers stood thus:

Burdett	5131
Cochrane	3708
Sheridan	2615
Elliott	2137

Exeter, May 25. The town of Chudleigh, in Devonshire, has been destroyed by fire. The dreadful conflagration began on Friday morning, at ten o'clock. It is supposed that it commenced at a bakehouse, and the greater number of the buildings in the town being thatched, the flames spread from house to house, from tenement to tenement, with astonishing rapidity. The terrified inhabitants had, ere night, the dismal prospect of every habitation enveloped in flames; they were left without shelter—almost without food and raiment; and on Saturday the whole scite of the town, with the exception of one or two detached buildings, was a heap of smoking ruins. The road was impassable, and the Mercury stage coach made a circuit of two miles in

consequence. As one alleviation of this dreadful visitation, we hear that no lives were lost; and every exertion will doubtless be immediately made by the neighbouring gentlemen to procure necessaries for the sufferers.

BIRTHS.

April 18. At Exmouth, the lady of Colin Makenzie, esq. of Dortmore, of a son.

20. The lady of John Finch Simpson, esq. of Launde Abbey, Leicestershire, of a daughter.

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

26. At Twickenham, the lady of John Dean Paul, esq. of a daughter.

May 4. At Gloucester-place, Marylebone, the lady of H. J. Hardacre, esq. of the royal navy, of a daughter, being the eighth in succession.

5. At Genaed's Cross, the lady of Edward Thomas Hussey, esq. of Galhem, in the kingdom of Ireland, was safely delivered of a son and heir.

In Grosvenor-square, lady Anne Ashley Cooper, of a son.

9. At his house in Queen Ann-street, west, the lady of Wm. Drummond Delap, esq. of a daughter.

The lady of capt. Walker, of his majesty's navy, was safely delivered of a daughter, at Hill Lodge, near Southampton.

MARRIAGES.

April 20. At Gretna Green, William Green, esq. proctor, Doctors Commons, to miss Mary Brewster, eldest daughter of John Brewster, esq. of Brandon, Suffolk.

At Long Benton, near Newcastle upon Tyne, on the 28th ult. Ralph Fenwick, esq. of Streatham, Surrey, to miss Brown, daughter of William Brown, of the former place.

21. John Byng Wilkinson, esq. of Red Lion-square, to the youngest daughter of the rev. J. Thoroton, of Bottesford, Lincolnshire.

At Bath, John Christian, esq. eldest son of Christian Curwen, esq. M. P. of Workington Hall, in the county of Cumberland, to miss Allen, only daughter of Lewis Robert Allen, esq. of Bath.

May 2. At St. George's church, Hanover-square, Mr. R. Y. Cummins, of Plymouth citadel, to miss Lawrence, daughter of Mr. W. Lawrence, builder, Richmond, Surrey.

At Little Missendon, the rev. Frederick Anson, rector of Sudbury, in the county of Derby, brother to viscount Anson, to miss Levett, only daughter of the late rev. Richard Levett, of Milford, in the county of Stafford.

At St. George's church, by the hon. and right rev. the lord bishop of Bristol, George Warwick Bampfylde, esq. only son of sir Charles W. Bampfylde, bart. to miss Sneyd, only daughter of the rev. Ralph Sneyd, domestic chaplain to his royal highness the prince of Wales, preacher of St. Asaph, &c. The married couple immediately left town for the family seat at Pultemore, in Devonshire.

6. Capt. John Croft, of the royal navy, to miss Buckworth, daughter of the late Thomas Buckworth, esq. of Finsbury-square.

At St. George's church, Hanover-square, the hon. colonel Crewe, only son of lord Crewe, to miss Hungerford, of Cavendish-square, and of Calne, in Wiltshire.

9. At St. Margaret's, Westminster, Mr. Walter Barratt, of Brightelmstone, surgeon, to miss Sayer, of Parliament-street.

James Benjamin Coles, esq. of Trowbridge, Wilts. to miss Mary Weeks, of Taunton, Somersetshire.

Edward Ellis, of Dancer's-hill, South Mims, to Mary Ann, daughter of Henry Heyman, esq. Queen's-square.

At St. Mary's church, Brecon, major David Price, of the hon. East-India company's service, to miss Meredith, only daughter of Thomas Meredith, esq. of Brecon.

10. At Walcot church, Bath, Henry Boulton, esq. of Cottingham, Northamptonshire, to miss Durell, eldest daughter of the late lieutenant colonel Durell, deputy commissary general on the continent.

On Saturday last, at St. George's church, Hanover-square, captain John Alexander Paul Mac Gregor, of the Bengal infantry, to miss Jane Ness, of Baker-street, Portman square.

At St. George's, Bloomsbury, by the rev. E. Rovenshaw, Wm. Dickson, esq. of Prospect-place, Southampton, to miss Dickson, niece of major-general Dickson, of the same place.

12. At St. George's-church, Hanover-square, by the rev. Mr. Orme, one of his majesty's chaplains, lord Chartley, eldest son of the earl of Leicester, to miss Gardner, daughter of W. D. Gardner, esq. of Lower Grosvenor-street. There were present at the ceremony—

The duke and duchess of Leeds, the marchioness of Townshend, the ladies Townshend, and the misses Elliker, general and lady Elizabeth Loftus, the hon. Charles Veres Townshend, and Mr. and Mrs. Gardner.

The bride was elegantly dressed in white satin, richly trimmed with point lace.

DEATHS.

Lately of a rapid decline, in the 23d year of her age, Sarah, wife of George Yeates, esq. of Bathford, Somersetshire. Uniting a blameless conduct in all the duties of social life, she was distinguished for pleasantness, and an innocent candour of manners, which captivated the good will even of strangers, and quickened to a high degree of tenderness the affection of her friends. She exhibited an example of piety during life, and of resignation at the awful crisis of death, which must be a consoling balm to the affliction of her relatives and friends.

April 19. Robert Bushby, esq. of Arundel, Sussex, banker.

25. At Clifton, near Bristol, lady Elizabeth Maginis, daughter of the late earl of Enniskillen.

In her 46th year, Mrs. Reddington, wife of Mr. Wm. Reddington, Windsor.

27. At Iver, near Uxbridge, in sudden and unsuccessful labour with twins, the wife of the rev. George C. L. Young.

At Clay Hall, Herts, Wm. Gosling, esq. merchant, of London.

29. At North Mims, Hertfordshire, Mrs. Jane Gould, youngest and only remaining sister of the late hon. Mr. Justice Gould.

At Bath, sir H. Dillon Massey.

30. At Manchester, Henry Barton, jun. esq. of the highly respectable commercial house of Messrs. Henry and John Barton and Co. of that place.

May 3. At his house in Berner-street, John Buller, esq. member of parliament for East Looe, in Cornwall.

At his house in Norfolk-street, Strand, Matthew Chessall esq. in the 74th year of his age.

On Saturday last, at Kenelworth, near Coventry, John Hallifax, esq. at the advanced age of 90 years.

At Cheltenham, on the 30th ult. Mrs. Ricketts, mother of captain Ricketts, of the royal navy.

4. At Bristol Hot Wells, miss Spry, eldest daughter of the late lieutenant-general William Spry, of the royal engineers.

On Saturday last, at his house in Berner's-street, Langford Millington, esq.

5. At his house at Feiham, near Rotherham, sincerely regretted, Jonathan Walker, esq. one of his majesty's justices of the peace for the west riding of the county of York.

At his house, in Montague-street, Russel-square, William Day, esq.

At Ramsgate, suddenly, in the 67th year of his age, Charles Dilly, esq. formerly an eminent bookseller.

At Brooke's-place, Kennington, Mrs. Robert Buchanan.

20. In child bed, Mrs. Ebers, aged 31, wife of Mr. John Ebers, librarian and stationer, Old Bond street.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
 SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR JUNE, 1807.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates:

- 1 EUGENIO and ZELMA.
- 2 LONDON Fashionable AFTERNOON DRESS.
- 3 New and elegant PATTERN of a SHIRT.
- 4 New and elegant DRAWING of a CARD BOX.

LONDON:

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

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have received W. M. T.'s *Poetical Essay*, in the manner of Spenser : it shall appear in our next.

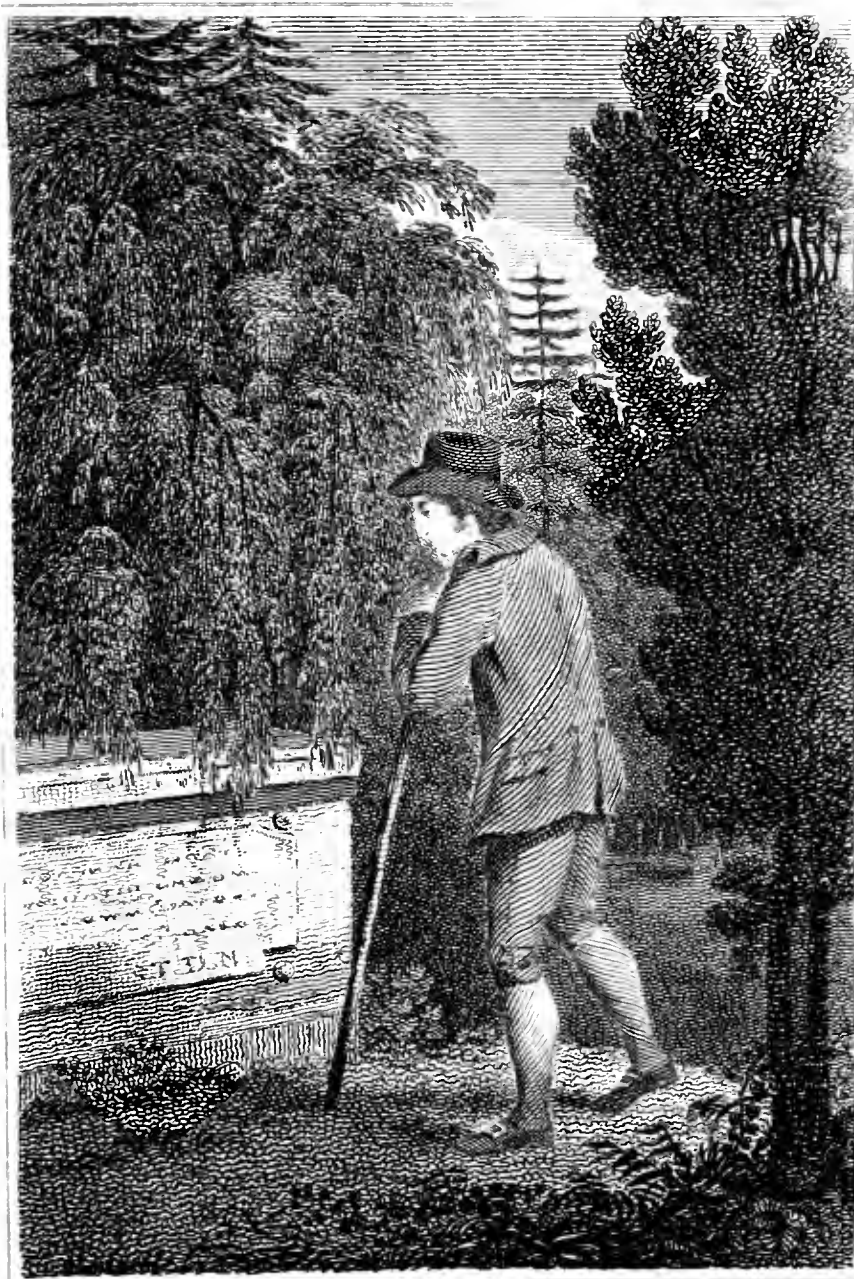
The continuation of the *Elville Family Secrets* is intended for our next.

We are much obliged to SOPHIA TROUGHTON for her communication : her poetical contribution, though it came too late for this month, shall not be neglected.

L. T.'s communications have been received, and the contributor has our thanks.



Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



Eugenio and Felina.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE.

FOR JUNE, 1807.

EUGENIO AND ZELMA,

A TALE.

By S. Y.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

' Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.'

GRAY.

MEN situated in private stations attract no observation by their manners, nor do they acquire celebrity by their goodness. They live contented at a distance from the splendid theatre of the world, and devote their attention to the accumulation of a competency, or contribute to the happiness of others; while they live unknown but to a slender circle of acquaintance, and die unregretted, except by the partners or offspring of their beds, and all remembrance of them is shortly consigned to oblivion.

Eugenio was the son of an honest peasant, who lived upon the tillage of a little land; which, with industry, afforded a sufficiency for himself and his aged father and mother. Pride was unknown to him; the gaudy

garb was none of his; no spangled vest or embroidered coat had marked him of the anomalous breed of ycleped *beau garçons*. The linnet's russet brown was all the colour that decked his form, while manly grace and natural elegance appeared in every motion of his limbs; his sunburnt cheek gave lustre to his dark-blue eyes, while they spoke all the honest language of his heart, and beamed forth sensibility.

————— Of men

The happiest he; who, far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retir'd,
Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life.'

In a cottage nearly adjoining that of the virtuous Eugenio dwelt Zelma, a maid of still humbler birth. She was poor and unprotected; the daughter of a villager, whom she had the misfortune to lose in her infancy. She was the chief support of an aged and afflicted mother; she was untaught and unpretending, the child

of simplicity. Her person was handsome and neatness added elegance: she studied no vain fantastic ornament to adorn it; in short, she was a complete *Lavinia*.

‘ A native grace
Sat fair proportion’d on her polish’d limbs,
Veil’d in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress: for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is when unador’d, adorn’d the most.
Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty’s self,
Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.
As in the hollow breast of Appenine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o’er the
wild;
So flourish’d blooming, and unseen by all,
The lovely ZELMA.’

Eugenio’s compassion at first attached him to this helpless pair. He used to till their little garden; he furnished them with every assistance which his not affluent means afforded—and in the evening, after they had finished their employ, he used to accompany the beautiful maid and her aged mother, in a walk round the delightful groves that surrounded their lowly dwellings. But as the beautiful maid grew towards womanhood, her opening charms made deep impressions upon young Eugenio’s heart. It is unnecessary to say that Zelma’s heart soon became sensible of his worth, and that their love was mutual. Their fortunes smiled, friends approved; the day, the hour, was fixed to make them one. The altar was prepared, and Hymen was lighting his torch, when, O sad state of sublunary bliss! Eugenio felt the pangs of sickness seize on all his frame; and the most fatal symptoms of approaching death: no power could force his faithful Zelma from the bed-side, where, changed and dying, her Eugenio lay. He asked for a little box, in which was deposited his portrait—‘ This,’ said he, ‘ accept, Zelma; it will remind you of me when I am no more,

and when this heart shall have forgot to love.’

Zelma took the miniature, and gazed on it with a kind of weeping rapture that wants a name. She dwelt on every feature till imagination almost gave it life, and then burst into tears.

Eugenio felt the king of terror’s near approach, and, grasping Zelma’s hand in his, implored that she would cease to grieve for him.—‘ Still, dear Zelma! may your presence gladden the valley, and innocence and peace beam on your happy cottage! May you be happy, happy in your duty to your aged mother!—Adieu, Zelma! I must depart: I go to that region of bliss where we shall meet, never to depart.’ And ere the word ‘ farewell!’ was ended, Eugenio’s spotless soul was fled.

Zelma led her drooping mother to Eugenio’s grave, accompanied by his poor aged parents; while all the village-youths and maids mourned his loss, and laid his cold remains decently in the earth.

‘ There scatter’d oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are show’rs of violets
found;
The red-breast loves to build and warble
there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.’

Each morn and eve was Zelma found near her Eugenio’s grave, nor could any one force her from it. Her good mother often tried to alleviate her sorrows.—‘ Why, Zelma, weep your days in gloomy sorrow? all will not recall him from his grave.’ Alas! his memory was too deeply engraven on her mind for this to erase it. It was impossible; she knew that, whilst the vital blaze of life animated her frame, it must there remain, and that death, and death-alone, could obliterate it. Her sorrows brought on a violent delirium, which shortly dismissed her afflicted spirit to follow that of

Eugenio. By her own desire, the hapless maiden was deposited in the same grave with her lover.

‘Still, when the hours of so’em’rites return,
The village train in sad procession mourn;
Pluck ev’ry weed which might the spot dis-
grace,

And plant the fairest field-flow’rs in their place.

Around no noxious plant or flow’ret grows;
But the first daffodil, and earliest rose!

The snow-drop spreads its whitest bosom here,

And golden cowslips grace the vernal year!

Here the pale primrose takes a fairer hue,

And ev’ry violet boasts a brighter blue!

Here builds the wood-lark; here the faithful dove

Laments its lost, or woos its living, love!

Secur’d from harm is ev’ry hallow’d nest;

The spot is sacred where true lovers rest.’

ON FLOWERS.

MOST of the flowers introduced into our gardens, and now cultivated either on account of their beauty or their fragrance, have been improved from plants which grow wild, and which ignorance denominates weeds. The greater part of them came, however, from distant countries, where they grow in as great perfection as in our’s without the assistance of man. Though we often find mention of flowers in the works of the Greeks and the Romans, it appears that they were contented with those only which grew in their neighbourhood. The modern taste for flowers came from Persia to Constantinople, and was imported thence to Europe, for the first time, in the sixteenth century. Clusius, and his friends, in particular, contributed very much to excite this taste; and the new plants, brought from both the Indies, tended to increase it. That period, also, produced some skilful gardeners, who carried on a considerable trade in the roots and seeds of flowers. As this taste for flowers prevails more at the present than it has, perhaps, at any former period,

a hint respecting some of the objects of it may not prove disagreeable.

The Tube-rose was brought to Europe before 1504 by Simon de Tover, a Spanish physician. The Genoese now send the roots to England, Holland, and Germany.

The *Auricula*, *Primula Auricula*, grows wild among the long moss covered with snow, on the confines of Switzerland. We do not know who first transplanted it from its native soil. Pluche says only that some roots were plucked by Walloon merchants, and carried to Brussels.

The *Fritillaria Melcagris* was first observed in some parts of France, Hungary, Italy, and other warm countries. Noel Capperton, of Orleans, gave it the name of *Fritillaria*, because the red or reddish-brown spots of the flower form regular squares, like that of a chess-board. It was called *Melcagris* by Dodonæus, because the feathers of that fowl are variegated almost in the same manner.

The roots of the magnificent *Crown Imperial*, *Fritillaria Imperialis*, were brought from Persia to Constantinople, carried thence to Vienna, and so dispersed over Europe. African and French marygold, *Tagetes erecta*, and *patula*, were, according to Dodonæus, brought from Africa to Europe, at the time when the emperor Charles V. carried his arms against Tunis. These plants grow indigenous in South America, and were known to botanists before that period by the name of *Caryophyllus Indicus*, from which is derived the French appellation, *Collet d’Inde*, *Indian Pink*. Coiruz calls them, from their native country, *Tanacetum Peruvianum*.

Of the numerous genus of *Ranunculus* florists have obtained a thousand different kinds: their varieties are infinite, and increase every summer. The most valuable of them, however, are brought from the Levant

This flower was in the highest repute during the reign of Mahomet IV. His grand vizer Cara Mustapha, well known for his hatred against the Christians, and the siege of Vienna, in 1683, wishing to turn the sultan's thoughts to some milder amusement than that of the chase, for which he had a strong passion, diverted his attention to flowers; and as he remarked that the emperor preferred the *ranunculus* to all others, he wrote to the different pashas throughout the whole empire to send him roots of the most beautiful kinds. The pashas of Candia, Cyprus, Aleppo, and Rhodes, paid most regard to this request, and the elegant flowers which they transmitted to court were shut up in the seraglio, as offerings to the voluptuousness of the sultan; till some of them, by means of money, were at length freed from their imprisonment. The ambassadors from the European courts made it their business to procure roots of as many different kinds as they could, which they sent to their respective sovereigns.

On the POTATOE, and the Time when that useful Plant was first introduced into the British Islands.

(From a Communication by Sir Joseph Banks, published in the Transactions of the Horticultural Society.)

SIR Joseph Banks states that the account of the circumstances relative to the time of the introduction of the potatoe plant, which he relates, was chiefly extracted from notes collected on the subject by his learned friend, Mr. Dryander.

The potatoe now in use (the *solanum tuberosum*), was brought into England by the colonists sent out by sir Walter Raleigh, under queen Elizabeth's patent. Mr. Thomas

Heriot, a mathematician, was on board the first fleet which returned to England on the twenty-seventh of July 1586, when the potatoe was probably first brought over; for Mr. Heriot, in an account which he published of the nature and properties of the soil of the country examined, which is printed in De Bry's Collection of Voyages, vol. I. under the article roots, describes the potatoe by the name openawk (by which they were called in Virginia), as 'round roots, some as large as walnuts, and others much larger, which grew in damp soil, many hanging together as if fixed ropes; which are good food either boiled or roasted.'

Gerard, in his Herbal, published 1597, gives a figure of the potatoe, under the name of potatoe of Virginia.

In the manuscript minutes of the Royal Society, December thirteenth, 1693, sir Robert Southwell, then president, informed the fellows, that his grandfather brought potatoes into Ireland, who first had them from sir Walter Raleigh. From which it appears, that this root, shortly after its arrival in England, must have been sent to Ireland by sir Robert Southwell's ancestor, where it was cultivated as food long before its value was known in England; for Gerard, in 1597, recommends the roots as a delicate dish, not as a common food.

The potatoe, however, came into Europe at an earlier period by another channel. Clusius, who resided at Vienna at that time, received this root, in 1598, from the governor of Mons, in Hainault, who had it the year before from one of the attendants of the pope's legate, under the name of *Taratoufli*, and learned from him that in Italy, where it was then in use, no one certainly knew whether it came from Spain or from America.

Peter Ceica, in his chronicle, printed in 1553, mentions, in the tenth chapter, that the inhabitants of Quito used for food, besides mays, a tuberous root which they called *papas*, and this Clusius supposes to be the plant he received from Flanders; which conjecture is confirmed by the accounts of other travellers. From these details it appears probable, that potatoes were first brought into Europe from the mountainous parts of Quito; and as the Spaniards were sole possessors of that country, there can be little doubt that they were first brought to Spain; but as it would take some time to bring them into use in that country, and afterwards to make the Italians so well acquainted with them as to give them a name, there is every reason to believe they had been several years in Europe before they had been sent to Clusius.

In South America the root is called *papas*, and in Virginia *openawk*. The name of potatoe was therefore evidently applied to it here from its similarity to the *battata*, or white potatoe; and was distinguished by the appellative of Virginia potatoe till the year 1640, if not longer.

Some authors have asserted that sir Francis Drake first discovered potatoes in the South Seas, and others that they were introduced into England by sir John Hawkins; but in both instances the plant alluded to is evidently the sweet potatoe, which was used in England as a delicacy long before the introduction of our potatoes. The sweet potatoe was imported in considerable quantities from Spain and the Canaries, and was supposed to possess the power of restoring decayed vigour. The kissing comfits which Shakspeare mentions in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and other confections of similar imaginary qualities, with

which our ancestors were duped, were principally made of these and eringo roots.

The sweet potatoes themselves were sold by itinerant dealers, chiefly in the neighbourhood of the Royal Exchange, to those who had faith in their alleged properties. The allusions to this opinion are very frequent in the plays of that age, of which there is a remarkable instance in Shakspeare's *Troilus and Cressida*. To this we shall add, that as there was an early and frequent intercourse between Spain and Galway in Ireland, there is some reason to conjecture that the potatoe had been introduced into Ireland directly from Spain, at a very early period.

THE FASHIONABLE AUNT.

' She blooms in the winter of her days,
Like the Glastonbury thorn!'

I HAVE before given an account of my *dearly beloved* aunt as an *economist*, and the *good-natured* creature took the *rub* very *kindly*: I therefore venture again to display her, as a person of *taste* and *fashion*.

This *rara avis* is now at the *tender* age of fifty-five, and has such an inordinate desire of appearing *fashionable*; yet in every other affair she is *very mean*, except in the decoration of her *miserable, decayed, own dear self*: in her dress she is particularly *nouvelle*; she always sports the newest fashions; she displays the *Trafalgar* hat, the petticoat *la garniture a la Chine*, and short enough to shew her *beautiful little tiny* foot and *genteel* ankle: the bearskin graces her *rather round* shoulders; while her *withered* hands are concealed by a *fashionable* pair of kid gloves. I had almost forgot the *velvet pelisse*, which truly hides a

multitude of faults. To view her either in the rear, right, or left, to be sure, she is passable; but in front she is really rather a piece of polished antiquity. Now some of her sex are so exquisitely skilful, that, give them but a good pair of eyes, and they will make bosom, lips, cheeks, and eye-brows, by their own industry: she sports nothing of this sort, though I think it would well become her; and as I have a profound regard for the old lady, I really think of giving her a gentle hint: I will send her some brushes, washes, soaps, lotions, rose and other waters, perfumes, pomatums, rouge, and every other unguent I can think of to beautify her tender features: as she has nothing agreeable in her conduct, an addition to her appearance may not be amiss. Oh! were it possible to fill up the cavities of her wrinkled cheeks, her fashionable aquiline nose would add beauty beyond expression to her dark rolling, bewitching eyes; whilst her mouse-coloured ringlets would at intervals conceal the brightness, as passing clouds obscure the brightness of the sun. Oh! could I but see my dear, my beautiful aunt, in this celestial habit, she would appear a modern *Alceste*. But, alas! then what would she be but a model: in APPEARANCE every thing, in REALITY nothing! But yet, in this garb, could I but see her viewing herself, I am satisfied her glass would remind her of the following lines:

Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her
eye,
In all her gestures dignity and love.

As the good creature has many qualities (I don't say good), if this delineation should not offend her, it is likely I may, at a future period, give another description. I trust

the fair reader may not deem me too severe on part of the sex, having too much regard

To rob fair-ones of rest,
Or give pain to each breast
While their charms and their beauties decay.

S. Y.

Pillowcase Hall, 1807.

ANÉCDOTE OF BARON, the French dramatic Writer and Actor.

A FEW days before Baron's comedy of 'The Brothers' was intended for representation, M. de Roquelaure said to the author — 'Baron, when will you shew me your new piece? You know I have heard of it. I have invited three ladies who are lovers of literature to dine with me; come and join us. Bring the *Brothers* with you, and gratify us by reading it. I am curious to compare it with the *Adelphi* of Terence.' Baron accepted the invitation, and went the following day to M. de Roquelaure's hotel, where he found two countesses and a marchioness, who expressed a polite impatience to hear him read his comedy. Notwithstanding this, they sat a longer time than is usual; and when they got up from dinner the ladies called for cards. — 'How! cards!' cried M. de Roquelaure, with surprise; 'you forget that Baron has come on purpose to read his new comedy.' — 'No, no, monsieur,' replied one of the countesses, 'we do not forget it. Whilst we play, Baron may read his piece, and thus we shall kill two birds with one stone.' At these words, the author jumped up and hastened to the door; then, turning to the company, he said — 'My piece was not written to be read to gamblers!' — M. Ponsinet has dramatised this incident in his comedy of *The Circle*.

HARRIET VERNON ;

OR,

CHARACTERS FROM REAL LIFE.

A NOVEL,

In a Series of Letters.

BY A LADY.

(Continued from p. 245.)

LETTER XXII.

Miss Maria Vernon to Miss West.

My dear Madam,

THE last week has made a considerable alteration in my affairs. I dread to lay before you my conduct, lest I should incur blame from a quarter I am most solicitous to obtain approbation from.

[Miss Vernon then relates what passed between Mrs. Ambrose and herself to the same effect, written by that lady to her brother, and then proceeds:]

Thus called upon, what could I do, my dear madam, but lay before this worthy lady the state of my heart without reserve? She used many arguments to induce me to conquer this unfortunate attachment, as she thinks it; but, alas! I had argued them before without success.

Were I not sensible I could not, in my present state of mind, make the colonel happy as a wife, I would have resolved to make the sacrifice of my affections, and to have regarded my own happiness as a secondary consideration. Whilst Mr. Wentworth remains unmarried, I cannot avoid indulging a hope I may one day be his; for although he never in direct terms offered himself to my acceptance, I have, from many circumstances, reason to think he

was only withheld from his inability to provide for me as a wife.

I was not convinced that such were his sentiments until a few days previous to his quitting England, and after I had engaged myself to the colonel. It was then my resolution to forget him failed me: had I been indifferent to him, my reason and prudence would have conquered my own inclination.

After disclosing my mind to Mrs. Ambrose, and she had written to her brother, think, Madam, what uneasiness I must feel with respect to what his sentiments might be of my conduct. I dreaded above all things he should think me capricious, or ungrateful. In proportion to the uneasiness was the joy I experienced in the perusal of the inclosed letter written to myself, and another to his sister, both which could only be dictated by the most generous of men. I likewise inclose the copy of my answer, which I hope you will approve. As I was fully resolved to disclose the whole affair to my brother, let what would be the consequence, I entreated Mrs. Ambrose to suffer me to return home for that purpose. I would have wished to have left Harriet behind; but her sisterly affection would not permit her to leave me, and we returned together. We were surprised, on entering the parlour, to find our brother traversing the room, in a seeming passion, with a letter in his hand.

'So!' exclaimed he, 'here's a fine week's work turned out! I have just received this letter from colonel Ambrose: the contents you know, it seems; and three pretty fools he has made of us!'

'Oh! brother,' said I, 'blame not the generous colonel: it is all my own fault.'

'Yes,' replied he, 'it is your own fault, indeed. Had you taken

my advice, and married him while he was in the mind, it would now have been too late to alter it. I knew it would come to this.'

I then proceeded to tell him, as well as I was able, the whole truth, not omitting my attachment to Mr. Wentworth; but when I had finished, and expected nothing less than a dismissal from his favour, he answered me in the following manner:—'Was you born a fool, Maria; or do you think I was?'

'Neither, brother,' said I, trembling.

'Well, then, unless you was born an absolute idiot, it is impossible you could have acted as you pretend; and unless I had been born the same, it is impossible you can make me believe it, when I have besides in my possession such a letter as this from the colonel. 'Here, read it,' said he. 'Does he not say, in direct terms, he has altered his mind as to making you his wife? If your story was true, would not any man have complained to me of such ill-treatment on your side; or, even suppose he was disposed to have made you appear not so blameable as in such a case you would have been, think you he would have taken *all* the blame on himself? No, no; I know the world better: you must not think to impose on me.'

'To what purpose, brother, should I impose on you?'

'Nay, that I cannot answer; but I suppose, as he says you declare yourself satisfied in the matter, you have between you agreed to trump up this story to amuse me: but I am not to be made a dupe of; the law shall direct who is the dupe.'

Frightened to death with this threat, I was about to fall on my knees and entreat him to alter his purpose; but Harriet whispered me it was impossible the law could lay

hold on the colonel, as there was no witness to a promise of marriage.

It would be tedious to relate all that passed. I found it impossible to persuade him of the truth of what I had told him; more especially, as Harriet, to whom I referred, maintained an obstinate silence. Never was I angry with the dear girl before. She insists on it she was right, for she argues it was necessary to my interest that my brother should persist in his error. 'Had he believed you,' said she, 'the consequence would have been that you must have been thrown on the world, or the colonel, for a support.'—I see the truth of her remark, but I was anxious to vindicate the honour of my generous friend: unworthy should I be of that generosity were I capable of bestowing a thought on my own interest.—How totally devoid of delicacy must my brother be to believe it impossible that a young woman could act as I have done; and what an idea must he have of the world to suppose there is not such a character in it as the generous colonel Ambrose!

'I shall,' said my brother, 'answer this letter immediately, in a manner the gentleman, perhaps, may not like; and this evening I will bring home from the club my friend lawyer Dixon, who will give me his opinion in this matter gratis. In the mean time, I recommend to you, if you value my favour, to speak the truth, to acknowledge you are made a fool of. You are not the first woman that has been served the same, though they may, like you, be too proud to own it. I am sorry for you, and should be more so if you were open and above board, and had not attempted to impose such an improbable tale upon me, who know the world as well as any man upon 'Change.'

So saying, he walked out of the room. What answer could I have made to such a speech? Had he staid, I could only have answered by my tears. I inclose you a copy of the colonel's letter to my brother: you will see how desirous he is to acquit me in his eyes.—Harriet says, I must not persist any further in my intention of undeceiving our brother; and indeed, such is his obstinacy in any opinion he adopts, that I believe it would be a vain attempt. No consideration, however, can induce me to accuse the colonel.

I dread this lawyer's visit. Harriet says she has no doubt but it will be managed very well: she will inform you of all the particulars.

I now lay down my pen, with the request of a line from you as soon as convenient.—Your letters I consider as an invaluable treasure; but at this time they will be particularly acceptable to your ever obliged and grateful

MARIA VERNON.

LETTER XXIII.

Miss Harriet Vernon to Miss West.

Dear Susan,

I FIND Maria has promised your good mother that I should inform you of all the particulars respecting this terrible law-suit about to commence against the poor colonel. I will endeavour to fulfil her promise, though it really was a scene which requires an abler pen than mine to do it justice. I believe I must give it you by way of dialogue.

About eight o'clock last night entered brother, introducing a tall thin man dressed in black, with his own black hair tied behind, a terrible black beard, and, in short, all over black excepting a white cravat.

Maria startled at his entrance, and, attempting to courtsey, was forced to lay hold on the back of the chair. Jerry looked scared, and instantly left the room; while I just nodded my head to the strange figure, and took my seat close to Maria, a little behind her, as I agreed, that I might jog her elbow when she behaved amiss; and a sad piece of work had I to keep her in order. My brother and his learned friend placed themselves in two arm-chairs opposite us. And now, after a few observations on the weather, we thus began:—

Lawyer.—‘Which of the young women before me is the person who is deceived by colonel Ambrose, by promise of marriage?’

Brother.—‘The tallest of the two.’

Harriet.—‘Must we stand up, sir?’

Lawyer.—‘No, I can perceive the difference. If the aforesaid colonel Ambrose has made you a promise of marriage before a witness, or has certified under his hand, either by letter or note, sealed or unsealed, such to be his intention; and whereas, he has now declared by his letter that he has altered his mind, without assigning any cause or impediment to warrant the said alteration; it is my opinion an action will lie against him, and that damages may be obtained to a large amount.’

Brother (rubbing his hands).—‘I thought so, I thought so; I told you so. Let me shake you by the hand, neighbour Dixon. You understand the law as well as any man in England.—How much do you think these damages will amount to?’

Lawyer.—‘Perhaps, two thousand pounds; it will depend on the gentleman's fortune. I have, during my extensive practice, been witness to several suits of this kind, and understand the matter perfectly well.’

Harriet.—‘But suppose, sir, we cannot produce the witness, or the letter you allude to?’

Brother.—‘Suppose yourself a fool. What business have you to start difficulties!’

Lawyer.—‘Can you swear, young woman, that colonel Ambrose ever promised you marriage?’

Maria.—‘Yes, sir, I can.’

Lawyer.—‘Can you recollect the exact terms he made use of on the occasion?’

Maria.—‘I cannot say I do.’

Brother.—‘Did he say, Will you marry me, in plain terms?’

Maria.—‘Those were not his words; but it certainly was his meaning.’

Lawyer.—‘And you can swear you understood that to be his intention?’

Maria.—‘Undoubtedly I did.’

Lawyer.—‘Can you produce a witness, or promise under his hand?’

Maria.—‘No, I cannot.’

Lawyer.—‘A sad business this! I fear nothing can be done.’

Brother.—‘I fear no such a thing. This letter from the colonel proves all that is necessary: read it, Mr. Dixon.’

The lawyer took it, and thus read it, with his remarks, to the court:

‘Sir, you will be surprised at the contents of this letter, which is to inform you that I have altered my mind with regard to marrying your sister. [Now this implies it was his intention to have married one of your sisters, but it does not specify which, or prove a promise of marriage to either of the said young women.] It is my intention to follow your example, and continue a bachelor. Now, I hope you will not take amiss this alteration in my sentiments, and I flatter myself we shall not be worse friends than before.— [This paragraph is nothing to the purpose.]—I have written to the

young lady, and she declares herself perfectly satisfied in the matter.’—

[He does not specify what matter he wrote to the young lady about: we are to conjecture that it was to decline the marriage; but as he does not in direct term: say so, this paragraph likewise is of no importance.] As that is the case, and she is the principal person concerned, I see not why the affair should be talked of. I hope to have the pleasure of meeting you and your sisters as old friends when I come to town; in the mean time, I am, sir.’—‘Why, really, Mr. Vernon, this is, as I observed before, a bad business, and I fear nothing can be done in it. This letter proves, indeed, an intention to marry one of your sisters, but it by no means proves a promise. Really, sir, I fear nothing can be done; that is, I mean nothing can be said with any certainty. If you will incur the expence of a law-suit, I will undertake to retain able counsel, and it may be brought to a favourable issue. I have no objection to undertake the cause.’

Brother.—‘You undertake the cause! You understand not so much of the law as myself. I see, by your manner of reading the colonel’s letter, you do not. I tell you, Sir, that letter is proof sufficient, if you do not purposely explain away its meaning.’

Lawyer.—‘Sir, my practice has been very extensive, and —’

Brother.—‘Don’t tell me of your extensive practice: the more shame for you, then.’

Lawyer.—‘Sir, I shall not stay in your house to be insulted. I have given my opinion, for which I expect the accustomed fee.’

Brother.—‘Expect, then; and expectation be your fee. Think you I shall pay you for reading a letter? I could have read it ten times better myself.’

Lawyer.—‘ Sir, I cannot stay to argue this point at present: I have business of great importance with some clients, who are now waiting for me at the City coffee-house.’

Brother.—‘ Your servant, sir: I have business too, so we are on a par on that point.’

So saying, our wise brother took himself out at one door, while the sagacious lawyer went out at the other, without deigning to look at Maria or me, who were not a little rejoiced at their departure, and the breaking up of the court.

My brother did not return home till late, and had, he informed us, been to Doctor's-commons; but finding that no counsel could be procured under a guinea, he had wisely determined to drop the matter. We said little; and after listening attentively for an hour to invectives against the expences of law-suits, and the impositions of the professors of the law, we went quietly to bed.

Maria is much easier and happier, she declares, than she has been for some months. I have brought her to acquiesce in my advice to let the matter rest, and not endeavour to undeceive our brother in the strange opinion he has adopted. Were it possible to undeceive him, I am certain the consequence would be dreadful to Maria. I am sure, dear Susan, you will join me in loving and admiring our friend the colonel; and regretting that it was not in Maria's power to bestow on him that heart he was so desirous to possess, and which he so highly deserves. The probability of her ever being united to Wentworth, I think, is but little: it must be many years before he can acquire sufficient to enable him to return to his native country; to say nothing of his not being equally attached to her. I am really distressed when I reflect

on her situation. But I will not dwell on this subject; I will not accustom myself to look only on the dark side of the picture. In the present case, I will hope every thing from time; I will hope that Mr. Wentworth will return in a few years from India, possessed of wealth and a heart all Maria's; that nothing will prevent their union, and that the generous colonel will be happy in the possession of some other deserving woman, who, in his estimation, will compensate the loss he now laments. What a pleasing picture have I drawn, and what a happy person will your Harriet be if these her wishes should be realised! I cannot conclude this letter better than by transcribing the following lines to Hope, from an admired poem by miss Bowdler.

‘ Friend to the wretch whose bosom knows
no joy!

Parent of bliss beyond the reach of fate!

Celestial hope! thou gift divine!

Sweet balm of grief! O still be mine.

When pains torment, and cares annoy,

Thou only can their force abate,

And gild the gloom which shades this mortal
state.

‘ Though oft thy joys are false and vain,
Though anxious doubts attend thy train,
Though disappointment mock thy care,
And point the way to fell despair;
Yet still my secret soul shall own thy power
In sorrow's bitterest pang, in pleasure's gay-
est hour.’

I was just going to seal my letter, when a knock at the door announced the arrival of a visitor. Dorcas hobbled up stairs to me to inform me Mr. Colonel was come, and that miss Maria was in such a taking, she never saw the-like.

‘ Where is she?’ said I.

‘ O dear, lack-a-day! she did but just spy him through the window, and down she ran into the kitchen, declaring she could not stay in the parlour. She told me to run up to you, though goodness knows I

can't run: however, I come as fast as possible. Good luck! what is the matter?'

'I cannot stay now to explain, good Dorcas.'

So saying, I hastened down to the colonel. I expressed my surprise at seeing him so unexpectedly.

'I certainly should not have waited on you so soon,' said he, 'but wishing to see your brother, I ventured on what I deem an impropriety.'

'You cannot be guilty of an impropriety,' said I; 'nor can we, dear sir, be otherwise than glad to see you at all times.'

'My visit is now meant to your brother. I have received an angry letter from him, and I am come purposely to town to remove that anger.'

'Indeed, sir, I do not think it worth your while to argue a point with my brother: I am certain his anger will in time subside, for although he is unpersuadable, he is not unforgiving.'—I then related all that had passed between Maria and him, omitting only the lawyer scene. He was much affected with Maria's behaviour.

'Give me no more instances,' said he, 'of the amiable conduct of your sister; I must no longer open my eyes to her perfections.' He expressed himself much pleased with her letter, and said her resolution to acquaint her brother with the whole truth had determined him to come to town to counteract her intentions. He then enquired tenderly after her health. I informed him of her agitation, and expressed a wish that he would dispense with seeing her. He said he by no means wished an interview at that time.—'My business is now,' said he, 'solely with your brother. I have no doubt of leaving him quite satisfied with

my conduct: at the same time, I own I respect him for at present condemning it.'

I expressed a wish to know what means he would use to accomplish this desirable end; but he would not satisfy my curiosity. He said, if it met our concurrence, he wished us to accept the invitation into Wiltshire; adding, with a sigh, that he thought it best.

My brother just then knocking at the door, he tenderly saluted me, saying—'Commend me to your sister, and leave me for the present. I shall quit the house as soon as I have finished my business with your brother.'—I courtesied, and withdrew, unseen by brother; I may add, on the rack of curiosity.

I found Maria had ventured up stairs into her own room, where she sat trembling like an aspen leaf. She was highly pleased to hear of her reprieve. 'Congratulate yourself,' said I, 'our brother is not a young flashy fellow fighting a duel below. A pretty piece of work you would have made of it in that case!'

Dorcas now entered with a second glass of hartshorn and water.—'I am better now,' said Maria, faintly. 'Thank God,' quoth the good woman; 'I was frightened out of my wits to see you so flustered. I hope as how I may be told the reason.'

New you must know this worthy creature has one failing, I had almost said but one, which is such a propensity to talking and communicating, that Dorcas and a secret are incompatible. This being the case, it was impossible to tell her the particulars of the present affair; and yet we feared to hurt the good woman by doubting her secrecy.

'Good Dorcas,' said Maria, 'you know I love you, and being assured of that, I hope you will not take it amiss if I do not at present inform

you of the cause of the uneasiness you have seen me in. I am not to be married to colonel Ambrose.'

Had a loud clap of thunder broke on poor Dorcas it would hardly have taken more effect. She hopped to the opposite corner of the room in an instant, exclaiming, 'Then there is no faith in man!—' Hold,' said Maria, 'the colonel is all honour and generosity. Take this, good Dorcas, from me upon trust, and ask no questions.'

We then left her to ponder on the affair, and very low spirited the good soul has been ever since; but she strictly obeys her young mistress, and asks no questions.

Brother and the colonel went out together, and when the former returned to dinner he was in a good humour, and after dinner ordered some wine (a thing very unusual with him), and toasted the colonel. Maria could not contain her joy, but exclaimed—'What pleasure has this day afforded me! you will now, my dear brother, no longer doubt my veracity.'

'Veracity!' he replied, with great sternness, 'I cannot be imposed on: the colonel and I understand each other very well, but your idle tales I desire I may never hear repeated.'

Fearing what might follow, I changed the conversation, and informed him of the invitation given us by our cousin Wilson. He ordered us to accept it, and we retired to write an answer to that purpose. We are at a loss to know by what means the colonel has pacified our brother. It is very clear he has not told him the real cause; but as long as he is pacified, it is immaterial to us by what means.

As we shall be at D—— in a few days, I shall not write again until then. I am much pleased with the thoughts of this visit, and hope to

have it in my power to make my letters entertaining to my partial friends.—Adieu, my dear, for the present.

Yours affectionately,
H. VERNON.

(To be continued.)

ON THE SCOTCH MUSIC.

THE character of the Scotch music is universally acknowledged to be very marked and peculiar. Several of the Scotch songs take their names from the rivulets, villages, and hills, adjoining to the Tweed, near Melrose*, a region distinguished by many charming varieties of rural scenery, and which, whether we consider the face of the country or the genius of the people, may properly enough be called the Arcadia of Scotland. And all these songs are sweetly and powerfully expressive of love and tenderness, and other emotions suited to the tranquillity of a pastoral life.

It is a common opinion that these songs were composed by David Rizzio, a musician from Italy; the unfortunate favourite of a very unfortunate queen. But this must be a mistake: the style of the Scotch music was fixed before his time; for many of the best of these tunes are ascribed to a more remote period; and, besides, it is not to be supposed that he, a foreigner, and in the latter part of his life a man of business, could have acquired or invented a style of musical composition so different, in every respect, from that to which he had been accustomed in his own country. *Melody is so*

* Cowdenknows, Galashiels, Galawater, Etteric Banks, Braes of Garrow, Bush above Traquair, &c.

much the characteristic of the Scotch tunes, that it is to be doubted whether even bases were set to them before the present century; whereas in the days of Rizzio, *harmony* was the fashionable study of the Italian composers. Palestina himself, who flourished about two hundred and fifty years ago, and who has obtained the high title of father of harmony, is by Avison ranked with those who neglected air, and were too closely attached to counterpoint; and at the time when Rizzio was a student in the art, Palestina's must have been the favourite music in Italy. Besides, though the style of the old Scotch melody has been well imitated by Mr. Oswald, and some other natives, we do not find that any foreigner has ever caught the true spirit of it. Geminiani, a great and original genius in this art, and a professed admirer of the Scotch songs, some of which he published with accompaniments, used to say that he had blotted many a quire of paper to no purpose, in attempting to set a second strain to that fine little air which in Scotland is known by the name of the *Broom of Cowdenknows*. To all which we may add that Tassoni*, the author of *Le Secchia Rapito*, speaks of this music as well esteemed by the Italians of his time, and ascribes the invention of it to James, king of Scotland; which a foreigner might naturally do, as all the Scotch kings of that name, particularly the first, third, fourth and fifth, were skilled both in music and poetry.

But though Tassoni's testimony be admitted as a proof that the Scotch music is more ancient than Rizzio, we cannot think him right in what he says of its inventor; nor do we acquiesce in the opinion of

those who give the honour of this invention to the monks of Melrose. It seems more probable that it took its rise among men who were real shepherds, and who actually felt the sentiments and affections of which it is so very expressive. Rizzio may have been one of the first, perhaps, who made a collection of these songs, or he may have played them with more delicate touches than the Scotch musicians of that time; or perhaps corrected the extravagance of certain passages, for one is struck with the regularity of some as well as amused with the wildness of others; and in all, or any of these cases, it might be said with truth that the Scotch music is under obligations to him. But that this style of pastoral melody, so unlike the Italian, and in every respect so peculiar, should have been established or invented by him is incredible; nay, if it were worth while to assert any thing so positively on such a subject, we might even say impossible.

SINGULAR INSANITY.

THE following anecdote is related on the authority of very respectable testimony, Madame De Haster, a German lady (an authoress), who resides at Paris:—

‘The enthusiasm of a girl from Provence has lately occupied my mind. It was a singular occurrence which I shall never forget. I was present at the national museum when this girl entered the Salle D’Apollon: she was tall and elegantly formed, and in all the bloom of health. I was struck with her air, and my eyes involuntarily followed her steps. I saw her start as she cast her eyes on the statue of Apollo, and she stood before it as if struck by lightning.— Gradually her eyes sparkled with sep-

* Tassoni was born in 1565.

sibility.—She had before looked calmly around the hall. Her whole frame seemed to be electrified, as if a transformation had taken place within her: and it has since appeared, that indeed a transformation had taken place, and that her youthful breast had imbibed a powerful, alas! fatal passion. I remarked, that her companion (an elder sister, it seems), could not force her to leave the statue but with much entreaty; and she left the hall with tears in her eyes, and all the expression of tender sorrows. I set out the very same evening for Montmorency.

‘I returned to Paris at the end of August, and visited immediately the magnificent collection of antiques. I recollected the girl from Provence, and thought I might perhaps meet with her again; but I never saw her afterwards, though I went frequently. At length I met with one of the attendants, who, I recollected, had observed her with the same attentive curiosity which I had felt; and I enquired after her. “Poor girl,” said the old man, “that was a sad visit for her.” She came afterwards almost every day to look at the statue, and she would sit still, with her hands folded in her lap, staring at the image; and when her friends forced her away, it was always with tears that she left the hall. In the middle of May, she brought, whenever she came, a basket of flowers, and placed it on the Mosaic steps. One morning early she had contrived to get into the room before the usual hour of opening it, and we found her within the grate sitting on the steps, almost fainting, exhausted with weeping. The whole hall was scented with the perfume of flowers, and she had elegantly thrown over the statue a large veil of Indian muslin, with a golden fringe. We pitied the deplorable condition of the lovely girl, and let no one into the

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hall until her friends came and carried her home. She struggled, and resisted exceedingly when forced away, and declared, in her phrenzy, that the god had that night chosen her to be his priestess, and that she must serve him. We have never seen her since, and we hear that an opiate was given her, and that she was taken into the country.”’

‘I made further enquiries concerning her history, and learnt afterwards that she died raving.’

EXTRACT from ‘*THE SPANIARD; OR, THE PRIDE OF BIRTH.*’

(*A Tale, by M. Rymer.**)

IN the mean time, the unfortunate Pedrosa counted his wretched moments in anguish indescribable: about ten o'clock on the evening of the third day, as he lay prostrate on the ground, bathed in tears, which had scarcely ceased to flow since the sentence passed upon him by Don Jerome, the door of his prison opened, and the hard-hearted jailor made his appearance: this was an unusual hour for such a visit, but Pedrosa was too much absorbed in grief to express any admiration of the event. The smile of this man was scarcely less hideous than his frown, and Pedrosa as he looked up, even in the excess of his affliction, could not help being shocked at the doubtful expression of his countenance: without saying one word to his unfortunate prisoner, he took out of his pocket several tools, which irresistably attracted the attention of the latter. ‘Mighty God!’ cried Pe-

* In our Magazine for January we inserted an extract from the beginning of this ingenious novel: we now give one from the conclusion.

drosa, 'what new species of torture am I doomed to suffer!' The jailor, without regarding his exclamation, rudely seized his legs, and began to strike out the rivets which fastened his fetters. During this operation, the wretched barber was sometimes forced to howl with pain; but he bore it with the more fortitude, as he imagined it done by order of Don Jerome, who, as he had condemned him to perpetual imprisonment, might see no reason for increasing his sufferings farther than to secure his person; and had therefore ordered him to be released from his fetters: the keeper also cut the cords which were girt round his body; he threw the hateful and unlucky garment to the farther end of the apartment, and lifting up the light which he had brought, with a stern voice commanded him to follow. 'Gracious God!' cried Pedrosa, 'to what place must I follow you?' The jailor turned round, and viewing him for a moment with a look of contemptuous cruelty, he knit his brows, and with a harsher voice, and more frowning countenance, pronounced again the word, 'Follow!' Pedrosa was too much intimidated to reply, and tremblingly began to move forwards.

After several windings through this gloomy mansion of misery, they came to a long narrow passage, cold and damp, and which seemed not to have been trodden for years. Pedrosa again ventured, in a hesitating manner, to enquire the object of his removal, but was answered by a frown, which completely silenced him: they proceeded onwards to a narrow staircase, which after having ascended led them to a small door, fastened by iron bolts. 'Draw these bolts,' said the jailor: Pedrosa tremblingly endeavoured to obey, but they were too rusty to give way to his strength. 'Blockhead!' cried his conductor,

in a tone of angry reproach, and sprung forward impatiently to assist him: in his hurry he let fall the lamp; it rolled to the bottom of the staircase, and left them in profound darkness: the door was now opened, and Pedrosa stepped into an apartment: his guide took hold of him by the arm, and hurried him along. Pedrosa, trembling with anxiety and terror, could hardly breathe; fearful and uncertain of the fate to which he was hastening, he almost lost the use of his senses. They at last stopped at a small door: on a signal being made, it instantly opened; but what can equal Pedrosa's astonishment, when he beheld an apartment superbly illuminated, the magnificence of which dazzled his eyes, the aperture shut behind him, and he stood for a moment in speechless amazement.

The first object which fixed his attention was a handsome and well-dressed cavalier by the side of a lady of the most ravishing beauty; the former of whom instantly approached, and took him by the hand, with the most familiar and cordial expression of friendship: the lady also flew and placed herself at his side, and both together led the astonished barber to a table, on which was spread an elegant collation, composed of all the delicacies that luxury assisted by wealth could procure. 'Here Pedrosa,' said the cavalier, as he poured out the most delicious wine in a golden goblet, 'let us now drink to the continuance of our future friendship:' the lady also stretched out her hand to Pedrosa, who, though he could not comprehend the meaning of all this, bowed and kissed it most respectfully. His recent misfortunes made the soothing tones of friendship come with an additional charm to his heart, and he raised the goblet cheerfully to his lips: the lady and cavalier then placed him betwixt

them, and pressed him to eat. 'Pedrosa is ranked amongst the number of my friends,' said the cavalier, 'and therefore I expect that he will lay aside all restraint in my company: this lady will also join with me in my regard to you, we have both obligations to you; and must certainly repay them.' Pedrosa was struck with astonishment, but he doubted the reality of his good fortune, and was afraid to enquire. 'You shall no more return to your loathsome prison,' resumed the cavalier: 'nay, do not start, my good friend Pedrosa; nothing I hope is more certain; you have suffered a great deal—you have a great debt upon fortune which she is now going to pay—to be more explicit, you now see before you Don Juan de Salvedra and Donna Lucinda de Valerda, two people who by your means have become the happiest of mortals.' 'Heaven bless your honours,' said Pedrosa, 'and render you as happy as I wish you! but all this is a riddle to me, nor can I comprehend how your honours became acquainted with my story.' 'That is what I am going to explain to you,' returned Don Juan. 'You must know that the day before yesterday I was very much surprised in the morning at seeing the grand inquisitor, who is my spiritual director, enter my chamber; it being an unusual hour for him to make his appearance: but what was my joy when he informed me, that the lady for whom he knew I had conceived a passion, which he had done all in his power to persuade me to suppress, was discovered to be his near relation, and heiress of the noble house of Valerda. 'I have learned from her own lips,' added he, 'that your passion is mutual, and I give you my consent to make you mutually happy: her grand-father, with whom I believe you have already had an inter-

view, is now no more: come to me in the afternoon, and I will accompany you to Donna Lucinda.' Overjoyed at what I heard, and without troubling myself to enquire the manner in which he had discovered the abode of my beloved, and the illustrious dignity of her birth, to which I was certain she herself had hitherto been a stranger, I fell on my knees, and with the most passionate expressions told him he had made me the happiest of men. He had scarcely taken his leave, when one of my servants entered, with a letter which he said he believed father Jerome to have dropped in the portico of my palace; looking upon the address, I perceived that it had been directed to me, and that it was actually the last letter I had received from Donna Lucinda. This billet, I knew, I had left in the pocket of the Franciscan habit, which I had worn, as a disguise, that night in which I was attacked by four armed ruffians, who, I suppose, intended to assassinate me; and which I left in the street to facilitate my escape. My curiosity, however, was not sufficiently stimulated to probe to the bottom of this affair: a new and more powerful interest had taken possession of my heart; I was on the point of obtaining all my soul held dear in this world, the adorable Lucinda: and I flew to my uncle, the chief corregidor of Madrid, to relate to him my happiness, and sanction it by his consent. When I arrived at the palace of that respectable magistrate, I found him busily employed in the examination of an old woman and two ruffians, who had been apprehended in endeavouring to break open a house, which, from the description, I discovered to be that of Don Alphonso, grandfather of my Lucinda: it appeared that the old woman had been a domestic of this gentleman, and by what she related

concerning a person, who had come in the disguise of a Franciscan to attend the dying moments of her master, and who had been afterwards taken up by the officers of the Inquisition, I was no longer at a loss for the source of father Jerome's intelligence, nor for the manner in which he had come to the possession of Donna Lucinda's billet; and was convinced that whoever was the person whose unlucky stars had thus involved him in so much perplexity, he could have only procured my disguise by picking it up from the spot where I had dropped it. After obtaining the consent of my uncle to my happiness, I accompanied Don Jerome with rapture to the house which contained the treasure of my soul; in his presence we exchanged mutual vows of fidelity, and it was agreed upon that after the funeral obsequies of Don Alphonso should be solemnised, we should be united for ever at the altar of our holy religion; after which Donna Lucinda should be introduced at court in a manner suitable to her rank, and the virtues of the noble family she was descended from. In the mean time, the grand inquisitor offered my intended bride an apartment in his palace, with full permission for me to pass as great a part of my time in her company as I pleased. I still, however, could not fully enjoy my happiness, without being concerned for the fate of him to whose misfortune I, in some measure, owed it. I thought it but justice not to relax any endeavours of mine to rescue him from the fate which awaited him. I therefore, by the assistance of a bribe, tampered with the person whom I knew to be a jailor of the Inquisitorial prison, and soon learned your name and situation. I imparted my scheme to Donna Lucinda, who was no less zealous in it than myself, and we agreed that this

night, when Don Jerome should have retired to a country seat of his, at some distance from the capital, we should do every thing in our power to effectuate your deliverance: your jailor informed us of this concealed passage, which had been originally constructed for some reason or other, as a communication betwixt the prisons and the palace of the grand inquisitor. This man, who we make no doubt has a powerful reason for wishing to withdraw himself from Spain, readily promised for a sum of money to deliver you into our hands; he has made good his agreement, and we believe will never more be heard of. Come, Pedrosa, we give you joy of your liberty, though it must be at the expence of, perhaps, never more beholding your native country: in a few hours you must set off, and I will engage that by the evening of to-morrow your wife and family will nearly overtake you: Holland or England must be the future place of your abode; and in order to place you above the necessity of seeking for your food by labour, in a strange land, here is a bond, payable at an eminent banker's in Amsterdam, which shall entitle you to eight hundred ducats annually.' 'And let me,' interrupted Donna Lucinda, 'have the pleasure of presenting you with this purse, to defray the expences of your journey.' Pedrosa accepted of both the presents with tears in his eyes; a variety of emotions oppressed his agitated bosom, and only the joyful thoughts of seeing his wife and children calmed the turbulence of his feelings. 'Come,' said Don Juan, as he poured out a goblet of wine, 'courage, my friend Pedrosa! every country is the same to a man, who, like you, is possessed of a good conscience.' Pedrosa expressed his acquiescence to this sentiment, and endeavoured all in his power to become cheerful: melan-

ctoly had never found a suitable habitation in the bosom of this simple and good-natured fellow: he felt himself now in the company of friends, who, though far exalted above him in rank, endeavoured to sooth and enliven him. Their efforts were not thrown away; he in a short time became gay and animated, and giving way to his usual loquacity, cheerfulness began to enliven all his features: he forgot all that he had suffered; the horrors of the Inquisition and the grand inquisitor vanished from his mind: he forgot all the restraint which the idea of the superior dignity of his companions had at first imposed upon him, and a thousand witticisms escaped from his fertile imagination. His ideas, which were entirely new to Donna Lucinda, afforded her inexpressible entertainment; and Don Juan felt himself for the time more amused by the untutored remarks of Pedrosa than he would have been in the midst of the most brilliant circle at court. The gay and animated barber drank to the health of his patrons, in several flowing bumpers; and, being willing to let slip no opportunity to improve the harmony of the hour, he seized a guitar, which lay on an adjoining table, and with no indifferent voice sung the following little ballad, which he had picked up in the streets of Madrid; the simple and uncultivated harmony of which not a little entertained Donna Lucinda.

Don Antonio lov'd a maiden,
 Fair and blooming as the morn;
 She his sighs and tears upbraiding,
 Met his tender vows with scorn.
 At her window still he'd languish;
 Oft repeat his luckless strain:
 Though she saw his bosom's anguish,
 Still he sigh'd, and sigh'd in vain.
 'Till one morn at matins early,
 Some one said 'Antonio's wed
 To another lov'd most dearly ———
 Mark how quick her colour fled.

Pensive heav'd her snowy bosom,
 Grief o'erspread her languid charms:
 'Ah!' she cried, 'and must I lose him!
 Then sunk into——Antonio's arms.

'Forgive,' he cried, 'this fond deceiving;
 Tortur'd love had taught me art:
 Ever to this bosom cleaving,
 Thou art dearest to my heart.'

Then what pleasure past expressing,
 Raptur'd youth, was his to prove,
 When he heard her sweet confessing,
 'Yes——Antonio—you I love.'

Don Juan and Donna Lucinda felt themselves every moment more and more delighted with their guest, and obligingly renewed their professions of friendship to him. Donna Lucinda enquired particularly the number of his family, a thing in which Pedrosa was no less eager in satisfying her: he related with peculiar emphasis all the boyish pranks of his eldest son Stephano, who was about thirteen years of age; expatiated largely upon the many notable qualities of Lisetta his daughter, who was about a year and a half older, and whose character he summed up by observing, that she was every way like her mother: 'but above all,' added he, 'if your excellanzas saw my little Pedro, it is impossible to say how much you would be delighted with him; he is not yet four years old, and he can say almost all the Legend of St. Anthony by heart; he is a little bashful, and I can't get him to talk before strangers, but if your excellanzas were only to be hid in the dark corner of my little shop, you would doubtless be surpris'd at his judgment.' 'I make no doubt of it,' replied Don Juan, 'and it engages me more in your favour to see you take so much interest in your children: I believe I cannot do a more acceptable service to you than to forward them in the world; and if you choose in a short time to place your eldest son Stephano in the army, I can ensure him a more

rapid promotion than those who embrace the profession under less fortunate auspices.' 'And I,' said Donna Lucinda, 'take upon myself the care of the fortune of Lisetta; when she is about a year older send her to me: as for little Pedro, it is impossible to determine any thing certain concerning him, only take care to procure for him such an education as may qualify him at a future period to profit by our friendship.' The tears ran plentifully from Pedrosa's eyes, but they were the tears of joy and gratitude. Don Juan saw that he was too much moved, therefore began a merry subject of conversation; and again cheerfulness smiled upon the party. Pedrosa told a thousand little stories, some of which he had narrated already; but his noble auditors had the good nature again to be pleased, and again to laugh at them: he sung all his songs over to them, and it was with regret that Don Juan recollected that the hour was hastening on, in which it was necessary that Pedrosa should take his departure. 'I hope it will not,' said he, moving to the window, 'be regarded as a diminution of respect for my friend, if I warn him that the time has arrived in which alone he can withdraw with safety.' 'I am sorry for it,' said Donna Lucinda, 'I have been so much delighted in his company.' Pedrosa arose, and, with a melancholy countenance, again expressed his acknowledgments. 'Write to us often,' resumed Donna Lucinda, 'and remember that at least in two years after this date I expect the arrival of your daughter.' The poor barber was too much oppressed to return any other answer than by his looks. 'Take courage, Pedrosa,' said Don Juan, as he took him familiarly by the hand; 'perhaps circumstances may yet admit of your return to

Spain: let the consideration of aggraving seeing your wife and children animate your mind: I again repeat to you that, upon my honour, in a day or two at farthest, they shall overtake you: in the mean time travel on foot to Toledo, there they may join you; after which you may proceed in what manner you please to Lisbon, where you must embark for Amsterdam: thus I have prescribed your route in the most prudent manner I could think of. Farewell, my friend, and may the happy hilarity of your temper never forsake you!' 'God bless your excellenzas!' replied Pedrosa, as he pressed both their hands to his lips, 'God bless you.'—The words had scarcely been uttered when the door burst open, and the party were struck motionless by the appearance of father Jerome, the grand inquisitor: he for his part stood at the door in an attitude as if doubting the reality of his senses. Pedrosa employed the first moment of recollection in jumping behind Don Juan to shelter himself from the eyes of the angry and terrifying inquisitor: his protector was the first who broke silence, 'You are no doubt surprised, father Jerome,' said he, 'to discover Pedrosa in this chamber.' 'Surprised indeed,' muttered the inquisitor, while his heart seemed bursting with the anxiety of his emotions. 'Against him,' returned Don Juan, 'your anger would be most unjustly levelled. I bribed his jailor; unknown to himself I concerted the means of his escape; and had not you interrupted us, he would at this moment have departed to leave Madrid for ever. My exertions in his favour justice bound me to make, for it was to the misfortune of this poor honest man that I owed my own felicity.' Don Jerome advanced to the middle of the apartment; he seemed in great agitation, while a deadly paleness

overspread his countenance. 'The crime which this man has been guilty of,' said he, in a hesitating broken tone of voice, 'deserves the most exemplary punishment. He has dared to officiate as a minister of our holy religion; he has impiously listened to a confession, in a manner which no mortal but those appointed by God ought to have done; but this, however sacrilegiously obtained, was delivered by my deceased brother, in full security on the inviolable secrecy ordained by the church on these occasions: this is no trifling matter. Mark me, Don Juan, I require you upon the faith and honour of a knight, upon that sacred character you bear as a gentleman and a Spaniard, to declare whether this man has directly or indirectly divulged the whole or any part of the confession he so impiously obtained? upon your answer depends my future conduct in this affair.' 'He has not;' said Don Juan, solemnly laying his hand upon his heart; 'and even were he so inclined I should think myself bound in honour not to listen to him.' 'Then I am satisfied,' returned the inquisitor, as his features recovered their usual expression: 'your conduct in this affair, Don Juan, as it proceeds from the nobleness of your disposition, I shall overlook; but for this wretch, I must insist upon reconducting him to his prison, from which he has been illegally released.' 'O never,' cried Donna Lucinda, as she fell at his feet; 'it were doubly cruel to snatch that liberty from him, which, but a moment ago, he seemed assured of.' 'The sacred duties of my function,' replied the inquisitor, 'must not give way to the claims of private friendship: he is my prisoner; I have the sole disposal of him; I find him here in a place and situation which I did not allot to him; I must

again insist upon reconducting him to his cell.' Don Juan took hold of the arm of the obstinate inquisitor, and led him to the farther end of the apartment; they spoke together in so low a tone of voice, that the trembling and agitated Pedrosa could not distinguish the sounds. Donna Lucinda joined them, and seemed most earnest in her supplications: Don Jerome seemed to hesitate for a moment: he at last said, in a more audible voice, 'Well, I give you my word—upon these conditions.' He then advanced to the terrified Pedrosa, and in a stern voice commanded him to follow. Pedrosa prepared to obey, for he saw that Don Juan and Donna Lucinda no longer opposed it: they only called after him in the most affectionate tone of friendship, 'Farewell, Pedrosa, and remember what we have said to you!' The poor fellow kissed his hands with an expression of the most heart-felt gratitude, and prepared to follow the impatient inquisitor.

They retraced the windings which led the way back to Pedrosa's place of confinement. Don Jerome never once opened his lips, and his fearful prisoner trembled at every step. When they arrived in the middle of the apartment, the former, laying down the lamp, walked for some moments backwards and forwards in the most violent agitation of mind: he two or three times repeated the word 'Pedrosa,' but the rest of the sentence died away upon his lips: at last making an extraordinary effort to command the turbulence of his feelings, 'Pedrosa,' said he, 'the will of Heaven has made you acquainted with a secret dearer to me than life itself: the illustrious blood of Valerda has been but once contaminated, and you alone are conscious of it. My noble brother revenged himself upon Rodozzo, the base-born author

of this contamination; he never can rise up to proclaim our dishonour, for I have learned that he died of those wounds which were given him as the punishment of his guilty presumption: you are likewise acquainted with all the circumstances of this adventure; it is you alone I have to fear in this world.' 'O never shall your holy reverence fear me,' cried Pedrosa: 'restore me to my liberty, my wife and children, and the secret shall never escape my lips.'—'Hear me to an end,' interrupted the inquisitor, while the frown of indignation arose upon his brow: 'were I not convinced that you came most unwillingly to the knowledge of those events, I would this moment insure your eternal silence, by your death: but mark what I am now going to say; let my words never be absent from your memory: I am now to give you your liberty; but remember, if in three hours you are seen in Madrid, and in the same number of days in the kingdom of Spain, that moment, by all that my soul holds sacred, will be the last of your existence; moreover, in whatever spot of the world shall be your future residence, if you dare to divulge the most distant hint of the important secrets with which you are acquainted, the most excruciating tortures await you, and all that is yours. Were you to fly to the most savage desert upon earth, you would not be safe from my resentment: I have agents every where, and the most intricate labyrinths of a mine, dug to the centre of the earth, could not hide you from my pursuit.' 'Never shall your holy reverence have occasion to complain of me,' returned Pedrosa: 'industry and frugality will—' 'Stop,' interrupted the impatient inquisitor, 'I had forgot one thing: I have ever observed that meanness of idea is the inseparable at-

tendant on poverty and a wretched means of subsistence; I consider it as an additional security for your silence to raise you above necessity, even to a comparative state of opulence in respect to your former condition: wherever you are, this paper will entitle you to draw upon any mercantile house, who knows the opulence of our family, for the sum of one thousand ducats; and at the expiration of a year from this date I shall take care to transmit another of the same kind to you. Nay, do not thank me; I scorn to pretend that I do you an act of kindness, for were this moment the last of your existence, I should rejoice.' 'What I am going to observe to your holy reverence,' replied Pedrosa, 'is, that your bounty is useless; Don Juan has already provided for me, by a pension of eight hundred ducats.' The inquisitor looked at him with great earnestness for a moment: 'Pedrosa,' said he, in a calmer voice than he had hitherto used, 'you are simple and honest; these are virtues unknown to many in your condition of life; I respect them: keep what I have given you, you are deserving of it; you shall now obtain your liberty, but remember the conditions; wherever you go your steps are watched; remember, your disobedience of my commands will be followed by consequences the most terrible. Lest you should meet with any interruption in your journey through Spain, take this seal, it is that of the holy office: if you find yourself in any perplexity, shew it to the spiritual director of the place where you may be, and it will be your sure passport; but be certain to destroy it when you pass the frontiers. Come, follow me.' Don Jerome gave Pedrosa the lamp, who proceeded through the mouldy damp passages with cheerfulness and alacrity. They

passed through a great hall, which led to a range of dungeons, the doors of which seemed to be strongly fastened with large iron bars. No sound but their own footsteps were heard in this dreary mansion of misery; and they at last arrived at a passage which led to a door, which was hardly three feet in height, but strongly secured in the inside. 'Put out the light,' said the inquisitor: Pedrosa tremblingly obeyed; for he could not tell what to think of an order which was to involve them in total darkness. Don Jerome with difficulty drew back the bolts; a sudden gust of the external air blew along the passage; he took hold of the shoulder of Pedrosa, in a moment pushed him into the street, and the door was shut with violence behind him.'

Pedrosa stood for a moment almost stupified with the sudden effect which the open air had upon his agitated nerves; at last, after moving forwards a few paces, he easily recollected the spot where he then was. In his simple uncultivated mind, his joy began to shew itself in a thousand different modes, which to an observer would have been highly entertaining: he stretched forth his limbs, ran from one side of the street to the other, sometimes stopping for a moment, and turning round and round as if to assure himself he was free; then clapping his hand above his head, and leaping up, he would hurry rapidly along. In this manner, like a person in a fit of intoxication, without thinking precisely on the matter, for he was too confused to think, he, as it were instinctively, took the way to his home.

The clock struck one as Pedrosa turned the corner of the church of San Nicholas; and the streets seemed to be deserted of every living creature: he was therefore secure from

that interruption which the singularity of his manner might have occasioned; and a few minutes brought him to the upper end of the *Strada de Toledo*.

Let us enter his humble habitation.—It was not long after the hour which, in happier times, used to call to rest the smiling family of Pedrosa. His daughter Lisetta had just awaked from a short slumber, and beheld her mother still sitting by the fire bathed in tears: she arose, and putting on a part of her clothes, endeavoured to comfort her. The more robust Stephano had fallen into a deep sleep after the fatigue of a third day's unsuccessful search for his father, over most part of the city of Madrid; while little Pedro, who had cried all day, now slumbered, unconscious of the misery around him. Suddenly a knocking is heard at the door, accompanied with the exclamation of 'Rise up, Janetta, rise up and open the door; it is I.' 'My father! my father!' cried Lisetta, and clapped her hands together with rapture. Her mother and she flew to the door together, and in a moment Pedrosa felt himself encircled in both their arms.—'Where have you been?' cried Janetta, in a tone of the fondest affection. 'Where have you been, father?' echoed Lisetta. But had Pedrosa been willing to have informed them, they were too much agitated to have listened to him. The noise they made awakened Stephano, who instantly sprang up and flew to his father. Pedrosa kissed them all; they all hung by him, they all spoke to him at once: at last he entreated them to hear what he had to say. 'Janetta, my love,' said he, addressing his wife, 'we are rich, I am no longer poor; you are a lady: but we must go from hence immediately.' 'Go where!' cried Janetta; 'where does my Pedrosa wish to go?'

‘That is where I must lead you,’ returned he; ‘but be satisfied, my Janetta; we are rich, I tell you: I have no more occasion to work: here is money, and all honestly come by. I dare not tell you more, only that in three hours we must leave Madrid. Go, my children, and get on your holiday suits. Where is my dear little Pedro? You will all be made great folks. I dare not tell you any more, but I have friends who will do for you all.’ Lisetta ran to the bed, and took up little Pedro in her arms: the child cried at first on being disturbed, but the moment he knew his father had come, he flew and clasped his little arms around his knees. ‘Where have you been, father?’ cried he, and sobbed aloud. Pedrosa lifted him up, and pressed him to his bosom. The misery he had suffered was now a source of the most exquisite enjoyment. Mean and contemptible as he had appeared to the prejudiced eyes of the haughty Don Jerome, Pedrosa was now surrounded by a little circle of which he was the king and the father; whose happiness was identified with his own, who loved whatever he loved, and who had scarce any other rule of conduct than what he prescribed.

Lisetta took her little brother Pedro on her knee, in order to dress him; but he was so eager to see his father that he could scarcely be prevailed upon to sit still. Pedrosa meanwhile ran backwards and forwards in the apartment, sometimes crying, at others bursting into violent laughter. He stopped his children, and kissed them: ‘Make haste,’ he cried; ‘come, my children, we shall all be so happy: come, let us go.’ ‘O yes,’ cried little Pedro, clapping his hands in extacy together; ‘we shall go with father! father shall never leave us again.’ Janetta packed up a small bundle of linen. ‘Take

nothing but your holiday clothes,’ said Pedrosa; ‘we are rich, I tell you, my Janetta: leave every other thing to our poor neighbours.’ ‘Yes, yes;’ cried Pedro, ‘and I will leave my little wooden horse to Jaocomo, who cried with me about you, father.’ Janetta did as she was ordered, and in a few minutes more they were all ready to depart. In their passage through the shop Pedrosa could not behold, for the last time, the well-known implements of his profession without a fresh attack upon his feelings: he took them up and laid them down several times, while the tears started in his eyes. ‘Good heavens!’ cried he, recollecting himself all of a sudden—‘to-morrow will be the eve of San Pacomo, and Fabrizio de Menes, and Sedillo Garcia, and Ambrosio Corollo will be here; and likewise Fernando Barradago, the duchess of Fuenta’s major domo: what will they all think when they find that I am gone? But I am sure it is not my fault, and I wish I could be here still; for I am so rich I would shave them all for nothing.’

This family of exiles now got out into the street, and the full moon had risen in all her majesty to light them on their way. Pedrosa and his wife gave a last melancholy look to their humble dwelling. ‘Ah!’ said Janetta, ‘there we have been happy. God knows, Pedrosa, if we shall ever be so happy where you are now leading us: but were it to the end of the world your children and I would follow you.’ Pedrosa for some time could make no reply, for the sighs burst with agony from his bosom. His wife Janetta took hold of his arm; Lisetta led along little Pedro by the hand; while the hardy Stephano brought up the rear. In this manner they proceeded along the silent streets. Pedro was the only one of the party who felt gay

and elevated: he leaped first on one leg, then on the other; burst every now and then away from his sister to his father and mother, and talked of a thousand things by the way. They at last arrived opposite the convent of the Carthusians, where a brother of the order sat telling his beads. 'Good luck to me!' cried Pedrosa, as soon as he observed him: 'your blessing, holy father. Run, Stephano, to the large tree at the side of the ruined archway, and in a hole near the root you will find a purse of thirty ducats: bring them here.' Stephano ran to the spot. 'We are going upon a journey, good father,' resumed Pedrosa, 'and shall need your prayers.' The boy returned, and delivered the purse to his father. 'Here,' said Pedrosa, 'this is bestowed upon your convent; that you, and your brethren may celebrate mass, for the repose of my departed friend.' 'What is the name?' said the friar, pulling out a pencil and piece of parchment: 'Don Alphonso de Valerda,' returned Pedrosa. The monk wrote it down, and assured him that his request should be complied with. The poor fellow felt his heart lightened after this sacred act of gratitude: he trudged gaily along, and soon put spirits into the whole party. They soon passed the boundaries of the city. Little Pedro grew tired, and was lifted on the back of his lusty brother. 'Courage, my children,' cried Pedrosa; 'we shall soon hire a carriage and a couple of good mules.' With this assurance they hastened on, and by day-break were out of sight of the lofty spires of the city of Madrid.

LADIES' DRESSES

ON

HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

Her Majesty.—A LILAC and silver

tissue petticoat, with point Brussels lace draperies, and a point lace flounce: pocket-holes richly trimmed; the front of the draperies ornamented with diamonds, consisting of a large brilliant rosette, from which was suspended a diamond bow, with diamond tassel: the under drapery most richly ornamented with diamond chains: a mantle to correspond, richly trimmed with lace.

Her Royal Highness Princess of Wales.—The drapery and body of rich silver and lilac tissue, embroidered with emerald, topaz, and amethyst stones, to form vine leaves and grapes: at the bottom of the drapery a very rich silver fringe of quite a new pattern; train and petticoat of silver tissue, with a border all round to correspond with that on the drapery; also a rich silver fringe all round the train and petticoat; rich silver laurel to loop up the drapery and pocket-holes. The head-dress of diamonds and ostrich feathers.

Princess Charlotte.—A pink and silver slip, with a beautiful Brussels lace frock to wear over it; and a pink and silver girdle.

Her Royal Highness Princess Elizabeth.—A superb dress of apricot and silver tissue; the right side of the dress a magnificent drapery composed of an Etruscan net of large silver beads, tastefully divided at distance by a thick bullion chain of beads in dead silver, relieved with bright bullion, elegantly ornamented with massy wreaths of laurel in silver foil, and bouquets of chesnut blossoms with the kernel bursting from the shell. The bottom finished with a wreath of laurels in raised foil and beads; the whole looped up with large silver cords and tassels: robe of apricot and silver tissue, trimmed with broad Vandyke silver fringe, point lace, and diamonds.

Princess Augusta.—A yellow crape silver spangled petticoat, with double draperies, with an elegant silver cordon representing the ancient honey-suckle; mantle to correspond.

Princess Mary—wore a magnificent dress of brown crape embroidered with silver and pink roses, over a petticoat of royal purple: the design of each colour contrasted with the other had a surprising new and elegant effect: oval draperies richly spangled all over, and terminated with marking borders of dead and bright foil, in Vandykes, with roses, beautifully variegated, interspersed lightly in the embroidery, had a truly picturesque and novel appearance. The whole completed with elegant cords and tassels; robe of brown purple and silver tissue, trimmed with broad Vandyke fringe, point lace, and diamonds.

Princess Sophia.—A pea-green petticoat, over which an elegant scarf drapery of the same colour, most magnificently embroidered in silver pines and branches: on the right side a wing of embroidery of uncommon richness, and on the left a drapery, richly spangled; a beautiful fringe round the bottom of the petticoat; the robe of green and silver tissue, most elegantly trimmed with silver, and looped on the sleeves with silver chains and acorns. Head-dress, plume of green and white feathers, and a profusion of diamonds.

Princess Amelia.—Petticoat of white crape, richly spangled, and unique border; draperies of purple albanay net, fastened with silver arrows; pockets formed with rich sprigs of laurel; train of handsomely embroidered purple tissue: on the left a beautiful formed drapery of festooned shell-work, ornamented with Parisian trimming.

Duchess of York.—A pink crape petticoat, richly embroidered in silver; the draperies beautifully span-

gled with gold; diamond ear-rings and neck-lace. Head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

Princess Sophia of Gloucester.—A splendid dress of white and silver, superbly embroidered: the form of the draperies was particularly striking and elegant, and was much admired for taste and effect; the whole finished with a massy border at the bottom. Her royal highness wore a robe of lilac and silver tissue, with rich embroidered sleeves and front.

Princess Castelfidardo.—An elegant dress of lavender-coloured crape, fluted in divisions, and trimmed with broad black lace, ornamented with wreaths of fancy flowers, same colour as the dress, and bows of ribbands. This dress was much admired for taste and simplicity. Robes of Turkish lace, trimmed all round with lavender-coloured flowers.

Duchess of Rutland.—Elegantly dressed in a beautiful petticoat and train of straw-coloured crape, with rich wreaths of silver vine leaves, and ropes of silver arrows.

Marchioness of Downshire.—A white crape petticoat, richly embroidered with silver and pearls, the design forming in front two rows of large bouquets of wheat ears, and branches of wheat in pearls: the bottom of the petticoat embroidered with the same elegant design of pearl wheat ears and branches: the draperies embroidered with an Etruscan border in silver, intermixed with pearl wheat ears: the train of white sarsnet, embroidered with the same rich border as the draperies; on each sleeve was a bunch of pearl wheat ears embroidered. Head-dress was ornamented with a crape embroidery to correspond, with white ostrich feathers, and a profusion of the finest diamonds.

Countess of Kingston.—A white crape petticoat, most tastefully embroidered with silver wheat ears;

also embroidered drapery drawn up with a very rich silver cord and tassels: the body and train of white satin, richly embroidered with silver to correspond with the petticoat: crape sleeves, richly embroidered with silver, and trimmed with point lace.

Countess of Chatham.—An elegant dress of green and silver, superbly embroidered in rich bunches of silver acorns; a very rich embroidered border, with Vandyke silver fringe: green crape train, beautifully ornamented with silver, and embroidered to correspond with the petticoat.

Countess of Shaftesbury.—A white crape petticoat, very richly embroidered with silver; at the bottom a corkscrew trimming of white satin and silver relio, with a flounce of silver Vandyke blond: the train a rich white silk, trimmed all round the same as the petticoat. Head-dress of silver, with white feathers.

Countess of Mendip.—A white crape petticoat, with a rich Vandyke silver foil border, edged by the real silver lamia; under this border is a chain linked with the prince's plume: on the right side is a Grecian drapery, with a double Vandyke border, with sprigs of the lily of the valley; this drapery is looped up with a rich silver cord and tassels: the left drapery is beautifully embroidered with silver roses, with the same border, and edged with a Tratalgar fringe; pocket-holes fancifully trimmed to correspond.

Countess of Camden.—A sarsnet lavender-colour petticoat, covered with Brussels lace draperies, the bottom of the petticoat fancifully trimmed; the train of the same sarsnet as the petticoat, trimmed with beautiful Brussels lace. Head-dress of feathers with diamonds.

Countess of Grosvenor.—A white crape petticoat, with an imperial ring ground, and rich draperies,

richly worked in silver amia; the petticoat embroidered in waves, and an elegant silver foil border: train to correspond.

Countess of Oxford.—A white satin petticoat, with lace draperies, trimmed with pink French beads, and wreaths of apple blossom; train to correspond. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Countess of Macclesfield.—A straw-coloured satin petticoat, with superb drapery of white crape embroidered in gold; peacock's feathers, in the heart or eye of each feather were beautiful coloured stones; the border a la Grecque, with large embroidered gold feathers and coloured stones: the robe to correspond; the sleeves and breast of which were most magnificently embroidered with gold feathers and coloured stones. —Head-dress, straw-coloured and white feathers, and beautiful diamonds.

Countess of Cholmondeley.—Body and train of yellow crape, richly embroidered with silver; sleeves of point lace, looped up with stars of diamonds; petticoat of white crape, richly embroidered with silver; on one side a sash of yellow crape, fastened with bunches of jonquil.

Countess of Jersey.—A blue crape petticoat, elegantly ornamented with draperies of rich gold embroidery in the Turkish style, suspended with gold cord and tassels; a blue cape train, trimmed with gold.

Viscountess Castlereagh.—A magnificent dress of apple-green crape, richly embroidered in silver; the whole spangled with silver, and trimmed with large silver zephyr and Vandyke fringe: the draperies tied up with rich tassels and cord, train to correspond; the body and sleeves fully trimmed with point. Head-dress, a profusion of diamonds, and nine ostrich feathers.

Baroness Strogouoff.—A white

cape petticoat, richly embroidered in silver; a rich border at the bottom of Algerine spangles: draperies of crape, richly embroidered in silver; Roman scrole ground-work of rich vermicelli in silver; train of white silk, beautifully embroidered in silver: head-dress to correspond.

Right Hon. Lady Eliz. Spencer.—A most beautiful lavender silk train and petticoat, richly ornamented with draperies of superb point lace, looped up with beads and bead tassels; the bottom of the petticoat trimmed with point lace to correspond. Head-dress of ostrich feathers and beads.

Lady Arden.—A white crape petticoat and drapery, very beautifully embroidered with silver, and interlined with pea-green sarsnet; body and train of pea-green sarsnet, ornamented with silver and point lace.

Lady M. Walpole.—Petticoat elegantly embroidered with silver sprigs, and tastefully ornamented with rock lilies; the draperies looped up with flowers: the body and train of white sarsnet, ornamented with silver and point lace.

Lady Barbara Ashley Cooper.—White crape petticoat richly ornamented with white satin, and an applique of white satin and velvet all over the front of the petticoat, in stripes of white satin and lilac: the train a white figured silk, trimmed all round with a wreath of white lilac. Head-dress, gold band with medallions, white lilacs, and feathers; necklace and ear-rings of gold and medallions, to match the head-dress.

Lady John Borlase Warren.—A rich purple and grey figured silk, with a most elegant drapery of point lace; the bottom of the petticoat trimmed with point lace to correspond; the train of the same; the sleeves and trimming of rich Brus-

sels point. Head-dress of feathers and diamonds.

Lady Harcourt.—A lilac crape petticoat, superbly embroidered in stripes of dull silver feathers and spangles, grounded with wreaths of Algerine spangles; train of lilac crape, trimmed with silver. Head-dress of feathers and diamonds.

Lady Boringdon.—A white sarsnet petticoat, trimmed with rich Brussels lace, and elegantly ornamented with horse-chestnut blossom; amber-coloured train. Head-dress to correspond.

Lady Mary Bentinck.—A white crape petticoat and drapery, beautifully embroidered with silver vine: white crape draperies and silver to correspond; the draperies suspended with rich silver cord and tassels.

Lady Catharine Long.—Petticoat of white crape, appliqued in a silver waving border, forming a drapery across; on the left side a sash of the same, tied up with rich cords and tassels: body and train of brown and silver tissue; trimmed lace sleeves, looped up with diamond stars. Head-dress, bandeau of brown and silver tissue, feathers, and aigrette of diamonds.

Lady Caroline Bertie.—Train of Peruvian net, body and sleeves of the same, ornamented with a small wreathing of peach-blossom; white sarsnet petticoat, over which was gracefully thrown two falling draperies, terminating with a sash trimmed with small wreathing of peach-blossom, tastefully fastened up with bunches of the same.

Lady Read.—Petticoat of white crape, richly ornamented with subdued silver, forming chains, and fastened with wreaths of white roses; the train of white sarsnet, elegantly ornamented to correspond: the head-dress was composed of a beautiful plume of feathers, fastened with a

rich rose of diamonds, and an elegant bandeau of the same, which continued from the front round the right side of the head. The whole had a very light and tasteful effect, and corresponded with the delicacy of the lady's figure.

Lady Wills.—We have seldom witnessed any thing more splendid than her ladyship's dress. She wore a petticoat of white imperial net bordered with silver; the draperies were of lilac crape, ornamented with a most superb silver Vandyke, and fastened with large silver tassels; train of imperial net, Vandyke border of silver to correspond with the train: head-dress, a profusion of beautiful diamonds.

Lady Mary Parker.—A dove-coloured petticoat uncommonly richly embroidered with silver, in elegant chains across; the border serpentine pattern, a fall of embroidered points on one side: robe and head-dress to correspond.

The Hon. Mrs. Cornwall.—Petticoat of primrose crape, most beautifully and richly embroidered with silver draperies of the same in a mosaic pattern; ornamented with silver Parisian trimming, and confined tastefully with cord and tassels.

The Hon. Mrs. George Herbert.—A magnificent silver robe and coat, entirely covered with a shower of spangles; the draperies tied up with very large silver zephyr and cords, and finished with a superb silver fringe. Head-dress, a beautiful pearl wreath, and seven ostrich feathers.

The Hon. Mrs. Drummond.—White crape petticoat, tastefully embroidered with silver leaves; at the bottom of the petticoat a beautiful wreath border, embroidered with silver; the drapery of primrose crape, festooned up with silver; body and train of primrose-sarsnet, ornamented with silver and point lace.

Hon. Miss Bassett.—A dress of pale green crape and silver; draperies edged with borders of embossed silver in Vandyke. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

The Hon. Miss Seymour Coleman.—In a very superb dress, formed of white satin, with full mantle draperies, richly ornamented with a curious ostrich feather fringe, supported and fastened up with ropes and tassels of fine gold beads; train of white crape, edged with the same costly beads. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

A NIGHT WALK

IN JUNE.

By J. M. L.

'Night! 'tis thy gloom that bids the bosom
glow,
And teaches man his inmost soul to know.'
Author's Manuscript Poems.

TRULY may it be said, that night is peculiarly suited to open to man's view the secret recesses of his own bosom: no business that day might offer to interfere with his thoughts; no solar light to dispel the guilty fears that may haunt his mind; silence and solitude his only companions; he feels the superior influence of mind over matter, while conscience reads to him, in an audible voice, the history of 'the days that are gone:' while these are its occupations, night will make the good man's breast glow with happiness, and bid the sinner tremble; but to the miserable being night is ever welcome.

'The tranquillising stillness of its reign,
The balmy-breathing zephyr's soften'd
breath,
Are dear to him who seeks with pensive
pain
The murky mansions of the tyrant, death:

Who goes to shed the sweetly soothing tear,
To heave the soft and soul-responding sigh,
Where lies in dust the form so late held dear,
Where sleeps in death fair beauty's once-
bright eye.'

Author's Manuscript Poems.

Night is the time, and ever has been, for awful ceremonies: I am led to make this observation by the forcibly-pathetic, yet simple statement, in Bloomfield's poem of 'Good Tidings,' of the death and interment of his father, who fell a victim to that once-terrific scourge, the small-pox: the infant mentioned in the quotation was himself; and the terror that was formerly occasioned by the appearance of the small-pox in a country village I know to be truly described.

'There dwelt, beside a brook that creeps
along
Midst infant hills and meads unknown to
song,
One to whom poverty and faith were giv'n,
Calm village silence, and the hope of heav'n:
Alone she dwelt; and while each morn
brought peace,
And health was smiling on her years increase,
Sudden and fearful, rushing through her
frame,
Unusual pains and feverish symptoms came.
Then, when debilitated, faint, and poor,
How sweet to hear a footstep at her door!
To see a neighbour watch life's silent sand,
To hear the sigh, and feel the helping hand!
Soon woe o'erspread the interdicted ground,
And consternation seiz'd the hamlets round:
Uprose the pest—its widow'd victim died;
And foul contagion spread on ev'ry side:
The helping neighbour, for her kind regard,
Bore home *that* dreadful tribute of reward,
Home, where six children, yielding to its
pow'r,
Gave hope and patience a most trying hour;
One at her breast still drew the living
stream,
And sense of danger never marr'd his dream;
Yet all exclaim'd, and with a pitying eye,
'Whoe'er survives the shock, *that child will
die!*'
But vain the fiat,—Heav'n restor'd them all,
And destin'd one of riper years to fall.
Midnight beheld the close of all his pain;
His grave was clos'd when midnight came
again;
No bell was heard to toll, no funeral pray'r,
No kindred bow'd, no wife, no children there;
Its horrid nature could inspire a dread,
That cut the bonds of custom like a thread.

The humble church-tow'r higher seem'd to
shew,
Illumin'd by their trembling light below;
The solemn night-breeze struck each shiver-
ing cheek;

Religious reverence forbade to speak:
The starting sexton his short sorrow chid,
When the earth murmur'd on the coffin lid;
And falling bones, and sighs of holy dread,
Sounded a requiem to the silent dead!

The sun had set a few minutes
when I commenced my present walk,
and the west was yet vividly tinged
with his departing light.

'A beam of tranquillity smil'd in the west,
The storms of the morning pursued me no
more,
And the wave, while it welcom'd the mo-
ment of rest,
Still heav'd, as remembering ills that were
o'er!

Serenely my heart took the hue of the hour,
Its passions were sleeping, were mute as the
dead;
And the spirit becalm'd but remember'd
their pow'r,
As the billow the force of the gale that
was tied!

I thought of the days, when to pleasure alone
My heart ever granted a wish or a sigh;
When the saddest emotion my bosom had
known
Was pity for those who were wiser than I!

I felt, how the pure, intellectual fire
In luxury loses its heavenly ray;
How soon, in the lavishing cup of desire,
The pearl of the soul may be melted
away!

And I pray'd of that Spirit who lighted the
flame,
That pleasure no more might its purity
dim;
And that sullied but little, or brightly the
same,
I might give back the gem I had borrow'd
from him.

The thought was extatic! I felt as if heav'n
Had already the wreath of eternity shown;
As if, passion all chasten'd and error forgiv'n,
My heart had begun to be purely its own.

I look'd on the west, and the beautiful sky
Which morning had clouded was clouded
no more;
'Oh! thus,' I exclaim'd, 'can a heavenly
eye
Shed light on the soul that was darken'd
before!'

Moore.

Fragrance floated on every breath of air; for every flower, and every blossomed bush, were now in full perfection, and each contributed its share of sweetness to the ever-passing zephyr. It was just such a night as Hurdis had in view, when, in his poem of 'The Village Curate,' he invites Alcanor to

'Descend into the valley, and enjoy
The sober peace of the still summer's eve.
We have no blush to lose; our freckled
cheek

The sun not blisters, nor the night-dew
blasts.

Such is the time the musing poet loves.
Now vigorous imagination teems,
And, warm with meditation, brings to birth
Her admirable thought. I love to hear
The silent rook to the high wood make way
With rustling wing; to mark the wanton
mouse,

And see him gambol round the primrose
head,

'Till the still owl comes smoothly sailing
forth,

And with a shrill *too-robit* breaks off his
dance,

And sends him scouring home; to hear the
cur

Of the night-loving partridge, or the swell
Of the deep curfew from afar. And now

It pleases me to mark the hooting owl,
Perch'd on the naked hop-pole; to attend

The distant cataract, or farmer's cur
That bays the northern lights or rising moon.

And now I steal along the woody lane,
To hear thy song so various, gentle bird,

Sweet queen of night, transporting Philomela!
I name thee not to give my feeble line

A grace else wanted; for I love thy song,
And often have I stood to hear it sung,

When the clear moon, with Cytherean smile,
Emerging from an eastern cloud, has shot

A look of pure benevolence and joy
Into the heart of night. Yes, I have stood

And mark'd thy varied note, and frequent
pause,

Thy brisk and melancholy mood, with soul
Sincerely pleas'd. And oh! methought, no
note

Can equal thine, sweet bird, of all that sing
How easily the chief! Yet have I heard

What pleases me still more—the human
voice,

In serious sweetness, flowing from the heart
Of unaffected woman. I could hark

'Till the round world dissolv'd, to the pure
strain

Love teaches, gentle modesty inspires.
But tease me not, ye self-conceited fools,

Who with a loud insufferable squall
Insult our ears, or hum a noiseless air,

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Disdaining to be heard; the while ye smile,
To shew a set of teeth newly repair'd,
Or shrink and shrug, to make the crowd
admire

Your strange grimaces practis'd at the glass.
Oh! I abhor it! I would rather hear
A pedlar's kit besceape a dancing dog.'

I wandered, almost unconsciously, with my eyes fixed on the bright orb of Hesper, wrapt in deep contemplation, till the distant murmur of a bell, pealing the hour of ten, warned me to return: in doing so, I passed a well-remembered grove, in whose deepest retirements I have spent many a noontide hour. Now Philomela had taken possession of its sequestered retreats, and was warbling her sweet music in the ear of night: I could not help inwardly ejaculating,

'List' to the night-bird's melancholy plaint,
That steals on echo's wing across the vale;
Now the soft music sinks in warblings faint,
And seems sad sorrow's mournful-sounding tale.

Or else, methinks, the pensive murmurs
seem

Like soft complaining from love's tortur'd
breast;

Where disappointment has destroy'd the
dream,

That told the tender heart it should be
blest!

Author's Manuscript Poems.

Pleased with my short but charming walk, I reached my 'home of rest;' and should any Cynic frown on my humble effort to amuse in depicting that walk, I shall only answer him in the words of Hurdis:

'Let him read who will;
And blame me not, if tardy as the snail
I hardly creep a single mile from home.
It is my humour. Let him speed who will,
And fly like canon-shot from post to post;
I love to pause, and quit the public road,
To gain a summit, take a view, or pluck
An unknown blossom. What if I dismount,
And leave my steed to graze the while I sit
Under the pleasant lee, or idly roam
Across the pasture, diligent to mark
What passes next?—'Tis English blood that
flows

Under the azure covert of these veins.
I love my liberty; and if I sing,
Will sing to please myself; bound by no rule,

T t

The subject of no law.—I cannot think
Praise-worthy excellence is only hit
By servile imitation. In a path
Peculiarly his own great Handel went,
And justly merits our applause, tho' not
The Homer of his art. In a new course
Went Shakspeare, nobly launching forth;
And who shall say he has not found per-
fection,

Tho' not a Sophocles? Ye shallow wits,
Who bid us coast it in the learned track,
Nor quit the sight of shore, there is in art
A world unknown, whose treasures only he
Shall spy, and well deserve, who proudly
scorns

The second laurel, and exultingly steers
Far from the custom'd way. My slender
bark

Perchance has rush'd into a boist'rous sea,
Which soon shall overwhelm her: yet I
fear

No storms the furious elements can rouse;
And if I fail, shall deem it noble still
To founder in a brave attempt. Once more
The cheerful breeze invites; I fill my sail
And scud before it. When the critic starts,
And angrily unties his bags of wind,
Then I lay to, and bid the blast go by.

ALPHONSO AND ALMIRA;

OR,

THE NOBLE FORESTER.

A

SARDINIAN TALE.

By a Lady.

(Continued from p. 253.)

CHAP. V.

Antonio forms a plot against the life of Alphonso—Alphonso is seized for a robbery, and confined to his hut—Rinaldo resolves to appeal to the king should Antonio give judgment against him.

ANTONIO, enraged at the re-
pulse he had met with, determined
to resent the injury; nor was he
long without the means. He im-
mediately caused a diamond ring of
great value, and well known to the
king, to be concealed within Al-

phonso's hut; which having done,
he posted away to the first village he
could reach where he made a formal
complaint of his having been robbed
on the forest, by several ruffians, and
obtained a warrant to enable him to
search for the property that he pre-
tended had been taken from him.

The barbed shafts of malice are
ever swiftly shot. Hence, Alphonso
had scarcely time to consider of the
conduct of Antonio, and guard
against the revenge he threatened,
before the effects of his resentment
were unhappily felt. He was just
on the moment of departing, in
company with Rinaldo and Almira,
when several officers suddenly seized
him, by virtue of a warrant Antonio
had obtained. Rinaldo immediately
drew his sword, and would have
slain the person who had laid hands
on Alphonso, had his prudence not
restrained him.

'By what authority,' demanded
Rinaldo, 'is this violence offered?'—
The officers immediately shewed
their warrant, informing him that
it had been obtained on the com-
plaint of the lord Antonio, who had
been robbed by several villains, one
of whom he suspected to be Al-
phonso; and they added, that their
farther orders were to search for
the effects Antonio had lost, and
which were then suspected to be
concealed within the hut. When
the name of Antonio was mentioned
as the person who had been robbed,
it was impossible to determine whe-
ther Alphonso, Rinaldo, or Almira,
discovered the greatest degree of
astonishment. They each of them
perceived the wickedness of the
charge, and the vile source from
whence it came; and Alphonso,
conscious of his innocence, scrupled
not to suffer the officers to search the
hut, not knowing that he could have
any thing to fear from it. But An-
tonio had laid his plan much deeper

than they suspected. The wretch who had hid the ring in Alphonso's hut was artfully sent with the officers, who, directed by him, instantly went to the spot where it was concealed; and taking it from its hidden place, presently returned with it, proclaiming it a proof of Alphonso's guilt.

Though Rinaldo immediately saw through the horrid scheme, and what was really meant by it, he could not but feel himself most sensibly alarmed; since his uncle, the count Antonio, was at the head of the superior council, and had a power lodged in him to judge of all offences, and to punish those he pronounced guilty at his will and pleasure.

'Come,' cried Rinaldo to the officers, 'your warrant must be obeyed: Alphonso shall attend you.'

'Sir,' replied the officers, 'Alphonso must not stir hence. It is the order of the count Antonio that he should be closely confined within the hut until he comes here to try the offender.'

'And does he mean then, gracious Heaven!' exclaimed Rinaldo, 'to be both prosecutor and judge? But execute your warrant. Alphonso is innocent, and shall be protected.'

Almira, who had been lost the whole time in a mixture of surprise and indignation at the baseness of Antonio, threw herself at Rinaldo's feet, and, bedewing them with her tears, besought him to seek the king, and interest him in behalf of her father, against the views of Antonio.

'Be of good cheer,' cried Rinaldo; 'the king comes to-morrow to a neighbouring city, on his annual circuit, to enquire into the administration of public justice. There will then be an opportunity of appealing from the sentence of Antonio, should he dare to convict you of the theft you are charged with,

and of procuring you ample justice for any injury you may receive.'

'Heavens!' cried Alphonso, 'his presence will surely shelter me from the dreadful persecution with which I am threatened.'

It will easily be imagined in what manner the unhappy father, and the two lovers, passed the day and night. It was in vain that Rinaldo entreated Alphonso to take comfort, and contemn the plot that Antonio had so basely laid against his life. The very thought that he was accused of being a thief, a character at once so mean and detestable in the eye of man, drove him almost into a state of absolute distraction. The motive of Antonio's conduct, he consoled himself, would very readily be made appear; it being too notorious upon the very face of it to be concealed: but the fear that filled him at the same time, lest Antonio should be able, through his emissaries, to effect his purpose before the arrival of the king, overwhelmed him with grief and despair, and gave a very severe check to those services he would otherwise be certain of deriving from Rinaldo's friendship.

Such were the reflections that occupied Alphonso's mind, when Almira, too deeply affected by her father's situation not to think of every means of relieving him from it, used the most winning persuasions in her power to induce him to make an immediate disclosure to Antonio of his birth, and the pretensions it gave him to the throne of Sardinia: flattering herself, that the knowledge of it would not only discourage him from any farther attempts on the life and honour of Alphonso, but strike him dumb with shame and confusion at the part he had acted. Alphonso listened to the advice of Almira with all possible attention and respect, though he could by no

means think of taking it. 'No, my dearest child!' said Alphonso, 'I would on no account reveal my birth. Heaven knows I am innocent of the crime I am charged with, but the event of it is yet uncertain. I would not for the world have it known that the son of Orlando, the heir of the crown of Sardinia, was ever suspected of having committed a theft. No, Almira; I would go to my trial, obscure and unknown as I am. If I should, by the villainy of Antonio, be found guilty, my family will suffer no disgrace from my unhappy fate. If I should be pronounced innocent, as Heaven knows I am, with honour I shall then be able to discover myself to my father and my country.'

CHAP. VI.

Alphonso is pronounced guilty, and condemned to the galleys—Almira determines to sacrifice herself to Antonio, to save her father's life—She is prevented by Alphonso and Rinaldo.

WHILE Alphonso and Rinaldo were preparing to ward off the blow intended by Antonio, every instrument the latter could employ was industriously used to carry into execution his diabolical design, and hurl destruction on Alphonso's head. Accordingly an officer, attended by a party of soldiers, who were ordered to wait at a small distance, came to Alphonso's hut; and demanding an immediate interview, informed him, in a solemn tone of voice, that Antonio had been made acquainted with the circumstance of the very ring he had been robbed of being found concealed in his hut, and, considering that alone as a sufficient proof of his being the robber, had thought fit to order him to serve for life as a galley-slave.

The horror with which this sentence, so peremptorily delivered, and no less cruel than unexpected, struck Alphonso, may be better conceived than expressed.—'Is it possible,' cried Alphonso, 'that Antonio can be so unjust as to condemn any one unheard?'

'He is satisfied,' answered the officer, 'with the evidence laid before him; and has commanded me, his officer of justice, to signify to you his will and pleasure; that his judgment shall not only be final and conclusive, but that you be immediately transported, agreeable to the sentence given against you.'

'Heavens!' exclaimed Almira, 'is my father then to be dragged from me?'

'He is,' returned the officer, 'unless, indeed, *you* will undertake to be his advocate, and seek his pardon from Antonio, who is of a mild and merciful disposition, and easily to be won over by your entreaty to forgive your father.'

'To forgive me!' cried Alphonso. 'Tell him, tell Antonio, that I spurn the idea, and would rather die than live by his favour.'

'Say you so?' replied the officer. 'Your pride will soon be put to the trial. The guard belonging to the galleys is near at hand, waiting my orders to convey you to the place of your destination; and unless you will permit your fair daughter to accompany me back to Antonio, I shall instantly call on them to execute the sentence of the law.'

'Hold, monster!' cried Alphonso. 'I value my child's virtue before every thing the world contains, and would gladly meet the worst of deaths in preserving it.'

'Say you so?' replied the officer; 'and immediately he called the guard to do their duty.'

The ruffians no sooner began to bind the unhappy Alphonso than

Almira rent the air with her piercing cries, and entreated the officer to forbear executing the sentence: adding, that rather than her father, whom she esteemed more than life, should be carried into slavery, she would suffer every thing; and even yield herself up to the passion of Antonio, however she might abhor and detest him. The officer, perceiving in what manner her fears worked on her, informed Alphonso that, observing Almira likely to act in a way that would please Antonio, he should for the present stop the hands of the guards, and leave him to consider whether he would prefer the situation of a galley-slave to Almira's being the mistress of Antonio, whose power and wealth commanded the respect of every one throughout Sardinia.

'How is this?' cried Alphonso, as soon as the officer had left them. 'Is it possible that you would consent to be Antonio's, and prefer a life of shame and infamy to my being wretched and a slave? The very thought, my dear child, drives me almost to distraction. Sooner than Antonio should possess you this hand of mine should put an end to the existence of us both. What are chains and fetters to a mind that is pure and unsullied?'

'Indeed, my dear father,' answered Almira, 'you wrong me much. I never could harbour so vile a thought as that of giving my hand to Antonio. The very idea were at once monstrous and preposterous. Believe me, my dear father, if I affected to reconcile the thought of giving up myself to Antonio, it was only for the purpose of gaining time, in order that Rinaldo might have an opportunity of bringing an appeal before the king. But sooner than my father should go into slavery, I will even consent to accompany Antonio's officer back to his

lord and master; and you and Rinaldo shall both of you approve of the resolution I have formed.'

Rinaldo was struck with amazement, and immediately demanded of Almira what she meant, and how she could reconcile her declaration in favour of Antonio with the solemn assurances she had so repeatedly given him of her love.

Almira replied, that during her interview with Antonio Rinaldo might have it in his power to seek the king; and that, if it could not be done in time, she hoped to be able to persuade Antonio to drop all farther persecution, release Alphonso, and clear up his honour; or, if that should fail, her last expedient should be to give herself up to Antonio, upon condition of his becoming her father's friend and advocate, instead of being his enemy and persecutor, and when, buoyed up by her promises, he should order Alphonso to be declared innocent, and in consequence expect a sacrifice of her honour, as a return she would, at the very moment of expectation, stab the monster to the heart, and think her life well given if it should but tend to rescue the best of fathers from a situation too horrid to be thought of, without piercing her with the severest pangs of misery and distress.

Alphonso and Rinaldo were equally charmed at the heroic behaviour of Almira, but thought it by no means prudent that she should venture herself in the hands of Antonio, who would stop at nothing to effect her ruin: nor could Rinaldo suffer her to think a moment of so rash an expedient; adding, that it would be infinitely better for him to fly immediately to the king, and lay before him Alphonso's unhappy case. Alphonso and Almira equally approved of Rinaldo's proposal, but could not bear the thought of his leaving them at the mercy of An-

tonio, whose creatures would, perhaps, before his return, be enabled to accomplish the purpose he had in view.

A thousand projects were thought of, but nothing held advisable to be pursued—so distracted were each of them—to determine the course that should be taken as most likely to tend to their general good.

(To be continued.)

SOLITARY WALKS

IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

BY JOHN WEBB.

WALK II.

'Hush'd was the pausing deep-ton'd funeral knell,
Twelve times the clapper stroke the pausing bell;
The rooks and daws, dark tenants of the tow'r,
Caught the alarm, and croak'd the midnight-hour:
Complacent sleep! kind Nature's loveliest law!
Had stretch'd the peasant on his bed of straw;
Ner was oblivion's balmy boon deny'd
To lull the dog, fast snoring by his side:
Black clouds of darkness overspread the pole,
And not one star was twinkling thro' the whole;
All, all was deep impenetrable gloom,
Silent as death, and awful as the tomb.'

ANON.

When I took my solitary excursion amid the silent demesne of death. Raven-coloured clouds veiled Cynthia's silvery eye, and deprived the lonely wanderer of her guiding ray.—'Fair empress of the night!' I exclaimed, 'though envious vapours have hid thee from my sight, yet will I hail thee.—Unlike proud sol, thy imperial consort, who rides in flaming majesty the vast expanse, thou movest with mild dignity along the azure vault, attended by a

sparkling train of golden constellations; and such is thy condescending goodness, thou dispensest thy beams over the wide creation, lighting the sea-beat mariner to the wished-for port, and the benighted traveller to his journey's end, and, as the poet sings, through every distant age hast held a lamp to wisdom.'

What an awful stillness pervaded the dreary scene! How different from the bustle and activity of the living world! The plotting head and palpitating heart were both at rest. The schemist no longer lamented his baffled projects, nor was the man of feeling a martyr to his acute sensations, proceeding from a too refined sensibility. The infant no more desired to drain the breast of its milky beverage; and talkative age had finished its long, long tale.

While absorpt in meditation, methought I heard the tread of an unwelcome foot, that was trespassing upon my solitude; but it proved only the echo of mine own footsteps.

'But why indulge a momentary fear
That I should find the rash intruder here?
The juvenile, the volatile, and gay,
Have steer'd their jovial course another way:
The proud one will not quit his gilded rooms,
To seek amusement here, among the tombs;
Nor will the drunkard leave his 'mantling bliss,'
To pay a visit to a scene like this.

Here reigns mild peace upon her throne of rest;
A settled calm pervades each subject's breast:
Here pleasure's silk-clad votaries cease to shine,
Nor longer sigh for splendor, love, or wine:
Ambition's air-form'd projects all are o'er,
And beauty's full-blown roses charm no more.

Perhaps beneath the turf, unconscious prest,
Full many a swain who teem'd with genius rest;
Who, had some patron rous'd the dormant fire,
Like Milton, might have swept a seraph's lyre;
Like star-exploring Newton, soar'd on high,
And scan'd the golden wonders of the sky;

Like Nelson, made Britannia's thunders roll
From northern Thule to the southern pole.

What count'less numbers crowd this hallow'd
spot,
Their useful lives, their humble names,
forgot!

Assist me, recollection, to review
The various characters of those I knew.

In yon short grave is my Clarissa laid,
A tender flower, that blossom'd but to fade;
Too delicate a texture to sustain
The fierce assaults of agonising pain.

Thrice happy infant! thou shalt weep no
more;

Thou'rt landed on a pleasurable shore;
Escap'd each threaten'ing wave and beating
storm,
And wear'st in heaven a cherub's glittering
form.

Millions, when day's bright lamp shall cease
to burn,

Will wish, like thee, they'd found an early
urn.

Then king's, divested of their regal state,
Would give their years of fame for thy short
date:

Heroes would with their boasted laurels part,
To gain, blest babe! thine innocence of
heart.

Then impious Voltaire, the proud wit of
France,

Will view with envious eye thy happy
ignorance.*

Author's Manuscript Poem.

Near the walls of the sacred fane
are laid the remains of eccentric Am-
brose, a singular character, who
dwelt secluded from society, and
spent his time in mathematical re-
searches, and in endeavouring to
find out the longitude, hoping to
gain the reward which the legislature
offered for the discovery. Though
fond of solving the problems of
Euclid, he was by profession a son of
Esculapius, and possessed much me-
dical knowledge, and oft impart-
ed ease to the tortured frames of
those who personally applied to him;
but neither promises nor rewards
could prevail with him to quit his
cottage to visit any of his patients.
Were I to record his eccentricities
they would provoke risibility, which
the seriousness of my subject for-
bids. Therefore shall only observe

that, though strange his life, he lived
not altogether in vain.

'While others joy in dull seclusion find,
Mine be the pleasures of a social mind;
Mine, the soft bliss that waits the nuptial
tie,

And mine the charms of sweet society:
Mine be the philanthropic wish, t' embrace,
In one warm ample fold, the human race.'

Manuscript Poem.

Behind the church, where rest in
obscurity the parish dead, old Wil-
liam, a tippling mechanic, reposes,
who travelled the country an itine-
rant carpenter, contracting debts,
which he never discharged; but,
though folly was a prominent fea-
ture in his character,

'He wisely shunn'd the incumbrance * of
a wife.'

A short time before his death,
being at an ale-house, he said, 'tis
a saying that Church-goers will
swear, Presbyterians will lie, Me-
thodists will cant, and Quakers will
cheat; and I believe I can do a little
of them all.'

He was, however, a favourite
with the youthful tribe, and by mak-
ing their bats and wickets contribut-
ed to their pleasure, by furnishing
them with the means to procure
it.

'For he was one in all their idle sport,
And, like a monarch, rul'd their little court.
The pliant bow he form'd, the flying ball;
The bat, the wicket, were his labours all.'

Being about to retire from the so-
lemn spot, the reflections occasioned
by a review of the last character

* The fair reader, perhaps, will be ready
to call me, and may deem an apology needful,
for my deeming any of her sex an incum-
brance. I grant, and by pleasing experience
I affirm, that a wife is a very desirable actress
in the domestic scene, and well calculated to
add charms to the happy fire-side. But a
poor itinerant pedestrian always finds to his
cost, that a female companion is the most
cumbrous part of his baggage.

gave rise to the following apostrophe.

Gracious Heaven! may I be enabled, by thy assistance, to act an useful honourable part on earth, that, when my body moulders in the darksome tomb, my memory may bloom in the remembrance of my friends and relatives.—

‘Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.’

Haverhill.

ANECDOTE OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

(From Duppa's ‘*Life and Literary Works of Michael Angelo Buonarrotti.*’)

WHEN Michael Angelo pursued his profession in his father's house he produced a statue of a sleeping Cupid that advanced his reputation; and as, at this period, the discoveries of antiquity, which made a new æra in art and literature, were found sometimes to betray the judgment into too great an enthusiasm for those remains, it was suggested to him by a friend of his, one Pier Francesco, that if it could be supposed an antique it would not fail to be equally admired. He adopted the thought, and stained the marble so as to give it the desired appearance; and his friend sent it to Rome, consigned to a proper person to carry on the deception; who after burying it in his vineyard dug it up, and then reported the discovery. The deception completely succeeded, and the statue was bought by cardinal St. Giorgio, for two hundred ducats; of which sum, however, Michael Angelo only received thirty.

The cardinal had not been long in the possession of his new purchase before he was given to understand that he was deceived; and that, instead of its being an antique, it was the work of a modern artist in

Florence. He felt indignant at the imposition, and immediately sent a gentleman of his household to Florence, on purpose to learn the truth. No sooner was Michael Angelo discovered to be the sculptor, than the most flattering commendation was bestowed upon his merit; and he was strongly recommended to visit Rome, as the proper theatre for the exercise of his great talents. As an additional inducement, he was promised to be introduced into the cardinal's service, and given to expect that he would recover the whole sum for which his statue had been sold. Michael Angelo felt these advantages, and without further hesitation returned with the gentleman to Rome. The person who sold the statue was arrested, and obliged to refund the money; but Michael Angelo was not benefited, nor was the cardinal afterward sufficiently complaisant to reward him with encouragement who had been the means of mortifying his pride.

A CHINESE ANECDOTE.

THERE was a certain intendant of a province in China, who, out of regard to a particular friend of his, made him chief justice of the city in which he resided. It happened that the intendant, on a sudden, became inaccessible; and, under pretext of indisposition, would neither do business nor be seen. The chief justice was extremely concerned at this behaviour: he came often to his house, but was denied admittance: at last, however, it was granted him; and, when he entered, he found the intendant in a very melancholy posture. He entreated his friend not to conceal from him the cause of his trouble of mind.

Engraved for the Ladies Magazine.



London Fashionable Afternoon Dress.

For a while the intendant resisted the entreaties of this kind visitant; but at last told him that he had lost the imperial seal out of his cabinet, which yet remained locked, and had no marks of violence upon it; and was thereby disabled from doing any thing, and that he had no hope of recovering this necessary instrument of his office. The chief justice exhorted him to keep up his spirits; and, instead of giving himself up to despair, apply the great abilities he was known to possess in devising some means to recover the seal again. The intendant sighed, and said that was impossible. The chief justice asked him whether he had any potent enemy. 'Yes,' said the intendant; 'the governor of the city bears a strong antipathy to me, because a friend of his missed obtaining the employment I now hold.' 'Very well,' said the chief justice; 'then I have thought of a method to set all this matter right. Cause the most valuable of your effects to be brought into your inner apartment; and, as soon as they are safe, let the outward court of your palace be secretly set on fire. The governor, as it is his duty, will be forced to come to your assistance the moment the fire appears. Deliver to him the cabinet in which the seal was placed. If it was he who caused it to be stolen, he will be glad to restore it; and at all events the blame will lie at his door, not yours.'

The intendant instantly adopted the advice, and carried the scheme he had suggested into execution. The fire drew the governor to the palace, as was expected; the cabinet was delivered to him in a seeming fright; and the next day, when the danger was over, the intendant sending for it again, found the seal replaced. For the governor, finding himself over-reached, wisely compounded, by thus returning the seal,

for the fraud he had committed in procuring it to be stolen. Thus, observes the Chinese chronicle, the firmness, calmness, and consequent presence of mind of the chief justice provided a remedy, when a man of superior abilities, but without constancy and equanimity, resigned all hope, and abandoned himself to despair.

LONDON FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.)

1. A DRESS of jonquil sarsnet or crape; the back made rather high, and the front square: the sleeves puckered, and trimmed with either a fine white lace or trimming to match. Head-dress, a rich lace handkerchief, with a Vandyke border; and the hair fastened with a gilt comb and ornamented with a small sprig or half wreath of artificial flowers in front. White gloves, and jonquil shoes.

2. The child's dress.—A frock of fine French cambric; the sleeves and bosom richly ornamented with work and border to correspond: trowsers of the same, to match.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

THE Eastern style of dressing the hair continues to be very prevalent: the hair is bound and twisted on the forehead in alternate bands and knots, and confined in a similar manner behind in a caul of gold net.

In full dress: worn a round train dress of the finest India muslin, over a white satin slip, ornamented with foil and gold embroidery. The sleeves are full.—For a walking-dress, a

plain round dress of cambric; cossac spencer; cap of lilac twill saraset, ornamented with cords and tassels of the same colour. White or straw-coloured kid gloves; white satin shoes, or shoes the colour of the spencer.

A MORNING WALK

IN SUMMER.

By S. Y.

‘ With quickened step,
Brown Night retires: young Day pours in
apace,
And opens all the lawnly prospect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain’s misty top
Swells on the sight, and brightens with the
dawn.
Blue thro’ the dusk, the smoking currents
shine;
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps, awkward; while along the forest
glade
The wild deer trip, and, often turning, gaze
At early passenger. Music awakes
The native voice of undissembled joy;
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
Rous’d by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd
leaves
His mossy cottage, where with peace he
dwells;
And from the crowded fold in order drives
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.’
THOMSON.

AT an early hour I broke from the hands of Morpheus, and repaired to the fields to participate of the delights which this lovely season afforded. Nought disturbed the stillness of the morn, save the crowing of the village cock, and the gentle roar of some distant rills: the soothing note of Philomel had not totally subsided, but, at intervals, poured her pensive note to the gentle fanning breeze: the sun had now advanced beyond the eastern hill, and it began to grow very warm. I hastened to the side of a little brook, and under the shade of a bending willow I took my seat to enjoy a few minutes in contempla-

tion: as I sat with a book in my hand, watching the clear silver stream, the following lines pressed on my mind: they are, I think, from the pen of *Sotheby*: however, it matters not; they were at that moment conformable to my mind and situation.

‘ I knew a gentle maid: I ne’er shall view
Her like again! and yet the vulgar eye
Might pass the charms I traced regardless by;
For pale her cheek, unmarked with roseate
hue;
Nor beamed from her mild eye a dazzling
glance,
Nor flush’d her nameless graces on the sight;
Yet beauty never woke such pure delight.
Fair was her form, as Dian’s in the dance;
Her voice was music; in her silence dwelt
Expression, every look instinct with thought.
Though oft her mind, by youth to rapture
wrought,
Struck forth wild wit, and fancies ever new,
The lightest touch of woe her soul would
melt:
And on her lips, when gleamed a lingering
smile,
Pity’s warm tear gush’d down her cheek the
while.
Thy like, thou gentle maid! I ne’er shall
view.’

I thus indulged the fond recollection of those past happy moments, which, alas! are never to return. The cooing of a dove, on an adjoining tree, enhanced my pensiveness, and my mind began to grow melancholy. I pictured to myself the dangers I would endure, if, by the endurance, I could but obtain the object of my heart. I think when *Emett* wrote the following lines to *Julia* his misfortunes and his feelings were similar to mine.

‘ A pensive wanderer, compelled to rove
From thy dear converse and enchanting
smiles,
To mitigate the woes of sever’d love,
Thus oft, with fancy’s aid, the time beguiles.
I think I trace my charming *Julia* there,
Where’er the hand of Nature shews a sweet;
And through the seasons, as they mark the
year,
Memorial’s still of all her beauties meet.
The tender graces of the youthful Spring,
The glowing loveliness of Summer mild,
The ripe luxuriance Autumn loves to fling
Abroad, are thine—but oh! through Winter
wild,

Dreary and joyless, all around I see
No emblem but of banishment from thee!

I at length arose, finding I had too far indulged the feelings of my mind, and hastily retiring from the spot, retraced my steps along the fields. The cawing rook, the black-bird and the thrush, and every little songster of the grove, were now alive to harmony, and soon banished from my breast the sad melancholy dullness with which I had been oppressed.

Walking gently on, I met a jolly throng of haymakers, singing as they hastened to their healthful toil.

‘The youths, with short’ning arm and bend-
ing head,
Sweep their bright scythes along the shiver’d
mead.
Three blithesome maids the grassy plunder
shake;
Three drew, with gentle hand, the thrifty
rake;
And three, ’mid carol sweet and jocund tale,
Scatter the breathing verdure to the gale.’

My walk soon took me into a narrow lane, enclosed by two groves of hazel-wood, which afforded a pleasant shade from the heat of the sun. I had not walked far ere I was overtaken by a neat-dressed woman with a donkey and peds, and with them a little boy, apparently about two years old. As she passed me, she uttered, ‘It is very warm, sir.’ ‘Very warm, indeed,’ answered I: ‘and are you going far this road?’ ‘I am going to market, sir,’ she replied, ‘with some asparagus, some eggs, cheese, and butter, which I have in those peds.’—‘Your little boy appears fatigued with his journey.’ ‘Yes, sir,’ she exclaimed, ‘no doubt but he is; he has no sister to assist him now.’ As she uttered this, she shook her hands, and began to weep.—‘Be comforted, good woman,’ said I, ‘and tell me the reason of your sorrow.’—She then wiped away the tears, and taking hold of the little

boy’s hand, as we trudged on, told me the whole of her daughter’s misfortune. ‘Poor Mary, sir, was my first and only girl; and you will not consider me vain if I tell you she was handsome, and had just reached her eighteenth year, when a young man of some respectability paid her his attention, and proposed marriage to her, and at the same time fully acquainted me of his intentions. I, as a mother, anticipated my daughter’s happiness, and hoped all was well;—but, alas! shortly after my fondest hopes were frustrated. A young person of more wealth and note came to reside in our village, and soon the faithless youth advanced, offered his perfidious vows, and promises, and left poor Mary to weep neglected. She, dearest girl! could not endure this cruel treatment: she soon fell into a decline, and died! Here again she wrung her hands, and cried bitterly.’ I walked with them for a considerable distance, and was happy to find at last that I served as an anodyne to alleviate her sorrows.—The following pleasing extract from the ‘Village Scenes,’ will I trust not be ill applied:

‘Unhappy man! what language shall impart
The cruel pangs that wound thy bleeding
heart?

In vain he turns, with eyes of love, to trace
The rose and lily blooming on her face;
And sees the radiance of those orbs expire,
That erst were lighted with celestial fire;
Sees the warm hues of panting life impress’d,
And dire convulsions tear her lab’ring breast;
Feels the weak fluttering pulses sink away,
While Nature struggles in her last decay;
Then a fond look of panting love she cast,
And press’d his hand, and sigh’d, and breath’d
her last.’

Read this and tremble, ye sons of perdition! and forbear to spread a blighting mildew over the fair flourishing gardens of innocence: and you, my gentle readers, plead softly for poor Mary’s fate. Ye

whose hearts overflow with tenderness, and whose gentle bosoms are the seats of pity and compassion, read this, and reflect to what a state your guardless sex are liable; and shun, oh! shun the artful flatterer's wily snares, whose soft insinuating tale so often betrays you, and puts even innocence and all its meek-eyed train to rout. Know that, to gratify a momentary passion, a villain has often made the innocent wretched for life, and distressed a family that had nothing but industry for their protection and honesty for their portion.

'Were you, ye fair, but cautious whom ye trust,
So many of your sex would not in vain
Of broken vows and faithless men complain.'

I cannot help dropping a friendly tear while I reflect to what a sad situation many are brought; their reputation, peace, and happiness gone for ever; lost in the estimation of their friends and acquaintance, deprived of domestic comfort, and at last become a prey to repentance and sorrow. Think, dear readers! how can you pass each lingering hour when corroding thoughts disturb your peaceful moments! Then listen not to the deluding tale of the spoiler man, lest you imbibe the noxious effluvia of a poisonous vapour, which creates dissipation, and ends in sorrow and repentance. How applicable here are the lines of *Young*!

'Self flatter'd, unexperienced, high in hope,
When young, with sanguine hope and streamers gay,
We cut our cable, launch into the world,
And fondly dream each wind and star our friend;
All in some darling enterprise embark'd:
But where is he, can fathom ineffect!

I flatter myself what I have advanced may not be offensive to the mind of any, but rather approved and attended to than neglected and despised: and be assured, the man who approaches you with honorable

views scorns to use the language of romance. He will treat you as a woman of sense who despises flattery, and not as one whom he worships as the idol of the day. Think, then, how unhappy is woman; one false step for ever ruins her: while man, on the contrary, triumphs in his perfidy; and the world countenances the barbarous executioner, while it condemns the innocent victim.

With the following stanzas of Goldsmith I conclude my walk:

'When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds, too late, that men betray;
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?
'The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom—is to die!'

ON DRAMATIC SOLILOQUY.

THOUGH a soliloquy in the perturbation of passion is undoubtedly natural, and indeed not unfrequent in real life, yet Congreve, who has himself penned several good soliloquies, grants, perhaps with more candour than truth, that they are unnatural; and he only pretends to justify them from necessity. This he does in his dedication of the *Double Dealer*, in the following words:—'When a man, in a soliloquy, reasons with himself, and *pros* and *cons*, and weighs all his designs, we ought not to imagine that this man either talks to us or to himself: he is only thinking, and thinking (frequently) such matter as it were inexcusable folly in him to speak. But because we are concealed spectators of the plot in agitation, and the poet finds it necessary to let us know the whole mystery of his contrivance, he is willing to inform us of this person's thoughts, and to that end is forced to make use of the expedient of speech, no other better way being yet invented for the communication of thought.'

POETICAL ESSAYS.

ODE FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1807.

BY HENRY JAMES FYE, ESQ. P. L.

STILL does the trumpet's brazen throat
 Pour forth a martial sound,
 Still do the notes of battle float
 In warlike clangour round;
 Nor rural pipe, nor past'ral lay,
 In peaceful descant hail the day
 To grateful BRITAIN ever dear:
 The thunder of embattled plains,
 And shouting conquest's choral strains,
 Burst on the list'ning ear.

Yet while Bellona's iron car
 Whirls o'er th' ensanguin'd plains,
 'Mid Hyperborean climes afar
 Stern war terrific reigns;
 While, with colossal power endow'd,
 The ruthless minister of blood
 Calls to his scatter'd naval host—
 'Go forth, and bid the bolts of fate
 On Britain's trembling harbours wait,
 Shut commerce from her coast.'

Behold, the sov'reign queen of isles,
 The empress of the waves,
 Meeting the vaunt with scornful smiles,
 The empty menace braves;
 And see on Pluto's sea-broad stream
 Her banners wave, her bright arms gleam;
 While, ploughing seas of classic fame,
 Nile yields once more to Albion's pow'rs,
 And Alexandria veils her tow'rs
 To GEORGE's mightier name.

Firm are the sons that Britain leads
 To combat on the main,
 And firm her hardy race that treads
 In steady march the plain.
 And proudly may her bards record
 The victor arm, the victor sword,
 That drives the foe from ocean's tide;
 And loudly too, with fond acclaim,
 Chant trophi'd Maids's deathless fame
 With military pride.

Be hush'd awhile each ruder sound,
 While Britain's grateful voice
 Bids all her echoing vales resound
 The monarch of her choice.
 Though round the tyrant's hated throne
 Arm'd legions form an iron zone,
 They cannot blunt guilt's scorpion sting;
 While virtue's sacred shield is spread
 O'er GEORGE's heav'n protected head—
 The Parent and the King.

STANZA

*From an unfinished Poem, on the Influence
 of Fiction.*

BY W. M. T.—

SWEET child of fancy! Fiction! thou hast
 pow'r
 To move each various passion which we
 know;
 Canst bid the brow with imag'd sorrows
 low'r,
 Canst make the breast with imag'd plea-
 sures glow.
 At thy command the tears of pity flow,
 Or haggard terror 'palls the drooping soul;
 Yet still we listen to thy tale of woe
 With anxious ear; we court thy wild con-
 trol,
 And hail thee deck'd as mirth, or wrapt
 in mis'ry's stole!

SONNET.

BY W. M. T.—

GRANT me, kind Heav'n! 'tis all I now
 desire,
 A still retreat far from the noisy throng;
 Where, unmolested, I may strike the lyre,
 And form my rude and early warbled
 songs.

Safe from detraction's venom-pointed
tongue,
Free from the thoughts ambition's vot'ries
fire,
Where calmly wandering, the woods
among,
From the world's joyless scenes I may
retire!
—These are the dreams of hope—but ah!
they fade
Swift, at the touch of stern reality;
And soon again do life's dull cares invade,
Its heart-corroding thoughts, and misery.
O p e a s i n g dreams, by fancy's pow'r ye're
made,
And false as sun-beams in a wintry sky!

YOUNG EGBERT AND GAY
ROSABELL.

A MODERN LEGENDARY BALLAD.
By W. M. T.—

—They whose sight 'such dreary dreams
engross,
With their own visions oft astonish'd droop.'

COLLINS.

'O WHY are the halls of yon castle laid
waste?

And why moulder its turrets of stone?
For warder a fairer sure never hath grac'd,
This wild heath with moss over-grown.'

'O stranger, O stranger,' the warder replied
'This castle, by magical spell,
Now moulders, to punish the falsehood and
pride
Of its lady, the gay Rosabell.'

'And who,' cried the stranger, 'was gay
Rosabell,
Who thus feels for her falsehood and
pride?

And how, by the power of magical spell,
Are the castle's fair turrets destroy'd?'

'O stranger, the gay Rosabell was a maid,
Than whom fairer none ever was seen;
For the soft smile of love round her lips
sweetly play'd,
And languish'd her lovely blue een:

'And dearly young Egbert he lov'd Rosabell,
Who as dearly his love did return;
And oft on her beauties enraptur'd he'd
dwell,
Whilst with transport his bosom would
burn.

'One night o'er the turrets the wind shrilly
howl'd,
And the light'ning gleam'd vivid around,
And hoarse on their hinges the castle-doors
rol'd,
And dire was the night-raven's sound.

'The bell of yon convent toll'd dismal and
sad,
And many a spectre was seen

With chalky-white cheek, in a winding-
sheet clad,
To wander with fiends o'er the green.

'Twas dark as the womb of the grave, save
when shed
The moon thro' a black cloud its ray;
Or glimmer'd where fed*, on the limbs of
the dead,
The blood-hound and wild-dog so grey.

'Twas, O stranger! a night that might strike
with affright
The soul of the warrior most bold;
But Egbert sate clasping his damsel so
bright,
Whilst heedless the tempest-fiend howl'd.

'Where yet stands yon window the lovers
were plac'd,
And thus Egbert in extacy cried,
Whilst he press'd in his arms the fair
Rosabell's waist,
"O when shall I call thee my bride!"

"O tell me, fair maid, when thou'lt be my
dear bride;
O bless me, and name the bright day;
For the moments of transport are few, but
its tide
Flows swiftly, too swiftly away."

"O press me not, Egbert, nor think that I'm
cold,"
Thus answer'd the gay Rosabell,
"That yet from thy wishes my hand I
withold;—
How I love thee, God only can tell!"

"And I call on that God that I now speak the
truth,
That I never lov'd any but you:
Nor the riches of age, nor the beauty of youth,
Shall make me to Egbert untrue.

"I swear by that God, that none e'er on this
breast
Hath imprinted the kisses of love;
I swear by that God that no youth ever
press'd
These lips with the transports of love.

"I swear by that God"—Cried a voice, "O
forbear!"
The maid turn'd in terror around;
When lo! on her neck, with a hideous stare,
A spectre his grisly arms bound.

'His lips they were black, and his cheeks they
were white,
And his eyes they were yellow as gold;
And cover'd with gore was the breast of the
sprite,
Thro' which you his heart might behold.

* It is scarce necessary to observe, that these
and the subsequent variations in the stanza
are common with the ancient ballad-writers
and their imitators.

“His heart it was pierc’d, yet in agony beat,
And wide gap’d his throat with a wound;
And his fetid breath fill’d, with a feverish
heat,
The rooms of the castle around.

“O Rosabell, Rosabell,” murmur’d the
sprite,

“When I left you to seek Palestine,
You gave me such kisses of rapt’rous
delight,
And swore you would ever be mine.

“O Rosabell, Rosabell! then too you call’d
On that God for to witness your truth,
And swore none e’er printed his kiss on your
breast,
And swore by none other your lips had been
press’d,

Nor by warrior, by eld, nor by youth;

“And you call’d on that God, that, if false to
your vows,
You might ne’er to the altar be led,
But clasp in your arms some grim corpse for
your spouse,
And your bed be the bed of the dead.

“Now Rosabell, Rosabell, false are your vows,
And you’ll ne’er to the altar be led,
But clasp in your arms my grim corpse for your
spouse,
And your bed be the bed of the dead.

“I sought Palestine, in the battle was slain,
But, Rosabell, you knew it not;
But was struck with the riches and glitter so
vain.
Of Egbert the lovely, the wealthy young
swain,
And your vows to a warrior forgot.

“Then come to your bed, to the bed of the
dead,
And clasp in your arms my grim corpse:
You shall eat at your wedding the penitent’s
bread,
And drink of the cup of remorse.”

“The grey cock crow’d, away he strode,
And Rosabell ne’er was seen more:
Young Egbert he left not the dreary abode,
But senseless he sunk on the floor.

“The morning broke, the youth awoke,
“O Rosabell!” faintly he cried,

“With ghastly look, the fiend has took
My lovely, lovely bride.”

“Long was he sad, and then grew mad,
And then young Egbert he died;
Since when each e’en, by hands unseen,
‘This castle has been destroy’d.’

“O warden, warden,” the stranger cried,
“Tis a deadly tale you tell;
And long shall I think on this castle destroy’d,
To punish the falsehood, to punish the pride
Of his lady, the gay Rosabell.”

The incidents of the above ballad, which
are similar to Mr. Lewis’s Alonzo and Imo-
gene, are taken from a tale related in my nar-

ODE

TO AMBITION.

By W. M. T.—

HENCE Ambition! demon, hence!
O’er me thou hast no pow’r;
Hence then, nor tempt me! demon, hence!
Thy charms are little recompence
For many a troubled hour.

Too well I know the wily art
With which thou chain’st the youthful heart,
And tempt’st to tread thy thorny ways;
I know as false thy prospects glare
As flits the meteor through the air,
With quick and transient blaze.

When Splendour ’midst thy throng unfurls
Her gaudy banner to the wind;
And Honour, pointing to thy sky-crown’d
steep,
Maddens with potent spells the brain;
They see not where, in Mis’ry’s chasm deep,
Her victim Disappointment hurls;
They see not, past thy noisy train,
Despair and Frenzy lurk behind!

Thou bidst the hero’s breast with ardour
glow,
And onward press unknown to fear,
Unknown to Pity’s trembling tear;
Seeking thy path thro’ hosts of slain,
And bounding o’er the gory plain,
As Glory calls him still pursuing,
Callous to tender Mercy’s suing,
Onward still thou bidst him steer;
Till, staid amid his bold career,
He falls—he groans—and sinks beneath the
deadly blow.

Prompted by thee the tyrant grasps at pow’r,
Nor hears his suff’ring country’s moans,
Nor hears the thousand thousand groans
Which bid him liberty restore;
Faction’s clam’rous, troubled band,
And dire Oppression blast the land,—
Till Justice hears the nation’s cries,
And ’neath her lifted axe the mighty felon
dies.

For thee the poet wastes his youth
Amid the night’s chill gloom;
For thee he scorns the listless joys
Which laughing Pleasure’s vot’ries prize,
And seeks to triumph o’er the tomb;
But sh! he feels the freezing hand
Of proud Contempt—his hopes disperse,
And Penury’s haggard spectre-band
His tender bosom pierce:—
See his fiery eye-balls roll!
Frenzy marks him for her own;—
Now, sunk in grief, his noble soul
Mourns each fond vision down:—

give county. Such tales of terror are perhaps
ridiculous; but they have their admirers, and
to these it is inscribed.

W. M. T.

And now dark Melancholy wears his frame;
In deep despondency he sinks,
And owns no more 'the magic of a name.'

Hence then, Ambition! demon, hence!
Haunt no more my humble bow'r;
Too well I know thy phantoms lead
To many a troubled hour!

NIGHT.

SOFT Night, with mysteries replete,
Now sheds her silent tears;
And Contemplation holds her seat
Amid the starry spheres.

Pale Cynthia sheds her lunar beam,
A mild and friendly ray;
And on the gently-gliding stream
Diffuses mimic day.

While, peeping from the blue expanse,
Each star puts forth its light;
Whose soft'ning radiance doth enhance
The beauties of the night.

Kind sleep now soothes the wearied breast,
And ev'ry breeze is still;
Old Boreas too is lull'd to rest
Behind the northern hill.

Bold Fancy has her flight begun
With airy pinions spread;
And Meditation wanders on,
By god-like Reason led.

While I behold the beauteous scene,
What wonders meet my eyes;
Whether I scrutinise the plain,
Or read the ample skies.

Struck with surprise at ev'ry view,
How pleas'd am I to find,
At ev'ry turn, still something new
To gratify the mind.

Thus Nature's mysteries to trace
Surely old Time beguiles;
For lo! Aurora shows her face,
The rosy morning smiles.

Bright Phœbus darts his infant ray
Across the silvery plain;
And hark! the harbinger of day
Begins his matin strain.

The morning zephyr fans the rose
With dew-damp lustre fraught;—
And now the god of soft repose
Invites me to my cot.

Musborough.

VERSES

ADDRESSED BY

A LADY TO HER HUSBAND.

HOW slowly pass the tedious hours,
The youth I love away;
How eager pants this anxious heart,
To hail the joyous day,

When, freed from each abstracting care,
My Charles shall hither speed,
To her who shares his fondest love,
Of all her hopes the meed.

If love, the purest love, can bless,
In this our mortal state,
Serenely shall each moment pass,
And happy be our fate.

Ah! then, my love, detraction's tongue,
To you no prongs should give:
This grateful heart is all your own,
Secure of yours I live.

Malice shall all her arts employ
In vain to injure me:
Still pow'rless will her arrows fall;
They rob me not of thee.

MARIA.

A SUMMER'S DAY.

HOW sweet to rove at early morn,
To scent the balmy gale,
To view the blossoms on the thorn,
And tread the flow'ry vale.

When the sweet songsters of the grove
Their matin hymns prepare,
Which, tun'd to gratitude and love,
Their Maker's pow'r declare.

Yet still the joys which then I prove
Would lose their art to charm,
Did not the generous youth I love
Lean fondly on my arm.

So blest, I know not any care,
Nor sorrow—but by name:
The fondest and the happiest pair—
Our pleasures all the same.

Sometimes, beside the babbling brook,
We lure the finny tribe.
I first prepare the dang'rous hook,
And Florio throws the bribe.

At eve, together still, we rove
The nightingale to hear,
Who sweetly chants the notes of love,
So tremulously clear.

In sports like these we pass the day,
When zephyrs softly blow.
Our lives are innocent and gay:
May they be ever so!

MARIA.

T. J.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Constantinople, April 11.

ON the 5th the capitan pacha sailed with his whole fleet, which has hitherto laid at anchor near the Seven Towers, for the Dardanelles. This fleet has on board a corps of chosen troops. The capitan pacha, a brave and experienced man, has positive orders from the Porte to attack the Russian fleet, which has, at present, only a few English ships of war with it. We therefore hourly expect advice of a sea engagement.

13. The grand vizier left this city on the 7th to repair to the Danube. He is to be followed by all the troops here. The Russians took upon them to detain the new Prussian envoy, baron Pilsach, some time at Bucharest. This minister has since arrived here by way of Widdin.

Turkish Frontier, April 20. It is reported that, as soon as the new pacha of Widdin, the successor of Paswan Oglou, heard that the pacha Sulcimann had been killed by the Servians, after his departure from Belgrade, he ordered all the Christians of Widdin, about 3000 in number, to be murdered.

Konigsberg, May 5. The emperor of Russia, and the king of Prussia, after having spent a week at Georgenbourg (on the frontiers of New Eastern Prussia), have returned to Memel. The two monarchs reviewed all the troops of the new levy, which, by the route of Lithuania, are assembled in the environs of Byalystock. The emperor Alexander, who has already visited our city, is expected again here, where he has been preceded by his field equipage. During his stay at Georgenbourg and Memel, it was remarked that he shewed a particular preference for the

Prussian minister, baron Hardenberg; and it is believed this marked preference not a little contributed to procure for that minister the port-folio for foreign affairs. The emperor Alexander, it is said, has condescended to consult him in every thing; and this confidence has been carried to such a degree as seriously to disquiet the Russian minister baron Budberg, who is at this moment at Konigsberg.

According to every appearance, it seems certain that the first movement of the Russian and Prussian armies will have for its object the deliverance of the two fortresses of Dantzic and Graudentz. According to all accounts received here, the French army is also ready to put itself in motion, and waits only the signal for attack. A great battle appears inevitable, and very near.

Vienna, May 9. The marching of troops, which has lately taken place, is a natural consequence of the changing of quarters throughout the army.

The Court Gazette of this day contains the following article from Turkey:—

Elfi Bey, the known Mameluke chief, died suddenly, on the 30th of January, on his journey between Damanhoura and Mahsur.

His majesty is expected back from Ofen at Vienna, without taking a certain journey that had been spoken of.

Rostock, May 11. We are in great want of English and colonial goods, particularly coffee and sugar, which would find a ready sale provided the supply was not too abundant at once, for the scarcity of cash is every day more and more felt. At Weimar trade is completely at a stand.

Warsaw, May 12. The grand army forms an uninterrupted line of 70 leagues, from Braunsberg, on the Baltic, to the Narew.

General Hutchinson is at Bartenstein, with the emperor of Russia and king of Prussia.

Berlin, May 13. The courier Cretet, who arrived here yesterday from the head quarters, has brought intelligence that his majesty the emperor of the French was on the 8th instant at Elbing, where he reviewed on that day 18,000 cavalry, making part of the corps of his imperial highness the grand duke of Berg.

On the right bank of the Vistula below Dantzic there is a canal which forms an island. This was defended by 1000 Russians. The French attacked the island, 400 Russians were killed, and 600 made prisoners; all the redoubts were taken, and seventeen pieces of cannon.

The French have made a lodgment in the covered way of Dantzic. The siege of that city proceeds with all the success that can be expected.

Copenhagen, May 16. The emperor of Russia and the king of Prussia, according to advices from East Prussia, were on the 4th of May at Bartenstein, where general Hutchinson likewise was.

General Ruchel, who has received another appointment, is succeeded in the government of Konigsberg by general Lestocq. General Blucher has received the command of the Prussian troops.

Schwerin, May 17. The reports of a rupture of the armistice concluded between marshal Mortier and baron Von Essen, which were circulated in consequence of the arrival of the king of Sweden at Stralsund, were entirely unfounded. His majesty has given baron Von Essen the most honourable proofs of his satisfaction with his conduct relative to the late events in Pomerania, as he alighted at his quarters, and presented him with the grand cross of the order of the sword.

The king of Sweden has left Malmoe, and is already arrived at Stralsund. It is said that 6000 Prussians and 10,000 Russians will land there, and that his majesty will take the com-

mand of these troops, general Ruchel commanding under him.

Augsburg, May 18. We expect here to-morrow the French horse chasseurs and cuirassiers: they will be followed by the Spanish regiment of Guadalaxara, and several other regiments. So much has been said lately of negotiations, and the reports which have been circulated are so contradictory, that it is difficult to know what to believe. It is, however, generally believed that the negotiations are not so far advanced as was believed. They say, that the emperor Napoleon, always anxious to employ all the means in his power to prevent the effusion of blood, had proposed peace to the emperor of Russia and the king of Prussia on very moderate terms; that the two sovereigns replied, that they were ready to treat, but that their connections with Great Britain and Sweden did not permit them to act without the participation of those courts. It is said, that France did not oppose this proposition, declaring that she wished for a general peace. The principle of compensations was then proposed as the basis of peace. All these propositions have been communicated to the courts of London and Stockholm, but their answers have not yet been received. The letters from Poland say, that these communications have been made through the medium of aides-de-camp, but that no diplomatic conferences have yet taken place. Baron St. Vincent, who represents the sovereign whose mediation has been accepted, had been made acquainted with what has passed; but it is feared that the intrigues of the English minister will frustrate the efforts of the friends of humanity.

Warsaw, May 25. The Russians have passed the Narew at several points, and attacked some of our cantonments on the right bank, which, in consequence of their distance from each other, were unable to withstand the mass that pressed upon them. The enemy had, besides the Cossacks, who are better exercised than ever, and several squadrons of regular cavalry, 1500 infantry, and eight pieces of cannon. At first they drove in several of our outposts, and

massacred those they took by surprise. Fourteen soldiers of the eighty-eighth were surrounded in a small intrenchment, and chose rather to lose their lives to a man than surrender. Not one of them survived. A company of grenadiers, of the sixty-fourth, being attacked by the Russians, the commandant of the latter, inflated with his superior numbers, advanced with a look of contempt, and ordered the French captain to surrender, when the latter, seizing a musket, levelled, and shot him dead, exclaiming 'This is the way a Frenchman surrenders.' Three battalions came to the assistance of this brave company, defeated the Russians, and pursued them sword in hand. The latter, besides, their wounded, left 150 dead upon the ground. The French lost only 60 men, and several Cossacks were drowned in the Narew.

Marshal Massena, as we learn, has obtained a signal advantage over the enemy, but we have not yet received the details. It seems the whole army is in motion.

Yesterday there was a report that the Russians had made an attack upon the whole line of the right wing under marshal Massena, but were repulsed with considerable loss. The fifth corps of the army continued in pursuit of the Russians; and marshal Massena had given orders, for the purpose of accelerating the march of the army, that all the baggage and disposable articles should be sent into the rear.

Berlin, May 26. Yesterday official accounts were received here from the imperial head-quarters at Finkenstein, stating that at the moment an assault was ready to be made upon the Hackenberg, the city of Dantzic made proposals to capitulate: it is therefore probable that the French troops are now in possession of Dantzic.

The same letters mention the capture of a fine English corvette, but as they refer to other accounts not yet received, it is not possible to say at present how that corvette fell into the hands of the French. We however can assure our readers, that there is no doubt that it has been taken.

Paris, May 27. The English cruise constantly before Flushing; but prepa-

rations are made to receive them, should they make an attempt upon the island of Walcheren. General Monnet has a camp at West Cappel.

28. We learn from Bourdeaux that there is an extraordinary activity at that port. The administration has ordered all the vessels there of from 300 to 700 tons to be sheathed with copper. Naval officers have arrived to hasten the preparations. Our correspondent at Bourdeaux also writes that there is the same activity at Nantes. Many conjectures are formed, he adds, but no one can flatter himself with having divined the object of these movements. This however is certain, that they are labouring briskly in our dock-yards, and our hopes are directed to the sea.

Hamburg, May 30. Advice has this moment been received by an extraordinary courier, that Dantzic capitulated on the 26th instant.

The want of ammunition and provisions compelled the garrison to propose terms of capitulation. It was supposed that the Russian and Prussian army would have made some attempt to prevent the fall of Dantzic, but no other attacks seem to have been made upon the enemy than those partial ones on the 16th and 18th at Weichselmunde.

Berlin, May 30. By letters from Trieste of the 12th, it is stated that the English at Alexandria are under great embarrassments. The Porte, immediately after admiral Duckworth's retreat, had ordered considerable detachments of troops to march from Syria to Egypt, to oppose the landing of the English; but though they were too late for this service, it is believed the English will not receive reinforcements from Malta and Sicily in time to oppose the force collecting against them. The death of Elî Bey is a serious loss to the English; and what must increase their embarrassment is, the intelligence brought by an eye-witness, that the regiment of emigrants at Malta was in a state of insurrection, having fought several days with the rest of the troops; nor were the insurgents reduced when this deponent left the island.

HOME NEWS.

London, May 26.

LAST night, some daring villains who infest St. Giles's, attempted to rob a waggon as it was passing through Broad-street, and in endeavouring to apprehend them, a watchman, and two respectable young men were wounded, so that their lives are despaired of.

Brentford, May 26. The election for Middlesex finally closed this day. At about ten minutes past three the poll was closed, and the total number for each candidate shortly afterwards declared to stand thus :—

For Mr. Mellish. . . . 2706
Mr. Byng 2368
Sir C. Baynes. . . . 1252

Whereupon Mr. Sayers declared, in the usual form, the decision of the sheriffs, that William Mellish, esq. and George Byng, esq. were duly elected.

Plymouth, May 30. Went down into Cawsand Bay, the *Foudroyant*, of 84 guns, rear-admiral Bertie; she will be off in a few days on a cruise to the westward. The *San Josef*, of 110 guns, is stripping in Hamo-ze, for the purpose of being either sent into dock to be immediately repaired, or for the present laid up in ordinary till a dock is vacant; her ship's company will be sent on board the *Ville de Paris*, of 110 guns, just commissioned to receive admiral lord Gardiner's flag. Captain Bedford is appointed to the command of her, and the captain-commandant of the *San Josef* is appointed to the *Hibernia*, of 110 guns, now in Cawsand Bay, she is to receive the flag of vice-admiral sir J. Saumarez, K. B. now in the *Prince of Wales*, off Brest. Passed by the *Diana*

frigate to the westward. She made her number to the signal-post, and went on for the West Indies.

London, June 1. On Saturday morning, at seven o'clock, a fire broke out in the still-house of Messrs. Swaine and Minet, distillers, at Holborn-bridge. It appears to have arisen from the still having been over-boiled; the head flew off; and the fire by some means caught a vessel of spirits, containing about 140 gallons, which suddenly exploded. The staves were blown through the roof, which was completely shattered, fortunately avoiding the backs, in which were large quantities of spirits. If the contrary had been the case, there is no calculating on the probable damage. Three persons were materially hurt: the distiller was severely burnt and scalded: two others were much cut by the falling of the staves in the fiery state they were in, and one of them will, in all probability, lose his left leg. The engines, aided by the efforts of the volunteer corps, confined the damage to 800*l.* The explosion was so great, that all the windows, from the Swan-yard to the end of Field-lane, were shivered.

2. Every day produces stronger indications of an expedition, but as yet none of the troops in the Kent district have received orders to embark; in the mean time transports are assembling at various points; there were sixty on Saturday at Deptford, several of which were dropping down the river. At the Little Nore thirty are already assembled, fitted for troops and stores, and we hear that 100 colliers are immediately to be taken up for a similar service.

On Friday last thirty-two sail of transports, having on board some battalions of the king's German legion, sailed from Cove, for Portsmouth, under convoy of his majesty's brig *Seagull*, captain Cartwright, and *Wrangler* gun-brig.

June 3. A cartel arrived at Portsmouth yesterday from France. It brought over captain Woodriff, late of his majesty's ship *Calcutta*, which was taken in the year 1804, on her passage with convoy from St. Helena, by the *Rockfort* squadron, after a most determined resistance. We have not heard that the cartel has brought any news.

Dublin, June 1. On Thursday last, at two o'clock, a meeting took place near Wexford between Mr. Alcock and Mr. Colclough, candidates for that county, when, on the first fire, the latter received a shot through the heart, which instantly deprived him of existence! The origin of this fatal dispute, we understand, was in consequence of the deceased procuring the tenants of a lady, who supported the interest of Mr. Alcock, to vote against him.

On Saturday last, at two in the afternoon, Charles Cole and Richard Lane, esqrs. sheriffs of the city of Cork, waited upon his grace the duke of Richmond, to whom they presented an address from the mayor, sheriffs, and common council, as well as the freedom of the city of Cork, in a gold box. His grace was pleased to express his sentiments upon this occasion in an appropriate answer. Sir Arthur Wellesley, was also presented with the freedom of the same city in a silver box.

York. June 4. A duel took place on Monday morning last, a few miles from York, between Mr. Mellish, of that county, and the hon. Martin Hawke, in which Mr. Mellish was wounded; but, it is understood, not dangerously. They are both in the interest of lord Milton. Sir Thomas Gascoyne's son was second to Mr. Hawke; and Mr. Lee to Mr. Mellish.

5. This being the fifteenth day of the poll for this county, and the last day allowed for the poll, it finally closed, when the numbers were,

Mr. Wilberforce - - 11,806

Lord Milton - - - 11,170

Hon H. Lascelles - - 10,989

The high sheriff, after stating the total numbers for each candidate, declared W. Wilberforce, esq. and the right hon. lord Milton duly elected to represent this county in the ensuing parliament.

Lord Milton was then chaired in the usual manner round the castle-yard, and through some of the principal streets of this city, accompanied by a most numerous body of his friends, in which he received the hearty and free acclamations of many thousands of freeholders and citizens.

Mr. Wilberforce's illness prevented his appearing on the hustings, consequently the ceremony of chairing, on his part, was dispensed with.

Thus terminated the above arduous struggle; a struggle, by all the candidates and their friends, of such strength and perseverance, as has never, at any period, been equalled at any county-election in the kingdom. Indeed, the great exertions put in force are not to be wondered at, when it is to be considered, that the representation of this extensive, populous, rich, and independent county of York, great in her manufactures, was to be the high reward of two of the candidates.

Nothing, since the days of the revolution, has ever presented to the world such a scene as has been, for fifteen days and nights, passing within this great county. Repose or rest have been unknown in it, except it was seen in a messenger, totally worn out, asleep upon his post-horse, or on his carriage. Every day the roads, in every direction, and to and from every remote corner of the county, have been covered with vehicles loaded with voters; and barouches, curricles, gigs, flying waggons, military cars, with eight horses to them, crowded sometimes with forty voters, have been scouring the country, leaving not the smallest chance for the quiet traveller to urge his humble journey, or find a chair at an inn to sit down upon.

The Stratford jubilee was only a miniature picture of it. It is reckoned that, one day with another, about eight horses a day were found dead upon the

different roads. And every house, every room, every bed in York, by an incessant change of voters, at the rate of about two thousand a day, created a consumption of provisions that might have otherwise served this city for twelve months.

Lynn, June 6. A person of promising circumstance and respectable connections in life, on Monday se'nnight decoyed a girl only twelve years of age into a barn at Terrington, near Lynn, and committed a rape upon her person. The girl, when the offender accosted her, was dibbling potatoes in a field, with several other persons, who were under his orders, and to whom, as soon as released, she complained of the treatment she had received. A warrant for the apprehension of the ravisher was soon after procured; in consequence of which he absconded: but being pursued, was traced to Stamford about eleven o'clock on Thursday night. Here he took the Nelson coach, and proceeded into the north. The party in quest of him, set off after him, and about eight o'clock on Friday morning found him at breakfast at Markham Moor. Being apprehended, he acknowledged the offence with which he was charged, and said that he did not mean to evade justice, but intended, after having been into Cumberland to see his wife and three children, who were then residing there, to have returned into Norfolk to take his trial. After talking rationally and collectedly for a few minutes, he requested permission to go into the garden, which was granted, and he returned. Complaining of indisposition, he begged to retire a second time, which was permitted; but he had not been absent above two minutes, when the report of a pistol attracted attention, and the miserable man was found to have blown his brains out.—A coroner's inquest sat on his body on Saturday, and returned a verdict—*felo de se*. He was immediately buried in the cross-road near Markham Moor.

London, June 6. On Thursday night, between ten and eleven o'clock, as a gentleman was crossing Piccadilly, near the corner of Bond-street, a chariot driving furiously along knocked him

down, and the carriage went over his body. He was taken to Mr. Grange's, the fruiterer's, near the spot, where he expired in about ten minutes. The coachman escaped with very little observation of the spectators than can lead to a discovery. All that was observed was, that he had on a white livery, that there were three lamps in front of the carriage, and two females in it, apparently servants. The deceased proves to be a Mr. Lovenell, a gentleman of considerable property.

10. A serious affray took place on Sunday afternoon in St. James's market. Two or three Irishmen who were passing having been ridiculed by some butchers, retorted the abuse, and blows ensued. A great number came up to the assistance of each party, some of whom were armed with whatever articles they could catch up at the moment. The contest lasted about three quarters of an hour, until each party were so beaten that they were obliged to consent to a cessation of hostilities. Upwards of twenty were taken home dangerously wounded, and eight with fractures and broken limbs were taken to the Middlesex hospital.

11. Dispatches were received from Egypt this morning, with disastrous intelligence from the British troops in that quarter.

An expedition was sent from Alexandria to take possession of Rosetra. When the troops arrived in the town, where no opposition was expected, they found troops posted every where, and every house almost a fortified place, from which a galling and incessant fire was poured upon them. Retreat from the town was rendered necessary—they retreated into the plain, and prepared for battle. The Turks, superior in numbers, (infinitely superior they must have been to have gained any advantage over British troops!) attacked them, and after a dreadful conflict, it is with regret we add, our troops were forced to retire. Our loss is said to have amounted to 1400 men. The remainder of our troops are pent up in Alexandria.

Dover, June 12. A few days back a remarkable circumstance occurred near this town, in which the hand of

Providence seems particularly to have interposed. Two girls, one of whom had the care of a child, went for a walk with it on the heights, at the back of the town, when, imprudently setting it down near the edge of the cliff, and going a small distance from the spot, the child, in attempting to rise, and the ground being on the decline, rolled over; no assistance of course, on their part, could be rendered, as the cliff was nearly perpendicular, with very little growing on it. However, on their going round, which was a great distance, they discovered the child suspended by its clothes hanging to a shrub which grew out of the cliff, from whence it was with great difficulty liberated, without receiving any injury.

London, June 19. Yesterday morning a very extraordinary and singular event took place in Fleet-street, which was attended with serious consequences. About ten o'clock, whilst the street was thronged with passengers, a man, passing along, fired off a pistol. The ball, as appears from circumstances, must have taken an oblique direction, for in its passage it grazed the forehead of a lady, who happened to be passing at the time, and thence passed through the top window of Mr. Davison's shop, and coming in contact with some hard substance, fell to the ground, and was picked up by the shopman. The lady immediately on receiving the shot fell to the ground, and was taken up quite senseless. It was found, however, that the ball had not penetrated deeply, and there are great hopes of the lady's recovery. After having the wound dressed, she was taken home in a coach to her residence in Hatton Garden. It does not appear that the lady had any acquaintance with the man who committed the rash act. What appears most remarkable, is, that the pistol was fired with so much secrecy and caution, that no person passing at the time perceived in what manner it was done. From the best consideration it is supposed that the man intended to shoot himself, and for that purpose had placed the pistol in a slanting direction at his head; but missing his aim, the ball had passed on one side, and struck the lady, who was un-

luckily passing. The man, after the accident, walked away with the utmost composure, until he was seized by Mr. March, a very active officer, in Fleet-street, near St. Dunstan's church. On his being interrogated, he would give no account of the transaction. The poor man had every appearance of being a lunatic.

BIRTHS.

May 21. At her house in Thayer-street, Manchester-square, the duchess De Castries, of a son.

At his house in Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square, the lady of Samuel Bosanquet, esq. of a son.

24. At his house in Portland-place, the lady of Robert Lang, esq. of a daughter.

At his house in Clarges-street, the lady of William Agar, esq. of a son.

At his house in Somerset-street, the lady of Francis James Jackson, esq. of a son.

23. At Southampton, the lady of Thomas Osborne, esq. of a daughter.

June 3. In Hill-street, Berkley-square, the lady of Thomas Read Kemp, esq. of a daughter.

10. At his house in Manchester-street, the lady of major-general sir George Brathwaite Boughton, of a daughter.

11. At the parsonage, Hampton, the lady of the rev. T. Morgan of a daughter.

15. In Holles-street, Cavendish-square, the lady of sir George H. Barlow, bart. of a son.

MARRIAGES.

May 20. At Ackworth church, John Harward Jessop, esq. of Doory, in the county of Longford, to Mrs. Solly, of Ackworth Park, Yorkshire.

25. At St. Ann's church, Philip Barrington Ainslie, esq. youngest son of the late sir Philip Ainslie, esq. of Pilton, to miss Bridget Corrie, daughter of Edgar Corrie, esq.

June 3. At Newington church, capt. Fotheringham, of the corps of engineers

in the honourable East-India company's service, to miss Robertson, eldest daughter of the late James Robertson, esq. of Thro. morton-street.

4. At St. George's, Hanover-square, sir John Shelley, bart. to miss Winchley, daughter and sole heiress of the late Thomas Winchley, esq.

Richard Chambers, esq. of Ely Place, to Harriet, third daughter of John Newman, esq. of Skinner-street.

9. At St. George's, Hanover-square, John Barnard Hankey, esq. of Fetcham Park, Surrey, to the hon. Elizabeth Blaquiere, second daughter of the right hon. lord De Blaquiere.

11. At Mary-le-bonnechurch, colonel Elford, to miss Lownds, only daughter and heiress of the late W. Lownds, esq. of Upper Clapton.

At St James's church, John Thornton, esq. eldest son of Samuel Thornton, esq. M. P. for the county of Surrey, to miss Eliza Parry, second daughter of Edward Parry, esq. chairman of the East-India company.

13. At Middlewich, Cheshire, by the rev. W. H. Heron, Philip Heacock, esq. of Buxton, Derbyshire, to Ann, eldest daughter of John Braband, esq. of the former place.

20. At St. Martin's church, Daniel Collyer, esq. of Gray's Inn, to miss Sarah Duff, the third and youngest daughter of the hon. Alexander Duff, and niece to the earl of Fife, and to George Skene, of Skene, esq.

DEATHS.

On the 27th of April last, at Paris, in the 85th year of her age, the right hon. lady Anastasia Stafford Howard, baroness of Stafford, only surviving daughter and heir of William, earl of Stafford, who died in 1734. She was sole heir of the body of sir William Howard viscount Stafford, the only married younger son of the present duke of Norfolk's ancestor, Thomas Howard earl of Arundel. She was also sole heir of the body of that viscount's wife, Mary Stafford, baroness of Stafford, and through her, sole heir of the body of Edward the last Stafford duke of Buckingham, hereditary lord high constable of Eng-

land, who was sole heir of the body of king Edward the Third's youngest son, Thomas Plantagenet, of Woodstock; duke of Gloucester, and of his wife lady Eleanor Bohun, eldest daughter and coheir of the last Humphrey Bohun; earl of Hereford, Essex, and Northampton, and lord high constable of England; and whose younger sister was wife of king Henry the IVth, but from whose body there was an entire failure of issue on the death of her grandson king Henry the Vth. Notwithstanding the accumulation of Plantagenet Bohun, and Stafford heirship, which became centered in lady Anastasia Stafford Howard, she was disabled by the attainder of her ancestor, the last Stafford duke of Buckingham, in the reign of king Henry the VIIth from possessing any of the family dignities, except the Stafford barony. She died without having ever been married. Her heir is sir William Jerningham, baronet, whose grandmother was sister of the abovementioned William earl of Stafford.

May 25. At Twickenham, in the 75th year of his age, major Thomas Rea Cole, he served his present majesty in the seven years war, and at the siege of Bellisle, at which he commanded the 98th regiment, was, for his good conduct, promoted to the rank of major at the age of 23 years, he had also served as chief magistrate in the town of Leeds, in Yorkshire.

26. At his house at Brompton, Nicholas Bond, esq. one of his majesty's justices of the peace for the county of Middlesex, &c. and for many years an active and vigilant magistrate of the police office in Bow-street.

June 1. At her seat, at Glympton-Park, in Oxfordshire, Mrs. Anne Wheate, in the 76th year of her age, last surviving daughter of the late sir Thomas Wheate, bart. of that county.

9. At his father's house, Camberwell Grove, Mr. John Collinson, of Queen's college, Oxford, in the 22d year of his age.

After a long and painful illness, miss Rutherford, eldest daughter of John Rutherford, esq. of Woburn Place, Russel-square, in the 20th year of her age.

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

APPROPRIATED
 SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR JULY, 1807.

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- 4 New and elegant PATTERNS for BORDERS and TRIMMINGS.

LONDON:

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

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. M. T. will see that we have, as he wished, inserted the whole of his poem. His contributions will be always acceptable.

The continuation of the *Elville Family Secrets* in our next, *certainly*.

The *Ode* on the *Surrender of Dantzic* is received, and shall have a place.

Matilda Spencer's contributions are received.

I. G.'s long letter must be abridged before it can be admitted.

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Engraved for the Ladies Magazine.



The Triumph of Constancy.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE.

FOR JULY, 1867.

ADELAIDE;

OR,

The TRIUMPH of CONSTANCY.

A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

IN the days when warlike knights and barons bold, though they acknowledged fealty to a superior sovereign, yet governed their little districts with despotic sway, acknowledging no law but their own will and turbulent passions, and engaging in cruel and implacable feuds and conflicts with each other, lived Adelaide de Dorville, the daughter of a gentleman in the retinue of Charles count of Poitou. Mild, gentle, and unambitious, Adelaide had listened with complacency to the professions of love made to her by Orlando, a youth of similar station in life with herself, and of similar dispositions of mind and heart. Incessantly in the company of each other, their mutual affection increased every day; and each seemed to live but for the other. Neither wealth nor splendour had in their eyes any charms which could for a moment divert

their attention: their happiness seemed to admit of no addition.

It chanced that Raimond the nephew of the count of Poitou, and the lord of large domains in Brittany, being then at the court of his uncle, cast his eyes on the lovely Adelaide. He saw, and admired; he admired, and he wished to possess. He employed all the arts he thought most proper to seduce the female heart. He displayed himself before her in all his pomp and pageantry; he distinguished her by the most flattering attentions and condescension; and intimated to her, that his admiration of her beauty and merits would ever secure to herself and her father such rewards and honours as it might be proper for him to bestow, and for them to receive. Adelaide, artless and unsuspecting herself, at first heard these offers with humility and gra-

titude: she listened apparently with complacency to the flatteries and attentions of lord Raimond, and her little heart dilated in a small degree with what may be called vanity, though by no means of that kind which could in the least shake her solid virtue, her constant affection.

Lord Raimond, having succeeded thus far, applied to the count of Poitou to grant his permission for the father of Adelaide to enter into his service; which having obtained, he took him and his daughter with him to his castle in Brittany, where he soon advanced him to be the first officer at his court, at which, for some time, nothing was to be seen but tournaments, festivals, and entertainments of the most sumptuous kind, at all of which Adelaide was the most distinguished among the ladies.

Orlando, in the mean time, who, without any particular invitation from lord Raimond, had followed Adelaide into Brittany, became very uneasy; and in his interviews with Adelaide, which were now become somewhat less frequent than they had before been, he could not avoid letting her perceive that uneasiness, and anxiously making enquiries of such a nature as were sufficient to indicate that jealousy was beginning to take possession of his heart. But Adelaide answered with the most artless innocence, protesting that all the honours and distinctions she had submitted to receive were accepted by her merely for her father's sake, whose fortune appeared likely to be essentially benefited by the favour of lord Raimond; and she assured Orlando, in the most solemn manner, that her affections must ever continue faithful to him.

At length, however, lord Raimond, conceiving that he had sufficiently prepared the way, proceeded to give such intimations of his real views and intentions as could not

be mistaken by Adelaide; and he soon after made his attack in form, by a most ardent declaration of his love, and the most splendid promises of reward would she condescend to comply. It was with difficulty that Adelaide could make her escape from the violence of his embraces, and fly to her father for protection. It was immediately resolved that they and Orlando should immediately set out on their return to the court of the count of Poitou, who was well known to be a prince of the most rigid manners and the most inflexible virtue, who would certainly afford them the most effectual protection. But before they reached the frontiers of the territory of lord Raimond, a number of soldiers, disguised as banditti, attacked them, and carried off Adelaide, after having robbed her father and Orlando of all the valuables they had about them, and left them bound, to prevent a pursuit.

It was not long, as may be supposed, before Adelaide was again brought before lord Raimond, who received her more like a desperately enamoured lover than one who had been the author of so violent an act as the forcible seizure of her person. He threw himself on his knees before her, lavished on her the tenderest and most affectionate expressions, promised her the highest honours, rewards, and distinctions, and vowed that, when he should be released from certain engagements he was under to some branches of his family, he would redeem her honour, by making her his wife.— But Adelaide firmly answered— ‘My lord, I am in your power; but you cannot force my heart, which has been long devoted to another, and must ever remain so. Know likewise, that I utterly despise all your proffered rewards and distinctions, when placed in compe-

tition with my virtue.' After she had uttered this answer, lord Raimond could not get from her another word; and rage, at length, succeeding to his love, he sternly exclaimed — 'You must then feel my vengeance; suffering may subdue even obstinacy like yours.'

Immediately he called an attendant, and ordered, that she should be confined in a damp and dismal dungeon, and there be fed on bread and water, till he gave further commands concerning her.

The father of Adelaide, and her lover, in the mean time, having been released from their bonds by some travellers, reached the court of the count of Poitou, and informed him of the behaviour of his nephew, and in what a manner Adelaide had been violently seized and carried off, most probably by his orders. The good old count expressed the utmost indignation at the conduct of his nephew, and ordering his attendants to be summoned, immediately set out with a strong escort, and accompanied by the father of Adelaide and Orlando, for the castle of lord Raimond; where, when he arrived, he abruptly demanded of him what he knew of the seizure of Adelaide, and where she had been conveyed to. Raimond at first prevaricated, and wished to have it supposed that he had no participation in the act of carrying her off; but the count would be satisfied with no answer but a positive denial, sanctioned by a solemn oath. — 'The suspicion,' said he, 'my lord, that rests on you, is strong: the charge is of the most serious and disgraceful kind, and must be repelled with sincerity and honour. The ends of all government are lost, if those who govern may with impunity commit the crimes they were appointed to restrain. Foolish, as well as wicked, likewise, are such rulers, for they most ra-

pidly undermine their own authority. They may for a time be feared as well as hated, but they never can be loved and truly honoured, and, when least they expect, they may be hurled from the pinnacle of their grandeur and pride into the very dungeons into which they have plunged the innocent.'

The count discoursed in this manner a long time with so much energy and vehemence, that his nephew, at length, unable to bear his reproaches, threw himself at his feet, and confessed, that, overpowered by disgraceful passions, he had caused Adelaide to be seized and confined; but he declared that he was now willing immediately to release her, and make her every reparation in his power, if he might be restored to the favour of his virtuous uncle, whose generous goodness and noble conduct had made him despise himself for the unjust and base act he had committed.

They immediately proceeded to the dungeon in which Adelaide was confined, and where she had passed many wretched hours; but without swerving in the least from her virtuous constancy, by what she had suffered or might fear to suffer. When the door now opened, she turned her eyes towards it with dread, as not knowing for what fate she was reserved. But what was her astonishment when she saw enter the good count of Poitou, her father, and Orlando, followed by the lord Raimond, who fell at her feet, and submissively entreated her forgiveness for all the insults and cruelties she had suffered from him. The scene appeared to her like a magical illusion of the senses, as it seemed scarcely possible that it should be real.

The count of Poitou then advanced, introducing Orlando; and joining the hands of him and Adelaide, assured them that he would

protect and provide for them: lord Raimond engaged to make them a present of a considerable portion of land; and their union, which soon after followed, completed the *triumph of constancy* and virtue.

MADAME GRASSINI.

(With a Portrait.)

WE this month present our readers with the sketch of a portrait of Madame GRASSINI, similar to that which we gave of Signor NALDI. To give the eulogium of this performer would be unnecessary; her merits are well known to all acquainted with the science and practice of music. She is, we believe, a native of Naples, but has resided a considerable time in this country. The opera of *Le Due Nozze ed un Sol Marito*, the composition of Gulieglmi, has many passages particularly adapted to her voice and manner. Her voice is in fact of very limited compass, though she manages it with such excellent art as to produce the most pleasing and admirable effect.

A SENTIMENTAL RHAPSODY.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

If the following rhapsody meets your approbation, the insertion of it in your agreeable Miscellany will oblige an

OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.

Terwelsbury, June 27.

I HAVE passed the greater part of

my life in the active scenes and bustle of the world, but have now retired from those scenes, and can calmly view their vanity, and the vanity of almost all those which the world exhibits. My seat of retirement, a low, but clean, thatched cottage, stands a few feet above the level of a little spring, whose waters, sheltered by a weeping willow, rest unruffled by storms, and cool under the most scorching sun. A serpentine, whose turf is the pure green of the common, and whose uneven outline nature herself planted with tufts of hawthorn, and round clusters of the double-rooted bramble, leads to it, slightly sloping: my walk at morning and evening, where I pour out my heart in praise to him who gave me being; who has been pleased to add two great human blessings, health and content; and who, denying me relations, friends, and fortune, placed me above dependence, and too low for envy: who has removed me from mankind, and taught me with sincerity to call the worm that creeps upon the shrubs my brother, and claim relation with the gnat that stings me.

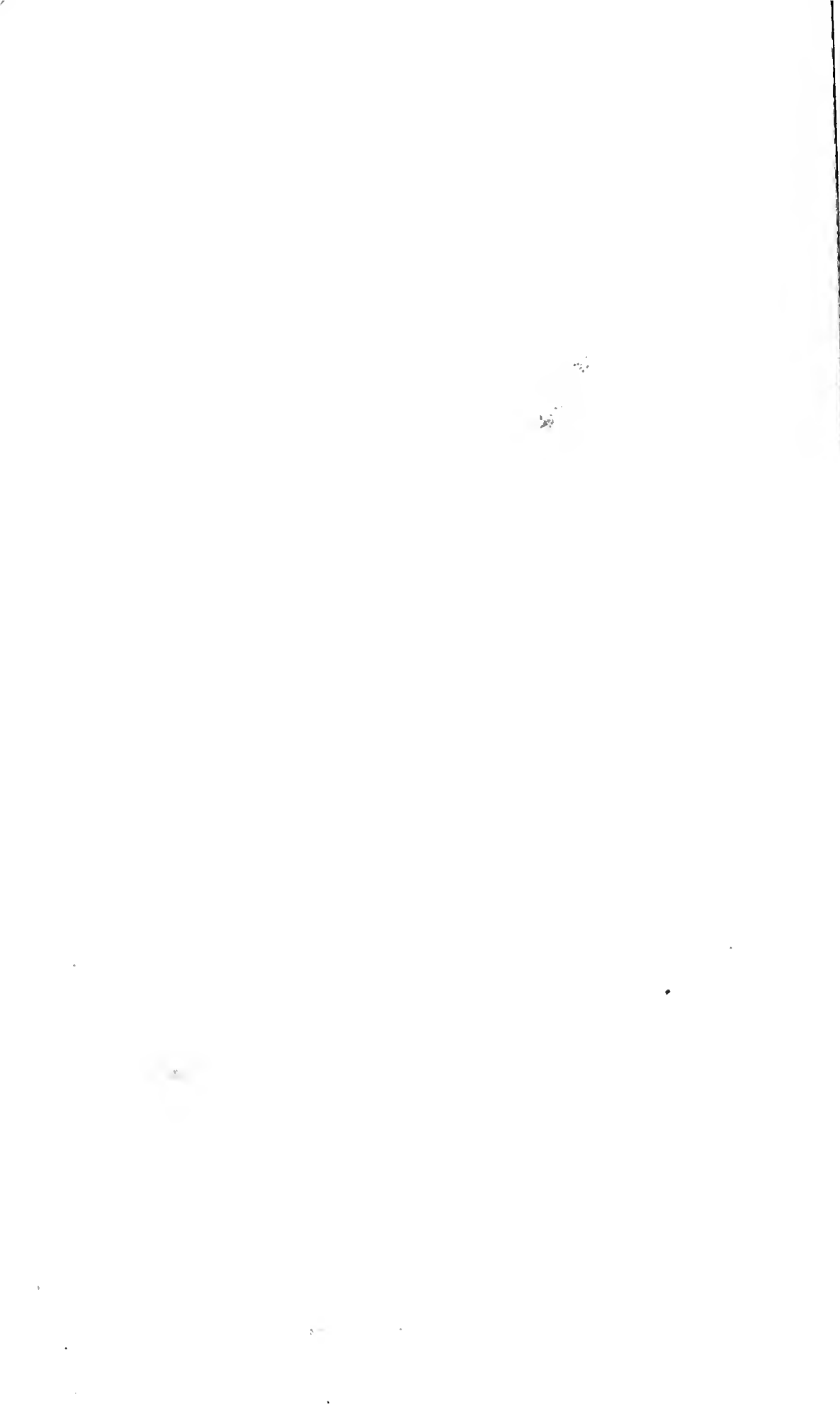
Here, though secluded from the world of men, I live among a multitude of beings, in whose joys it is impossible for me not to share; and I were happy if it were not as difficult to shut my eyes upon their accidental miseries.

To-day the good old creature who attends upon me, a second time my nurse, set down the water for my hands. Just as I dropped the ball into it there appeared a little water beetle, the native of my spring, whose ill fate having placed him near the bank, where she dipped in her hand, the whirlpool sucked him to her; and now the little wretch, ignorant of his fate, was darting

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



MADAME GRASSINI
IN
LE. NONNES. DEL SOL. MARITO



here and there in sportful motions, climbing up the bowl, and wantoning in his unknown captivity.

I stood like him who pitied Belisarius, and, with locked hands and fixed eye, gazed upon the victim.—What shall I do with thee?—And is thy mirth and jollity to cease this moment! Was all the care of Providence to form thee meant for so poor an end! Three years ago thy parent dropped upon the water lily's floating leaf the egg for thy production; and thy existence, creature as thou art of a superior order, was dependent upon the fate of that light weed. Hatched from the shell, thou creptst from off the leaf; and in the conduct of unerring instinct soughtst the bottom, saved from a thousand unknown enemies. From year to year thy tender limbs were formed under that rugged skin; and yesterday, perhaps, thou first sawest the light with these new powers; twice born! And was it for a fate like this?—Thy silky limbs wove in these coils of nature, did Providence defend them from the waters with that impenetrable mail, that thou shouldst die before they had felt the air?—This sense of pleasure, and this love of play, were they bestowed on thee only to be enjoyed an hour! Even now, when thou hast begun to live in this more perfect state, art thou to die! thou to whose form antiquity raised statues; whose kindred Egypt numbered with her gods!

What if I take thee back, restore thee to the lucid fountain, whence thou wert taken, more justly thine than this is mine—man would laugh; for human nature feels not: but he to whom insect and man are equal—he will perhaps approve!

Yet if I spare thee what is thy

advantage? Returning thee into thy native element, thou art a prey to fish, nay to innumerable murderers of thine own kind—for reptile, is to reptile as harsh and as unmerciful as man to man. But the destruction there is casual, here it is absolute and unnatural.

Reader! who hast smiled at the debate, weep for the catastrophe!—As I carried the little prisoner on my hand, towards his original dwelling, he took wing; and scarcely was he off my finger when a swallow, skimming low in the air, caught him to a more sudden death than that from which my frivolous attention would have saved him.

Thus not improbably superior beings think of man—but it were well, alas! if men also thought thus of one another. We will attack these forces, says the conqueror; we shall beat them—and it will not cost us more than four thousand men! For what advantage? Why, we will lie to-night upon that ground where they slept yesterday!—That which you already have is just as soft as the other! Yet thus it is determined; and while the visionary, call him philosopher or moralist, debates the fate of an unconsidered insect, at one discharge five hundred rational beings fall by the arms of creatures like themselves, who hate them not, and whom they have not injured.

Had not these men, as humble as the meanest reptile, an equal right to live, and to enjoy the produce of their cheerful labour? Yet many of them were compelled into that service where they fell! And had not every one of them the very stamp of heaven, a soul immortal and indistructible? From the long past time when they were helpless infants, how many weary hours has each of these

miserable victims cost his parents! how gloriously, how fearfully has he been formed! the image of his maker! And has that weary toil and length of time been wasted all for nothing? Have faculties of a superior nature been given to him! the reason of an angel, and the resemblance of a god, that he should perish in another's quarrel? that he should be the prey of ravens in a land far remote from that, where he was torn, perhaps, from a distressed wife and helpless progeny!

Blush, sovereign of the earth, whoever thou art, who triflest with thy fellow-creatures' being; blush now and tremble.—Weak, inconsiderate man, can you believe the life even of the least of these is not of equal value in his eye who made you with your own? Have you not read that murder is a crime; or is it possible that you can conceive your actions will be less examined than those of such as live in humbler stations?

These men may be replaced—And so may you! Another man will make as good a soldier; another man as good a king. What are you more than these? A fly, a grape-stone, or a hair, may kill you; and the system of nature will go on just as it did before, unaltered by your fall. Your palace was possessed by another before you. The turf on which you tread to-day so proudly will rise as fresh and blooming for your successor; and the trees which cast their shade upon you will grow as if they never had belonged to you. Nay the little mound, that rises scarcely regarded, with its humble verdure, re-

mains, and shall remain, while generations perish.

Vain and transitory as thou art, consider this; and know that thine and the beetle's life are one; but that there is for thee eternity behind. That when the swallow sweeps thee from the earth, crowns and distinctions perish: that thou art next to stand before a throne of justice, examined and arraigned a naked spirit; with no guard but thy virtue. There wouldst thou choose to appear the slaughterer of mankind, or the father of thy people?

Thus will he who wishes only good talk of kings, and those who are beneath them; taught by contented poverty to laugh at all distinctions but what are given by wisdom or goodness, and secure from ill by the armour of an honest mind and the contempt of death; considering men as men; not as they are sovereigns or subjects, not as of one nation or other; indifferent to all, but as their characters distinguish them: and if you ask his country, knowing no other, he will point with the old Greek to heaven.

This lesson teaches man to look upon himself as man alone, and not as high or low, as great or humble; that he should see the sovereign, the reptile, and himself, as three links of that eternal chain by which the earth is hung to heaven; that he should know the difference here is but an hour, and is not worth his notice; and that all that is real, or that can be really useful, is the integrity of his own conduct, virtue, and religion.

HARRIET VERNON;

OR.

CHARACTERS FROM REAL LIFE.

A NOVEL,

In a Series of Letters.

BY A LADY.

(Continued from p. 299.)

LETTER XXIV.

Colonel Ambrose to Mrs. Ambrose.

MY dear sister will be surprised to hear that I have been in town and quitted it without seeing her, and that I am returned to the country for another fortnight.

You must know I received a very angry letter from Mr. Vernon, in consequence of one I had written him, which, if it had been the real state of the case, I richly deserved. He threatened the law; and I own I was pleased to observe the spirit with which he seemed to vindicate his sister's honour. I thought the best measure I could pursue was to see him, and endeavour by personal conference to set matters right. I accordingly set off to his house, where I saw Harriet, and was informed by her of many particulars, which, no doubt, you also by this time know. By her representation, I seemed to discover that the hope of gaining a little money had influenced this sordid brother in his present conduct more than the honour of his sister. On this discovery I could be at no loss what method to adopt. To make my story short, I have secured Maria's peace, my own credit, and Mr. Vernon's friendship (that is to say, acquaintance, for friendship must ever be a stranger to a

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sordid breast), for the paltry consideration of one hundred pounds. All-powerful gold answered every question, silenced every doubt, and convinced him of my honour, far more forcibly than an harangue of a Cicero could have done. How would Maria's feelings be hurt if she knew this circumstance! but I have bound him by the forfeiture of the money if he acquaint her; so that of this I am not apprehensive. The two charming sisters are going, as doubtless they have informed you, to visit their Wiltshire relations. By the time they return I hope to have gained fortitude enough to enjoy their society without a sigh. Come, reason, come, generosity, come, disinterested friendship, to my aid! I invoke your powers; and I likewise invoke the kind soothing and consolations of my dear sister, whose ever affectionate friend and brother will endeavour to merit them.

CHARLES AMBROSE.

LETTER XXV.

Mrs. West to Miss Vernon.

I RECEIVED my dear Maria's letter, the contents of which gave me more pain than I had ever experienced before on her account. Accustomed to speak my mind to you, my dear, on all occasions, I will not on the present disguise my sentiments, although from the fear of giving you pain I might be tempted so to do. You must be sensible that what I may say is dictated by a sincere anxiety for your welfare, and the result of long experience will add a weight to my advice. But not to preface, I proceed to answer your letter, which lies before me, and over which I have shed a mother's tear.

What is done I acquiesce in, from the impossibility of a remedy? that

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you are not to be the wife of so amiable a man as colonel Ambrose grieves me exceedingly; yet I commend your open and ingenuous conduct, as likewise your sentiment, that would not permit you to bestow your hand where interest only could induce. To argue with a young woman against the force of love is an arduous undertaking; it is only my knowledge of your sense and prudence that could induce me to the task. Exert, my dear, that sense and prudence on the present occasion; for however harsh it may sound, I must confess I see little probability of your ever being united to the man you have chosen. You say, whilst he remains single you must indulge a hope of being his, and in the same sentence add, he has never in direct terms offered himself to your acceptance. And can my dear Maria fix her happiness on so unstable a foundation? I will suppose the utmost you can at present wish—that he was only withheld from offering himself from prudential motives; I will suppose he loves you at this moment with an ardour equal to your own: still the prudent motive must operate for many years, and new scenes and occupations, absence, and the belief of your being married, it is more than probable will erase all the tender impressions from the breast, unconscious of the place he holds in your affections. And shall a young woman give herself up to the indulgence of a passion without the knowledge of an equal return, and which, if returned, could not from circumstances terminate happily? Forbid it pride, reason, and prudence.—You will say I have pointed out your error, but not the means of a remedy. It is true the remedy is difficult, but I am convinced it is in your power. Call your pride, good sense, and consideration to your aid, and you will

forget your love. Yes, my dear, however strange it may sound, observation and a knowledge of the world has evinced to me the unsteadiness of youthful attachments, and the possibility of happiness in the married state abstracted from a first love.

I am glad this unfortunate turn in your affairs is likely to terminate so well with regard to your brother. I wonder not at the want of delicacy he has shewn. What delicacy or tenderness can we expect from a man immersed in the pursuit of gold alone, and that merely for its own sake? On this painful subject I will say no more.

I hope you will find another subject for your pen when you are in Wiltshire. My love awaits dear Harriet, and a request that she will favour us with her agreeable epistles. I feel more and more reluctance to writing, from the increased complaint in my head. I therefore lay down my pen, and will only add, that as my dear Maria has never yet disregarded my advice, I hope she will attend to the present, as dictated from the heart and best judgment of her affectionate friend,

JANE WEST.

LETTER XXVI.

Miss Vernon to Mrs. West.

B. Hall.

I DEFERRED, dear madam, answering your last letter immediately, because I wished to give you an account of our safe arrival at this place, where we have now been a week. I cannot say I think this visit will contribute much to the amendment of my spirits, as from the wayward temper of the mistress of the mansion, and the stupidity of the master, it is kept in a state of perpetual ill-

humour and dulness. To make you acquainted with Mrs. Wilson, I must give you a sketch of her life and character.

Her father was a Blackwell-hall factor of great repute, who, after amassing a vast fortune, retired at an advanced age to B. Hall, the present mansion, which he purchased, together with a large estate here. With his wife and two daughters he lived, and was much respected by the neighbouring gentry, as well as the poor; but his wife, who was my mother's first cousin, was a woman of great pride, to which was added conceit, and its attendant ignorance. They gave their daughters good educations, that is, they spared no expence so to do; but very slender capacities, and too much indulgence, proved an insuperable bar to much improvement in the accomplishments befitting their station. The eldest, the present Mrs. Wilson, was handsome and genteel, which her redundant vanity made her prize more than all that could be acquired from books or masters. At the age of sixteen she despised all admiration but what arose from the beauty of her person, and found the height of her ambition centre in being a favourite toast. At the age of twenty she married a young country esquire; but capricious and ill-tempered: happiness was not attainable. On which side lay the greatest blame I know not; but certain it is they led a jangling life, from which she was released by his death in her fortieth year. Her father and mother being also dead, she became mistress of a very considerable fortune, besides the estate of B. Hall. In less than a year she bestowed herself on a gay young officer, whom she likewise buried, and in her forty-eighth year married the present Mr. Wilson. They have been married three years, and he is now about thirty. He was

educated for the law; but being of rather an indolent disposition, chose the shorter method of gaining lands and hereditaments by marrying this rich widow, rather than by poring over Coke and Littleton. To win her affections was no very difficult task for a man of his age; to make her happy is past the art of man. Fretful, and still a slave to vanity, she is ever out of humour with herself and others. What happiness, as I have heard you, dear madam, often observe, can we expect to meet with in the decline of life, if we do not in our youth lay in a stock of solid sense and useful accomplishments? Mr. Wilson is good-tempered, and though by no means a foolish man, yet he has not bright parts: but he is blessed with an uncommon share of insensibility; I say blessed, for if he were not of such a disposition, he must be very miserable in a wife of Mrs. Wilson's description. Our other cousin I have not seen, but understand from my brother that she is a woman who knows what's what. This expression of his I have always considered to imply economy, and the art of saving money. She is a rich widow, with two daughters and a son, and lives about two miles from this place; so, no doubt, we shall pay her a visit, when we shall be able to judge for ourselves. Mrs. Wilson was fond of our mother: when we were very young we were taken notice of by her, but that was in our mother's life-time. It is now fourteen years since she has enquired after us, and it is from a sudden whim that she has renewed her acquaintance with us: a whim as sudden may dismiss us, for on such capricious beings there is no dependence. I shall leave Harriet to finish the description of our reception here, &c. She is all spirits, and can derive entertainment from every trifling occurrence. She has

just read what I have written.— ‘Thank you,’ said she, ‘for giving the outlines of our cousin’s character; I will give the finish:’ a few descriptions will bring you perfectly acquainted with master and mistress.—I will not, however, resign my pen till I have thanked my dear friend and mistress for her last letter: the advice therein contained I will endeavour to follow, although I find it indeed a painful task. I have written, as I was requested, to Mrs. Ambrose: her correspondence will be a high honour and advantage to me. I am extremely concerned at the increased complaint in your head; I hope yet its removal, and that you may enjoy many years of health and happiness. Your own Susan cannot more ardently desire it than does your ever obliged and affectionate

M. VERNON.

Miss Harriet, in continuation.

I HAVE at length, dear Susan, got possession of Maria’s pen: what a melancholy description has she given of this mansion, as a scene of ill-humour and dulness! Now I am as gay as possible: the ill-humour of the mistress makes me in the best temper imaginable, and the dulness of the master furnishes me with a subject for laughter. This house is very large and old; the gardens are very extensive, and in the summer no doubt beautiful. But I will not freeze you while sitting at your Christmas fire with a description of cascades all ice, and avenues of trees covered with snow. We keep a coach, three men and three women servants, besides gardeners.—Poor Maria and I were set down from a stage-coach by the light of a lanthorn in the midst of this re-

tinue on a rainy night, and ushered into the house tired to death, and tumbled out of all form from our journey.

‘Your names, ladies,’ said John, ‘if you please.’

‘Vernon,’ said I.

‘Mrs. Vernon,’ echoed John, as he opened a parlour door, with an air peculiar to his fraternity.

At the further end of an immense large room sat, on each side the fire, two strange-looking people in elbow stuffed chairs, such as we see in such rooms, in the attitude of dozing by fire-light. Our entrance roused the gentleman, and he accosted us very civilly.

‘The ladies are arrived, my dear,’ said he.

‘Oh, are you come?’ said she, looking up; ‘pray be seated. You will excuse my rising; I have the rheumatism all over me. Oh! what a shooting I have in my toe!’

We took chairs, and expressed our sorrow at finding her so ill.

‘I am always ill,’ said she; and was beginning to inform us the nature of her complaint, when her husband, chucking her under the chin, said, ‘Come, come, my love, you must be better now your cousins are come!’—Now, Susan, can you conceive any thing more laughable than a young man of thirty chucking a woman of fifty-three under the chin? It was well for me the candles were not arrived. I looked at Maria, but she could stand this sight with her usual gravity.

Candles were now brought, and the lady was diverted from her subject by the contemplation of our persons. She sat for some time silent, gazing on us both by turns, while her sweet husband stirred the fire.—At length the lady began.

‘Bless me, what a very great difference in the persons of you girls!

I never could have guessed you were sisters. Pray what are your ages?'— We informed her.—'It is very well,' said she to Maria, 'you are past growing; how prodigiously tall you are! I admire a tall woman, but you really are above the standard.'

'Do you think so, madam?' said she. 'I always wished to be the height of my sister.'

'Why, you are too short, to be sure: but people can't help what they are. You look vastly pale, miss Vernon: are you ill?'

'I am a good deal fatigued with my journey at present, though I generally look pale.'

'I am not fond of seeing a great colour in the cheeks,' (looking at me, who you know am rather rosy); 'but there are extremes in all things. Your mother was quite the milk-maid, and I see my cousin Harriet takes after her. She is the very image of her mother. You should always wash in warm water, my dear.'

As there was no answering to these curious observations, I employed my eyes in viewing the person of this criticising lady and her husband.

She is a very fine fat-looking elderly woman, and in her youth must, I think, have been very handsome; she is now neither more or less than a beauty in the vale of years, though it is easy to discover that she is by no means of that opinion.—Mr. Wilson has no pretensions to a good person: he is clumsy and awkward; his countenance is rather heavy than vacant: he sometimes seems to be of a good temper; perhaps I may find other good qualities on a further acquaintance. I cannot at present divest myself of prejudice against a young man who could, to indulge an indolent disposition, unite himself to a woman he must despise.

Maria, to give a turn to the subject, gave our brother's respects.

'True,' observed she, 'I am very inattentive; I hope, he is well. You have lived with him some years, I suppose. Let me see; when your mother died you was placed with a mistress: I forget her name.'

'West,' said my sister; 'and we never found the loss of a mother, from her kind care and attention. To her we are indebted for our education and instruction in all that is good and conducive to our happiness.'

In this manner would Maria have went on, had not Mrs. Wilson observed there was something in the fire that resembled a ship in full sail.—'You must know,' said she, 'I frequently amuse myself with looking into the fire, where I fancy I see figures of all descriptions. Mr. Wilson laughs at me; but I will appeal to all of you if that (pointing with the poker) is not just like a ship.'

I confessed I had not discernment to discover the resemblance; but said I admired her method of amusement, as I supposed she was not able to read by candle-light.

'You are much mistaken, miss: my eyes are as good as ever they were.'

Tea was then brought, and I was requested to make it; when I received many instructions in the art of tea-making: and so completely was the thread of Maria's story broken off, that it was impossible to resume it the whole evening.

We went to bed early, happy, as you may suppose, to be released. The next morning we breakfasted with Mr. Wilson, she always having hers in bed. He was much more chatty than the night before, and we began to get acquainted. I ventured to rally him on his easy chair, and hope to succeed in turning it out.

How very ridiculous for a young man to use himself to such a seat!

The lady made her appearance about noon, and took us into several handsome rooms, to shew us the furniture, &c. In each room was her picture in different attitudes, taken at different times of her life. She appeared much mortified at our observing that one in particular, the last taken, was extremely like her. She shewed us the pictures of her two deceased husbands. 'Poor Mr. S——, and poor Mr. K——,' said she; 'they were both handsome, as you may see. And now,' said she, opening a closet, 'I will shew you the picture of a particular friend.'

'It is Harriet!' exclaimed Maria.

'It is your mother,' said she, 'taken at the age of twenty. The picture was like her, but rather flattered her.'

Maria says if I had sat myself I could not have a stronger likeness. I must take care I am not vain, for this picture is really very handsome: whilst we continue here I believe there is no great danger of our becoming vain, for Mrs. Wilson is continually finding defects in our persons.

We now took the opportunity of asking particulars about our mother, which it was natural we should wish to hear; but Mrs. Wilson was suddenly taken with a pain in her head, which prevented her talking. She, however, informed us, in answer to Maria's asking her if she was esteemed sensible and amiable, that she could speak French a little, and was an excellent dancer.

We have not yet seen our cousin Meadows, but are to go in a day or two, if the weather permit. I think I have now given you a specimen of our relation, and shall lay down my pen for the present. My brother desired us not to write to him unless

we found a free conveyance, which is not likely in this place. Dorcas parted from us with tears in her eyes; something, she said, foreboded that we should never come back again. Maria has really made herself uneasy at this woman's predictions; but Dorcas is extremely superstitious, and, I suppose, had dreamed some bad thing or other about us: we should have enough to do if we regarded all the idle tales of our nurses. But Maria's spirits are weak, and in a state to take alarm at every trifle. Dorcas has promised to write to us, and I assure you is no bad pen-woman. I will not speak to her grammatical knowledge; but she is a very tolerable speller, having, before she entered into our family, kept a day-school for little children.—Farewell, my dear Susan! let us hear from you soon, when I will write again, as I think I can never want a subject whilst I continue an inmate in this house. Yours most affectionately,

HARRIET VERNON.

LETTER XXVII.

Mrs. Ambrose to Miss Vernon.

I THANK you, my dear Maria, for your letter; it gave me much pleasure, as it convinced me by your ready acquiescence in my wishes for your correspondence, that your own coincided. Your account of the people you are with is not very pleasing, but we must take the world as we find it; there are few characters from which something may not be learned either as a warning or example. It is the former I think you will find in your cousin. Seeing the ill effects of vanity, and a neglect of an early cultivation of useful knowledge, a young person will be naturally led to avoid the fatal consequence. I own I cannot con-

ceive a more pitiable object than a decayed beauty pining under neglect and indifference, without one consolation or mental resource to fly to. I could produce many instances which have come within my knowledge, where the loss of beauty has been followed by discontent from the above cause; but as I have no apprehension that you, my young friend, will meet with a similar fate, I will avoid cautions so unnecessary.

I could not avoid smiling at that part of your letter where you say Harriet wishes she could venture to ask me the reason of my preferring a single to a married life. I will satisfy her curiosity in this particular and have no doubt I shall stand approved in her eyes for the choice I have made. My father died when I was about four-and-twenty, and left me in such slender circumstances as to make it necessary for me to use the most rigid economy in my mode of living. My brother was then in India; and, of course, I wrote him the state of my affairs. His answer to my letter, penned with an affection and tenderness not to be exceeded, informed me that it was in his power to make up my father's inability in pecuniary matters. A remittance accompanied this letter; and to be brief, I was by this worthy brother placed above dependence, and in the eyes of the world left by my father in genteel circumstances. A young gentleman whom I had long known and regarded with a secret partiality made me an offer, professing a sincere affection and unfeigned attachment. I was not disposed to doubt his veracity, and soon found I loved him in return with an equal affection. He was in an excellent situation with respect to business; I made no scruple to accept him, and the week was fixed for our marriage. As he never hinted on the subject of fortune, I con-

cluded he disregarded mercenary views; but knowing it was proper there should be no reserves on my part, I informed him one day that I was dependent on my brother, and mistress only of a very small fortune by the decease of my father. To my great astonishment, he made me no answer; but, complaining of a violent head-ach, left the house, and the next morning sent me a letter, to say he could not possibly marry a woman without a fortune; that he hoped to see me happy with some other, and was my very humble servant. To say I was not hurt and mortified in a very high degree by this behaviour would not be in human nature, but my pride subdued my love; and although I found I could never love another, I resolved on no consideration to act unbecoming the dignity of my sex. He was sensible, accomplished, and elegant; and never have I seen a man I could think his equal. He married afterwards a woman of large fortune, for which he was sufficiently punished; for she was ignorant, ill-tempered, and disagreeable. She, however, died in about five years, and I regained my lover; but on no consideration would I marry him, though I believe he then sincerely wished it. Finding me inflexible, he quitted England, and I own he was the cause of my remaining single. I am extremely anxious for the credit of my sex; therefore, my dear girls, if you wish to please me, you must never be guilty of a weakness in that particular; it is to that weakness we owe the little estimation we are held in by sometimes sensible men.

And now I am come to my last subject, the most important one to my fair friend. Now have I raised a blush on your cheek, Maria, and you already guess what I mean. You know I have engaged never to dwell on it: I am too much interested to

have much to say. But not to keep you in suspense—will it not give you pleasure to hear that Mr. Wentworth is arrived safe in India? He had a most wonderful quick voyage, is well, and kindly received by the gentleman he was recommended to. All this intelligence arrived yesterday, in a letter to my brother from the above gentleman.

I will now conclude my letter, because I suppose you will have no eye for any thing else I may write. Heaven bless you, my dear girl, in all your wishes! I know them to be good. My brother desires his kind remembrances to yourself and Harriet, in which I include my own. Let me hear from you soon.

Your very sincere and
affectionate friend,
LUCY AMERSE.
(*To be continued.*)

they have just and clear ideas of whatever falls within the contracted sphere of their observation. What would become of the other nations of Europe, if, in imitation of the Turkish government, the highest offices of the state were filled by men taken from the lowest rank in society, and unprepared by education or habit to discharge their important duties?

ALPHONSO AND ALMIRA;

OR,

THE NOBLE FORESTER.

A

SARDINIAN TALE.

By a Lady.

(Continued from p. 322.)

On the NATIONAL CHARACTER of
the TURKS.

(*From Thornton's 'Present State of Turkey.'*)

THE national character of the Turks is, indeed, a composition of contrary qualities. We find them brave and pusillanimous, good and ferocious, firm and weak, active and indolent; passing from austere devotion to disgusting obscenity, from moral severity to gross sensuality; fastidiously delicate, and coarsely voluptuous; seated on a celestial bed, and preying on garbage. The great are alternately haughty and humble, arrogant and cringing, liberal and sordid; and, in general, it must be confessed that the qualities that least deserve our approbation are most predominant. On comparing their limited acquirements with the learning of the christian nations of Europe, we are surprised at their ignorance; but we must allow that

CHAP. VII.

Rinaldo bribes the officer to delay executing his orders, and sets out in search of the king—Is attacked on his way by four ruffians hired by Antonio—His miraculous escape from them, and interview with the king.

THE officer returned at the time appointed, and understanding it to be the determination of Alphonso that Almira should not accompany him to Antonio, but that his power should be held at defiance, he grew extremely angry; and, in a tone of haughtiness that marked the slave in office, immediately told Alphonso that he should wait no longer for him, but instantly conduct him to the galleys, according to the judgment passed on him.

Rinaldo, whose knowledge of the world had taught him how to act in any situation, knew the power of gold too well not try its

effects on the feelings of the officer. Accordingly, the moment he was proceeding to lay violent hands on Alphonso, Rinaldo, forcing a smile on his countenance, archly told him that he had something in his pocket forbidding the execution of the sentence. The officer startled at what he heard; but before he could ask an explanation, Rinaldo pulled out a purse, containing about one hundred ducats, with which he begged leave to present the officer, adding withal he had no doubt he would delay the sentence until he could seek the king, and lay before him the case of the much-injured Alphonso.

‘When a gentleman,’ cried the officer, looking at the purse, ‘talks reasonably, I have always a pleasure in attending to him. For my part, I am happy in every opportunity of serving the unfortunate. I thank Heaven that I can *feel* (putting the purse in his pocket) for those in distress as well as any man, and can go as far, when *properly* spoken to, to do them every service in my power.’

The officer being thus won over to his purpose, Rinaldo found no great difficulty in prevailing on him to suffer Alphonso and his daughter to remain in the hut until he should have been with the king; and immediately mounting his steed, ready saddled for the purpose, set off in search of him, inspired with the sincerest zeal in their service, and accompanied with their prayers for the success of his endeavours to snatch them from the dreadful precipice on which they stood. An event, however, happened soon after Rinaldo’s departure, that had nearly proved fatal to him.

Antonio, it afterwards appeared, determined to deprive Alphonso of every hope of relief, and suspecting that Rinaldo would be ready to at-

tempt every thing in his power for the effecting it, had engaged four ruffians to cut off all communication between his nephew and the king, should he proceed to trouble him on the subject; with strict orders, however, to them to secure his person, and keep him confined until they should hear farther from him; but on no account whatever to do him any hurt, or injury. Accordingly, the ruffians armed with proper weapons, in case of any resistance on the part of Rinaldo, waylaid him in a neighbouring wood, through which he would be obliged to pass, should he presume to seek the king. Their intentions were to have concealed themselves till Rinaldo should have approached them, when they meant suddenly to surprise him, before he could possibly have put himself upon his defence: but as Providence never fails to protect the good, and virtuous, and guard them from the machinations of their enemies, the design of Antonio and his ruffians was happily frustrated, and the good offices of Rinaldo rendered successful, by an incident as fatal to the one at it was fortunate to the other.

Rinaldo, after proceeding about half way through the wood, perceived several men with their heads just above a hedge behind which they lay concealed. Suspecting from their situation that they were waiting there for no good purpose, he judged it prudent to prepare for receiving them in the best manner he could, but without betraying any sort of fear, or in the least discovering that he suspected any danger. Accordingly, the moment the ruffians sprung from their hiding-place, Rinaldo, perceiving their hostile intentions towards him, without uttering a single word, drew his sword, and levelled the foremost of them, in an instant, with the earth. The courage and intrepidity of Rinaldo gave him

reason to hope that the three surviving assailants would take immediate flight. But in this he was deceived; instead of being discouraged by the fall of their comrade, they became doubly desperate, and fell on him with a fury that threatened him with inevitable destruction. But at the very instant that a fatal blow was aimed at Rinaldo, a rattle-snake seized hold of the ruffian that was on the point of giving it, and prevented him from doing Rinaldo any hurt. The gallant youth, availing himself of this fortunate circumstance in his favour, attacked the two other villains with so much skill and success, as to make them prefer a retreat to any farther attempts against his life: but in this they met a death infinitely worse than that they flew from; for Rinaldo closely pursuing them, they accidentally fell into a pit that had been prepared for lions, and other wild beasts of the forest, and in which a male lion, of prodigious size and strength, had been for several days. Rinaldo remained just long enough to see the villains devoured by the ferocious animal, and immediately made after the ruffian that had been seized by the snake, whom he found almost expiring through the loss of blood, and was just going to dispatch him, when the wretch, having with great difficulty got upon his knees, humbly beseeched Rinaldo would spare his life, at least long enough to suffer him to ease his conscience, by making a full discovery of the person who had employed him to attack him, and every particular he knew of the horrid bussiness in which he had so rashly engaged.

Pity is easily awakened in a generous breast. Rinaldo no sooner saw the situation of the villain, and the remorse with which a reflection on his conduct had filled him, than he instantly alighted from his horse, and, binding up his wound, com-

manded him to say whatever he could wish to make him acquainted with.

'You here behold,' cried the villain, 'the veriest wretch that ever lived. Antonio first bribed me to lay the diamond ring in Alphonso's hut, for stealing of which he is condemned to the galleys, and then gave me a sum of money to join three other ruffians in setting upon you in the forest. Thank Heaven, we have been disappointed in our views, and have met with the fate we deserved.'

'The only atonement,' exclaimed Rinaldo, 'that you can possibly make, is to give a faithful account of this to the king, whenever I shall call upon you for that purpose.' 'I wish to live,' replied the wretch, 'but to do all the justice in my power—that done, I care not how soon you put an end to my existence.'

Rinaldo, having promised to dispatch the necessary assistance for removing him with all possible expedition, immediately pursued his journey, and the same evening reached the village at which the king was on his annual circuit, where obtaining an interview, he brought his appeal in behalf of Alphonso, and obtained his majesty's promise to hear his case; for which purpose the king instantly ordered a proper guard to his hut, with his royal command that he should be brought before him the next day.

CHAP. VIII.

Alphonso and Almira are conducted to his majesty—Rinaldo meets them on the way—Alphonso and Antonio are heard by the king—He determines the matter between them shall be decided by a duet—Antonio falls—Alphonso is discovered to be the king's son, and Rinaldo is happily united to Almira.

THE situation of Alphonso and Almira, during the absence of Rinaldo, was truly distressing. A thousand emotions of hope and fear alternately rent their bosoms. They sometimes flattered themselves that the services of Rinaldo could not fail to procure them justice; which hope no sooner arose than it became stifled by the fear that some accident should befall Rinaldo, or Antonio cause Alphonso to be dragged to the galleys before Rinaldo should be able to bring an appeal in his behalf.

At this moment the officer entered the hut, and informed Alphonso that he had just received fresh orders from Antonio, peremptorily commanding him to convey him instantly to the galleys, unless he should be suffered to make Almira his. It was in vain that Alphonso remonstrated, or that Almira prayed and entreated. The officer knew, from Rinaldo's absence, that no farther bribe could be had, and was therefore determined to execute the sentence passed on Alphonso. He accordingly commanded the guard that attended on him to enter the hut, and bind their prisoner; pointing at the same time to Alphonso, around whose neck Almira hung, piercing the air with her shrieks and cries.

Alphonso, enraged beyond the power of reason, suddenly forcing a sabre from one of the guards, solemnly vowed to plunge it in the breast of any one who should dare to molest him. At this juncture, so critical to the fate of Alphonso, a party of dragoons, headed by a captain, entered the hut, who, producing the king's warrant, immediately demanded Alphonso and his daughter. The message, so opportunely brought, had the same effect on Alphonso and the distressed Almira as a respite would on a criminal at the very instant of his being about to suffer the fatal

judgment passed on him. Alphonso was directly unbound, and conducted with Almira to the king, who was then at the villa of one of his nobles, about twelve miles distance. But they did not go, even now, without shedding many a tear at their departure from a place in which they had dwelt so long; so much does habit, and length of years, endear us even to the worst of situations.

Rinaldo, who had prepared every thing with the king, impatient for their arrival, mounted his horse, and met Alphonso and Almira on their way. Nothing could be more affecting than their once again meeting together. The father and daughter related to Rinaldo every circumstance that had happened since he had left them; and Rinaldo, in return, informed them of the attack that had been made on him, and the narrow escape he had met with. Almira most gratefully embraced her generous lover, and thanked Heaven for the deliverance he had so happily obtained. But no language can convey any idea of the excess of joy that Alphonso felt upon being informed by Rinaldo that the king, having heard the nature of his case, was then waiting to hear the appeal he had to make, and had even summoned Antonio before him, that he might be present, in order, if necessary, to defend any conduct of his that might be impeached.

The power of the wicked, however great and formidable for a time, is sure sooner or later to end in shame and disgrace. Alphonso's authority was now approaching fast towards a period, and it was with no small degree of mortification that he perceived it. But while the thought of having the case of Alphonso brought before the king touched him to the quick, he determined to brave it out; not despairing but that his situation in the state and interest

the king, would enable him to succeed against one whom he never suspected to be any thing more than a poor forester.

The moment when all parties were to meet was now arrived, and Alphonso and Almira were admitted into the royal presence. The king no sooner fixed his eyes on Alphonso than a most uncommon sensation thrilled through every vein. Without the least knowledge of the cause, he found it impossible to address him, or look towards him, without being strongly agitated.

Alphonso, having obtained permission to speak, represented Antonio's being robbed, and the laying the ring he had lost in his hut, as a vile contrivance, protesting in the most solemn manner, that he was perfectly innocent of every thing laid to his charge. Antonio, as if insensible of shame, boldly declared that all that had been said by Alphonso was a contempt of his authority, as well as a most audacious insinuation against his honour and justice; and assured the king that the guilt of Alphonso had been fully proved and established. The king demanded of Antonio if the finding the ring in Alphonso's hut was the only evidence on which he had been convicted and being told it was, his majesty farther demanded; *who* the person was that had discovered it. The king no sooner spoke than the villain who had hired himself to lay the ring in Alphonso's hut suddenly presented himself, and humbly informed his majesty that *he* was the person who had found the ring. Antonio, not knowing whether he was a friend or foe, or from what motive he spoke, instantly cried out that *he* was the witness on whose testimony he had thought it just to convict Alphonso.

'And by whom,' demanded the king, 'was you employed to find

this ring?' 'By Antonio,' replied the villain, 'who first hired me to hide the ring in Alphonso's hut, and afterwards engaged me, with three others, to waylay his nephew, Rinaldo, and prevent him, at the peril of his life, from seeking the king in behalf of Alphonso.' This confession, so voluntarily made, struck the king and the whole assembly with astonishment and horror. Every eye was fixed on Antonio, nor was it possible for him to conceal the perturbation of his mind, or hide the shame and confusion that flushed into his face.

Rinaldo, perceiving things sufficiently ripe for his purpose, begged a patient hearing of the king; which being granted, he related his meeting with Almira, and the story of Alphonso, excepting his illustrious birth, which Rinaldo thought it most proper yet for some time to conceal: but what most astonished all who heard it was the cause of Antonio's resentment against Alphonso, and the fair Almira, to force whose love he had invented the horrid plot discovered by one of the ruffians he had hired to assassinate him.

Notwithstanding the injustice of Antonio was so obviously clear to every one, he had, nevertheless, the effrontery to give the most direct and positive contradiction to every thing alleged against him, charging those who had accused him with conspiring against his life, and demanding of the king his royal protection against them.

His majesty, somewhat embarrassed how to act between the different parties, determined that the matter should be decided by duel between Alphonso and Antonio, to which both readily agreed; Alphonso inspired by the justice of his cause, and Antonio led on by the superior skill he flattered himself that he possessed. One thing only Alphonso

requested of the king, which was, that he might be allowed to ask a delay of the duel until the morning, in order that he might have an opportunity of sending to the hut he had quitted, by his majesty's commands, for a valuable sword concealed there, without which he should have but little hopes of succeeding. The king appeared much surprised, and enquired what sword it was, without which Alphonso could not venture to proceed to battle. Alphonso, bowing most respectfully, humbly besought his majesty that he would be pleased to excuse his silence on the subject, until the proper time should come for obeying his royal pleasure. This request more amazed the king than ever. Indeed, every one present appeared greatly surprised at its ambiguity, and the secret it was evidently meant to conceal.

A convenient place being prepared for the purpose, the combatants met in the morning, and appeared in the ring, which was surrounded by all the nobles that had attended the king on his circuit, and the gentry residing in the neighbouring villages; his majesty being seated on a throne under the canopy of state, in the centre, with his officers and guards around him.

Never was attention more engrossed, or expectation higher raised, than on the present occasion. Every eye was rivetted on Alphonso, anxious for the success of his combat, until Almira presented herself, and interested every one in her father's behalf. The signal for the fight was now proclaimed by sound of trumpet, and the combatants advanced towards each other with sword in hand; Alphonso cool and intrepid, and Antonio burning with rage, in-somuch that, wholly under its influence, he began the combat with so furious a lunge, that every one

expected to see Alphonso at his feet. Almira gave a violent shriek, and the whole assembly felt for her distress; but Alphonso, more discreet than his antagonist, put by Antonio's sword, and immediately run him through the body. The wound was fatal, and Antonio immediately expired amidst a general shout of the whole assembly.

Rinaldo instantly caught Almira in his arms, and joined her in thanking Heaven for the victory her father had gained. Indeed, the whole assembly most visibly participated in their joy; nor was the good old king without his share of satisfaction, led by inspiration, as it were, to indulge a secret pleasure in the event of the day. But greater events were yet to come. Alphonso, borne triumphant in a car prepared for the conqueror, approached his majesty on his knee, and in an humble posture presented him with his sword, still reeking with Antonio's blood.

'Heavens!' cried the king, perceiving the inscription on the blade, 'sure this is the very sword of state, long lost with my only son?' 'It is,' exclaimed Alphonso, 'and a gracious Providence now returns you both for; in time you now behold your long-lost son, Alphonso.' A general surprise now suspended every tongue, and all were lost in wonder and amazement. The good old king, weeping through excess of joy, embraced first Alphonso, and then Almira, drawing tears from every beholder.

A profound silence prevailing, Alphonso, by the express command of the king, publicly gave his history, as it had been related to him by Ursula, with an account of the manner in which he became possessed of the sword of state, as a proof of his illustrious birth, whenever occasion should render it necessary to make it appear. Alphonso

also informed his royal father of the manner in which Almira and Rinaldo became acquainted, and particularly of the part he had so generously taken to procure him an opportunity of setting forth his innocence before the king, which he was fully determined to establish, before he ventured to disclose the relationship he had the happiness to bear to so renowned and illustrious a prince.

The king instantly dispatched a courier with orders for proclaiming throughout Sardinia the discovery of the heir to the throne, and proceeded with all possible expedition on his return to his palace, where the good old king introduced his son and the lovely Almira to his people, who received the long-lost prince and his beautiful daughter with every demonstration of joy.

The next day a public festival was provided by the king, at which Alphonso and Almira appeared, attired in the richest dresses that could be procured. Alphonso, being of a stature above the middle size, made a most majestic appearance, especially as he was handsomely formed, and of a countenance the most open and expressive that could possibly be imagined. As to Almira, her dress threw a lustre on her charms that captivated and enslaved, nor were her manners less endearing and engaging. The banquet was celebrated in a manner suitable to the occasion on which it was given. Happiness sat on every face, and each moment brought some new pleasure to inspire and exhilarate the soul.

After dinner, the king, agreeably to the wish of Alphonso, caused Almira to give her hand to Rinaldo in marriage, and as a mark of his royal approbation of the part he had acted towards her and her father, immediately settled on them an income suitable to their rank; after

which he caused Alphonso to be proclaimed heir to the crown.

The king soon after died, and was succeeded by Alphonso in a long and prosperous reign, full of happiness and honour.

Such are the secret workings of a gracious Providence, and such the triumphs of the good and the unfortunate, who are sure to burst, sooner or later, from the cloud of adversity, covered, like Alphonso, with glory and renown. Heaven is ever just in all its ways, and to be virtuous is the way ultimately to be happy.

THE END.

A NIGHT WALK

IN JULY.

By J. M. L.

The balmy hay around was thrown,
And eve, approaching, whisper'd peace:
Far from the town, and quite alone,
I gave my senses soft release.'

Author's Manuscript Poems.

FOR a few days I had breathed the pure air of the sea-coast, from which my present residence was about two miles distant: my almost constant walk was to the shore, for the way thither lay over a most charming succession of corn and grass fields. It was more my walk at evening than at

'The morning-hour of life and love:'

Then I generally sought a shady recess near a little rivulet, that wound its silent way to the all-devouring ocean. There, with my flute, I have passed many a very pleasant hour; and when the softened tones, that echo wafted back from the flowery banks of the stream, reached my ear,

' Oh! I have wonder'd, like the peasant boy
Who sings at eve' his sabbath strains of joy,
And when he hears the rude, luxuriant noise,
Back to his ear on softening echoes float,
Believes it still some answering spirit's tone,
And thinks it all too sweet to be his own.'

MOORE.

July had now put forth her powers: the ripened and ripening fruit blushed in every orchard, the hay was every where getting in fast, and the corn had shot out the promising ear of abundance. I recollect a sonnet that I wrote last year for the month of July, and as it alludes to circumstances now in point, I shall introduce it here.

' The distant mower carols loud his lay,
And sweeps destruction round him as he sings;
Each flow'r that smil'd on Summer's opening day,
Now low in death his scythe unheeding flings.
But chief 'tis thine, July, to clothe the plain
With the best tribute yielding earth can give;
Thy glowing sun embrowns the bending grain,
The food, kind Nature gives, that man may live.
What though annoying heat with thee is giv'n,
Still should we praise the Pow'r that guides the year;
Without this first and noblest gift of Heav'n,
Fierce famine soon would fill the world with fear;
Nature would droop in everlasting night,
Unblest by Sol, great source of heat and light.'

The day had been exceedingly hot and sultry, not a breeze had taught the leaves to tremble, and the horizon was obscured by a seeming mist, or, as it is often termed, a blight, when I started for my present ramble. Although it was now after nine o'clock, the heat was so oppressive, that I found it necessary to walk very slow. The nightingale had begun 'her solo anthem' in a grove, near which I passed as I set off.

' She, gentle heart, thinks it no pain to please,
Nor, like the moody songsters of the world,
Displays her talent, pleases, takes affront,
And locks it up in envy.'

HURDIS.

I passed on, and met the last load of hay coming from a field. Owing to the lateness of the hour, it could not be stacked till the next day; but the appearance of heavy clouds, that seemed to foretel a tempest, made the labourers determine to get it under cover that night. The top was loaded with merry haymakers, riding home as it were in triumph.

' Yon rustic throng have left the hay-field's toil;
With gladsome song they cheer the homeward way:
The youth how blest should his fair partner smile,
Forgotten, then, the labour of the day.'

Author's Manuscript Poems.

Having crossed a corn-field, where waved the full-formed wheat ear, I sat down for a few minutes upon a stile to reflect on the occurrences of the day, exclaiming with Hurdis,

' Here let me pause; and ere still night advance
To shut the books of heav'n, look back and see
What commendable act has sprung to day.
Ah! who can boast? The little good we do
In all the years of life will scarce outweigh
The follies of an hour.'

VILLAGE CURATE.

I reached at length the common that led to the beach, and could yet discern, by the dim light that still reflected from the west, the yellow-blossomed furze,

' With golden baskets hung. Approach it not,
For every blossom has a troop of swords
Drawn to defend it. 'Tis the treasury
Of fays and fairies. Here they nightly meet,
Each with a burnish'd king-cup in his hand,
To quaff the subtil ether. Here they dance
Or to the village chimes, or moody song
Of midnight Philomel. The ringlet see

Fantastically trod. There Oberon
 His gallant train leads out, the while his
 torch
 The glow-worm lights, and dusky night il-
 lumines:
 And there they foot it featly round, and
 laugh.
 The sacred spot the superstitious ewe
 Regards, and bites it not in reverence.
 And on the hrowy clock toils one—the cock
 His clarion sounds, the dance breaks off, the
 lights
 Are quench'd, the music hush'd; they speed
 away
 Swifter than thought, and still the break of
 morn
 Outrun, and, chasing midnight as she flies,
 Pursue her round the globe.²

HURDIS.

To a poetical mind there is some-
 thing in the contemplation of fairies
 and their employments peculiarly
 pleasing; and however sober reason
 may laugh at the poet and his fairies,
 yet the poet still enjoys a pleasure
 perhaps denied to sober reason.
 They are at any rate a harmless
 species of immaterial beings, and
 would scarcely alarm an infant's
 mind. Such employments as the
 following are not only harmless, but
 many of them are praiseworthy; and
 from those that are so let reason
 take an example, and laugh at the
 fairies as much as she pleases!

* Some on their Sylphid Queen attend,
 Where smiles her roseate bow'r;
 Around her dew-gemm'd throne they bend,
 And bring each tribute flow'r.

Some glide unheard where Beauty sleeps,
 And prompt her love-fraught dreams;
 Some seek the spot where Sorrow weeps,
 And soothe with Hope's warm beams.

Some guard the tomb where Honour lies,
 And weed the grass-grown space;
 Then bid the fairest flow'rets rise
 To deck the hallow'd place.

And others lighter joys pursue,
 Attir'd in robes of bloom,
 Whilst roses glitt'ring bright with dew
 Spread round a rich perfume.

Some gather garlands from the flow'rs,
 To decorate their Queen,
 Who deigns to share their frolic hours,
 Upon the oak-crown'd green.

Some in a water-lily glide,
 Along the moon-tipt lake;
 A rose-leaf sail their only guide,
 Till morn begins to break:

When swift they steal to soft repose,
 Within each flowery cell;
 The violet, or the blushing rose,
 Deep in some hidden dell.

Author's Manuscript Poems.

Having reached the sea-side, I sat
 down on a large stone, and gazed
 over the vast expanse of waters,
 whose mirror-like surface was dim-
 pled only by a distant boat seeking
 its way to port; whilst the stillness
 of the air was only disturbed by the
 boatman's rude song. There is a
 great pleasure to most minds in list-
 ening to the half-heard waves, as
 they tremble on the beach.

Their mildly-solemn murmur on the shore
 Is more than pleasing to the pensive soul;
 The soothing sound delights the bosom more
 Than loud-tongued Pleasure's phrenzy-
 like controul.²

Author's Manuscript Poems.

Notwithstanding the calmness of
 the evening, there was a peculiar ap-
 pearance in the sky, and a sensation
 in the air (better felt than described)
 that foretold a coming storm; and
 an immense pile of black electric-
 looking clouds in the south-east
 placed it beyond a doubt. I could
 also perceive a fisherman's family,
 whose hut was at no great distance
 from me, busily employed in taking
 every thing in that could be injured
 by wet; whilst the fisherman and a
 sturdy lad were hauling a boat up
 the beach, high enough to be out of
 the reach of the waves. All this
 warned me; but as I did not think
 myself in any immediate danger, I
 staid to observe a little of its pro-
 gress. On observing the torpid
 state of the immense sheet of water
 before me, apparently only slumber-
 ing to gather strength against the
 coming conflict of the elements, I
 could not help ejaculating,

How tranquil now the Ocean's silver'd
wave,
As sinks the day's bright lord beneath
the tide,

While the soft lustre that his last ray gave
Still tips the sails as slow the vessels glide.

Who, that ne'er saw its rage when tempests
rise,

Would think, to see how calmly now it
sleeps,

Its surgy waves will seem to strike the skies,
When the wild whirlwind o'er its surface
sweeps?

Yet that it is so, yonder cliff will tell,
Whose crumbling sides resist the waves in
vain;

Impell'd by storms, they rush with awful
swell,

And drag its falling atoms to the main.'

Author's Manuscript Poems.

The clouds had now advanced much nearer, and did not appear so compact as before: but as yet no lightning had burst from their cimmerian womb. The waves began to heave with an agitated swell, though as yet there was no wind. Soon a light breeze sprang up that a little ruffled the water; but the swell, that still increased, appeared not to be actuated by the wind. In a few minutes the gale increased to a perfect hurricane, and I thought it advisable to return: I rose for that purpose; and as I did so, the first flash burst from the nearest cloud, which had imperceptibly gained so much on me, as to be almost over my head. The light that the flash occasioned I can only compare to an immense sheet of liquid fire. A short time elapsed, and it was followed by an extremely heavy peal, or rather succession of peals, of thunder. I now hurried on pretty quick, for it was exceedingly dark between the flashes, which were almost without intermission, and each followed by claps of thunder that were every time louder. I began to blame myself for the folly of waiting its approach as I had done; but its progress had been so much more speedy than I had expected, that I was quite

deceived by it. I at first hoped to get home before it rained, but the storm at length grew so awfully violent that I wished for rain as one means of safety, and it at length poured most heavily. I was inwardly thankful for it. Previous to my getting home, I could see at a distance a fire, evidently occasioned by the lightning. At the time I could not tell what it was the flames were destroying, but heard afterwards that it was a farm-house seven miles off. What a situation for the sufferers to be in at such a moment! I reached my friend's house, and found all the family got together in the kitchen, and, except the master, terrified beyond description. I was completely soaked through every garment, and heated excessively by the hastiness of my return. The first thing I did was to drink a small glass of brandy as a precaution against taking cold, and the next was to change every article of my dress. I then rejoined my friends, and we remained together till the termination of the storm, which was not until after midnight. It was so violent as to beggar all description. I will conclude this walk with some stanzas, that are part of a small poem I once wrote after a similar storm; but they can give no idea, or but a very faint one, of its real violence.

When high Omniscience, from its sapphire
throne,

Issues a mandate for the storm to rise,
Fled is the beam that late in beauty shone,
And low'ring horror spreads along the
skies.

Impressive silence reigns throughout the air,
Whilst livid clouds in mountain-piles ap-
pear;

The direful pause seems fill'd with wild de-
spair,
And shudd'ring Nature owns a pang of fear.

The setting sun casts round a blood-red ray,
Whilst distant thunder rolls in solemn peal;
An awful night-fall shuts a dreary day;
And whisp'ring conscience bids the guilty
feel.

' The Tempest comes! a liquid flash is seen,
That pours terrific light along the glade;
A peal succeeds that shakes the groaning
green,
And makes more dismal seem the murky
shade.

' Nearer it comes! swift drop Heav'n's awful
fires!
Trees fall around, and mansions fiercely
blaze!
And in the blast some human form expires!
Whilst all around is woe, and wild amaze!

' The bad man's shrinking, seeks some shel-
ter'd spot,
Hoping to hide him from the wrath of
Heav'n;
And to the mind where sin has cast no blot
A pang of melancholy awe is giv'n.'

Author's Poems.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

BY SOPHIA TROUGHTON.

LETTER I.

*Lady Walsingham to the Dowager
Countess of Aubry.*

Walsingham-Hall.

I WAS so much fatigued on Tues-
day night with our journey, that
after dispatching a line, informing
you of our safe arrival, I retired for
the night.

I was waked the next morning
by an early serenade from a thousand
tuneful throats. I rose, and opened
the shutters.

' The breezy morning breath'd perfume,
The opening flow'rs unveil'd their bloom.'

The scene was inviting; I tied
on my hat, and descended. All was
still, save the soft responses of the
towering lark and melodious thrush.
They were paying their morning
orisons to that Almighty Power who
had the morning wake for them.
The flowers exhaled an odoriferous
perfume. I seemed to tread on air;

and to render the scene quite en-
chanting, I saw Walsingham hastening
up the walk to join me. I stopped.
' Thus looked the first of women,'
said he;

" Thus stood Eve, veil'd in a cloud of fra-
grance;
Thus early, thus alone; her heav'nly form
Angelic:"—

' but *not* more soft and feminine
her graceful innocence than my Ca-
roline's.' He drew my arm through
his, and we had a most delightful
ramble. The house is built in the
modern taste, noble and convenient,
but small in comparison with the
old one; the ruins of which, even
now, form a magnificent pile of
building. In the time of Archibald
earl of Walsingham it was the fa-
mily residence, but very much out
of repair; and he being a gay man,
preferred building a new house in the
fashionable style to laying out his
money on the old castle of his an-
cestors. Some of the materials for
building were brought away, as was
likewise the best of the furniture,
and all the pictures. The back win-
dows of the house command different
views of this ancient castle; particu-
larly from the library, where through
a vista of old trees its appearance is
both sublime and beautiful.

But to return to our walk in the
gardens, which are very extensive,
and sloping with a beautiful decli-
vity, are terminated by a clear
stream; over which is thrown a
light Chinese bridge, which leads to
the path in which several small tem-
ples are erected. I drew the plans
for some of them when in town. I
have not seen them all; but one I
have seen, and am delighted with it.
It was designed by the late accom-
plished lady Walsingham, and does
honour to her taste.

On a smooth green plot stands a
small white building in the style of
an hermitage. The steps of this

enchanting little grotto are cut out of the greensward. Over the door are these lines :

‘ O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see;
Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tam'd, my wishes laid.’

The furniture is a rushy couch, cane chairs, and an oaken table. A shelf with some books is fixed in a recess on one side of the door. From the small gothic windows are perceived the glittering spires and dark turrets of the castle. The walls are in imitation of stone, and a large cross is rudely sculptured on one side. The dashing of the cascade is heard at a distance. The pleasing murmuring of the water and the wild romantic scenery, joined to the solitude of the place, raises a calm yet sublime sensation in the breast; encourages contemplation, and, as it were, estranges us to the world.

We walked round to the front of the house, where the prospect is almost boundless. On the left, a hanging wood frowns with majestic grandeur; on the right, a beautiful sheet of water—adorn'd with ten lovely swans, and several cygnets; and in the front never can ‘the prospect tire the view.’ The lawns, the park, the distant village, bounded by the horizon only. Such is Walsingham, and your daughter the happy mistress of the whole. O my mother! that your health would permit you to come and witness my happiness! Well, I must be content thus only to communicate it, since it is impossible to see you.

Having said so much of the house, it is time to say something of the company. Lady Mary Brilliant, lord Seymore, and Mr. Linly, arrived the night before Mrs. Howard and I. I thought lady Julia received us with less affection than politeness. You know she has not seen either her brother or me since our marriage,

as she was then with her aunt at the German Spa. And though she has been more than a year in England, she has never made one visit to town; which is the more remarkable as solitude used to be her aversion. Perhaps, she is displeas'd at another being in her place, as she used to be her brother's housekeeper. Yet she need not mind that; for her fortune is very large, and quite at her own disposal.

We are in expectation of sir Harry Champly, and the right hon. Charles Baderly. The last gentleman is from Ireland, and is expected with great impatience by Walsingham; who says, with this addition, he may challenge all England to produce such a party as ours will then be.—Hark!—the sound of horses,—I will go down, and see if he is come; for really Adolphus has made me quite curious.

(*In continuation.*)

No, 'tis not the Irish gentleman; but a letter for me, from London.—I may now say with Walsingham—With this addition, England cannot produce a happier party than Walsingham will boast.

Who do you think is on the road to us? O my dear mamma! it is the friend of my childhood, my inestimable miss Lester, who after a five years absence is returned to her native country; and by this early favour shows she has not forgot her Caroline, (although she neglected to write to her;) but brings back the warm heart, the affectionate love, which used so charmingly to distinguish her.

With what joy, what rapture, shall I present my little Adolphus to the lovely Helen! Now, indeed, I shall watch every carriage, and the sound of every horse's foot. I can write no more; but when this joy-

ous interview is over you shall hear again from your very affectionate,
and happy daughter,
CAROLINE WALSINGHAM.

LETTER II.

The Hon. Charles Baderly to Sir Robert Lexton.

Walsingham-Hall.

BOB, you and I have both heard of Mahomet's paradise, and of its beautiful inhabitants. But *I have found* the happy place. If you doubt my assertion, come, my boy; come on the wings of hope to Walsingham. If I was delighted at the perspective beauty of the situation; if I was pleased with the elegant simplicity of the house; how was I astonished at—but how shall I describe, the assemblage of grace and loveliness that meet in the charming mistress of this happy place? No, my pen can never describe lady Walsingham. I may tell you, she is above the common height of women; that she is elegantly formed; that she is exquisitely fair; that her eyes are a languishing blue, and that her head is adorned with a profusion of auburn hair: but I can never tell you what lines of sense mark her expressive countenance. No, you must see her to do her justice, and then in her intelligent eye you may read her whole soul. Oh, Lexton, I little thought that I should ever envy a married man; and yet, I was never an enemy to the sex, as you know.

But her husband is my friend, and that will act as an antidote against the witchcraft of her eyes.—If I did not think so, I would not stay another night under her roof. But I have not yet introduced you to the company.

Walsingham, who was on the look out, descried, and hastened to meet me in the park. I alighted from my horse, and we walked together to the house. 'How happy, my dear friend,' said Walsingham, 'does this favour make me; I have a wife, Charles; a woman I am sure you will admire, and am impatient to have you acquainted with.'

We entered the house, and he led the way to the drawing-room, without permitting me to change my dress.

The company were assembled there. At one of the windows stood two ladies in conversation; but on our entrance they both turned round. Heavens! what beauty did that movement discover! Oh, Bob! you would have given half your estate to have been present at my introduction. Never before had I seen such sweetness and majesty blended in one countenance as I then beheld in lady Walsingham's.

'Caroline,' said my friend, 'I can now make a return to miss Lester for the pleasure conferred on us this morning, by introducing the honourable Charles Baderly to her and your acquaintance. The long-wished for, the long-expected friend of my heart.'

Lady Walsingham with a charming frankness gave me her hand; and I ventured, as the friend of her husband, to press her damask cheek.

Walsingham took miss Lester by the hand. 'This lovely girl, Baderly, does my Caroline the honour to prefer her company to the gay scenes of London; and has distinguished this day by her arrival.'

I saluted the lady; congratulated her on the justness of her taste. But who would not prefer their society, and the magic spot she dwells on, to the noise, the smoke, and the distraction of the metropolis.

Walsingham led his fair guest toward the company. I followed his example, with his still fairer wife.

He presented me to the party; which consisted of lady Mary Brilliant, whose father you know; the hon. miss Howard (whom neither you nor I know): by the way, she is a rich handsome widow; sir Harry Champly, a most confounded coxcomb; the modest Theodosius Linley, our Carne Abbey acquaintance; and lord Seymore, a very worthy nobleman.

Julia Walsingham, the sister of our friend, you remember—but the wild blooming girl you knew is metamorphosed into the pale languid woman of fashion; and her warm and lively spirits are changed to a most forbidding coldness. She is even cool to her angelic sister.—What strange mutable animals are women!—and yet, I think, Walsingham's wife is an exception from this foible; she seems as happy in the company of her old friend miss Lester as she could be in the acquisition of a new acquaintance.

The evening of my arrival passed very convivially; the women were sprightly—the men were rational.

Miss Lester would have lady Walsingham's child brought in: she took the smiling boy in her arms, and nursed him a considerable time. He is a most charming infant: and never could his nurse appear to greater advantage than while she so exerted herself: every one was delighted with her. Indeed, she is a woman of a very fine figure, of a majestic and dignified form. Though not fair, she has a lovely complexion; piercing black eyes; fine eyebrows, and hair of the same colour; with such an air of vivacity and archness diffused over her countenance, that one or two in our party dare hardly look at her. I need not inform you that I make

not one of their corps.—No, no, Bob; though I detest a demure prude, as a stupid piece of still-life, yet I admire not the other extreme; for when a lady's animation passes a certain boundary it becomes excessively indelicate, and is more disgusting to me than even prudery. I would rather be in company with a good picture than either of them.

Miss Lester, is certainly no prude. No, she is one of those good girls who make the most of the gifts which Heaven has been pleased to bestow on them. She has already distinguished me above my fellows. I know not why: unless because I have distinguished her less.—Women love contradiction. They disregard the conquests they have made, and are always contriving to ensnare those who stand aloof. And where, methinks I hear you exclaim, did you, Baderly, acquire all this philosophy, that you can withstand all the contrivances of a beautiful woman, and talk of standing aloof with as much sang froid as if you had passed your grand climacteric? I will answer you, my friend.—I have not the smallest wish to be distinguished by miss Lester; but would prefer one approving smile from the mild countenance of lady Walsingham to the most studied, the most fascinating glances of the coquetish Lester; for a coquet I am sure she is.

This is the birth-day of Walsingham; and to-night we are to have a concert (several of the neighbouring families, who are performers, are expected), in an elegant temple, built, I understand, from a plan drawn by lady Walsingham, and dedicated to harmony. The lamps are already lighting; I will go down, and see who is come to increase our festivity with their company. Some country squires, I imagine; for they a laughing most confoundedly loud.

(In continuation.)

On entering the saloon I found a very elegant company of both sexes assembled. On my entrance (for I was the last), lady Walsingham led the way to the temple in the garden; in which this amiable woman had paid Walsingham every possible honour in the decorations. The outside of the building was one entire blaze of light. On ascending the steps under the portico, A. W. in variegated lamps, and the arms of the family surrounded with laurel, had a brilliant effect. Within the doors the scene which presented was enchanting—it seemed the work of magic, and I actually rubbed my eyes to know if I was really awake.

The building is an octagon; an arras of white satin covers the walls, on which subjects that do honour to music are painted by lady Walsingham from the heathen mythology. A light gallery runs round the top; which on this occasion was formed into an arcade, with green-house plants, and artificial flowers; under which were placed refreshments (for we had no regular supper). In each angle stood a beautiful china vase filled with aromatic waters, which diffused a fragrant perfume.

The roof terminated in a dome; the ceiling represented an open and serene sky, with angels in the attitude of listening to the sounds which might arise from below. And, surely, the strains that were heard this night there might have drawn listening angels from their happy abode.

Here is a very fine-toned organ, to which Walsingham did justice. Miss Lester took the harp, on which she performed in a masterly style. Julia struck the lute, lady Walsingham the piano forte, lord Seymore the flute, your humble servant strummed the base viol. The other gentlemen took violins, except Champly, who

with great fury blew the bassoon. We played several of Handel's best pieces; some concertos of Jackson, &c. When songs were called for, miss Lister favoured us with some Italian airs, and then, by the desire of Walsingham, warbled the old English song of 'Somebody;' and really somebody's eyes were fixed with such rapturous attention on her, that I knew not what the deuce to think.

Seymore called on lady Walsingham for a song: 'If she complies,' said he to me, who sat next to him, 'you will think yourself in Elysium.' Before I could answer she struck the chords of her piano; played a grand symphony: then changed her style, and sung one of the tenderest, softest, sweetest airs, that ministering spirits ever chanted over the dying bed of the happy.—I was mute with astonishment. When she concluded, a profound silence reigned for a moment, and when it was broken every tongue encored her; but she modestly declined singing the same air again. And why? Because the words and air were her own composing. But I could have listened to the same air, and the same voice, 'from morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve.'

She turned over her music, and selected a beautiful song of Pleyel's. On her rising, Seymore, who had been busy with the music which lay scattered on the top of the instrument, sat down to the keys, and in a fine mellow tune, sung,

'Hush every breeze, let nothing move;
My Delia sings, and sings of love.'

The compliment pleased me; it was delicate—I wished I had sung the song myself.

We did not separate till a late hour. The concert concluded with 'My faith and truth,' sung by Walsingham and lady Mary: she has but a weak voice, and of very little com-

pass, but is a passionate admirer of music, particularly of lady Walsingham's performances.

We could not prevail on the pensive Julia to warble once.—What can ail the girl, Lexton? Only she has become so cursed proud, or I should think she was in love; but I am persuaded she regards herself too much to fret her bloom away for another. All I can say, is, there is a wonderful alteration in her; and an alteration by no means for the better.—So, so, what the deuce is the matter now!

A tremendous bounce at the room door made me start; but a mighty pretty laugh informed me that miss Lester was there. I opened the door immediately. 'Well,' said the lady, 'I have been searching the house all over; and not finding you any where imagined you was no longer a terrestrial, but had got translated to apartments in the moon. See, I have run away with little Adolphus; when his nurse misses him, there will be a fine piece of work.'

'Tis true,' said I, 'I have been travelling among the planetary worlds; but since the goddess of beauty condescends to bring a cherub to my earthly dwelling, I am content to abide in it; for where shall I meet a brighter constellation than this before me, a Venus and a Cupid?'

The compliment was gross; but the lady smiled. Upon my soul, Lexton, I have often thought that a vain woman and a drunken man are very much alike: the one swallows liquor, however bad; the other flattery, however fulsome. 'Come,' cried my visitor, 'find your hat; Mrs. Howard wants me to walk with her to the village, but I positively shan't stir without a protector.'

I did as the lady commanded; found my hat, and sallied forth to the hamlet; for though I saw Mrs.

Howard was not pleased with my attendance, she did not forbid it. I therefore accompanied them on the visit of charity, for such it was on Mrs. Howard's part, who seemed well known. Indeed, in my eyes, she appeared a second lady Bountiful, while she dispensed happiness to her old pensioners, comfort to the sick, and advice to the young. Nor was this all; for at every house at which we stopped she left a token of the generosity of her spirit; and in return was loaded with the blessings of the grateful creature. But what was miss Lester's employment? Why, pulling about every thing within her reach. 'Look here, Baderly, what shocking ugly chairs.—What a bore of a table. Bless me, what queer dishes!' All the time the poor women were blushing and curtsying. I was ashamed of her behaviour, actually; for though no saint myself, yet, when I discover that noble spirit of philanthropy which shines so bright in Mrs. Howard, and appears to so much advantage in a female, or which rather makes the sex appear to advantage, I feel my heart warm towards them, whether man, woman, or child.

Mrs. Howard is a young monitress, but virtue in her appears in its proper form; young, rich, and beautiful; with a heart ready to pity, and a hand to relieve every one in want of her assistance.

Miss Lester complained of being weary, and vowed to come no more on such errands of charity to the village. Mrs. Howard made no reply, but I saw she was vexed.

When we returned home miss Lester amused herself and some of the company with a ludicrous description of our walk, and the awkward reception we had. 'Really poor Baderly looked as if he had never been out of a cathedral till this evening; I did not think he

could have looked so very sheepish. But as for Mrs. Howard, no nun ever told her beads with so pensive an air; indeed, she acted the part of a lady abbess to perfection. So soft, so mild, so pitiful; while her village acquaintance stood with distended mouths, overpowered with the thought that so great a lady could condescend to notice such little folks. I assure you I walked out allegro—but came back quite adagio; which proves that I am one of the best creatures living, as I cannot bear to see people in trouble.'

'I do not think it proves any such thing,' said Mrs. Howard, reddening. 'We went not to make visits of ceremony, but to chase the gloom of sorrow from the brow of the widow and the orphan; if these are fit subjects for your sarcasms, I have done. I must say, however, if I had thought the worthy creatures would have received nothing from your visit but ridicule, I should not have requested your company. But I imagined a lady of your fortune would have been happy to dispense a little of that wealth to the less fortunate; and am sorry I was deceived.'

'Ridiculous!' exclaimed Miss Lester; 'so, my dear Mrs. Howard, you would have me lay out my possessions in portions to village swains, and cottagers daughters; ha! ha! ha! And turn methodist, I suppose, and lay up my treasure in Heaven?'

'I shall leave you to lay out your money and wit too, as you think proper,' said Mrs. Howard, rising, and quitting the room.

I followed her to the steps that led into the garden; but Seymore coming in sight, I left them to pursue their walk by themselves, and came to make an end of this letter.

Thine, as usual,

CHARLES BAERLY,

(*To be continued.*)

LONDON FASHIONS.

(*With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.*)

1. A DRESS of pale pink muslin or crape, over a white sarsnet slip; the sleeves of the slip laid in small plaits, and trimmed with lace: and the sleeves of the dress fastened with silver and pearl ornaments. Head-dress, a bandeau of white crape, ornamented with a gold tiara set with rubies. Necklace and armlets to correspond. White gloves and shoes.

2. A plain muslin dress, Vandyked round the bottom; a short Spanish cloak of lilac satin, made to fit the back, and full on the shoulders, trimmed all round with a very rich Vandyked lace; bonnet of the same, crown intermixed with lace and trimmed to match. Limerick gloves and shoes.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

ROBES of white Italian crape over a satin slip of the same colour, ornamented round the bottom with festoons, and painted shells of their natural colours, are much worn. The bosoms are plain scalloped cut very low; and made to sit close. The sleeves are waved and full, and composed of alternate slips or stripes of crape and pink satin.

The hair is bound in smooth bands, confined on the forehead, and ornamented behind with wreaths of wild roses.—Pearl necklaces and earrings are in great request, as are shoes of pink satin, and gloves of white kid, rucked.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



London Fashionable Walking and Full Dress.

A FASHIONABLE QUERE.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I am very anxious to have an answer to this interesting enquiry from one of your numerous correspondents as early as possible, as it will give great relief to the mind of

CHARLOTTE.

Curzon-Street, July 4.

IF Charlotte spends an evening at the house of Maria in consequence of a very pressing invitation; and if on coming away Maria does not repeat the invitation; is Charlotte to understand that Maria does not wish her to repeat her visit, or is it to be understood, that Maria waits for an invitation from Charlotte?

 ADVICE TO UNMARRIED LADIES.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE custom practised in England during the times of the Saxons and Danes, of proving the innocence of the ladies of those ages, by making them walk bare-footed through burning plough-shares, with their eyes hood-winked, seems to me to carry a sort of secret allegory along with it, and to typify the condition of the unmarried part of the fair sex; for what so analogous to the dangers of walking through burning plough-shares, as the strong temptations that sex are exposed to from the warm addresses of the other?

Again, if the lady suspected of

incontinence should (as it was ten to one but she would) touch any of the burning plough-shares, though ever so slightly, she was reputed guilty, though, perhaps, very often innocent. So with us; if a lady listens ever so little beyond the usual bounds of an allowed mutual intercourse, her reputation, like the ordeal lady's, is lost in the opinion of the world, though her virtue stands secure in her own.

The circumstance of walking bare-footed is a strong confirmation of an allegorical sense; since being a little scorched by the hot-iron can never be meant as an adequate punishment for the crime, and must therefore be understood figuratively, to express that there is nothing to protect them from the dangers they are exposed to but their bare natural innocence; which, for that reason, is the easier corrupted, as the foot is more liable to be scorched by being bare and defenceless than if it was protected by a covering.

The eyes being hood-winked is a further confirmation of an allegorical sense; for love is always described by poets as wearing a bandage over his eyes. This, then, being the condition of the unmarried ladies, I shall endeavour to point out a path they may tread, and be secure amidst the burning plough-shares strewed in their way.

The high road that leads to the happiness and misery of the sex is love. Their inexperience, added to the pleasures that enchanting route offers to their pleased senses, makes them but too often quit the rugged track for the more beaten one; which seeming, as in fact it is, to be more frequented, and being most agreeable, draws their steps insensibly from the other.

The rugged track consists in keep-

ing within the bounds prescribed by custom, decency, and virtue. I say custom, because, though in the real road of virtue there are several primrose paths (as Laertes in Shakspeare expresses himself), which may invite the step, without leading absolutely out of the road itself, or offering any indecent prospect to the view, yet the world expects the fair traveller should tread the direct road without turning to the right or left, for fear she should wander too far, or trip unawares.

But to leave the allegory, every woman has two characters to maintain; one which she owes to herself, and one which she owes to the world:—the characters of virtue and reputation. Many women have lost their reputations, and yet have preserved their virtues; for it is more difficult, by far, to preserve reputation than virtue. The one depends on the opinion of the public, who may judge from false appearances, and of course err; the other on an inward consciousness of what is right, which can never err. But as reputation, as well as virtue, is essential to every woman that would live agreeably in the world, and at peace within herself, both must be preserved.

It would be an affront to the sex to offer any arguments to them to induce them to preserve their virtues. To suppose they want directions on this head would be an unpardonable presumption; yet, without meaning to offend them, I will venture to say, that I have observed some among them who have not had so much regard for reputation as the importance of it requires, and who think that nothing can be laid to their charge so long as they can satisfy themselves as to their own conduct: a way of thinking productive of all

the exterior ills that attend an actual deviation from virtue.

How different is the behaviour of Leonora and Prudentia in this respect! Prudentia has as strong a passion for Leontius as Leonora feels for Torrismond. The same reasons forbid these coming together as keep those asunder. The only difference between their behaviour is, that Prudentia endeavours to conquer the passion she has for Leontius; whereas Leonora still feeds hers, by keeping company with Torrismond. Prudentia feels as great happiness in the thought of being united to Leontius as Leonora does in that of a union with Torrismond; but considering the little prospect there is of it, she forbears the dangerous intimacies which Leonora indiscreetly ventures upon. Prudentia may at length get the better of her passion by the method she takes, but Leonora never will. Both have an equal regard for virtue, but Prudentia has most for her reputation; Leonora thinks, that, while she is conscious that no one can arraign her virtue, no one ought to arraign her reputation. Prudentia thinks the best security her virtue can have is an unattacked reputation. Prudentia has not more virtue than Leonora, but does more to preserve it. Leonora thinks her reputation secure while her virtue is so, and applies all her care to preserve that. The consequence of which different behaviour is this. The world being prepossessed in favour of Prudentia, and prejudiced against Leonora, Prudentia might lose her virtue, and yet preserve her reputation; and Leonora lose her reputation, and yet be strictly virtuous. The one therefore is to be commended, the other to be pitied.

J. D.

Southampton, May 21.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE CREDIT due to TRAVELLERS reporting marvellous Facts, as to Character and Manners.

By the late Dr. BEATTIE.

(From *sir William Forbes's 'Life of Dr. Beattie.'*)

WHEN an European arrives in any remote part of the globe, the natives, if they know any thing of his country, will be apt to form no very favourable opinion of his intentions with regard to their liberties; if they know nothing of him they will yet keep aloof, on account of his strange language, complexion, and accoutrements. In either case, he has little chance of understanding their laws, manners, and principles of action, except by a long residence in the country, which would not suit the views of one traveller in five thousand. He therefore picks up a few strange plants and animals, which he may do with little trouble or danger; and at his return to Europe is welcomed by the literati, as a philosophic traveller of most accurate observation and unquestionable veracity. He describes, perhaps, with tolerable exactness, the soils, plants, and other irrational curiosities of the new country, which procures credit to what he has to say of the people; though his accuracy in describing the material phenomena is no proof of his capacity to explain the moral. One can easily dig to the root of a plant, but it is not so easy to penetrate the motive of an action; and till the motive of an action be known, we are no competent judges of its morality; and in many cases, the motive of an action is not known without a most intimate knowledge of the language and manners of the agent. Our traveller then delivers a few facts of

the moral kind, which perhaps he does not understand, and from them draws some inferences suitable to the taste of the times, or to a favourite hypothesis. He tells us of a Californian who sold his bed in the morning, and came, with tears in his eyes, to beg it back at night; whence he very wisely infers that the poor Californians are hardly one degree above the brutes in understanding, for that they have neither foresight nor memory sufficient to direct their conduct on the most common occasions of life. In a word, they are quite a different species of animal from the European; and it is a gross mistake to think that all mankind are descended from the same parents. But one need not go so far as to California in quest of men who sacrifice a future good to a present gratification. In the metropolis of Great Britain one may meet with many reputed Christians who would act the same part for the pleasure of carousing half a day in a gin-shop. Again, to illustrate the same important truth, that man is a beast, or very little better, we are told of another nation, on the banks of the Orellana, so wonderfully stupid, that they cannot reckon beyond the number three, but point to the hair of the head whenever they would signify a greater number; as if four and four thousand were to them equally inconceivable. But whence it comes to pass that these people are capable of speech, or of reckoning at all, even so far as to three, is a difficulty, of which our historians attempts not the solution. But till he shall solve it I must beg leave to tell him, that the one half of the tale contradicts the other as effectually as if he had told us of a people who were so weak as to be incapable of bodily exertion, and yet that he had seen one of them lift a stone of a hundred weight.

ON THE COMPARATIVE ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES OF PRIVATE AND PUBLIC EDUCATION.

(By the Same.)

COULD mankind lead their lives in solitude, which is so favourable to many of our most virtuous affections, I should be clearly on the side of a private education. But most of us, when we go out into the world, find difficulties in our way which good principles and innocence alone will not qualify us to encounter: we must have some address and knowledge of the world, different from what is to be learned from books, or we shall soon be puzzled, disheartened, or disgusted. The foundation of this knowledge is laid in the intercourse of school-boys, or at least of young men of the same age. When a boy is always under the direction of a parent, or tutor, he acquires such a habit of looking up to them for advice, that he never learns to act or think for himself; his memory is exercised, indeed, in retaining their advice, but his invention is suffered to languish, till, at last, it becomes totally inactive. He knows, perhaps, a great deal of history or science; but he knows not how to conduct himself on those ever-changing emergencies, which are too minute and too numerous to be comprehended in any system of advice. He is astonished at the most common appearances, and discouraged by the most trifling (because unexpected) obstacles; and he is often at his wits' end, where a boy of much less knowledge, but more experience, would instantly devise a thousand expedients.

Another inconvenience attending private education is the suppression of the principle of emulation, with-

out which it rarely happens that a boy prosecutes his studies with alacrity or success. I have heard private tutors complain that they were obliged to have recourse to flattery or bribery to engage the attention of their pupil, and I need not observe how improper it is to set the example of such practices before children. True emulation, especially in young and ingenuous minds, is a noble principle. I have known the happiest effects produced by it; I never knew it to be productive of any vice. In all public schools it is, or ought to be, carefully cherished.— I shall only observe further, that when boys pursue their studies at home they are apt to contract either a habit of idleness, or too close an attachment to reading: the former breeds innumerable diseases, both in the body and soul; the latter, by filling young and tender minds with more knowledge than they can either retain or arrange properly, is apt to make them superficial or inattentive, or, what is worse, to strain, and consequently impair, the faculties, by overstretching them. I have known several instances of both.

The great inconvenience of public education arises from its being dangerous to morals. And, indeed, every condition and period of human life is liable to temptation. Nor will I deny that our innocence during the first part of life is much more secure at home than any-where else; yet even at home, when we reach a certain age, it is not perfectly secure. Let young men be kept at the greatest distance from bad company, it will not be easy to keep them from bad books, to which, in these days, all persons may have easy access at all times. Let us, however, suppose the best, that both bad books and bad company keep away, and that the young man never leaves his parents' or tutor's side

till his mind be well furnished with good principles, and himself arrived at the age of reflection and caution; yet temptations must come at last; and when they come, will they have the less strength, because they are new, unexpected, and surprising? I fear not. The more the young man is surprised, the more apt will he be to lose his presence of mind, and consequently the less capable of self-government. Besides, if his passions are strong, he will be disposed to form comparisons between his past state of restraint and his present of liberty, very much to the disadvantage of the former. His new associates will laugh at him for his reserve and preciseness, and his acquaintance with their manners, and with the world, as it will render him the more obnoxious to their ridicule, will also disqualify him the more both for supporting it with dignity, and also for defending himself against it.—A young man, kept by himself at home, is never well known, even by his parents; because he is never placed in those circumstances which alone are able to rouse and interest his passions, and consequently to make his character appear. His parents, therefore, or tutors, never know his weak side, nor what particular advice or cautions he stands most in need of; whereas, if he had attended a public school, and mingled in the amusements and pursuits of his equals, his virtues and vices would have been disclosing themselves every day; and his teachers would have known what particular precepts and examples it was most expedient to inculcate upon him. Compare those who had a public education with those who have been educated at home; and it will not be found, in fact, that the latter are, either in virtue or in talents, superior to the

former. I speak from observation of fact, as well as from attending to the nature of the thing.

INCONSTANCY.

A FRAGMENT.

By S. T.

—ONCE, ah! once o'er this bridge I conducted the faithless Jemima; on this little bridge we stopped to hear the gentle murmur of the waters. I at that moment was the happiest of men, I was almost supposing impossibilities. As the sun was sinking into the lap of eve, we promenaded the side of the river. The wild honey-suckles perfumed the gentle zephyrs. I plucked from amidst the brake a beautiful wild-rose: I pressed it to my lips, and gave it Jemima;—she placed it in her bosom.

'Fix'd in that happy region next her heart,
Your sweets a while with joy ye shall dis-
pense,
And constant, like the giver, never part,
'Till death, alas! too sudden snatch you
hence.'

Then, ah! then, how divine, how lovely did she look! Her sparkling eyes were animated, and the glow of the little rose added brilliancy to her complexion. She clasped her arm in mine: we strayed on, while the nightingale poured forth her gentle soothing strain, and the rural murmur of the wood-pigeon was pleasing to the ear of the gentle maiden.

'Then Hope was kind, and Friendship seem'd
sincere.'

She gave me a handkerchief containing the initials of her name; they were wrought with her own dear hands, with the silken hair from her

flowing ringlets. She bade me not despair: she disclaimed against every other. I gazed, loved, and fondly hoped: but all those marks of affection are, alas! now with her forgotten; and must I own my weakness?—still, every tittle I have in remembrance, every little token I received from her I have preserved.

For merr'y still, reluctant to depart
From the dear spot, once rich in prospects
fair,
Bids the fond soul enamour'd linger there,
And its least charm is grateful to the heart!

I often pass the grove, the tree, the bridge, the river, which bear witness to the vows she gave; but to me they have no charms. I pass them now regardless by—save the tribute of a sigh, which bitter remembrance obliges. The wild-rose blooms, but not for me; the waters murmur, but they afford to me no pleasing sensation; the nightingale pours her tale, but not to me; the murmur of the wood-pigeon resounds throughout the grove, but with me all is lost; I have no pleasure in them.

The AMIABLE WIFE and ARTFUL MISTRESS.

[An Extract from *SANTO SEBASTIANO*, a Novel, by the Author of 'The Romance of the Pyrenees.']

SHORTLY after tea, lord Delamore and Mr. Temple commenced a serious engagement at backgammon. Lady Delamore retired, to weep again for those domestic misfortunes, she now believed irremediable; and lady Theodosia requested Julia to accompany her on a walk. Our heroine complied: and after they had rambled for some time about the

beautiful and romantic grounds, and lady Theodosia had pointed out different objects worthy of admiration, she took Julia's arm, lowered the tone of her voice, and with a serious air, addressed her.—

'From what you must have observed to-day, miss De Clifford, you doubtless believe you have entered a most disunited family:—and your belief is just; for, alas! I think there can be few more unhappy families in existence!'

Julia was shocked; and said, with ineffable feeling, 'she was grieved to hear it.'

'—And, as you seem to possess real feeling, you will be more so to see it: and much I fear, you will often repent becoming an inmate of yonder magnificent castle, where the genius of discord reigns—in the person of my sister. From all strangers (I mean daily, or accidental, visitors), it is my excellent mother's wish to conceal our sorrows: but as you are come to form one of our family, concealment from you would be a vain attempt; and therefore, that you may comprehend every thing you hear, and may know my inestimable mother is blameless, I will give you a brief history of our house; in doing which, perhaps you may acquire some useful information, for, in knowing us all, you may learn to regulate your conduct, to avoid creating enemies for yourself.—

'My father, by unfortunately losing both his parents at a very early age, had no one left to him, to whose authority he would bend, or submit to consider as his adviser or his guide. The consequence was inevitable:—the impetuosity of ungovernable passions led them to become his masters: and uncontrolled they have, alas! governed him in many points, even to this hour. He became, before his minority expired,

a complete man of the town; and had plunged with avidity into all of libertinism, sanctioned by fashionable dissipation.

‘Unhappily for his wife, and offspring, he found, among the abandoned of our sex, a Mrs. Monk;—a woman who so entirely fascinated him, that serious apprehensions were entertained by his family that he would be so disgracefully infatuated as to marry her. My father was, and is, a most enthusiastic admirer of female beauty. His uncles and sister dared not to advise him; but, availing themselves of this admiration, contrived to let him see my mother, lady Emily Stanmore, then not fifteen, who was still secluded, by a rigid father, with her governess, to complete the plan of education he had formed for her, and her two sisters before her, ladies Ennerdale and Horatio Fitzroy. The budding beauty of lady Emily, you can readily believe, was transcendent: my father, in one interview, felt its magic; and, as his family hoped, fell distractedly in love, and instantly resolved this new fascinator should be his wife. Luckily for this determination, my grandfather Ashgrove approved the match for his mere child, who was told she must marry this very young, and very handsome, lord; and, ere she knew she had a heart, her hand was given to a man not capable of long appreciating her matchless merit.

‘My mother’s mind was too sublimated for my father’s. Her exalted virtues were not (I suppose) to his taste: again he sought out a being congenial to him; and Mrs. Monk was reinstated in his favour. As time stole on, he became disgusted with the metropolis; and for these last six years (except when parliamentary business calls him to town, and a love of mixing in society, solely composed of nobility,

detains him a short time there), Delamore castle has been his constant residence; and during this period, yon white house, peeping from amid that lofty wood, has been the habitation of Mrs. Monk.

‘My mother married, at the command of an arbitrary father, without affection, and without dislike. Her heart, lord Delamore might have easily won; for in her bosom I have often perceived are the seeds of dormant affection, which a little kindness would awaken, and teach to glow: although the neglect she at first, and the often harsh and contemptuous treatment she has since, experienced, might not only have indelibly fixed her indifference, but awakened resentment and hatred;—but these are inmates not to be found in the bosom of my mother, who has ever been the meek, submissive, uncomplaining, suffering, model of excellence, as a wife. . . . Why not say truth, at once?—In every way, she is perfection. . . .

‘It was the interest of Mrs. Monk totally to destroy my father’s affection for my mother: but in this attempt she could not effectually succeed; for, even when he treated her most unkindly, his eulogiums upon her beauty, her understanding, and sweetness of disposition, to every one he mentioned his wife to, still sounded like the language of ardent love; and when he openly forsook her, and went with the vile Monk to make the tour of Italy, he took French leave of his mistress at Rome, and almost flew back to England, upon reading in a newspaper of my mother’s being indisposed. But as Monk failed in entirely banishing his wife from my father’s heart, she resolved, in vengeance, to make her wretched.—In this, alas! she has too fatally succeeded!

‘At first, the specious fiend began her project by introducing jea-

lousy into my father's too susceptible bosom;—working upon him, by constantly citing the indifference of lady Delamore, contrasted with her own fervent attachment; and at length assuring him some other happy man had overcome her ladyship's apathy, and that he had a rival. Roused almost to frenzy by this insinuation, my credulous father became an attentive observer; and then madly subscribed to the malicious aspersions of his designing favourite. My angelic mother had now to bear all the rancour of her infatuated husband's jealousy. For years, her every look and action were watched by the distempered eye of suspicion, and the prejudiced one of malice: but so upright, so pure, was my mother's conduct, that not a being could be discovered on whom the possibility of even a suspicion could glance, as favoured by her.

'From the moment Selina and St. Orville were capable of any kind of discrimination, my infatuated father (under pretence of fondness leading him to indulge in the company of his children) took them constantly to visit Mrs. Monk, who then resided in Green-street, when this insidious woman exerted all her powers to win their young affections, by every species of indulgence. With Selina, she readily and completely succeeded; but with my noble brother, only until about the period he attained his seventh year, when some visitor at Delamore-house (who knew my father's reprehensible conduct, in taking his children, unknown to my mother, to visit this infamous woman) told St. Orville, 'not to accompany his father to Mrs. Monk, who was a very bad woman; who told fibs of his amiable mother, and made her very unhappy.' From this moment, it was only by force St. Orville could be dragged into the house of Mrs. Monk; but neither offers of

reward, nor actual punishment, could induce him to receive any kindness from this now, by him, abhorred woman. All her presents he spurned with indignation; bearing, with unshrinking firmness, even the severe chastisement of his exasperated father: with the same inflexible resolution, he concealed the name of his informer; and revealed not, even in the sad moments his feeling heart was agonised in anguish at his father's unkindness, a particle of all the misery he so heroically suffered to his adored mother, lest it should grieve her; but in her presence ever gaily smiling, whilst his bosom was torn by secret sorrow.

'At length, my dear brother was sent to Eaton, where my mother's nephew, lord De Lisle, had been for some months before him, from whom St. Orville learned Mrs. Monk was the mistress of his father. Horror was now added to my brother's griefs; and when, upon the first vacation, he returned home, and my father desired him to attend him to Green-street, St. Orville, in tears, informed lord Delamore, 'that not even his lordship's commands should, without force, lead him to disgrace himself, by entering the house of his father's mistress—the destroyer of his virtuous, inestimable, lovely mother's happiness.'

'My father made no reply; and Monk, irritated at the noble boy's invincible rectitude, no doubt fed and augmented every particle of resentment my father's breast cherished. During that vacation, Alfred was asked no more to visit Mrs. Monk: he returned to Eaton, and after being some weeks there, and without any previous notice, his allowance was suddenly reduced to one half of what he had been accustomed to receive. Poor Alfred was horror-struck; for, not aware of this reduction, he unavoidably found him-

self in debt, and unable to give where charity or generosity had claims upon him. His honour, his integrity, his benevolence, all were deeply wounded. He would not request a supply from my mother (who has always had unlimited credit upon my father's banker), or any of his friends, lest it should lead to the discovery of his father's unkindness; but, determined to pay his debts, he formed the heroic resolution (for surely, in a boy of ten years old, it was heroism) of debarring himself of every luxury, every recreation, which boys at school delight in; and refrained from visiting the fruit, cake, or toy-shop, for the honourable purpose of paying his debts, and the humane one of continuing a pension to a poor blind woman he had met with at Windsor: while, as he no longer indulged himself in those juvenile gratifications, his pride would not suffer him to partake of them, when offered by others. This change in St. Orville was observed by his companions, who soon suspected he was stinted in money; for having witnessed and partaken of his generosity (his charities were, even then, when possible, under the veil of concealment), no one supposed the change originated in choice; and, being universally beloved, his school-fellows were anxious to share their stores with him:—but Alfred, when he acts from principle, is adamant in firmness. De Lisle, about one year older than my brother, and bound to him by the most ardent ties of friendship, and a strong similitude of disposition, watched attentively on pay-days, and soon discovered poor Alfred's scanty means; and never having much himself to offer, and his little offers being always rejected, wrote off to my uncle Ashgrove, then in America, to tell him, "lord Delamore allowed his dear cousin, St. Orville, no more than a tinker would

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toil hard to give his son; and that he was sure, from all he had observed, that poor Alfred was as unhappy at home as his dear aunt."

' Long before this letter reached lord Ashgrove, St. Orville's vacation sent him home. By his noble forbearance, he had discharged all his debts; and had even exercised his benevolence too. My father, conjecturing that the sudden sequestration of St. Orville's allowance must have involved him in difficulties, now craftily offered him a large sum of money, and to restore his allowance to its primitive state, if he would visit Mrs. Monk, who was ready to forgive all his past unkindnesses: but St. Orville steadily refused the golden bait.—

"What!" exclaimed his father, "can a boy of honour, through a capricious whim, submit to the disgrace of continuing in debt, and defrauding the industrious of their due?"

"I am not in debt, my lord," St. Orville replied; "although I was so, when it was your lordship's pleasure to diminish your bounty to me."

' My father furiously demanded "Who had assisted him?" St. Orville answered, "his own principles;" and then recounted all those principles had led him to persevere in. Lord Delamore, without a comment, hastily quitted the room: the subject of Mrs. Monk was never mentioned to him more; his allowance was immediately restored to its original state; the arrear paid off; and from his mother's subsequent birthday it was doubled: but from that period, Mrs. Monk has ever continued his bitter foe; poisoning my father's mind against him, and weakening the affections of lord Delamore for a son whose excellence ought to be the pride, the sunshine, of a father's heart.

' As soon after the receipt of De

3 D

Lisle's letter as it was possible to effect it, lord Ashgrove returned home, to see what he could do to ameliorate the situation of his beloved sister, and favourite nephew. For my mother, he could do nothing; but St. Orville (it being then a long vacation), as De Lisle was going with him as a midshipman, he took on a cruise too. From that period, Alfred has passed a great deal of time with my uncle at sea; and, from those visits, he imbibed such a passion for the navy, that he entreated lord Delamore's permission to enter into it: but my father, influenced by Mrs. Monk, peremptorily refused his supplication; and poor St. Orville, since his afflicting disagreement, and disgrace, with his father, has remained at sea with lord Ashgrove, sharing every danger annexed to the profession, without the full of glory it.

'The sad rupture I allude to arose solely from my beloved brother's strong affection for my mother. . . . You **must** know, miss De Clifford, the Delamore title ranks high in the British peerage, but the estates were small; and when my father married, the jointure of my mother was settled according to her moderate fortune, and lord Delamore's own: but since that period, wealth almost unbounded has flowed in upon my father;—his two maternal uncles both died bachelors, and left immense wealth to my father. St. Orville, shocked at the poor pittance my mother had to look to, should she survive my father, and recoiling from the idea of her being left in any way to the mercy of his father's heirs; and, above all, dreading malicious influence; the moment he became of age, urged my father to augment her jointure, offering to join in any settlement for her upon the Delamore estates—the only property

secured to St. Orville. This dutiful conduct to my mother incurred my father's implacable resentment: he furiously refused to add a shilling to her dower; and vehemently accused poor Alfred of wishing for his death, which his thinking of it plainly indicated: and at length concluded with the terrible command, for St. Orville to quit his father's presence for ever. Dreadful was this grief to my mother; and unquestionably brought on that severe illness, in which we had so nearly lost her.

'Jealousy had added its baneful influence to my father's long-fostered, and artfully-fed, resentment to St. Orville; and here combined in drawing forth this terrible mandate. Alfred, about two years since, had a severe illness, in consequence of rescuing two fishermen and a boy from a watery grave: his life, for several days, was despaired of: and nothing could equal the affliction of everyone in and around the castle. All the domestics, all the tenantry, and all the neighbouring poor, adore St. Orville. The higher orders estimate him in an eminent degree; and all were in serious grief at the idea of losing him, cut off, by his humanity and courage almost unparalleled, in the flower of his youth.

'In the castle, all was sorrow and despair; around it, men, women, and children, thronged, in anxious, weeping groups, to learn intelligence of him they loved. When the castle gates were closed, at night, the multitude was there; and when opened in the morning, there were they found. The lowest peasant had no heart to work; children forsook their sports; and all was universal lamentation.—St. Orville recovered; and joy was, like grief, ungoverned. In every way it was demonstrated; and even labourers subscribed a day's

hard earnings, to make bonfires, and spend it, in rejoicing for St. Orville's convalescence.

'Very shortly after, my father had a severe illness; his life, too, was despaired of. The neighbouring rich and poor bore this with perfect resignation; and his subsequent recovery with profound philosophic calmness. This deeply mortified my father, and no doubt irritated him more against poor Alfred, upon whom misdemeanours now were heaped; for immediately after his illness, his malicious foes pretended to discover in him a predilection for an amiable object of my dear mother's care and bounty.

'About twenty years ago, a child was brought, by a poor woman, to mamma, as an object for her charitable institution—an orphan asylum. My mother, struck by the beauty of the child, and a resemblance she instantly traced to my father, promptly resolved to protect the child. Knowing lord Delamore's inconstancies, she reasonably conjectured this to be his offspring; and questioned the woman relative to the little girl's parents. The woman's confusion, contradictory answers, and the terror she evinced, all combined to change my mother's suspicions into conviction. She took the little Mary to her arms, and to her heart; attended most particularly, herself, to her care and education; and soon discovered indications of a mind as superior in refinement and perfection, as her form was in elegance and loveliness, to the plebeian companions she was classed among.

"Nature will evince herself," said my mother: "this child strongly proves the noble blood she sprung from: she shall be educated as lord Delamore's daughter; and when grown to maturity, I will present her to him, as a little blossom I found, and cherished for his sake,

and then offer to his affection." Accordingly, Mary was removed from the orphan asylum, and placed with the widow of a clergyman, at Exeter:—a most amiable, well-informed, accomplished woman; who having two daughters of her own to bring up, gladly undertook the education of Mary, as the very handsome allowance my mother made was an object of great advantage to Mrs. Spencer. With that lady the sweet as lovely Mary has continued ever since, advancing each hour in mental and personal perfection; the suspicion of her birth remaining unknown to my father (who had often seen her, and considered her merely as the *protégée* of my mother): until it was insinuated by Mrs. Monk, and Selina, that St. Orville had formed an attachment to Mary, which had my mother's infatuated approbation; when dreadful was the frenzy of my father's rage; and my dear mother, to vindicate herself and beloved son, confessed her belief of Mary's parentage, "which had been her inducement to take her to her heart." This confession operated like magic, in calming the storm which agitated lord Delamore's bosom; but solemnly he denied Mary's being his offspring.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

ANECDOTE OF MATTHEW PRIOR.

MATTHEW, when he had left the office he had held under the administration of lord Oxford, became in the latter part of his life, like many an ex-minister, hypochondriacal. His active mind, not having any pabulum to feed it, began to prey upon itself. He became deaf, or at least thought himself so.—When some one asked him whether he had ever observed himself deaf when he was in office—'Faith,' replied he, 'I was then so afraid of my head, that I did not attend very much to my ears.'

POETICAL ESSAYS.

THE TEMPLE OF WEALTH:

AN ESSAY,

In Imitation of the Stanza and Manner of SPENSER.

By W. M. T.—.

' Unfitly I these ydle rimes present,
The labour of lost time, and wit unstay'd.'

Sonnet to Lord Burleigh.

————— Non ego paucis
Offendar maculis.

Hor. de Arte Poetica.

I.

I MUS'D on Wealth capriciously bestow'd
To pamper Luxury, encourage Sin;
To decorate vain Folly's gay abode,
And raise the throng'd assembly's sense-
less din:
Seldom, alas! from Poverty to win
The tear of gratitude; or bid the smile
Dimple, with joy, the infant Orphan's chin.
Seldom on these bestow'd, the glittering
spoil
Is spent by Folly, tho' 'tis gain'd by Care
and Guile.

II.

Bewilder'd with these thoughts, I saw arise
(So fancy painted to my youthful mind)
The Temple high of Wealth: a ceaseless
noise
Murmur'd around: with cunning art de-
sign'd,
Its sculptur'd columns rose, with wreaths en-
twin'd
Of mimic flowers and forms of quaint
conceit:
'Neath golden canopies its guests reclin'd,
Whose glaring tints were for the structure
meet,
But different far from those which deck
Content's retreat.

III.

Upon a hill it stood, a craggy steep,
Which rose irregular, with thorn o'erspread,
And many a jetting cliff, and chasm deep,
Mark'd the dark path which to the temple
led;
And many fairly on their journey sped,
And many labour'd ceaselessly in vain;
Whilst Wealth stood smiling on the moun-
tain's head
To welcome all who could its summit
gain.—
Now, Muse! depicture those who did their
meed obtain.

IV.

The first I noted was an aged form
In russet vest penuriously clad,
'Twas far from neatness, and it scarce was
warm;
Yet this old carle innum'rous riches had,
And still he wish'd for more, and still was
sad
To see the careless stripling heed it not:
He deem'd all learning useless; genius mad.
'A penny saved is a penny got,'
He priz'd 'bove all the lore that e'er was
mortal's lot.'

v.

To gain the summit he had spent each day,
 And spar'd no means to heap his gathering
 store,
 The haunts avoided of the young and gay,
 Upon his ledger's figur'd leaves to pore ;
 And as he turn'd the wealth-fraught pages o'er,
 He much applauded his own maxims trite ;
 ' He that would thrive,' said he, ' must watch
 his door,
 ' Nor gad abroad, but labour day and night.
 ' By this I thriv'd, by this I've gain'd the
 wish'd-for height.'

vi.

O senseless! has the path of wealth a charm
 To compensate for labour, health, and
 peace?
 Can it with throbbing joy the bosom warm,
 Or bid the pang of agony to cease?
 Ah, no!—he ill employs the closing lease
 Of life, who gives to gain his nights and
 days:
 Wiser are they who ev'ry moment seize
 To roam 'midst laughing Pleasure's flow'r-
 strew'd ways,
 With Virtue temp'ring Joy, to check its
 lawless blaze.

vii.

But to my theme.—Next him a form
 advanc'd
 Of lovelier carriage and of nobler mien ;
 Now his bright eye, as if in transport, glanc'd,
 And now in sadness he was musing seen.
 Around the world in search of wealth he'd
 been,
 Had frozen in Zembla, scorch'd 'neath
 Egypt's sun ;
 For wealth had sacrific'd th'endearing scene
 Of calm domestic bliss.—O silly loon!
 Is gold the sole reward which thou for
 this hast won?

viii.

Then marked I a figure foul to view,
 Dark-brow'd, and fraught with cruelty he
 was,
 With sunken eye, and cheek of fallow hue.—
 Aye bent on ill, he heeded not the laws,
 Nor conscience' sting could ever make him
 pause :
 He ne'er felt mercy, but remorseless
 smil'd
 To see the widow weep, himself the cause :
 He'd tear the father from his dying child,
 If 'twould encrease the store for which
 'midst sin he toil'd.

ix.

And there was sate Frugality, a dame
 Of look demure, and aspect wan with
 care.—
 Unknown to deeds of enterprize or fame,
 She gain'd her wealth by thrift, and homely
 fare,
 By humble ways, and lore of maxims rare,
 Which taught, to-day, to save to-morrow's
 meal,

Nor waste what now we seemingly could
 spare ;
 For Penury's chill pow'r we yet might
 feel,
 And on us Want's dire train might unex-
 pected steal.

x.

Of Avarice and Industry the child,
 Her parents' virtues and their vices blend
 In her:—It chanc'd one summer's evening
 mild,
 As Avarice, in pedlar's garb, did wend
 O'er Scotia's barren heaths, the maid he kend
 Sate at her wheel beneath a turf-built shed ;
 Her he compress'd—and Heav'n, in time,
 did send
 This careful dame to bless their nuptial bed,
 And crown the transports of their youthful
 lustyhed.

xi.

And 'mongst Wealth's favourites there one
 was seen,
 A fawning, cringing hypocrite was he ;
 His black eye bending was, and bland his
 mien,
 And much he talk'd, and simper'd prettily:
 Without being glad, he seem'd as if in glee,
 Without misfortune, he would sorrow
 feign ;
 He humour'd each, would each one's vassal
 be :
 If by his flattery he could obtain
 The sordid ore, repaid, he deem'd, each
 former pain.

xii.

There favour'd sometimes too a youth I saw
 Whose cheeks were pale, by midnight
 tapers worn,
 Who oft the sigh of misery would draw,
 And seem'd by many a jarring passion torn ;
 Now would he blest appear ; and now
 forlorn ;
 For not alike upon the wayward wight
 Did Fortune always smile ; yet still from
 morn
 He cards and dice would ply 'till ev'ry
 night :
 A senseless elf he was—a gamester they
 him hight.

xiii.

'Twas few of these I saw ; but oft a form
 I mark'd, whose skin was of the tawny hue,
 Whose looks were sullen as the wintry
 storm ;—
 An eld he was who never joyaunce knew,
 But still would all he had to gold transmew,
 And count it o'er, and listen to its sound ;
 'Midst numerous riches he was poor to view,
 And gain'd wealth's summit by this lore
 profound,
 ' That every farthing, heaped, in time be-
 comes a pound.

xiv.

A miser he was call'd ; his glittering heap
 Was all he lov'd, and yet it gave him
 pain ;

For, thinking on it, he cou'd never sleep,
 But horrid dreams would agitate his brain
 Of bankrupts, thieves, and penury's dire
 train.
 He felt in short, tho' rich, a very hell.—
 There, and a many more, the height did gain;
 But tiresome were the task them all to
 tell,
 And numbers wou'd, I doubt, disgrace the
 muses' shell.

XV.

More eath 'twill be to say, 'twas oft'ner gain'd
 By the dull spirit who could ever toil;
 By him whom proud Oppression's deeds had
 stain'd;
 By Avarice, Fraud, Hypocrisy, and Guile;
 Than him bedeck'd in Frankness' easy smile;
 Than he who felt Benevolence' ardent
 glow;
 Than he who scorn'd Deception's hidden
 wile;
 Or he who listen'd to the tale of woe.
 Alas! to wealth's summit these mov'd
 upwards few and slow.

XVI.

Tho' sometimes, 'twere unjust to own it not,
 Did nobler, worthier, characters succeed,
 Who well employ'd the treasures they had
 got,
 To give to art and genius their meed:
 To heal the sick, to make the hungry feed,
 And chase the woes which wait upon man-
 kind.
 These were from mis-gain'd wealth's re-
 proaches freed,
 And felt the pleasures of a god-like mind:
 In affluence uncorrupt, in poverty resign'd.

XVII.

Her favourites Wealth receiv'd with smiles,
 and bade
 Them every bliss enjoy she could bestow:
 To doze on beds 'midst hoarded riches laid,
 And manv a costly gem of dazzling glow;
 Tended by slaves, who, ever louting low,
 Waited their bidding with submission due,
 But 'mid this pomp, to wake them bitter
 woe,
 And mar their peace, unseen, vile demons
 flew,
 Care, Envy, Fear, Distrust, and pale
 Disease's crew.

XVIII.

Distas they sate, and gaz'd upon their store,
 Feeling it had no charm to banish sorrow;
 The while those demons spread their foreheads
 o'er
 With many a deep and misery-boding
 surrow:
 To-day they spent in wishing for to-morrow;
 It came,—and just as listless pass'd away.
 They found that Life its pow'r to bless must
 borrow
 From social joys, and Love's endearing
 way;
 That gold alone can ne'er the toil it gave
 repay.

XIX.

As slowly ebbs the tide, and swiftly flows,
 As human joys came slow, and swift decay;
 So 'twas with Wealth—her glittering thou-
 sands rose
 By labour, guilt, and oft a weary day:
 For Pleasure never shed her cheering ray
 Upon her path, but care and canker'd guile
 Still journey'd with her vet'ries on their way;
 Their hearts were hard with many a sinfull
 wile,
 They never shed a tear, nor ever felt a
 smile:

XX.

By these with trouble fill'd her temple
 seem'd,
 But, as 'twas fill'd; 'twas emptied still more
 fast;
 And scarcely had its swelling coff'rs teem'd
 With treasures by those witless wights
 amass'd;
 When straitway staggering, bloated Luxury
 pass'd
 The gem-bespangled walls, with all his
 train;
 On Fashion's gaudy phantoms reckless cast
 The gold for which they toil'd with bitter
 pain:—
 With Labour ebb'd the tide, with Folly
 flow'd again.

XXI.

Soon as by Wealth supplied, the frolic train
 Her temple left, and down the mountain
 sped,
 Wild as the visions of a madman's brain—
 By Dissipation and Intemperance led:
 Whilst all around Profusion idly spread
 Her scenes of vast expence and useless
 glare;
 With Fashion in her changeful vest yel'd,
 A noisy rout, that follow'd swift by Care,
 Fell to the mountain's foot ere yet they
 were aware.

XXII.

Fell to the mountain's foot; where Ruin kept
 His drear abode with many a hideous sprite:
 There wan Remorse was seen, who never
 slept,
 But ceaseless mourn'd from morning until
 night.
 There also was Disease, a loathsome sight,
 That e'er the sons of Luxury did torment;
 Some with the gout he ga'd, and some
 bedight
 With blotches foul, that mark a life
 misent;
 With apoplexy some swift to the grave he
 sent.

XXIII.

And there was Poverty of pallid mien,
 Eyes hollow-sunk, bent back, and tott'ring
 knee;
 Her carcass seem'd such as may oft be seen
 Of felon vile rotting on gallows-tree:
 In rags half-cloth'd; half-fed; with misery
 On bed of straw in chinky hovel laid,

She was a form it shock'd the soul to see.
 These, and a many more, unceasing prey'd
 On Luxury's fallen sons, and all their
 sins repaid.

XXIV.

Now leave we them to bear their woeful
 fate,

And turn again to where the busy throng
 To gain Wealth's favors early drudge and
 late;

As was before describ'd in my song:—

With these I noted journeying along
 Some who ne'er toil'd, and some who toil'd
 in vain,

Ill-speeding Wealth's dull votaries among;
 Some sigh'd her smiles to see their fellows
 gain,

And some her favours lost, unconscious of a
 pain.

XXV.

Chief of this luckless throng a figure stood
 Lolling with folded arms and half-clos'd
 eyes,

E'en thinking 'twas a toil to take his food,
 Or from his drowzy attitude to rise.

A tatter'd garment wrapt his bloated size,
 With dust besprent and filthy to the sight.

Unknown to deeds of worth or high emprise
 The losel was: him Indolence they hight,
 The deadly bane of youth, and Emulation's
 blight.

XXVI.

Sometimes he wish'd his stupor off to shake,
 And break the charm which thus his senses
 bound;

To deeds of noble enterprize awake,
 And join the busy croud which buzz'd
 around;

But still some vain excuse he ever found,
 And said, 'To-morrow it will do as well.'

It came—and fled: the same unvaried round
 He pass'd, nor could its numbing pow'rs
 repel,

From morning's rosy dawn, 'till evening's
 shadow fell.

XXVII.

With him a youthful stripling I beheld;

Careless his gait and modest was his mien,
 And in his hand a half-strung lyre he held,

Which oft he struck each idle pause
 between;

And then in sadness on it he would lean,
 And gaze upon the throng which hurried by,

Sighing to think how useless he had been,

Whilst, list'ning to its simple melody,

He linger'd still in want, and dim ob-
 scurity.

XXVIII.

Yet he would eye with scorn the senseless
 croud,

Who ever toil'd to heap their glittering
 store;

Would gaze with pity on the worlding proud
 Who center'd every bliss in sordid ore.

'Grant me, kind Heav'n!' he cried, 'I ask
 no more,

With calm Content in lowly cot to dwell.

Let others pant for wealth, I prize before
 Its listless joys, the Muses' simple shell
 Sounded by shepherd-swain from rock or
 lonely dell.'

XXIX.

And there was Generosity; a form

Whose face with more than mortal lustre
 shone,

Beaming Benevolence, with rapture warm.

He pitied others mis'ries as his own,

And wept to hear the child of sorrow moan;

Nor could refuse the aid his wants requir'd,

Tho' from himself the joys of life it won;

He hesitated not, but still desir'd

To see the wretched wear the smile which
 he inspir'd.—

XXX.

But, wightless wight! when stern Misfortune
 frown'd

On him, and Want oppress'd his noble
 soul,

No arm to shield him from its power he
 found,

No friend to save him from its harsh con-
 trol:

Whilst black Ingratitude, the fiend most foul
 Of many a fiend which poisons man's frail-

mind,

Bade those who shar'd his purse un pitying
 scowl

Upon his woes, and pay with words unkind
 His lib'ral god-like acts and bounty uncon-

fin'd.

XXXI.

There, too, was he who nobly stemm'd the
 tide

Of foul Corruption, with undaunted breast;
 Who for his country liv'd, and would have died.

Could he have, dying, seen his country
 blest;

Its woes he pitied and its wrongs redress'd;

To it devoted each successive day;

But him the iron arm of Power oppress'd,

Strewing the thorns of sorrow o'er his way;
 And Wealth's gold-glistering height he,

fruitless, did essay.

XXXII.

A mingled croud it was of good and bad,
 That thus to gain her temple toil'd in vain;

For was it good alone, a thought so sad

Might justify the cynics captious strain.

But many were there join'd the wasteful
 train

Of Dissipation whilst they yet were poor:
 By which the wish'd-for height they ne'er

could gain;

And many rais'd a barrier too sure,

In idleness and vice confirm'd past hope of
 cure.

XXXIII.

From these to lovelier scenes I turn'd my
 view

(Tir'd with the sight of misery and toil)

Where, mid-way up the mountain, Fancy
 drew

The cottage of the maid of careless smile,

Y-clep'd Content, who ever did beguile
The passing hours of life of pain and woe;
And sung a lay so heavenly sweet, that while
I listen'd to its sounds, my breast did glow
With thoughts of pleasures pure she only
could bestow.

xxxiv.

Hid in a calm recess her cottage stood,
And o'er the porch the winding eglantine,
And modest jessamin, of flower pale-hued,
Their slender tendrils spread with mazy
twine—
And fleecy flocks, and herds of lowing kine;
And fields of waving grain, and verdant
plains;
And woods of shadowy oak, and tow'ring pine,
Whose breezy murmurs join'd the stock-
dove's strains;
Shone sweetly round a spot unknown to
cares and pains.

xxxv.

Here dwelt meek Peace, and blushing Inno-
cence
Of downcast look, and eyes of azure die,
Who e'er retir'd with modest Diffidence,
But chief from Folly's crouded haunts did
fly:
And here the heav'n-born seraph Charity,
And Friendship mild and Love sincere did
dwell;
With Mercy, who did gaze around, and sigh
To see the bitter woes which man befell:—
It was a spot so pure it mocks my pow'r
to tell.

xxxvi.

Than here, no farther toil'd the wiser few
Whom cursed lust of lucre had not fir'd;
But from the world's vain joys for refuge flew,
And to the rustic maid's low cot retir'd,
Feeling a bliss by her alone inspir'd,
'Till in old age they welcom'd Death's long
night.
This was the last I saw; for Fancy, tired,
Now fled; and soon these bow'rs of calm
delight,
With all the scene around vanished from
my sight.

xxxvii.

Then said I, 'Pow'r supreme, whose awful
gaze
Pierces earth's centre from thy viewless
throne;
Who sees alike the saint's or sinner's ways,
To whom each thought or deed of man is
known;
Grant me, O Pow'r supreme! this prayer
alone,
In such a state as this to pass my days,
Alike to fortune and to fame unknown;
No more I'd pant for glory's meteor-blaze,
But tune to this my lyre in gratitude and
praise.'

xxxviii.

Now simple Harp of ancient melody
I lay thee by, my youthful task is o'er;
And when, O Harp, again thy chords I try,
Improv'd my mind by time and classic lore;
I, perhaps, may wake a strain, such as of yore
Floated along the winding Mulla's * side;
Or, midst the mountain-circled Conway's
roar,
Fell from the druid-bard † at even tide,
To mourn his country's woes, and check
her conqueror's pride.

xxxix.

Yet vain the thought! that I a self-taught
swain
Plac'd in a state to poesy unkind,
Should ever sound the Muses' higher strain
Which raises, e'en to extacy, the mind:
And, oh! if Burns in want and sorrow pin'd,
If Otway drank the cup of misery,
Why should I hope a destiny more kind?
I mourn to think on what my fate may be,
But still what'er it is, O Harp, thou'rt dear
to me!

* Spenser had a residence on the banks of
the Mulla.

† Gray's Ode.

GLOSSARY.

Aye	-	-	-	Stanza 8, 11, Ever.
Bedight	-	-	-	22, Spotted, decked, marked.
Besprint	-	-	-	25, Sprinkled.
Carle	-	-	-	4, A mean fellow, a churl.
Descriven	-	-	-	24, Described.
Eld	-	-	-	13, An old man.
Eath	-	-	-	15, Easy.
Hight	-	-	-	9, 12, 25, Called.
Joyauce	-	-	-	13, Pleasure.
Kend	-	-	-	10, Saw.
Loon	-	-	-	7, A simpleton.
Lustyhed	-	-	-	10, Sprightliness, lust.
Louting	-	-	-	17, Bowing.
Losel	-	-	-	25, A lazy fellow.
Transmew	-	-	-	13, Change.
Wend	-	-	-	10, Travel, go.
Wight	-	-	-	20, 30, A man, a being.
Yeled	-	-	-	21, Clad, adorned.
Y-clep'd	-	-	-	33, Named, called.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Calabria, May 28.

A CORPS of 700 men which the prince of Hesse Philipsthal had landed in Calabria, and which general Regnier had suffered to advance to Mileto, have been surrounded and cut off: all the artillery, baggage, and ammunition, were taken. The general of the enemy, who had fled with a few cavalry, was pursued: in all probability he will be made prisoner, and will not be able to carry the news to Messina. The conduct of the people on this occasion was exemplary: all hastened to take up arms against the enemy.

Constantinople, May 31. A sudden revolution in the government has occurred here. It is well known that the Janizaries have long been discontented with the Nizam Gedidd, or new military tactics. The first symptoms appeared on the 25th instant, at Cavac, a castle upon the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, in a quarrel between a Janizary and a soldier of the Nizam Gedidd, about the new uniform worn by the latter. The Janizary went so far as to reproach the Grand Seignor. The commandant of the castle, hearing of this, gave the Janizary a severe reprimand; a bloody conflict immediately commenced, in which the commandant fell. The insurgents then turned their rage against Mahmud Effendi, who was Reis Effendi in 1805, and was lately inspector of the fortifications; they pursued him to the opposite shore, and massacred him at Bujukdere, together with his secretary, and two domestics.

On the 26th of May they made their appearance at Constantinople. The Grand Seignor not only granted them

an amnesty, but also confirmed their choice of an Albanian, as their chief. Cannon were immediately discharged, probably intended as a signal to the rest of their party. On the 28th between 2 and 3000 men had assembled from various quarters, and made themselves masters of the barracks and artillery of Tophana.—Other soldiers also joined them.

The insurgents now applied to the Mufti, in order to obtain his consent to the deposition of the Sultan, against whom they objected, that in consequence of the new measures adopted by him the laws of Islamism had been violated; they also urged the propriety of deposing him, as consistent with the laws of the Koran, because in the course of seven years he was without any direct issue. The Mufti found himself obliged to comply with the demands of the insurgents, and in consequence of his fettwa, the insurrection became general all through Constantinople. The Grand Vizier sought to allay the storm by the adoption of moderate measures, and sent a very condescending letter to the Janizaries; but it had no effect. He sent them the heads of the Bostange Baschi, and two of his ministers, against whom they were bitterly enraged; but even this was of no avail. The ci-devant Kiaja Bey Ibrahim, against whom the public mind was most prejudiced, had disguised himself; but being discovered, he was cut in pieces, and the parts of his body carried about as a spectacle. The treasurer of the Nizam Gedidd, and one of his secretaries, shared the same fate.

On the 29th of May Selim abdicated the throne, and was conducted to the

ancient seraglio, from whence his cousin Mustapha, a son of Abdul Hamed, was brought out and proclaimed emperor. He is a very spirited young man, about 28 years of age.

When he came to the mosque of Achmet, he was saluted by loud acclamations from the Janizaries. Mustapha IV. the new emperor has given the ex-sultan Selim assurances of his care and protection.

The Kaimakan and the first Dragoon are both reinstated in their offices: Aled Effendi, the late ambassador at Paris, is appointed to succeed the present Reis Effendi, who is with the army.

Naples, June 9. The prince of Hesse Philipsthal, attended by about fifty horsemen and some servants, escaped, and arrived at Reggio, after riding about sixty Italian miles. He complained of the fatigues he had sustained, and embarked with all speed for Italy. Scarcely had he set sail, when the French general Abbe arrived at Reggio.

Vienna, June 13. The Grand Vizier's head-quarters are still at Adrianople. The news in the public papers, relative to battles between the Turks and Russians, are not confirmed. On the 20th of May, general Michelson advanced his head-quarters from Bucharest to the Danube. The Servian insurgents have taken Negotyn, and advance with hasty strides against Widdin. The Turkish Ayan of Phillippoli and Rudschuck are still at variance; the former have nearly cut 6000 of the partizans of the latter in pieces.

Prussian Eylau, June 13. The grand army has begun its march from Heilsberg to Eylau, and from Eylau on the two roads from Wittenberg and Bartenstein to Konigsberg. At this moment the Russian army is surrounded. Their line of operation is occupied by the French. The magazines and hospitals are taken. They have suffered near Heilsberg so considerably, that, in the small town of Friedland alone, ten Russian generals, and from two to three thousand men, were found dangerously wounded. Though there is as yet no official account of the French having entered Konigsberg, there is no doubt they have taken possession of it.

Hamburgh, June 19. The events of the 4th and 5th, on the banks of the Passarge, have decided the opening of the campaign in East Prussia. The emperor Napoleon, who, on the first account of the attacks of the Russians, proceeded from Finkenstain to Saalfeld, arrived there on the 7th, and passed the night in the midst of marshal Ney's corps. On the 8th a slight action took place. Some prisoners were made, and it was learned from them that the Russians were in force near Guttstadt. On the 9th the passage of the Passarge was forced near Deppen. On that and the following day the French troops were constantly engaged with the Russians, who were driven back from position to position, and on the morning of the 11th the French, it is said, took possession of Guttstadt, Heilsberg, &c. At the same time the French and Bavarian troops on the Narew advanced forward, and thus all is now in motion along the whole line.

Berlin, June 19. The following has been published here by authority:—

“The French army on the 14th of June celebrated the battle of Marengo in a manner worthy the occasion. The battle of Friedland will be as renowned in history as that of Marengo. The Russian army, anticipated in its movements, pierced in its centre, and cut off from its magazines, was completely defeated. Eighty pieces of cannon taken, from 25 to 30,000 Russians taken prisoners, killed, or drowned in the Alle, are the consequence of this remarkable battle. Thirty Russian generals were killed, taken, or severely wounded. The bodies of several Russian generals remained on the field of battle.”

Berlin, June 23. We have learned no further particulars of the memorable day of the 14th; but general Clarke has received fresh dispatches from Wehlau, of the 16th, at seven in the evening. They mention that marshal Soult entered Konigsberg that morning, where he found large magazines, a number of wounded Russians, and between 100 and 150,000 stand of English arms.

The French troops had also passed the Pregel, while the enemy evacuated Wehlau without firing a musket. The

Russians seem to be retiring to Tilsit. The emperor is in good health.

A letter of good authority, from Thon, mentions that the Russians on the 11th attacked marshal Massena, in his position at Gumburg, with a much superior force, but that the marshal attacked them on the 12th with his whole corps, defeated them, and of course carried the Russian works near Ostrilenka sword in hand, and made 5000 prisoners.

From Silesia we learn that the important fortress of Cosel has capitulated.

Berlin, June 24. An armistice was concluded on the 22d between Russia and France. One of the articles mentions, that hostilities shall not commence till a month after notice shall have been given.

The French and Prussian armies are to conclude a separate armistice within the interval of the five days following.

His majesty the emperor of the French and his majesty the emperor of Russia are immediately to nominate plenipotentiaries, to negotiate the great work of peace: an exchange of prisoners will take place immediately.

Hague, June 25. We have received through various channels the intelligence of an important victory obtained by the grand army over the Russians, at Friedland, on the 14th instant, the anniversary of the famous battle of Marengo.

On the 14th instant, the emperor of the French made a general attack upon the Russian army, in a manner peculiar to himself, and which has so often decided the fate of former battles. He outflanked the enemy, who, in spite of the most obstinate resistance, was defeated and put to flight.

In a small space, ten Russian generals were found killed and wounded, in the midst of 3000 of their soldiers in the same situation.

The French pursue the enemy, who are compelled to leave a great number of killed and wounded behind them.

According to the accounts received, we may assert it as a fact, that Königsberg is in the hands of the French.

The whole loss of the enemy amounts

to 80 pieces of cannon; from 30 to 35 000 men, killed, wounded, and prisoners. Among the enemy's generals killed are Pahlen and Marcoff.

Tilsit, June 25. The conference between the two emperors of Russia and France took place yesterday, at one o'clock in the afternoon, on a raft in the Niemen, on which general Laveboisriere, commander of the artillery of the guard had caused one pavilion to be erected for their imperial majesties, and another for their attendants. His majesty the emperor Napoleon, attended by the grand duke of Berg, prince of Neufchatel, marshal Bessieres, marshal of the palace Daroc, and Caulaincourt, master of the horse, proceeded to the banks of the Niemen, and went on board the vessel which was to take him to the raft. At the same time the emperor Alexander, with the grand duke Constantine, general Bennigsen, general Ousvaroff, prince Labanoff, and his first adjutant-general, count Lieben, put off from the opposite banks.

The two vessels reached the raft at the same time; the two emperors embraced each other on leaving the vessels, and entered the pavilion prepared for them. Their conference lasted about two hours, and when it was closed the attendants of the two emperors were admitted. The emperor Alexander paid many a handsome compliment to the French officers who attended Napoleon, and the latter conversed for a considerable time with the grand duke Constantine, and with general Bennigsen; both emperors returned afterwards to their vessels.

June 26. Last night, immediately after the conference was over, prince Labanoff arrived in the French head-quarters. A convention was concluded, that one half of the town of Tilsit should be considered as neutral. His majesty the emperor Alexander, his retinue and guards, are to take up quarters in the neutral part of the town.

The emperor of Russia intends, we understand, to dine this day with the French emperor, and it is supposed the king of Prussia will be of the party.

HOME NEWS.

London, June 30.

YESTERDAY the return of sir Francis Burdett for the city of Westminster was celebrated. The procession of the different parishes to Covent-garden, and of the whole body from thence to the house of the baronet, went by a circuitous route, then returning with him to Covent-garden, and from thence to the Crown and Anchor tavern, in the Strand.

The procession commenced from Covent-garden at twelve o'clock, when a great number of electors were assembled. Sir Francis Burdett ascended the car constructed for his reception precisely at three o'clock. The vehicle was intended as an imitation of the ancient triumphal car, but it was by no means classically constructed. It was surmounted on four wheels, superbly ornamented. On the more advanced part was the figure of Britannia, with a spear crowned with the cap of liberty. In the centre was a faggot firmly bound, the emblem of union; and on the posterior part of the platform was a pedestal, on which was placed a gothic chair for the hero of the day. He sat with his head uncovered, and his infirm limb rested on a purple cushion, while the other was sustained on a sort of imperial footstool, under which the monster, Corruption, was seen in an agonising attitude. On different parts of the car were depicted the arms of the city of Westminster, and also the insignia of the united kingdom. Ornamental draperies of crimson velvet and purple silk were distributed in various parts, and the banners embroidered

with gold. This equipage was drawn by four milk-white horses, richly caparisoned, and decorated with purple ribbons.

The dinner at the Crown and Anchor was very numerously attended.

July 2. Yesterday, just as his majesty's carriage arrived at the Queen's palace, a woman decently dressed attempted to force her way into the palace after his majesty. M'Manus, Townsend, and Sayers, were in attendance; they seized her, and she proved to be the same woman whom Sayers apprehended a few weeks since, under similar circumstances. She was extremely violent, and said she was sent by the Almighty to see the king, who was a very good sort of man, if they would let him alone. She had a petition and a pamphlet, which she wanted to give to the king. The officers took her to the secretary of state's office. Her name is Margery Flett, and she resides in Star-court, Nightingale-lane, Wapping.

July 4. Between Thursday night and Friday morning the synagogue in Duke's place, was robbed of all the charitable donations which had accumulated for near a twelvemonth in different boxes, for the use of the poor-house and of those indigent Jews who have not the benefit of the house. The boxes were to have been opened in the course of three weeks by the heads of the synagogue. Four boxes were broke open, and one carried away. It is imagined, that on the congregation going away on Thursday night, the thieves remained behind concealed, and let themselves out

early in the morning, by means of pick-lock keys, with a large booty.

Portsmouth, July 6. On Saturday last the foundation was laid on Portdown Hill, near the road leading to Barchurs, of a monument to the memory of lord Nelson, by the means of a subscription of the officers, marines, and sailors of the fleet under his command at the battle of Trafalgar. This honourable token of their attachment to him and their nation's glory is to combine with its national utility, it being so situated from nautical observations made, as to become a sea-mark for safely conducting vessels into Portsmouth harbour, to avoid the shoal of St. Helen's. It will be a very elevated pillar, although the subscription is a limited one, government having, we understand, freed the stone of the expence of the duty, and the farmer holding a lease of the ground on which it is to be erected, as well as Mr. Thistlethwaite, the lord of the manor, having offered the grant of it without purchase. The design is classically simple and elegant, by the same artist who was architect to the celebrated villa of Mr. A. Goldsmid, at Moreton.

Newry, July 6. A melancholy duel took place in this town a few days ago. The officers were seated after dinner, when the subject of tactics, &c. was introduced. Colonel — and captain — differed, we understand, about the best mode of manœuvring a regiment, on which the colonel insisted that the captain should instantly fight him. The captain laughed, and could not believe him serious, until he swore he should fight him before leaving the room. The door was secured—pistols produced—no ground measured—for the room was so small, that when wheeling round to fire the muzzles of the pistols almost touched—and the colonel shot the captain in the abdomen, of which he died in an hour afterwards. The poor captain too bravely gave him satisfaction; but in place of seeking the colonel's life, fired his pistol into an opposite corner. The captain has left a wife and six children to deplore their protector. The colonel fled through Donaghadee, for Scotland.

London, July 8. About a quarter

before five o'clock on Monday afternoon, his majesty's ship *Clyde*, commanded by commodore Owen, dropped anchor immediately off the east end of the town of Gravesend. Guns were fired from Tilbury fort, and the batteries on the Kent side, and the Gravesend volunteer artillery fired a royal salute from field-pieces placed on Windmill-hill. Soon afterwards, one of the magistrates of the corporation, attended by the town-clerk, went on board the frigate, to make further arrangements for the reception of the duchess of Brunswick on landing. They were received with all possible attention; and it having been determined that the duchess should not land till the morning, by which time it was supposed that the princess of Wales (to whom an express had been sent from Sheerness) might arrive, nothing further was done during that evening.

About half past eight on Tuesday morning the princess arrived from Blackheath.

The mayor and corporation assembled at the town-hall, and afterwards proceeded to the landing-place, where the volunteers also paraded. The interview between the royal personages on board the ship lasted upwards of two hours. At length, exactly at eleven o'clock, the standard was struck and removed to the barge, in which the princess sat on the left of her mother. Repeated discharges of cannon on all sides took place during her approach to the shore. Captain Owen had previously rowed ashore, to receive her royal highness. All descriptions of persons rushed to pay their respectful attention, and vied with each other in the mode of evincing it. The princess first landed, and bowed most gracefully and courteously to the surrounding spectators. Upon the venerable duchess being led by captain Owen upon the platform, the mayor and town-clerk advanced towards her, when the town-clerk read the following address:

'We, his majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the mayor, jurats, and common councillors of the corporation of Gravesend and Milton, most humbly beg leave to offer our congratulations upon your royal highness's safe

return to the dominions of our beloved sovereign.

‘Called upon, at the sudden, to express our feelings, we are little able to do justice to them; but they are not the less sincere.

‘We entreat your royal highness to believe that his majesty has not any subjects who more fervently wish a continuance of that happiness, which must, upon this occasion, be mutually felt by your royal highness and the excellent princess your daughter.’

The princess curtsied lowly at the concluding sentence. The duchess was, throughout, sensibly affected, and notwithstanding her tears and agitation, replied in the following impressive terms:

‘You will easily believe, sir, that my feelings also are too great, on this occasion, to express them as I could wish; I heartily thank you all.’

The effect upon the surrounding beholders was very considerable, and many of them also shed tears. She then proceeded to her carriage, in which the princess was ready to receive her: and a copy of the address having been delivered to her, the whole party immediately drove off for Blackheath.

July 9. Yesterday, about twelve o'clock, the princess Charlotte of Wales, attended by lady De Clifford, left her house in Warwick-street, in her carriage and four, upon a visit to her royal mother, and pay her respects to the duchess of Brunswick, her grandmother. In the evening the princess Charlotte returned to Warwick-house.

July 10. Yesterday morning at ten o'clock his majesty left Windsor, in his travelling carriage, for Blackheath, on a visit to his royal sister the duchess of Brunswick, and princess of Wales. His majesty arrived at the princess's house about one o'clock. On his majesty's alighting from his carriage, he was received by the duchess and princess: the effect of the meeting can be better conceived than described after a separation of such a number of years. His majesty partook of an early dinner, and set off on his return to Windsor at five o'clock.

July 12. A few weeks since the wife of a labourer, after being brought to bed

and safely delivered, was seized with an insatiable appetite for food. Her husband being incapable of supporting her unnatural craving, obtained admission for her into St. Bartholomew's hospital, where she remains at present in a most dreadful situation. She eats incessantly, and is supplied with three pounds of beef, a quartern loaf, and proportionable quantity of drink. On one occasion the surgeons ordered her to be kept without eating one hour, and the consequence was, she raised the most shocking cries until her craving was satisfied. She retains her senses, and constantly requests those about her to bear with her unnatural behaviour until she is cured by medical assistance, or death puts an end to her sufferings. Previous to this singular propensity, the unfortunate woman was known to be a very moderate eater.

Deal, July 12. In consequence of the report in circulation of our expedition being stopped at the Sound, it is rumoured here that a squadron consisting of eight or ten sail of the line will be sent out immediately to force their passage to the Baltic. It does not seem unlikely that there may be some truth in this rumour, as two sail of the line arrived in the Downs this morning, (the Brunswick and Maida, 74's); three others have been expected up all the day, and it is thought they will be augmented from admiral Russell's squadron, off Yarmouth.

London, July 14. Yesterday was the day appointed for the first interview of the queen and the principal part of the royal family with the venerable duchess of Brunswick. After breakfast their majesties and the princesses left Windsor for London, and arrived at the Queen's palace about twelve o'clock. The duke and duchess of York, the dukes of Kent and Cambridge, came soon after. At about a quarter past one o'clock, the duchess of Brunswick and the princess of Wales arrived from Blackheath in an open landau; they came by the way of great George-street, Westminster, and through the Birdcage walk, in St. James's Park, where the royal family only can ride. It not being generally known that the meeting

was to take place, but few persons were assembled about the palace. The great doors of the palace were thrown open upon the arrival of the carriage, and the marchioness of Bath, the mistress of the robes to her majesty and the principal lady of the bedchamber, was in attendance to receive their royal highnesses. The noble marchioness handed them from their carriage, and walked on the left side of the duchess, and the princess of Wales on her right, across the grand hall to his majesty's dining-room, where their majesties pages were in attendance, to usher them into their majesties presence.

July 20. The Prince of Wales, of 98 guns, came into the Downs yesterday at noon, and immediately a signal was made for the fleet for the Baltic to unmoor.—At four the signal was made to weigh, and in a quarter of an hour the whole fleet sailed to the northward with a fine breeze at S. W.—

	Guns.		Guns.
Prince of Wales..	98	Maida.....	74
Alfred.....	74	Ganges.....	74
Centaur.....	74	Defence.....	74
Brunswick.....	74	Captain.....	74
Spencer.....	74		

Besides frigates, sloops, and brigs. The Mars, 74, and three frigates, remain in the Downs.

July 21. A most shocking accident occurred on Wednesday afternoon, at a gentleman's house, on the left of the top of May's-hill, Blackheath:—A Newfoundland dog, which was tied up near the stable door belonging to the mansion, had broke his chain by which he was tied up, and for some time kept howling at the house-door. On its being opened, the sagacious animal gently seized the garments of the lady belonging to the house, and conducted her towards the stable.—On one of the servants opening the door, the corpse of the man servant, who took care of the horses, presented itself in a mangled state, too shocking to describe. One of the horses, to all appearance, had kicked the poor man in the stomach, and he fell between the horse's legs and the boarding of the stable. The animal, from the state of the body, had con-

tinued to kick and plange until the stable-door was opened.—A coroner's inquest has sat on the body.

BIRTHS.

June 22. At his house in Bentinck-street, the lady of sir Robert Wilson, of a daughter.

At her aunt's, in Downing-street, the lady of major Weston, of a daughter

26. At Hirst-grove, in the county of Berks, the lady of D. Ximenes, esq. of a son.

30. The lady of B. Hobhouse, esq. of a son.

The lady of Joseph Labulmondiers, esq. of a son.

July 2. At Macclough, Radnorshire, the seat of Walter Wilkins, esq. M. P. the hon. Mrs. Wilkins, of a son and heir.

6. Her grace the duchess of Rutland, of a son and heir; on which occasion rejoicings took place at Belvoir and Grantham.

12. At his lordship's house, in Hertford-street, May-fair, lady Milton, of a daughter.

13. In Great Cumberland-street, the lady of Edward Hussey, jun. esq. of a son and daughter: the latter survived but a short time.

16. The lady of Thomas Richard Walker, esq. of a son.

The lady of R. G. Eddison, of Kingerstone, in Essex, of a daughter; being the first child after having been married 19 years.

18. In Portland-place, the countess of Mansfield, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

June 11. At Kilham, in the county of York, by the rev. Thomas Milnes, vicar of Burton Agnes, the rev. Thomas Ibbotson, to miss Ann Cranswick, of the same place.

25. At Hull, county of York, captain Anderson, of Kitham, same county, to Mrs. Anderson, widow of the late Edward Anderson, esq. ship-owner, of the same place.

July 1. At Harwich, by special licence, the rev. Herbert Marsh Margaret, professor of divinity, and fellow of St. John's College, in the University of Cambridge, to miss Marianne Emilie Charlotte Lecarriere, daughter of the late John Lecarriere, esq. merchant, at Leipsig.

2. By special licence, by the rev. Dr. Barton, Richard Neave, esq. of Lincoln's Inn, third son of sir Richard Neave, bart. to miss Irvine, only daughter of Alexander Irvine, esq. deceased.

3. At St. Martin's in the Fields J. T. Briggs, esq. of Craven-street, to miss Lewis, eldest daughter of Mr. T. Lewis, of Ely-place.

4. At Bengeo, Hertfordshire, by the Rev. Dr. Henly, the rev. Joseph Hallet Batten, M. A. fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, to miss Catharine Maxwell, third daughter of Hamilton Maxwell, esq. of Edinburgh.

7. At Mary-le-bone church, Charles Shard, esq. of Lovell-hill, Berks, to Sarah, only child of the rev. Edward Stone, rector of Horsenden, in Bucks.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, the rev. Anthony Hamilton, son of Archdeacon Hamilton, to miss Farquhar daughter of sir Walter Farquhar, bart.

9. At Studham, in Bedfordshire, by the rev. James Horseman, Robert Bentley, esq. of Bedford-street, Covent-garden, to miss Goodwin, daughter of George Goodwin, esq. of Studham.

At St. Clements, Richard Dayrell, esq. of Lillingstone Dayrell, Bucks, to miss Dax, daughter of John Dax, esq. of Carey-street.

13. At Whitehall, by special licence, the hon. Lindsay Meyrick Burrell, second son of the right hon. lord Gwydir, to Frances, youngest daughter of the late James Daniell, esq.

15. At the church of Battersea, Surry, Thomas Smith, esq. of Nottingham, to miss Benwell, of Battersea.

16. At St. George's, Bloomsbury, by the rev. Dr. Kelly, Richard Bogue, esq. captain in the royal horse artillery, to miss Hanson, daughter of John Hanson, esq. of Russel-square.

At Merribane-chapel, John Bainbridge Story, esq. of Lockington, Leicestershire, to miss Sophia Knightley, of Preston, Northamptonshire.

DEATHS.

June 10. At Newcastle-upon-Tyne, deeply lamented by his family and friends, in the 39th year of his age, Mr. Edward Manners, keeper of the house of correction, and son of the late Mr. Manners, town-marshal of that corporation.

17. At Fowlers, in Kent, Mrs. Frances Bridger, sister to sir John Bridger, and only surviving daughter of the late John Bridger, esq. Combe-place in the county of Sussex.

July 1. At his house in Lansdown-grove, Bath, Edward Wilmot esq. formerly of Duffield, in the county of Derby.

At his house in Gower-street, Bedford-square, sir Robert Jefferson, knt. one of the judges of the island of Antigua.

10. At Wake's-hotel, London, lieutenant colonel Wheat, at Barton-house, Somersetshire.

At the Lodge Hillingdon, Middlesex, Robert Freeman, esq. M. D. aged 73 years.

11. At his house in Millman-street, John Short, esq. of Edlington, Lincolnshire.

16. At his house, Ludgate-hill, Mr. Quintin Kay, in the 80th year of his age.

Mrs. Knyvett, wife of Charles Knyvett, esq. of Park-lane, and of Sunning, in the county of Berks.

21. At Clifton, Bristol, sir Samuel Hayes, of Drumboe-castle, Donnegal, bart.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR AUGUST, 1807.

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3 A pensive Ramble on the Banks of Ouse,	401	18 POETICAL ESSAYS—Prologue to the new Comedy, 'Errors Excepted'—	
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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates,

- 1 BOTANY, Plate XV.
- 2 NARBAL and SELINA.
- 3 LONDON Fashionable FULL DRESSES.
- 4 An elegant new PATTERN for a HALF HANDKERCHIEF, or VEIL.

LONDON :

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

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

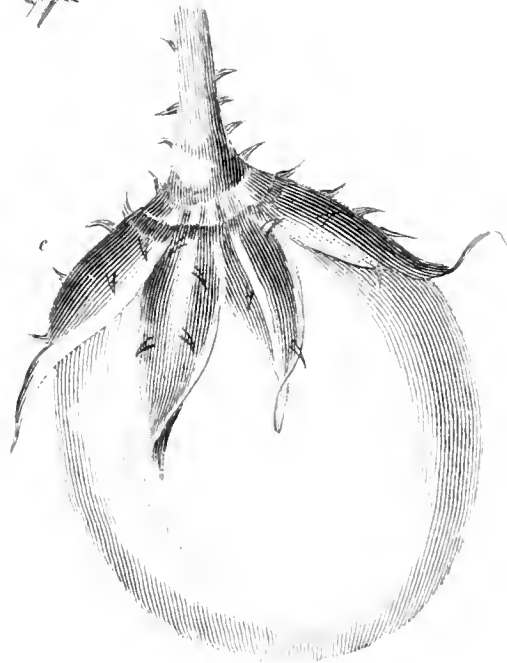
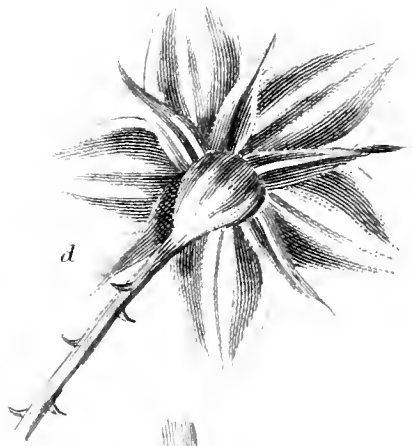
THE continuation of *Sketches from Nature* in our next.

M. S. will observe, that we have several constant contributors of *Walks*: with some slight alterations her communication might be received.

The *Address to Twilight*, and *Songs by Cotagena*, are received, and intended for insertion.

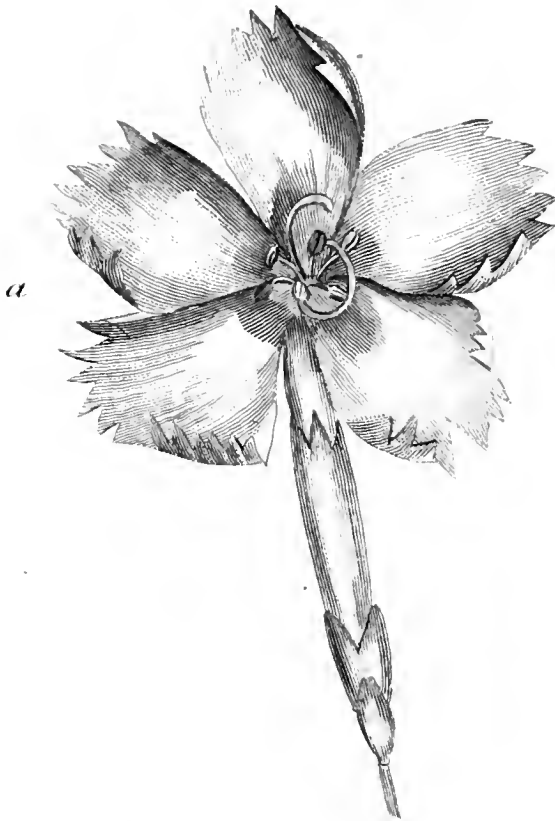
The Sword, a Fragment, is received, and shall appear.

Our fair correspondent who wishes a solution to the *Enigma* in the last Supplement we hope will exert her ingenuity, and send us one: if she will, we shall insert it with thanks.



Henslow del.

London, Published as the Act directs, June 1st 1807, by G. Robinson, Paternoster Row.





THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE.

FOR AUGUST, 1807.

BOTANY FOR LADIES.

By Dr. Thornton.

TENTH LESSON.

MY fair reader has been hitherto fatigued by the explanation of botanical terms.

Every science has its peculiar language.

Music has also its *gamut, treble, bass, flats, sharps, naturals, common and triple time, semibreve, minim, crochet, quaver, semiquaver, demi-semiquaver, major and minor keys, &c. &c.* the meaning of which are to be understood, before the player can have the satisfaction to delight a circle by the varied and exquisite charms of music.

So it is with botany.

The ancients invented a fable to illustrate this necessary union.

They represented Vulcan as married to Venus, the Goddess of Beauty to the God of Deformity.

The rugged path of science must

be first trod, before we arrive at the pleasant.

The fair reader will by this time feel anxious to know the uses of the parts of flowers.

The *calyx* is intended for the protection of the flower at its first opening.

Hence it is *caducous*, from the Latin word *cadere*, to fall, dropping sometimes immediately upon the expansion of the *corolla*, as with the *poppy*.

Usually it rolls back its leaves, or segments, as in the *Meadia*, vide plate 15. *l. b.* and often again closes them upon the fruit for its protection, as is seen in the *same flower*, vide pl. 15. *l. c.*; and then not unfrequently increases to a considerable size, as in the *Egg-plant*, vide pl. 15. *l. d* and *e.*

HAPPINESS.

A FRAGMENT.

By S. T.

MARY resides in a pleasant rural vale, upon the verge of a winding river. I had once the felicity to visit the virtuous maid. Her circumstances are truly respectable. Her lowly yet happy cot is overspread with a canopy of jessamine; a circlet of honey-suckles decks the door; a goldfinch and a canary are the happy, cheerful occupiers of this silvan arch.

'In shadier bower,
More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,
Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor nymph
Nor Faunus haunted.'

She reigns the beauty of the villa; by all beloved, by all respected; too kind to injure, too good to distress, ready to alleviate, and willing to oblige. Her form boasts the image of loveliness, and all the elegance of cleanliness; her temper mild and pleasing. Mary is adorned with every grace that renders lovely woman truly amiable.

'Graceful she moves, with more than mortal
mein,
In form an angel.'

When Milton speaks of Paradise, and describes Eve, and the impression Adam felt when he first beheld her, that impression was not more forcible than were my feelings at the first interview I had with Mary. The friendship I conceived for her might soon have been converted into love, had I not known a gentle swain pleaded his addresses. I saw him—I congratulated him, and with a frankness worthy of him, he put his Mary under my care, and we set out for a walk.

—'Pale eve with many a crimson streak,
Soft fading, tip'd the lime-invested hill;
And through blue steams emerging from the
lake
Rolls curling on, and hovers o'er the rill;
The smoke that slow evolves its pillar'd form
From yonder straw-roof'd cottage, sweetly
throw'd
O'er my hush'd bosom a superior charm.'

As I walked with Mary, my ideas were awakened; and I recollected past pleasures, methought not unlike the present. The heart-rending thought threw a damp upon my spirits, and I endeavoured to forget them, and with a sigh I began a conversation. Mary was not inattentive to my situation; she bade me yet hope the time would come, when my sincerity would be rewarded. We walked gently on.

'Enamour'd walk, where odorous scents
disclose
The hidden jessamine, eglantine, and rose;
Here whisper'd love, and breath'd the raptur'd
sigh,
And stole a kiss unseen by vulgar eye.'

As we sat under the shade of a willow, I stole from her finger the golden pledge. As I viewed its glittering form, my aching bosom swelled and recoiled with a sigh: I could have wished I might be allowed to return another to Mary—return a promise of connubial bliss; but I dared not entertain the hope. Happy and blest (exclaimed I) is the fortunate youth that claims you as his own!

'Oh! were it mine to win this maiden's
heart,
Mary, whose enlighten'd soul is pure
And spotless, as her form is beautiful;
Then, heavenly Love, thee would I celebrate,
In numbers not unworthy of the theme:
From stormy passions, rage, ambition, free,
The whirlwind and the tempest of the soul;
Free from the fury passions, and serene
As this blest season's mildness, we would rove
Through Nature's wilds romantic, hills, vales,
woods,
And marking to each other as we stray'd
The grace peculiar of the rural scenes,
Thus joining voices, raptur'd sing of thee.'

A pensive RAMBLE on the BANKS
of OUSE.

BY RICHARD.

‘What scenes of sorrow wake the soul to
pain,
What floods of anguish cloud the sick’ning
eye!
O sons of pity! pour the melting strain;
O sons of pity! heave the plaintive sigh!
For cold is he, the youth of graceful frame,
Whose deeds of mercy spoke the feeling
mind;
To whose warm breast were friendship’s hal-
low’d flame,
The Bard’s wild fancy and his fire assign’d:
Say, gentle spirit, whither art thou fled,
To what pale region of the silent dead?
Yet why inquire? where some sweet season
blows,
Sure Grief shall smile, and Friendship breathe
her vows;
Despair grow mild—Distraction cease to
rave,
And Love once more shall clasp the form he
gave.

DRAKE.

THE rosy clouds skirted the top
of the distant hills, and reflected the
beams of the drooping sun; the green
carpet, which was spread around, gave
Nature a beautiful appearance, when
I strayed alone with a book in my
hand, and enjoyed the luxurious treat
which the prospect afforded:—thus I
endeavoured to forget my own cares,
and the cares of others. I directed
my steps to a retired walk, where a
short time since my departed asso-
ciate and friend L—— and myself
used to repair, and pass the happy
moments in unreserved conversation.
His soul was filled with honour and
social virtue: falsehood, deceit, and
pride, were not inmates there; a
friend of integrity and candour, to
every one mild and affable, all who
knew him loved and respected him.
Here, fair and gentle reader, was a
youth with promises of happiness;
but in the midst of hope the unseen
hand of death snatched his gentle
life, to dwell in realms of never-fading
bliss. As I contemplated on the un-

certainty of human life, the follow-
ing lines of Gray pressed on my me-
mory.

‘Haply some hoary-headed swain might say,
Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn;
There at the foot of yonder nodding beach,
That wreaths its old fantastic root so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he
stretch,
And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

* * * * *

One morn I miss’d him on the custom’d hill,
Along the heath, and near his fav’rite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he!
The next, with dirges dire, in sad array,
Slow thro’ the church-way path we saw him
borne:
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the
lay
Grav’d on yon stone beneath yon aged thorn.

‘How sweet, how consoling it is,
(says a favourite author) in the tran-
quillity of retirement, to call to re-
membrance our absent friends! Ah!
this remembrance alone makes us
taste again in solitude all the pleas-
ures we have enjoyed in their so-
ciety.’ I cannot help quoting the
following lines which I recently be-
came possessed of, but from whence
I know not.

‘Still is the lark, that, hov’ring o’er yon spray,
With jocund carol usher’d in the morn;
And mute the nightingale, whose tender lay
Melted the feeling mind with sounds forlorn:
More sweet, dear L——, was thy plaintive
strain!
That strain is o’er, but mem’ry ne’er shall
fade,
When erst it cheer’d grey twilight’s dreary
shade,
And charm’d the sorrow-stricken soul from
pain.’

I travelled on with my mind load-
ed with reflection, till each tumultu-
ous care and important agitation had
vanished with ‘the gairish eye of
day:’ every noise was soothed into
serenity and peace; there was no ob-
ject but seemed to be at rest,

‘Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tow’r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand’ring near her secret bow’r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.’

GRAY.

The far-distant moon peeped from behind the neighbouring woods, as I journeyed on by the side of the winding Ouse, and soon enlightened the silver stream with her pale rays: the scene, indeed, was calculated to inspire sublimity of thought. In this still, pensive moment, I imbibed as it were the universal repose of nature. I will not here urge those sentiments of devotion, those grand and august conceptions, which this subject has a tendency to inspire. I sincerely regretted the loss of my departed L——. I gained sight of my abode; and soon I repaired, after a prayer to the good, benevolent Omnipotent, to rest.

‘O sacred rest,
Sweet pleasing Sleep, of all the powers the
best!
Whose balms renew the limbs to labours of
the day:
Care shuns the soft approach, and sullen
flees away.’

DRYDEN.

NARBAL AND SELINA;

OR,

FEROCIOUS PASSION ITS OWN PUNISHMENT.

A TALE.

(*With an elegant Engraving.*)

IN the torrid regions of the east, where the sultry beams of the sun, which parch the surface of the earth, exalt to a kind of fury the human passions, when unrestrained by reason and reflection, lived Narbal the Arab, the chief of a wandering tribe, who subsisted by rapine and devastation. His form was athletic, his eye fierce, his anger terrible; yet was he not destitute of a kind of barbarous generosity, which sometimes held the

place of virtue; as all his passions, whether good or ill, were in the extreme.

In one of his predatory excursions, at the head of his rapacious followers, he attacked a small caravan of merchants going to Damascus. The Arabs plundered it of every thing valuable, and murdered most of the merchants, only a few being able to make their escape. Among those who fell was a Greek, who was taking his daughter Selina, a beautiful girl of about ten years of age, with him to Damascus, where he intended to fix his residence in future. Amid the scene of horror, Narbal seized Selina as his prize; he was struck with her beauty, and he pitied her extreme affliction. His heart seemed as it were for the first time softened into humanity, and he employed every attention to alleviate the sorrows and soothe the melancholy of the lovely Selina.

As years passed on, Selina increased in stature and beauty, and acquired not only the good-will and friendship of Narbal, but inspired him with a most ardent affection. Convinced of his sincerity, and yielding and gentle in her nature, she returned his affection; she even at length embraced his religion, and became his wife. She bore him a son, whom he named Ali; and for several years they lived in a state of as much happiness and content as was compatible with the rude and predatory state of life in which they existed.

Yet the wild fits of passion to which Narbal was frequently subject often alarmed and terrified the gentle Selina; but as he violently loved her, there was no very real cause for her fears. At length, however, the demon jealousy entered his head, and he thought that he could perceive a growing partiality in the breast of Selina for a handsome youth, the son of a chief of a neighbouring

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



Varbal and Selina.

tribe; and it was indeed true that the youth had seen and admired Selina, and that he would gladly have engaged in an amour with her; but it was not true that he was at all encouraged by Selina, who had, indeed, scarcely noticed that he was in the least attentive to her. But the suspicions of Narbal, once excited, could not be soon appeased. He was perpetually on the watch, and perpetually fancied that he discovered something to increase his own torment. His own life was become wretched, and he rendered Selina's the same, by his unjust suspicions, and the violence of his infuriated passions.

It chanced one evening that Selina and her son Ali left their tent to enjoy the cool of the evening, after the heat of a sultry day. Invited by the shade of a wood which they saw at a distance, they entered it, and soon so lost their way, that they did not find it so easy to get out as to enter it, and were overtaken by the night. Narbal returning at the same time, and finding Selina had walked out, was immediately haunted with his usual jealous suspicions. He went out immediately in quest of her, expecting now to make great discoveries. A fatal chance directed his steps in the way she had taken; and he saw her and Ali near the skirts of the wood. Alive to all the fears with which she had latterly been impressed by his presence, she uttered a slight scream at the sight of him. As he knew the voice well, he was certain it was her; but the darkness of the evening prevented him from immediately recognising his son. His passion and jealousy would not suffer him to doubt that this was her paramour. He instantly advanced, and, furious with rage, plunged his sabre in his breast, and laid him dead at his feet. Selina at the same mo-

ment, overpowered with horror, sunk lifeless on his arm. He raised the reeking blade to deprive her also of life, but a momentary return of affection held his hand. When the violent storm of passion had subsided, and he was able to look on what he had done, he saw his son dead at his feet, and his wife, his beloved Selina, breathless in his arms. Nor could any attention or art restore her to life; the horror of the scene had taken too powerful an effect on her delicate and feeble frame: she revived but for a moment, uttered two or three convulsive sighs, and then expired.

Narbal stood for a time, changed, as it were, to congealed stone. Dreadful were his feelings. At length, reason forsook the man who had not known to exert it in curbing the violence of his passions. He became furiously insane, and in this miserable state survived several years, a wretched example how, by not restraining brutal passions, human nature may be reduced to the verge of absolute brutality.

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

IN the church-yard of East Bourne I was resting myself on a gravestone, from a walk rather longer than usual. It happened to be about the time when the bell was drawing towards a conclusion, which soon brings the rustic from his white-washed parlour to his pew. There is not in life a more pleasing scene. To see the rosy maid on whose cheek sits health, smiling in full meridian, dimpled by the pleasure she enjoys in being attended by a favourite youth, on whose sunburnt forehead

signs content. 'Oh happy rustic, how I envy thee!

From these reflections I was abruptly aroused by the swelling notes of a trumpet, which I found announced that the remains of a dragoon were escorted by his comrades to his last quarters. Slow and solemn were their steps, and their whole demeanour truly spoke their hearts were interested. I understood from one of the spectators, that the deceased belonged to a regiment just returned from foreign service. 'Poor fellow!' I ejaculated, 'thou hadst escaped the fatigues and hardships of a foreign clime; met danger, and death, in every breeze; yet had that insatiable monster not received his commission; but as if weary of his life, or to make the stroke more painful, when, perhaps, thou hadst thought to have met the fond smiles of an aged parent, the endearing embraces of a loving wife, or the inexpressible joy of pressing thy children to thy breast, then did he smite thee, and that to the quick. The accoutrements of the soldier were laid upon his coffin, to him no longer of use; and his horse, which had been his faithful companion during many a weary march, as if perfectly sensible of the dissolution of his master, with mournful steps followed his remains. A few comrades from the troop to which he belonged, with arms reversed, brought up the rear. Never in my life did I feel so much affected by so common a circumstance. I have been the foot-ball of fortune from my youth up; adversity and I have long shook hands together; but there is a pleasure in misfortune, with which the sons of prosperity are little acquainted. Providence, in pity to our state, strews now and then a flower in our path well worth the gather-

ing—and though a tear, as a glistening dew-drop, trembles upon its bud, it only adds to its fragrance and beauty.

I now felt the full force of this; for, as I lifted up my hand to my hat to shade off the sun, I detected a straggling tear gliding down my cheek. But I freely let it fall; it was nature's innocent offering on the altar of sensibility, and I am confident it was a sacrifice indulgent Heaven would not disdain, for it was accompanied with sensations that princes might have envied.

I looked on, while the comrades of the old soldier performed their last sad duty over him: his horse was led, or, as I fancied, dragged reluctantly from his grave. After the procession had departed, I observed one of the party still loitering near the grave until he saw it filled up, when, taking the spade from the sexton, he carefully selected as many sods as covered it.—Worthy fellow! may the spot where thou shalt sleep never want a covering!—It will not; some generous soul like thyself will be the last to leave it—if not, Nature, ever true to her task, will plant over thee a verdure that shall never decay, and which none shall dare to disturb!—He cast a mournful look at the place, as if to mark its situation, and slowly left the spot. Honest fellow, fare thee well! thou possessest a heart that would do honour to an higher station.—I myself, poor as I am, will erect a stone in memory of thy friend, that whenever it is thy fate or mine, in our journey through life, to pass this way, memory may not fail to recall the scene, or sensibility to pay her briny tribute.

J. BAGNETT.

East-Bourne Barracks.

HARRIET VERNON;
OR,
CHARACTERS FROM REAL LIFE.
A NOVEL,
In a Series of Letters.
BY A LADY.
(Continued from p. 356.)

LETTER XXVIII.

Mr. Wentworth to Mr. Johnson.

Bengal.

I LOSE no time to inform my dear friend of my safe arrival in this place, after a most expeditious and pleasant voyage. I am perfectly well and in excellent spirits, which, when I have told you my adventures, you will not be surprised to hear. I wrote a few lines to you and colonel Ambrose by the Besborough: but a few days after her sailing a change took place in my affairs of a most wonderful nature, which, not to keep you in suspense, I will now begin to relate.

I was received by Mr. Winstansley, the gentleman to whom I was recommended by colonel Ambrose, with great politeness; he is a fine old gentleman turned of seventy, very infirm, and totally incapacitated for business.—‘I have,’ said he, ‘made my fortune in this place, and although I am an Englishman, am determined to end my days here. I have no connection (and he sighed as he spoke) but one daughter, who is my care, would I could say she was my comfort!’

I was affected with his words and manner: you are to understand I had been with him three weeks, and was become perfectly acquainted. I ex-

pressed a surprise that I had not seen the young lady; he informed me that she was seldom at home, being fond of any society rather than his. ‘She is now,’ said he, ‘on a visit to a family of character and fortune, about seven miles from this place. They are fond of her to excess: I cannot disapprove of the acquaintance otherwise than because they are zealous catholics, and have persuaded my daughter to become of their religion.’

The old gentleman seemed pleased with my conversation and company; I felt a respect and concern for him, which induced me to be more than commonly assiduous to please him. I found I could manage his business with great ease; and, in short, every day made me more and more pleased with my situation. I felt a great curiosity to see the daughter, but avoided mentioning her, because I observed the subject was shunned by the father, and evidently gave him pain.

One day, when we were conversing as usual, he looked with uncommon earnestness in my face, and asked me if I had parents living.—I replied, that I had lost them both when young; that I did not remember my father, but did my mother perfectly, as I was fourteen when she died.

‘Do you know what her maiden name was?’

I replied, ‘No; I had never heard: nor have I, that I know of, a relation in the world’

‘I hope,’ said he, ‘I am not impertinent; but you will much oblige me if you would favour me with some account of your mother.’

I told him my life would be comprised in a very few words. My mother seemed to be a woman of virtue and good sense. She gave me as good an education as her circumstances would admit of, and often

told me that my success in life must depend on my own exertions, for that her own support was only an annuity for her life; that I had no relations, unless a brother of hers, whom she had disoblged by marrying my father, was living. This she had no reason to think was the case, it being twenty years since she had seen or heard any thing of him, nor did she know to what part of the world he went. Her eyes were always filled with tears when she spoke on this subject. At her death I was placed in a merchant's counting-house by the clergyman of the parish, in which employment I had supported myself until now, that I am five-and-twenty. And this, sir,' continued I, 'is my short history. But, perhaps it may give you satisfaction to see the picture of my mother, which I have in my possession, and will, if you please, produce.

'That will be every thing,' he replied, with much agitation; and which made me at once apprehend what doubtless you also have by this time conjectured.—I produced the picture, but repented my precipitation, for the moment he cast his eyes on it I thought he would have fainted. I caught him in my arms; it was, indeed, my uncle. Oh! Johnson, conceive the feelings of us both! words are wanting to express the scene that followed this discovery.

I now in my turn became impatient to learn more particulars, which, as soon as he was sufficiently recovered, he gave me in substance as follows:—'The history of my father and mother, your grandfather and grandmother, I will not at present relate; it is of no importance. Suffice it to say, your grandfather died when I was twenty, and your mother only five years old; she was only my half-sister, for my own mother died when I was very young. I was bred to no business, but when my father

died found myself in possession of five hundred a year, out of which I was by my father's will to pay my sister one hundred pounds a year when she came of age, and to maintain and educate her until then. Her mother had been dead two years. This trust was to me an acceptable one. I lived on my estate, and superintended the education of my young sister: I taught her myself all I knew, and procured masters to instruct her in the accomplishments I was not capable of teaching her myself. Sensible, amiable in her temper, and lovely in her person, she grew up, every thing that could charm the heart and ensure the affections of all who knew her. I devoted myself entirely to her company, and found that in her absence I was unhappy.—At the age of twenty, after refusing several eligible offers, she selected a young man of small fortune as her partner for life. Accustomed to consult me on all occasions, she did not in this instance omit it! I had no objection to the union, but what arose from the young man's extravagant turn: I mentioned this to her; but she, like other young women, trusted to the power of her charms and example to reclaim him in this particular. To shorten my story—it was agreed on that the marriage should take place when she came of age, which now wanted but three months. In the mean time, I discovered, with inexpressible concern and surprise, that another reason lurked in my breast to make me averse to the intended marriage. I found that I loved your mother too well to permit my wishing to see her united to another. Shocked at the discovery, I exerted all my fortitude to endeavour to overcome this unfortunate attachment. I absented myself from her society, while she, with the innocent affection of a sister, would reproach me with neglect and decreased love.

To conquer my passion while continually in her presence I found impossible, but I had command enough over myself never to wound her ears with such a declaration. The day at length arrived for the marriage; I attended her to the altar, and by an effort of resolution as great, perhaps, as was ever exerted by man on a similar occasion, I gave her to your father. On pretence of urgent business in London, I left the new-married pair, and did indeed set out for that place, where I hoped, by plunging into dissipation and company, to erase from my mind all painful recollection. I was soon convinced of my mistake, for in the course of a few months I found my fortune diminished and my grief augmented. Thus circumstanced, I formed the resolution of going abroad. I sold my estate and embarked for this place, without daring to trust myself with an interview with your mother. I wrote her a letter telling her what I had done, and added, that I found it necessary for my peace that I should never see her more, for that I loved her too well. On my arrival in this place I embraced an opportunity which presented itself of entering into business with the remainder of my fortune, in which I have succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations, and in a short time recovered my peace. I married an amiable woman, with whom I lived happily for some years, when it pleased Heaven to deprive me of her, leaving me one daughter. I wrote many letters to your mother, but never had an answer. By what you say, they either must have miscarried, or have been intercepted by her husband. I had thoughts of returning to England for the purpose of finding her, but I could not prevail on my wife to accompany me. When she died, which is only eight years since,

I was become an old man, and I found myself unequal to the task. In what a wonderful manner has Providence blessed me, by thus bringing you to comfort and support me! By your account of your mother's straitness of fortune, I conclude that she found my fears of her husband's extravagance realised; but this, together with the fate of the letters, cannot now be known. Would to Heaven she were now alive! But why do I breathe such a wish? Am I not completely blessed in beholding her son? From the moment I heard your name and saw you, a gleam of hope came across me; and when I conversed with you, and discovered sentiments so congenial to those possessed by your dear mother, my fear of a disappointment delayed my inquiry concerning your family. This precious picture, which at once places the reality of your being my nephew past all doubt, was taken at my request, the year before her marriage. The original is in my possession: this is a copy.'

In this manner did the good old gentleman continue conversing for some time. I felt myself unable to answer a word, from excess of joy and surprise. As soon as we could compose ourselves, he retired to write to his daughter, my new-found cousin, and I to you. I hope it will reach you; and I doubt not your congratulations by the first conveyance. I hope this will find you in health and happiness equal to my own. To your good uncle present my best respects. I suppose my fair cousin will be home in a few days; I long to see her, and hope to work a reformation in her behaviour towards her father.

I am, dear Johnson,
sincerely yours,

CHARLES WENTWORTH.

LETTER XXIX.

Dorcas Jenkins to the Miss Vernons.

My dear young Mistresses,

I HAVE had it in my mind to write every day, but something or other has always happend to hinder me, and then I be a very slow writer as you do know, and tis mortul cold to sit up stairs, and I can never write when any body is by, so you may be sure, 'twas not because I did not bear you in mind that you have not heard. To be certain, I must lose my senses before I can forget my young ladies. We have had a strange rumpus here since you have been gone; nothing do never go right when miss Maria is out of the way. My master is as cross as two sticks athwart; and enough to make him for matter of that, for to be sure, nobody do like to pay money for nothing, tho' for that matter master if he cou'd help it would not pay it for something. I never liked that Mr. Curtis; he always look'd so sheepishly some how. I knowd what wod come of Nanny and he being so great. I told master I thought as how she lookd pretty biggish; but he only laughd at me, and thought he knowd better. But however, the day after as sure as fivepence she went before the justice, and swared she was with child by master. 'Twas no use for master to deny it. He turned her out of doors, but he is obliged to pay for her lying in, and the maintenance of the child when born. Now as sure as I am writing, tis Mr. Curtis's child; and so master says; and he have turnd him away too, and I dont know where he is gone. Master swares he will not have a young maid in his house again; so we have got an old woman almost as old as

me, and we hobble about the house as well as we can. He wanted me to do all the work, but a lack-a-day, I am not able; and so I told master: I must be maintained now without doing much work; and I know when my young mistresses marry I shall without grudging. I be sometimes very low-spirited, and can't help it, to think how miss Maria have been disappointed by the colonel. But I forgot I was never to mention it. To be sure, I cannot but wonder in my own mind. I have had a parcel of dreams lately that I dont like; but I think of what you do always tell me, that I must not mind them, and yet I can't help it. That tall gentleman in black, Dixon, I believe his name is, called here lately, and there was a lady with him, a very fine-looking one too. They asked if master was at home, so I shewd them into the parlour, and calld master from the counting-house. To be sure, I was very curious to know what the business was; so what did I do but listen at the door a bit, and pick'd out a little. Master did not know the lady, because I heard Mr. Dixon say, this lady is a widow whose husband died in Jamaica two years ago. She has a very large fortune in the plantations there, but has no one to secure it for her. I thought, perhaps, you might be able to advise her how to act in the business. I could not hear what master said, but it was something about considering of it; and the lady thanked him many times. They staid about an hour, and master seemed in a brown study all day after. And this is all I know about it, and it was not worth writing, but I thought I would tell you all the news I could pick up. I have been looking in the almanack to see how long you have been gone: it is seven weeks. Master never says any thing about you; but its not worth mind-

ing what he says, or what he do not say.

I began this letter a week agoe, but was determined to finish it by the twentieth of January, which is to-day, because it is miss Harriet's birth-day; so wishing her many happy birth-days, and many happy years to both, I remain your loving nurse and dutiful servant,

DORCAS JENKINS.

LETTER XXX.

Miss Harriet Vernon to Miss West.

I TAKE up my pen again, dear Susan, to inform you of our proceedings at B. Hall. We have put a little life into Mr. Wilson, who is really a very good sort of a man, and grows on our liking: he behaves so well to his peevish, perverse-tempered wife, that I cannot but admire the patience of his disposition. She owns herself much happier with him than with either of her other husbands. We have made several visits in the neighbourhood, but are obliged to be careful not to express a wish to go to any particular place, as it is sure not to be granted. I have found one good thing in this very whimsical woman; she is generous by starts, and has made us some small presents, but she certainly has not a fixed principle of generosity.

A few days after I wrote my last, we set out in the coach to visit our other cousin, Mrs. Meadows. Mr. Wilson did not accompany us. The sisters, I found in the course of the ride, were not on the best terms. Mrs. Wilson said a few visits passed between them in the course of the year, but her sister was so taken up with her own concerns, that she never paid any attention to hers. She informed us that her children

had each ten thousand pounds left them by an uncle of their father's, but that Mrs. Meadows said for them as much as though they were wholly dependent. By this time we were arrived at a handsome house, and conducted by a smart servant out of livery into a parlour, where sat Mrs. Meadows and her two daughters, one at the harpsichord, the other drawing, accompanied by two masters. She received her sister in a formal cool manner, and the two misses made each a stiff boarding-school courtesy to their aunt. Mrs. Wilson informed her who we were, but she was, or pretended to be, a total stranger to the name and connexion. She asked no question about us, and began acquainting us with the great improvements the young ladies had made since they had last seen their aunt. There appears nothing engaging in the persons or manners of these girls, who seemed to be about twelve and fourteen years old, neither were their performances above mediocrity; but the mother had no eyes for any other object than them and their employments. In a few minutes the son entered the room, and presented to our view a finished fop. He appears to be about twenty, and has just left his studies at the university. After bowing to his aunt with an air he thought wonderfully genteel, he begged to be introduced to her fair companions; and, searing himself by me, sat staring in my face with an insolent impertinence, whilst his mother observed that he grew taller and taller every day, and asked Mrs. Wilson's opinion how he would look in regimentals. The particular attention paid me by my sweet beau induced Mrs. Meadows to look in my face, an honour she had not before done to either of us. I was glad to be relieved by Mrs. Wilson's rising to take leave. We were not

requested to prolong or repeat our visit, therefore Maria and myself shall certainly not intrude ourselves again. So you see there is no profit or pleasure to be expected from this quarter.

During our ride home, we were entertained with Mrs. Wilson's observations on the great alteration that had taken place for the worse in her sister's person, since she had last seen her. She seemed much pleased with Maria's observing that she must always have been a plain woman. She made no remark on the little notice she had taken of us.

When we arrived at B. Hall, we found Mr. Wilson reading a letter just received from a lady.—'My cousin, miss Jones,' said he, 'has just lost her mother, and I think we must invite her to spend a few weeks here.'

'Indeed she shan't come here,' said the ungracious lady; 'I hate her more than any person on earth.' Come, let me see her letter; I suppose she is finely rejoiced to bury her mother. She is now a twenty thousand pound fortune, I think.

She then perused the letter, and Mr. Wilson said, with a smile—'To be sure, my dear, you did not think me in earnest to invite miss Jones, as I know how much you dislike her.'

'To be sure I did,' she replied; 'and on second thoughts, I think it will be proper.'

'By no means,' replied Mr. Wilson.

'But I choose it should be so,' said she; 'and I desire you will invite her directly.'

'Nay, if you wish it, I will,'—and winking at Maria and me, left the room for that purpose.—This is the way to manage Mrs. Wilson.

We were now given the character of miss Jones; but I do not intend to take it from our cousin.

She describes her as very learned, very conceited, very proud, and, what in her opinion is much worse, very plain. The poor servants here lead a wearisome life, and seldom continue longer than six months. The parlour bell is now ringing most violently for the maid up stairs, and the girl is walking down as leisurely as possible.—'Why don't you run, girl?' said I; 'your mistress is certainly very ill.' The girl laughed.—'Oh no, miss,' said she, 'it is only madam's way; she rings as loud ten times a day, and all for nothing at all.'

We last week received a letter from Dorcas, and as I think you will be diverted by its simplicity, as well as by an accident that has befallen our brother, I will enclose it.

Bless me, here is a chaise stopped at the door, and a very genteel young man alighting! A lady, too, in deep mourning! It must be miss Jones, to be sure. I must hasten down to be introduced.

Eleven o'clock. I am come up to bed, but before I sleep, I must tell you about miss Jones; I am sure I shall not sleep for thinking of her.

By the time I had reached the parlour the lady and gentleman were seated, together with Mrs. Wilson and Maria. On my entrance a profound silence struck me with a seeming awe, and threw my features into a serious cast. After making my compliments by a courtesy, which was returned by a stiff bend of the body by the lady, and a genteel bow from the gentleman, who reached me a chair, I took my seat. The lady concealed her face with a white handkerchief, on which however I could not discover the trace of a tear. Maria's eyes were full; the gentleman looked grave; my cousin seemed to be racking her brains for something to say, and was shaking her foot, for the purpose, I suppose,

of assisting her head. The silence was at length broken by the gentleman observing that the roads were very heavy.

'They are indeed much soiled,' said miss Jones, 'by the great descent of frozen water, which has obscured the hemisphere for some days past.'

'We have had snow here,' said Mrs. Wilson.

'I mean,' replied miss Jones, 'what is vulgarly called snow, by the expression of frozen water.'

'You are so learned!' said Mrs. Wilson, with a sneer.—'Pray, was your mother sensible to the last?'

'She continued,' replied miss Jones, 'in the possession of that invaluable blessing, *reason*, to the last; and, to use the expression of Dr. Goldsmith, she

'Sank to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
Whilst resignation gently slop'd the way.'

Just as this speech was finished Mr. Wilson entered. He approached the lady, took her hand, and was going to salute her: but she drew back her hand, turned away her face, and observed that there was no occasion for that familiarity. He turned on his heel, and shook hands with the gentleman, whose name I then found to be Beaumont: he told him he was heartily glad to see him; it was an unexpected pleasure, for which he supposed he was indebted to his fair cousin, looking at miss Jones. By this observation I guessed he was a lover of the lady. I had already seen enough of her to guess also that her twenty thousand was the only attraction to a man of Mr. Beaumont's description. There is something extremely engaging in the person and manner of this young man. I long to know who he is, and what could induce him to prefer miss Jones. But what is that to me?

Mr. Wilson added, he hoped for

the continuance of his company, although he had not requested it by letter.—Mrs. Wilson frowned.—He thanked him, but said it was his intention to return home the next day; he would however take a ride sometimes, and pay the ladies and him a visit.

Mrs. Wilson said her head was so indifferent that she could not bear much talking, and proposed that we and miss Jones should retire upstairs till dinner. We did so, and endeavoured to become acquainted with the lady; but she was so extremely formal and reserved, that we found it impossible.—Conceive a tall thin figure, about twenty-five (which I find is her age, though I should have guessed her to be near forty), with a face pale as death, jet-black hair, features not in themselves disagreeable, but made so by a satirical sneer, and a habit of looking cross and fretful. She walks with such a solemn slow pace, one would think that she was in the train of a funeral.

After we had been together an hour, during which time she had not uttered a single sentence, she observed, that Mrs. Wilson was a most ignorant ill-behaved woman; that nothing but necessity could have induced her to make the visit, for that she had taken a house that would not be fit to inhabit these eight or ten weeks. She might, indeed, have been at Mr. Beaumont's mother's; but as only a platonic love subsisted between her son and herself, she feared that by going there it would give the world reason to suppose she meant to marry him.—I asked her if she really thought platonic love could subsist?—'Certainly,' she replied; 'she had written an essay on the subject, which, when her trunk was unpacked, she would show me.'—'You appear to me,' said she, 'young women, to

have received an education something above the vulgar part of the community. From the little I have heard you say, you are not ignorant of language.'—'We understand none but our own,' said Maria.

'And I fear are not great proficients in that,' added I.

'I,' said miss Jones, with an emphasis, 'know the derivation of every word in the English tongue.'

'Really! that must be very entertaining,' said I, 'with great indifference.'

In this manner we conversed, or rather talked; for little I was the hero on miss Jones's side, who, notwithstanding her learning, did not seem inclined to communicate any part of it to us, whom she seemed to regard with great contempt, calling us young women, and regretting that she could never form an acquaintance with her own sex, or find, go where she would, females who had received an education and had acquired sentiments congenial to her own.

At dinner some Latin sentences passed between the two gentlemen and miss Jones, which highly displeased Mrs. Wilson, who observed, and I thought very justly, that if people could not talk plain English when abroad, they ought to stay at home.

In the evening we played cards, and Mrs. Wilson losing, was in worse humour than ever. Mr. Beaumont, however, by a most lucky speech, set all to rights.—'Do not, dear madam,' said he, 'spoil one of the finest faces in the world, by looking out of temper.'—This compliment to her face at the expence of her temper might have offended another woman; but it put her in such perfect good humour the whole evening, that we passed it very agreeably; and before we parted Mr. Beaumont was re-

quested by Mrs. Wilson to stay, at least, the remainder of the week.

And now, my dear Susan, have I not for the present given you a specimen of the whole party? I hope I am not, or ever shall be, ill-naturedly satirical; but indeed I think such characters as Mrs. Wilson and miss Jones deserve to be held up to ridicule: and now I shall close this packet, and resign myself to sleep, it being past midnight. With every good wish,

I remain yours affectionally,

H. VERNON.

N. B. I must not omit to inform you, that colonel Ambrose has received a letter from Charles Wentworth, who is safely arrived and well.

Maria's spirits are much mended since hearing this.

(To be continued.)

ON THE LION.

BY

DOCTOR THORNTON,

Author of Botany for Ladies, &c.

THE lion was early introduced into menageries. Being the king among animals, the subjugation of it evinced the superiority of man, and proved him to be in truth, 'The lord of the Creation.' As menageries were first established by princes, who in times of peace enjoyed the sports of hunting, and extended their conquests over powerful animals, the lion, confined in dens, evinced to their dependents the greatness of their power, and added fresh laurels to those obtained by achievements in war.

The male lion has a most superb

front; a fine forehead; broad nostrils; lively and piercing eyes; and a flowing mane, which nearly conceals his round ears, and extends over the shoulders, adding great dignity to his noble appearance. His body is a perfect model of strength joined with activity. When enraged, his forehead is furrowed with deep wrinkles; he erects this mane from an excess of the electric fluid. His eye-balls roll, and from the same cause flash fire. All the muscles of the lower jaw quiver. His long bushy tail terribly strikes backwards and forwards against his sides. He prepares his fore foot to strike, the claws being extended to the extent of one's little finger, and with a growl, which discovers his huge teeth, and tongue covered with large reversed points, he attacks his adversaries, however numerous. There is no retreat, and the strongest spears held forth by intrepid hunters are shivered into atoms, whilst those not destined to receive the shock of his furious assault, coming upon his flanks, stab him with their weapons. All animals but man refuse to confront his power. Even when vanquished by the address of his adversaries, and wounded, he will not turn himself to flight, but retreats by falling back, still contending with assailing enemies.

Lions were formerly more abundant than now. Pliny relates, 'that Quintus Scœvola was the first who exhibited several of these animals at the same time in the circus, when he was edile; that Scilla, during his prætorship, made an hundred fight together, being all of them males;' and Pompey, after that, six hundred, of which one hundred and fifteen were males; and Cæsar four hundred. Seneca informs us that those employed by Scilla were presents sent from Bocchus, king of Mauritania; but at this time the

princes of the same country think they make a mighty present by sending to European potentates one or two lions. The same abundance continued for some time during the emperors; but it appears that this diminished during the second century, since Europe already regarded it as a great magnificence on the part of Marcus Aurelius to have shewn an hundred lions at a time, when he triumphed over the Marcomani. To augment the number, a law was made to prevent the hunt of the lion. The great number of lions probably occasioned many of them to be tamed, and pushed their education to a pitch which might astonish us, although we have several very striking examples in our times. Hanno, the Carthaginian, was the first who tamed the lion, and his fellow citizens condemned him to death, saying, 'that the commonwealth had every thing to dread from one who knew how to subdue such ferocity.' Antony, the triumvir, having seated by his side the actress Cytheria, was drawn in his car by lions: 'Prodigious excess,' says Pliny, 'more horrible than all the horrors of these melancholy times.'

Let us now descend to the lion of the French menagerie. He was born at Senegal, and, being taken very young, was brought up in the country with a little spaniel of the same age. After some time, these two animals were given to the director of the East India company, who sent them to France, and made a present of them to the government: they were landed at l'Orient, and arrived at Versailles on the twenty-eighth of September, 1788; they were then seven or eight months old, and they were shut up in the same den. Their childhood had not been passed in captivity; free in the house of their master, fed with the produce of his table, and equally dividing his car-

resses, they were bound together with a mutual affection. This friendship between animals of a different species and opposite dispositions is not uncommon, but it is never formed except among those who live with man, and always begins by the common sentiment of his benefits.

At his arrival in France, the lion was gentle and as fawning as his companion; no one feared to approach him, and he returned all the caresses which he received: but soured, probably by his captivity, his original ferocity was not slow in appearing, and entirely unfolding itself with his age; faithful, however, to his keeper, he did not cease to shew his gratitude to him. It was feared that he would have perished in the process of cutting his teeth; he is the only lion brought young to the menagerie who has survived this period, which is always full of danger to these animals. He soon experienced another peril; one of his claws grew into the flesh, and would have killed him, had not an operation been performed; the claw was cut, the matter was let out by the keeper, and the animal recovered: he bore this operation very willingly. His removal to the Botanical Garden, which took place about two years since, was not attended with any difficulty; he was put into a great cage, used for removing beasts from one den to another; and his dog, being fastened to one of the bars, followed him in the same carriage: the same prison received them at their arrival.

There this noble animal was exhibited in the plenitude of his strength and vigour; he had reached his full growth, and his long captivity had not been able to impair his native dignity. His figure was awful and majestic; his proud, fiery glance, seemed to awe all who approached him. His size was a medium be-

tween the large and middling species of lions. He was six feet and a half long, and three feet two inches high. A thick mane covered his head, and the front parts of his body, which was all nerve and muscle. The hue of his skin, a bright fawn colour on a dark ground, gave additional fire to his motions, and to the expression of his features; but through this fierceness appeared an air of gentleness cultivated by the sense of benefits, and the enjoyments of friendship. His food was horse-flesh. His allowance was about fifteen pounds a day. He took it in his claws, tore it with his teeth, and swallowed it without chewing. The dog, his companion, eat bread, and gnawed the bones that the lion left him. Twice in the day, commonly morning and evening, he raised his thundering voice, as if he wished to give his lungs this salutary exercise. If the sky was overcast with thick clouds, he roared several times, as if presaging a storm: during the storm he was silent. Misfortune had strengthened the tie formed in childhood; deprived of the pleasures of love, he felt those of friendship the more strongly. He lavished on his dog the most tender caresses; the dog received and returned them without fear and without distrust: his natural gaiety, his frank and open air, tempered the grave and serious disposition of the lion. He often threw himself upon his mane, and playfully bit his ears. The lion bent down his head, as taking part in his sport. Often he himself invited him to play, by putting him on his back, and pressing him between his paws. Neither the crowd that surrounded him, nor the new objects continually passing before his eyes; nothing, in short, could take him from the society of his dog. When he was inclined to repose, it was by his side that he slept; and, at his waking,

he it was whom he wished first to see again.

Their meals when given by their keeper only suspended this intimacy for a moment. They then separated to receive their several portions, and neither dared then to invade the property of the other. This interesting peace was, however, sometimes troubled by those who came to enjoy, and who ought to have respected it. Pieces of bread, thrown through the bars of the den, became almost always a subject of discord. The dog, regarding all that came from the hand of visitors as property belonging to him alone, seized it with extreme eagerness. If the lion made a motion towards it, he threw himself upon him, and bit his ear with such fury, that he often drew blood. The lion contented himself with putting aside his unreasonable friend with his paw. But these storms were only transient. The lion never abandoned himself to anger, and the dog soon recovered from his passion. But there was in their mutual attachment a remarkable shade of difference, which explains the caprices and humours of the one, and the unalterable kindness of the other. Independent on the earth, proud, and wild by nature, the lion, become solitary and a captive, had associated to himself a friend. He loved his friend for his own sake, and was attached to him chiefly. The dog, equally affectionate, loved him also; but before he had given himself to the lion, nature had given him to man. Faithful to his instinct, he ran with eagerness to meet him, who, opening the door of his prison, restored him for a moment to liberty. He loaded him with caresses; gaiety sparkled in his eyes, whilst his poor friend, uneasy at his absence, roared in a plaintive tone, walked backwards and forwards along his bars, went to the

bottom of his den, looked at the hole where he had got out, walked away, and returned again. When he came back, the dog saw his companion with pleasure; but his last look seemed to say to the keeper, 'I love you most.' Some time after the removal of the lion and his dog to the Menagerie of the Museum, the tender bond which united these animals was broken. The dog contracted the mange: this was perceived too late to be remedied; he died. The lion, deprived of his friend, called him incessantly in dismal roarings; he soon fell into a deep melancholy; every thing disgusted him; his strength and his voice grew weaker by degrees. Apprehensive of his sinking, they endeavoured to divert his grief by presenting him with another dog. One was sought for, resembling his friend in shape and colour. When such an one had been found, it was brought before the grating of the den. The lion fixed him with a sparkling eye; he uttered a tremendous roar, and, with his paws extended, and his claws unfolded, seemed ready to dart forwards. It was supposed, from this sudden and violent passion, that the instinct of the beast had been deceived, and that, in his fury, he only wished to throw himself on the person who detained his beloved dog; hence he was abandoned to him without hesitation. The dog, thrown into the den, shuddered with dread; he would have escaped, but the lion seized him with his paw, and killed him in an instant*.

A similar regard had been observed in old Nero in the Tower. When Hector, a young lion, how to be seen in Exeter Change, was

* Vide a Visit to the Menagerie by Mons. Jaufret, vol. I. elegantly translated by Miss Aikin, with an interesting frontispiece, the Lion caressing his favourite Spaniel.

deprived from illness of his keeper, he became sulky, took food sparingly, and evidently pined; but when his former keeper was restored, he looked cheerful, fawned about him, and accepted his food as formerly.

The lions in the Tower of London have many of them lived from seventy to eighty years* ; probably in the wilds of Africa, in their native state, they may attain to an hundred years.

SOLITARY WALKS

IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

BY JOHN WEBB.

WALK III.

‘ A raven from some greedy vault,
Amid the cloister’d gloom,
Bids me, and ’tis a solemn thought!
Reflect upon the tomb.
The tomb! the consecrated dome,
The temple raised to peace!
The port that to its friendly home
Compels the human race!’

CUNNINGHAM.

THE sun was sinking below the horizon, and the tower of the adjacent church was catching ‘the last smiles of day,’ when I began my third ramble among the tombs. I was serious—such a frame of mind is indispensable in one who walks forth to meditate among the nations of the dead —As I had a few minutes before quitted the active scenes of life, I was led to make these reflections. What are all the riches, honours, and enjoyments of this world to one of those lifeless skeletons who tenant the gloomy asylum beneath? Could I summon from the ‘vasty deep’ the spirit of a war-

rior, with what sovereign contempt would he view the green laurel of victory, or the proud trophy of fame! Could I offer the brilliant reward, he would spurn it from him with indignant arm, and exclaim, ‘What are such splendid trifles as these to an immortal mind?’

Could I call from the invisible regions the mind that once informed the body of the ambitious statesman, and tender him an imperial crown, with an averted eye, which would dart one of the keenest glances of scorn, he would cry out, Take from my sight that fascinating bauble! let it cause the head of some earthly tyrant to ach: such gew-gaws are infinitely beneath the notice of immaterial beings.—Could a soul that once animated the carcase of a miser appear to me, and it were in my power to command fortune to present him with the riches of Peruvian mines, and all the treasures that are hid in the mountains of Golconda; with looks not to be delineated by the pencil of the painter, nor described by the fancy of the poet, he would say—Let me not behold that white and yellow earth. Gold and silver pass not current in the country where I dwell. The deity of gold, which I worshipped below, can gain no admission to realms where matter never enters.

After indulging the reflecting mood a while, my attention was diverted by the spot where my ancestors repose, not ‘in dull cold marble,’ but in the gelid bosom of mother earth. Though they filled no conspicuous situation in the world, never glittered in the gay circles of the great, nor acquired the wreath of glory in the ensanguined field; though no eloquence of theirs e’er charmed the listening senate, nor did their hands e’er guide the helm of state; yet they were useful mem-

* Dr. Shaw.

bers of society, and acted a decent part in the chequered scene of humble life;

‘And if their country stood not by their skill,
At least their follies never wrought her fall.’
COWPER

They had their foibles, and where is the race of men who have not?—Too partial to company, and too fond of a cheerful glass, they certainly were, and oftentimes exhilarated their minds and brightened their ideas, by pouring forth libations to

‘Bacchus, purple god of joyous wit,
With brow solute, and ever-laughing eye.’
YOUNG.

But here let me pause!—

Rest in peace, ye sacred relics of my progenitors! may no unhallowed pen of mine record your frailties, but cover your faults with a mantle of charity,

‘And leave to Mercy and to God your doom!’

DODDRIDGE.

Beneath a turf of grass, that waved to the breeze of evening, lay poor idiotic Samuel, whose vacuity of reason

‘Did pleasure to the gay dispense,
But pity to the wise.’

Poor youth, how circumscribed were thy joys! how complicated were thy sorrows! The sweets of friendship, the delights of social intercourse, the felicities of the soft attachment, and bliss of conjugal affection, were unknown to thee! No tender friend poured the balm of consolation into thy wounded mind: no sprightly circle improved thy intellectual faculties, by the attractive charms of conversation: the fascinating smiles of a beloved object never gave thy heart ‘a pulse unknown before;’ nor did the fond endearments of the wife that Providence had given thee, nor the sight of a troop of blooming

spottlings, ever cause thy breast to palpitate with delight. Cut off by Heaven from the pleasures of life, like a solitary pilgrim, thou didst sojourn through a vale of tears, the ridicule of foolish men, the sport of mischievous boys, till death, the friend of the wretch who knows no friend, summoned thee ‘to another and a better world.’

Let the bigot, if he please, condemn me for excess of charity, in consigning this hapless idiot to mansions of rest, and represent our almighty Master as one who expects to ‘reap where he sowed not.’ These are not my religious tenets.

Poor youth! thy talent was not misimproved—thou possessest none. In thy solemn audit, thou wilt never have to account for conscience stifled, faith profaned, privileges abused, opportunities neglected, and abilities prostituted. In that awful period, the Voltaires, the Bolingbrokes, and the Humes of the last century, will have abundant reason to envy thee,

‘When pointed-lightnings from the wrathful
Judge
Shall singe their laurels, and the men
Who thought they flew so high, shall fall so
low.’

STANBEN.

I had no sooner departed from one grave, than another, the resting-bed of an old soldier, pressed upon my attention, whose exploits, had he moved in an higher sphere, would doubtless have given an additional lustre to the annals of British valour. But I may justly observe with Southey,

—‘Of unrecorded name
Dy’d the mean man;’

and but for this humble memorial the remembrance of his services at Dettingen, Fontenoy, and Culloden, would in a few years have been lost in oblivion: for no storied urn

caught mine eye, no martial bust frowned upon me as I advanced: his countrymen had placed no recording stone to point out the hero's last retreat, nor had any kind relative bestowed the annual pittance to bind his green sod with briars.

When age rendered labour insufficient for a maintenance, he sought refuge in his parish work-house,

'Where sireless youth and joyless age repair,
(Driv'n by hard fate) to seek parochial care.
What poor reward awaits the humble brave!
A name unknown, and an uncroplied grave.'

But whilst ruminating over the unconscious dead the dews of night began to fall, and admonished me (if health and all her rosy blessings were dear) to return to the abodes of the living. Soon Somnus began to shed his poppies over me; and while the downy god was about to take his station on mine eyelids I exclaimed with Somerville,

'How vain the pomp of kings! Look down, ye
great,
And view with envious eye my humble nest;
Where soft repose and calm contentment
dwell,
Unbrib'd by wealth, and unrestrained by
power.'

Haverhill, Suffolk.

THE AMIABLE WIFE AND ARTFUL MISTRESS.

[An Extract from *SANTO SEBASTIANO*, a
Novel, by the Author of 'The Romance of
the Pyrenees'.]

(Concluded from page 383.)

'MY mother's conduct most sensibly affected lord Delamore; but he retired to his pernicious counselors, and returned—as firmly believing the attachment of St. Orville as before—with the cruel man-

date, which peremptorily ordered my amazed mother to cease from that moment her protection of Mary, and never to hold intercourse with the dear girl more. This was a direful command; torturing alike to the hearts, the fondly attached hearts; of my mother and Mary.

'Mamma, in dismay and distraction, now deviating from her established rule of never speaking of her domestic sorrows, revealed this unfortunate event to an amiable friend, Mrs. Constantia Fermor; who, from that time, became the protectress of Mary.

'Not more cruel than unfounded was the suggestion of Alfred's attachment to Mary: it is true, he fondly loves her, but it is with the affection of a brother. Lady Delamore, from the uncommon discretion Mary, upon every occasion, evinced, was induced, when she attained her fourteenth year, to disclose to her the secret (which my mother firmly believed) of her birth; with strict injunctions never to breathe a suspicion of it to any one; and shortly after brought her on a visit here, to introduce her to the equally well-informed St. Orville:—for well knowing their often seeing each other could not well be avoided, and fearing their mutual fascination, she prudently led them to love each other by the near tie of consanguinity. After my dear grandmamma Ashgrove's death, and that I resided entirely at home, I too was introduced to Mary, as my sister; and soon learned to love her almost as dearly as I do my brother: and, in despite of my father's interdict, I often go to see her, as she is now only a few miles distance from hence; as upon the marriage of miss Spencer, about two years ago, to a man of good fortune, near Lyme, Mrs. Spencet moved her residence to that place. Only for my visits, my beloved

sister (for I am incredulous to lord Delamore's assertion, and am, as well as St. Orville, certain Mary is his daughter) would be quite broken-hearted, for she is dejected beyond measure at being so cruelly deprived of the happiness of seeing her beloved benefactress.

'Selina, I have already told you, was easily won by the blandishments of Mrs. Monk; whom, for years, she visited unknown to my mother: and in those secret interviews, her mind was so perverted, and her heart so modelled, that her duty and affection were quite alienated from her incomparable mother, and given, with her whole confidence and interest, to the diabolical mistress of her father. At length, my poor mother obtained the dreadful intelligence of who it was that estranged the affections of her eldest child from her. Agonising was the horrible information: she entreated, supplicated, implored, and commanded her daughter never to visit Mrs. Monk more; but in vain. The secret once disclosed, Selina braved the matter out; triumphed in her disgraceful disobedience; and now openly visited this mortal foe to her mother: and to this hour she daily resorts to her, recounting all the occurrences of the castle, and plans and plots with her, to make my mother wretched.

'By this unnatural (and surely I may say, infamous) attachment to Mrs. Monk, the wily Selina first secured for herself a high place in my deluded father's affection; which she has since failed not to improve, by her unwearied blandishments and machinations: so that it is long since it has been firmly believed by all, that she will be sole heiress to my father's immense personal wealth; and yet even that belief, nor her personal attractions, ever gained for her a suitor, until sir Charles Stratton, ruined by his

thoughtless dissipation, and with a mind careless of domestic happiness, made proposals for her, against the entreaties, nay prayers, of his mother, lady Horatio Fitzroy. But, 'lady Selina, or a pistol,' was his reply; and he addressed Selina—a woman I have heard him execrate ten thousand times, as a fiend, a diabolical, and every harsh epithet he could think of; even at the time he was making desperate love to me. . . . Nay, start not; I am not love-stricken by my sister's elected husband. Oh! no; I have but one cousin, who ever endangered my heart:—not sir Charles Stratton; but one too tasteless to think of me:—so, thank my stars, my affections are still to be disposed of.

'The moment Charles (who was the avowed absolute aversion of Selina) declared himself her lover, she instantly became most desperately enamoured; and compels him to act the lover in the most glowing colours: and if you have any partiality for the ridiculous, I think you will be amused by sir Charles's real or pretended passion. For, you must know, it is his invariable rule to fall in love with every new pretty face he sees; and the last, in his opinion, is always the most fascinating: so that, when he comes here, should he be surprised by the sight of a beautiful new face, expect to see him souse at once into love for it, and making awkward endeavours to conceal from Selina his new admiration.

'About myself, I have little to say. I am four years younger than Selina (one cause of her great aversion to me); and nearly three my brother's junior. My grandmother Ashgrove (who long knew, before my dear mother discovered it, of Selina's intimacy with the vile Monk), fearing that my heart should be perverted by pernicious counsel, early

begged me from my mother. For two years, I resided totally with grandmamma: but then, upon visiting my mother, and finding lord Delamore made no attempt to introduce me to Mrs. Monk (I suppose, because he knew my volatility would lead me to keep no secret), my grandmother judged it for my happiness not totally to monopolise me, lest, by doing so, she should weaken my mother's affection for me. From that period, therefore, until my dear grandmother's death, I resided six months alternately with lady Ashgrove and at home; my education conducted by a very estimable governess, aided by masters, and under the inspecting eye of my mother and grandmother.

'In this way, too, was Selina educated;—only, without the assistance of grandmamma, who, I may say, almost abhorred my sister. Selina, in her turn, even from my birth, conceived a deadly enmity to me; and, ere I was actuated by her conduct to my adored mother, I strangely disliked her. We never, in childhood, coalesced; but, as time went on, and disclosed many secrets to me, my dislike has changed to detestation. Mutual antipathy has increased with our years; and since my beloved Mary was despoiled of my mother's protection, my nominal sister and self rarely exchange even a sentence in a week: for at that time, greatly irritated by my father's cruelty to poor St. Orville (which all sprung from the diabolical malice of Selina, and her coadjutor Monk), in the anguish of my heart, I said to Selina, "I was sure she was a changeling, and not my mother's child." Her rage almost amounted to frenzy, and she flung her drawing-box, then in her hand, at me; but luckily it did not reach me: and, since that time, you cannot

wonder at my being upon worse terms than ever with her.

'By being so much with my dear grandmother (who absolutely detested my father), I heard him harshly reprobated, and turned into the strongest ridicule, by my lively aunt Ennerdale; heard him condemned by lord and lady Horatio Fitzroy, with unqualified severity: and, tenderly loving my mother, you will not wonder that resentment for the neglect and unkindness she has experienced took possession of my mind: and that perpetually hearing him spoken of as I did, should lessen him in my estimation. I hope you will consider this as some mitigation of my failure in veneration for lord Delamore: but St. Orville will not receive it as such; indeed, this is the only thing we ever disagreed about; for his maxim is, "that others failing in their duties, is no excuse for our doing so."

"Though my father," St. Orville always says, "sometimes forgets his affection for his son, that son shall never forget his duty to his father." Nor does he, miss De Clifford; for no one who sees the undeviating sweet, conciliating, and respectful manner of St. Orville to his father, could suspect that father ever had been cruel or unkind to him.

'Not so with me, I am ashamed to say; for seldom can I catch myself treating my father with proper respect. My mother's injuries are ever floating in my mind's eye; and, in a constant state of irritation, I often found my flippancy saying saucy things to lord Delamore—nay, sometimes turning him into ridicule—which always extremely displeases my mother with me; and yet I cannot help it; for how can a libertine father be an object of respect to his grown-up offspring? Indeed, until I came down to attend

him in his last illness, I firmly believe I hated him.

‘Though lord Delamore’s late acquired dislike to London confined him so much to the country, he has constantly made my mother spend every spring in town, to keep up the family state and consequence in the public eye; and to mix with those of her own station, unmingled with the base alloy, which in the country he is compelled to admit into the society of his family. Last year, being eighteen, I was presented; and a very delightful time we had in town, from the queen’s to the king’s birth-day: but this year, alas! how sadly different! My father, out of sorts with every one, because he had unjustly quarrelled with his son, would not accompany us to town; but staid here, brooding mischief, and at length fretting himself into illness. My dear mother, in consequence of mental disquietude, fell dangerously ill the last week in January, and continued in a very weak and precarious state until the beginning of May. By the management of Selina, my father knew not the danger my mother had been in, until it was past; and just as he heard of it, his terrible illness came on; when I hastened down to him, and found him so weak, so ill, so full of agonising pain, so very near death, that I felt my supposed hatred of him had been all delusion. For two days after my arrival, he knew me not, his fever ran so high (his complaint, rheumatic gout); but when his abating pain, and consequent decrease of fever, allowed him to observe me, he eagerly called me to him, kissed me tenderly, said “I looked like my angel mother” (a resemblance he never allowed before), and bade me “not to leave him.” I meant to obey him; but shortly after, I was compelled to re-

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tire, with his physicians, to receive instructions from them.

‘On my return to my father, he said to me, in a tone that thrilled through my heart, “*My child, go to bed.* I remarked how pale and thin you looked; and Holt has informed me, your long and tender attendance upon your mother subdued you, and that you have been very ill, and in a rheumatic fever too. I know that pain, and must feel for you: but hearing you left your sick chamber, for the first time, to come to me; and that since your arrival you never sought your pillow; has given such pain to my heart, I cannot bear it.—Go to bed, my child.”. . . .’

‘I wept for joy, at this proof of his affectionate concern for me; and feeling that Nature did absolutely require my taking rest, to sustain me through, what the physicians apprehended, a relapse in my father, I retired: after two hours’ rest, I returned, and found him still; his curtains drawn around him. I sat quietly by his bed-side, until I heard him sigh heavily, and move. I then gently drew aside the curtain, to look at him; when he instantly caught my hand, and pressed it affectionately to his lips.—Oh! how my heart thrilled!

‘That night, as the nasty foreboding doctors apprehended, he had a relapse; but it turned out, most fortunately, of little consequence: when, in the first moments of returning pain, poor Holt, overpowered by his sorrow, unguardedly dropped some word expressive of despair. My father, with almost terrifying vehemence, instantly exclaimed—“*Driveller! I am not dying. I cannot, will not, die! Emily cannot now come to me; and on the bosom of my angel wife, only, will I resign my last breath.*”

3. I

Oh, Miss De Clifford! what delusive dreams of happiness for us all did I augur from these emphatic words! During the very slow progress of my father's amendment, his kindness and growing partiality to me seemed hourly to increase. We talked incessantly of my mother. I ventured to speak of St. Orville; my father seemed pleased that I did so; and we often pursued the subject together. At length the Gazette arrived containing my gallant brother's late glorious achievement; during the perusal of which, my father wept like a child; and, as soon as abated agitation permitted him to hold a pen, he wrote a long letter to St. Orville:—what it contained I know not; but it cost lord Delamere many tears.

‘It happened, most unfortunately, that my father was so much recovered, as to be able to walk out before the return of my mother;—a return, I have no doubt, Selina most diabolically retarded: writing for so many renewals of leave of absence;—first for permission to stay the birth-day; and then that my mother looked pale, and was so weak she was not yet equal to so long a journey;—and this was all, I am certain, because she dreaded their meeting before Monk had an opportunity of working my overthrow in my father's favour, and turning his heart from my mother. Last Monday—oh! it was black Monday for me!—my father walked over to visit that enchantress Monk; and returned from her, an altered being. No more did his eyes beam with affection on me; no more was his voice attuned by kindness. Alas! he returned the harsh, stern father, I had ever before found him. I thanked Heaven, St. Orville's letter was gone, beyond the reach of malice to recal; but I trembled for all the airy castles I had built, for the conjugal hap-

piness of my parents: and, alas! alas! the frigid reception my father gave my mother, after a separation of almost five months—and after her dangerous indisposition, and his own—cruelly put every lingering hope to flight. I know he was offended at her want of punctuality, in not being at Bridport, to which place he anxiously rode this morning, to meet her (the longest ride he has attempted since his illness); and fatigue and disappointment terribly irritated him—but could not have occasioned such a heartless reception as that: and I cannot but mingle self-upbraidings with my sorrow; for I doubt not my indignant impetuosity increased the malice and machinations of Mrs. Monk.

‘On my father's being taken ill, this Circe flew hither. By his lordship's order, she was admitted, and became his chief nurse:—and such a nurse, Seabright the housekeeper told me, never was before seen! . . . Sitting rocking herself on her chair, with a face a yard long, to look woe-begone; and without rouge, to look like grief. Howling, when he moaned; fidgetting with the curtains, when he dozed, effectually to awaken him; running about, shouting, bawling, and calling every one—impeding all; and doing nothing herself, when his pain became violent and alarming—but officiously giving him all his medicines, of which, in her tender, agonised anxiety (as she herself termed it) always contriving to spill two-thirds: though she managed never to lose a drop of the madeira she had continually recourse to, to sustain her through her heart-rending attendance: and both Seabright and Holt affirm, they are certain she threw the medicines about, and made all her noises, on purpose to prevent his recovery, being anxious to come into possession of the immense bequest he has made to

her. Certainly, from the moment my father's rest was undisturbed, and that he got all his medicines, he recovered rapidly.

‘However, to return to the point, of myself upbraiding.—On my arrival, this vile woman retired to my father's dressing-room, where I most unexpectedly encountered her. My indignation, at there beholding the destroyer of my mother's happiness, almost amounted to frenzy: I ordered her instantly to quit the castle; nor “dare to contaminate the air I breathed, with her polluted breath.” Her eyes flashed fire: but I suppose the fire which flashed from mine was more tremendous; for she obeyed me, without uttering a syllable: but never shall I forget the look of deadly, implacable vengeance, she darted at me. It struck the chill of terror to my heart, and made my coward frame shake with direful apprehension.’

This long narrative, of lady Theodosia's, was told without a single audible comment from our heroine; for her ladyship, feeling that to remark upon the circumstances she recited must be painfully unpleasant to her young companion, delicately contrived to avoid any pause that might seem to demand a reply. But though Julia spoke not, her heart was too full of sensibility, too feelingly alive to every right propensity, not to be struck most forcibly with many and varied emotions, during this distressing narration; which (whilst it inspired much tender solicitude, sympathising sorrow, highly awakened admiration, the extreme of indignation, contempt, and horror) drew the resistless tear of pity from her eyes.

Her ladyship's communications had seen the close of evening out; and, by moon-light, they had paced many a turn upon the terrace, an earnest speaker and an attentive

hearer; and, so deeply were they both engaged, they heard not the supper-bell, nor thought of returning until the old butler came, himself, to seek them.

‘O Heavens!’ exclaimed lady Theodosia, ‘how heedless of time I have been! I have made you shed so many tears, that your eyes, and my own, will awaken suspicion of the conversation of our walk.’

Her ladyship, and Julia, now contrived, by the aid of a watering-pot, to get some water from an adjacent lake, on which the moon-beams brightly played, and bathed their eyes, until they believed every trace of tears was removed. This little hurry and exertion, by abstracting their thoughts from the subjects that before so much saddened them, gave to their spirits something like cheering exhilaration, and led them back to the castle totally devoid of every appearance of dejection, which, to the penetrating eyes of lady Selina, might have betrayed them.

The same party assembled at supper, which formed their dinner circle. Lady's Delamore and Selina entertained the two gentlemen with town news, and anecdotes of several persons and occurrences, they had heard and met with during their long absence: until lord Delamore suddenly said—‘Really, did you remember to bring me the medal?’

Her ladyship instantly drew from her pocket a bag, which she thought contained a medal, and handed it to her husband; but in a moment, aware of her mistake, she, in great trepidation, reached out the medal, demanding her own ease—but it was too late; lord Delamore had opened it; and the cheeks of lady Delamore were blanched with apprehensive terror. His lordship started, looked for a moment, and then exclaimed—‘Oh! how speaking is this invaluable likeness to my

boy!—After a few moments more, spent in earnest gaze upon it, he returned the portrait to the trembling lady Delamore, into whose eyes the sudden tears of joyful surprise had been called, by the words—‘invaluable likeness to my boy;’ but discretion arrested the fall of those happy tears.

Spirited conversation was now at an end: the incident of the portrait, for different reasons, unhinged the parents and their daughters; and all full of obtruding thoughtfulness, no one was longer able to bear a connected part in discourse. After a few unsuccessful efforts, by Mr. Temple and Julia, to restore converse, all sunk into silence; and lady Delamore, at length, aware of the universal gloom, broke up the dumb party, and they separated for the night.

A NIGHT WALK

IN AUGUST.

By *J. M. L.*

‘The bird of Eve began her tune,
The chilly night-dew slowly rose,
Whilst in the East appear’d the Moon,
As Nature sank to sweet repose.’

Author’s Manuscript Poems.

THE day had been a West-Indian day for heat, and each toiling harvester had literally earned a hard day’s labour ‘by the sweat of his brow.’ Much of the corn was already carried, and a few days promised to see the whole safely got in. Evening’s ‘placid hours’ had called the labourers home, and the mild summons had been gladly obeyed by them all; for fatigue had made the thought of home doubly dear. Thus

might they exclaim with Bloomfield—

‘Still twilight, welcome! Rest, how sweet
art thou!’

I sought not the fields till ‘the chilly night-dew’ began to smoke along the surface of the neighbouring stream. When my last Night Walk was taken, every appearance portended a coming storm; and the portents were not deceitful: the storm came, and it was an awful one! I have heard many men boast that they were never alarmed at a tempest, let its violence be ever so great: I am myself not at all timid during a storm, but it is at all times awe-inspiring; and when the pealing thunder, preceded by streams of liquid fire, seems to roll in tremendous majesty just above our heads, I envy not that man’s mind who can coldly and apathetically listen to its terrific tones, and say it inspires him with no sentiment of awe, with no feeling of fear. I freely confess I have felt both, and in the most terrifying moment of a tempest have been ready to exclaim—

‘Where now’s the trifier? where the child
of pride?
These are the moments when the heart is
try’d!
Nor lives the man with conscience e’er so
clear,
But feels a solemn, reverential fear;
Feels too a joy relieve his aching breast,
When the spent storm hath howl’d itself to
rest.’

BLOOMFIELD.

Hurdis, too, is very impressive on this subject. He says,

‘There let me sit to see the low’ring storm
Collect its dusky horrors, and advance
To bellow sternly in the ear of night;
To see th’ Almighty electrician come,
Making the clouds his chariot. Who can
stand
When he appears? The conscious creature
flies,
And skulks away, afraid to see his God
Charge and recharge his dreadful battery.’

For who so pure his lightning might not
blast,
And be the messenger of justice? Who
Can stand expos'd, and to his judge exclaim,
"My heart is cleansed, turn thy storm
away."
Fear not, ye fair, who with the naughty
world
Have seldom mingled. Mark the rolling
storm,
And let me hear you tell, when morning
comes,
With what tremendous howl the furious
blast
Blew the large shower in heavy cataract
Against your window; how the keen, the
quick,
And vivid lightning quiver'd on your bed;
And how the deep artillery of heav'n
Broke loose, and shook your coward habi-
tation.
Fear not; for if a life of innocence,
And that which we deem virtue here below,
Can hold the fork'd boit, ye may presume
To hold, and live. Yet be not bold, but
shew
Some pious dread, some grave astonishment:
For all our worthy deeds are nothing worth;
And if the solemn tempest cut us short
In our best hour, we are in debt to heav'n.'

VILLAGE CURATE.

On this night all was peace; the
stars shone above, in radiant beauty;
the planetary star of eve most con-
spicuous amongst them. I gazed on
them with mingled wonder and ad-
miration. The thought that every
fixed star was a sun, similar to that
which enlightens our own earth, and
round each of which revolves a pla-
netary system, whose orbs are all too
far removed for mortal eyes to be-
hold, led the contemplating mind to
the Omniscient hand that created
and regulates the whole of so stupen-
dous a system. True indeed it is,
that,

'Stars teach as well as shine. At Nature's
birth
Thus their commission ran— 'Be kind to
Man!'—
Where art thou, poor benighted traveller?
The stars will light thee, though the moon
should fail.
Where art thou, more benighted! more
astray!
In ways immoral? The stars call thee back,
And, if obey'd their counsel, set thee right!'

YOUNG.

Strange it is, but no more strange

than true, that there are men weak
enough, mad enough (I hardly know
what name to call it by), to believe,
or at least to endeavour to believe,
that there is no God, no almighty
Being, whose sole-creating hand
formed the wondrous world we live
in, the wondrous worlds that sur-
round us; when even every leaf,
every blade of grass attest his power,
without extending a glance to the
immensities of the universe. To
such a lost being it should be said,

'Come hither, fool, who vainly think'st
Thine only is the art to plumb the depth
Of truth and wisdom. 'Tis a friend who
calls,
And has some honest pity left for thee.
Oh! thoughtless stubborn sceptic. Look
abroad,
And tell me, shall we to blind chance ascribe
The scene so wonderful, so fair, and good?
Shall we no farther search than sense will
lead,
To find the glorious cause which so delights
The eye and ear, and scatters ev'ry where
Ambrosial perfumes? Is there not a hand
Which operates unseen, and regulates
The vast machine we tread on? Yes, there
is
Who first created the great world, a work
Of deep construction, complicately wrought,
Wheel within wheel; tho' all in vain we
strive
To trace remote effects through the thick
maze
Of movements intricate, confus'd and strange,
Up to the great Artificer who made,
And guides the whole. What if we see him
not?
No more can we behold the busy soul
Which animates ourselves. Man to himself
Is all a miracle. I cannot see
The latent cause, yet such I know there is,
Which gives the body motion, nor can tell
By what strange impulse the so ready limb
Performs the purposes of will. How then
Shall thou or I, who cannot span ourselves,
In this our narrow vessel, comprehend
The being of a God? Go to the shore,
Cast in thy slender angle, and draw out
The huge leviathan. Compress the deep,
And shut it up within the hollow round
Of the small hazel nut. Or freight the shell
Of snail or cockle, with the glorious sun,
And all the worlds that live upon his beams,
The goodly apparatus that rides round
The glowing axle-tree of heaven. Then
come
And I will grant 'tis thine to scale the height
Of wisdom infinite, and comprehend
Secrets incomprehensible; to know
There is no God, and what the potent cause

Which the revolving universe upholds,
 And not requires a Deity at hand.
 Persuade me not, insulting disputant,
 That I grieve for the wick of life consum'd,
 And spite of all my hopes sink to the grave,
 Never to rise again. Will the great God,
 Who thro' his annual miracle restores
 The perish'd year, and youth and beauty
 By resurrection strange, where none was
 ask'd,

Leave only man to be the scorn of time
 And sport of death? Shall only he one
 Spring,

One hasty Summer, and one Autumn see,
 And then to Winter irredeemable
 Be doom'd, cast out, rejected, and despis'd?
 Tell me not so, or by thyself enjoy
 The melancholy thought. Am I deceiv'd?
 Be my mistake eternal. If I err,
 It is an error sweet and lucrative.
 For should not Heaven a further course
 intend

Than the short race of life, I am at least
 Thrice happier than thou, ill-boding fool.
 Who strive in vain the awful doom to fly
 Which I not fear. But I shall live again,
 And still on that sweet hope shall my soul
 feed:

A medicine it is, which with a touch
 Heals all the pains of life; a precious balm,
 Which makes the tooth of sorrow venomless,
 And of her hornet-sting so keen disarms
 Cruel Adversity.

HURDIA.

Proceeding on my way, I passed
 the humble church of a small vil-
 lage.

'Mean structure, where no bones of
 heroes lie!
 The rude inelegance of poverty,
 Reigns here alone: else why that roof of
 straw?
 Those narrow windows with the frequent
 Paw?
 O'er whose low cells the dock and mallow
 spread,
 And rampant nettles hit the spire head.'

BLOOMFIELD.

Turning now out of the lane I had
 been walking along, I entered a
 field, where the beams of the 'full
 orb'd Moon' shew'd in long lines
 of succession the shelves of ripened
 wheat, which another day would in
 all probability be safely housed;
 while perhaps another week would
 enable the farmer to ejaculate with
 fervent thankfulness,

'Now ev'ry barn is fill'd, and harvest done.'

I almost lamented it was night, for
 it prevented me from contemplating
 a picture like the following.

'Now o'er his corn the sturdy farmer
 looks,

And swells with satisfaction, to behold
 The plenteous harvest which repays his toil.
 We too are gratified, and feel a joy
 Inferior but to his, partakers all
 Of the rich bounty Providence has strew'd
 In plentiful profusion o'er the field.

What to the eye more cheerful, to the heart
 More satisfactive, than to look abroad,
 And from the window see the reaper strip,
 Look round, and put his sickle to the wheat?
 Or hear the early mower whet his scythe,
 And see where he has cut his sounding way,
 E'en to the utmost edge of the brown field
 Of oats or barley? What delights us more,
 Than studiously to trace the vast effects
 Of unobated labour? to observe
 How soon the golden field abounds with
 sheaves?

How soon the oat and bearded barley fall,
 In frequent lines before the keen-edged
 scythe?

The clatt'ring team then comes, the swarthy
 hind

Leaps down and doffs his frock alert, and
 plies

The shining fork. Down to the stubble's
 edge

The easy wain descends half-built, then
 turns

And labours up again. From pile to pile
 With rustling step the swain proceeds, and
 still

Bears to the groaning load the well-pois'd
 sheaf.

The gleaner follows, and with studious eye
 And bended shoulders traverses the field
 To cull the scatter'd ear, the perquisite
 By Heaven's decree assign'd to them who
 need,

And neither sow nor reap. Ye who have
 sown,

And reap so plenteously, and find the grange
 Too narrow to contain the harvest given,
 Be not severe, and grudge the needy poor
 So small a portion. Scatter many an ear,
 Nor let it grieve you to forget a sheaf
 And overlook the loss. For He who gave
 Will bounteously reward the purpos'd wrong
 Done to yourselves; nay more, will twice
 repay

The generous neglect. The field is clear'd;
 No sheaf remains; and now the empty wain
 A load less honourable waits. Vast toil
 succeeds,

And still the team retreats, and still returns
 To be again full-fraught. Proceed, ye
 swains,

And make one autumn of your lives, your
 toil

Still new, your harvest never done. Proceed,

And stay the progress of the falling year,
 And let the cheerful valley laugh and sing,
 Crown'd with perpetual August. Never faint,
 Nor ever let us hear the hearty shout
 Sent up to Heaven, your annual work complete,
 And harvest ended. It may seem to you
 The sound of joy, but not of joy to us.
 We grieve to think how soon your efforts
 cease,
 How soon the plenteous year resigns her
 fruits,
 And waits the mute approach of surly Winter.'
 HURDIS.

I now pointed my steps towards
 home, recollecting these lines of my
 favourite poet, Hurdis.

'Let us not borrow from the hours of rest,
 For we must steal from morning to repay;
 And who would lose the animated smile
 Of dawning day, for th' austere frown of
 night?
 I grant her well accoutred in her suit
 Of dripping sable, powder'd thick with stars,
 And much applaud her as she passes by
 With a replenish'd horn on either brow:
 But more I love to see awaking day
 Rise with a fluster'd cheek; a careful maid,
 Who fears she has outslept the 'custom'd
 hour,
 And leaves her chamber blushing.'

VILLAGE CURATE.

THE STROLLER.

By D. T.

'No youth did I in education waste,
 For happily I had a *strolling taste*.
 Nature's my guide; all pendants I scorn;
 Pains I abhor, I was a stroller born!

THUS sung a few years since a
 noted *snob*, whose name I need not
 here mention—he has made too much
 noise in the world to be a stranger:
 and I find he was a *stroller* too, and
 I'll venture to say the cobbling stool
 of bold crispin served for a desk; but
 what of that? he can now afford a
 good table—and what's better, can
 well furnish that table.

'A *strolling crew* from various callings
 sprung,
 Some of you have been *gypsies*, others *sailors*;
 Some *drays* have whistling *driven*, or carts of
 dung,
 And others mighty *barbers* been and *taylors*!

This Mr. *Mend-sole* we find was
 fond of reading and *strolling*, and so
 am I; and we read of greater men
 (equally as fond: for instance—*Pe-
 trarch* was thrown into a fever, by
 being deprived of his reading three
 days; *Pliny* (the younger) always
 read when it was possible, whether
 sitting, riding, or walking; and *Pliny*
 the elder had always some person
 to read to him during his meals:
Brutus, while serving in the army
 under *Pompey*, employed every mo-
 ment he could spare in reading;
Alexander was also fond of reading,
 and amidst his conquests felt un-
 happy for want of books; and *Plu-
 tarch* informs us he intirely lived on
 history: To be sure I now and then
 give a peep into the newspapers, and
 sometimes a book, but I do assure
 you I do not exist by reading.

'Every one as they like,
 As the old woman said when she kiss'd her
 cow.'

And so say I—and as silence gives
 consent (as they say), I presume
 you, my *dear sweet and angelic fair*
 readers, consent to my *strolling*; and
 as that is the case, I must by way of
 compliment give a little return, in
 the way of flattery, which (allow
 the expression) the generosity of
 your lovely sex have a partiality to.
 And to begin with the truth, it is
 praiseworthy now to find the ladies
 in their dress are great economists,
 yet fashionable.

Permit me to say, however, that
 fashions are like quack medicines,
 what becomes one lady may be fatal
 to the charms of another; prevalence
 of fashion, however, is equally ap-
 plicable to both sexes. But this is a
 digression from my subject. Allow
 me just to add, that if a person who
 had been absent from this country ten
 years: were now to return and see
 our ladies in their *scull-caps*, *pellices*,
waistcoats, *shirts*, *gaiters*, *cravats*,

3cc. what in the world would he think? why, he would think that an epidemic frenzy had infected the whole *beau monde*.

I cannot conclude my stroll without giving a *little piece* of an extract from Pope, not but what this gentleman and myself may vary a little in opinions: be that as it may, I just subjoin it by way of a finish.

* Time was, a sober Englishman would knock
His servants up, and rise by five o'clock;
Instruct his family in virtue's rule;
Send his wife to church, his son to school.

—Now times are chang'd—
Sons, sires, and grandsires, all will wear the
bays;
Our wives read Milton, and our daughters
plays.

LONDON FASHIONABLE FULL DRESSES.

(*With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.*)

1. A DRESS of white satin, trimmed round the bosom and sleeves with a rich Vandyke border of rose-coloured velvet; train long, rounded off on one side, and terminating in a square corner on the other: the bottom of the dress is also ornamented with the same Vandyke border, of a much larger pattern: over the dress, a drapery of lace, spotted and trimmed to match. The hair is dressed with combs and bands, and hanging ringlets on the right side, ornamented with the paddy plume. White satin or kid shoes and gloves.

2. Dress of light blue crape, over a white sarsnet lining, made strait over the bosom, and ornamented with lace edged with a puffing of narrow white ribbon; sleeves short, and trimmed to correspond: the waist confined with a cord and tassels; and a rich embossed ribbon

laid on round the bottom of the dress about an inch from the edge. The hair ornamented with a rich gilt comb.

[We are indebted for the above dresses, and for their kind information on all occasions, to the favour of Perkins and Co. milliners and fancy dress-makers, Charlotte-street, Rathbone-place.]

On the EXTENT and POPULOUSNESS of LONDON, and a COMPARISON of the CITIES of LONDON and PARIS.

(*From 'Travels in England, translated from the German of C. A. G. Goede.'*)

FOR many days after my arrival in London, I was constantly employed in perambulating the town; but it was some time before I found myself capable of forming any comprehensive idea of its stupendous wonders. It is a singular fact, that, in the zeal of discovery, I have often led my London friends through parts of the metropolis, of which they, born and bred within its precincts, were altogether ignorant. It may therefore be easily conceived, that travellers whose stay is short usually remain ignorant of the most interesting features of this picture, which, to be surveyed with advantage, requires to be seen from many points of view.

The Thames, for instance, affords abundant scope for contemplation or curiosity; if only cursorily observed from one of the three bridges where every object is confined, and the inquisitive traveller feels himself on no better title authorised to descant on its beauties. But if we wish to survey the grand lineaments of this river, we must ascend the Monument, or St. Paul's; or if we would

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



London Fashionable Full Dresses.

fix our observation to its central points, the Adelphi terrace will fully gratify us. From the latter spot we have an uninterrupted view of Westminster and Blackfriars bridges; to the left, Somerset-house appears in all its magnificence:— on the opposite side of the water lies the borough of Southwark, which forms a fine contrast to the gothic beauties of Westminster. We fancy it to be a large manufacturing town; while we see black houses of various forms rising here and there in irregular heaps, crowned with clouds of smoke issuing from numerous furnaces. There are no ships on this part of the river, but thousands of barges and boats are perpetually passing; some with goods, other with passengers; the whole together forming an agreeable prelude to the unique perspective below the bridge.

Nothing can be more surprising than the eagerness of speculation which contributes daily to increase this vast metropolis. I resided in Southampton-row, Bloomsbury, near which the duke of Bedford is engaged in very extensive buildings, and has some thousands of workmen in constant employment. I remember that on my return to town, after an absence of some months, I could scarcely believe myself at home. On reviewing the neighbourhood, I could have fancied myself transported into a fairy world, where by the powers of a magic wand palaces and gardens had suddenly found existence. I paused, and asked myself whether I had not previously seen these new streets, new squares, new gardens; in a word, this new city: or, whether in reality the heaps of stones and rubbish which I had left piled up from the materials of old houses had been metamorphosed into new and elegant buildings. People crowded along the well-light-

ed pavement, where I had left only obscure avenues; and every thing wore the appearance of enchantment. The opposite side of Southampton-row, late an open space, was not only built upon, but inhabited; a coffee-house was open, and some very handsome shops exposed their merchandise for sale! Tavistock-square, a new chapel already consecrated, and streets intersecting each other, were novelties that raised new wonder in my mind at almost every step I took.

Perhaps strangers may imagine that the distant parts of the metropolis are mouldering into decay, while this new-favoured spot exhibits such peculiar indications of taste and improvement; but their wonder will increase when I assure them that this spirit of enterprise is general, and may be discovered even in the poorest and most wretched parts of the town.

But, it may be asked, does not this enormous metropolis swallow up the towns of the interior; and do not its monopolising riches reduce the most considerable of them to a state of listlessness and decline?— No; it appears as if the whole kingdom were inspired with one general soul, and that every town in it were increasing in the same proportion as the capital itself. London may be called the heart of this great empire; it infuses into all the members that vital energy with which its own surcharged pulses so proudly beat. If we visit Bath, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Newcastle; in short, all the great provincial towns; we perceive the same spirit of emulation, and the same diffusive opulence.

‘ Then these cities are thus richly embellished at the expence of the country at large; and while commerce and manufactures flourish, the blessings of luxuriant nature are

greatly neglected?—By no means. Agriculture and every part of rural economy flourish in England with unrivalled success. Even the details of farming engage the attention of the higher classes, and the treasures accumulated by commerce in the city are applied to the cultivation and improvement of the soil. The rich London merchant, retiring from the fatigue of the counting-house, creates an earthly paradise upon his estate, and generally terminates his busy life in the honourable distinction of being a country-gentleman.

Nothing so effectually elucidates a point as comparison; I shall therefore frequently, in the course of this work, compare London with Paris; not, however, without being aware that my task is invidious. All persons have their prejudices, and these are sometimes too powerful to be conquered either by reflection or observation. General views often depend on particular optics, and prepossessions, national or political, cannot be expected to be without their influence. Though both might intend the greatest impartiality, it would be difficult to find an Englishman and a Frenchman of the same opinion. Each will suppose and contend that the metropolis of his own country surpasses all others; though while some points of resemblance may exist, they are in their general character and appearance wholly opposite.

Every traveller will say without hesitation, that London affords less enjoyment to a stranger than any other metropolis in Europe. In this particular it certainly yields the palm to Paris; for without connections a man can do nothing in England; whereas, at Paris, while we pursue pleasure, pleasure still follows at our heels. And yet I doubt whether an Englishman would candidly admit the fact. Hence modern French

writers affirm, and with truth, that of all the European capitals, London is the most dull and gloomy. To the superficial observer, I admit, it may appear so; but let a man *domesticate* in London, and form a free and extensive acquaintance with the inhabitants, and he will assuredly form a different opinion. To such a one every object will insensibly change its form. What at first appeared trivial will assume consequence; and he will perceive those peculiar features which characterise a great and free people. He will forget the deficiency of external ornaments so evident in all places of public amusement; he will cease to dwell on the importance of splendour and variety; while he contemplates with silent admiration the superior excellences of the prevailing constitution and system of laws.

All who have had an opportunity of viewing these two large cities, must admit that Paris surpasses London in the number and beauty of its palaces. The latter cannot show any public building that will admit of comparison with the Tuilleries, the Louvre, the Palais Royal, the palace of Luxemburg, the former dwellings of the prince of Condé, of the minister at war, the minister of marine, and many others which are the unrivalled boast of Paris; nor do I know a single private building in London, which vies with any of those numerous hotels that formerly manifested the existence of a French nobility.

In Paris every thing reminds us of its having been the residence of a splendid court, where the nobles rivalled each other in luxury and magnificence; but in London there are no traces of this kind. Indeed, a stranger may live here some time before he discerns the presence of a court at all, which only manifests its grandeur on particular occasions: and though much expensive pro-

fusion decorates the interior of the houses inhabited by the higher classes of society, yet the outside of them inspires no ideas of exalted rank; and the building which exclusively claims the name of palace, and is the residence of England's kings, has an appearance perfectly miserable.

From the *Pont Neuf*, at Paris, the eye wanders over an immense perspective, in which the magnificent quays show an extended line of superb edifices: but the Thames affords no such objects; it exhibits no magnificence but its own, which, however, certainly surpasses that of any other river in the world. On the other hand, the streets of Paris are narrow, unpaved, and, consequently, filthy in the extreme; and besides this so crooked, that we can have no perfect view along any of them; but those of London are extremely grand and spacious, excellently paved, and, in general, regular.

The *Place des Victoires*, and the *Place des Vendôme*, are finely and regularly built, but are by no means lively. London has upwards of twenty squares on the more extensive scale, independently of others. The houses in these, perhaps, are not very large, or remarkable for their architecture; but who in his senses would exchange the cheerful impressions arising from the extreme neatness of these buildings, and the green lawns which they surround, for the vacant splendour of solitary palaces?

A traveller, unaccustomed to any large city, will be surprised on entering Paris, at the population which it exhibits; but that surprise will be raised into wonder if he afterwards visits London, where he will encounter three times the number of passengers in every street. This difference is easily accounted for. In the first place, London is in itself

more populous than Paris; the returns of the latter, according to the most recent calculations, giving only 547,750 souls, whereas, agreeably to the records laid before the house of commons, in 1802, London is stated to contain 864,845 inhabitants. I have been assured too by a friend conversant with the subject, that this statement was entirely independent of the perpetual influx of foreigners and strangers from all parts of the united kingdom, as well as of the numerous soldiers and sailors on service here: so that London may be taken to contain nearly half a million of inhabitants more than Paris. But there are still more powerful reasons. London is avowedly the first commercial city in the world; and consequently the activity and industry of its inhabitants give new life and diversity to every busy scene. It contains by far a greater number of opulent idlers than Paris; and the number of travellers here exceeds that in any part of Europe. The latter fact is proved by the receipts of the London turnpikes, from which it appears that upwards of ten thousand persons daily pay toll at the several gates.—These causes together account for the superior populousness of the streets here; and it is no less true, that London, so vast in its compass, and so thronged as it is in all its avenues, appears scarcely large enough for the accommodation of its inhabitants.

The illuminations of Paris and London are unquestionably the most magnificent spectacles in Europe; but they differ both in their nature and their effect.

Paris on such an occasion presents a *coup d'œil* calculated to lull the senses into a state of enchantment. The magnificent arcades of the numerous palaces which decorate the banks of the river appear like fairy

castles; the effulgence of whose appearance is reflected with almost inconceivable effect on the placid bosom of the stream.

The boats floating on the Seine resemble meteors issuing from the water: while groupes of small craft, decorated with variegated lamps, form a moving picture of surprising splendour. Every distant object contributes to heighten the magnificence of the whole, till the mind catches the delusion of the eye, and each faculty participates the dominion of fancy.

If we follow the crowd from the quays to the Thuilleries, we shall behold a blazing wood, from the glare of which the dazzled eye cannot fail to shrink. In the Elysian Fields, which are contiguous to the palace, temples and pyramids brilliantly illuminated rise to the view in every direction; while music mingles with the plaudits of the spectators, and heightens the impression of the scene.

But here the effect ends. A stranger now perceives the whole to be a show prepared by government to amuse the people; and all other parts of the city are enveloped in their usual darkness.

In London an illumination is a token of public rejoicing, voluntarily evinced by the people themselves. It is general, because every individual is interested, and every individual cordially contributes to its splendour.

The public buildings on this occasion cannot make much parade, as they do not, with the exception of the Bank, present any considerable *fayade* for the purpose, and are otherwise disadvantageously situated: but the private houses are superbly and fancifully decorated with lamps; so that in a long handsome street the brilliancy is uninterrupted, and inexpressibly grand. In a word, what Paris displays from one particular

position, London exhibits in every quarter. Each bye-street claims its share in the public rejoicing, and we wander about the town till we are lost in the contemplation of an object that appears without end.

The inequality of the buildings, and the circumstance of every occupier following his own fancy, prevent any regular plan of illumination; but this perpetual variety serves only to improve the scene. The eye might otherwise be fatigued with sameness; but now fancy and caprice create fresh objects of admiration at every step we take.

THE

ELVILLE FAMILY SECRETS.

A NOVEL.

(Continued from p. 261.)

ONE day as Matilda was sitting at a window ruminating over her unfortunate destiny, she perceived a lady on horseback, richly caparisoned, accompanied by two gentlemen and a numerous retinue, approach the outer gate. What were her sensations may be easily conceived, on discovering the lady to be her sister, one of the gentlemen her husband, and the other her father. For a moment she forgot all her sorrows; but she recollected there was yet a dear object she must inquire after, her favourite brother, and yet greater favourite whom she durst not mention. To her most anxious questions concerning her brother, why he behaved so unkind as never to write to her, even if he could not see her, were returned the most evasive answers. Indeed the perturbation of an accusing conscience scarcely permitted the old man to

answer at all. Matilda was alarmed by his manner—'Oh, my father!' exclaimed she, 'let me hear the worst, I beseech you!'—With difficulty he said, 'My dear girl, mention not his name; you know not what I suffer on hearing it.'—Here the anguish of his bosom overpowered his speech, and he remained a few moments motionless; Matilda was little better, not doubting but he had shared the fate of the unfortunate Burns.—In faltering accents she exclaimed, 'Oh my father! is he living? Have I yet an affectionate brother, or have I not?'

'Do not distress me any more, my daughter; I know not where he is. Mad-headed young man that he is! he has been in Scotland; then with lady Brampton. For his disobedience in visiting that base Elfrida, I have banished him for ever from my presence; therefore if you wish to be reinstated in my favour mention him no more.'

'Heavens!' she involuntarily exclaimed, 'my brother unsettled in his mind! Once he was kind, harmless, and knew no guile: that is not the case now, or he would not thus have deserted me; because I can have given him no reason for his cruelty.'

Her father's emotion, and her brother's wandering, convinced her there was some mystery with which she was not acquainted; she had now some slight suspicion that she had not been dealt fairly by. The countenance of the countess too, during this conversation, underwent many changes. The earl her husband paced the apartment apparently lost in thought. Thus for the present this affair rested: but her sister during the course of the day took an opportunity to wound her already lacerated feelings by saying, 'Now, Matilda, don't you look back with pleasure on the day when you

consented to your father's wish, and became countess of Holton, being fortunately prevented from following your own inclinations?'

Matilda answered with unusual spirit—'I: ever commiseration touched your callous bosom, mention no more that sad day, nor all the train of misfortunes and uneasy hours which have succeeded it; neither seek by any means to disparage so amiable a youth as was Burns. All the malice nor art human nature is capable of will ever sully the pure remembrance of his character; his noble spirit soared far above the machinations of weak minds. The recollection that I was once beloved by so superior a being will bring a ray of comfort to this agonised heart so long as life remains; and when the all-wise Disposer of events shall call me from this world, I shall be united to the sole possessor of my whole affection, no more to feel the pang of separation: oh, bliss too much for frail mortal to dwell on! My darling daughter claims my tenderest attention; sweet soother of many a solitary hour! May Heaven in its goodness spin out my wearisome thread of existence to shield her otherwise unprotected innocence from those ills which have almost broken the heart of her unhappy mother!'

The countess could have patience to hear her no longer, but began pouring forth her abhorrence of such obstinacy; when Matilda, to avoid her, abruptly quitted the room, after she had very candidly confessed her sentiments. In her haste she ran against her father, who was just entering the apartment she was quitting: he had overheard what she had been saying; a momentary gleam of reproach entered his breast for his cruel treatment of her; he plainly perceived the fatal passion was wrapped around the very thread of her

existence; and he likewise as plainly saw the ravages grief and disappointment had made in a face and form, once the most lovely in nature. To see her so wretched, and entirely on his own account, struck keen remorse to his soul every day; to witness it was more than he could endure: therefore they soon took their departure, not much regretted by Matilda; for she found very little consolation in their society, as they still retained the same inflexibility of nature which first alienated her affections from them. Her husband was now quite a stranger to her, having long had another object to engage his attention; the second unfortunate victim to his baseness, whom he had seduced under a fictitious marriage: it therefore answered his wicked purposes to keep the real countess secluded from the world; he could then own or desert her at his option. This elucidated the mysterious words she had heard from the old friar; as the first unhappy young girl's feelings were so wounded when she heard of the deception practised to delude her from the paths of virtue, that she survived the shock but a very short time, and was interred in the chapel. Time, as it had long done, rolled on with leaden wings, her whole attention was devoted to the little Martha, who became a charming companion by her innocent prattle, beguiling many a tedious hour. Long accustomed to a husband's indifference, she was determined to support it with firmness; indeed she never possessed his warmest affection: a heart so contaminated with vice could have but little to bestow, even had she possessed the whole, which, libertine like, was divided among several.

As I have before observed, she was determined to support his indifference with firmness, which was no great

trial where there was not sincere affection; but to meet with indifference from the only person we truly love, and to whom even life itself would not be too great a sacrifice, is distressing to an extreme: it may be truly denominated one of the real 'miseries of human life,' not imaginary, every feeling heart can testify; yet Matilda, among all her causes of grief, could now support this with calmness, thinking it more honourable to endure the afflictions sent by an all-wise Providence with patience than to marmur at dispensations we are taught to think for our good, although very often difficult is the task.

In the midst of these her meditations she was one day surprised by a stranger in a military dress rushing into her apartment. Overpowered with joy, she recognised her long-lost brother Sydney. When she had a little recovered, she ventured to inquire after his lost friend.

'Can you mention his name, Matilda?' said he, 'after such a breach of your faith: can you so wrong your judgment as to prefer such a villain as Holden to the gallant Burns? I can ill express the indignation I felt at your hypocrisy; I was long before I could credit it, till your own letter convinced me that it was your own inclination.'

'Never, never, my brother! Hear all before you reproach me; then I am satisfied you will have no cause.'—With difficulty she then related all that had befallen her since his departure, accompanied by his much-valued friend. He was struck motionless on hearing the recital of so much perfidy. All utterance died on his pallid lips; he paced the room with distraction depicted on his countenance.—'Is it possible, my sister,' said he, 'that a father should be guilty of such barbarity entirely

to destroy his child's peace of mind for the sake of sordid ambition, so inconsiderable when put in competition with sincere affection? But the days of sincerity and humanity are at an end, and sophistry and obduracy of heart have succeeded. Poor Burns! what an age of distress has he suffered!

Matilda heard no more; till then she was not certain that he was living, although from several parts of his conversation she had some reason to expect it. When she recovered, he implored her, for the sake of her lovely little daughter, to moderate her grief, as he must depart immediately (after asking one favour), unless his visit might be maliciously construed: she promised to grant it, if consistent with reason.—‘But does Burns yet live?’—‘He does,’ was the reply, ‘but an outcast from society.’

‘O grandeur! O mad infatuation! thou bane to all social happiness; but for thy influence should I have been happy with the object of my affections!’

‘Cease your wandering, Matilda; you must grant my request: he drags on a miserable existence—he intends to see you once more, then entirely to leave a country which has caused him such uneasiness, and in a foreign land seek an antidote for hopeless love. In Scotland your resemblance haunts him in the person of your dear sister Elfrida; there consequently he cannot remain. Whether he will wander is at present unknown to himself. He now is waiting for permission to have a last interview: far better had it been had we bravely fallen fighting for our country, than to have lived to have seen you thus estranged from us. The little playful Martha that moment ran into the room: he ardently kissed her; and bitterly sighing, consigned her to the care of her

unhappy mother, again interceding for his friend's last adieu.—‘Remember,’ said he, ‘Matilda, the affection he bears you; remember your cruel treatment of him: you was too early persuaded against your own inclination. Your image, I am sure, is deeply engraven on his heart. He will never cease to think of you till every vision of this transitory scene shall be forgotten.’

She urged the anguish such an interview would occasion to both, and which now was of no avail, and the impropriety attending it; but her brother would take no denial. Martha would have followed him as he left the apartment, and as he turned to her his countenance spoke unutterable language. The little innocent, alarmed at his manner, thinking he was angry, ran hastily back to her mother, who shed over her a shower of tears.

Matilda passed a sleepless night, and in the morning a letter was given. Before she had time to break open the seal, a person rushed into the room;—it was Burns himself.—‘Ah, Matilda!’ said he, ‘why do I live to see this day! why had not Heaven, in compassion to my agony, given me a resting-place where the wicked cease from trouble!’ He took her hand and pressed it to his heart: she could not support her sensations, but sank under them, apparently lifeless. The proper restoratives revived her. She was shocked to see the ravages made in his once fine features and form. Although his eyes had lost much of their vivacity, still the same fascinating address prevailed; the same tender expression beamed on his countenance which first captivated her young inexperienced heart.—Matilda uttered with vehemence, ‘Why did I consent to see thee again? all this distress had better been avoided.’ He thought these words intended to

convey reproof, and his whole frame tottered with agony. Cold drops chased each other down his pallid face. Matilda gazed on him with frenzy depicted on her features:— ‘Why reproach me?’ said he: ‘have my sufferings for your sake not been enough? I am for ever bereft of peace, and by such infernal means! Your invaluable brother has informed me of all the arts used to absolve our solemn vows of eternal love, and eternal I was always determined it should be: on my part I shall never retract them; never can I love another. This breast, once warm and susceptible, is now rendered cold as the frigid zone: still are my vows as pure as when they first escaped these trembling lips. How can I call to remembrance that scene? how dwell on so agonising a theme! yet it will return impressively to my eyes; and my very soul hangs over the recollection. My Matilda, so I shall ever call you, mine you are in the eyes of Heaven, though torn from me by such diabolical means!’

Seeing the countess apparently insensible, he fixed his eyes stedfastly on hers.—‘My Matilda,’ again he said, ‘you don’t seem to notice my being present; are you displeased at my visit? Speak: I won’t support your disdain; I have a remedy here,’ frantically grasping his sword.—Matilda shrieked; a sense of his danger arrested her from the reverie into which she was fallen.—‘For Heaven’s sake, forbear!’ she exclaimed: ‘I am not angry. Do you not know me better than to suppose I could be displeased with you?’

The door that instant opening, the little Martha ran to her with ineffable sweetness. The innocent child looked up in her face.—‘My dear mother, is this the gentleman soldier you so often talk about? I

am sure he is very unkind to make you cry so.’—‘My dear girl!’ exclaimed she, ‘I cannot support your presence now.’ Here Burns took her up in his arms.—‘Have you,’ said he, ‘so sweet a consoler of your troubles as this lovely child?’ To which Matilda answered in the affirmative. ‘Sweet little cherub!’ continued he, ‘young as you are, I can plainly perceive the exact counterpart of your angelic mother in those infant lineaments; the matchless beauty is forcibly depicted. Inherit her virtues, her graces of person; but Heaven prevent her misfortunes from falling on thy head!’—Again Matilda requested him to permit the child to leave them. Burns entreated her to suffer her to remain.—‘Do not, Matilda,’ said he, ‘refuse me so trifling a favour; most probably it is the first and last time I shall enjoy her innocent prattle.’—Then apparently recollecting himself, he added, ‘How, how can I expect it, the thought is distraction: once I thought you mine by vows made in the presence of God, sanctioned by your brother. Your first letter after my arrival on the continent filled me with extacy; but that coldness in the subsequent one, that accusation of infidelity; and then your firm resolution of marrying the earl of Holden—Heaven! how did I support it? At that critical juncture we could not leave France. By my absence all my measure of woe was accomplished. I must away from this part of the world; I cannot live to see you in the arms of another.’

A kind of convulsive motion rendered all utterance impossible on the part of the countess: the despondency, the wretchedness, of an object so worthy her tenderest affections, was more than her already oppressed feelings could endure. A

flood of tears in some measure relieved her as she endeavoured to console him, to point out the folly of despair, but in such faltering accents as plainly showed she could not practise the lesson she dictated.

(To be continued.)

To S. Y.

Does slighted love oppress thy heart,
Come, rouse thee, lad, nor yield to sorrow:
For should you and your mistress part,
A kinder may be found to-morrow.

SIR,

IN some of your poetical and prose contributions, inserted in the Ladies Magazine, I observe you hint at a disappointment in a tender attachment, and that you continue to feel those unpleasing sensations which result from unrequited affection.

Shall I attempt to expostulate with you for bowing at the shrine of love's capricious deity? Shall I prescribe a remedy for the infatuating malady? or shall I call ridicule to my aid, and try

'To laugh a frantic lover into sense?'

Why run to solemn shades and sympathetic glooms to brood over your fancied woes, and to cherish the pleasing, painful idea of the dear deceiver. Rather join the festive circle; single out some rosy damsel 'whose eyes can tell us what the sun is made of;' and may they meet in contact with yours, sparkling into joy, while your throbbing hearts palpitate in unison.

In your Morning Walk in Summer, page 326, you say, that during your ramble you pictured to yourself the dangers you would endure, if by the endurance you could obtain the object of your heart. This reminds me of a gentleman of great learning

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and splendid talents, who appears to have been exactly in your predicament. 'I should not,' he exclaimed, 'mind crawling on my hands and knees round the globe, if by so doing I could gain the maid of my affections.' These are expressions humiliating in the extreme to the masculine gender. Were all of your opinion, ye subverters of the rights of man! the lords of the creation must bow their haughty crests, resign their boasted superiority, and forfeit their magna charta, which Heaven, when Eve offended*, imparted to man.

In a poetical piece of yours, every verse of which concludes with the signature of your beloved *Jemima* (no very poetical name for the mistress of a poet), you avow, that you fear your unhappy passion will terminate your existence. I sincerely hope that a kindlier fate awaits you, and that you will leave to the heroes of romance to die for love. Whilst you were indulging the romantic idea of dying for the idol of your adoration, I wish to think, that, poet-like, you were dealing in fiction, and never had the remotest thought of having recourse

'To the tempting pool, or felon knife.'

COWPER.

Bestir yourself, nor thus supinely droop; and if you have any dormant seeds of pride in your nature, let them vegetate, let them blossom, and bear the fruit—disdain.

'Rouse yourself, and the weak wanton
Cupid

Shall from your neck unloose his am'rous
fold,

And, like a dew-drop from a lion's mane,
Be shook to air.'

SHAKESPEARE.

Let not Hope, that guardian angel,
be banished from your mind: its ra-

* Gen. iii. 16.

diant beams can cheer the gloomy heart; its lenient balm can soothe the wounded mind.

'Hope is a lover's staff; walk off with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.'

SHAKESPEARE.

Try what absence will effect: doubtless it will tend in a great measure to wean your mind from the object of your idolatry; and Time with his sponge will erase from the tablet of your heart all the fond characters which youthful fancy imprinted there.

But if, contrary to my friendly remonstrances, you at last fall a victim to the soft infatuation, I will pen your epitaph, drop a poetic tear over your ashes, summon the Loves and the Graces, and invoke Cupid to come, and break his arrows, and tear his rosy chaplet. I will invite the queen of the fairies, with her train of tiny invisibles, to strew your grassy turf with flowers. A disconsolate red-breast shall sing a requiem to your departing spirit, a widowed dove shall coo a funeral dirge, and a love-lorn damsel shall plant a violet on your tomb.

JOHN WEBB.

Haverhill, July 24, 1807.

ACCOUNT of the NEW COMEDY, called 'ERRORS EXCEPTED,' performed for the first Time at the Theatre-Royal, Haymarket, on Thursday, August 13.

THE CHARACTERS.

Frank Woodland,	- -	Mr. Young.
Commodore Convoy,	-	Mr. Fawcett.
Mr. Convoy,	- -	Mr. Grove.
Lawyer Verdict,	- -	Mr. Matthews.
Mr. Grumley,	- -	Mr. Waddy.
Old Mannerly,	- -	Mr. Chapman.
Tom Mannerly,	- -	Mr. Decamp.
Gabriel Invoice,	- -	Mr. Carles.
Richard,	- -	Mr. Liston.
Mr. Ringbolt,	- -	Mr. Wharton.
William,	- -	Mr. Truman.
Samuel,	- -	Mr. Male.

Sylvia,	- - -	Mrs. Litchfield.
Mrs. Hall,	- - -	Mrs. Liston.
Betty Barnes,	- - -	Mrs. Powell.
Fanny Freeman,	- - -	Mrs. Gibbs.

THE FABLE.

THE father of *Frank Woodland* leaves his estate, mortgaged to the elder *Mr. Grumley*, to redeem which a sum is bequeathed in addition to the amount of a debt due from *Gabriel Invoice*, a dishonest speculator, who not only eludes payment of what he already owes, but fleeces *Frank Woodland* of his remaining inheritance. The young man is by his villainy not only reduced to live on the fruits of his education, but obliged to resign his pretensions to *Sylvia Convoy*, a young woman of large fortune, whom he had addressed under an idea that he would possess property of his own by the redemption of his father's mortgage.

This lady has two other suitors—*Mr. Grumley*, who holds *Frank Woodland's* estate; and *Mr. Verdict*, a foppish, but persevering, attorney. The first she dislikes for the brutality of his manners, and for his folly in trying to conceal a low but honest origin; and the other is detected in having broken a promise of marriage to *Mrs. Hall*, a widow in business, who meets and circumvents her faithless lawyer at every opportunity he takes to address *Sylvia*.

Commodore Convoy and *Mr. Convoy* are brothers, and joint guardians to their niece *Sylvia*. The commodore's carriage, on his return from a distant command, breaks down; and this accident is taken advantage of by a stranger, who, while the servants are gone for another chaise, attempts to rob the Commodore: the latter resists, when the opportune entrance of *Frank Woodland* prevents the robber, and discovers him to be the fraudulent *Gabriel Invoice*, who had plundered *Frank* of his fortune, lost it at the gaming

table, and hearing the Commodore mention that he travelled with a considerable sum, had adopted the rash resolution of retrieving his own broken fortune at the Commodore's expence, and without in the least suspecting that the Commodore is his near relation, whose very long residence abroad prevents their knowing each other.

The wife of *Gabriel Invoice*, and her infant, are both deserted by him, and left to experience the resentment of his creditors. *Commodore Convoy* is at this time bringing home a large bequest from India, which is left solely and independently to *Gabriel's* wife, and out of which she restores *Frank Woodland* the property her husband had defrauded him of—*Frank* having been the only one of *Gabriel's* claimants who, in his resentment to the husband, had not forgotten to commiserate the wife.

Old Mannerly has been a village schoolmaster, but is reduced to toil as a gardener, by the oppression of his landlord *Grumley*, who sends the old man's son, *Tom Mannerly*, to sea, on a false charge of peculation, because the youth had refused to marry *Grumley's* neglected mistress, and because *Tom* had resented the *Squire's* ill usage of *Fanny Freeman*, an interesting girl, between whom and *Tom* there is a reciprocal affection. *Betty Barnes*, a most communicative landlady, is the cousin and protectress of *Fanny Freeman*; they both reside at the village inn, where several of the events of the play take place. The scenes in this inn are much enlivened by *Richard*, a rustic waiter, whose blundering 'Errors,' produce some material incidents. *Frank Woodland* having rather warmly expostulated with *Grumley* on his treatment of the tenantry, a quarrel ensues, and *Frank* is put in custody by the vindictive *Squire*, for an assault. *Sylvia Con-*

roy at this time confesses her regard for *Frank*, and asks her guardian's permission to marry him; but an equivoque ensues, by which the *Commodore* supposes she means *Gabriel Invoice* instead of *Frank*, and, of course, refuses to give his niece to a highwayman. The imprisonment of *Frank* seems to strengthen this supposition, till an *ecclaircissement* takes place, by which every thing is set right. *Sylvia* weds *Frank*, *Tom* marries *Fanny*, the *Lawyer* keeps his promise to the *Widow Hall*, the *Squire* is obliged to receive the acquittance-money for the mortgage of *Frank's* estate; and, some few 'Errors Excepted,' all the parties are suitably recompensed.

It will be seen by this sketch, that this piece, the author of which is Mr. T. Dibdin, to whom the public are indebted for some mirthful hours, is rather a light summer comedy than a regular and well-finished drama. It is accordingly written in a style suited to its temporary purpose: it is full of playing upon words—puns—contrived mistakes—misconceptions—marvellous, if not unnatural, incidents, &c. &c. A merchant is asked why he failed in *business* when he had no *business* to fail; and, speaking of the passengers of the mail coach, 'all the *mail* is said to be *fe-males*.' The comedy, however—*Errors Excepted*—is certainly an agreeable summer amusement.

The performers deserve much praise. Mr. Young rendered *Frank Woodland* manly and interesting—*Fawcett's Commodore Convoy* was active and pleasant, although we cannot think but the author might have contrived so as to give the powers of the actor a scope more peculiar to his style—*Matthews's Verdict* was pertinent and comical—*Liston's* grimaces set the house in a roar—*Chapman's Old Mannerly* was

well cast and played—Charles's *In-voice* was a good representation of the villain—and Decamp, in *Young Mannerly*, grinned as prettily, and looked as well, as he could.—With regard to the ladies, the merits of Mrs. Litchfield equal any praise which we can bestow—Mrs. Gibbs appeared now and then in her very best manner, although we regret that the author has not given her more for the exercise of her valuable talents—And Mrs. Liston's *Mrs. Hall* had every commendation, and warbled her song charmingly.

The Prologue (which we have given in the Poetty), was well pointed, and told with good effect, by the excellent delivery of Mr. Young. The Epilogue was, perhaps, better written, very appropriately drawn, and admirably spoken by Mrs. Litchfield, whose powers we never before witnessed on such an occasion. They are valuable, and ought not to lie dormant.

The house was crowded by all the gay, fashionable, and critical, in town; and the comedy was given out for a second representation with the loudest plaudits.

CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENTS FROM AMERICAN PAPERS.

(From Janson's 'Stranger in America.')

JOHN Richard Deborous Hig-gins, ladies hair-dresser, from New York, takes the earliest opportunity to inform the ladies of Philadelphia, that, in compliance with earnest and reiterated entreaties, he has arrived at this city, and intends to make it the place of his residence long enough to develop *character and design*; or, in other words, he means to employ some days to the best employment of his talents in the

line of his profession. *Of the various duties* of a hair-dresser of eminence, none excites more anxious concern than that of turning his abilities to the most profitable account for himself, and most for the happiness of others.

THE citizens generally of all parties are respectfully invited to partake of a barbacue, on Saturday next, at the Spring on Monocasy, near Storer's White-house Tavern, two miles from Frederic, on the Lancaster road. The candidates are all respectfully requested to attend, as it is expected there will be a *political discussion*, that the people may then have an opportunity of being fully informed on public subjects, by hearing both sides face to face, in an open and fair manner.

' My art can lend new beauties to the face,
And spirit give to ev'ry native grace;
The magic of the mind 'tis I impart:
But for my skill in the cosmetic art,
What were the proudest dame?'

THE brilliant talents and acquirements of Henry J. Hassey, whose residence is at No. 123 Front street; and whose unrivalled merits, like the blaze of a comet, throw a glory round the general prospect, which renders visible the common herd of friseurs, are universally acknowledged; but the visibility of that herd is very evanescent, and when seen, are no more to be regarded by the side of the grand luminary than the constellation of smaller lights encircling the moon when in full-orbed splendor. In the classical language of ancient Rome, Henry J. Hassey shines among the candidates for notoriety in his profession,

Velut inter ignes Luna minores.

' With me, presumptuous miscreants, do ye vie,
The brush and razor only doom'd to ply?
Or haply to revive the rotten locks
Of paltry caxons mounted on your blocks.'

POETICAL ESSAYS.

PROLOGUE

TO THE NEW COMEDY, CALLED
' ERRORS EXCEPTED.'

*Written by Mr. Charles Dibdin, jun. and
spoken by Mr. Young.*

PERUSE the *fairest* page, and still you'll
trace,

That error is the lot of human race;
E'en with the *best*, at Nature's last repose,
' *Errors excepted*,' the account must close.
No living *man* without *some* folly made is:
And tho' stern truth wont even spare the *Ladies*,
' et to *their* lot should tr' fling errors fall,
' Look in their faces, you'll *except* them all!'—
Wisdom herself may err as well as Wit,
Law's writ of error is not *holy* writ.
The Doctor too has faults, but, happy lot,
Physic's *faux pas*, when buried, are forgot!
In seeking Fortune's all-desir'd abode,
We meet cross paths of error on the road.
Placarded invitations meet the eye
At every turn, with 'Now's your time to
buy,'
And the mysterious charm of B. C. Y.;
All to insure you, when the wheel goes
round,
Of *blanks excepted*, ninety thousand pound.
Authors to *critical* exceptions bow;
And Critics candidly must allow,
That, while they lash the faults of scribbling
elves,
'Twere well from *error* to clear themselves.
To *yo.* (*to the Audience*) whose approbation to
obtain
Our bard has sought, and sometimes not in
vain;
His cause he offers, as at Mercy's shrine,
' To err is human—to forgive, divine:'
Let Mercy's influence, then, your bosoms
sway;
Except his errors, but *accept* his play.

EPILOGUE

TO THE SAME.

WRITTEN BY JOHN LITCHFIELD, Esq.,
SPOKEN BY MRS. LITCHFIELD.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

I'VE oft heard say,
An Author's like a Merchant, and his *Play*
The bark in which is lodg'd his precious
store,
Freighted and destin'd for some distant shore.
Our Author's vessel's small, and light his
cargo,
And what he dreads the most is your em-
bargo.
Just now, behind the scenes, the poor man
press'd me,
And said, all trembling, that if I address'd
ye,
He would engage, however 'tempest tost,'
His agitated bark should not be 'lost;'—
I smil'd of course, and told the flattering
rogue,
I knew not how to speak an Epilogue—
But here I am on deck, and thus before ye,
I'll try in Sailor's language to implore ye:
For, though I never stirr'd a foot from shore,
I've learnt some lessons from the *Commodore*.
So as a *Convoy*, though no man of war,
Let me look out, and see how matters are.

And first I'll try my soundings in the *Pit*;
Lurks there no rock on which our brig may
split?—
No quicksands, shoals, or flats, nor no lee-
shore,
Where many a vessel has been wreck'd
before?
In yonder quarter (*upper end of the Pit*) lo! a
storm seems brewing
That threatens to involve us all in ruin;
A ship prepares for action—ah! beware,
An enemy has ta'en his station there—

His name is Critic—'tis, I see him now,
I know him by the Gorgon at his prow;
A heavy sailer, but his fire is galling,
And no one ventures near without a mauling:
His head all snakes—no wonder that the shot
Sent from his cannon comes so hissing hot:
See how he lowers his jib—nay, do not frown,
Nor cut our rigging up—nor run us down.

(To the Front Boxes) That in the offing there
is call'd the Rover,

Who never fights but when he's half-seas
over;

And is well known on our dramatic ocean
By his rough sailing and unsteady motion,
He has but just left port, for well I wot
His upper works are damag'd by grape-shot.
Two other signs he has, howe'er he got 'em,
A head well brazen'd, and a copper bottom
(pointing to the beels).

(To the Gallery) But you, my honest friends,
stow'd in the shrouds,

Who speak in thunder from your birth, the
clouds;

You, like true sail'ors, never hardly press
When you behold a vessel in distress,
For well you know, who rule the subject
wave,

When it is time to punish, when to save—

Eager the haughty open foe to bend,
As to chastise a neutra' hollow friend:

If our ship's crazy, take her into tow,
Safely she'll sail under your weather bow;

For should she prove, alas! a cast-away,
Our bard's third night will be a banyan day.

(To the Side Boxes)—Ladies, between decks,
if your favouring gales

You lend to fill the Poet's trembling sails,
His summer voyage won't turn out a dream;
'His boat sails freely both with wind and
stream;

Early the Critic sea she's wafted o'er,
And gains triumphantly the wish'd-for shore.

I'll to the Author, and dispel his fear,
And say, his goods have found a market

here;

I'll say, too, for I think I guess aright,
Here you will rendezvous to-morrow night.

THE SUICIDE.

WHEN Twilight drew her mantle o'er,
And Day clos'd up his golden door,

My musing, solemn way I took
Where craggy rocks a stream o'erlook;

The dismal Owl, with hollow voice,
Proclaim'd that darkness was her choice;

The Fox, with prowling fearful mien,
Now pac'd the dewy, silent, green,

With hopes in sleep to catch his foes;
How like a murdering wretch he goes!

In peace the peasant takes his rest;
With visions fair may he be blest!

Contentment fans his rosy face,
On her attends each blooming grace:

He sleeps, the man by Heaven chose
To picture health and sweet repose.—

How different is the rest of him
Whose mind is fraught with deadly sin!
He rises from his restless bed,
His soul convuls'd with secret dread;

Wild fancy forms unnumber'd woes,
To end this life the maniac goes.

The moon had gain'd a little height,
And threw around her silver light,

When, lo! I saw, it made me shrink,
This wretch was at the horrid brink.

Forward I rush'd and seiz'd his arm,
And forc'd him back, secure from harm.

Amaz'd, I cried, 'O insect man!
How wav'ring is thy every plan;

Thinkst thou the fury of an hour
Can all thy ills of life devour?

How much mistaken is thy pride,
That does in that false hope confide,

Since God has form'd our dying day;
Reflect on that, and go thy way.'

With that I left grim misery's child;
His eye-balls flash'd, he scornful smil'd.

'Contemptuous reas'ner,' loud he cried,
And tore a picture from his side:

'Behold you this! O emblem dear,
Of sainted angels we revere!

My love by death to heav'n has fled,
Her body number'd with the dead.

Think after this that I'll exist!
His tears flow'd fast—the shade he kiss'd.

'Come, clasp me fast, now welcome Death—'
The king of terrors caught the breath,

For, lo! he sprang the dreadful steep,
In heav'n to love—or hell to weep.

Confus'd and fix'd each trembling limb,
My soul pour'd only thoughts on him.

He's gone—he's dead! a heartfelt sigh
O'ercame my soul, and tears each eye.

So when amid the Ganges' roar,
The mighty eagle in his soar

Views the young bird with piercing eye,
And, pouncing, dooms the thing to die,

The sailor hears its tender cries,
And pity darkens both his eyes.

With sorrow'd heart my senses trac'd,
Nature by this foul deed defac'd.

I sigh'd a pray'r, to save his soul;
For pray'r o'er Mercy has controul.—

Homewards I took my thoughtful way,
My memory here will often stray:

Sweet hope shall hover with her wings,
And mercy bring from King of kings.

I. S. P.

ODE

ON THE SURRENDER OF DANTZIC.

FAIR, heav'nly maid, immortal Poetry,
Romantic child of thought, I sing to thee;

And, mounting on thy golden wings,
I strike my humble-sounding lyre;

And, kindling with ethereal fire,
Aloft my spirit springs.

And soaring to Parnassus' blooming plains,
I hail thee, daughter of inspiring strains!

And then, while Pity's tear obscures my eye,
For hapless Dantzic's fate I'll deeply sigh.

Once noble city! proud and free,
Blest with fair Liberty, thou stood:
But war and carnage, stain'd with blood,
Their lances aimed at thee.

Then fled bright Freedom with unsteady wing,
And thy brave Poles obey'd a Prussian king.

Then didst thou murmur, and with high
disdain

Scorn the proud victor, and despise his rein.

But, now, far greater woes are thine;

In terrors clad, thy foes surround

And hurl thy turrets to the ground,

With many a fatal mine.

And see, like Nero, false Napoleon stands,
Fell son of Mars, the bane of happy lands.

Lo! D'Enghien's death hangs low'ring on his
brow,

With Austria, Hanover, and Prussia's woe.

See murder, fraud, and cruelty,

Exulting in his deadly frown,

Tear or displace each tott'ring crown;

And menace woe to thee.

For o'er thy tow'rs the tyrant rears his
sword,

And death, or mean submission, is the word.

And, ah! thy fainting warriors strive in vain
The ills of doubtful battle to sustain.

No ally, now, can succour send—

The chiefs upon thy walls appear,

Unable to contend.

Wide are thy portals to the victors thrown;

And, ah! a tyrant's will becomes thine own.

Affrighted, from the mournful view I turn,
The rage of fickle Gallia's sons to mourn.

And oh Thou Power that rul'st the seas!

Protect Britannia's gallant band,

And save their navy-girdled land

From horrors such as these;

And grant their sov'reign, from his native
throne,

May see the wiles of ev'ry foe o'erthrown!

MARY ELIZABETH

LINES

WRITTEN BY MOONLIGHT.

WHEN shall my sorrows have an end,

When will my misery cease?

Where can I hope to be at rest,

Or where to meet with peace?

The midnight hour strikes on my ear,

The world is sunk in sleep;

But I my watchful vigils keep,

Yet only wake to weep.

Far absent every friend from me,

And every joy is fled;

And keen Despair dwells in my breast,

Nor even Hope is dead.

Come Death, the weary wretch's friend,

Come quick to my relief;

Open the grave, and make me room,

And let me be at peace.

Yet ah, be hush'd each murmuring word,

And each rebellious sigh be still:

Father, I bow beneath Thy rod,

And yield my wishes to Thy will.

SOPHIA TROUGHTON.

THE POOR MAN'S COMPLAINT.

(Addressed to the assessor, on his requiring him
to destroy his dog, or to enter it, in order to
pay for it.)

WHILE the rich and the great in their
luxuries roll,

And fortune's indulgences prove;

Oh how can you wish to deprive me of peace,

And take the poor dog that I love!

Misfortune on me all her vials has pour'd;

And Law, with his aspect so grim,

Has robb'd me of all that could comfort
bestow,

And nothing is left but poor Trim.

By a landlord severe I was turn'd from my
farm,

From comfort and competence hurl'd;

A flaw in my lease gave the villain a plea

To turn me adrift on the world.

Two boys, the dear product of conjugal love,

When they saw me gaunt Poverty's prey,

Left me and my cot, and betook to the seas,

And fell in Tisulgar's proud day.

The wife of my bosom, whom twenty years
since

I led blushing to Hymen's blest fane,

O'erwhelm'd by the tidings, her mind felt a
shock,

And, to heighten my grief, grew insane.

What misfortune has left, and stern law
would not take,

Can you more inhuman desire?

Can justice, or reason, or policy claim

The sacrifice which you require?

Nine years the poor cur my companion has
been,

There's no one can charge him with ill;

He never at midnight's still hour sought the
fold,

The innocent lambkin to kill.

Ye sportsmen, my Trim never marr'd your
lov'd sports,

He never destroy'd a poor hare;

Nor e'er did my hand place the mischievous
wire

The game which you prize to ensnare.

Now whilst you assess, forbear to oppress,

Nor strive to augment my thick gloom.

Why seek to destroy the small pittance of
joy

That is granted on this side the tomb.

Haverhill, August 10, 1807. JOHN WEBB.

LINES

TO A YOUNG LADY,

*Whom the author by chance saw at a place of
public amusement, an occurrence which can
never be obliterated from his mind.*

WHO lives o'er yonder distant hills,
Ah! far beyond those flowing rills;
Where yonder moon her lustric fills—?
'Tis Harriet.

Who is the maid I chance did meet,
With lovely form and manners sweet,
Who smiling kindly me did greet—?
'Twas Harriet.

Who wore a little tippet blue,
When near her beauteous form I drew;
My heart enraptur'd to her flew?
Sweet Harriet!

When my address she deign'd to take,
In my poor heart a wound did make,
Which I must bear for her dear sake.
Oh! Harriet!

Though many miles do us divide,
I still will in the maid confide:
Oh! let not ill my truth betide.
Dear Harriet!

To this lov'd spot I'll oft repair,
When seasons different liveries wear.
To Heaven I'll raise a suppliant pray'r
For Harriet.

The lonely star that cheers the night,
And adds a ray of twinkling light,
Shall witness bear to all my plight
For Harriet.

The gentle zephyrs, as they fly
On balmy wings, shall bear a sigh,
And guard it through the aerial sky
To Harriet.

Ah! gentle maid! that sigh receive,
'Twill say—I for thy sake do grieve,
And how my troubled breast does heave;
Kind Harriet!

Oh! to the gale one sigh consign,
And let me hope to call thee mine;
For thee I'd all the earth resign,
My Harriet!

July 29, 1807.

S. Y.

BALLAD

SUNG BY MRS. LISTON, IN ACT II. OF THE
NEW COMEDY CALLED
'ERRORS EXCEPTED.'

YOUNG Verdict was a lawyer gay,
Who of our town surpassed all;
He went one ev'ning to the play,
And fell in love with Mrs. Hall.

But wicked man will oft betray,
Attornies do it worse than all;
For when he'd nam'd the wedding-day,
He ran away from Mrs. Hall.

Therefore in time a warning take,
Ye widow ladies great and small,
Lest in the grass you find a snake;
As was the case with Mrs. Hall.

LINES

ON SEEING A GENTLEMAN APPROACH A
DISTRESSED FEMALE TO RELIEVE HER.

AH! cease a while, poor mourner! to bewail
Thy poignant griefs, almost too great to
bear;

Though many may reject thy piteous tale,
One friend advances now who'll lend an
ear.

Soft Pity's dew-drop dims his azure eye,
Where mild benevolence doth ever shine;
His generous hand will all thy wants supply,
Soothe thy sad heart, and bid thee not
repine.

Then dry those trickling tears, unhappy fair!
Nor longer thus bemoan thy cruel fate;
But offer up to Heaven one grateful prayer
For him, who sav'd thee in thy wretched
state.

I kind relief from him can never know,
In silence I my sufferings must conceal;
Nor seek for pity which he might bestow,
Or breathe a sigh that would those woes
reveal.

He knows not that I love, nor how a thorn
Consumes this bursting heart, and makes me
mourn.

August 3, 1807.

CAROLINE.

FROM WORDSWORTH'S POEMS.

I TRAVELL'D among unknown men,
In lands beyond the sea;
Nor, England! did I know till then
What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past! that melancholy dream!
Nor will I quit thy shore
A second time; for still I seem
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel
The joy of my desire;
And she I cherish'd turn'd her wheel
Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings show'd, thy nights conceal'd,
The bowers where Lucy play'd;
And thine is, too, the last green field,
Which Lucy's eyes survey'd!

FOREIGN NEWS.

East Prussia, July 14.

ON the 11th instant, their majesties the king and queen of Prussia arrived again at Memel.—The emperor Alexander passed through Riga on his return to Petersburg on the same day.

St. Petersburg, July 18. The emperor Alexander arrived here at eleven in the evening of the 16th instant, and not on the morning of the 15th, as was asserted. The mistake arose from a discharge of cannon at four on the morning of the 15th, which was imagined to proceed from the arrival of the emperor, but which, as we afterwards learned, announced the celebration of peace. On the 15th, thanksgivings were offered up in every church on account of the peace. Their majesties, the empresses Elizabeth and Maria, with the grand dukes and duchesses, repaired in the state carriage, accompanied by all the attendants of the court, out of the Taurus Palace, to the cathedral church of the Holy Virgin, where a solemn service was performed; and in the evening the whole city was illuminated.

Yesterday, the 17th, the happy return of the beloved Alexander was publicly celebrated again. His majesty, the empresses Elizabeth and Maria, accompanied by all the attendants of the court, repaired to the cathedral church, where the great officers of the empire were assembled, and attended divine worship. On his return, the emperor was received with loud huzzas by the populace, who collected together from all sides, and attended him home. In the evening the city was superbly and elegantly illuminated.

The anniversary of the independence of America was celebrated on the 4th

July, in Kronstadt, by the resident Americans, about forty in number, Lewet Harris, the general consul of the United States, presided. Various Russian officers were present, and toasts in honour of America and Russia were drank; the last of those enumerated is, 'The Freedom of the Seas.'

Since the 1st July, O. S. the manifesto of last January, respecting the merchants of Russia, has been put in execution to its full extent.

Warsaw, July 20. The Austrian plenipotentiary, general St. Vincent, left this city on the 15th instant for Vienna. Baron Von Stutterheim, who had been sent to Tilsit with particular instructions, arrived there on the 9th, after the peace with Russia and Prussia had been already concluded. Two days afterwards he again left Tilsit.

The queen of Prussia continued in Tilsit only twenty-four hours; she was received at some distance from the town by a battalion of French horse guards, who escorted her to the quarters at which she alighted with the honours due to her.

Milan, July 20. The intelligence of the conclusion of peace has spread here universal joy. We have learned at the same time, that the Russian troops in Cattaro have received orders to surrender that place, as well as Castel Nuovo, to the French troops, and to embark immediately for Russia.

Berlin, July 23. The emperor Napoleon has sent to the emperor of Russia, the grand duke Constantine, the princes Kurakin and Labenow, baron Budberg, and general Bennigseh, the grand cross of the legion of honour, Prince Jerome, the grand duke of Berg, and the princes of Neufchatel and Be-

nevento, have likewise received the order of St. Andrew.

The king of Saxony has founded a new order of the Green Crown, in honour of the emperor Napoleon.

Paris, July 26. This morning at five o'clock the emperor arrived at St. Cloud, in perfect health.

Leipzig, July 26. Our university, to establish a lasting monument in honour of the immortal hero Napoleon, and the restoration of the peace of the continent, by the advice of the professors Hirdenburg and Rudiger, have resolved that in future the stars that form the girdle and sword of Orion shall be denominated the stars of Napoleon. Our university cannot doubt that this name will be adopted by the academies and astronomers both of this and other countries.

Banks of the Elbe, July 27. There is every reason to believe that all the changes that will take place in Europe are not yet made known to the public. The delay in publishing the treaty between France and Russia makes it presumed that it contains eventual conditions, the execution of which will be deferred for a fixed time.

It is said, not without foundation, that peace has been proposed to the English cabinet, under the mediation of Russia, and that the execution of the measures agreed on will not take place till the answer of that cabinet shall have been received.

Hamburg, July 28. We understand that the dispatches which contain the application of Russia to Great Britain to accede to the general peace were forwarded the day before yesterday to England, by a packet which set sail from Tonningen immediately after they had been put on board.

July 30. When the emperor Napoleon arrived at Dresden he was dressed in a green uniform, with the insignia of the legion of honour. He hastily mounted the stair-case, with his hat in his hand, the king beside him, &c. On the 18th instant he rode out with few attendants; and he rode so much before the guard, that every body could see him. He was in a plain uniform, his hat without any lace or feather. The

populace shouted as he went along, and he nodded graciously all round to them, but did not take off his hat, except when he passed the guard. He examined the fortifications, &c. In the afternoon he was in the picture gallery with the king, where there was a numerous party. He examined the pictures with great attention.

On Sunday the 19th, after having been engaged in conferences with different ministers, he appeared at church with the royal family. They came in about half past eleven, at the end of the Credo. He led in the queen. He was in an infantry uniform, and white breeches and waistcoat, white silk stockings, and a plain hat under his arm, with the cordon of the legion of honour over his coat. He took his station before the window, near the grand altar, the chief place. The king and queen knelt beside him. He continued standing, however, with his hat under his arm, often taking snuff from a snuff-box he held in his left hand. He was eternally in motion, like one who is in a hurry to be off. When they came to sing the *Sanctus* he knelt with the rest, and read in a little book which was beside him. He soon rose up, and continued till the end of mass, standing as he was before.

July 31. The Prussian general Kalkreuth has followed the French emperor to Paris, in order to execute an important mission with which he is charged by his court.

Letters from Tonningen, dated the 28th, state, that the fleet of merchantmen expected from London had arrived in the Eyder, but that the commander of the convoy would not permit the ships to go up to Tonningen. The merchants interested in these vessels have applied to the custom-house for authority to unload them at the places where they are lying, but this has been refused. It is feared therefore, that the ships will have to return without delivering their cargo.

Banks of the Elbe, July 31. It is certain that the French authorities at Hamburg have given orders at Cuxhaven to receive any person that shall arrive in an English flag of truce with

due respect and honour; and that the vessel bringing such a negotiator shall be allowed to proceed as far as Hamburgh, without the least molestation.

Banks of the Main, August 1. The public journals state, that, still more to strengthen the frontier of the French empire on the side of Holland, and to secure and facilitate the communication between the two kingdoms, a convention has been concluded between the respective governments; that all the strong places on the Maese, till it falls into the sea, shall be ceded to France; in recompense for which Holland is to receive considerable augmentations on the frontiers of Westphalia.

Paris, Aug. 2. Personages of distinction are daily returning from the grand army. The king of Westphalia has arrived. The minister of war is every moment expected. The minister of foreign affairs, prince Benevento, and his secretary M. Moret, are already here.

The official journal of this day contains the following article, dated Berlin, July 26:—

‘The king of Sweden, finding his troops driven into Stralsund, has again resorted to the subterfuge of asking an armistice. The answer given by marshal Brune was, that in this way the unsuspecting candour of the French had been for once over-reached; but that it would be the extreme of silliness to allow himself to be again deceived; that the king of Sweden must surrender Stralsund, and abandon Swedish Pomerania for ever.’

Letters from Rome mention the death of cardinal Benedictus-Marisclemens, known by the title of duke of York, in the 82d year of his age. He was the last of the Stewart family, and of the pretenders to the British throne.

Aug. 3. Letters from Hamburgh state, that a Russian squadron is to join the Danish fleet, in order to shut the Sound against the English. It is also said, that for the same purpose a corps of French troops is to proceed to Denmark, to act in concert with that court.

The cardinal of York bequeathed a short time before his death to the king

of Sardinia all his jewels, worth about four millions of francs, and his title and claim to the crown of Great Britain.

Gottenburgh, Aug. 3. The English sloop of war, the Mosquito, arrived here the day before yesterday; when an officer landed for the purpose of procuring pilots for the Belts, but without success; and yesterday the English fleet destined for the Baltic passed this place: thirty sail were seen from our rocks. As the wind has been very fair, they must before this time have reached Copenhagen.

Private letters from Copenhagen, received by yesterday's post, state, that general Bernadotte (the prince of Ponte Corvo) was with the prince royal at Kiel, and that a large French army waited his commands. If this be true, the English fleet could not have arrived at a more critical juncture.

Elsineur, Aug. 3. The first division of the English fleet, consisting of twenty-six sail, came to an anchor at one o'clock in the afternoon, off Cronberg. One of them is a three-decker, the admiral's ship, carrying a blue pendant from the mainmast-head; twelve one and two deckers, seven cutters, and the rest smaller. The commanding officer of a cutter came this morning to speak to the commandant of Cronberg, but could not return to the fleet on account of the wind's becoming foul; he was consequently obliged to come to anchor, and resort to telegraphic communication with the fleet. We understand that it is to proceed to-morrow for the Baltic. The second division is immediately expected to follow the first, and to have already arrived off Anhalt. Some ships are also said to have gone through the Great Belt. Last Sunday arrived in our Road an English frigate from the North Seas.

Aug. 4. An English fleet of twelve sail of the line, twelve frigates, and some smaller vessels, arrived yesterday in this road from the North Seas.

Gottenburgh, Aug. 7. By accounts from Elsineur, we learn that the first division of the English fleet passed the castle of Cronberg on Monday last, and saluted and received a salute in the customary manner.

HOME NEWS.

Dublin, July 27.

ON Saturday night the garrison of Dublin was under arms, large patrols sent out, and every precaution taken that the apprehension of public disturbance, upon a large scale, might be supposed to suggest. The garrison had been lately weakened by the embarkation of two regiments of the line for England (the 7th and 8th), and, with the exception of the 5th garrison battalion, was composed of militia regiments at the time of the expected riot. However, the whole force, inadequate as it was to continue the heavy details of duty that the garrison requires, were ready for any exertions circumstances might render necessary. The serjeant posted at Harold's Cross, (a principal entrance to the city, and the road from the counties of Wicklow and Wexford), reported, that during the day he had remarked a considerable number, to the amount of upwards of a thousand, of country-looking persons who had passed the post on their way to the city; and several other persons whose vigilant eye detected those appearances, which, if they had been credited, might have prevented the misfortunes of the 23d July, 1803, communicated their suspicions to government, that some mischief was impending. The discretion of not mentioning names is too obvious to be apologised for. However, the night passed over without any circumstance occurring in the smallest degree to countenance the reports that were made. Government, without altering the mild tenor of its conduct, is prepared to use a strong hand.

London, July 29. The following letter has been received from Halifax in America.

Halifax, July 4.

'The Columbine sloop of war, which arrived this morning from the Chesapeake, brings an account that the Leopard, of fifty guns, sent a lieutenant on board the American frigate Chesapeake, to search for five men who had been seduced from the British frigate Melampus, but which the commodore would not allow the lieutenant to do. Captain Humphreys of the Leopard then fired a shot a-head of the American frigate, and received three shots in return. Captain Humphreys then came within pistol shot, and having hailed the Chesapeake, and received no satisfactory answer, he poured three broadsides into her, which killed five and wounded twenty-three of her men, the shot having gone completely through her. The American commodore struck, having five feet water in the hold. The lieutenant of the leopard then went on board the American frigate; and on his reaching her quarter-deck, the commodore delivered up his sword, which the lieutenant returned, and gave him permission to hoist his colours, saying he only came on board to search the vessel for British seamen, shewing the commodore vice-admiral Berkeley's order to captain Humphreys to that effect. The American commodore then ordered his crew to be called on deck, when the lieutenant of the Leopard immediately singled out three of the Melampus's men.'

Deal, July 30. The convoy to the

eastward, consisting of two sloops of war and two brigs, are just getting under weigh, and the transports with the expedition are expected to sail this evening. Orders were issued last night, to be in readiness to sail on the signal being given; not an officer belonging to the troops in the Downs has been seen on shore all the day: their destination remains a profound secret here: Conjectures are various, but no one seems to speak from any better authority than another.

The embargo is so strictly enforced here, that not so much as a shore-boat is suffered to go off to the ships with provisions without a custom-house officer. The Howe frigate, store-ship, came into the Downs last night with a Spanish prize, the cargo of which consists of tallow, canvass, &c. one of the sixty sail taken in Monte Video by the gallant Sir Home Popham, from whence she sailed about two months ago.

Yarmouth, Aug. 2. Sailed this morning the second division of the fleet, consisting of his majesty's ships *Minotaur*, admiral *Essington*; *Majestic*, admiral *Russell*; *Resolution*, *Agamemnon*, and *Mars*, and several small vessels. Remain in the Roads his majesty's ships *Roebuck*, *Agincourt*, and the *Vixen*.

Portsmouth, Aug. 1. Circumstances have called lord *Collingwood* for the present from his station off *Cadiz*, where he has without once leaving it, blockaded the remnants of the combined fleets since the glorious day of *Trafalgar*. His lordship sailed on the 27th of June up the *Mediterranean*; it is imagined for the *Dardanelles*, as *Sir Arthur Paget* went with him in the *Ocean*. Admiral *Purvis* now commands off *Cadiz*, in the *Atlas* of 74 guns, captain *Pym*.

Falmouth, Aug. 2. Arrived the *Princess Mary* packet, *Pocock*, with mails from *New York* (left it July 4). and *Halifax* in eighteen days; at which place were lying his majesty's ships *Ville de Milan* and *Observateur*: the *Duke of Montrose* packet arrived at *New York* on the 4th July. By the accounts nothing but war can appease the mobility of *America*. Our supplies are ordered to be discontinued to the

English ships of war: in consequence, they have threatened to lay three ships of war along-side *Hampton*, and take by force what they refused; the *Hamp-tonians* were using every means to resist. On some part of the coast the boats of the English ships have landed, and carried off fifty head of cattle. Orders have been issued by the secretary of war for all naval officers to repair without delay to *Norfolk*. Commodore *Barron* and midshipmen are among the number of wounded on board the *Chesapeake*. One hundred thousand dollars were offered to bail colonel *Burr*, and refused. Several vessels (*Americans*) have been sent to *Halifax*.

Norwich, Aug. 4. At the late assizes for *Norfolk*, *Martha Alden* was found guilty of murdering her husband. The following, among other circumstances, came out in evidence: On the Saturday night, the prisoner, her husband, and their little boy, were left about twelve o'clock at his house. About three next morning she was seen walking along the road by three persons, to whom she said her husband had been out drinking, had come home and gone away again, and that she feared he was murdered or drowned. A young woman, named *Mary Orsice*, who had been very intimate with the prisoner, said the prisoner called upon her on the Sunday morning, at six o'clock, told her she had murdered her husband, took her to the house; where, in the bedroom, the girl saw *Alden* lying dead, with a wound in the forehead, his skull split, the cheek and jaw-bone broke, and the head nearly severed from the body. Every part of the room, a book, cloths, &c. were sprinkled with blood. The girl and the prisoner put the body into a sack, and buried it in a hole in the garden. The same night the prisoner opened the grave, and they both dragged the body a considerable way along a road, and threw it out of the sack into a clay-pit. On the two following days the witness assisted the prisoner to clean the house. Some time after, the body was found. She told the whole affair to her father, but denied it before the coroner. All the articles marked with the blood of the

deceased were produced in court. The prisoner had nothing to say. Nobody spoke for her; and, after full investigation, she was found—Guilty. The judge, in an awful and impressive manner, passed sentence on her.

London, Aug. 4. Sunday evening their majesties and princesses walked on Windsor Terrace, which was much crowded, but not so genteelly attended as usual; many were turned off being intoxicated, particularly one person who was desired to pull off his hat as their majesties passed, which is the customary respect, which he refused to do. The marquis of Thomond, who was walking near their majesties, seeing only one person not uncovered, stepped up to him and took off his hat; upon which he immediately struck the marquis, and kicked him. He was immediately secured by Edwards and Dousett, the police officers, and kept in custody till their majesties went off the Terrace, when he was examined before colonel Desbrow, as to who he was, when he then gave his address, and said his name was Hodges, and lived in Westminster: he was then set at liberty, with a reprimand.

On Wednesday next the prince of Wales will leave Carlton house, about noon, for Brighton. His royal highness will remain there until the conclusion of the Lewes Races, when he goes immediately to Oatlands: his stay there will be short, only during the celebration of the duke of York's birth-day; then he visits his brother Clarence for a single day, to celebrate a similar festival; returns to London, and from thence proceeds direct to Cheltenham, where his highness intends to sojourn for six weeks. Lord Fauconberg's house has been taken for the purpose. Previous to the prince's leaving Brighton, he intends giving one magnificent ball at the Pavilion, to which will be invited a numerous party of his friends. Of the six weeks proposed residence at Cheltenham, his highness will set apart a fortnight to rusticate at Warwick castle. In his journey to and from Cheltenham, he will adopt the same method of travelling as he did last summer, and visit his friends on the road, in the same unostentatious manner.

On Sunday the duke of Marlborough sent a white satin flag to his majesty at Windsor Castle, according to custom, as the tenor by which he holds Blenheim-House, granted to his ancestor upon his gaining the celebrated battle of Blenheim. The flag was richly embroidered with emblematical devices.

Aug. 7. A most alarming fire broke out about half-past seven o'clock yesterday evening, in the engine-house belonging to Mr. Pearson, who kept a very extensive cotton manufactory and feather warehouse at Hoxton. Mr. Pearson's dwelling-house was the left wing of that grand and beautiful building, the Haberdashers' Hall and Alms-houses, which he held from the company on a lease of sixty years: he kept upwards of thirty men, women, and boys at work.

The fire is supposed to proceed from that which was under the copper in the engine-house, as it broke out in that building, and soon communicated to the machinery and cotton. In less than half an hour, the whole of the house was in flames, making a rapid progress towards the warehouse, which was filled with goods to the amount of 20,000l. From the dry state of the buildings, in which there was much wood, these houses, and two adjoining new ones, not entirely finished, were completely burned down in an hour.

The flames were so furious, that they were perceivable from all parts of the town, and spread a general consternation among the inhabitants. Every street was filled with spectators to behold the awful sight, which filled the mind with dread and terror. When the first engines arrived, there could not be a drop of water procured but what was carried in buckets from a pump which was in the rear of the building, water being very scarce in that neighbourhood. The fire communicated to Mr. Pearson's dwelling-house, which was the left wing of the Haberdashers' alms-houses, and caught the roof about nine o'clock.

About eleven o'clock the fire was subdued so far that no further damage was dreaded.

A dreadful fire broke out at one

o'clock yesterday morning at the Lambeth Water-works, which raged with great fury for four hours. In spite of every exertion, a part of these valuable works was entirely consumed. This calamity will occasion serious inconvenience to a great part of the borough of Southwark, Lambeth, and other places that were supplied with water from these works. The mischief done amounts to three thousand pounds.

Aug. 8. American papers are received to the 12th ult. They are filled with the proceedings of different meetings upon the subject of the affair between the Leopard and Chesapeake, and are of the highest importance.

The president has issued a proclamation, in which he declares that it had been previously ascertained that the seamen demanded were native citizens of the United States. He therefore requires all armed vessels bearing commissions under the government of Great Britain to depart immediately from the harbours of the United States, interdicting the entrance of all the said harbours to the said armed vessels; and in case such vessels shall refuse to depart, or shall hereafter enter the harbours, forbidding all intercourse with them, and prohibiting all supplies from being furnished them.

Of this proclamation, the opinion of the democratic party is, that it is too moderate—of the federalists, that it is sufficiently firm.

The American government have ordered 100,000 of the militia to be called out, the ports to be fortified, gun-boats to be fitted out—and all midshipmen have been directed to repair to Washington.

Aug. 12. The extraordinary match between Captain Barclay and the celebrated Wood, of Lancashire, which has long agitated the sporting circles, was finally settled at Brighton during the late races, which, from its extraordinary nature, caused betting to an immense amount.—The parties are to undergo the prodigious fatigue of going on foot for four and twenty successive hours: an exertion hitherto unknown in the annals of pedestrian feats; and it is supposed that, at the rate of five

miles and an half an hour, they must complete the distance of 120 miles in that time.—It takes place at Newmarket on the 12th October next, for 500 guineas a side; and although Wood gives captain Barclay twenty miles, he is still the favourite from his astonishing speed, having lately gone, with apparent ease, forty miles in four hours and fifty-seven minutes!

BIRTHS.

July 25. At Belle Vue, Isle of Wight, the lady of G. Ward, esq. of a daughter.

28. At Beaumont Lodge, Old Windsor, viscountess Ashbrook, of a daughter.

The lady of E. L. Austin, esq. of Wilmington, Kent, of a daughter, who survived but a few hours.

29. At Exmouth, Devon, the lady of Cheselden Henson, esq. of a daughter.

At Melbourne House, lady C. Lamb, of a son.

30. At Harrow, the lady of lieutenant-colonel Wade, of the 96th rifle regiment, of a daughter.

At his house, Woodcote-place, Epsom, Surry, the lady of George Smith, esq. of a daughter.

August 6. In Hanover-square, of a son, the right hon. lady Le Despencer.

12. At lord Yarborough's villa, at Chelsea, the lady of the hon. Charles A. Pelham, of a daughter.

At Cam's Hall, Hants, Mrs Deline, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

July 25. At Stoke church, in the parish of Stoke Damerel, in the county of Devon, Charles Hazwell Townley, esq. of the royal navy, to miss Glegg, of Plymouth-dock, in the same parish.

30. At St. George's church, Liverpool, by the rev. Jonathan Brooks, John

French, esq. of Lawnsdown, in the Queen's County, youngest brother to lord Ashdown, to Jane, eldest daughter of the late Dr. James Currie, of Liverpool.

August 1. At St. Dunstan's, Stepney, Henry Rooke, esq. of Witherington, Wiltshire, to miss Nettleford, of Stepney Green.

4. At Kensington, sir James Innes Ker, bart. to miss Harriet Charlewood, second daughter of the late Benjamin Charlewood, esq. of Windlesham, Surry.

6. By special licence, at Addiscombe, the hon. James Walter Grimston, only son of the viscount Grimston, to lady Charlotte Jenkinson, daughter of the earl of Liverpool. Immediately after the ceremony, the newly-married pair set off for Goramby, the seat of lord Grimston, Hertfordshire.

At Halstead, in Essex, T. R. Andrews, esq. of Great Portland-street, London, to miss Scarlet, daughter of the late James Scarlet, esq. of the former place.

At the parish church of St. Andrew, Holborn, John Hopkins Foster, of North Curry, near Taunton, Somerset, esq. to miss Susanna Miller, eldest daughter of Mr. Charles Millet, of the Terrace, Gray's Inn-lane, attorney at law.

11. At Woodford, by the rev. J. P. Mosley, sir James Whalley Smythe Gardiner, bart. of Roche Court Hants, to miss Frances Mosley, second daughter of the late Oswald Mosley, esq. of Bolesworth castle, Cheshire, and sister of Sir Oswald Mosley, bart.

At St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, Charles Lush, esq. one of his majesty's deputy lieutenants for the Tower Hamlets, to Mary, the second daughter of Mr. Amos, of Hoxton-square.

13. At Mary-le-bonne church, by the rev. Edward Fawcett, A. M. J. Maughan, esq. of the honourable East India Company's marine, to miss Hay of Portland-place.

James M. Boyle, esq. of Tullyvin, county of Cavan, to miss Mary Dawson, daughter of Ralph Dawson, esq. of Cotehill, north of Ireland.

At Glasbury church, Radnorshire, John Eckley, esq. of Creden-hill,

Herefordshire, to miss Williams, of Veilleanewith, in the county of Brecon.

DEATHS.

July 25. After a short illness, at Clayton, near Manchester, Mrs. Nash, wife of Mr. Sebastian Nash.

30. In the 58th year of his age, Mr. Joseph De Boffe, of Gerard-street, Soho; many years an eminent importer of foreign books.

31. At Denham, in the 13th year of his age, Frederick, youngest son of John Drummond, esq. Charing-cross.

August 1. At his apartments, Tottenham-court-road, in the 76th year of his age, Mr. John Walker, author of the Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language, and of several other works.

3. At his house, in King-street, Rotherhithe, Mr. John Scarth, stockbroker.

4. At her house in York-street, the right hon. Sarah baroness Water-park, relict of the late right hon. sir Henry Cavendish, bart. Her ladyship is succeeded in her titles by her eldest son, sir Richard Cavendish.

8. Miss Smith, only daughter of the rev. John Smith, of Lopham, in Norfolk.

Of a decline, in the 27th year of her age, miss Mary Taylor, eldest daughter of Mr. Taylor, surgeon, Bridge-street.

At Mongewell, the lady of the bishop of Durham.

At her house in Welbeck-street, Mrs. G. Michel, wife of Charles William Michel, esq. of Notherwood, in the county of Hants.

At an advanced age, Thomas Watson, esq. of Stapleford Abbots, Essex.

In Southampton-row, Bloomsbury, miss Mary Saver.

13. At Cheltenham, where he went for the benefit of his health, captain Thomas Holmes Tidy, of the royal navy.

At Hackney, Daniel Fisher, D. D.

Mrs. Richardson, wife of Mr. Richardson, of Lincoln-inn-fields.

22. At Gloucester Lodge, Brompton, aged 72, her royal highness the duchess of Gloucester.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1807.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates.

- 1 The MYSTERIOUS ADMONITION.
- 2 LONDON Fashionable RUSTIC WALKING and HALF DRESS.
- 3 New and elegant DRAWING for CARD RACKS.
- 4 New and elegant PATTERN for a SLEEVE.

LONDON :

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row;
Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE continuation of the *Elville Family Secrets* in our next.

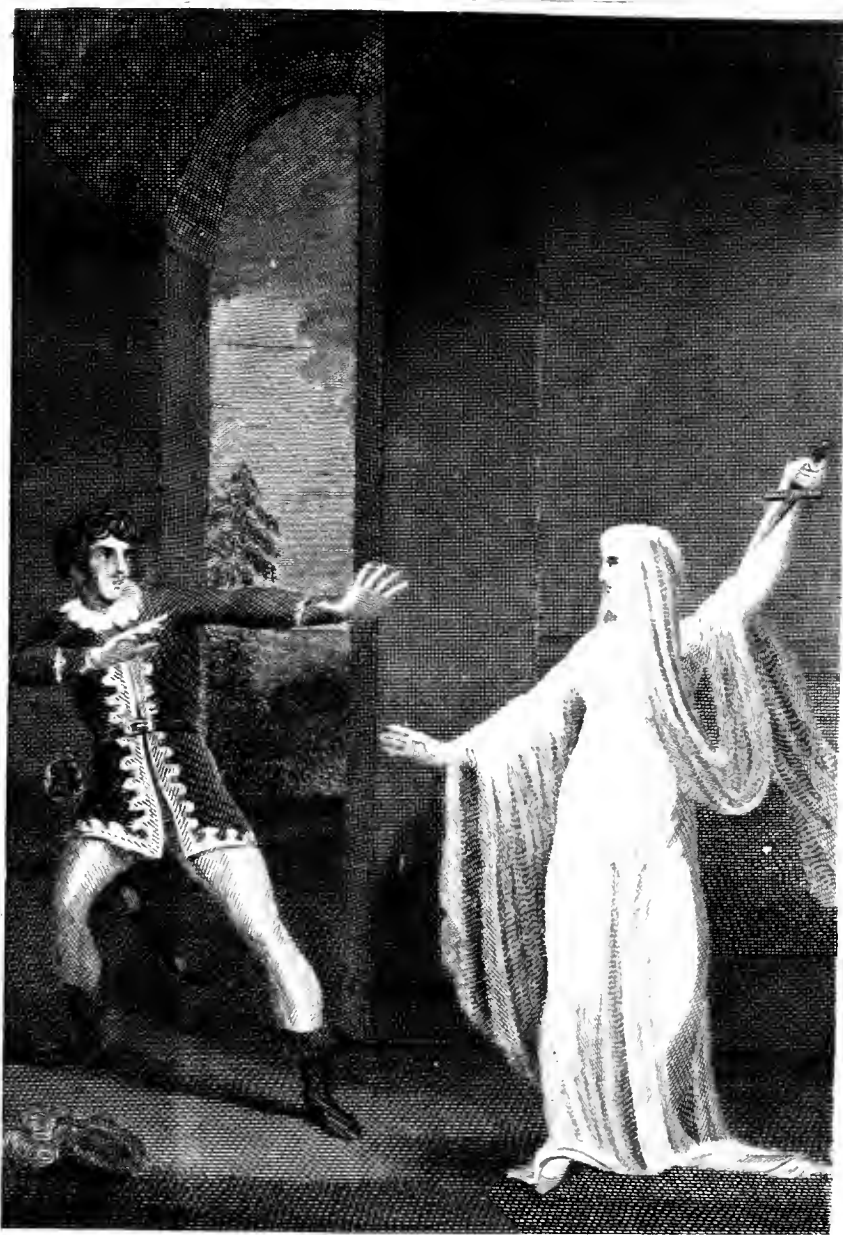
M. Spencer will excuse our giving another title to her piece: we have not room for more *Walks*.—C. T, will likewise notice this observation.

The contributions of F. T. Pinner, are received, and intended for insertion.

We are much obliged to W. M. T, for his further communications, which shall certainly appear; and very sorry it should be necessary to give the following list of *Errata* pointed out by him in his *Temple of Wealth*, inserted in the number for July:—

Stanza 7 line 2	for	lovelier	read	livelier
11	3	black		back
12	8	'till very		even until
15	9	after alas!	dele	to
17	7	for wake	read	work
19	2	came		come
33	7	sung		sang
36	4	the rustic		this rustic
—	9	vanish'd		evanish'd
37	3	secs		see'st
—	9	to this		to thee

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



The Mysterious Admonition.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE.

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1807.

THE MYSTERIOUS ADMONITION.

A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

ABOUT the middle of the twelfth century, when the great lords of most of the countries of Europe exercised an unlimited power over their vassals, and were nearly independent of their sovereign, Rodriguez, count of Venasque, possessed large domains, and a strong castle, at the foot of the Pyrenees. He was a generous and benevolent chief, and all who lived under his authority revered him for the mildness with which he exercised it, and the readiness with which he heard their complaints; and, if in his power, redressed their grievances, when made known to him. He had been careful to educate his son, Henriquez, in the same principles, and instil into him an early love of virtue; and his lessons and example appeared to have the best effect on the heir to his wealth and power.

When Rodriguez, to the great regret of his affectionate subjects,

was consigned to the tomb of his forefathers, his son Henriquez succeeded to his ample possessions and authority, and, for some time, appeared to tread carefully in his steps, and to conciliate the esteem of all around him by the strict justice he dispensed, and the goodness of disposition he evinced on various occasions. The daughter of a neighbouring great lord, the Baron de Morillo, had attracted his attention, and appeared to have made an impression on his heart. A matrimonial union between them was spoken of; but some disputes arising between the baron and Henriquez, relative to a certain tract of land claimed by each, caused it to be deferred till they should be adjusted.

Estella, the daughter of the Baron de Morillo, was beautiful as an angel, and mild and gentle in her manners. While in her company, Henriquez felt the full force of beauty and goodness, and loved

her without reserve; and she, at the same time, felt a rising esteem and regard for him; but, unfortunately for him, the dispute which took place between him and the Baron de Morillo, prevented a union which would have preserved him from the commission of many odious and disgraceful actions.

The mother of Henriquez survived her lord about a year; and, while she lived, her tender care and excellent advice preserved her son in the paths of virtue; but soon after her decease, wealth and power appeared gradually to corrupt his heart, and debase his manners. He was frequently engaged in scenes of riot and intemperance; and when he had wasted large sums of money in acts of extravagance, he had recourse to mean and oppressive extortions on his vassals to procure a fresh supply, which he again wasted in the same wretched manner. Into these habits of gross dissipation he had been principally led by a lady of dissolute manners, for whom he had conceived a licentious passion, — Johanna, the daughter of one of his attendants, though by no means perfect in her personal charms, had gained such an ascendancy over him, that she could lead him into the commission of every folly and vice she chose, and obtain from him whatever she thought proper to ask. The castle became an almost constant scene of revelry and debauchery, and he lost the esteem of all his attendants and vassals, who began to hold his character in the utmost contempt, and even, almost, in detestation.

Satiated nearly with the charms of Johanna, which, in fact, were never very inviting, he chanced to meet with the daughter of a neigh-

bouring gentleman who possessed a small independent estate, and instantly conceived a very violent predilection for her. But he did not find her so compliant as Johanna; and the indignant manner in which he was repulsed by Rosalie, only increased the ardour of his irregular passion. The abandoned, but artful Johanna detected the inconstancy of his wavering heart; but, so far from expressing any emotions of jealousy, she professed herself ready to aid him, with her advice and assistance, to obtain the gratification of his vile desires. Various artful schemes were suggested by her to allure and seduce the innocent Rosalie, but all proved unsuccessful; and it was at last resolved, that nothing but force could succeed, and that force should be employed.

Some trusty bravos were therefore secured; who, when it was known that Rosalie would go unaccompanied to a neighbouring town, by a certain lonely path, were to waylay her, seize her, and bring her by force to the castle. They executed their orders punctually; and Rosalie was brought to the castle, and confined in a high tower, at the extremity farthest from the part usually inhabited.

The vile Johanna, and another domestic, were the only persons in the castle who knew that Rosalie had been brought in. Johanna immediately hastened to Henriquez, to inform him that his prey was in his power; but, whether his conscience rebuked him, or he could not prevail on himself instantly to determine how to act, it was some time before he could resolve to go to her: at length, however, he went.

He had to pass through a large

gallery in the most gloomy part of the castle; on his arrival at which, a sudden flash of light seemed to illumine all the place, and he beheld before him a tall female figure, holding a dagger, and calling to him, in a hollow voice,—‘Stop.’—He started back, struck with astonishment and dread bordering on horror.—‘My mother!’ he exclaimed;—‘and from the grave!’—‘Stop,’ again said the phantom; ‘you go to do a deed which will blast your name for ever, and whelm you in perdition. The dagger of her father will avenge her injured innocence; all shall praise the act, and execration and infamy alone attend thee.—Stop while it is yet time.’—The phantom disappeared, all was dark as before; and Henriquez sunk on the floor, and fainted, overpowered with horror.

But not to leave our readers, likewise, too much in the dark, it may be necessary to observe here, what might have been mentioned before, that among the domestics, attendants, and inhabitants of the castle, there was one near relative of Henriquez, his mother’s youngest sister, named Elinor; who, amid all his extravagance, would never leave him, but frequently took the liberty to admonish him, and to upbraid him with his infamous conduct. Her advice, however, had always been received either with ridicule or revilings. She had yet never ceased her endeavours to recall him, if possible, to the paths of decorum and virtue. She was much respected by all the domestics; and had at length gained over the confidential servant of the wicked Johanna, to divulge to her some of her mistress’s secrets. By her she had been informed of the plans con-

trived against innocent Rosalie, and her having been at last brought by force into the castle. Shocked at the crime her nephew was about to commit, and the disgrace and odium it must bring on himself and his family, she conceived the strange idea, as it certainly must appear, to gain at least some time by acting on the superstition and natural timidity of one who, she was certain, would listen neither to advice nor to reproof. She knew that Henriquez was a firm believer in the appearances of departed spirits, and extremely fearful of what are usually called ghosts. She therefore habited herself in the robe and veil which had been worn by his mother, and taking a dagger in her hand, with the aid of a lanthorn, produced all the terrific appearance that has been described.

Her plan, however extraordinary, had, as we have seen, all the success she could have promised herself from it; and, in the sequel, its beneficial effects were happily more complete than she could have expected.—Henriquez lay in a state of insensibility till he was taken up by the servants, who carried him to his chamber, and laid him in his bed. When his senses returned, the first person he inquired for was his aunt Elinor, to whom he related the extraordinary vision he had seen. As no person knew the secret, or had received the least intimation of it but Elinor herself, she was in no danger that it should be disclosed; and did all she could to encourage him in the belief that all he had seen was real. The terror he had felt, and the violent agitation of mind he had suffered, produced a severe, and even very dangerous illness; during which

he yielded himself entirely to the guidance of the good Elinor, dismissed the abandoned Johanna, and sending for the father of Rosalie, restored to him his daughter, fortunately uninjured, imploring, with many tears, forgiveness of both; and entreated their prayers for, as he feared, a dying, but truly repentant sinner.

But when he had thus relieved his conscience, and firmly resolved to return to the paths of virtue, he began visibly to recover. The good Elinor continually watched him, and attended him night and day; and, when completely restored, he never afterwards relapsed into the licentious and vicious habits of which he had before been guilty. He renewed his acquaintance with the lovely Estella, who, finding that he was indeed another and a better man, gave him her hand in marriage, and they lived many years in love and happiness. Whether the secret of the real nature of the *mysterious admonition* he had received was ever revealed to him by his worthy aunt, this history saith not, nor is it, indeed, of much importance.

OBSERVATIONS on the PERSONS and DRESS of the ENGLISH.

(From *Travels in England translated from the German of C. A. Goede.*)

I DO not believe that any country in Europe can boast so much general elegance, and symmetry of form, as Great Britain: this at least is certain, that one meets with fewer deformed beings here than elsewhere. The men, however, are better formed than the women; the latter, in particular, are seldom seen with beautifully small feet, a charm common with

French women, but not less admired on that account.

The physiognomy of both sexes in England is prepossessing, but devoid of a certain captivating charm: yet their features are soft, and their eyes beam mildness; but without that bewitching languor which fascinates the beholder; and this may arise from the noble and exquisite form of the nose, which gives infinite dignity to the whole countenance.

The complexion of the men is ruddy; that of the women beautiful in the extreme: the skin is of a most dazzling white, and soft as the cygnet's down, but their mouths are either large or not agreeably formed; and this defect is glaring, notwithstanding their aptitude to smile, when they discover the whitest teeth possible. Still these smiles, however pleasing, want that alluring grace which animates the features of the less beautiful *Parisienne*.

If the stranger is surprised to find beauty so common in England, he will be still more so when his observation has pointed out to him the equality of exterior which pervades all classes. At Paris it is easy to discover the citizens, the men of letters, the man of business, the *nouveau riche*, or the decayed nobleman; each has his peculiar deportment and distinguishing apparel; but in England it is scarcely possible to know a lord from a tradesman, or a man of letters from a mechanic; and this seems to arise from the sovereignty of fashion in the metropolis.

In other countries a few trifling individuals alone obey the fiat of the fickle goddess; but in London young and old bow with submission at her shrine. Here the changes of fashion and the opera-

tions of whim, fancy, or caprice, are so various, so rapid, that half the houses in town are completely metamorphosed every two or three years: a circumstance, however, which considerably promotes the prosperity of the nation at large.

The fashions, however, of this country are simple and harmonious; the shape, perhaps, does not always please the eye, but the colour is invariably becoming, and the *tout-ensemble* agreeable. Nothing would appear more ridiculous than to see a man half-fashionably clad; as the coat is cut, so must the waistcoat and breeches correspond. Nor would this suffice, unless the shape of the hat, and exact measure of the boot, were in perfect unison: every reform, therefore, must be radical. As Germans either do not understand, or will not attend to these minutiae, they must thank themselves if they find they are stared at or ridiculed as they walk the streets.

It is notorious that the ladies of France have always disputed the superiority of taste with those of England. Without entering into the controversy it will be proper to observe, that each have a peculiar and diametrically opposite way of setting off their native charms, and while the former enter a drawing room, as lightly attired as the statue of a Grecian sculptor, the latter envelope themselves in the foldings of a Spanish mantle. The ladies here are as attentive to the corresponding harmony of their dress as the gentlemen. Fine muslins are the invariable order of the day; and a lady is never seen abroad without a hat. But a particular style attaches to particular occasions. At church the ladies are plainly dressed, and the

gentlemen appear with round hats. At the Opera, the former are full dressed, wear their hair ornamented; and the latter appear suitably dressed with cocked hats and shoes.

A VISIT

ON A SUMMER'S EVENING.

BY MATILDA SPENCER.

THE scorching heat of the sun had given place to more tempered rays, when I walked out with an intention of visiting the sick daughter of a neighbouring cottager. A rude and unfrequented path led me to my favourite walk. On one side was a rural hedge, from which the little songsters poured their grateful songs, in notes wild, sweet, and harmonious; on the other, cattle were grazing; before me was an open and extensive field 'decked in a sweet variety of greens,' while a gently-rising hill, with the aid of a few tall and stately poplars, half concealed the spire of the village church. Having reached the hill I sat down, but not to enjoy the rural scenery, which at any other time would have inspired me with delight, for the cold indifference of a friend preyed heavy on my spirits. Lost in pensive recollection, I had almost forgotten the approach of night, and hastily arose to fulfil my engagement. The departing sun-beams still lingered on the cottage which I entered, I found the object of my inquiries much worse than I expected; her pale and faded cheek rested on the maternal bosom of her aged parent,

whose tears flowed as she witnessed the extreme, the agonizing misery of her daughter, and knew that no relief could save her from an early and untimely grave.

I accepted the friendly offer of a seat, and endeavoured, (though in a faltering voice) to console them, but was quite surprised at finding such meek resignation in the good woman, and such unexampled patience in the heavily afflicted girl. I observed that 'afflictions were useful lessons to mankind, and incident to mortality; therefore ought to be cheerfully borne.'—'Tis true, she replied, 'I ought to kiss the chastising rod, and bow before the decrees of an all-merciful God! (a tear strayed down her furrowed cheek,) but we are too apt to murmur. I said we ought not to distrust the goodness of God!—'Nor do I,' replied she; 'I have ever trusted in that Being whose care is over all;—and amid my troubles have I ever remembered him who is both able and willing to help. But to see my daughter suffer thus, is hard, and a mother feels.' I asked the invalid if she was willing to die: she fixed her eyes earnestly on me, then directed them upwards, and feebly exclaimed 'Not my will but thine be done.' Her mother said her afflictions had weaned her from the world, but an inward groan from her daughter stopped her. Let me say I felt humbled 'if,' said I, (mentally,) 'this poor woman is thus grateful, surrounded by poverty and afflictions, how ought my heart to expand with gratitude? Ought I to repine if a few briars are scattered in my rose-strewn path?' I, however, checked these reflections, and offered my mite which was most thankfully accepted, and

promising to call again on to-morrow, bade them good night.

'Peace to the inhabitants of this cottage!' I exclaimed, as I fastened the wicket-gate; 'and may that Power, on whose goodness you so humbly depend, take your suffering daughter to that happiness she so ardently pants after.'

The full-orbed moon had now shed her silvery light around, and the universal calmness that reigned throughout the face of nature, was in perfect unison with my feelings. Never, ye votaries of fashion and dissipation, did ye experience a satisfaction equal to that I felt. It was a pleasure so pure, so fervent, that it had power to 'hush each ruder passion;' to banish every unpleasant reflection from my memory; and diffuse tranquillity o'er my mind.

'But the long pomp, the midnight
masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth
array'd;
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, e'en while Fashion's brightest arts
decoy,
The heart distrusting, asks if this be joy?
GOLDSMITH.

I felt seriously improved by my evening's ramble, and concluded it by repeating the following lines from my favourite poet:—

'Father of light and life! thou good
supreme!
Oh! teach me what is good! teach me
thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice!
From every low pursuit; and feed my
soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and
virtue pure;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!
THOMSON.

Chatteris, July 10, 1807.

HARRIET VERNON;

OR,

CHARACTERS FROM REAL LIFE.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

BY A LADY.

(Continued from p. 412.)

LETTER XXXI.

Miss Maria Vernon to Mrs. Ambrose.

Dear Madam,

ACCEPT my best thanks for your very kind and affectionate letter, every line of which cannot but interest and afford me pleasure: but I know you might accuse me of affectation did I refrain from acknowledging that the latter part of your letter was perused with peculiar satisfaction. To hear of Mr. Wentworth's health and prosperity will ever afford me pleasure, independent of any interested reflections.

We have been nine weeks at this place, but I must own a further acquaintance has not removed my dislike to Mrs. Wilson. She behaves as well to us as she is capable of behaving to any one. She is very pressing that we spend some months longer here. We have engaged to comply with her request, and I have written to our brother for his consent. As we have received no answer, we infer from his silence that he has no objection.

Mr. Wilson improves much on further acquaintance. He seems partial to us both, and did he not

indulge himself in indolent habits which stupefy him he would really be an agreeable man. He takes a long nap after dinner, from which he is sometimes roused by Harriet, who, when it don't rain, insists on his walking on the terrace. She has laughed him out of many of his dull airs, as she calls them. I tell her she must not make so free with him, for I think I can discover a tincture of jealousy in Mrs. Wilson; but this discovery of mine so diverts Harriet that she declares she shall be freer with him than ever. I repent telling her, for I fear her vivacity will carry her too far in this particular.

We have a young lady and gentleman on a visit here: the former a most disagreeable woman, proud, conceited, and ill-tempered: the latter a genteel, sensible young man. They are lovers, but strange ones; for he seems to avoid her company as much as possible; behaves to her with a forced politeness, which I think seems to increase daily; while she regards him as a swain her large fortune has secured to her, and pretends to no other than a platonic love for him: I, however, have no doubt but he will shortly prevail on her to bestow her hand in wedlock. I find he is the son of a clergyman lately deceased, whose living of five hundred a-year was promised by his patron to be bestowed on the son; but no sooner was it fallen in by the father's death, than the man in power bestowed it on another, and poor Mr. Beaumont experiences the fate of many others who trust to the promises of the great. His father, by great economy and a good fortune with his wife, left

three hundred a-year for the support of his widow ; but the young man, now six-and-twenty, is totally unprovided for until his mother's death. In such a situation it is no wonder he should cast his thoughts to his rich neighbour, miss Jones, with whom his family had been long acquainted, nor is it any wonder that his mother should be anxious for the union which would set her son above dependence. This is the situation of Mr. Beaumont's affairs ; but the situation of his mind, I fear, is very unhappy. I am certain that his heart is not interested in the business, and most sincerely do I pity him. Mrs. Wilson has taken a fancy to Mr. Beaumont, whom she says she used to dislike. This alteration in her sentiments I think proceeds from his having made her some compliments gratifying to her vanity ; for, being a young man of sense and penetration, he soon discovered her weak side.

Harriet informs me that there are cards of invitation to a ball given by a gentleman in the neighbourhood on his coming of age, but Mrs. Wilson says we shall none of us go. Harriet is much vexed on the occasion, and has engaged Mr. Beaumont and Mr. Wilson to coax Mrs. Wilson into the humour of accepting it : I suppose they will attack her on her weak side. I am summoned to dinner, and will relate the success of their endeavours afterwards.

'It was very polite, my dear,' said Mr. Wilson, 'in Mr. Rivers to send us those cards this morning.'

'But you are determined not to go, I believe, madam,' said Harriet.

'O certainly,' replied Mr. Wilson, 'it is out of the question ; they do not, I dare say, expect it.'

'Dear ! what makes it out of the question, Mr. Wilson ?' said Mrs. Wilson.

'Nay, if you like it, I should be very well pleased to accompany you ; it would look very pretty to see a man and his wife dancing together.'

'Now you are sneering at me, I suppose ; I saw you tip the wink at Mr. Beaumont, so, for that reason, I am resolved to go, though I shall not dance.'

'As you please ; I only wonder you should think of going at your time of life.'

'At my time of life ! what do you mean, Mr. Wilson ? I danced as good a minuet five years ago as ever you saw.'

'Well, madam,' said Harriet, 'as you intend going, who shall be of your party ? I suppose you will not go alone.'

'Mr. Wilson, miss Jones, and Mr. Beaumont, will be just a coach full,' replied Mrs. Wilson.

'No woman of sense,' said miss Jones, 'can be fond of dancing ; I shall not be of the party I assure you.'

'Pray Heaven I may never be a woman of sense then !' exclaimed Harriet.

'The prayer is unnecessary,' retorted miss Jones.

'I positively will not stir out of the house,' said Mr. Wilson, 'for any ball in Christendom.'

'Then I can read Othello to you, as agreed on,' said Harriet archly : I was vexed with her.

'Perhaps, miss,' said Mrs. Wilson, 'I may choose to take you with me ; and as Mr. Wilson and

miss Jones choose to stay at home, I wish you and your sister would accompany me and Mr. Beaumont.

The point was now gained: Harriet was so delighted that she could scarce refrain from betraying herself: I whispered her not to talk lest she should spoil all. Mr. Beaumont seems as much pleased, happy, I suppose, to escape for one evening from miss Jones.

Harriet desires me to say that she is much obliged to you for satisfying her curiosity; we could not but admire your spirits. Ah, madam! were all our sex like you. I want to resign my pen to Harriet, but she tells me her whole attention is engaged to keep Mrs. Wilson in good humour, and contrive her dress, which is to be very gay. As I know you can be entertained with trifles when occurrences of consequence are wanting, I make no apology for the length of my letter, which was at first only intended to express my gratitude for your last favour, and request a repetition of the same kindness.

I conclude with respectful compliments to the colonel, in which Harriet joins with your much obliged,

M. VERNON.

LETTER XXXII.

Miss Vernon to Mrs. West.

My dear Madam,

ON every occasion where the advice of a sensible and kind friend is found necessary, it is my sister's and my happiness to experience in you that inestimable advantage: may we ever be guided by your advice, and profited by your

experience. I am requested by Harriet to write to you on a subject which she feels a reluctance to enter upon herself. I mentioned Mr. Beaumont as a sensible, agreeable young man: you are now prepared for what is to follow.

He is fallen in love with Harriet, but he is engaged to miss Jones. The utmost of his expectations is a curacy promised him of fifty pounds a-year. He had not been here many days before I discovered his partiality to my sister. I was uneasy, for I feared he was too pleasing not to be agreeable in the eyes of a woman disengaged in her affections.

'This Mr. Beaumont,' said she to me, yesterday, 'is a charming young man! what think you sister?'

'He is certainly very agreeable,' said I, 'but I wish you were not so sensible of it. I fear miss Jones will be displeas'd at seeing you so much together; and I fear—shall I say all I fear, dear Harriet?'

'Oh, yes; let me hear all your fears, and then I will tell you all my hopes.'

She turned from me to fetch her work which lay on the table, and I discovered strong marks of confusion in her averted face. She sat down, and in her intelligent countenance I read all I feared.

'Mr. Beaumont,' continued I, 'has been here a month; he is engaged to miss Jones; he is a young man of no property; his mother has set her heart on seeing him united to this lady on account of her large fortune; nor, indeed, has he any prospect of support by any other means. It is very visible to me that it is only her fortune that has induced him to think of the union; you have made the

same observation. In proportion as he has shunned her society I have observed that he has sought yours. During the last week his marked attention to you has, I am certain, been noticed by miss Jones. That he prefers you to her I have no doubt; but circumstanced as you both are, it is, in my opinion, high time that you should refrain from receiving those attentions from him which are due only to miss Jones. My Harriet is above reserve, and I know will answer me with her usual sincerity when I ask her if she has not given Mr. Beaumont too great a share of her regard and—

‘Stop, stop, dear Maria!’ interrupted she, ‘I will tell you every thing. It was never my intention to conceal from you what has passed between Mr. Beaumont and me, although I know I shall incur your anger.’

‘Impossible,’ said I; ‘your frankness will cancel, in my eyes, all your faults.’

She then proceeded thus:—

‘I never in my life saw a young man so agreeable as Mr. Beaumont; I found my partiality increase every day, and felt that I envied miss Jones. I was pleased with every attention and preference I received from her lover. Sure, thought I, if I were beloved by this man I should be happy; but it is not likely he should think of me when miss Jones’ thousands are glittering in his eyes, though I cannot but think he likes me best. In this manner did my thoughts roam, and thus were they engaged; when one day last week, when you and every body had rode out, he suddenly entered the parlour where I was sitting leaning my elbows on the table in a profound reverie. He caught me by

the arm, and expressed a surprise at finding me alone, and in so profound a study. There was something in his manner inexpressibly tender, and in short, Maria, he that morning declared he loved me. This declaration was delivered with such warmth, and at the same time with so much respect, it was impossible to doubt his sincerity. I have told you my sentiments of him, tell me how I should have acted on this unexpected declaration.’

‘Undoubtedly,’ replied I, ‘you should have reminded him of his engagements to miss Jones.’

‘She never entered my head at that time. I could make him no answer; but after a silence of a few minutes I told him that his mother must be consulted on the subject. “And may I then,” said he, “obtain your consent to consult my mother? Have I been so happy as to gain your favourable opinion?”—I recollected myself, but it was too late; for he exclaimed, taking my hand, “Yes; I am that happy being!” I withdrew my hand, but was wholly incapable of knowing what to say: what could I say, Maria? He had now formed, indeed, the right conclusion. Had the world been depending I could not have contradicted him. I believe he had as well as myself forgot miss Jones, I, however, recollected myself, and mentioned her.—“Name her not,” said he, “I detest her; never shall my heart be enslaved by golden fetters. I will this day undeceive her, and acquaint my mother.”—“Hold, hold,” said I, “I have a sister to consult:” I dared not say my own heart, for he had discovered that already. You shake your head, Maria; did I not say you would be angry with me? I left

the room, and have since avoided being alone with him. He this morning accused me of shunning him. 'How can I do otherwise,' I replied, 'when I consider your engagements to miss Jones.' "I only," said he, "want your permission to lay all before her, yet why should I want permission? My heart informs me that she has no place there: this day will I make to her that avowal." 'I am a poor weak girl, Mr. Beaumont,' said I, 'but I have a sister who is capable of advising me; to her I will communicate what has passed, and will request her to talk with you on the subject.' He urged me to stay longer with him, but I told him I would not hear another word until I had informed you; and now, my dear sister, I have told you all.'

Dear, ingenuous girl! How did her artless tale affect me: what a lustre does a frank and open mind reflect on the character of a young woman. 'I see, dear Harriet,' said I, 'this gentleman has impressed your mind too deeply for me to hope that my persuasions against indulging your passions will avail any thing: indeed I am the last person who can, with propriety, advise you to a conduct I am myself incapable of pursuing. We are too apt to ask advice too late. Had you and I reflected on the consequences of indulging a partiality for persons we—'

'Do not recriminate,' interrupted she, 'I trust we shall neither of us repent our past conduct; for my part I am gone too far to recede. I have not acted prudent, but that virtue is, I fear not, implanted in my disposition. I will tell you what I purpose, with your approbation, to do. In the first

place I think miss Jones should be wrote to, or somehow informed as you and Mr. Beaumont may think best: Mrs. Beaumont no doubt should be consulted.'

'And then,' interrupted I, smiling, 'the wedding may take place between you and her son. Upon my word, Harriet, you lay down a very easy plan, but I must confess I see many difficulties in the execution; I fear Mrs. Beaumont's consent will not easily be obtained for her son's union with a woman destitute of fortune, more especially considering his situation with miss Jones. But suppose her consent and even approbation could be procured, how are you to be supported?'

'You talk, Maria,' replied she, 'as if an immediate marriage was my wish: how can you entertain such an idea? The utmost I think of at present is the obtaining Mrs. Beaumont's approbation of her son's choice; the emancipating him from his engagements to miss Jones; and a mutual promise of being united, some years hence, when circumstances will admit.'

'I was going, dear Harriet,' said I, 'to give you my advice as well as opinion; but, as I before observed, I fear the former will be too late. You interrupted me, and I thought by your manner you was unwilling to hear it.'

'By no means,' replied she; 'I promise attention to all you may say, and, if possible, a compliance with all you wish.'

'Well then,' said I, 'your acquaintance with Mr. Beaumont is very short. His character, as we have heard it from Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, is good: his temper—(far be it from me to suppose it unamiable,) but I cannot but observe

it must be very much so indeed if it was discoverable to us; a very indifferent temper will appear a good one when seen only in company, where it is a person's interest to appear amiable. Mr. Beaumont is no doubt sensible, and elegant in his manners and person; but are these the only qualities to be sought for in a husband? A plain understanding, joined to a good temper, and a knowledge of the world are, in my opinion, preferable to all the graces of a court, and learning of a college without them. You are young and volatile, and it is not to be wondered at that you are pleased with the attention of such a man as Mr. Beaumont, and feel a partiality to such apparent perfections. That they are only apparent I will not even suppose; but I think a longer time necessary to determine their reality. Surely when my Harriet considers calmly she will not fetter herself by engagements of so serious a nature with a young man she has not known longer than a month. Circumstanced as Mr. Beaumont and you are, it is for both your interests that you should each endeavour to overcome a partiality, which indulged there is little prospect of having a happy termination. An attachment so much in its infancy I should suppose might be overcome. Time and absence I should think would wear away the impressions of excellencies known only for a few weeks. I am, perhaps, as I have before said, the last person who should speak thus on the subject, yet I cannot but think my own case different. An acquaintance of four years justifies me, in my own eyes at least, for a conduct I am condemning in you. I have now

spoken my sentiments, and have only to entreat that my dear sister will thoroughly consider and weigh the subject before she confers so great a blessing as the promise of her heart on Mr. Beaumont.'

The dear girl said she would retire and consider all I had said; she left the room but soon returned.—'I have not taken long to consider,' said she; 'the point of view you have placed the subject in has convinced me that I ought not to engage myself to Mr. Beaumont: I will endeavour that my affections shall not be engaged. I hope I shall not be classed among the romantic girls who give away their hearts to external merit only, and plunge into matrimony, destitute of the means of living. I think he should marry miss Jones as well from honourable considerations as interested ones; but I have unfortunately given him reason to think that he is not indifferent to me. Had I checked him in his first address, perhaps he might at once have relinquished all thoughts of me: I see I have acted wrong, and have let myself down in his eyes, no doubt, as well as in my own.'

'It is not yet too late,' replied I, 'to retrieve this step you regret. If you inform him that you have considered the matter, and are resolved to conquer the partiality you have permitted him to discover in his favour, and if you have heroism enough to urge him to fulfil his engagements with miss Jones, your uneasiness will subside, and you will bring him to the test; for, if he relinquishes all hopes of your favour and pursues his first engagements, I doubt not but you will easily overcome your affection for him, and will have the pleasure

of reflecting that you have acted honourably by miss Jones; but if the reverse is the case you will then be left at liberty to act as you please.'

She approved of this advice, but said she was sure she could not support such a conversation. I proposed her writing, but she entreated me to see Mr. Beaumont and inform him of her sentiments. I told her I by no means liked the office; perhaps she might alter her sentiments, or, perhaps, I might say more or less than she could wish. She entreated me so earnestly to comply with her request, that I would talk with him, that at length I was overcome, and consented to enter on the disagreeable task in the afternoon: in the mean time I proposed acquainting Mrs. Wilson with all particulars: this Harriet opposed at first, but I thought it absolutely proper there should be no reserve, and she consented that I should do as I pleased.

I went to Mrs. Wilson's dressing-room, and was fortunate to find her in high good humour from the circumstance of a becoming cap just put on. I dismissed her maid, desiring I might finish dressing the lady, and informed her briefly of all that had passed. She heard me with more attention than I expected, and approved the proposed conversation between Mr. Beaumont and me.—'I always thought Mr. Beaumont liked Harriet,' said she, 'for he has once or twice said to me that he thought her almost as handsome as I was at her age. I am delighted to think how miss Jones will be mortified, for I dare say he won't marry her now.'

'But, madam,' replied I, 'what prospect is there for my sister?'

'Oh! she will have a lover for a few months,' said Mrs. Wilson, 'it is time enough for her to marry; but how shall we contrive to give you and the gentleman an opportunity of talking this afternoon? I think, as I am pretty tolerable to day in my looks, I will drink tea with my sister Meadows, and take Mr. Wilson, miss Jones, and Harriet with me.'

I knew Mrs. Wilson's advice would be of no value on the present occasion, so only thanked her for her intention, and requested secrecy. She seemed much pleased with the confidence I had reposed in her, and we separated till dinner, which Harriet and myself wished over. We took our seats at table with as different thoughts and sentiments as, perhaps, ever occupied the minds of six people: Mrs. Wilson at the head, opposite a large looking-glass, had her ideas occupied by the captivating figure it presented of her person. Miss Jones declared she never was more fatigued in her life than at present, having spent the morning in translating select passages from Epictetus; (which she had brought with her for that purpose) in order to do that fine writer justice after the injustice done him by miss Carter, whose translation she held in contempt. Mr. Wilson (who is an excellent judge of cooking) was occupied in examining the stuffing of a fine hare before him, which he said had not a grain of pepper or salt in it. Mr. Beaumont, absent, and out of spirits, called for wine every minute, and complained of a bad head-ach. Harriet looked pale one moment and blooming the next; her chief solicitude being to avoid the eyes of Mr. Beaumont: her own were fixed

on her plate, the contents of which diminished but slowly. As for my thoughts, they were fully occupied by the expected conversation.

Little passed at dinner, and when the cloth was removed Mrs. Wilson said she had a proposal to make to which there must be no objections made by any of the company.

‘Upon my word,’ said miss Jones, ‘you are very arbitrary in your proposals, you give us no option,—quite a dogmatist.’

‘None of your hard words,’ replied Mrs. Wilson; ‘I propose going this afternoon to see my sister, and I desire that you, Mr. Wilson, and miss Harriet, will accompany me: Mr. Beaumont and miss Vernon must entertain each other, for there is not room for them in the coach.’ I thought miss Jones looked pleased at finding Harriet was going, but that might be my fancy. Harriet blushed extremely, Mr. Beaumont looked at me, bowed, and said he should be *honoured* by my company.

‘All settled then,’ said Mrs. Wilson; ‘we have nothing to do but to order the carriage.’ Miss Jones said she had no objection to this visit as a relaxation to her morning studies; and in about half an hour they set out, leaving Mr. Beaumont and me in the parlour.

We were both at a loss for a few minutes what to say; at length I began, and acquainted him I had that morning been informed by my sister what had passed between them during the last few days. He appeared confused, and answered he was very unhappy in not being permitted to have an opportunity of conversing with my sister, which he plainly saw was

purposely avoided by her, but that she had given him hopes that if, on consulting me, she found I was not averse to his wishes, she would consent to hear him on a subject in which his heart was deeply interested.

‘And to what purpose, Mr. Beaumont, should she hear you?’ said I: ‘what prospect can you have in uniting yourself to a woman without fortune, circumstanced as you are? My sister, with a frankness that does her the highest credit, has consulted me on the subject, and I have given her my opinion, which is, that you should endeavour to conquer your partiality for each other, and pursue your engagements with miss Jones.’

‘And is this her opinion?’ said he, with great earnestness; ‘why did she give me hopes of her favour?’

‘That she gave you those hopes is what, on consideration, she blames herself for; but such is the openness of her conduct and disposition, that she found it, at the time, impossible to disguise those sentiments of regard for you which she felt on your declaration.’

‘And has she so soon changed those sentiments?’

‘No, Mr. Beaumont; my sister is not fickle, although she may be irresolute.’

‘Pardon me, miss Vernon; I meant not to reflect on your sister, but why did she not condescend in person to inform me of this change in her sentiments?’

‘That she did not, sir,’ said I, ‘is a convincing proof that the change arose from circumstances, not from fickleness of disposition. She candidly acknowledged that she felt herself unequal to the task of desiring you to forget her. You

are, I doubt not, a man of too much honour to take advantage of an acknowledged weakness; and if on considering your views in life you are convinced it will not be in your power to provide for a wife in a comfortable manner I hope, and doubt not, that you will coincide with her wishes, in rooting from your heart a growing attachment where a happy termination cannot be expected. This, Mr. Beaumont, is what I am commissioned by my sister to say; these are her sentiments. I informed Mrs. Wilson of the affair, as thinking it improper to have reserve to that lady, and am obliged to her for this opportunity of speaking.

He remained silent some time, then starting, as it were, from his reverie,—‘No; it is impossible I can forget your sweet sister! My mother loves me, she has an income of three hundred a-year, which will be mine at her death; I am promised a curacy of fifty pounds a-year. We will live with my mother.’

I told him I saw no alternative between a slender maintenance, joined to its attendant distresses, and renouncing all thoughts of my sister. ‘But,’ added I, ‘you seem not to consider miss Jones: I understand you have been long engaged to her.’

‘I have,’ replied he; ‘but my heart was never in the connexion, nor is miss Jones capable of affection for any object independent of her books and learning. Her father, by going out of the common course of things, in bestowing on her an education suited only to a learned profession, has rendered her unfit for the society of her own sex, and made her the burlesque of ours.’

‘With these sentiments of the

lady,’ said I, ‘you surely cannot think of marrying her; but it by no means follows that, by relinquishing my sister, you plunge yourself into the unhappiness of marrying a woman you dislike.’—I went on talking for some time, and thought I discovered in his countenance marks of confusion and vexation; he traversed the room, seemingly at a loss what to say. At length—‘Permit me,’ said he, ‘to request your interest with your charming sister; that she will not withdraw her favour from me until I have written to my mother, and consulted her on the subject. I cannot, without her knowledge, acquaint miss Jones with the change in my sentiments; for I promised, at her earnest request, that if any such change should take place, I would previously acquaint her. Why she exacted this promise I know not; but I think myself bound to obey her.’

I told him I would inform my sister of his wishes, and if she, his mother, and himself, concurred in the propriety of the union, I certainly had no right to be averse. He retired to write to his mother, and left me, I own, not much pleased with his manner or sentiments. That a young man with such an opinion of a woman as he professes to entertain for miss Jones should ever have formed the intention of making her his wife, seems, in my mind, to argue something wrong; at least a mercenary disposition is discoverable. His early declaration to my sister whilst under such an engagement evinces no very nice regard to honour. He should, in my opinion, have emancipated himself from this engagement before he had presumed to address another. An

engaged man or woman I look on as married; and, in the eye of honour, they certainly are so. I like not the exaction of the promise by his mother. Why should she wish to make herself the principal in a case in which miss Jones was undoubtedly so? If her son saw reason to alter his mind in regard to marrying her, why should she be averse to his immediately acquainting the lady without first consulting her? The happiness and honour of her son was delayed and forfeited by consulting in a case which only required the simple question—have I changed my sentiments?

These were the thoughts which arose in my mind when he withdrew. He soon returned, and read to me the letter he had drawn up to his mother. I thought it sensible and respectful, and checked myself for, perhaps, my too hasty disapprobation of a young man who was at least dutiful. He mentioned my sister in the highest terms, and declared his determination to relinquish miss Jones. In short it was a letter wholly unexceptionable; and after taking a copy to show to Harriet, it was dispatched by a messenger, who was ordered to stay all night at Mrs. Beaumont's, and bring an answer in the morning, the distance being twenty miles.

By this time the party returned from their visit. Mrs. Wilson's good humour had subsided. The roads were so bad she would never attempt going again at this season of the year.—Her nieces were brought up so pert there was no bearing them. The eldest gabbled French to her, and when she found she was not understood, supposed that language was not taught when her aunt was young.

The youngest wondered she did not wear a lappet, and the nephew ordered a hassock to help her into the coach. All these particulars were told Mr. Beaumont and me as soon as she was seated; with the observation, that she saw not why she should put herself out of the way to accommodate other people; and she would not set her foot out of the house again to please any one.

'I own myself totally at a loss,' said miss Jones, 'to conjecture your meaning. For whose pleasure have you incommoded yourself? Not mine, I am sure; for I have spent, as I expected, a most insipid evening; and had there been a Cicero or Horace in the house, I should most certainly have stayed at home.'

Mrs. Wilson, who knew not the names of Cicero or Horace, thought she reflected on the accommodations she gave her visitors.—'I am sorry, miss, my house is not furnished to your mind; but if you will ask the housekeeper for the things you mention, I dare say she will supply you. It is fatiguing enough for me to entertain my company without attending to the furniture of their rooms.'

This mistake forced a smile from every face, which she perceiving was very angry, and declared she would not be laughed at.

'Come, my dear!' said Mr. Wilson, 'if any body has reason to be affronted, it is miss Harriet here; for, I believe, her cousin Meadows has not spoken three words to her the whole time, and never wished her a good night when she went away.'

'Well, Mr. Wilson, you have amply made it up to her; when did you pay me the attention of sitting on the same side of the

coach all the way, and taking my cup of tea the moment I had done with it ?

The silly woman now complained of her head and spirits, and went up stairs. I accompanied her to her apartment, but so wholly was she engrossed by the mortifications she had received, that the result of Mr. Beaumont's conversation and mine was quite unthought of. I returned to the parlour and found Mr. Wilson set down to a hot supper : Mr. Beaumont and miss Jones disputing on a passage in Milton ; the only English poet, she says, worth reading. Harriet retired to her apartment, I followed her ; and after relating all that had passed between Mr. Beaumont and me, she concurred in my opinion that there was something mysterious in his conduct, and made me happy by assuring me that she would take no step without my knowledge, and the advice of our maternal friend. She said she believed Mrs. Wilson had informed her husband of the affair, for he had remarked, at seeing her rather mortified at Mrs. Meadows' coolness, that the prospect of a good husband was worth more than her civility. This, conveyed in a whisper, had roused Mrs. Wilson's jealousy.

About noon the next day the messenger returned from Mrs. Beaumont's. We were hardly separated since breakfast, except miss Jones, who seldom honours us with her company, until dinner time. She regards Harriet and me as two ignorant girls, and seldom condescends to speak to us ; her conversation being chiefly directed to her false lover and Mr. Wilson. The servant delivered a letter which Mr. Beaumont gave

to Harriet unopened. ' On this letter,' said he, ' depends my happiness. If it does not plead my cause I have no other plea to offer ; for on my mother's approbation and wishes have I ever been dependent.' The entrance of a servant relieved Harriet from the embarrassment of an answer. She put the letter into her pocket, and retired to read as follows :—

Mrs. Beaumont to her Son.

' Your happiness, my dear son, has ever been inseparable from my own ; of this I trust you are well convinced : I therefore feel no reluctance in complying with your wishes where that is concerned. That you have met with a woman every way preferable to miss Jones I wonder not at ; nothing but interested motives could ever have obtained my approbation of your union with that lady ; but on no account do I wish you to sacrifice your peace for the paltry consideration of money. You say the object of your affections is without fortune. The means for your subsistence I have well considered : I have an income of three hundred a-year that devolves to you at my death, which my age, near seventy, warns me cannot be far distant. The description you give of your charming miss Vernon raises within me a wish that she would by a speedy marriage with you comfort my declining years ; and make me happy by partaking with yourself of my small fortune under the same roof. I say nothing of your church preferment : a curacy will be soon in your possession, and I doubt not in a few years your further advancement. If domestic happiness in the society of each other is all you seek, this plan,

according to my ideas, will not be unacceptable. It is the only one I can suggest suitable to my own wishes and ability of performance. Your compliance with my request, of informing me of your attachment to this lady, previous to acquainting miss Jones, has highly pleased me. I had very important reasons for making the request, and have now to urge the continuance of reserve to that lady for the present. I know you will say you cannot, consistent with your honour, continue the deception. I see the justice of the observation, but, my dear son, suffer me to entreat your compliance with my desire, that you will not, until you are actually married, undeceive miss Jones. My reasons, which you shall then know, you will allow to be highly proper: your own, as well as my happiness is dependent. In the mean time trust my knowledge and discretion, and rest assured that I will lead you into no step which shall be derogatory to your honour. I have no more to add but my best wishes to the object of your affection, whom I hope shortly to embrace as a daughter.

Your affectionate mother,
M. BEAUMONT.'

After we had perused this letter we looked at each other, at a loss what to say. At length I said, — 'Harriet! pray write to our dear Mrs. West all the particulars of this affair. I feel wholly incapable of judging how to act, and by your opinion I will be guided.'

'I will, my dear sister,' said she, 'immediately comply with your request; I feel as incapable as yourself of advising.' — 'If Mr.

Beaumont has an interest in your heart, I fear it will be of little use to ask advice, if it proves contrary to its dictates.' —

'Ah, Maria! it is that I fear. My heart assents to the proposal contained in this letter, but something whispers me that I ought not to obey its dictates without further consideration.'

We had now a difficulty how to return the letter to Mr. Beaumont; at length we agreed she should enclose it in the following lines addressed to him:—

'Sir,

'I have perused the enclosed, and feel grateful to Mrs. Beaumont for her kind wishes and expressions towards me; but the subject is too important to admit of a hasty determination. My youth and inexperience make it necessary that I should advise with some judicious friend, for which purpose I shall write to a lady every way worthy that title. In the mean time, if you wish to oblige me, you will avoid all opportunity of conversing alone on the subject with

Your obedient servant,
H. VERNON.'

Finding Mr. Beaumont was gone out I went in search of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, showed them the letter, and informed them of Harriet's determination. They both appeared pleased, and advised no delay; but that the marriage should take place as soon as possible. Mrs. Wilson, I thought, showed greater pleasure at the idea of miss Jones' disappointment than Harriet's good fortune. The entrance of that lady put an end to the conversation.

And now, my dear madam, you

have all before you; we feel peculiarly happy in the opportunity of reference to so good and wise a friend. Our brother has not written to us at all. The possibility of our wanting money, I suppose, has never occurred to him. We are, however, thanks to Mrs. Wilson, who with all her faults has some generous fits, not under the necessity of soliciting him. Adieu! my dear madam; with the greatest affection and respect, I subscribe myself your

MARIA VERNON.

(To be continued.)

SOLITARY WALKS

IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

BY JOHN WEBB,

WALK IV.

‘When I enter into a church-yard I love to converse with the dead. See how thick the hillocks of mortality arise all around me, each of them a monument of death, and the covering of a son or daughter of Adam. Perhaps a thousand, or ten thousand pieces of human nature, heaps upon heaps, lie buried in this spot of ground; it is the old repository of the inhabitants of the neighbouring towns, a collection of the ruins of many ages, and the rubbish of twenty generations.’

Dr. WATTS.

A NEW-fallen shower had refreshed the parched realms of Nature, and sweets exhaled from a flaunting woodbine, impregnated the passing breeze with fragrance, when I began my fourth excursion among the tombs. The air, which a short time before resounded with the melody of birds, and the buzz of insects, was all tranquillity.

The blackbird had retired to his bowery recess, and the bee to his homied dome: the bat no longer plied his leathern wing, the beetle forbore to ‘wheel his droning flight,’ and the butterfly had ceased to display his enamelled pinions ‘bedropt with azure, green, and gold.’

The queen of night, enthroned in the blue expanse, gilt the surrounding scenery with her silvery rays, and, as Milton says, shadowy set off the face of things, and prompted the solitary mind to melancholy musings. Fast by the chancel of the church lies Florio, the youthful, gay, the murdered Florio, who was stabbed in an affray at a cricket-match. The hapless youth sleeps forgotten, beneath a grassy sod, and no memorial records his hapless fate.

‘Forgotten! I recal th’ improper word,
I never can forget that scene of blood;
I saw him in the cheerful morn of life
Fall a sad victim to a villain’s knife.

‘Did Fancy’s wild illusions cheat mine ear?
Or did I from the tomb these accents hear?
Tun’d to the Muse’s lyre:

‘Pause, midnight wanderer! who devoid
of dread

Thus meditates among the village dead.
Hear my admonitory short address,
And profit by my tale of wretchedness.

Like yours my cheek was flush’d with
Health’s red dyes,

Hope’s promis’d pleasures glitter’d to
mine eyes;

Charm’d by blithe Fancy’s gaily-painted
dream,

Heedless I sail’d down joy’s enchanting
stream

Until, alas! a Providence severe
Marr’d each bright thought, and clos’d
my gay career,

Unceremonious doom! no warning
giv’n,

No time to reconcile offended Heav’n.

Snatch'd from Life's jocund scenes in
youthful bloom,
Untimely hurried to the darksome
tomb.

'Taught by my fate, by my experience
wise,
Shun those mad haunts where storms of
discord rise;
Whose gales may Life's frail bark in
pieces tear,
And sink it in the whirlpool of despair.

'While life and health, and youth are in
your power,
Let virtuous actions grace each flying
hour;
Then should mischance thy vital spark
destroy,
A sudden exit will be sudden joy.'

Author's Manuscript Poems.

A new-erected tombstone, not
far distant, told another tale of
woe:—Two blooming daughters,
torn from their parents by the aw-
ful stroke of the grim phantom
Death. Such a sight might justly
call upon the feeling heart to sym-
pathize, and the tearful eye to
weep for sorrows not its own.

'Oh! 'tis a scene that rends the feeling
heart,
That drowns in tears soft Pity's melt-
ing eye;
Might make stern Pluto drop the savage
part,
And melt his iron breast to sympathy.

'Oh! when the deep resounding solemn
knell
With horrid pause broke thro' the
troubled air,
What heart so flinty knew not how to
feel?
What eye deny'd the sympathetic
tear?

'Yet think not He who watches over
all
Could to these childrens hapless fate
be blind;

That Power, who gracious marks the
sparrow's fall,
Appoints the date of man's superior
kind.

'Ah! rather think, that to the future
wise,
He saw misfortune mark their earthly
state;
Saw gathering clouds of sorrow round
them rise,
And snatch'd them, pitying, from the
storm of fate.'

W. COLLINS, A. B.

Traversing the dreary scene I
came to a spot where the relics of
a Dutch soldier were laid. Dur-
ing the rebellion in 1745 he came
to England with an army of 6000
of his countrymen, to assist the
English in subduing the Scottish
rebels. Being quartered in this
town, he sickened and died. Poor
youth! far from thy native coun-
try, thy much-prized home, the
father that dandled thee on his
knee, the mother who supplied
thy infancy with milky beverage,
and the maiden who bestowed on
thee her affections. Strangers per-
formed the last sad office, closed
thine eyes, and delved thee a bed
in this 'place of skulls.'

Poor youth!

'No friend's complaint, no kind do-
mestic tear,
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy
mournful bier;
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were
clos'd,
By foreign hands thy active limbs com-
pos'd;
By foreign hands thy humble grave
ador'd,
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers
mourn'd.'

POPE:

After visiting another tomb-
stone, and reading the following
verse inscribed thereon,

* Keep death and judgment always in
your eye,
None 's fit to live who is not fit to die,
Make use of present time, because you
must
Shortly take up your lodging in the
dust.'

I retired to my bed, where sleep,
as Shakspeare says, knit up the
ravelled sleeve of care; and es-
corted by Morpheus I visited the
paradise of happy dreams.

Haverhill.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

SHOULD you think the following
trille (founded on a real fact which
happened at Coldwaltham in Sussex,
last harvest,) worthy of a place in your
entertaining Magazine, you will oblige
a constant reader by inserting it.

I am, Sir,

your obedient servant,

W. H.

Ryegate, Aug. 10, 1807.

THE HARVEST EVENING.

A RURAL SKETCH.

AT length the crimson West
proclaims the end of day; the sun
sinks down behind the hill, and
leaves the jaded peasantry to seek
their homes. How still around!
The atmosphere is hush'd! Be-
hold the happy tribe! their sultry
day completed, issuing from their
hospitable master's door; each
takes his road, and, warm in heart,
give each the kind 'good night.
Ah! who knows how soon the last

'good night' may come!—One
youth, the kindest of the throng,
bids the farewell; and, with his
little dog, hastens his steps toward
his father's cot. But hark! what
rattling in the trees! Louder and
louder is the sound! The wind
still rises, and sable clouds præ-
cede the impending storm. At
once the whole horizon is a dismal
scene! The tempest comes; the
dreadful lightning darts its fatal
blaze, and thunder shakes the
earth! Alas! the moment fraught
with direst woe is now at hand—
A burning flash strikes the poor
youth, and lays him prostrate on
the ground! The faithful dog,
close to his master's feet, howls
out and feels the blow. The dog
comes to him; but ah! in vain he
expects his master's kind caress;
no more he feels his soothing
hand. The peasant falls to rise
no more! Virtue and filial af-
fection inscribe these lines upon
his rural grave:

'Beneath this humble sod is laid,
Bemoan'd by all the village train,
A youth who ev'ry effort made
The love of all his friends to gain.

'From early dawn to closing night
His aged parents ease he sought;
And all their comfort and delight
Was by his daily labour bought.

'No task to him was e'er too hard
Which gave his aged mother rest;
And oft the happy dame's regard
She warmly to the youth express'd.

'But ah! the mother now is lost—
Her life, her sole support, is gone!
The fatal stroke her reason cost,
Distraction does her loss bemoan.

W. H.

FASHIONABLE RUSTIC
WALKING AND HALF DRESS.

(*With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.*)

1. A JACKET and petticoat of thick slate-coloured muslin or fine stuff; the jacket trimmed with a double row of pink ribbon, and the petticoat and sleeves Vandyked with the same; long sleeves or gloves to match the dress: a gypsy hat of chip or straw, trimmed with pink crape; and a half handkerchief of the same tied under the chin; white parasol, and slate-coloured or grey shoes.

2. A short round dress of thick India muslin, made close to the throat, which is finished with a Vandyke collar: the front ornamented with rich work or lace; plain long sleeves, trimmed at the bottom with the same. A cap of yellow satin intermixed with lace, and a yellow rose in front, yellow kid shoes and gloves.

THE SWORD.

A FRAGMENT.

By Caroline A.—

‘I WISH I were a man,’ said the youthful Frederic to his little sister Madeline.—‘Dear me, brother! how often will you say it? and suppose you was a man, what would you do then?’

Frederic cast his eyes on his father’s sword that hung over the chimney; the colour mounted to his lovely cheeks. ‘I would,’ said he, raising his hands towards the sword in an attitude of supplica-

tion, ‘say to my mamma, I am now a man, fulfil now your promise; give me my father’s sword; let me join the army, fight for my country, and be a hero like my father!’

‘Aye, brother, but suppose you should, like my father, die in battle, or like that brave hero we read of in the news-papers the other day, who in the great sea-fight fought the French so nobly—’ ‘And conquered, sister!—That was a glorious death! He will ever live in the hearts of his countrymen; and each rising generation will read the name of Nelson with rapture, and try to imitate so great an example.’

‘Indeed, Frederic, I do not like to hear you speak so; one would think you were unhappy, I am sure mamma is the best of women. We have an elegant cottage, and beautiful gardens to play in. Now, for my part, I never would wish to quit mamma’s side: But, come brother, suppose you and I were to attend a little to our tasks to day; you know mamma has promised, if we are good, to take us to Theodore’s cottage; I long to know how his arm is; it was a sad thing for him to break it: I wonder who attends his silkworms now, as his children are too young to do any thing for him. I am sure when I am there and see their distress, I bless God for his goodness to me, and enabling mamma to relieve the poor.’

Madame de Soleure here interrupted the conversation; the children looked frightened, for the tasks were totally forgotten.—‘My beloved children,’ said the amiable lady, ‘I have heard your conversation; I was sitting in the next room; the partition is so thin, and

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



Rustic Walking & Half Dress.



you spoke so loud that it was impossible for me not to hear you; your sentiments delight me. Yours, my darling boy, must be as yet suppressed; if it be the will of Heaven to spare you, a few years will bring you to that period you so ardently wish for. In the intervening time you have a great deal to learn. A true hero must be a gentleman; both his mind and manners must be polished; and without education that will never be. Return, my dear Frederic, to your studies; waste not even a particle of your time, for like particles of gold they each have their separate value; and if lost, the mind which polished might prove your greatest ornament, would be dormant to yourself and friends. I will keep my promise by attending you this evening to the cottage of Theodore.'

While I have my young friends hard at their task, and their amiable mother occupied in domestic arrangements, I will give my little readers an outline of madame de Soleure's history. I think I hear miss Fanny say, 'Oh! I hope we shall hear more of sweet little Madeline;' and master Tom says, 'I long to know if Frederic gets his father's sword;' while miss Eliza is quite pleased that the author or authoress is to tell them something of good madame de Soleure: as I shall make miss Eliza the oldest in the present party, she shall be gratified.

'Madame de Soleure lost both her parents at so early a period of life that she had no recollection of them: her mother's sister took charge of the orphan, and never was trust more implicitly fulfilled than it was by miss Meadows. The death of a beloved sister had chased the smile of joy from the face of

miss Meadows. The opening blossoms of genius which she saw rising in the mind of Maria inspired her with an idea which she thought would sooth many hours of sad reflection. This was to educate her niece herself; and no person was better calculated for such a task than miss Meadows. She was well educated, had read a great deal, reflected much, had mixed with the higher circles of life, and could draw from each scene, and each character, those traits she thought would so form her Maria as to make her amiable in domestic life. Under such a preceptress the little Maria could not fail of improvement, and never was trouble better repaid. Often would the little orphan say, when her aunt rewarded her with a kiss for well executing her task, 'I should be an ungrateful little girl if I did not endeavour to please my dear aunt! I will never, while I live, vex my dear aunt!' Maria was blessed with the outward form of beauty; her mind was the seat of the milder virtues; she possessed sensibility to feel for the woes of others; to feel that gratitude was the first debt due to the Almighty for his benefits to her, and to her aunt who had endowed her with those mental accomplishments that taught her to look on the frivolities of life with indifference. She had just reached her eighteenth year when her aunt's health began to decline: a rapid consumption had taken possession of her frame. With what tender care and anxiety did Maria watch over her early friend; by each endearment she would try to ease the heavy hours of pain; night and morn would she implore Heaven to spare her aunt; her more than parent.

The climate of England was

thought by the physicians too keen for miss Meadows, and towards Autumn they ordered her to Lisbon, or the south of France; at this period France enjoyed the blessings of peace, and the people were happy in being governed by a good king. Miss Meadows, who had ever her niece's improvement at heart, thought that a tour through this delightful country would be a source of delight to a mind fond of the charms of nature; and Maria formed in her ardent imagination her aunt's restored health, whilst travelling with her through those delightful scenes she so often read of:—she had never quitted her native shades in Somerset, and now anticipated the pleasure with ardent natural to youth. * * * * *

Shepton-Mallet.

A NIGHT WALK

IN SEPTEMBER.

By J. M. L.

' Now air is hush'd, save where the
weak-ey'd bat
With short shrill shrieks flits by on
leathern wing;
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,
As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless
hum;
Now teach me, maid compos'd,
To breathe some soften'd strain,
Whose numbers stealing thro' thy dark-
ning vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As musing slow, I hail
'Thy genial lov'd return!'

COLLINS.

Summer was preparing to depart, and to resign his throne to Autumn, when I began my Sep-

tember's stroll; the harvest was in most places ended; only a few beans were left to be got in, and the farmer's Summer toil would be ended. The air was very calm, and I could not help ejaculating,

—' This is the time,
For those whom wisdom and whom
Nature charm,
To steal themselves from the degenerate
crowd,
And soar above this little scene of
things;
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath
their feet:
To sooth the throbbing passions into
peace,
And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.'

THOMSON.

The fallen leaves that rustled under my feet as I walked on, seemed to whisper in my ear, 'Winter is at hand;' for when Summer quits us short is the progress till Winter
' Reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd
year.'

As yet it was warm and fine, and Night was clad in her brightest robe; no sullen cloud obscured the bright face of heaven, all was beauty, and all was peace; each

' Silver-streaming star'

poured its radiance around, and the pale-eyed moon shed her waning lustre on the earth.—Thus may we address Night when silence and serenity attend her:

'Lo! where the meek-ey'd train attend!
Queen of the solemn thought! descend;
Oh hide me in romantic bowers!
Or lead my step to ruin'd towers;
Where gleaming thro' the chinky door
The pale ray gilds the moulder'd floor:
While beneath the hallow'd pile,
Deep in the desert shrieking aisle,
Rapt Contemplation stalks along,
And hears the slow clock's pealing
tongue;

Or, mid the dun discolour'd gloom,
Sits on some hero's peaceful tomb,
Throws Life's gay glitt'ring robe aside,
And tramples on the neck of Pride.'

OGILVIE.

Crossing a field of stubble I heard the partridge's cry.—Night-loving bird! well may'st thou, at this season more especially, seek the gloom of midnight rather than the glare of day; instinct has taught thee to dread the hour of light, and instinct teaches truly. Soon as morning appears, the sportsman, with jocund heart, will seek thy closest haunt; there the steady pointer will show thy hiding-place—his master advances; fear seizes thee! you rise, and death almost certainly awaits thee!

* Here the rude clamour of the sportsman's joy,
The gun fast thund'ring, and the wind-ed horn,
Would tempt the Muse to sing the *rural game*;
How, in his mid career, the spaniel, struck
Stiff by the tainted gale, with open nose,
Outstretch'd, and finely sensible, *draws full*,
Fearful and cautious, on the latent prey;
As in the sun the circling covey bask
Their vivid plumes, and watchful ev'ry way
Thro' the rough stubble turn the secret eye.
Caught in the mesly snare, in vain they beat
Their idle wings, entangled more and more:
Nor on the surges of the boundless air,
Tho' borne triumphant, are they safe;
the gun,
Glanc'd just, and sudden, from the fowler's eye,
O'ertakes their sounding pinions; and again,
Immediate, brings them from the tow'ring wing
Dead to the ground; or drives them wide dispers'd,

Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.

These are not subjects for the peaceful Muse,
Nor will she stain with such her spotless song;
Then most delighted, when she social sees
The whole mix'd animal creation round
Alive, and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,
This falsely-cheerful barb'rous game of death;
This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth
Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn;
When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,
Urg'd by necessity, had rang'd the dark,
As if their conscious ravage shunn'd the light,
Asham'd. Not so the steady tyrant, man,
Who, with the thoughtless insolence of pow'r,
Inflam'd beyond the most infuriate wrath
Of the worst monster that e'er roam'd the waste,
For sport alone pursues the cruel chase,
Amid the beamings of the gentle days,
Upbraid, ye rav'ning tribes, our wanton rage,
For hunger kindles you, and lawless want;
But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,
Is what your horrid bosoms never knew.'

THOMSON.

On my way home, toward which I was now hastening, as the mists began to rise, my ideas, by an impulse which no man can control or define, were led to the females of the present day; that some few of them are faulty the fairest amongst them will allow; that they are but few, *very few*, I am extremely willing to believe: but, as my walks are addressed more particularly to them, and for their perusal, I am sure I shall be excused for ending this with what

Hurdis calls a 'friendly lecture to the fair.' The truths it contains are obvious; and though it is a long quotation, still the beauty of it will amply repay those who have never before read it; and to those who have the pleasing recollections of Hurdis's poetry, will be, I am sure, a sufficient inducement for them again to peruse it.

Unwedded maiden, is there yet a man
For wisdom eminent? Seek him be-
times:
He will not shun thee, tho' thy fre-
quent foot
Wear out the pavement at his door. Ye
fair,
Be sedulous to win the man of sense;
And fly the empty fool. Shame the dull
boy
Who leaves at college what he learn'd
at school,
And whips his academic hours away,
Cas'd in unwrinkled buckskin and tight
boots,
More studious of his hunter than his
books.
Oh! had ye sense to see what powder'd
apes
Ye oft admire, the idle boy for shame
Would lay his racket and his ball aside,
And love his tutor and his desk. Time
was
When ev'ry woman was a judge of arms
And military exploit. 'Twas an age
Of admirable heroes! And time was
When women dealt in Hebrew, Latin,
Greek:
No dunces then, but all were deeply
learn'd.
I do not wish to see the female eye
Waste all its lustre at the midnight
lamp:
I do not wish to see the female cheek
Grow pale with application. Let your
care
Be to preserve your beauty; that se-
cur'd,
Improve the judgment, that the loving
fair
May have an eye to know the man of
worth,
And keep secure the jewel of her charms

From him who ill deserves. Let the
spruce beau,
That lean, sweet-scented, and palav'rous
fool,
Who talks of honour and his sword,
and plucks
The man who dares advise him by the
nose;
That puny thing which hardly crawls
about,
Reduc'd by wine and women, yet drinks
on,
And vapours loudly o'er his glass, re-
solv'd
To tell a tale of nothing, and outswear
The northern tempest; let that fool, I
say,
Look for a wife in vain, and live de-
spis'd.
'I would that all the fair ones of this
isle
Were such as one I knew. Peace to
her soul!
She lives no more! And I a genius need
To paint her as she was. Most like,
methinks,
That amiable maid the Poet drew
With angel pencil, and baptiz'd her
Portia.
Happy the man, and happy sure he was,
So wedded. Bless'd with her, he wan-
der'd not
To seek for happiness; 'twas his at
home.
How often have I chain'd my truant
tongue
To hear the music of her sober words!
How often have I wonder'd at the grace
Instruction borrow'd from her eye and
cheek!
Surely that maid deserves a monarch's
love
Who bears such rich resources in her-
self
For her sweet progeny! A mother
taught
Entails a blessing on her infant charge
Better than riches; an unfading cruse
She leaves behind her, which the faster
flows
The more 'tis drawn; where ev'ry soul
may feed,
And nought diminish of the public
stock.
'Show me a maid so fair in all your
ranks,

Ye crowded boarding-schools ! Are ye
 not apt
 To taint the infant mind, to point the
 way
 To fashionable folly, strew with flow'rs
 The path of Vice, and teach the way-
 ward child
 Extravagance and pride ? Who learns
 in you
 To be the prudent wife, or pious mother ?
 To be her parents staff, or husband's joy ?
 'Tis you dissolve the links that once held
 fast
 Domestic happiness. 'Tis you untie
 The matrimonial knot ; 'Tis you divide
 The parent and his child. Yes, 'tis to
 you
 We owe the ruin of our dearest bliss !
 The best instructress for the growing lass
 Is she that bare her. Let *her* first be
 taught,
 And we shall see the path of virtue
 smooth
 With often treading. She can best dis-
 pense
 That frequent medicine the soul re-
 quires,
 And make it grateful to the tongue of
 youth,
 By mixture of affection. She can charm
 When others fail, and leave the work
 undone.
 She will not faint, for she instructs her
 own.
 She will not torture, for she feels herself.
 So education thrives, and the sweet
 maid
 Improves in beauty, like the shapeless
 rock
 Under the sculptor's chisel ; till at length
 She undertakes her progress thro' the
 world,
 A woman fair and good, as child for
 parent,
 Parent for child, or man for wife could
 wish.
 Say, man, what more delights thee than
 the fair ?
 What should we not be patient to en-
 dure
 If they command ? We rule the noisy
 world,
 But they rule us. Then teach them how
 to guide,
 And hold the rein with judgment.
 Their applause

May once again restore the quiet reign
 Of virtue, love, and peace, and yet
 bring back
 The blush of folly, and the shame of
 vice !

VILLAGE CURATE.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE,

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters,

BY SOPHIA TROUGHTON.

(Continued from p. 372.)

LETTER III.

*Lady Walsingham to the Dowager
 Countess of Aubry.*

'Why is a wish far dearer than a crown?
 That wish accomplish'd, why the grave
 of bliss?'

Walsingham-hall.

My dear Madam,

I AM now in possession of the
 first wish of my heart ; the com-
 pany of miss Lester : but, alas !
 five years residence in foreign
 countries has made a great alter-
 ation in my friend. In person she
 is improved ; but in manners, in
 sentiment, how sadly altered !

The warm, generous friendship
 of the blooming English girl, is
 changed for the studied softness
 of an Italian signora, or the
 haughty airs of a Spanish donna ;
 though she can still assume the
 more pleasing manners of her own
 nation when she pleases, but ca-
 price is the magnet that influences
 all she says or does.

I should not, my dear madam,
 make so free with Helen's charac-
 ter if she did not herself take pains
 to have it known ; and often says

that she despises the tame figure she made before her quitting England: the land of fogs, as she calls it.

I am greatly disappointed, and believe she is the same; for she evidently prefers Walsingham's company to mine.

She is no favourite of Mrs. Howard; indeed that lady often speaks so tart, that she astonishes me; for certainly miss Lester is still a very fascinating companion, though I should not choose her now for a friend; but as Mrs. Howard did not know her before her leaving England, I know not any reason she has to be particularly displeased.

Mr. Baderly came the same evening as Helen. He is a very fine young gentleman, and has that graceful ease in his manner which denotes he has been used to the best company. He has fine spirits, and Helen rallies him from morning till night.

Yesterday morning sir Harry and Mr. Linly went on the canal to fish. When they returned, they praised so much the beauty of the scenery, the coolness of the water, and the largeness and convenience of the boat, that the ladies said they would see if they had not exaggerated. Accordingly in the evening we embarked, and found the water delightful; the conversation was sprightly, and we thought not of returning till the moon rose and cast her silvery light on the water and surrounding country, which, by the delicacy of the tints, acquired fresh beauty.

Seymore, who touches the flute with great taste, played Handel's water-piece: the echo from the hills, and the dashing of the oars; formed a not displeasing concert. 'The feelings of the company seem-

ed in unison with the calm and undisturbed scene. A pleasing melancholy pervaded me, and I gave myself wholly up to the enthusiasm of the moment.

Mrs. Howard, who possesses 'such harmony as is in immortal souls,' sung the sweetly plaintive air of 'Crazy Jane' with so much pathos, and Seymour played the accompaniment with such tender energy, that the tears flowed down my cheeks unperceived till they fell on my hand. I hastily wiped my eyes, and looked around to see if my tender folly was noticed. I was rather embarrassed on observing Mr. Baderly's eyes fixed on my face with attention. Surely he must think me a very weak creature, surrounded with blessings as I am, to weep at imaginary woes;—and yet they are not imaginary. How many blooming daughters of innocence have given joy to the heart, and rapture to the countenance of their fond parents, till

'The cruel spoiler came: cropt the fair bud,
And rifled all its sweetness:
Then cast it like a loathsome weed
away.'

Alas! how many dotting mothers hearts have been left to break! How many grey heads brought with sorrow to the grave by the detestable arts and false blandishments of the vile seducer!

It is this peoples the streets of the metropolis with miserable and unhappy women.

O Seduction! of what dreadful evils art thou not the parent? Contempt, Despair, and Suicide, are thy offspring!

We passed the ruins of the castle which, at that still hour, looked

awfully magnificent. I should have liked to have landed and explored its venerable apartments, and will the first opportunity, though when that will be I know not; for the gentlemen are continually planning parties of pleasure, and attending them; and the affairs of my family quite engage my time.

We landed about ten o'clock, every one delighted with the excursion.

I am writing at my window, and see in the garden lord Seymore and Mrs. Howard in earnest conversation. I thought when miss Lester first came it was probable that lord Seymore and she might, from a similarity of temper, feel a softer sensation for each other than mere friendship. But Helen is no longer the girl I once knew her; and it is evident that Mrs. Howard is the mistress of Seymore's destiny. And who that knows the amiable disposition of both but must wish him success with that charming woman! She is so young, yet so considerate; so beautiful, yet so humble; so witty, yet so mild; that a common observer, from her unassuming behaviour, would not think her possessed of any shining accomplishments.

She does me the honour to profess a sisterly regard for me, and my affairs.

Julia shuns company as much as possible, indeed rather more than good manners allow. I am persuaded some concealed grief preys on her health, and have conjured her to acquaint me with it. She was offended that I should suppose she *could* have any thing to hide, and peevishly told me that when she wanted advice she would come to me for it. This petulance grieved me; for, perhaps, if I knew the cause I might be able

to remove the effect: at any rate, by participation I might alleviate, might lighten that load which, apparently will sink her into her grave.

The brilliancy of her eyes is dimmed, the rose of health has entirely forsook her cheek, in short she is but the shadow of her former self.

I, who am so eminently happy, ought and do wish to remove every trace of sorrow from the hearts and countenances of those about me: how much more particularly from the face of my Walsingham's dear sister! He has made me the happiest of women, and I am distressed to see the sombre veil of melancholy cloud the features of any of his family.

Adieu! my dear madam; with many prayers for your health, I subscribe myself

Your dutiful and
affectionate daughter,
CAROLINE WALSINGHAM.

LETTER IV.

Lady Walsingham to the Countess of Aubry.

Walsingham-hall.

JULIA still continues her mysterious conduct, shuns company, looks extremely ill, yet says she ails nothing.

Yesterday evening Mrs. Howard and I was walking in the park alone (a very uncommon circumstance; for both lord Seymore and Mr. Baderly are extremely attentive to the movements of Mrs. Howard). We came in sight of the castle, and I proposed walking through the apartments; she consented, and we entered the north tower, the lower part of which is inhabited by the old park-keeper,

an honest, faithful servant, who has lived in the family from a boy.

I asked Johnson if there were any part of the castle more worthy of observation than the rest; for we had but little time, and wished to see all we could.

The old man stared at me for a moment,—‘Why laws, my lady! I hope you ar’nt agoing for to scare your precious wits in them there grand apartments; but I am sure you will, if you go for to see sights there, saveing your presence.’

‘Why,’ said I, ‘Johnson, what is there so terrible in the grand apartments as to make you imagine we must lose our senses in visiting them?’

‘Why, deare me, my lady, there has been shocking work done there formerly, when them barons was in fashion. Though I am sure neither my lord, nor his father, nor grandfather, ever hurt a hair of any body’s head; but then, when that man that was no king, Oliver some’ot had the manageing of things, this castle was given to one of his friends, and nobody knows what was done here then. Besides these ghosts, and such cattle, take it in their heads—’

‘Ghosts!’ exclaimed Mrs. Howard, ‘my good friend, I fear something has scared your wits, if you think we should see ghosts.’

‘Oh! as to that,’ said old Agatha, ‘we do all know that ghosts does live in them rooms in that tower, (pointing to the west one;) and if any body was but to go in there they would not ever come out alive again, an please your ladyship—’

‘But, pray Agatha, who told you so? has any body tried the experiment?’

‘Yes, my Lady.’

‘No, my lady,’ interrupted Johnson, and frowning at his wife, ‘nobody has; but they are kept locked.’

‘You have the keys though, Johnson;—have you not?’ said I:—he seemed embarrassed.—‘Come, Johnson, tell me what mystery hangs over the castle, if you are acquainted with any. You may speak without fear; this lady is my friend’—I saw him look hard at Mrs. Howard.

‘Well, madam, you know what is best better than I; and since you command me, why I must tell you, though I hope you will not tell lady Julia, for she might take it ill, cause she bid me tell nobody.’

‘Lady Julia!’ exclaimed I, ‘what of lady Julia?’

Again he looked at Mrs. Howard, who seeing the worthy soul did not speak before her, would have retired. But I knowing the pride of Julia’s heart too well to think she would intrust a secret of any consequence to the keeping of old Johnson, prevailed on her to stay; and as she loves to see every one about her easy and comfortable, made the old man sit down in his arm chair.

‘Why you must know, my ladies,’ said he now, ‘that I have been a good forty years in the estate; and so was in the family long before this present lord was born. Ah! I shall never forget what a sweet boy he was, and what rejoicings we had surely. Well, but as I was saying, about the castle, which to my mind was always an ugly place, though, I believe, all was pretty quiet till after my late lady died. But after my lady died, my lord would be in the

chapel of the castle for hours, looking at her tomb, and would sometimes stay out very late, but none of the servants dared go to look for him.

‘I was at that time park-keeper, and more fit for the place than I am now; God help me! but my young lord is very good to let me stay here, for I do think it would break both dame’s heart and mine to leave this house where we have lived so many, many years.

‘Well, one night it rained, and blew at a great rate, and my lord was out; so the servants came to me with a great coat, thinking I should know when he came out, as there is a way from this tower all over the castle; but I had taken care to have the door nailed up long before. But my lord always came in and out at a little door in the West tower. Well, there we waited and waited to see him come out, and so we did see him at last; but he did not come from the castle but from the wood, drenched with rain, and, mercy on us! as pale as a ghost.’

Here Agatha cast a fearful glance round, and drew her chair nearer her husband. ‘So when he saw us stand, he said, “Follow me;” and went directly up to my lady’s tomb, fetched a deep sigh, and clasped his hands on it. “Bury me here,” said he; so with that we all thought that he had seen the ghost of my lady, till he groaned and fainted, and then we saw his waistcoat very bloody, and that some vile wretches had stabbed this best of masters. On seeing this, we got him up into the West apartments, they being in a better condition than any other. Agatha brought some of our own bedding that was aired, and we got him to bed, while Thomas fetched a sur-

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geon; but when he came he said the villains had done their work too effectually for him to be of any use: and, as he said, so it happened; for on the fourth day my good lord died, and *was* buried with his lady.

‘This was a woful day for his poor servants, and them rooms have been shut up ever since; so every think is in the same state as we left them.’

‘How do you know that?’ cried Agatha; ‘I dare say the ghosts have turned every thing topsyturvy.’

‘We all think,’ said Johnson, lowering his voice, ‘that my lord’s spirit won’t rest till it has justice done on his murderers; as there has been strange noises heard ever since in that part of the castle. But of late years dreadful sights have been seen; and now no person would go past that tower after dark for a guinea; no, not one in all the village, though they were starving. As for us we live pretty quiet in this North tower, as it is the West one which is haunted.’

‘Nonsense,’ said Mrs. Howard; ‘your good lord is too happy to trouble himself with what is done in those old buildings. Besides I have heard Mr. Howard say, that the villains were hanged for a crime of the same nature many years ago; and that one of them confessed robbing and afterwards stabbing the earl of Walsingham, though then ignorant of his quality.’

‘Yes, yes, my lady, so it was said; but if he was content, why should he make all those noises of a night?’

‘Ah! why indeed,’ groaned Agatha; ‘and then lady Julia saw the ghost herself with her own eyes!’

‘Lady Julia saw it!’ cried I.

S R

‘Yes; your ladyship.’

‘Stop, stop,’ said Johnson, ‘not so fast dame: lady Julia did not tell us what she saw—’ ‘No, Tummas; but what could she see but a spirit to frighten her so much? Poor young lady! did she not go into stericks almost, in this very room?’—‘Why, yes, so she did,’ said the old man, musing.

‘You must know, madam,’ (addressing himself to me,) ‘that my lady Julia took a fancy, as you have done, to go over the castle; and came one evening to me for the keys, which nobody had ever asked for before. So I gave them to her, but tried to turn her mind from visiting the West apartments, ’cause of the dismal sights there; but she only smiled at me, and called me a coward; which, thank God, I am not.

‘Well, I saw no more of either lady nor keys till about a week after, when happening to be walking that way, I sees my lady fly out of the little door through which her dear father used to pass so many years ago. She came bounce by me, and almost knock’d me down. Well, she run round to this door, and I follow’d as fast as I could.

‘When she got in she fell into such a fit of crying that Agatha and I was most mortally frighten’d to be sure; but when she had got a little better I made bold to ask her if she had seen the ghost: she started up on her feet, “Johnson,” said she, “ask me nothing—be secret—forget you have seen me this evening. As you value my favour never mention this to me, nor to any one. I have seen enough to render me wretched as long as I live! But the whole world need not know it.”

‘She looked so white, and so

wild, if I may say so, that I promised her I would not; and so I hope, madam, you will be secret too; for, indeed, I would rather have died than have broke my word, or told any one else. But you are our lady, and the mistress of the castle, and commanded me to give you the keys which I have not got; for lady Julia took them with her, and said she would keep them; and they have never been asked for till now.

‘So then she recollected she had not shut the little door, and would needs go back to shut it, though I offered to go, to prove I was no coward; but she said no, she would lock it herself, and so she did. Afterwards I went home with her, and it was well I did, for she trembled so she could hardly walk. From that time she has never visited the castle, but she has never been cheerful since. And now I once more beg your ladyship to desist from going into them horrid rooms, for fear, like lady Julia, you see what you could never forget.’

I thanked the old man for his well-meant admonition, but told him he had only raised my curiosity, and I was determined to explore that part which was open. We rose to go, but Johnson begged earnestly that we would not at that time of night, but come the next evening before the sun was down: I complied with his request. Indeed we had sat so long listening to his story that the evening was far advanced; and Mrs. Howard observed, that by staying longer we might be missed at home, and questioned where we had been, which might occasion displeasing retrospections in the mind of Julia, when she should hear the explanation.

The eyes of Johnson seemed to thank her for this consideration, and he promised to go with us if we still insisted on seeing the inside of the castle, provided we went by day-light; and so to-morrow, or at least the first day we can make an opportunity, he is to show us as much as he can of the enchanted castle, to two damsels who he thinks are much too bold.

On entering the house we found Seymore and lady Mary at battledoor-and-shuttlecock, and Mr. Linly and sir Harry Champly playing backgammon.

Mr. Baderly was sitting very pensive in one of the windows. Mrs. Howard asked him where lord Walsingham and miss Lester was. He replied, 'they walked out early in the evening, and are not yet returned; and, indeed, ladies, I was just thinking of the easiest method of journeying to Elysium; whether by a gentle descent in the canal, or a step up by the help of my garter. But since the graces of Walsingham are returned, I fancy myself there without the assistance of either.'

'Come, come, Baderly, this is all bombast, I see you are vexed at something,—out with it man:—but soft; I think I can tell: where is my little friend Julia? She does not appear to be of any of your parties.'

'Lady Julia, madam, has not been visible this evening; and till you entered I imagined she was with you.—If I looked vexed, it was at finding myself left out of the beauteous trio.'—

'Your servant, sir! but as you had no other reason for thinking Julia was with us, but your own imagination, which I suppose, like other peoples, deceives you sometimes, it was rather uncharacteristic

of your country to be in despair at ideal disappointments. Had you roused up your courage to have sought, you might probably have found her, and enjoyed a duet; which, without doubt, you would have preferred infinitely to a trio; but see the dear girl herself! Why do you not join her, Mr. Baderly?'

'Because that spot which is honoured by Mrs. Howard's presence must be the centre of attraction to all, while wit and beauty are held in estimation among men.'

She was going to reply, but was prevented by the entrance of miss Lester and Walsingham.

Helen looked extremely displeased at Mrs. Howard, and blamed the earl for taking so long a walk; vowed she would go with him no more, as walking in the country was an excessive *travail penible*.—'The wind, I suppose,' said she, 'has made a fine figure of me.'—At the same time fixing her eyes on the glass.—

'You are always a fine figure,' cried sir Harry, rising and coming towards her. 'And since Walsingham is out of luck, may I hope to profit by his misfortune? Will you permit me to escort you in your morning's walk?'—'*Ah, mon Dieu! non je vous craindrois vous,* and will walk no more with any of you.'—

She warbled part of an Italian air; and turning to Mr. Baderly, said, 'You never walk, do you? Mrs. Howard and you, I suppose, have been spending a mighty agreeable evening, while I have walked myself to death.' Baderly bowed, but answered not.

They soon after sat down to cards; about eleven o'clock I retired to my room; but not being sleepy have wrote thus far.

Do not you think, my dear madam, the story we heard at old Johnson's a very odd one? The account he gave of Julia's terror amazes me; what could she have seen? As for Johnson's story I should think nothing about it, as ignorance is generally accompanied by superstition; but Julia's mind is an enlightened one, and I remember formerly she used to laugh at the idea of the appearance of spirits; therefore would not have been easily alarmed. Perhaps it is something she discovered there which depresses her spirits, and affects her health. I wish I knew what it was, that I might, if possible, relieve her, and dispel the gloom which obscures her mind.—

I hear Walsingham coming up.—
Good night, dear madam, I will soon write again.

CAROLINE WALSHINGHAM.

(To be continued.)

SYMPATHY.

A FRAGMENT.

By S. Y.

—WHEN passing the village Ricardo alighted from the chaise; with pensive step he entered the church-yard, and diligently searched the dreary abodes of the silent dead, to find the spot that contained the relics of his departed friend.—

' There, as he pass'd with silent step
and slow,
A pleasing sadness o'er his bosom stole;
And then, thro' grief, the friendly tear
did flow,
And sighs of sympathy escap'd his soul.'

He approached the rising sod—

he leaned on the grave-stone, and dropt a tear; and, as the tide of tenderness came over his heart, he seemed to articulate—Alas! my departed friend! Soon must I follow thee—soon must all submit, and be as thou art! Soon, ah! soon must all descend into the gloomy silent grave!—

' Ay, but to die, and go we know not
where;

To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted
spirit

To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round
about

The pendent world; or to be worse than
worst

Of those, that lawless and incertain
thoughts

Imagine howling! 'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly
life,

That age, ach, penury, imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.'

Bending o'er the silent sod, reflection told him 'that life is a passing shadow, a waking dream; and all human grandeur a scene of folly. Let the vain court the hand of ambition: Let obsequious meanness bend to tyranny in power; but let me dedicate my little day of life to Him who gave it.'—Ere he took his last farewell of the everlasting home of his departed friend he plucked from the turf some wild-flowers that waved their gentle foliage over his remains, while he feasted in the luxury of meditation.

' Grief's sharpest thorn hard pressed on
his breast,

He strove with wakeful melody to cheer
The sullen gloom.—

He returned with the flowerets in his hand—he said they would constitute a memorial.—He proposed giving a part of them to her who once claimed the friendship and the love of the deceased.—‘With tears,’ he exclaimed, ‘will she snatch from me so dear a prize! but, alas! how afflicting must that moment be; it will draw from the eyes of the hapless maiden a flood of tears!—tears of sorrow, sympathy, and affection!’—As he uttered these words I beheld the manly tear

‘Stand trembling in his eye;
And the deep sigh, tho’ half suppress’d,
escape
The confines of his breast.—’

A MORNING WALK

IN AUTUMN.

By S. Y.

‘No more the grove in vernal pomp
aspires,
No more the shades in wild confusion
rise;
But ev’ry charm, and ev’ry grace retires
To softer climates, and to softer skies.
For me, withdrawn in bow’rs and
glimm’ring glades,
Thus let me joyous spend my vernal
bloom,
Where mazy fountains wind thro’ leafy
shades,
And quiv’ring lindens yield a soft per-
fume.
There may the course of changing life
be blest,
With Truth and Virtue’s pious deeds
adorn’d;
And there inglorious let me sink to rest,
By Worth applauded, and by Friend-
ship mourn’d.’

COSTWOULDION.

AT an early hour I arose to take my autumnal ramble. The

rays of the rising sun reflected faintly on the fields which were stripped of the harvest; the air no longer resounded with the melody of birds; the dull silence which reigned was only interrupted by the screams of those birds of passage which were about taking leave of us for a more temperate climate. This, indeed, is a very curious article in natural history, and furnishes a striking instance of a powerful instinct impressed by the Creator. Thomson, in noticing their disappearance in Autumn, says,

‘When Autumn scatters his departing
gleans,
Warn’d of approaching Winter, gather’d play
The swallow-people; and toss’d wide
around,
O’er the calm sky, in convolution swift,
The feather’d eddy floats: rejoicing once,
Ere to their wint’ry slumbers they retire.’

As I crossed the fields the prospect which Nature presented, demanded reflection. The neighbouring meads were no longer covered with flocks of sheep, nor enlivened by their bleating, yet there were beauties to inspire admiration. This is the season, the happy season, wherein the charms of Summer give place to more luxurious enjoyments. The boughs of the apple-tree bend under the weight of that golden fruit; the melting pear, the sweet plum, the mellow grape, and numerous other fruits too tedious to mention, seem now to invite the hand to pluck them. With what goodness the wise Creator distributes his gifts! And ought not we to be thankful? The forests are heralds of his bounty, and thou, O man! must be guilty of much ingratitude if thou art insensible to this blessing, ef-

which every moment may now remind thee; and I would fain adopt myself, and wish the generous reader to adopt, the charming language of the poet of the Seasons:

‘For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows; the Summer ray
Russet the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
Or Winter rises in the black’ning East,
Be my tongue mute, may Fancy paint no more,
And dead to joy forget my heart to beat.’

The morn was very clear and fine; and ere I had rambled far entered a little coppice, and taking my seat upon the trunk of an old tree, I amused myself for some time with a book, but was on a sudden surprised, at so early an hour, by the appearance of a beautiful female rustic, who was fast approaching me with a little hook-stick in her hand, and followed by a little girl and boy, each with a little basket. As she passed I (rather impertinently, I confess) exclaimed ‘Good morning, my dear.’—‘Good morning, sir,’ she returned, with a blush, and voice that conveyed delight to my ears. I arose from my seat, and asked if I might be allowed to accompany her whither she was going.—‘Oh no, Sir! I thank you,’ she replied; ‘I am not going far, we are only going in search of a few nuts.’—‘With your permission, my dear,’ I exclaimed, ‘so will I.’—‘You are perfectly at liberty, sir,’ she cried, ‘without that solicitation.’—I thanked her for her kindness, and accompanied her. As I walked by her side I was enchanted with the beauty of her person, her animated countenance, her fine complexion, and the modesty of her deportment. Never did the Egyp-

tian queen, when decked with costly pearls, and dying with love, display half the charms of this artless creature; nor could I figure Venus more attractive, when in her Idalian groves she caressed her favourite Adonis. I cannot help quoting the description which the immortal Shakspeare gives us of a lovely woman;—he surely must have seen a maid like this:—

‘Fair, lovely woman, young and affable,
More clear of hue, and far more beautiful
Than precious sardonyx, or purple rocks
Of amethysts, or glittering hyacinth.
Beauteous and stately as the eye-train’d bird;
As glorious as the morning wash’d with dew,
Within whose eyes she takes the dawning beams,
And golden Summer sleeps upon her cheeks!’

We soon reached the destined grove, and I enjoyed the pleasing task, to fill their baskets with nuts, which having done, she approached me with graceful modesty, and glancing a timid look, kindly thanked me for my attention, and the trouble she had occasioned me. I was at this moment almost fascinated. I squeezed her lily hand, and was going to steal a kiss, but I was stopped by the recollection of the dear *****. Within myself I exclaimed, ‘A beauty has made a forcible impression on my feelings, but it is because she has thy charms, thy features, and thy attentions. No, my *****, never will I cloud the serenity of thy brow by that demon, Jealousy! Thy empire, cruel maid! over my heart, is not to be shaken.’—We shook hands and parted; and I resumed my ramble, which soon brought me to the high road, and

I quickly reached a little inn by the road side. I entered it, and drank a cup of coffee, as I was familiar with the family; when I was about to depart, a stage-coach stopped at the door. It was very heavy laden; the passengers alighted to take refreshment; and amongst the rest I particularly noticed a young woman, apparently about the age of nineteen. As they were about going off she told the coachman she would not trouble him any further, but walk. 'As you please, Ma'am,' replied this knight of the whip, taking a dram; he then resumed the reins, and was gone. I was rather attracted by the appearance of this female, and finding she took the same road I was going, hastened to overtake her, which I soon did.

————— 'As she pass'd,
Mine eye fell on her.'

————— 'Her jetty locks
Fell rich, but rudely; whilst her mourn-
ful eyes
Beam'd thro' a watery lustre.—She was
form'd
In Nature's kindness; and though the
rose
No longer melted in her cheek, nor
blush'd
With deepen'd brilliance on her lip, yet
still
Unnumber'd graces deck'd her, and
look'd forth
At ev'ry feature,—thro' her rags there
shone
The wreck of better days.'

As I pass'd her she inquired of me whether I knew of any stage that was likely soon to pass. I stopped, and gave her the best information I could; and we entered into further conversation as we walked, as I questioned her from whence she came, and where she was going. Timidity, love, and distrust, sat upon her features; and, without uttering a word, she

began to weep. Her tears affected me;—they were the tears of suffering innocence, and love. She looked like the humble lily, bending with the dew-drops of the morning.—'Weep not, my dear!' I exclaimed; 'perhaps thou hast been imprudent, but not guilty.' I asked the occasion of her discomfort, when, wiping away her tears, she began—'Sir, I am most miserable! I left the best of parents to follow a young man on whom I placed my affections. My friends forbad our union. We eloped, went to town, where I expected to have been made his wife, but, alas! I judge my own imprudence forfeited that right. We no sooner arrived than I lost sight of him. I waited, and inquired, but could learn nothing of him: thus deserted I set off for my home. Alas! home I have none! no friendly roof to shelter my wretchedness! My parents have long forgotten their guilty but repentant daughter!' She stopped and cried bitterly: her grief found an easy passage to my heart. I observed the trembling tear run down her face, fair as the snow on the plain which the sun-beams has not kissed.

'Oh would to God that thou wert once
again
Such as thou wert, while yet a stainless
child!
Tho' it should be thy fate to beg thy
bread,
And steep the hard-earn'd bit in bitter
tears.'

She resumed:—'Oh, Sir! it was not an open enemy that has brought me to this disgrace, for then I would have borne it; but it was one on whom my soul reposed itself for peace and happiness, and in whose soft control I had long delighted; now, alas!'

changed is every prospect; that which once gave such placid delight is now dull and alarming. Once, no black reflections arose to make me regret the past,—no painful, dreadful thoughts to make me fear the future.—Once my beloved parents studied my peace, and seemed to derive their felicity from mine:—once, they could clasp a spotless daughter to their bosoms, and innocence and plenty crowned my hours with delight.’ At this moment a stage overtook us; she begged of me to stop it, which I did, and helped her up. We shook hands; she wished me every happiness her tongue could express, and they drove off.—I regretted I had not her address.—

————— ‘Alas!’ said I,
(While my tears fell, and my looks follow’d her,)
‘Poor loveliness! those charms which now attract
Passing attention, once, perchance, have grac’d
The social hearth, and o’er domestic joys
Cast a pure splendour.’

As they disappeared I uttered to myself the following soliloquy:—‘Hapless female! may peace and serenity crown the remainder of thy days with uninterrupted happiness; and when surrounded by thy forgiving parents, bestow sometimes a thought on him who will ever remember thy luckless fate; the impression thy sufferings have made time can never destroy.’—Making the best of my way home, I thought of the following lines, with which I finish my not uninteresting walk in Autumn:

————— ‘Ah! thy reign
Hath been but brief; thy wond’rous beauty’s power
Hath fail’d, perchance, because thy heart retain’d

Strong memory of its virtue, and too oft
Cast clouds o’er thy spent spirits, and denied
The power to deck with mirth each riot scene.
Unhappy girl! a female eye shall shed
Those tears for thee, which *ought in drops of blood*
To fall from *thy seducer*. Shame, O world!
That man thus privileged to ruin souls
Shall rove about undaunted: whilst the wretch,
Whom he hath made must either die unseen,
Or plunge in deeper guilt, and fall for ever!’

To Mr. JOHN WEBB.

‘Did’st thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would’st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.’

SHAKSPEARE.

Sir,

‘IN the last number of the Lady’s Magazine I find a letter addressed to me from you; allow me to make a few observations on its contents, in reference to my annexed motto. I am inclined to believe you never met with ‘a disappointment in a tender attachment;’ and happily for you, you have never experienced its effects. I may fairly conclude that when you and the partner of your bosom strayed ‘through the windings of *Benton Vale*’ your affections were reciprocal, and that your throbbing hearts palpitated in unison.’

‘Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.’

I congratulate you in your felicity; and far distant may that

period be which must separate you; may you long live to invoke the tuneful muse, and pen poetic fancy.—For your kind remonstrance I feel obliged; but—

‘Oh thou did'st then ne'er love so heartily,
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd.—’

Yet, however *humiliating* and *romantic* my sentiments may appear to you, I trust I am not altogether deserving of the vile appellation you have thought fit to brand me with, namely, a subverter of the rights of man! Deem me not too arrogant if with the immortal poet I say

‘I dare do all that may become a man:
Who dares do more is none.—’

And know, Sir, I am not so completely sunk into that sorrowful paroxysm of grief and despair to have recourse to the foul means you allude to, to rid me of my disquietude. Revocate the idea.—Heaven forbid it! And know

‘*Amor jussit scribere quæ pudet dicere.*’

Believe me, Sir, it was not any youthful fancy that imprinted on the tablet of my heart the fond characters; and be assured that the impression is such as no effort can obliterate.—Your (and every other) remonstrance must ever prove an ineffective antidote to my indisposition.

‘Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,

Pluck from the *memory* a rooted sorrow,
Rase out the written troubles of the brain,

And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,

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Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?’

The rhapsodical, romantic, tribute of professional kindness in the conclusion of your letter I cannot clearly demonstrate. I am not altogether satisfied whether you intend it as a ludicrous burlesque, or not; and you seem in one part of yours rather to abnegate ‘the heroes of romance;’ but your imaginary style persuades me you are strongly allied to that fraternity.

I joined the festive throng, but happiness was not there. Pleasure, in all her gilded allurements, has stood forward to my view, and courted me to enjoyment in the *rosy cheek* and *sparkling eye*, that told me ‘what the sun is made of;’—and yet so far from giving me the sought-for happiness they only increased my uneasiness.—Happiness is a shadow;—Content the substance;—where the substance is, the shadow must follow.

— ‘I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,

Speak of me as I am:—

— ‘Then must you speak
Of one who lov'd not wisely, but too well.’

S. Y.

DESCRIPTION of the SOUND, the ISLAND of ZEALAND, and the CITY of COPENHAGEN.

(Translated from a German Pamphlet published at Berlin in 1801.*)

THE Sound is to the North what the Straits of Gibraltar are

* The late expedition to the Baltic which has terminated with such signal success in the capture of the whole Danish fleet will, we presume, render this description acceptable to our readers.

to the South of Europe, and Elsinour and Helsingburg may be called the Northern Pillars of Hercules. It forms the communication between the North Sea and the Baltic.

The Sound is two miles and a half broad at the narrowest part, where sandbanks on the Danish, and the Scheeren rocks on the Swedish, coast, confine the channel so much, that men of war of a great draft of water can only pass one after the other. The Danes have, from this circumstance, been enabled to establish a toll, which brings in a considerable sum, all ships that pass Elsinour being obliged to pay this duty.

Farther to the Eastward, particularly near Copenhagen, the Sound widens; but still there is scarcely room for vessels to manœuvre or fight, and the flotilla defending it might receive great support from the batteries on shore.

Zealand, the largest of the Danish islands, is about 160 miles long, and 120 broad. The chief produce is barley, oats, and wheat. The pasture lands are very good. There are extensive woods of oak and beech, and the lakes abound with fish. The best harbour is that of Copenhagen, the metropolis and royal residence, built on the opposite side of the strait, between Zealand and the island of Amak, and celebrated for its excellent port, and its convenient situation for trade. It was only a village till the year 1254 when it became a town. In 1443 it was erected into a bishop's see, and made the residence of the king; but suffered to enjoy its own municipal laws. A fire in the year 1728, in twenty-four hours consumed 1,650 houses, five churches, the university, and four colleges. Another fire in the

month of February, 1794, consumed the palace called Christiansburg, which was built by Christian VI. at his own expense, without laying any tax on his subjects: it was an immense pile of building of hewn stone, the wings and stables of brick, stuccoed.

This city has a noble appearance from the sea, and is about two miles in length, one mile and a half in breadth, and six miles in circumference. Some writers estimate the number of inhabitants at 85,000, others 100,000. In many of the streets the canals are deep enough to admit large ships to come close to the warehouses, a circumstance of the greatest convenience to the merchants. There is an university of some importance, founded in 1478, by Christian the First, under the sanction of Pope Sextus IV. an Academy for Artillery and Naval Cadets, a Society of Natural History, an Academy for Painting, Royal Societies of Sciences, Belles Lettres, and Surgery, a Veterinary School, a Royal Library, containing about 100,000 volumes, besides a large one belonging to the University, about fifty Hospitals and Poor-houses, a very spacious Exchange, and a fine Arsenal. Among other excellent manufactories, one of beautiful porcelain, established and carried on by F. H. Muller, an apothecary, deserves particular notice. The round tower of the church of the Holy Trinity is reckoned a masterpiece of architecture; it was built after a design of the celebrated astronomer, Christopher Longomontanus. It is 150 feet high, and 60 in diameter, and the entrance is a spiral arch, so strong and spacious, as to admit a coach to ascend to the top, an ex-

periment which the Czar Peter the Great is said to have made in 1716. Copenhagen enjoys the privileges of a free port, and carries on a considerable trade. In 1768 upwards of 3,800 ships entered inwards, and about 3,700 cleared outwards. That Copenhagen is a place of great strength, both by nature and art, is evident from the three long and bloody sieges it sustained under Frederic I, Christian III, and Frederic III, though the fortifications were then by no means in the state they now are. As the town of Christian-haven, built on the isle of Amak, is generally comprehended with Copenhagen, this island may be noticed here. It is seventeen miles in length, by seven broad, and has a communication with the city by means of two bridges. The soil is uncommonly rich, and the island is considered as the garden and dairy of Copenhagen, to which the Amakers bring for sale all kinds of vegetables, milk, butter, and cheese, in great quantities.

Of the Danish towns within the Sound, the next in point of importance is Elsinour, built on the declivity of a mountain, directly opposite to Helsinburg, on the Swedish coast. It contains from five to six thousand inhabitants, who derive great benefit from the number of people passing through the town from Sweden to different parts of Denmark, and still more in consequence of the toll that is levied from all vessels passing the Sound, on which account, each of the nations trading to the Baltic usually have a consul established here.—Christian II had an intention of ceding the town to the Dutch, but the inhabitants refused to comply with the order.

To the South of Elsinour is the

important fortress of Cronenburg, begun by Frederic II. in 1577, and finished in 1585. The fortifications are in the best order, and the guns command the Sound, which is here not more than a mile and a half over, for men of war dare not keep near the Swedish shore, on account of the shoals.

The most important islands in the Sound are, 1st. Amak, which has been already described. 2d. Saltholm, a small island belonging to the Danes, where there are excellent quarries of limestone, free-stone, and marble. This island is uninhabited, being overflowed in winter. 3d. Huen, or Ween, a fertile island, formerly an appendage of Zealand, but annexed to the Swedish crown at the peace of Rotzehild. It was bestowed by Frederic the II. d. on Tycho de Brahé, the celebrated astronomer, for the term of his life.

ANECDOTE of BOISROBERT, a
FRENCH DRAMATIC WRITER.

THE Abbé de Boisrobert, by his pleasing conversation and diverting talent, which he could exert to a high degree, became a great favourite with cardinal Richieu, who loaded him with benefits till the scandalous conduct of the Abbé put an end to them. Several persons solicited his pardon in vain, though the cardinal himself secretly wished to be reconciled to him. At last his physician found means to relieve him from his anxiety, and produce a reconciliation. The cardinal asking his advice on account of some slight indisposition with which he was attacked, the physician wrote this prescription: 'Recipe Boisrobert:—Take

Boisrobert.—' The Abbé was immediately sent for, and the disorder went off.

ANECDOTES OF ARRIA, the ROMAN HEROINE.

ARRIA, a Roman lady, distinguished by her fortitude and conjugal affection, was the wife of Cæcina Pætus, a man of consular dignity, who died in the 42d year of the Christian æra. Pliny the younger, in one of his epistles, has preserved several anecdotes of her, some of which are well deserving to be recorded. Her husband, and her son who was a very amiable and promising youth, were both seized at the same time with a dangerous disorder. The son died, but the mother concealed the distressing event from the sick father; and whenever she appeared in his presence, assumed a cheerful countenance, and answered his inquiries respecting their son with so much composure and serenity, that she even prevented the suspicion of his death. When her husband was apprehended, in consequence of having joined Scribonianus in a rebellion against the emperor Claudius, and was conveyed by sea to Rome, Arria wished to accompany him in the same vessel, but being refused, she hired a fishing boat and followed him. Having arrived at Rome, she determined to die with Pætus; and to the remonstrance of her son-in-law Thræsea, who asked her—' Would you wish that your daughter should accompany me, if I were to die?' she replied ' Yes; provided she had lived so long and so happily with you as I have lived with Pætus.' To those who watched her, and who endea-

voured to diver the execution of her purpose, she said, ' You may make my death more painful, but you cannot prevent it;' and dashing her head against a wall fell senseless on the ground. Upon her recovery she calmly said, ' I told you that I would find a difficult road to death, if you hindered me from obtaining an easy one.' When her husband was ordered to destroy himself, Arria, perceiving his hesitation, plunged a dagger in her breast, and then presented it, covered with blood, to her husband, exclaiming, in words celebrated by the ancients, who did not entertain that horror of self-murder which Christians have derived from better principles: Pætus! it is not painful. Martial's epigram on this subject is well known, but it has been remarked that he has given an ingenious turn to the expression which injures its noble simplicity.

*' Casta suo gladium cum traderet Arria
Pæto,
Quam de risceribus traxerat ipsa suis,
Si qua fides, vulnus, quod feci, non
dolet, inquit,
Sed quod tu facies, hoc mihi, Pæte,
dolet.'*

When Arria pull'd the dagger from her side,
Thus to her consort spoke th' illustrious bride:
The wound I gave myself I do not grieve;
I die by that which Pætus must receive.
Tatler, No. 72.

Arria, the daughter, who was married to Pætus Thræsea, proposed to imitate this example of her mother, when her husband was condemned to death under Nero; but she changed her resolution upon his request, who desired her to live, in order to take care of their daughter.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

THE MARINER'S DREAM.

BY W. DIMOND.

IN slumbers of midnight the sailor boy
lay,
His hammock swung loose at the
sport of the wind,
But watch-worn and weary, his cares
flew away,
And visions of happiness danc'd o'er
his mind.

He dreamt of his house, of his dear na-
tive bowers,
And pleasure that waited on life's
merry morn—
While Memory stood sideways, half-
cover'd with flowers,
And restored every rose, but secreted
its thorn.

Then Fancy her magical pinions spread
wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ec-
stasy rise ;—
Now far, far behind him the green wa-
ters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses
his eyes.

The jessamine clambers in flower o'er
the thatch,
And the swallow sings sweet from
her nest in the wall ;
All trembling with transport he raises
the latch,
And the voices of lov'd ones reply to
his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of
delight :
His cheek is impearl'd with a mother's
warm tear ;
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss
unite
With the lips of the maid whom his
bosom holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in
his breast,
Joy quickens his pulse—all his hard-
ships seem o'er ;
And a murmur of happiness steals thro'
his rest—
' O God ! thou hast blest me, I ask
for no more.'

Ah ! whence is that flame which now
bursts on his eye ?
Ah ! what is that sound which now
larums his ear ?
'Tis the lightning's red glare, painting
hell on the sky !
'Tis the crashing of thunders, the
groan of the sphere !

He springs from his hammock—he flies
to the deck ;
Amazement confronts him with
images dite,—
Wild winds and mad waves drive the
vessel a wreck,
The masts fly in splinters,—the
shrouds are on fire !

Like mountains the billows tremen-
dously swell—
In vain the lost wretch calls on mercy
to save ;

Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his
kneil,
And the death angel flaps his broad
wings o'er the wave!

O sailor boy! woe to thy dream of de-
light!

In darkness dissolves the gay frost
'work of bliss—

Where now is the picture that Fancy
touch'd bright,
Thy parent's fond pressure, and love's
honey'd kiss?

O sailor boy! sailor boy! never again
Shall home, love, or kindred, thy
wishes repay;

Unblest and unhonoured, down deep
in the main
Full many a score fathom, thy frame
shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remem-
brance for thee,
Or redeem form or frame from the
merciless surge,

But the white foam of wave shall thy
winding-sheet be,
And winds, in the midnight of win-
ter, thy dirge!

On beds of green sea-flower thy limbs
shall be laid,
Around thy white bones the red coral
shall grow;

Of thy fair yellow locks threads of am-
ber be made,
And every part suit to thy mansion
below.

Days, months, years and ages shall cir-
cle away,
And still the vast waters above thee
shall roll:

Earth loses thy pattern for ever and
aye—
Oh! sailor boy! sailor boy! peace to
thy soul!

SONG.

BY DR. WALCOT.

O SUMMER, thy presence gives warmth
to the vale,
The song of the warbler enlivens the
groves;

The pipe of the shepherd too gladdens
the vale;
Alas! but I hear not the voice of my
love.

The lilies appear in their fairest array;
To the vallies the woodlarks a fra-
grance impart;
The roses the pride of their blushes dis-
play;
Alas! but I meet not the nymph of
my heart.

Go, shepherds, and bring the sweet
wanderer here,
The boast of her sex, and delight of
the swains;
Go, ze! by! and whisper this truth in
her ear,
That the PLEASURES with JULIA are
fled from the plains.

If thus to the maid thou my wishes
declare,
To the cot she has left she will quickly
return;
Too soft in her bosom to give us despair,
That sooner would sigh than *another's*
should mourn.

TO JULIA.

BY THE SAME.

FROM her whom ev'ry heart must
love,
And ev'ry eye with wonder see;
My sad, my lifeless steps remove—
Ah! were she fair alone for *me!*

In vain to solitudes I fly,
To bid her form from mem'ry part;
That form still dwells on mem'ry's *eye*,
And roots its beauties in my heart.

In ev'ry rose that decks the vales,
I see her cheeks pure blush appear;
And when the lark the morning hails,
'Tis JULIA's voice salutes my ear.

Thus let me rove the world around,
Whatever beauty's charm can boast,
Or sooth the soul with sweetest sound,
Must paint the idol I have lost.

STANZAS

Addressed to the Young Roscius.

BY ANNA SEWARD.

E'EN as the sun, beneath the line,
comes forth,
Where no preclusive glimmerings
warn the night,
Strips her dense mantle from the sabled
earth,
And pours himself at once in floods
of light.
So on our eyes, young Day Star, didst
thou break,
In dazzling effluence, and resistless
charm;
Ere in thy *soul* those passions cou'd
awake,
That look'd and breath'd, and light-
en'd from thy *form*.
We saw them, at thy magic call, appear,
Tho' but till then to manhood only
known;
Yes, ere upon thy head the thirteenth
year
The violets of a priny spring had
strown.
In all Expression's subtlest shades they
came;
Thro' that Promethean glance, those
varied tones,
Love, jealousy, and horror, rage, and
shame,
Their hopes, their fears, their trans-
ports, and their groans.
In thee and in the scorn of *gradual* art,
Genius her proudest miracle began;
Gave thee despotic empire o'er the heart,
Long years ere growth and strength
might stamp thee man.
Beneath the crown upon that infant
brow,
The robe imperial on that fairy frame,
Stream'd all which gance and grandeur
can bestow,
All which a monarch's dignity pro-
claim.
Thy Proteus soul each garb of feeling
wore,
Fire in thine eyes, and passion in thine
air,
And still became thee, and in equal
power,
Garlands of love, and laurell'd wreaths
of war.

Now thrice has Phœbus pass'd each
duteous sign,
Since first thy talents met our won-
dering gaze,
Still in augmenting lustre seem them
shine,
Still scorning, like himself, all *bor-
rowed* rays:
Seen the expansion of thy fair renown,
Thy powers, thy graces, rising with
thy years—
So bright thy morn, what splendours
wait thy noon!
What trains of light, eclipsing all thy
peers!
When youth and Art's proud summit
thou shalt gain,
Passions, that *now* are but illusive
deem'd;
Then shall their empire in thy heart at-
tain,
Then be, what long by miracle they
seem'd:
And when they glow in all their genu-
ine fire,
Deeply are felt as gloriously pour-
tray'd;
Oh! may they nought in actual life
inspire,
That may thy virtue, or thy peace in-
vade!
Above pale Envy's reach thy soaring
fame
Long may accordant multitudes attest;
And prosp'rous Love, and pure Religion
frame
The shield impassive for thy youthful
breast!
And may advancing life for *thee* display
The gems of knowledge, and of joy
the flowers;
Shine unobscur'd on thy consummate
day,
With softest sun-set gild thy evening
hours.
On wealth and rank while rolls Obliv-
ion's stream,
Thy mem'ry o'er its whelming waves
shall climb;
For thy dear country shall record thy
name,
And bind thy splendent wreaths on
the dark brow of Time!

Litchfield, June 27, 1807.

TO CATÉRINA.

From an anonymous Portuguese Poet.

BY W. M. T.

OH for that dear delicious hour
 I pass'd with thee, my love, last night,
 When on thy panting breast reclin'd
 Thy arms around me fondly twin'd,
 We kiss'd, and kiss'd with warm de-
 light!

It was indeed a blissful hour,
 Such as o'er pays an age of pain;
 And I will dwell upon its thought,
 Till in thy kiss with rapture fraught
 I feel its pleasures *once again!*

SONNET.

*Written in Cheshire, Sunday, June 7,
1807.*

BY W. M. T.

THIS, this is nature! on the blossomy
 spray
 The linnet sings; and mildly floats
 along
 The plaintive cuckoo's never-varied
 song,
 And fragrant is the hawthorn-scuted
 way!
 Oh might I ever pass the live-long day,
 Such sweet, such simple scenes as
 these among!
 Nor join again the city's bustling
 throng,
 Where on the sicken'd sense vile
 stencheth prey,
 And horrid dins assail the deafen'd ear:
 For now I feel a bliss, yes deeply feel
 These lovely scenes my drooping fancy
 cheer,
 And o'er my senses as a vision steal:
 Dear e'en as those which, to the mourn-
 er's eye,
 Picture Hope's prospects bright, and
 years of future joy!

ADDRESS TO TWILIGHT.

HAIL! twilight, hail! thy calmness
 mild,
 Is welcome to Affliction's child,

Congenial to the soul thy shades,
 When sadness imperceptive fades;
 How oft thro' summer's lengthen'd day
 I've wish'd in thy mild tents to stray,
 That faithful memory might review
 The scenes that time can ne'er renew,
 Until the mind subdu'd by grief,
 Would fancy its excess relief.
 When day subsides, and Nature rests,
 Thy stillness calms the anguish'd breast;
 The feeling mind is sooth'd by thee,
 And scarce regrets her destiny.

COTAGENA.

SONG.

WHEN Luna's beams illumine the sky,
 And sleep seals all but Love's wake eye,
 Perchance the sailor on the deck,
 Oft picture's how life's hopes may
 wreck;
 Thinks haply rests his fav'rite fair,
 Who wakes for him with anxious care.

But fate commands, the hero roves,
 And leaves the land and her he loves;
 Braves icy gales, or torrid heat,
 And scorns from either to retreat;
 Yet that brave heart unnerv'd would be,
 Did Hope not beam futurity.

COTAGENA.

MAD SONG.

AH! pity me not, see I'm gay as a queen,
 I'm deck'd with the choicest of flow'rs
 from the green;
 Tho' my cheek may be pale, there's no
 tear in my eye,
 And 'tis seldom I give to sad mem'ry a
 sigh;
 'Tis my choice thus to wander, unheed-
 ed to rove,
 For home has no joy for the exile of love.
 Spare that look of compassion, indeed
 I'm not mad,
 Yet your sympathy softens and makes
 my heart glad;
 Tho' my lover is fled, and seeks some
 fairer fair,
 And has left me alone, to love and de-
 spair;
 In fancy th' inconstant I see as I rove,
 The illusion is sweet to the exile of love.

COTAGENA.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Vienna, Aug. 6.

THE French ambassador lately received a courier from Paris, and another with an Austrian courier have been dispatched to that capital. Much business seems going on in our chancery; but though affairs of importance seem to be the object, we are happy in perceiving that war forms no part of it. Almost all the troops have returned to their garrisons, and furloughs are granted to a considerable number of privates.

Vienna, Aug. 8. The peace between France and Russia appears to have put an end to the dispute which has so long continued relative to Cattaro and Brannau. Though we have as yet heard nothing official with respect to the giving up of the former, it appears to be certain that it will take place; and it is understood that Brannau will be evacuated on the 20th inst. and restored to Austria, as will also Gradisca.

Kiel, Aug. 10. Mr. Jackson, the same who was in Prussia, has been with the Prince royal, to demand that Denmark shall make a common cause with England against France, threatening on the part of his government, in case of refusal, to land troops in Zealand, and take possession of Copenhagen. The only answer the Prince made was setting out for Copenhagen, to make preparations for defence. The English have before Copenhagen 16 ships of the line, and 20,000 troops. The Danes, independent of the militia, have 12,000 men in the island of Zealand. A more considerable force is unfortunately in Holstein, and it will be difficult to bring it into the island, which is already blockaded.

Certainly there are no examples in

the history of the world of a similar act of atrocity; for what cause of complaint has England against Denmark?

Franckfort, Aug. 10. If we may believe report, the Confederation of the Rhine is to meet without delay. The first of September is said to be the day when the oath of allegiance is to be taken to the king of Westphalia in the capital of Cassel.

Every letter received from the North concurs in stating that the English government persists in the resolution to continue the war, not to enter into any negotiation, and to reject the mediation of Russia. It is believed that the official declaration respecting this important subject will be made public. We already hear of the great measures which on this account will be adopted and put in force against England. We are assured that until the re-establishment of a definitive treaty of peace between England and the continental powers, an army of 80,000 French is to occupy all the German ports of the Baltic, as also those of the North sea and the Hanseatic towns, and that another army is to be stationed in reserve in the kingdom of Westphalia; that all communications with the continent will be shut against England; that Russia, Prussia, and the other continental powers, will act hostilely against those eternal enemies of the public tranquillity; in fine, that Denmark, in concert with the French, will shut the Sound, and likewise the two Belts, against the English.

Paris, Aug. 16. It is difficult, without having been witness of it, to form an idea to the magnificence of the fete of which all Paris was yesterday the theatre.

The march of the troops, in resorting to the church of *Notre-Dame*, along the streets and public places, decorated with all that taste and elegance could unite, the innumerable crowd of spectators, their unanimous acclamations, the splendor of their dresses, the pomp of their equipages, the number and beauty of the troops; all these circumstances united offered the spectacle of the most beautiful triumph of which modern Europe can boast.

Never, perhaps, was the public joy manifested in France in a manner more general or more ingenious.

The games which were executed on the water, between the bridge of the Tuilleries, and that of Concorde, offered a spectacle truly enchanting. The little squadrons of vessels destined for the fight advanced to the sound of music and trumpets; innumerable spectators, distributed on the quays and floating-baths, and on the vessels belonging to the swimming-school, mingled their loud acclamations with those of the conquerors. After the fight it was expected that Foriceo would exhibit himself walking on a rope, the whole space which separates the two bridges; but an obstacle opposed that experiment.

The artificial fire-work executed on the bridge of Concorde terminated this superb fete in a manner the most brilliant. The crowd then visited the illuminations: those of the Tuilleries, of the Luxembourg, of the palace of Justice, of the Hotel of the minister of Police, successively attracted the attention of the curious; but it was to the illuminations of the Palais Royal that the general preference was given.

Yesterday, at nine o'clock in the morning, Marshal Berthier was presented by his serene highness the prince arch-chancellor of the empire, in order to take the oath, which he swore to his majesty.

The princess of Wirtemberg, queen of Westphalia, was expected at Strasburgh on the 14th, from whence she was to set out for Paris on this day by the way of Nancy. Marshal Bessières has been appointed plenipotentiary to receive her Royal Highness at the frontiers, and conduct her to Paris.

Paris, Aug. 17. Nothing could be more interesting than the meeting of the legislative body, which was solemnly opened yesterday by his majesty. The new members of the assembly having taken the oath of homage to the constitution, and fidelity to the emperor, his majesty made the following speech:

'Gentlemen, the deputies of the legislative body; gentlemen, the members of the tribunate, and of my council of state:

'Since your last meeting, new wars, new triumphs, and new treaties of peace, have changed the aspect of the political relations of Europe.

'The House of Brandenburg, which was the first to combine against our independence, is indebted for still being permitted to reign, to the sincere friendship with which the powerful emperor of the North has inspired me.

'A French prince shall reign on the Elbe. He will know how to make the interests of his new subjects form the first and most sacred of his duties.—The house of Saxony has recovered the independence which it lost fifty years ago. The people of the dukedom of Warsaw, and of the town of Dantzic, are again in possession of their country, and have obtained their rights. All the nations concur in rejoicing that the pernicious influence which England exercised over the Continent is for ever destroyed.

'France is united by the laws of the Confederacy of the Rhine with the other people of Germany, and by our federative system with the people of Spain, Holland, Switzerland, and Italy. Our new relations with Russia are founded upon the reciprocal respect of two great nations.

'In every thing I have done I have only had the happiness of my people in view—that has always been in my eyes far dearer to me than my own renown.

'I wish for peace by sea. No irritation shall ever have any influence on my decisions, with respect to that object. I cannot be irritated against a nation which is the sport and victim of the parties that devour it, and which is misled, as well with respect to its own affairs as to those of its neighbours.

'But whatever may be the termination which Providence has decreed the

maritime war shall have, my people will always find me the same, and I shall always find them worthy of me.

‘Frenchmen, your conduct in these times toward your emperor, who was more than 500 leagues distant from you, has increased my respect, and the idea I had formed of your character. I have felt myself proud to be the first among you. The proofs of attachment which you have given me, while, during ten months of absence and danger I was ever present to your thoughts, have constantly awakened in me the liveliest sensations. All my solitudes—all that related even to the safety of my person, was only interesting to me on account of the part you took in them, and the important influence which they might produce on your future destiny—*You are a good and a great people.*

‘I have contrived various means for simplifying and perfecting our institutions. The nation has experienced the happiest effects from the establishment of the legion of honour. I have distributed various imperial titles, in order to give a new lustre to the most distinguished of my subjects, to honour extraordinary services by extraordinary rewards, and at once to prevent the return of all feudal titles, which are incompatible with our constitution.

‘The accounts of my ministers of finance, and of the public treasury, will make known to you the prosperous state of our finances. My people will see the contributions upon landed property considerably diminished.

‘My minister of the interior will give you an account of the public works which are begun or finished; but those which may still be expected are much more considerable, since it is my determination that in all parts of my empire, even in the smallest hamlet, the comforts of the citizens, and the value of the lands shall be increased, by the development of that universal system of improvement which I have formed.

‘Gentlemen, deputies to the legislative body, your assistance in the accomplishment of that great object will be necessary to me, and I have a right to reckon upon that assistance with confidence.’

This speech produced the liveliest enthusiasm, and his majesty closed the sitting amidst the repeated acclamations of *Long live the emperor!*

The other rejoicings were conducted in the best order.

The prince of Neufchatel, minister at war, has taken the oaths to his imperial majesty in his new capacity as vice-constable.

Charlottensund, near Copenhagen,
Aug. 27.

‘Copenhagen is entirely surrounded, the fresh water is cut off, and there is a great scarcity of provisions, so that in a few days you may expect to hear of its surrendering. The Royal Family applied to get leave of Lord Cathcart to withdraw from Copenhagen. In passing through the English army they received military honours; they are gone to Holstein, there to remain till the fate of the capital is decided. The politics of Europe are such as to have rendered it of the greatest importance for England to take possession of this island, and to keep it.’

Holstein, Aug. 20. Since the return of the Crown Prince, who on the 15th instant arrived at Kiel from Copenhagen, all English property at Altona, as well as throughout the whole kingdom of Denmark, has been sequestrated, and all Englishmen who are Danish subjects have been arrested; at the same time an embargo was laid on all Danish ships in the Elbe, but no English ships have as yet been seized in the Danish ports. Stein Bille commands the Danish naval force, and Peyman and Bielfeld are appointed to command in Zealand. The garrison of Copenhagen consists of 6,000 regular troops. *Stockholm Gazette, Aug. 27.*

Paris, Aug. 20. ‘M. Delagrance, aide-de-camp to the prince of Neufchatel, has left Stralsund. The King of Sweden, after having declared that he would bury himself under the ruins of the place, has left it without capitulating. The French troops have taken possession: marshal Brune has had compassion for the inhabitants; and though the place has surrendered at discretion, he has given orders to treat them with all possible kindness.’

HOME NEWS.

Portsmouth, August 29.

ON Wednesday orders were received here to stop the sailing of all Danish vessels, and for all cruizers to send in the ships of that nation. Admiral Montagu immediately dispatched officers with a copy of the order to Southampton, Cowes, &c. There are six ships lying here, and two at Cowes, which have been taken possession of.

Fifteen Danes have been sent into this port since the order to detain them was received.

Edinburgh, Sept. 1. A sloop has just arrived at Leith from St. Petersburg, left it the 4th August. Captain Wilson, the master, reports, that when he left St. Petersburg every thing looked like war; the English were frequently hissed in the streets by the Russians; that the specie that had arrived from Britain, Lord Gower had ordered to be re-shipped. On his arrival at Elsineur, he was not permitted to go ashore; and at five *a. m.* on the 15th, the fleet all got under way, by signal from the admiral, both men of war and transports; that at this time the Danish guard-ship was coming into Elsineur roads, as a prize to a British frigate. Very few British ships remained at St. Petersburg when Captain Wilson left it; and hemp freight had got up to 6*l.* 6*s.* per ton.

London, Sept. 1. Yesterday afternoon, about half-past one o'clock, the mortal remains of her highness the duchess of Gloucester were removed from the family residence at Brompton, for interment in St. George's chapel, Windsor. The procession was suitable to the rank of the deceased, without any unnecessary parade or ostentation.

As early as six o'clock in the morning the volunteers of Brompton and Kensington beat to arms. After assembling, to a man, on parade, they received their instructions from the captain-commandant, and then they proceeded (about nine o'clock) to the court-yard of Gloucester-lodge, with muffled drums, &c. About 11 o'clock arrived the hearse, with six black horses, and six mourning coaches and six. Soon after twelve appeared the duke of York and the duke of Clarence's private coaches, with six horses to each. The duke of York's carriage was drawn by six beautiful grey horses. About the same time appeared the duke of Gloucester's chariot and six, the duchess's (the deceased) coach and six, and the princess Sophia. The whole of the suite of carriages being arrived, about half past twelve o'clock the attendants began to form the line of procession, and at the time before mentioned, the cavalcade commenced its route, preceded by the volunteers, with the usual insignia and respect observed on such melancholy occasions; the band playing, with muffled drums, the 'Dead March in Saul.' Ten horsemen preceded the hearse, and the usual number of mutes attended; behind the state coach belonging to the deceased, stood six footmen, and four behind that of the duke of Gloucester. The procession moved slowly to Brentford, where the Brompton and Kensington volunteers were relieved by those of the latter district, including the Isleworth. These proceeded as far as Hounslow, where they were dismissed. It was not until the procession reached Staines that the

feathers and escutcheons were placed on the hearse, &c. thus conforming to the same etiquette as was observed at the funeral of the late duke. The procession reached Windsor about half past eight o'clock. The funeral took place by torch-light. The duke of Gloucester was at Brompton when the cavalcade set out, and was present during the interment at Windsor. The whole of the expenses of the funeral are defrayed by the duke of Gloucester. By the death of her highness the poor of the vicinity have lost a great benefactress.

Sept. 2. Dispatches were early this morning received from admiral Gambier. They were brought by Mr. Hill, our chargé d'affaires. Soon after they had been opened, the following letter was sent to the Lord Mayor:—

*'Admiralty-Office, Sept. 2.
Half past Six, A. M.'*

'Lord Mulgrave has the honour to acquaint the Lord Mayor, that dispatches have been this morning received from admiral Gambier, with an account that the troops, under the command of lord Cathcart, were landed without opposition at Wibeck, in the island of Zealand, eight miles North of Copenhagen, at five o'clock *a. m.* on the 16th of August.

'To the right. hon. the Lord Mayor.'

The following bulletin was sent to the different public offices in the course of the morning:—

' BULLETIN.

' Downing Street; Sept. 2.

'Dispatches have arrived from lieutenant-general lord Cathcart and vice-admiral Gambier, by which it appears that lord Cathcart joined the admiral on the 12th ult.; that on the 13th Mr. Taylor, his majesty's minister at the court of Copenhagen, having left that city upon the Danish government having declined to enter into an amicable arrangement, it was determined to land the army early in the morning of the 14th, but owing to contrary winds the ships of war and transports could not be brought up to the place of debarkation

till late in the evening of the 15th.—Early, however, in the morning of the 16th, the army was disembarked at a village called Vedbech, about ten miles North of Copenhagen, without any opposition. Lord Rosslyn, with the troops from Stralsund, had arrived on the 14th off Moen island.

'Upon the debarkation of the troops, a proclamation by the commander in chief of his majesty's sea and land forces was issued, declaring the circumstances under which they had felt themselves compelled to proceed to the debarkation of the army.

'By private letters of the 17th, it appears that Copenhagen was then completely invested. The division of troops from Stralsund anchored in Kiøge Bay on the preceding day. They were fired at without effect from the batteries.'

Plymouth, Sept. 2. Nearly 100 sail of Danish vessels are in this port, under detention; their value is estimated at about 800,000*l.* The *Revolutionaire*, 44 guns, captain Fielding, is fitting for sea with all possible expedition, and will be ready for sea by Monday next. The Channel fleet came up for Torbay last Monday, but will sail for their station again to-day or to-morrow.—Sailed a Pappenburgher dogger and brig for their destination, cleared from detention at this port.—Passed up Channel the *Porcupine*, 24 guns, with a convoy. There had joined the convoy a large Danish East Indiaman, of 16 guns and 80 men, from Batavia for Copenhagen, a few days before the *Porcupine* came into the Channel, and continued with them till a privateer of this port, with orders to detain all Danish vessels, fell in with the convoy, and communicated the orders to the captain of the *Porcupine*, who immediately bore down, sent a boat on board, and took possession of her, and carried her with the convoy up Channel. It is supposed she has Dutch property on board, and was bound to Amsterdam; she is valued at 150,000*l.* and is full of silks, bale goods, spices, &c.

Edinburgh, Sept. 3. On Tuesday last arrived at Leith, the sloop *Active*, of North Berwick, William Wilson, master. He states, that on the 20th ult. when off the Naze of Norway, he was

spoken to by a British line of battle ship, that boarded a schooner belonging to Berwick that was in company with the Active; and the captain of the schooner informed captain Wilson, that he had been told by the officers of the man of war, that they were to proceed into Christiansand next morning, to cut out a Danish 74 gun ship that was lying there.—About four weeks ago he was at St. Petersburg; says, that two days before he left town, a Russian general that had been bribed by Bonaparte had thrown himself over a bridge and was drowned; and it was reported that general Bennigsen had gone to England.

Cork, Sept. 10. An accident of a singular nature took place about a week ago, between the city and the Cove of Cork. As Mr Jeremiah Murphy, a merchant of that city, was driving in a post-chaise, together with a lady and a child, near the small village called Passage, the horses suddenly took fright, and ran towards the cliff near Giant's Stairs. The post-boy saved himself by throwing himself suddenly on the ground. At that instant the horses and the chaise, together with the company in it, were precipitated to a depth of at least 200 feet perpendicular, to the bed of the river. It happened to be low water, and the carriage, by striking in its fall against the mast of a small vessel, which was then aground close in shore, was dashed to pieces. It is most surprising to relate, that after this severe shock the lady and gentleman escaped with only a slight personal injury, and the child entirely unhurt.

London, Sept. 12. Colonel Bourke and captain Prevost arrived at Portsmouth yesterday evening in the Saracen gun-brig, with dispatches from admiral Murray and general Whitelocke. They immediately set off for London, and arrived early this morning. Sir Samuel Auchmuty and general Craufurd are also arrived in the Saracen.

The dispatches are of a very melancholy nature; we have not only failed in an attack upon Buenos Ayres, but have abandoned the river Plate by capitulation.—Soon after the arrival of general Craufurd, an attack was deter-

mined upon Buenos Ayres. The army landed 20 miles on this side Buenos Ayres; they had seven miles to march across swamps and marshy ground, in which some ammunition and provisions were lost. The army was divided into three columns, two of which were successful in getting possession of part of the town, but the third was unsuccessful. The following letter was this morning sent to the Lord Mayor:—

Downing Street, Sept. 12.

‘ Lord Castlereagh has the honour of acquainting the Lord Mayor, that dispatches have been received this morning from lieutenant-general Whitelocke, dated the 10th of July, by which it appears, that in an attack upon the town of Buenos Ayres, his majesty's troops experienced so much resistance from the tumultuous force of the enemy, that, after gaining possession of part of the town with severe loss, on the 5th of July, the lieutenant-general thought it prudent to enter into a negotiation with general Liniers, who commanded the enemy's forces, by which he agreed to evacuate South America within two months, upon condition that all prisoners taken in the attack, as well as those captured at the surrender of Buenos Ayres, should be restored. The total loss amounts in killed 316—wounded 674—missing 208.

‘ To the right hon. the Lord Mayor.’

Sept. 13. Lieutenant Ramsay, of the Carrier cutter, arrived last night at the Admiralty with dispatches from admiral Russel, announcing the capture of the island of Heligoland, without any resistance. The following letter from an officer on that service has been received:—

‘ Heligoland Roads, Sept. 6.

‘ We sailed from Yarmouth some days ago, with sealed orders, which were to take this place, which was done last night by admiral Russel. There was a garrison of fifty Danish soldiers, who surrendered without firing a gun. It is a famous blockade for the Elbe; a capital shelter for our ships in rough weather; and a good light-house, and

is a complete rock, with about 2000 inhabitants on it, chiefly fishermen. A vessel is under weigh for England with the dispatches.'

Sept. 16. Between seven and eight this morning, colonel Cathcart arrived at lord Castlereagh's, and captain Collyer, of the *Surveillante*, at the Admiralty, with the welcome dispatches from admiral Gambier and lord Cathcart. Messengers were instantly dispatched to his majesty, to the prince of Wales, to Scotland, and to Ireland. They were charged in all the different towns in their route to communicate the news in the following short bulletin:—

' *Copenhagen has surrendered.*

' The Danish fleet has surrendered, and is placed at his majesty's disposal. It consists of eighteen sail of the line, fifteen frigates, and forty other vessels of different sizes. It surrendered after a bombardment of three days. Our army suffered comparatively very little loss.'

The following letters were sent to the Lord Mayor:—

' *St. James's Square,
Wednesday Morning.*

' Lord Castlereagh has the honour to acquaint the Lord Mayor, that dispatches have been received from lord Cathcart, dated from the citadel of Copenhagen, on the 8th instant. After a severe bombardment of three nights, a capitulation was agreed to, by which the Danish fleet, including vessels of all descriptions, were surrendered, together with all naval stores, and his majesty's troops put in possession of the citadel and dock-yard. There were 18 sail of the line, exclusive of 3 on the stocks, 15 frigates, 7 sloops, and 37 mortar and gun-boats, found in the port and arsenal.—The particulars of this important service will appear, with the least possible delay, in an extraordinary Gazette.'

' *Admiralty Office, Sept. 16.*

' Lord Mulgrave has the honour to acquaint the Lord Mayor, that captain Collyer, of his majesty's ship *Surveillante*, is just arrived from admiral Gambier, and brings the news that Copenhagen capitulated on the 7th instant,

when his majesty's fleet and army were put in possession of the fleet and arsenals of Denmark, and of the city of Copenhagen.'

The Park and Tower guns were fired at eleven o'clock, and the flags were displayed upon the different churches.

Sept. 18. Suicide.—A very genteel-dressed elderly man called a coach off the stand at the bottom of Oxford-street, at eleven o'clock on Wednesday night, and ordered the coachman to drive to a subscription house in St. James's-street. The coachman had not proceeded far when he heard the report of a pistol, and, on alighting and opening the coach-door, he beheld the gentleman a corpse, the ball having entered the head under the left temple. The deceased, who was taken to a public-house in Oxford-street, was not owned yesterday. He is a very tall man, and appears to be about sixty.

BIRTHS.

Aug. 22. At Haughley-park, Suffolk, the lady of general Jerningham, of a son.

The right hon. lady Grantham, of a son and heir.

At Highwood-hill, the lady of William Anderson, esq. of Russel-square, of a son.

29. At his house, in Baker-street, Portman-square, the lady of the hon. lieutenant-colonel Plunkett, of the Coldstream guards, of a daughter.

Lady Caroline Lambe, wife of the hon. Mr. Lambe, eldest son of lord viscount Melbourne, of a son and heir, at his lordship's house, Whitehall.

Sept. 2. At the house of lord viscount Deerhurst, in Devonshire-place, the hon Mrs. Cotton, of a son.

3. At Garnons, Herefordshire, the lady of sir John Geers Cotterell, bart. (M. P. for the said county) was safely delivered of a daughter.

7. At Sudbrook-park, Petersham, lady Mary Stopford, of a daughter.

11. At Basham-hall, in the county of Norfolk (the seat of Charles Morley Balders, esq.) the hon. Mrs. Balders, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Aug. 22. At Mary-la-bon church, Wm. Marsden, esq. to miss Wilkins, daughter of Charles Wilkins, esq. of Wimpole-street.

At Witney, by the Rev. William Collins, Thomas Bird, esq. of Salisbury-street, Straud, to miss Ann Wright, daughter of John Wright, esq. deceased, of Middle Field, Oxon.

A. St. Mary's, Newington, Surry, T. P. Asperne, son of Mr. Asperne, bookseller, of Cornhill, to miss Ann King of Walworth.

25. At Mary-la-bon church, major-general Murray, brother to sir James Pulteney, to the Hon. miss Phipps, daughter of the late lord Mulgrave.

At Tenby, in South Wales, Henry Barnes, jun. esq. to miss M. Richards, daughter of Solomon Richards, esq. of Salsborough, Wexford, Ireland.

29. At St. George's, Bloomsbury, B. Holme, esq. to miss Ann Simpson, youngest daughter of the late Samuel Simpson, esq. of Lancaster.

At St. Lawrence Jewry church, Mr. Thomas Hebsun, of London, to miss Sarah Brumfield, of Addington, Surry.

At Ripon, Mr. John Clark, to miss Mary Milner, both of Bishop Thornton.

Sep. 2. At St. George's, Hanover-square, George Mathias, esq. of St. James's-place, to miss Dennison, of Curzon-street.

At Pile, near Colnbrook, Nathaniel Castleton Maw, esq. of the India Company's Service, to Mrs. Bland, widow of the late colonel Bland, chief engineer at Bombay.

Capt. Barnett, assistant quarter-master-general at Canterbury, to miss Monins, eldest daughter of the late John Monins, esq. of the archbishop's palace.

At Lambeth Church, Charles Boyde, esq. of the Custom-house, to miss Hyde, only daughter of Charles Hyde, esq. surgeon, of Moor-place, in the same parish.

8. At Bishopsgate-church, James Webbe Tobin, esq. to miss Jane Mullett, daughter of Thomas Mullett, esq. of Broad-street buildings.

DEATHS.

Aug. 26. In the fifty-ninth year of her age, Mrs. Leonora Thomas, the lady of John Thomas, esq. of Great Baddow, one of his majesty's deputy lieutenants, and a magistrate for the county of Essex.

28. When on a visit at Sydenham, in Kent, John Jones, esq. of Frankly, near Bradford, Wilts, many years in the commissions of the peace for that county and Somersetshire.

Sep. 6. At Bath, George Augustus Lumley Saunderson, earl of Scarborough. His lordship was in his 54th year, and is succeeded in his titles and estates by his next brother, Richard Lumley.

In Charlotte-street, Portland-place, earl Deloraine, in the 71st year of his age. His lordship having no male heir, the title becomes extinct.

14. At his seat at Rainham, the most noble George Marquis Townshend, field-marshal in the army, colonel of the 2d regiment of dragoon guards, lord lieutenant of Norfolk, governor of Jersey, in his 84th year. His lordship was a Godson of his majesty George I. and served under George II. in the battle of Dettingen; he served also in the battles of Fontenoy, Culloden, and Lafeldt; also at the memorable siege of Quebec, which town fell into his hands as commander-in-chief, after the death of the immortal Wolfe; his lordship was also at the battle of Fellinghausen, and served a campaign in Portugal, under count La Lippe; his lordship served the offices of lieutenant-general and master-general of the ordnance; and filled the station of viceroy of Ireland for five years.

16. At Chichester, Mrs. Lane, wife of Wm. Lane, esq. of the Minerva-office, Leadenhall-street.—This lady, who, to an excellent education, added a well-informed and polished mind, has been, for several years, a promoter of literature. In manners she ingratiated herself with a circle of numerous acquaintance. Among her friends, her social disposition and hospitality were proverbial. Her family and servants loved her with a sincere affection, and she has left a disconsolate husband to mourn his irreparable loss.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR OCTOBER, 1807.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates.

- 1 BOTANY, Plate XVI.
- 2 LONDON Fashionable WALKING and AFTERNOON DRESSES.
- 3 THE FOUNDLING.
- 4 New and elegant PATTERN for the FRONT of a DRESS.

LONDON:

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

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. Webb's *Walk V. in a Country Church-Yard*, shall certainly appear in our next.

We shall be glad to hear again from our Correspondent B. S. of Pentonville.

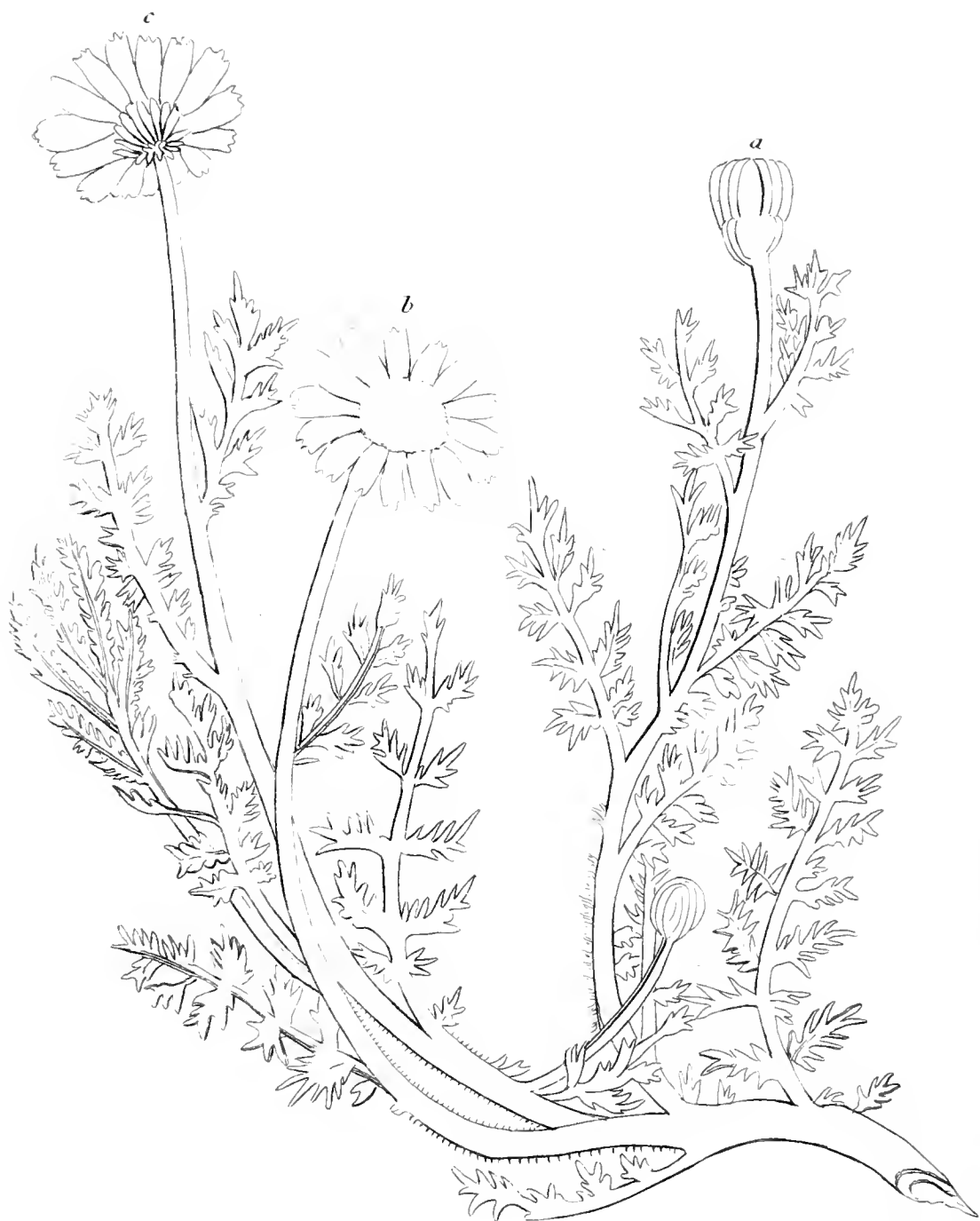
S. Y's poetical contributions are not forgotten.

We are obliged to R. T. for his Hints; they shall be attended to.

Lines on *Discontent*—on leaving *Matlock*, &c. are received.

* * * Our Readers will perceive that we have subjoined to this Number *four additional pages*, containing a full account of the late calamitous accident at **SADLER'S WELLS**, collected from the most authentic information.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



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THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE.

FOR OCTOBER, 1807.

BOTANY FOR LADIES.

By Dr. Thornton.

ELEVENTH LESSON.

THE office of the corolla, like that of the calyx, is to envelop the stamina and pistilla in the centre of flowers, the organs of reproduction.

For this purpose they not only first involve these most essential parts of flowers, but also close against rain, or on the approach of evening.

Some exhibit the most regular movements, and hence botanists have established an *horologium*, or botanical clock.

Linnaeus enumerates forty-six flowers which possess this kind of property, of which the following are those most common in this country. LEONTODON TARAXACUM, *Dandelion*, opens at 5—6, closes at 8—9. HIERACIUM PILEOCELLA, *mouse-ear Hawkweed*,

opens at 8, closes at 2. SONCHUS LÆVIS, *smooth Sow-thistle*, at 5 and at 11—12. LACTUCA SATIVA, *cultivated Lettuce*, at 7 and 10. TRAGOPOGON LUTEUM, *yellow Goats-beard*, at 3—5 and at 9—10. LAPSANA, *Nipplewort*, at 5—6 and at 10—1. NYMPHÆA ALBA, *white Water-lily*, at 7 and 5. PAPAVER NUDICAULE, *naked Poppy*, at 5 and at 7. HEMEROCALLIS FULVA, *tawny Day-lily*, at 5 and at 7—8. CONVULVULUS, at 5—6. MALVA, *Mallow*, at 9—10, and at 1. ARENAREA PURPUREA, *purple Sand-wort*, at 9—10, and at 2—3. ANAGALLIS, *Pimpernel*, at 7—8. PORTULACA HORTENSIS, *garden Purslain*, at 9—10, and at 11—12. DIANTHUS PROLIFER, *proliferous Pink*, at 8 and at 1. CICHOREUM, *Succory*, at 4—5. HYPOCHÆRIS,

at 6—7, and at 4—5. *CREPIS*, at 4—5, and at 10—11. *PICRIS*, at 4—5, and at 12. *Field Calendula*, at 9, and at 3. *African Calendula*, at 7, and at 3—4.

As these observations were probably made in the botanic gardens at Upsal, they may require further attention to suit them to our climate.

Vide plate 16, *l. a.* where the flower is closed, and *l. b. c.* where it is open. The example is the chronicle.

The other offices of the Corolla we shall resume in our next.

THE FOUNDLING;

A TALE.

[*With an elegant Engraving.*]

ACTS of benevolence, proceeding from exalted generosity of mind, though they may too often meet with no return from those who benefit by them but ingratitude, and produce no reward to those who perform them but the reflection that they have done good deeds, are sometimes productive, besides this invaluable recompense, of great and unexpected advantages in those occurrences of life to which the self-interested and sordid alone direct their attention.

As Mr. Lionel Sydney was returning home one evening from a pensive walk he had taken, in which his little dog was his only companion, he found close by his door a basket, in which, on inspection, he discovered a fine male child a few months old. The poor deserted infant seemed to stretch out toward him its little arms for protection, and with persuasive looks to implore his compassion,

—‘Poor babe!’ said Mr. Sydney, ‘is it thus that thou makeest thy entrance into the world? Art thou already deserted and friendless?—I must be thy friend—at least so far as to afford thee immediate assistance for the preservation of thy life in this thy helpless state, and to endeavour to find thy unnatural parent or parents, and to revive, if possible, in their breasts the ordinary feelings of humanity’.

Mr. Sydney took up the child, and carried it into his house, giving the strictest charge to his house-keeper that it should be well taken care of, till proper inquiries could be made with respect to who were its parents, and how it came to be abandoned at such an early and helpless age. These inquiries were made, but nothing could be discovered concerning it; and the child being healthy, good-humoured, and pleasing in its playful way, won so much the susceptible heart of its generous benefactor, that he seemed to be in no haste to part with it, but rather fondled it, and provided in every way for its welfare with the solicitude of an indulgent father.

Mr. Sydney, at whose door this deserted infant had the good fortune to be laid, was a gentleman of a competent but not a very large fortune, resident in Devonshire, not many miles from Plymouth. He resided on and farmed his own estate, which supplied him with what is sufficient for the wise and good man, though not with those superfluities which are required by the sons of luxury. About two years before the occurrence of his finding the innocent infant left at his door he had married a lady to whom his

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



The Foundling.



heart was most affectionately and sincerely devoted, and who returned his affection with equal ardor. But transient indeed is human happiness! His beloved Maria died within a month after she had brought forth her first child, and her child soon followed her. Dreadful was the shock to the heart of Mr. Sydney: he sought solitude; often wandered alone, and for a long time refused comfort. As he was now no stranger to suffering, he was ever ready to relieve the sufferings of others; and to this state of his mind may, perhaps, in some degree be attributed the kindness and affection with which he treated the hapless foundling.

At length, rather in consequence of the advice of others than from his own inclination and feelings, he became half resolved to deliver up the babe he had now for some time protected and cherished, to those high parochial dignities who are required by law to provide for infants thus abandoned, and to take care that they do not, at least not immediately, perish. But on making an application to the authorities of this kind properly constituted, he found himself treated with so much superciliousness, and so many hints were given that he would not have made so much of a chance-child had he not pretty well known who was the father; that perceiving into what hands he must resign the helpless innocent, he determined, especially as the late severe domestic calamity he had suffered still pressed heavy on his heart, and rendered him averse even to the thoughts of a second marriage, to adopt, and bring him up as his son. He gave him the name of George, and he became one of his family,

As years passed on, young George, by his engaging person, his good sense, and the excellent disposition of mind which he continually more and more displayed, so fully secured the esteem and love of Mr. Sydney, that he could scarcely have possessed them more had he actually been his own son. When his understanding was become more mature, Mr. Sydney frequently found the advice he gave the best that could be given in the circumstances in which he was placed; and he at length trusted to his prudence, and considerably to his own advantage, almost the whole management of his affairs.

When George had attained the age of eighteen, the strong bodily powers he then possessed were exerted in the labours of the field, and otherwise, much to the profit of his generous benefactor; for though the latter had given his adopted son a good and liberal education, he only designed him to be a useful and not an idle gentleman. Having no relations but such as were rather distant, and still more rich, he intended him for the heir of the small estate he possessed, but to make it productive he knew that it was necessary he should be able to cultivate and improve it.

About the time that Mr. Sydney had formed this idea, and when George was nearly of the age above mentioned, it chanced that as they were one day riding out together, Mr. Sydney's horse took fright at something on the road, and ran away with him, till he came to a bridge over a deep though not very wide stream, where he threw him in such a manner that he fell headlong into the middle. George, who follow-

ed him close, as fast as his own horse could lay legs to the ground, seeing him fall, alighted in an instant, and plunging into the water, seized Mr. Sydney who could not swim, and with great difficulty, and at the utmost hazard of his life, brought him to the bank and delivered him from his danger.

—‘George,’ said Mr. Sydney, when he had recovered,—for the sudden shock, and the time he had remained in the water had at first nearly deprived him of sense—‘George,’ when you were an infant I, perhaps, saved your life, you have this day certainly saved mine: it is thus that Providence ordains that acts of benevolence shall meet with greater rewards than they seem entitled to claim—Henceforth, however, we will indeed be father and son.’

Immediately after this occurrence Mr. Sydney formally bequeathed, by a will which he then made, the whole of his property, real and personal, to his adopted son George.

But as the affairs of human life depend neither on our calculations, nor even our exertions, however diligent or meritorious, within the space of three or four years from this period, Mr. Sydney found himself in absolutely embarrassed circumstances. His natural generosity and various acts of benevolence, of which he was in the opinion of all his relatives and friends certainly guilty, had not contributed to improve his fortune, which in fact he did not wish, conceiving it amply sufficient for all his wants. But besides the too common effects of such generosity, adverse seasons, and unfortunate occurrences in his way of trade, had so reduced him, that he had scarcely any fortune whatever, and the

property remaining to him seemed, in his opinion, but a very inadequate remuneration for all the services he had received from his faithful friend, and now more than ever beloved adopted son, George.

It chanced that about this time Mr. Sydney became acquainted with a respectable naval officer of the name of Darton, who being advanced in years, and declining in health, had for some time retired from the service, and lived on the very ample fortune he had acquired by taking a number of valuable prizes while he had the command of a ship of war. As the frank and open disposition of captain Darton accorded exactly with that of Mr. Sydney, a very familiar intimacy soon ensued between them. They visited very frequently; and the captain related to Mr. Sydney his various adventures, and showed him a number of curiosities he had collected in the course of his voyages. Mr. Sydney in return showed the captain various things that he had collected and preserved as rarities, though many of them, certainly, were not very rare. Among these was a very old-fashioned small silver coral, which, perhaps it should have been mentioned before, was hanging round the neck of young George when he was found in the basket, a deserted infant, at Mr. Sydney’s door. The coral particularly attracted the captain’s attention: it was precisely the make of one that had been long in his family, and had engraven on it his arms, and the initials of his name. He repeatedly inquired of Mr. Sydney how he became possessed of this trinket, and he, though very reluctantly, at length related to him the manner in which he found his

adopted son George, and consequently the coral. The captain seemed greatly surprised, and mused for some time: at length he said ‘Your friendship, I perceive, can conceal nothing from me; nor will I conceal my thoughts from you. It is possible that George may be my son. I have always felt a more than ordinary regard and esteem for him since I have known him; that, however, may be easily accounted for, when I consider his good sense, and excellent disposition. But about twenty years ago I contracted an intimacy with a lady of the name of Stanley, with whom I lived for some time near Plymouth, and who became pregnant. About the time that her delivery was every day expected I was ordered to join my ship. I gave her what money I had, and directed her to draw on my agent to a certain amount when she wanted more. I also gave her this coral, which was my mother’s, for her child. I was absent abroad four years, and on my return, notwithstanding all my inquiries, could never learn what had become of her. This must be the coral, whoever George may be’.

After a long conversation on this extraordinary discovery till it was almost dark, the captain set out from Mr. Sydney’s house to return home, leaving the further discussion of the subject till the next day. As he passed along he saw an old woman before him who had the misfortune to fall down. He raised her up, and looking in her face recollected her. ‘Is not your name Elizabeth Harris?’ said he, ‘and did you not once live with miss Stanley?’ The woman assented, but at first denied that she knew any thing more of her or her affairs than

that she was dead. The captain, however, prevailed on her to accompany him to Mr. Sydney’s; showed her the coral, and introduced her to George; when unable to persist any longer in her prevarications she confessed the whole truth. ‘Miss Stanley,’ she said, ‘died a few months after the birth of her child, and having no relations, nor any friend she could trust more than herself, left to her the care of her child with all that she possessed. As the maintenance of the child, however, was expensive and troublesome, she had disposed of it at the door of a benevolent gentleman whom she knew would take care of it, and applied the property to her own use.’—‘George, my boy, you are my son!’ exclaimed the captain, ‘and I will act by you as a father ought.’ He immediately settled on him twenty thousand pounds; and so effectually assisted Mr. Sydney as to extricate him from all his difficulties, and place him in a more prosperous situation than ever. Thus did it seem good to Providence to reward benevolence to a poor deserted Foundling.

ANECDOTE of the late DUKE d’ENGBIEN.

THE late duke d’Engbien, who fell a victim to the vengeance and cruelty of the usurper of the throne of France, was a prince of great generosity, and a truly amiable disposition. Many of his countrymen who fought against him did not conceal the esteem which his character inspired. They had witnessed his unconquered bravery, and many of them had experienced

the noble manner in which he hastened to the relief of those whom the chances of war had made his prisoners. Amongst various incidents of the kind he once, by accident, heard how warmly he was beloved by his mis-led countrymen. After the battle of the first of December, in the campaign of 1800, as he returned to his house at Rosenheim (a town in Bavaria) he passed over many of the slain enemy: one he perceived to exhibit signs of life; and on stooping to examine more closely, he found by the dress of the object of his commiseration, that he was a French officer. He ordered him to be immediately conveyed to his quarters, and put into his own bed. In consequence of the crowd of the Condé officers that were in the house, he had no second bed for himself, but sat watching by the wounded prisoner. After the necessary attendance had been given by the surgeons they withdrew, and the prince was left alone with the invalid. The poor man, totally ignorant who was his preserver, broke out in the most animated expressions of gratitude. The duke strove to restrain him, but he still went on, and at length exclaimed—'Happy army of Condé, whose officers are all brave and humane!—All follow the example of their great young leader!—Ah, sir, my noble protector, I were favoured indeed could I, before I die, but once behold the face of the duke d'Enghien!—Had all the princes been like him, virtuous, brave, and merciful, France would not now have been a republic, nor should I have been your enemy'—'Do you love the duke d'Enghien?' inquired the prince—'All men love him,' replied the officer, 'and I do from my soul'—'Then he thanks you,' cried the duke, grasp-

ing his hand.' But to love him truly you must love his king—I live but for my sovereign, or to die in his defence.' The republican officer burst into a flood of tears, and bathing the prince's hands with that oblation of the heart, murmured out vows of gratitude, repentance, loyalty, and admiration.

CHARACTER of the SPANIARDS and PORTUGUESE.

Even in the frontier towns a strong line of distinction is drawn between the two nations. The Spaniard is more determined in his gait and manners; his cloak thrown over his shoulders gives him something of the air of a man of courage, whilst the same custom with the Portuguese manners gives only the look of an assassin. But if we notice the difference between the men, it is still more apparent in the women of the two countries. The air, the dress, the walk of the Spanish ladies, is not only superior to that of their neighbours, but perhaps of any European nation. The lower part of their dress is black, with deep fringes; the upper consists simply of a white muslin veil, which, without covering the face, falls down on each side of the head, crosses over the bosom, and is fastened behind the back. They walk with freedom; their eyes are dark and expressive, and their whole countenances have that bewitching air which an Englishman likes well enough to see in any woman, except his wife, his sister, or the woman he truly loves and respects.

HARRIET VERNON ;

OR,

CHARACTERS FROM REAL LIFE.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

BY A LADY.

(Continued from p. 473.)

LETTER XXXIII.

Mrs. West, in Answer.

MY dearest Harriet, I lose no time in answering your sister's letter, and as you are the subject, to you I address myself. How happy does it make me, that the two young women who, next to my own daughter, I love best in the world, are possessed of sense, prudence, and diffidence. The latter amiable quality naturally results from the two former; and a young woman possessing it will never fall into gross errors. A modest diffidence is the groundwork of virtue, and unless I could build on that foundation I would relinquish all hopes of my pupil's becoming a good or accomplished character. But I must proceed to answer your letter.

I congratulate you, dear Harriet, on gaining the affections of a man of Mr. Beaumont's description: it is, I think, in point of interest, as good an offer as you could expect; and your partiality in his favour is to be approved. But I like not the circumstances attending this affair. His mother's letter I have perused over and over, and though it is not exactly

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what I myself should have written, it is certainly dictated by a strong affection for her son, and the most disinterested wish to see him happy.—Did she know my Harriet one quarter as well as I do, I should not wonder at her request of taking her under her roof, as well as her very ready approbation of her son's choice; but, had I been circumstanced as Mr. Beaumont is, I should have wished to have known more of the lady, and been less liberal of my generous proposals. She has evinced the highest confidence in her son's judgment; and in the present instance will not be deceived.—Peoples tempers and mode of thinking vary so materially, that it is sometimes difficult to reconcile their conduct to our own ideas on the same subject. I have endeavoured in a hundred ways to develop the seeming mystery of not undeceiving miss Jones until you are actually married. It is possible the good lady may have potent reasons in her own mind, but surely she can have none for keeping those reasons from her son. If they are, as she says, of the utmost importance, it is in my opinion highly necessary that her son and yourself should be made acquainted with them. By the style of Mrs. Beaumont's letter I should suppose her to be a sensible woman; but really this part puzzles me not a little to reconcile the character. As the matter now stands represented by Mrs. Beaumont, it should seem necessary that you immediately marry; but I must say I think your honour, as well as Mr. Beaumont's, require you should instantly undeceive miss Jones. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson see the propriety of this; but methinks there is no occasion for being so hasty. The first step

to be taken is to acquaint miss Jones; the rest will follow of course. But this is saying nothing: we both think alike of what ought to be done, but the question is, What you are now to do?

I would then advise you to tell Mr. Beaumont that you cannot think of becoming his until his mother has explained the mystery she alludes to respecting miss Jones; and that your acquaintance with him you deem too short to allow you, with prudence, to marry immediately; that if his mother sees the expediency of continuing the deception, it is most likely you may too, when informed of it; but that you will not countenance a deception, the reason for which you are unacquainted with. After this your steady determination, which Mr. Beaumont will inform her of, she must be very inconsistent in her affectionate professions to her son if she refuses to comply with your request. If she remain inflexible, which I do not think likely, your own heart must dictate; I shall not in that case like to advise; but, at all events, you must procure an interview with her, and your own good sense and discernment will then be of infinite service.

I am sorry for your brother's unaffectionate conduct; but you are used to it, and I hope will not suffer it to affect you too much.—I am pleased with Dorcas' honest simplicity. Simplicity like hers, joined to so good a heart, has, with me, charms in any station.

My dear Susan joins with me in love, and best wishes that Providence will direct you in all your concerns. We shall be impatient

to hear the result of this, so pray write soon to

Your sincere friend,
M. WEST.

LETTER XXXIV.

Miss Harriet Vernon to Mrs. West.

I CANNOT, my dearest madam, sufficiently thank you for your kind and sensible letter: it would not have remained unanswered a whole week, but from circumstances of which I will now inform you.

The day after Maria had sent her last letter, as we were sitting at dinner, a stage-coach stopped at the house, and from the box who should alight but our brother. He followed the servant into the parlour, without the ceremony of sending in his name. He was rather shabbily dressed, and Mrs. Wilson, not having seen him for twenty years, did not know him, but thought he was come to some of the servants. Our exclamation convinced her, and Mr. Wilson rose from table to take him by the hand. He advanced towards Mrs. Wilson, and offered his hand, but she withdrew hers. He snatched his away, and put it behind him in an instant.—‘Oh! oh!’ said he, ‘what, you are above shaking hands with your cousin! perhaps there may be some younger and handsomer than yourself may be glad to’—He turned on his heel, and nodded at us, with ‘How do you do, Maria? how do you, Harriet?’

Mr. Wilson ordered a chair, and urged him to take something to eat. He said he was very hungry, and had not the coachman told him he was near his journey's end, he should have treated himself with some bread

and cheese at the ale-house where the horses watered. So saying, he sat himself down between miss Jones and me, the former smiling contemptuously. Mrs. Wilson repeated, in a whisper, two or three times, 'What a bear!' whilst Maria and I wished to creep into a nut-shell.

We all were silent till he had finished his meal; when miss Jones noticed an unsavoury smell that issued from his boots, and begged him to remove his seat.

'Anan!' said he; 'the blacking on my boots offends you, does it?'

'My organs of smell,' replied she, 'are offended by the effluvia.'

The company smiled at his uncouth manners,—all but Mrs. Wilson, who was so completely picqued at his first salutation, that no mark but of contempt appeared on her countenance.

'Well,' said he, 'I suppose you all wonder what brought me hither; but I am come on business,—nothing but business ever takes me from home.'

'No doubt, sir,' said Mrs. Wilson; 'and the sooner it is dispatched the better.'

My brother, who has sense enough to understand an affront, took fire at this speech, and starting from his seat,—'Yes, yes, old dame,' said he, 'it shall be soon dispatched, and then good bye to your old shrivelled face.'

This was too much for a woman of better sense and temper to bear. She burst into tears, and—'Will you, Mr. Wilson,' said she, 'sit and see me abused in this manner in my own house?'

'I must, sir,' said Mr. Wilson, 'beg you will leave the room; the miss Vernons will attend you into the next; I presume your business is with them.'

'You guess right; and so your servant,' returned this uncourteous brother.—'Come, girls, let us go out of the sight of madam: what I have to say will soon be said, and then I am off.'

So saying, we all left the room.—'Maria,' whispered Mrs. Wilson—'Dear madam, he affronts every one; let me beg of you to treat his behaviour with the contempt it deserves.'

When we were seated in the next room, after he had vented his spleen, and sworn by 'Change Alley that he would never darken her doors more, he dashed at once into the business by saying,—'I am going to be married next week.'—We stared in speechless astonishment. He went on—'A young woman I have met with by the greatest chance in the world, devilish rich—estates in the West Indies to the amount of fifty thousand pounds—a widow—no incumbrances—wants a person to secure her property. Propose when we are married we both go for a year.—All this well attested by several friends upon 'Change, and by Lawyer Dixon to boot!'

We congratulated him on his good fortune, and Maria faintly asked what he meant to do with us?

'That's the very thing I am come about. You see I have maintained you, bed and board, many years; but it does not follow that a man who does nineteen good offices should do the twentieth.—A friend of mine upon 'Change has offered to take Maria for a companion to his wife; and Lawyer Dixon knows a milliner who will take Harriet as a journeywoman, provided she is tractable in learning the business. You see I would not have married without providing for you.'

I thought Maria would have fainted during this speech, but a flood of tears relieved her. For my part I was too angry to faint or weep. I felt an uncommon courage and spirit possess me, and seeing Maria's situation, found I must be the only speaker.

'And is this,' said I, 'all you intend doing for us?'

'I intended,' said he, 'if you behaved well, to give you ten pounds a-piece;—at the same time taking out his pocket-book, he presented a ten pound bank note to each of us. Secure of the treasure, and convinced this was really all we were to expect, I found myself in a moment divested of all affection and respect for the ungracious giver.—'And now, sir,' said I, rising from my seat, 'that you have informed us of your intentions, I will acquaint you with ours. The manner with which you have treated us ever since, as you say, you have maintained us bed and board, by making us every day feel our dependence, has cancelled all obligation:—your present behaviour is of a piece.'—I looked at Maria, who, by an encouraging glance, prompted me to go on.—'Your proposals we despise. On Providence we will depend for a subsistence, and on the compassion of strangers, when they shall hear we are set adrift in the wide world by a brother possessing a hundred thousand pounds.'

Never did I see a countenance so strongly marked with surprise and anger as his was when I had finished my speech. Fearing an answer, I took Maria by the hand, and made towards the door. He caught her arm, and—'What say you, madam?' said he.—'That my sister has spoken my senti-

ments,' said she.—'The devil!' was all we heard him say, for we hurried out of the room, and in a few minutes saw the gentleman walk out of the court-yard.

Guess, my dear madam, our feelings on this occasion:—turned out on the wide world by a brother who ought to have been our guardian and protector, and having it so amply in his power so to be! But oh! how inexpressibly happy did we feel ourselves by the recollection that our distresses were not brought on us by our own misconduct. With a good conscience what cannot we encounter? and relying on a kind and good Providence what difficulty may we not surmount?

After we had sat weeping and looking at each other about half an hour, we received a summons from Mrs. Wilson to attend her in her dressing-room. We dried our tears, and went. After we had informed her of all the particulars of our brother's behaviour, she looked at us with an aspect of tenderness and compassion, of which I, until then, had thought her incapable.—'Do not make yourselves unhappy,' said she. 'Maria, I shall be happy to have you stay with me; and as for you, Harriet, Mr. Beaumont you know will make you his wife.'—All the contents of your letter now rushed on my mind; I made no answer. Maria returned her acknowledgments in the most grateful manner, and we both felt ourselves much obliged to her. We accompanied her down to tea, and she acquainted Mr. Wilson, Miss Jones, and Mr. Beaumont, with all the particulars. We would willingly have excused her this trouble, but people of little delicacy have no idea of the pain they

frequently give others by the gratification of their own propensities. During her recital I could not look at Mr. Beaumont; as for miss Jones, she did not take her eyes off from a book which she was reading, and whether she heard it I cannot say. Mr. Wilson spoke friendly, and seconded his wife's invitation to Maria. I was excessively embarrassed to observe myself not included, and was on the point of leaving the room; when Mr. Beaumont relieved me by proposing a walk, as it was a fine moonlight evening. Being a little recovered, I ventured to meet his eyes, and thought I discovered an uncommon pleasure in his countenance: Mr. Wilson, Maria, and myself, assented to the proposal. Miss Jones would not leave her book. She has never appeared in the least jealous of me, which I have sometimes wondered at; but I suppose she has too much confidence in her golden charms to fear a rival.

Mr. Wilson's terrace and garden is large; there we walked, and Mr. Wilson soon detached himself and Maria from Mr. Beaumont and me. I trembled so that I could scarcely walk. The exertion of spirits I had used in my late conversation with my brother had exhausted them; and I was now in a state of mind to comply with almost any proposal which Mr. Beaumont might make. He failed not to take the advantage; and, in short, my dear madam, after a variety of arguments which I was unable to controvert, he prevailed on me to give my consent to our union. He informed me that miss Jones had that morning signified her intention of leaving Mr. Wilson's in a few days, her house being ready for her recep-

tion; that he had discouraged her on account of leaving me, as common politeness would oblige him to accompany her; but that he would now second her intention: and hoped in a few days to set off, and in a few days more to return and make me his in presence of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson; that in the mean time his mother would prepare for our reception, and would inform miss Jones. What could I say to proposals urged by so much love and sincerity? It is, indeed, nothing but your disapprobation that can make me at present regret my determination in his favour.

We returned to the house, I, all confusion, and embarrassed at seeing miss Jones. Maria and Mr. Wilson had likewise returned, and were engaged in pacifying Mrs. Wilson, who had, in our absence, fallen into a dispute. Miss Jones declaring she would return home the next day, Mrs. Wilson, who when she is angry sets politeness at defiance, told her that she approved her resolution. On the entrance of Mr. Beaumont and myself, miss Jones darted a look at me expressive of disdain and anger. I sat down in the first chair I found, silent and confused. Maria came to me, and said, if Mrs. Wilson pleased we would withdraw for the evening. I was happy to escape from such a scene. As we left the room I heard miss Jones say, 'Poor creature! her vanity will be her ruin.' Maria told me that Mrs. Wilson, during our absence, informed her of the attachment between Mr. Beaumont and me. Miss Jones had ascribed to my vanity the whole story, and did not, or would not believe a tittle of it. High words had ensued, and miss Jones had resolved to set

off the next morning; confiding entirely in Mr. Beaumont's honour and attachment to her.

Think, my dear madam, what were now my feelings! I almost resolved instantly to go down, confess all to her, and resign all hopes of Mr. Beaumont. Conscious of having injured her, I could have borne her reproach. Maria seemed rather to advise this measure; but whilst we were hesitating, and revolving the subject in our minds, I was seized with such a giddiness and faintness that I was incapable of exerting myself. Maria, alarmed at seeing me so ill, insisted on my going to bed, and composing myself; but that was not in my power. I was, however, better in the morning. Maria went down to breakfast, and brought me a letter from Mr. Beaumont which he had requested Mrs. Wilson to convey to me. The contents are as follow:

Two o'clock, Tuesday Morning.

“Will my dearest miss Vernon pardon my conduct, when she shall hear that I accompany miss Jones to her house this morning? In my first emotion of my surprise and resentment for the unworthy treatment bestowed on you last night, I was on the point of throwing myself at your feet, and avowing, in the face of the company, an attachment which I must ever glory in as my honour and happiness; but you left the room so suddenly that I had not time to obey the impulse. The instant you were gone miss Jones caught my arm, and, bursting into tears, conjured me, with a tenderness I never saw her assume, to vindicate, as she termed it, my injured honour; and added,—“I leave this place, sir, at six to-morrow morn-

ing.”—How could I act in this situation? To have undeceived her then would have been to have exposed her to the insults of Mrs. Wilson who was in a passion I never saw equalled. I thought it a politeness due to miss Jones, to suffer her to believe herself in the right whilst in this house. What a delicate situation was mine!—“Be candid, sir,” exclaimed Mrs. Wilson, “and declare that I have told the truth.” I made her no answer, but taking miss Jones by the hand, led her to the door, entreated her to calm herself, and told her that I would attend her to the hour she mentioned. She retired to her room, and from Mrs. Wilson I received a torrent of abuse for my cowardly conduct, as she calls it; but if I have not incurred your censure, I shall utterly disregard all other.—I shall, as I think I am by politeness bound, conduct miss Jones to her house, and then will acquaint her with a subject I now reproach myself for having so long concealed. My mother's wish cannot now be complied with. Unworthy, indeed, should I be of a place in your heart, if I did not risque her displeasure on such an occasion. What then remains? but that you, my dearest life, will consent to make me happy. I shall go to my mother, and consult on proper measures; which, if you approve, delay will be unnecessary. A thousand thanks do I bestow on your unnatural brother, who, by depriving you of his protection, has given me a title that I would not exchange for the universe. A happy day was yesterday for me; nor shall my amiable Harriet ever have reason to regret it. My life is devoted to your happiness, and in your favour alone can I find my

own. Within a fortnight at most I hope to call you mine; in the mean time I beg your permission to write, and flatter myself that you will accept this as flowing from a heart unalterably yours.

HENRY BEAUMONT.'

On perusing this letter I saw no reason to be dissatisfied with it. It was certainly more delicate to acquaint miss Jones in private with such an affair than to mortify her pride by a public avowal. I have often wondered at her want of penetration in not discovering Mr. Beaumont's attachment to me; but it is now clear she had the most perfect confidence in him. I can truly say I pity her, and, on that account, shall accept his hand with some degree of regret.

When we met at dinner I showed Mr. and Mrs. Wilson my letter, for I think no reserve should be used with them. Mrs. Wilson could not be satisfied with his conduct, and said, that were she in my place, she would have nothing to say to him.—I could not refrain from tears.—'Alas! madam,' said I, what right has such a poor, forlorn girl as I am to expect a man to sacrifice every thing to my wishes? Has not Mr. Beaumont, for my sake, given up fortune, and, in some degree, his honour already?'

Mr. Wilson took my hand, and entreated me not to distress myself: he had no doubt we should be one of the happiest couple in the world.

'Very likely,' said Mrs. Wilson; 'but they shall not be married at this house, I promise you!'

I felt myself shocked and confounded by the bluntness of this speech, and was unable to reply to it.

Mr. Beaumont has now been gone a week, during which time Mrs. Wilson has behaved towards me in a sullen and reserved manner, for which I can no way account; but to Maria she is very complaisant. Mr. Beaumont has written to me once. He comes next week, hoping, as he says, to make me his. He says little of miss Jones, but that she received the intelligence from him by letter, and that he has not seen her since. Her injured pride, he supposes, will enable her to bear her disappointment.

Thus, my dear madam, do matters now stand. Maria has written to Mrs. Ambrose a similar account. I am, as you see, on the verge of marriage, and that with a man whom of all others I prefer: but I am not happy. I feel I have not acted by miss Jones the candid, open part I ought to have done; and under the consciousness of improper conduct we cannot enjoy peace of mind. I think I ought to have relinquished or never suffered myself to be attached under such circumstances. I leave my dear sister in an unpleasant situation, and am about to marry in a way in which I can render her no assistance. All these unpleasant ideas obtrude themselves, in spite of all my exertions to the contrary. I beg your acceptance of my best thanks for all your goodness to me. With kind love to Susan, I remain

Your ever obliged,

H. VERNON.

LETTER XXXV.

Dorcas to the Miss Vernons.

My dear young Mistresses,

I AM so sad and mournful I hardly know how to write. That

ever I should live to see this day ! Ah ! my poor young ladies, master told me all about his going to see you. It was a pity, methinks, miss Harriet was so hasty. God will take care of you I am sure : to be certain master won't. I can't describe the passion he is in when I says any thing about you. But I will not say all that is in my head on that score ; for to be sure you are low-spirited enough without my writing dismal things.

Well, master was married yesterday to this same widow lady, and a fine looking woman she is ; but I shall never like her though she has such a great fortune. All that makes me wonder is how she came to have master ; but lawyer Dixon brought it about. They talk of journeying to Jamaica about her fortune. No matter where they go ; for certain if I could provide for myself I would run away. I don't know where they were married, not I, there was only lawyer Dixon at the wedding. I heard talk about settlement ; but master swore he wou'd not make none ; so he had it all his own way I think. He told me this morning to pack up all your odds and ends (as he call'd them), and send them by the first waggon to madam Wilson's : so this letter will warn you of their coming. I wou'd write a longer letter, but have the rhumatis in my hand, so that I can scarce hold the pen. I thinks it was brought on by fretting ; for I does nothing but cry all day long. It will give me some comfort to hear how you go on. Please to direct for me at Martha Jenkins' green-stall, in this street ; for master will put himself in a passion if he sees your hand-writing to me. So hoping this will find you in health,

I remain your loving nurse, and dutiful servant, till death,

DORCAS JENKINS.

P. S. I thought what my dreams would come to.

Miss Vernon, in Answer.

Do not, good Dorcas, distress yourself about us. I am persuaded God will provide for us. We have not brought this trouble on ourselves, and there is great comfort you know in that. Our brother ought to have been our protector and friend through life, but although he has in so unnatural a manner forsaken us, I doubt not we shall meet with friends and do very well.

I have a fine piece of news for you, Dorcas : my dear sister is going to be married to a young clergyman ; but don't tell your master of it : I tell it you because I know it will comfort you. I am as much surprised as you at the lady's marrying my brother, but there is no accounting for these things sometimes. I hope to hear from you as often as you can. I am sorry for the lameness in your hand. I shall continue with Mrs. Wilson at her desire : so you see we are not so badly off as you feared.

And now, dear Dorcas, I must make a request, which, if you have any regard for me, you will comply with ; which is, that you will behave in a respectful manner to my brother, and his wife, who is now your mistress. On no occasion mention our names to either of them ; but, by a prudent conduct, secure to yourself a provision under his roof : for, consider, what will be the consequence if you disoblige them. To know you destitute of a support would add greatly to my trouble.

I thank you for sending our poor remains of clothes, I suppose I shall never enter my brother's house again, but I do not despair of seeing you one day or other.— Be that as it may, I shall ever remain

Your true friend,
MARIA VERNON.

(*To be continued.*)

A NIGHT WALK

IN OCTOBER.

By J. M. L.

'In russet garment clad, of sober hue,
With ruddy hawthorn-berries for his crown,
October enters sad with tears of dew,
And pulls the leafy grove's last honours down.'

Author's Manuscript Poems.

SUMMER was fled, and Autumn had commenced her not-unpleasing sway: for, although the extreme heat of milder days was gone, yet the present month gave renovated Man an invitation to exercise and brace his relaxed system. The chief reflection that makes Autumn, in some degree, unenjoyed, is the near approach of Winter.—The feathered songsters have forgot their melodies, or feebly twitter their tremulous lay from the leafless boughs.—The simple flowerets that graced the borders of the wanderer's path, or scented the air with fragrance as he passed, are no more; even the reapers song has ceased, and not a gleaner is to be seen strolling over the stubbles.—The frequent report of the sportsman's gun, or the babbling cries of the noisy pack, are nearly the only sounds that strike the rural ear; and all

these circumstances are indicative of approaching Winter, when

'The piercing cold commands to shut
the door,
And rouse the cheerful hearth.'

Hurdis describes this month; and the preceding one, as

'Twin months of slaughter.'

Had my walk been a morning one I might have witnessed the gunner starting for his morning's sport; might have traced his path by his having swept away the 'silver dew.'—

'Well arm'd is he, within with morning dram,
Without with old surtout, thick shoes,
and hose

Of leather, button'd to the buck-skin'd knee.

So forth he fares, brave knight; but first he primes

And crams his musquet, then suspends his pouch,

His powder-horn, and whip with whistle tipt,

On his broad shoulders. Let me not forget,

What he might well forget, 'th' important bag,

To be ere long (for so he thinks) well lin'd

With pheasant, partridge, snipe, or tardy quail,

So mounts the popping Hudibras, or stile,

Or crackling hedge, or leaps the muddy ditch,

His armour clatt'ring as he goes. I see
Where he has swept the silver dew
away

Across the pasture. Now he climbs the gate,

And heys his dog to run the stubble round,

While he stands still, or scarcely moves a pace.

So have I seen the hasty minute-hand
Run round and round, while th' other
idly stood,

Or seem'd to stand, and with commanding tone
 Bray'd loud to instigate his race again.
 Take heed, take heed! With nose infallible
 The silent pointer winds toward the game.
 Now motionless he stands, one foot lift up,
 His nostril wide distended, and his tail
 Unwagg'd. Now speed thou, hero of the gun,
 And when the covey sudden springs, let fly
 And miss them all. Oh, I rejoice to see
 When our amusements are so innocent
 They give no pain at all. But spare the whip,
 And if the wary covey spring too soon,
 Let Sancho still be safe; and let not rage
 Prompt thee to stamp upon his guiltless neck
 Till the blood issue from his lips and nose;
 Much less let fly upon the faithful cur
 The volley fate has spar'd, for he is staunch,
 And true to thee as thou art false to him.'

HURDIS.

No such scene awaited me; but although the weather had been dull, and occasionally wet, the night I chose for my ramble was clear, and the stars shone in burnished brilliance above. The air was cold, but dry; and I could not avoid exclaiming

'But e'en Night, at this season, has charms for the soul
 That can contemplate Nature in solitude's reign,
 That can gaze on the planets as splendid they roll,
 With a mind comprehensive, and breast free from pain.
 Whilst the man more untaught, more unable to soar
 Thro' the regions of space to the God-head's great throne,
 May on earth find fit objects to make him adore
 The POWER whose hand could create them alone.

For on earth we can see, when no star shines above,
 The glow-worm illumine the field or the bower;
 And e'en this will excite admiration and love
 For the Being who gave to the glow-worm this power.'

Author's Manuscript Poems.

I was straying at this time near Bury-Saint-Edmund's, where it was fair-time; and recollecting this had been market-day, I determined to proceed thither, and for a short time amuse myself with any of the sports that might then be going forward. The town, as may naturally be supposed, was very full of people. The Johns and Marys were gaping in wide-mouthed wonder at the astonishing feats of Mr. Merryman and his associates, or were taking a parting mug at the drinking-booth; some few of the pedlars stalls were yet open, and at these the young lads were purchasing ribbons for the *marothers*, in token of their true love for them. At the door of one of the booths I beheld rather a distressing scene: A great mob was collected round, and upon inquiry I found the cause of their collecting was, that a decent young man, who had come to the fair with his sister, struck with the smart appearance of a recruiting serjeant, flushed with 'old beer,' and pleased with the martial tones of 'the ear-piercing fife, and spirit-stirring drum,' had determined to enlist. This was in the absence of his sister, who was strolling round the fair; and she had but just now found him marching, or rather staggering along, with the serjeant's ribbon-covered cap on his head, and a drawn sword in his

hand, quite as great (in his own estimation,) and certainly much happier, than Alexander when he had conquered the world. But his sister, poor girl! was not so much intoxicated either with ale or military glory, as her brother; and when I had pushed through the crowd to where they stood, she was hanging round him with tear-sworn eyes, lamenting his and her own unhappy destiny.— ‘Dang it, Moll!’ stammered he, ‘what d’ye make this bother about? I tell ye I *wool* go for a soldier, and bang the d—d *Mounseers*, as my good friend the serjeant says.’ Here he finished his speech, singing,

‘How happy the soldier who lives on
his pay,
And spends half a crown out of six-
pence a day.’

The girl, however, held fast by her brother, and declared she would not leave him. At this moment a steady-looking middle-aged man, and his wife, who it appeared were neighbours of the young man and woman, came up; upon hearing the lamentable story the husband went in search of the serjeant, while his wife staid with the rustic Niobe, whose tears flowed unabated. I followed the countryman, and we soon found the serjeant, who agreed that if the smart-money was paid on the following morning the *young hero* should be set at large. We returned with this intelligence to the young woman, who was quickly pacified, and returned home with her neighbours, leaving her silly brother to dream of glory, and wake with a repentant headache. And yet this, thought I, as I walked away, is the manner in

which most of our troops are obtained; a drunken frolic and an enlistment, are in the country almost synonymous terms; and many a man is added to the army, either from a shame of retracting, or from a want of means to pay the smart-money, when sober sorrow comes with the ensuing day to haunt his harassed mind.

By this time it was getting late, the booths were nearly all shut up, and the jaded ‘show-folks’ were putting out their lights; I therefore quitted the place thinking of Hurdis’s description of a fair.

‘The village bells are up, and jingling
loud
Proclaim the holiday. The clam’rous
drum
Calls to the puppet-show. The groan-
ing horn
And twanging trumpet speak the sale
begun
Of articles most rare and cheap. Dogs
bark,
Boys shout, and the *grave* doctor mounts
sublime
His crowded scaffold, struts, and makes
a speech,
Maintains the virtue of his salve for
corns,
His worm-cake and his pills, puffs his
known art,
And shows his kettle, silver knives and
forks,
Ladle, and cream-pot, and to crown the
bait
The splendid tankard. Andrew grins,
and courts
The gaping multitude, till Tom and
Sue,
And Abigail, and Ned, their shoulders
shrug,
And laugh and whisper, and resolve to
sport
The solitary shilling. Simple swains!
And silly maids! you laugh, but An-
drew wins.
And what for you but sorrow and re-
morse,
Or box of salve to plaster disappoint-
ment?’

Unless the smart of folly may be sooth'd
 By Andrew's cheerful pranks, the danc-
 ing girl,
 And frolic tumbler. Now the street is fill'd
 With stalls and booths for gingerbread
 and beer,
 Rear'd by enchantment, finish'd in a
 trice.
 Amusements here for children, old and
 young ;
 For little masters pence, a coach, a
 drum,
 A horse, a wife, a trumpet ; dolls for
 miss,
 Fans, cups and saucers, kettles, maids
 and churns.
 For idle schools-boys Punchinello rants,
 The juggler shuffles, and the artful
 dame
 Extends her lucky bag. For infants tall,
 Of twenty years and upwards, rueful
 games,
 To whirl the horse-shoe, bowl at the
 nine-pins,
 Game at the dial-plate, drink beer and
 gin,
 Vapour and swear, cudgel, get drunk
 and fight.
 Then comes the ass-race. Let not
 Wisdom frown
 If the grave clerk look on, and now
 and then
 Bestow a smile ; for we may plainly see
 In this untoward race the ways of life.
 Are we not asses all ? We start and
 run,
 And eagerly we press to pass the goal,
 And all to win a bauble, a lac'd hat.
 Was not great Wolsey such ? He ran
 the race
 And won the hat. What ranting po-
 litician,
 What prating lawyer, what ambitious
 clerk,
 But is an ass that gallops for a hat ?
 For what do princes strive but golden
 hats ?
 For diadems, whose bare and scanty
 brims
 Will hardly keep the sun-beam from
 their eyes.
 For what do poets strive ? a leafy hat,
 Without or crown or brim, which hard-
 ly screens
 The empty noddle from the fist of scorn,

Much less repels the critic's thund'ring
 arm.
 And here and there intoxication too
 Concludes the race. Who wins the
 hat, gets drunk.
 Who wins a laurel, mitre, cap, or
 crown,
 Is drunk as he. So Alexander fell,
 So Haman, Cæsar, Spenser, Wolsey,
 James.'

VILLAGE CURATE.

I walked slowly home, and was
 passed in my way thither by many
 merry parties from the fair ; those
 who were accompanied by chil-
 dren had the music of drums and
 trumpets to cheer them on their
 way ; whilst those who had not,
 cheered their way with melody of
 their own making, a rustic song.
 I was hailed by them all with a
 ' good night,' and I can safely as-
 sert, the hearty good night of a
 sturdy ploughman gives me more
 pleasure than the fribbling ' adieu '
 of an insincere beau.

As I passed a cottage window,
 where no curtain hid the merry
 throng it contained, I beheld a
 happy few seated round a cheerly
 fire, for it was now cold enough
 to make a fire comfortable ; they
 were joyously laughing at some
 recent joke ; I almost envied their
 hilarity, and could not help think-
 ing of the following lines,

' Meantime the village rouses up the
 fire ;
 While well-attested, and as well believ'd,
 Heard solemn, goes the goblin-story
 round ;
 Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all.
 Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they
 wake
 The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes
 round ;
 The simple joke, that takes the shep-
 herd's heart,
 Easily pleas'd ; the long, loud, laugh
 sincere ;

The kiss, snatched hasty from the side-
long maid,
On purpose guardless, or pretending
sleep :
The leap the slap, the haul ; and shook
to notes
Of native music, the respondent dance.
Thus jocund fleets with them the winter
night.'

THOMSON.

A few minutes now brought me
home, and a few more saw me
cradled in the arms of the

' Sweet god of ease, whose opiate breath
Pour'd gently o'er the heaving breast ;
Steals like the solemn hand of Death,
And sheds the balm of visionary rest !'
OGILVIE.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

BY SOPHIA TROUGHTON.

(Continued from p. 483.)

LETTER V.

Mrs. Handy to Mrs. Pinthurst.

PON honour, mi dear, this
frowsey country will make me
mad—if lade Julia wont com to
town next winter, I must ; and so
I shal tel her, for I wont sty in
this den, and go molloncoly, and
be seen by nobody. She his grown
quit a objack, and wants to mak
me look lik herself. Wen wee was
at the garman spor the men sayd
she was a pritty woman, but if
sombody I no was in her shos,
thay wold have staird, but you no
Pinthurst, one is born with a sil-

ver spoon in thare mouths, and a
nother with a woden ladele. Ah,
wel, wee do better now, for mi
lord is com, and lodes of com-
penny.

Lord Seemors valit, monseer
Palloss, his so funny, he takes of
his lord and awl of them to the
life ; but his master dosent much
like him, and so mauseer thinks
he will put him in busnes, to git
shut of him ; and if he dose, I am
shur mauseer wil mak a monstros
good husband, and I can hav him
if I lik ; but I dont no wither I
shall be kinde or crewel, but shant
let him no his dome yet.

Last nite wee had a bal, so
mauseer comd to dres my hare,
and he advised me to let him put
a little rogue on mi cheeks ; so I
was fane to let him ; and he roused
up mi hie bros, and he sade I
looked lik a haugel, and if I was-
ent kind he shud that nite be
burnt to hash's by ravishin smiels,
so I toold him he was sich a sire
he'd draw tiers from my hies, and
they will wash the rogue of mi
face, so dont rarass me, for i'm
chos, and dont mean to ware
the bridle-dress yet. So he sade,
O m'amsal, mamsal, you frize me
al over—let hure frays be softer,
or i'le stiek miself tho and tho.
O mounseer, I sade, I may yet
mews an raze you to me harms.
So to make a end of mi tail, I ho-
dered him to git me som thing,
for I was feint, and Pinthurst see
my pour, for he brot me a nice
foul, and a bottle of wind : an
wile I hate them, he went an or-
dured his matters : an com back
such a bo, is close so fin ; his
cote was blew, daubd with lase,
is vastcote the sam, and his breach-
es so vid, and fashinable. So he
neald down and baged I woud beg
his bell for the nite, an I aloud

him to seas mi hand: an he took it in such a hairy manner, an lead me in to the sarvents awl. They did so stair; for you must no I was ver-ry fin in one of lady Julia's cast gownds, an mi hare don like a vig, with flours in mi brest, an some cent in my handkerchif. Wel, we dancd till mi ladys bel rung an let me no the famaly was com home. So wen I went up she was in her hares, caws of the rouge on my fase.

So I tolld mounseer wat she sade, but he bid me not mind, for he says he beleved she puts cartmine on her own cheeks, and vermine on her leaps, for al she was so sly.

Now Pinthurst I'll tell you a bit of mi mind about the gentry hear. Mi lazy mop's lik nobody, caws one nite she went to sea the ould casel were the ghosts live; but one of them with six heds tolld her if she com agen, he wood take a lie with her in the red see. An I think she wants him to tak her there, for she never holded up her hed sinse: but she dont lik it to be nown, tho she tolld al the story to the ould parkkeper; but he is such a boar he wil not tell us. But Dick his man hered her tel him she wood never bee merry no more. But the nasty ould fogey wont tel us al about it.

Then hear is lord an lady Walsingham: an they cry mi lady up for a handsom body, but I dont see ware it lies, for the handsomest thing I ever saw of hers was the five ganeis she gave me wen first she com. Then hear is a grat croney of hers that they say is reckend prity tow. Pon honour the fellous wad mak you think thar was no handsom winnen but thay up stares; tho to mi mind there is thare betters be lo: but

fin feathers mak fin birds: an thare is he among the gentalmen ho thinks as I do. And that is the rich sur Hurey Champly; he cald me his dear idle, an says my gate is very gentel; an lady Julei quit a file to me; caws mi mane is so grand. I dont no but one of thes dayes, if I pla mi cards rite, but I may be a barren lady. But dont go for to think I shal bee above yeu, for I shal flea pride. I've tolld sur Hary how I can nit my own vales, and mak mi own gownds, and that wood save him a grate deel of monny in a year; so he hughed me an squesed mi hand; indeed he is a little impotent some times, but I dont mind, caws if he maks me a lady it dont matter; an if he wont he may leve it alone, an I wil hav monseer befor his fase.

So yew see I've got tow strings to mi bo.

Pon honnor, Pinthurst, this long letter has put mi pore narves in a sad uprore, but yew nose how to felle for that, caws hure own narves his monstrous bad.

Mi deer, except the love of
Hure unfentin freind,
LETTICE HANDY.

LETTER VI.

Lady Walsingham to the Countess of Aubry.

I HAVE passed a sleepless night, and, with the first dawn of day, arose to acquaint you with the cause; and beg your earliest advice how to act.

Ah! madam, I have offended my best friend;—my husband: but Heaven knows very unintentionally. My tears flow so fast I cannot continue my subject.

(In continuation.)

Well now that I have breathed out my sorrows on the bosom of my little Adolphus, as if he could plead his mother's cause, or soften his father's heart. After watching his innocent slumbers, and bedewing his pretty face with my tears, I feel able to commence my unhappy tale.

Yesterday morning at breakfast a walk was proposed, to order some finery for a ball which is to be given by lord Beanford (who is a candidate for the Borough). Accordingly the company prepared for their excursion. But I having some orders to give in my family which required my presence, said I would take that opportunity. Julia likewise excused herself, and they set off without us, and did not return till the last dinner-bell had rung. They sat down to table, therefore, in their morning dresses.

Sir Harry's man came in with the desert, and said their boxes would be kept. He gave his master a paper, and retired. Sir Harry read the paper, which was a play-bill; informing us that his majesty's servants were arrived, and would that night perform the celebrated play of 'All for Love.' It likewise promised an elegant theatre, with new and superb decorations. The company, with one voice, declared they would see the inside of farmer Jolt's barn, with all its embellishments.

'And who is to be of the party?' said Helen: 'do we all go?'

'Why, I should suppose,' cried sir Harry, 'not one would wish to decline this elegant and novel entertainment.'

'True,' replied she; 'but I did not know whether lady Walsing-

ham was disengaged; or whether she chose to appear in public.'

'Lady Walsingham,' said Mrs. Howard, with warmth, 'will not, cannot have any reason to wish us to dispense with her company; her appearance, miss Lester, will be quite as proper, as decorous as any one's who may attend this farce. We are not in town, and if we were, the appearance of lady Walsingham, for some time, could not be improper.'

Helen assumed one of her haughty Spanish airs. 'Well well, my dear Mrs. Howard, keep your temper, be cool, I'll take your word; for I dare say your verdict would go as far in a court of justice as a jury of matrons.'

Lord Seymore was standing at one of the windows; he turned round indignantly: 'Whenever Mrs. Howard,' said he, 'condescends, madam—'

'Yes, yes, my lord,' interrupted Helen, 'you will be extremely happy, no doubt.'

She came to me: 'Well, then, my charming Caroline, we shall have the pleasure of your company. You are fortunately dressed; so your spirits will not be fatigued. Your situation is delicate, and you must be careful.'

'True, miss Lester,' I replied, 'my situation is delicate; but my spirits, thank God! are tolerably equanimous. If it is my lord's will that I should remain at home, I certainly shall comply with cheerfulness; although I had no thoughts of requesting you to dispense with my attendance; but if my absence would be more agreeable than my presence, to any one in this company, be assured I would give up a much more rational amusement than a play in a barn, performed by a band of

itinerants, can possibly be, to add to the gratification of any one I have the honour to address—'

'Lord! my dear, how frightfully serious you are; I meant nothing more by what I said than, that as you did not go with us in the morning, you might not choose to expose yourself to the night-air.'

Both ladies and gentlemen insisted on my going, and wondered how it came to be questioned whether I should go or not. And so, perhaps, will you, my dear madam; but of late I have observed that Helen has wished to exclude me from all their parties, though I know not why.

Lord Walsingham looked very grave during the conversation, but did not speak once. They soon after retired to dress, and I to my Adolphus, who grows surprisingly.

When the hour arrived that we were to go, I went down and found the party assembled in the saloon.

Walsingham drove miss Lester in his phaeton; and Mrs. Howard, Julia Seymour, and Linley, occupied our family coach. Lady Mary and Sir Harry went in his chariot. Mr. Baderly (who had a beautiful curriole sent down from Leader's) begged me to trust myself to his equestrian skill.

We had a very pleasant drive, which was the only pleasure I experienced during the evening: for although the folly of the scene might have amused me by its extravagance, had my mind been at ease, the contrary was the case: for when my eyes met Walsingham's, they flashed displeasure, and were instantly turned away. I knew not the cause of his displeasure, but I felt that I was wretched, and my spirits seemed evaporating

more than once. Mrs. Howard and Mr. Baderly saw my depression, and kindly endeavoured to divert it by pointing out the absurdities committed by the actors, and the foolish astonishment pictured on the countenance of the country people. Their obliging assiduity in some measure succeeded, till part of a conversation I was so unhappy as to overhear, absorbed every other sensation except that of sorrow. It passed in what they called the next box, between miss Lester and lord Walsingham. She was speaking.—

'Well, I had no idea the meek soft soul would have come, after my rebuff in the morning. But it must force you to a recantation of your ridiculous opinion.—I tell you, Walsingham, she is, and always was a very obstinate, unper-suadable body. But if you had interfered—'

'My dear, bewitching girl,' interrupted Walsingham, 'if Caroline had not accompanied us, think you the rest of the party would have attended her at home?'

'O ridiculous!' returned this false friend;—'attended her motions at home! how could such a foolish thought enter your head? Why Champly told me this morning, he would rather sit in company with his grandmother, or an Egyptian mummy, than your sermonizing lady.' A violent noise behind the scenes drew their attention, and broke off this mortifying conversation abruptly. But I had heard enough. Mrs. Howard was not surprised at my agitation, (for she too heard them;) but she was astonished at the duplicity and malignancy of Helen's conduct. The attention of Mr. Baderly was engaged by the blunders of the performers, and I was glad it was,

We soon after returned home in the same manner we came.

Walsingham during supper was silent and gloomy. I asked him if I should help him to some fricasee. He replied, with much asperity, he had no appetite. Julia stared; and I apologized for my officiousness.

When we retired for the night, I begged to know in what I had been so unhappy as to offend him. 'Caroline,' said he, in a harsh tone, 'you have offended me, though perhaps unintentionally—your inhospitable and ungenerous resentment to miss Lester's kind admonition, both surprise and displease me: I almost thought it could not be you that gave so ungentle a return for kindness intended.'

'Oh, my lord!' said I, with tears trembling in my eyes, 'what heavy charges do you bring against your Caroline.—Inhospitability and ungenerous resentment! Oh, my Adolphus, impute not those black crimes to me, but forgive what is past, and look with your usual candour on my poor endeavours to please. Let not misrepresentations cloud your better judgment: and to miss Lester's own heart I will appeal whether she thinks I have shown a resentful behaviour,—whether it whispers approbation for her kind admonitions, as you are pleased to call her artful insinuations, I—'

'Caroline!' interrupted he, while rage swelled every feature, 'you are not the woman I fondly thought you; you have been used to nothing but adulation so long, that you are offended at the voice of truth, you —: but why talk to a woman who sighs to see herself eclipsed, though by her dearest friend. Such is the fickle in-

constancy of female friendship! Oh the poet has well delineated your characters:—

'A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty.'

I heard no more,—my senses kindly left me. When I recovered, Anna was bathing my temples, and my lord sitting on one side the bed, with horror strongly pictured in his countenance:—Mrs. Howard on the other, in tears. He immediately retired, saying I had better have Anna sit up with me. Mrs. Howard joining her advice, I complied, although I thought it unnecessary.

I slept but little,—I could not help revolving in my mind the events of one day—one little day. The morning found me happy, but the evening saw me miserable.

I rose with the light, and wrote till breakfast-time. When I entered the parlour I found the company all assembled, except miss Lester. Mr. Baderly observed that I did not look well, and feared I had taken cold over night. I was prevented replying by the entrance of Helen, who apologized for her apparent negligence.—'But my head ached,' said she, 'so very intensely, that I had some thoughts of requesting your excuse for my appearance.'

Sir Harry caught her hand, and kissing it, said,—'Pon my soul, madam, if you had not informed us you was indisposed, no one would have thought it! But, sick or well, you was formed to please all eyes, and win all hearts.' She gave him one of those fascinating smiles with which she can charm, and at the same time disguise her real feelings.

Walsingham hummed an opera air. Sir Harry addressed himself to me.—‘May I hope, if you are not particularly engaged an hour hence, madam, to have the honour of an audience in your ladyship’s dressing-room, concerning an affair on which the felicity of my life depends?’

I assured him I should be perfectly disengaged, and at his command. The time is more than arrived, and I expect him every moment.—But I hear him coming.

[*In continuation.*]

On sir Harry’s entrance, he hoped he did not intrude too much on my ladyship’s time, and politeness; but as I was the earliest friend of the all-charming Lester, he flattered himself my recommendation would avail much. He likewise begged to be informed of the particulars of her fortune, and who were her guardians.

‘Miss Lester’s fortune, sir Harry,’ said I, ‘is full as large as fame reports it. Miss Lester, sir, is of an age to be from under the care of a guardian; she is entirely at her own disposal. If she approves you, no one else will object; as for a recommendation from me, you will have the goodness to excuse me:—your own merit and address must be your passport, and miss Lester the best judge of your pretensions.’—He interrupted me—called himself a happy man in her being at her own disposal—did not doubt of success—had a presagement that he was to be the happy man of her choice—begged pardon for his rapture, but she would be such a prize in his estimation—wished me a good morning, and danced down stairs.

He could not have reached the

bottom when Walsingham entered, pale and agitated. He flung himself into a chair, and fixing his eyes on me—‘Pray, madam,’ said he, ‘may I ask on what subject were Champly’s communications?’

‘Certainly, my lord. Sir Harry has been soliciting my influence with miss Lester to receive him as a lover.’

‘Indeed!—and what might be your answer?’

‘That his own merit must be his recommendation, and miss Lester the only judge.’

‘Will you tell me frankly, lady Walsingham, your opinion of this proposal; and whether you think Champly is likely to succeed?’

‘Your lordship,’ I replied, ‘is entitled to my opinion on every thing with respect to which you condescend to ask it. Miss Lester, I am persuaded, before she quitted England, would have rejected such an offer. What she may do now, it is impossible for me to say. Sir Harry is a gay man—is reckoned a fine gentleman by many ladies. He is very rich—has a large estate, which I am told is perfectly unencumbered; and miss Lester—’

‘Stop, madam; you have said enough to convince me that you are a friend to this preposterous match.—Sir Harry rich!—but is miss Lester poor?—He has a clear estate; but I tell you, madam, that he is a fool, an errant fool—a conceited coxcomb.’

I sat stupified while he paced the room; his face glowing.—Again he spoke,—‘And so because a silly devil is possessed of a clear estate he is entitled to an angel!—But, Lady Walsingham, there are men of as large estates as Champly’s, and quite as unencumbered,—men who would know

how to esteem such an invaluable woman, though she is altered since her quitting England. Who would not give up every other consideration to call such an angel theirs, with all her foreign imperfections on her head? When I enumerate all the perfections of this glorious creature I no longer wonder at the envy of her sex. But in one thing I am peremptory—miss Lester, while she honours this house by her presence, must, and shall, be treated in a manner becoming the family of an English peer.’

A sensation of anger arose in my bosom, and tinged my cheeks. It was but momentary—I rose and threw myself at his feet. I assured him that it was my wish and intention to behave to miss Lester with the same politeness as was due to all our other guests: but I conjured him not to let his solicitude for the visitor exclude all regard for the *wife*.

He raised me, and seating me in an arm chair, told me to take care of my health, and coldly saluting me, retired.

How much must Helen have prejudiced Walsingham’s mind; or how much must you and all my friends have flattered me! You none of you ever told me I was inhospitable, resentful, or envious; and now, alas! all these charges are brought against me at once, and make me completely wretched.

I always looked on a coquetish behaviour with contempt; but a woman who indulges herself in coquetting with a *married man*, seems to *demand* a double portion of every modest person’s scorn.—Surely the surpassing beauty of Helen Lester’s noble form will captivate a sufficient number of disengaged young men to gratify

the most boundless ambition. At least I am sure it would be so, if the delicacy of her manners kept pace with the elegance of her person.

To what a dreadful situation has this wild ambition for admiration reduced me! She found me happy; I received her under my roof with transport; I studied to promote her pleasures; and she, in return, has stolen my husband’s affections. Ah, madam! who is inhospitable?

Advise me, comfort me, and oh, my mother, pray for me.—Hark!—Surely some pitying angel, in commiseration of my bursting heart, breathes that strain—that melting strain of celestial harmony! From whence can it proceed? The family are all in the park—no one but myself is in the house, except the servants.

I dropt my pen, and sat motionless till the last sound ceased to reverberate:—surely it was more than mortal music,—from whence could it proceed? But I shall weary you and myself with endless conjectures. I will be thankful; I will hail it as a messenger from Heaven, for it has soothed my agitated spirits; it has diffused a calm serenity over my troubled mind, and enables me to subscribe myself, with more composure than I expected,

Your ever affectionate,

CAROLINE WALSHINGHAM.

[*To be continued.*]

OBSERVATIONS on the PERSONS
and DRESS of the ENGLISH.

(From *Travels in England translated from the German of G. A. Goede.*)

[Continued from p. 459.]

TRAVELLERS have often remarked that an Englishman’s

fire-side is the most amiable point of view in which you can possibly see him; and that family connections are preserved with the utmost tenderness and exalted simplicity. This is said to originate in the females of the family, whose domestic dispositions and cheerful arrangements diffuse gladness.

Matrimony is considered in England with old-fashioned notions. Here people pledge their hearts with their hands. Their marriages are often romantic, seldom founded on the mere principles of convenience; for parents do not constrain the wishes of their children, or seek, by authority, to divert their choice. Still elopements, unequal matches, or such as separate the parties for ever from their parents, continually occur. These mischievous freaks of love may, I fear, be attributed to the rage for novel-reading, so fashionable with their young females, and so baneful in tendency that the inflamed fancy mocks all dangers, disregards all sacrifices, and, with romantic heroism, bounds over every obstacle to obtain the object of visionary passion.

In novels love is poetically described as capable of removing all differences in rank or fortune; and some of the most distinguished families in the kingdom are remarkable for having had daughters who have played the heroine of a favourite novel on the theatre of life.

The infidelity of husbands is less reprehended in England than that of their wives; and the punishment inflicted on the latter for a single transgression is pursued with excessive severity; not by the law, but by the public.

A married woman who has been detected in an act of infidelity, sinks at once into everlasting contempt. No repentance, no atonement, not even time, can remove the fatal stain: her company is considered contagious. Such a criminal, therefore, must either retire to some distant part of the kingdom, or leave her native land for ever; and although the English have been charged with a disregard to their conjugal vows, it is certain such infidelities are less frequent, though, perhaps, more public when they happen than on the continent; and so rigid is the public opinion in England, that Kotzebue's play of 'The Stranger,' though otherwise admired, is almost forbidden on account of its immoral tendency.

Jealousy is a weakness little known in England; and that which marks the character of other nations is severely satirized here. Wives in no country enjoy greater liberty; and mutual happiness is preserved by a mutual attention, free from ridiculous rhapsody, and a friendship originating in the heart. Indeed, I feel that I may, without exaggeration, assert, that an accomplished English family affords a more chaste picture of content and happiness than any other objects in existence.

Envy, which appears to disunite men in other countries, is a vice rare in England. Here the merit of the man is more regarded than his rank. Patents of nobility give no personal merit to the possessor, and a very leading character in the House of Commons is a brewer, who lives in habits of intimacy with men of rank, talents, and fortune. Yet travellers,

who are only guided by appearances, might easily be led to believe that the nobility of England were slaves to their rank. An ostentatious display of the coronet not only glares on their furniture, plate, and carriages, but even the buttons on their servants liveries wear this symbol of greatness. On the decease of a nobleman all his houses display large escutcheons of his armorial bearings, in a deep black cloth frame, in the front of the building. At the universities all the young nobility are distinguished from the commoners by a gold tassel pendent from their caps. At the rooms at Bath a most tedious and scrupulous attention is paid to rank. All which marks of privilege, in some degree, sanction the severity of French satire on the subject. But when we see the nobles mix freely with other classes of society; that high birth, unsupported by personal merit, is universally despised; that their domestic circles are patterns of all that is amiable; and, finally, when we reflect, that those offensive exterior forms originated in remote ages, and like other ancient customs are rigidly observed, we shall feel disposed to reprobate this ill-founded prejudice.

Many of the English nobility have rendered eminent services to their country; the flourishing state of agriculture, the inland trade, national industry, are chiefly attributable to their exertions; and the names of the dukes of Bridgewater, of Portland, marquis of Lansdown, marquis Cornwallis, and others, would do honour to any country, on the solid basis of individual and innate worth,

In the present age the nobility have also derived an increase of consequence and splendor, by the elevation of characters whose merits are too well remembered to need a record here. The single name of NELSON is ample testimony of this truth.

Every noble family has a place of residence at the west end of the town, but much of their time is passed on their estates in the country. I have before noticed that their town-houses are simple in their exterior. Palaces, perhaps, might excite jealousy in the bosoms of citizens, and interrupt the harmony of mixed society. They therefore live like citizens in town, like princes in the country.

English females of high birth add to the most enchanting graces of an accomplished mind, a pure simplicity of manners which exalts nobility. They are exemplary mothers, warm in the welfare of their country, unassuming in acts of boundless charity.

In their morning rambles they condescendingly visit the humblest cottages for miles round their seats, fearlessly encountering the hideous aspect of misery, and benevolently solicitous to administer relief.

By this description I only mean to draw the interesting outlines of those amiable females who mingle with the noisy groups of the metropolis in obedience to fashion, but indulge the milder feelings of their hearts in sweet retirement; for there are ladies in London insensible to every beauty of nature; who cannot live out of a crowd, and are unable to fill up the vacancy in their minds without the aid of card-tables and public places.

OBSERVATIONS on the ACTORS
on the ENGLISH STAGE, par-
ticularly Mr. KEMBLE, and
Mr. COOKE.

[From the same.]

ENGLISH actors aim little at generality in their characters; they seek to establish their reputation in a limited way, without ever taking the trouble to attempt surmounting any difficulties in the wide field of their theatrical career. Even the most eminent among them, Kemble and Cooke, merely appear to have aspired to one point, without stimulating their ambition to a superior object. It certainly is very commendable that an actor should display modesty in giving range to his attempts; but it cannot, at the same time, be denied that scarcely any department in the art can be so limited as not to require the perfection of opposite talents, which nature herself but seldom distributes to her favourites in equal measure. This is, perhaps, never so generally the case in any art as in that of acting. An actor, although his principal forte lies in tragedy, will not, however, totally neglect the comic muse; since he must understand the different ways of expressing the human affections. This does not seem to be sufficiently attended to by English performers of the first eminence. They certainly rise to an extraordinary height in such parts as they are peculiarly adapted to fill; but they generally sink as low in other instances wherein they ought to have subdued an adverse nature. I have particularly observed this at three different representations

of 'Richard the Third,' a favourite play with the English, at Covent Garden, the Little Theatre in the Hay-Market, and on the Dublin Stage. Cooke performed the part, which is unanimously considered his *chef d'œuvre*; he even surpasses Kemble. It may be said that this actor has entirely adopted the individuality of Richard the Third, and that he delineates that horrid character with a depth of skill which cannot be surpassed in those scenes where Richard is undisguised; but he seldom represented him faithfully, and sometimes failed where the crooked tyrant assumes the mask of dissimulation. This happened particularly in the second scene of the first act, where Richard, by means of sweet flattery, wins the love of Lady Anne. This is the greatest triumph of Richard's dissimulation, which he himself conceives so astonishing that he exults in his unlooked-for success at the end of the scene. Shakspeare has in this excellent speech furnished Richard with the most eloquent expressions of a glowing romantic love. Richard being deformed, and stained by the blackest crimes, the passion which he delineated in his looks, and every word that he pronounces, must render him amiable in the eyes of Lady Anne. His dissimulation should therefore wear the garb of truth, if the scene, by its improbability, is not intended to offend the spectators. In this Cooke did not by any means reach his part; his voice and gesticulation denoted a palpable hypocrite, whom the most common observer must discover, and against whom every feeling, not totally blunted, must revolt. There was, therefore, a striking contradiction between the

tone of the actor, and the words of the poet. Instead of courting all the aid of melody to grace his endeavours, Cooke had only one tone, and one mien—the slowly-drawn tone of a hypocrite, and the mien of dissimulation; Loth contrary to the spirit of the part. But how, it may be asked, could so great a performer thus glaringly violate the truth of acting? This can only be explained in the following manner:—Cooke has expanded his astonishingly happy talent of representing the savage and ferocious sides of human nature with a kind of partiality which makes him appear unnatural where he is obliged to become a more gentle human being.

This want of harmony renders it difficult for an actor to represent a character with purity; the difficulty, however, decreases in proportion as the character is drawn feebly. But if a great poet has bestowed on a character the individuality of animated nature, the actor can only be enabled to form a just conception of the character by forgetting his own. An actor will easily succeed in the solution of this problem, which is of all others the most difficult, if his own genius be versatile and harmonious. But if any particular quality has gained an ascendant in his fancy this will involuntarily divert him from nature; and he probably will fail altogether. Even the most eminent of English performers are frequently betrayed into these errors. Garrick strained every effort to counteract this kind of partiality in his pupils; and his great example, perhaps, contributed the most. In tragedy Mrs. Siddons might succeed him, but the elevated genius of this great

actress does not seem to serve as a conductor to English performers.

Another restraint from which English performers cannot free themselves is their being too much governed by the public, if I may so express myself. It must be allowed that Kemble and Cooke also here possess great merits; but it is at times observable that they dare not wholly follow the bent of their own genius, and that for moments they abjure truth and nature, in order to produce an effect which the prevailing taste of the public expects. English actors of the second and third class evidently study the character of their part merely with a view to theatrical effect; on which account very few of them do justice to the poet. It must, however, be admitted, that they evince a more pure and free enthusiasm in tragedy than in comedy: in the latter they sink much beneath the standard prescribed by the poet; but in tragedy the reverse is the case. The stranger who first sees a comedy acted on the English stage cannot but conceive a very mean opinion of the histrionic accomplishments of English actors; and he will therefore feel an extraordinary surprise on the representation of one of Shakspeare's plays. In comedy the English actors frequently take the liberty to parody the characters; but in tragedy they show more respect for the author.

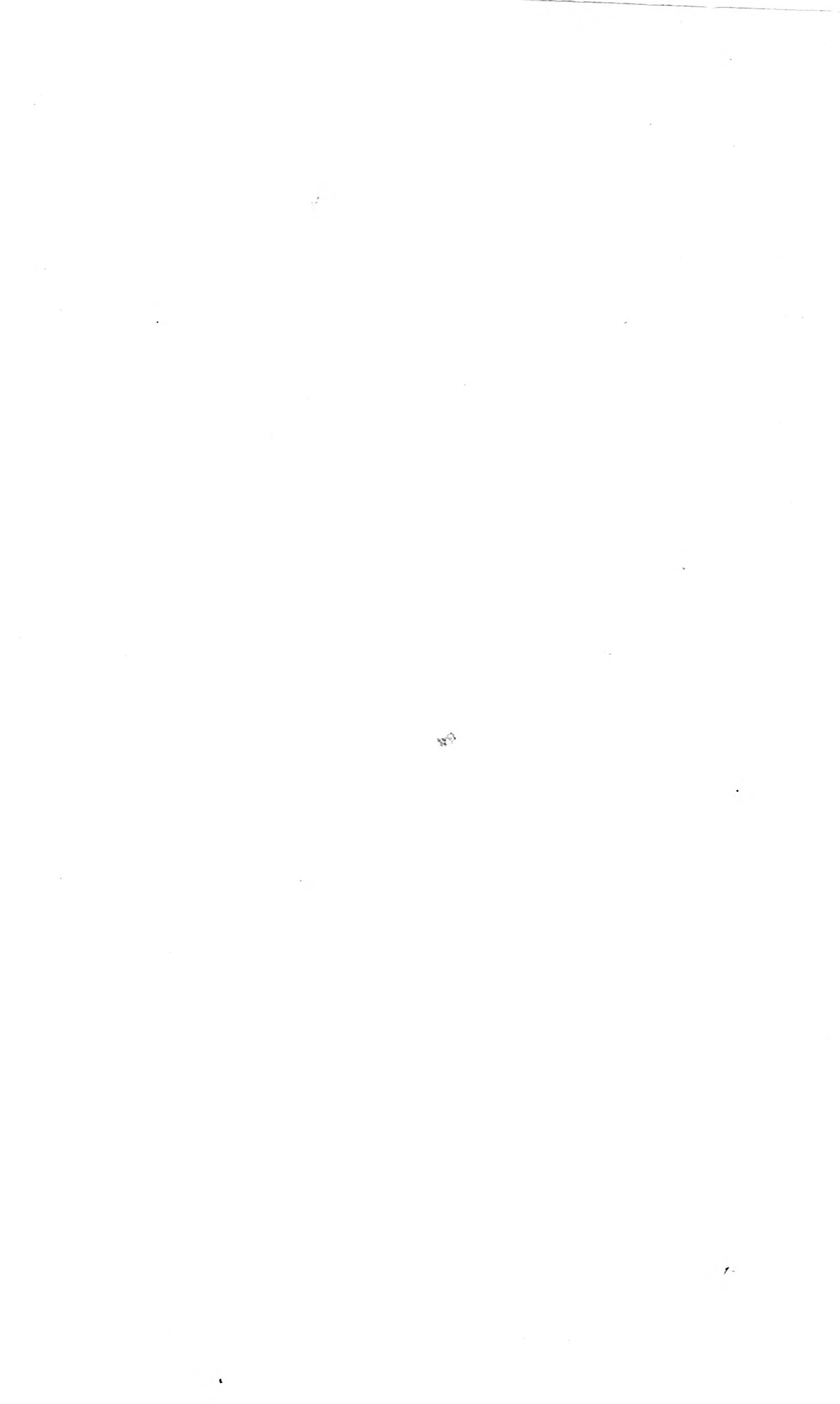
Hence, perhaps, it arises that English actors less seldom fail in sustaining a tragic than a comic character. To sustain a character requires chiefly steady, uninterrupted, and poetical inspiration, on the part of the actor; if this becomes exhausted, his

acting must lose the colour of truth. But it is at the same time necessary that the actor should know how to govern himself, and that he tune himself to the fundamental tone of the character. He must likewise, if I may so express myself, enter into the temperature of the character; but this requires a thorough study of the part, and refined observation. In this eminent actors shine with the greatest advantage: for performers of mediocrity may surpass expectation in delineating single scenes and particular features; but to sustain a character throughout with harmonious uniformity can only be done by an actor who combines genius with study.

The liberties which the English performers take in comedy, with the sanction of the public, completely destroy all harmony of representation. Some comic characters, however, are delineated with great truth and nature by Suett and Fawcett; and in tragedy Kemble and Cooke distinguish themselves highly in this respect. The colouring of individual life which the poet breathes into a character does not appear so strong in the representations of Kemble, although he understands better how to produce picturesque beauties than Cooke. It has also appeared to me that Cooke displays in his acting a higher degree of poetical steadiness than Kemble, who, perhaps, at times fails in sustaining the character; Kemble, as has been previously remarked, sometimes yields to the natural impediments of his feeble organs, and fails in the fundamental tone of the character; but he, on the other hand, displays, comparatively, a much superior degree of delicacy through-

out his acting than Cooke; and he succeeds in expressing numerous tender traits in characters with a delicacy and grace which Cooke can never attain. I am ready to allow that in making these and previous observations on these two distinguished performers, it ought to be considered that both have superior merit: but who can refrain from wishing that what is truly excellent might attain perfection?

If we compare the London theatres with the German and French the following will be the result: With respect to perfection in the art, a much greater disproportion exists between tragedy and comedy on the English than on the German and French stages. The French maintain the first rank in comedy; they are followed, although at some distance, by the Germans; and the English are still farther behind. But in tragedy the English, even at this period, when their stage is on the decline, maintain a proud pre-eminence. Mrs. Siddons stands on a summit that cannot be reached; and no French tragic performer can be compared to Kemble and Cooke. Among the Germans Issland alone may pretend to equal rank; and, indeed, he surpasses them in versatility of powers. Owing to the combined excellence of Mrs. Siddons and her brother Kemble, Macbeth, and some other tragedies are performed in a style no German or French theatre can aspire to rival. In tragedy the English display greater regularity and dignity than the Germans, and they are much more unrestrained by conventional forms than the French. But the Germans and French display a much more cordial and



Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



London Fashionable Walking, Afternoon Dresses.

warm enthusiasm in behalf of the art than the English. It cannot be denied that progress is discoverable among the Germans, a stagnation with the French, and a decline with the English, which seems to threaten the total destruction of the scenic art, unless the present system of insipidity is superseded by more rational amusements.

I shall conclude these general observations with a few remarks on Mr. Kemble and Mr. Cooke.

Kemble is the favourite, nay, the idol of the public at London; few, very few, venture to proclaim his partial inferiority to Cooke: such an assertion would be even hazardous in the company of the Ladies, who, upon all occasions, espouse the cause of Kemble with warmth. Kemble has a very graceful manly figure, is perfectly well made, and his naturally commanding stature appears extremely dignified in every picturesque position, which he studies most assiduously. His face is one of the noblest I ever saw on any stage, being a fine oval, exhibiting a handsome Roman nose, a well-formed and closed mouth: his fiery and somewhat romantic eyes retreat, as it were, and are shadowed by bushy eyebrows: his front is open and little vaulted; his chin prominent and rather pointed; and his features so softly interwoven that no deeply-marked line is perceptible. His physiognomy, indeed, commands at first sight; since it denotes, in the most expressive manner, a man of refined sentiment, enlightened mind, and correct judgment. Without the romantic look in his eyes the face of Kemble would be that of a well-bred, cold, and selfish man.

of the world; but this look, from which an ardent fancy emanates, softens the point of the chin, and the closeness of the mouth. His voice is pleasing, but feeble; of small compass, but extreme depth. This is, as has been previously observed, the greatest natural impediment with which he, to whom nature has been thus bountiful, has still to contend.

Cooke does not possess the elegant figure of Kemble; but his countenance beams with great expression. The most prominent features in the physiognomy of Cooke are a long and somewhat hooked nose, a pair of fiery and expressive eyes, a lofty and somewhat broad front, and the lines of his muscles which move the lips are pointedly marked. His countenance is certainly not so dignified as that of Kemble, but it discovers greater passion; and few actors are, perhaps, capable of delineating in more glowing colours the storm of a violent passion than Cooke. His voice is powerful, and of great compass, a pre-eminence which he possesses over Kemble, of which he skillfully avails himself. His exterior movements are by far inferior in the picturesque to those of Kemble.

FASHIONABLE WALKING AND AFTERNOON DRESS.

[*With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.*]

1. A short round dress, the body made as a frock, with long sleeves; the bottom worked or scolloped. An autumnal brown wrap-cloak, with sleeves made of rich twilled sarcenet, without lining: a pilgrim

hat of the same, edged with narrow white fur. Shoes or half-boots, and gloves.

2. A long train-dress of soft spotted India muslin, the back made full, and tied with bows of white riband: the front and sleeves richly worked to correspond, and trimmed with a very fine Vandyke lace. The hair dressed in bands round the head, and fastened with small gilt combs: a long crimson silk scarf fringed at the ends. Kid shoes and gloves.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

THE shawls which were worn on the hand, or on the hands, are now extended over the shoulders. Some small coloured *fichus* have again made their appearance: they are in general blue with spots: linen dresses of an amaranthine ground are again in vogue, but the spots are smaller.

Green is a colour much in request. There are many *capotes* of plain green taffeta; and some likewise of white taffeta with a small green *comete*, sometimes accompanied with a *torsade*.

The new hats are of white straw, trimmed with white ribands, and with white *folettes* for full dress; coloured ribands and suitable *folettes*, for half-dress, and Scotch ribands for undress.

Many ladies in full-dress wear a veil, which they raise in front, and suffer to fall down equally on each side.

The ladies have had, till within a very short time, with the exception of a few taffeta robes, chiefly

worn only white muslin. They now begin to assume striped muslin robes of different colours; more particularly rose-coloured and white, blue and white, lazule and white, and hazel and white.

Feathers are still seen, and straw-coloured hats with ribands are also worn: but green *capotes*, and white *cometes*; or blue *barbeau*, and *cometes* of a light yellow or deep gold colour, are most fashionable.

Many small cap-like bonnets are made: some of them with ribands of two colours; and others with riband and lace, having either a wreath of roses in front, or two branches of flowers, one inclined towards the front, and the other falling or dropping behind.

The caps for full-dress have two large feathers, or several small ones; but the most fashionable are those with two large feathers falling down on the check.

The hats are mostly tied under the chin with a small *ficher*; or, rather, with a little *barbe*, which forms a point, and is ornamented with lace.

The ornamental *roches* of gauze are made so as to be adapted to different robes.

Not long since fashion proscribed great-coats even in the morning; at present, when undress has obtained the ascendancy, they are worn even in the evening. It is true they are modern-fashioned great coats, so singularly made that they seem to combine every kind of dress; and when thus habited, a young man, in the eyes of many an observer, may seem only to wear a decent and ample habit like that of his father's; while to his mistress he shall appear to be in a most amiable and gallant undress.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE*.

SIR,

AS the compositions inserted in a magazine are chiefly the first productions of youthful genius, we seldom look for unblemished excellence; but we, at least, expect something which shall not fall too far beneath mediocrity.

The attentions, Sir, which I have received from you have been numerous and gratifying, I therefore hope that you will not think the following observations, because severe, are *ungrateful*: for I assure you it is my *sincere* regard for the reputation of your *long-established* and *respectable* magazine which induces me to make them; and as I would scorn to condemn a man without giving him an opportunity of defending himself, I beg you will insert this communication in your next number.

The objects of my criticism, though they scarcely deserve the trouble, are those motley and ridiculous effusions intituled '*Walks*,' by Messrs. John Webb, J. M. L. S. Y. &c. But before I proceed I must observe that it is not out of disrespect to these gentlemen that I assume the disagreeable office, as I think their other compositions *do them credit*; neither, Sir, can you be offended, as I do not attach any blame to you for their insertion, for I am conscious it arises from the condescension

and politeness which have ever characterised you as the conductor of the *Lady's Magazine*. I do it because I am sorry to see *ingenuity perverted*, and without further preface, or taking each piece in regular order, I shall proceed.

Who, then, can with patience, or even without strong disgust, read such stuff as the following?

In Mr. J. M. L.'s night-walk for July, amongst other equally *interesting* matter, he informs us that he remained gazing at the black clouds till he was caught in a heavy shower of rain (which by the bye was a very silly trick, Mr. J. M. L. indeed); he next informs us that he got 'completely soaked through,' which was certainly very probable after he had been walking in a heavy shower of rain; and he concludes by saying that for fear of 'taking cold,' he drank 'a *small* glass of brandy,' and changed every article of his dress!!! a very natural, and very wise precaution upon my word; but what, in the name of common sense, has the public to do with this? Or how can they be interested by the relation of such a trite and everyday occurrence? I shall not take up the time of your readers by any more extracts from this writer of walks, but shall conclude by advising him, as a friend, to employ the ingenuity, which he certainly possesses, in a manner more likely to add to his reputation.

In your number for August, by some extraordinary means, a piece has obtained insertion, called '*The Stroller*, by D. Y.' the nonsense of which is only exceeded by its extreme vulgarity. I would recommend this gentleman, if he intends to favour you with his further communications, to leave out

* Impartiality to our correspondents has induced us to insert this letter, though the *strictures* contained in it certainly appear to be somewhat too *strict*; especially with respect to such ingenious writers as Mr. J. Webb, and J. M. L.

such wretched stuff as he will find by referring to the thirty-seventh line of that most wretched piece; it is such language as could only be tolerated in a company of Bilingate fish-wives.

In your last number Mr. S. Y. gives us 'a morning-walk in Autumn,' in which, after some pretty talk about the rising sun, and flocks of sheep, a clear morning, the trunk of an old tree, the appearance of 'a beautiful female rustic,' and other *original descriptive language*, he tells us he 'rather impertinently' bid her 'good morning;' astonishing! and that he asked her where she was going; when she informed him that she was going a nutting, and at his request allowed him to accompany her (amiable condescension! Beautiful description! Happy, happy fellow!). He then gives us something about Venus and Adonis, and Idalian groves; and at length he tells us he was going to steal—a kiss; (Oh fie! Mr. S. Y.—Shocking, shocking!) but he eases our feelings by informing us in an apostrophe, beautifully tender, that the thought of his * * * * * prevented him—(thrice happy maid, to possess so constant a lover!—He is absolutely a modern Joseph!) But enough of such trifling; I sincerely hope he will see his error, and improve.

The 'Solitary Walks' of Mr. J. Webb are little superior, and I would advise him to commit them to a solitary corner of his port-folio, till he can clothe them in more spirited diction.

It is the quotations alone which (being sometimes made from our best authors) render these things tolerable.

I cannot conclude without ob-

serving that the 'Harvest Evening of W. H. and the love-correspondence of S. Y. and Mr. John Webb, must be equally uninteresting to your fair readers: for when common-place incidents are introduced they should certainly be related in elegant and forcible language to make them at all agreeable.

And now, Sir, after all this censure, I must proceed to praise.

That part of the work which falls immediately under your own department, namely the selections from new and scarce books, has, I assure you, given me the greatest pleasure: it does equal honour to your taste and judgment, and I wish sincerely to see it extended. With many of the original pieces I have also been much gratified.

I cannot ensure the insertion of this letter; but I hope the gentlemen mentioned in it will view my motives in their proper light, and as they cannot then be offended, and as they have also the liberty of justifying themselves, I shall expect to see it in your number for the present month.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient and
obliged Servant,

Oct. 6, 1807.

W. M. T.

P. S. These observations are not only my own opinions, but are written at the desire of several of your fair subscribers.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

HEREWITH I send, for your consideration, and insertion (if you think proper),

Another Misery of Human Life.

PORING, late at night, over
that luminous production yclept

the 'Property Tax Act,' (octavo edition) printed by his majesty's law-printers, on a type that has been in wear at least half a century, or to use a typo-technical term, 'on ball-nails,' with candles before you manufactured principally of that delicious ingredient kitchen-stuff; which, as you hold the book up to them for information, vent their saline particles at your eyes, regaling, at the same instant, your olfactory nerves by their odoriferous effluvia; the servant, too, having neglected to place the snuffers on the table:—

Mr. Testy. Of whom were these *infernal mutton-lights* bought?

Mrs. Testy. Of our neighbour EUSEBIUS S——, * my dear!

Testy Junior. Ha! ha! ha! *You-see-by-us!* That would make a *devilish* good motto for the *Worshipful Company of Tallow-chandlers*; but neighbour *Eusebius* can never expect to set up for a *shining* member of that Community, while he furnishes so *dull* an article of sale.

Sept. 22d. 1807.

SQUIB SECUNDUS.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE following narrative is supposed to be written by a husband who had unfortunately made a too precipitate choice, and was afterwards too timid and indulgent to be able to stem the torrent of destruction, into which the follies of a thoughtless votary of fashion had necessarily involved him. Your insertion of it in your agreeable Miscellany will much oblige an

OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.

THE FATAL CONSEQUENCES
OF DISSIPATED HABITS.

I AM the youngest son of an earl, and was intended for the army, but the will of a partial grandmother made me independent, by bequeathing to me an estate, which, with the accumulated interest of ten years minority, put me in possession, at the age of twenty-one, of an income of two thousand pounds per annum. My father died in my infancy, and left me to the care of an indulgent mother who could not support the idea of my entering into the army. She had lost one brother and a nephew in the American war, and she was determined that the life of her only son should not be endangered by a profession which had proved so fatal to her family. You are not to imagine, however, that the countess was one of those weak mothers who indulge their parental fondness in spoiling their children by a neglect of their education. She submitted to the direction of a respectable uncle so important a charge, and I passed my first years at Eton school, from whence I removed to Oxford, where I remained till it was judged proper that I should make the grand tour. At the expiration of the third year of my travels I returned to England, to celebrate my one-and-twentieth birth-day, and to take possession of my little fortune.

My mother received me with rapture; but I was grieved to observe that sickness, during my absence, had impaired her constitution, which, being naturally delicate, had yielded to a gradual decay that threatened approaching dissolution.

* The name of an eminent tallow-chandler well known in Westminster.

The countess was sensible of her situation, and, tenderly interested in my happiness, pressed me to allow her to recommend me a wife, and to bless her eyes with a sight of our union before they closed for ever.

I tenderly loved my mother, and was truly conscious of all the duty which I owed her; but I had a heart formed for the sensibility of mutual affection, in that state, which I well knew decided our worldly misery or felicity; and therefore could not consent to sacrifice my opinion in a point so important, even in obedience to the wishes of a beloved and dying parent. The young lady whom her choice pointed out was elegant in person, accomplished in mind, and affluent in fortune; but my heart could not feel that sympathy so necessary to form an indissoluble union. Matilda was prepared to receive my addresses, but I revolted at the idea of premeditated love: sentiments of indifference were all which I could feel for her; and I scorned to obtain the wealth of an heiress with the pretended offer of an untouched heart.

I confessed to my mother the impossibility of complying with her kind wishes, without sacrificing my future happiness; adding, that the woman who could yield her affections by anticipation to a man she had never seen, wounded her own delicacy, and descending from the dignity of her sex, became to me an object of disgust. My mother confessed that she herself had acted wrong in proposing an alliance before apparent chance had introduced us to each other; and kindly assured me that she would press no further a union so discordant to my

inclinations. I impressed upon her hand a kiss of grateful acknowledgment; and this beloved parent named no more her favourite Matilda.

The rapid advance of death soon claimed my hourly attention to the couch of her repose. She saw the affliction which penetrated my bosom, and endeavoured to reconcile me to her inevitable fate. Three months after my return to England I had the misfortune to lose this excellent mother, who blessed me in her expiring moments, and conjured Heaven to mark my days with happiness!—Vain, alas! were her pious prayers—in her tomb was buried all my earthly felicity. My eldest brother was the offspring of a first marriage; it is the less then to be wondered at that he thought little attention due to the countess. He constantly resided in Ireland, with his lady, whom he had married for alliance, and with whom he had been uniformly miserable for some years! She was of a temper haughty and imperious;—her pursuits were those of vanity;—public amusements estranged her from domestic scenes;—and this fashionable pair seldom met but in the circle of amusement, where they were too polite to converse with each other. The endearing claims of paternal love had never awakened their sensibility, as their union was not cemented by the birth of children: their name and title seemed to be the only ties that subsisted between them. Though the earl had never appeared to consider me in the light of a brother, he condescended, in his condolence on my mother's death, to invite me to pay him a visit in Dublin. My spirits really required change of scene: I therefore accepted the

proposal as soon as the funeral ceremonies were performed, and landed in Ireland in the month of October.

I found the earl and countess were at a country seat twenty miles from the capital, whither I immediately followed them, and was received with great civility. The house was full of company, and what the world calls pleasure seemed to occupy the time and ideas of the select circle that composed the gay society.

From this fatal era I date all my future miseries. Here, with my freedom, I lost that indifference which all the brilliancy of foreign charms had never materially touched. An Irish baron, whose real title I must disguise under the fictitious one of lord Aimwell, with his lady, were of this gay party. His lordship was formed to shine in courts by his fine address, and to figure in assemblies at tables of the highest play. Her ladyship's private hours were evidently spent in repairing the ravages of that barbarian, Time; and in arresting, by all the powers of art, those lingering charms which, during the course of half a century, had bloomed, attracted unrivalled admiration, withered, and now, on their decline, were verging fast toward oblivion.

Had lady Aimwell not been unreasonable in her demands on youth and beauty, of which she had possessed so eminent a share, she might have taken pleasure in seeing all her own personal perfections transferred to her lovely daughter; but, on the contrary, envy supplied in her breast that place which should have been occupied by the delightful emotions of maternal love.

Aurelia was just eighteen, though lady Aimwell only acknowledged her to be in her fifteenth year. A fairer exterior never graced the female form. Symmetry and dignity distinguished her figure, and the most angelic features were animated by sensibility and native innocence. After this description need I confess that I commenced the character of lover?—To see was to love, to love was to adore her! I was at first struck with her beauty, but compassion interested my affections.—As lady Aimwell did not relish the rival powers of her daughter she was not allowed the privilege of remaining in our society beyond the limits of those stated hours which called us to the successive meals:—She always disappeared when the ladies assembled in the drawing-room.

When the company sat down to cards, which they did immediately after breakfast, I usually strolled out into the gardens, where I failed not to join the lovely Aurelia, whose duenna constantly struck down some other walk, and left me at liberty to entertain her young charge with a language more pleasing than that of an Italian grammar which she held in her hand. To shorten my narrative, I offered, and the blushing Aurelia accepted, my proffered vows. Lord and lady Aimwell were propitious to my wishes, the earl and countess approved, and, in a few weeks, I attended my bride to Dublin, where her mother insisted on my taking a house for the winter. It would have been more pleasing to me to have accompanied her to England, but I found the countess opposed my intention strongly, and I reluctantly yielded to

the earnest entreaties of my wife, that I would not tear her from her native country till that period.

On our removal to Dublin I was obliged to submit to enter into the routine of public life, and to see my wife initiated into every scene of dissipation. In vain I remonstrated—Anrelia was deaf to reason, and awake only to pleasure. Like a bird released from the captivity of a cage, no sooner did she emerge from her nursery, than she broke at once through all restraint, and discovered, too soon for my happiness, and too late for my redress, that I had, by my hasty choice, precipitated myself into an abyss of misery and repentance.—I found Aurelia totally unformed in mind, and ignorant of any accomplishments but of those exterior ones which serve only to decorate beauty, and to delude the senses. Neglected by her vain mother, who, indeed, was herself incapable of improving the talent committed to her care, she had been resigned to the tuition of a governess, who taught her no science but that of worldly pleasure; and Aurelia, rendered thus perfect in its theory, only wanted the opportunity to practise the easy lessons which she had imbibed. She vied with her mother and the countess in every appendage of fashion, and followed the extravagant example which they daily exhibited, uncontrolled by the least idea of economy. The countess and lady Aimwell had gained a total ascendancy over this young and weak mind, which, from the errors of education, was devoid of that rectitude of sentiment which ought to be early implanted in the heart. I sighed in silent regret as I viewed this beauteous

child of folly, whom I could have no chance of retrieving from delusion, till I could remove her from so fatal a situation, ere the noxious weeds of vice should have taken root in her mind. Finding it in vain to contend, I looked forward to the approaching summer as the period when all my remaining hopes of happiness were to be renewed.

The countess had undertaken to bespeak our equipage, and I soon found myself in the possession of a fine coach and chariot, which were to be exhibited on our public appearance at Dublin.

A most elegant chair, likewise, was prepared for my wife, whose dress, upon her introduction at the Castle was brilliant, as the anniversary of the queen's birthday gave her the agreeable privilege of laying aside the mourning which she could not avoid wearing for my mother. The jewels of the late countess having become, at her death, the property of my brother, I resigned them into his hands, who had them immediately new set for his lady; she at the same time extorted from me an order to the jeweller to make some ear-rings, a necklace, and pins for her new sister, as she declared no woman of quality could dispense with such ornaments on her first appearance. Thus was I loaded with expenses which ill suited my finances, as I had no command of ready money, and had actually received no fortune with miss Aimwell, but had depended on a verbal promise from her father of some thousands at his death. The delirium of love for the first four months of our marriage had obscured my reason, and deluded my senses; but when my eyes were open to my situa-

tion, I felt all its sorrows in full force. I endeavoured to make some impression on the mind of Aurelia, by representing my fortune as inadequate to the style of life in which we were engaged, and by entreating her to wean herself from that propensity to extravagance which would involve us in difficulties. She replied, scornfully, that she should never descend from the dignity of her birth, to limit the expenses to which her rank entitled her. It would be useless as well as tedious to enumerate the follies of my wife, and the debts which her unlimited profuseness heaped upon me. Our doors were thrown open to a polite and brilliant mob, many of whom bore the exterior titles of distinction, while the conduct of their lives disclaimed all pretensions to those true sentiments of honour which adorn nobility, and exalt mediocrity to an equality with the highest rank. Faro, and its hideous train, had free access to every assembly; my incorrigible wife became one of its devoted victims, and I found it impossible to stand against the torrent of expense which began to overwhelm me.

I very unwillingly determined to disclose to the earl the danger of my situation, and the derangement my circumstances were now involved in by my present expensive mode of life. He coldly replied, that I had been to blame to enter into it, as my fortune was inadequate; and he recommended me to return to England, and to sell a sufficient part of my estate to defray my expenses in Ireland. I followed his advice, made immediate preparations to quit a country where all my hopes of happiness had been fatally blasted,

and informed Aurelia that it was absolutely necessary to visit my native land. She was thunder-struck at the determined tone in which I addressed her, and deigned not to answer me; but flew to her mother and the countess to implore all their influence to change my purpose; but they no sooner were informed by my brother of the state of my affairs than they united in his wishes for our quitting a spot where they had contributed to reduce me to difficulties from which they had no intention to extricate me. Thus obliged to submit to necessity, the fair and fatal cause of my misfortunes reluctantly consented to accompany me to England, where, on a review of my debts, I found they amounted to ten thousand pounds. This reduced my estate to fifteen hundred a-year, upon which I could have lived in the country with contented economy, had the partner of my fate been of a disposition similar to my own; but, alas! she was incapable of receiving or imparting happiness in the scenes of private life. After having presented me with a son, the retirement of our situation threw her spirits into a state of such constant regret for past pleasures, that a rapid decline threatened to shorten the date of her dull existence. Though her conduct little merited my affection, I could not but regard her with the eyes of tender pity, still anxious to withdraw her from the path of error, and to reclaim her from the fatal prejudice of education. I accompanied her to Bristol, where she soon began (with the united assistance of the waters, her youth, and natural constitution) to recover the lost bloom of health. She there un-

fortunately met with some of those gay associates with whom she had been intimate in Ireland. They tempted her to follow them for a few days to Bath. I could not resist her entreaties upon her promising, with a complacent gentleness, which she had but lately assumed, to attend me unreluctantly to our country retirement, after passing one week at Bath.— That week proved fatal! It introduced Aurelia to a society dangerous to her insatiate love of pleasure. She plunged once more into dissipation, and entered deeply into gaming.— While I was confined to my lodging with a dislocated bone, instead of paying me those attentions which I had bestowed on her at Bristol, she took the opportunity to launch out into every species of extravagance, and I found myself again involved in the debts which she not only wantonly contracted for ornamental dress, but for those immense sums she lost at play. To cut short my sad narrative, she completely ruined me; and what is more dreadful, she not only sacrificed my fortune, but her own honour and character, by a violation of every sacred tie which had bound her to a husband, whose arms she left for those of a seducer, with whom she now leads a life of infamy! while I, reduced by her excesses to take refuge from the public eye within the confines of the Marshalsea, have leisure to reflect with all the bitterness of self-reproach upon the false step I made in marriage; and the irretrievable consequences in which I have not only involved myself but an innocent infant, who must become the victim of his father's weakness, and of his mother's folly.

ANECDOTE of the late QUEEN of FRANCE.

[From Weber's *Memoirs of Marie-Antoinette.*]

THE marquis of Pontecoulant, major of life-guards, had been so unfortunate in the lifetime of Louis XV. as to incur the displeasure of the dauphiness. The cause was not a very serious one; but the princess resenting it with the hasty vivacity of youth, declared *she would never forget it.* The marquis who had not himself forgot this declaration no sooner beheld Marie-Antoinette seated on the throne, than he conceived himself likely to meet with some disgrace, and resolved to prevent it; for which purpose he directly gave in his resignation to the prince of Beauveau, captain of the guards; at the same time frankly giving him his reasons for so painful a procedure on his part, adding, that he would greatly regret being under the necessity of quitting the king's service; but if his majesty would please to employ him some other way he should be very happy. The captain of the guards perceiving the distress of the major's mind, and well acquainted with his merits, took upon himself to present his resignation to the king; but previously waiting upon the queen, he represented to her the affliction with which the marquis of Pontecoulant was overwhelmed, recounted the usefulness and number of his former services, and then concluded by asking what orders she would be pleased to give with respect to what was to be done with the resignation. The sight alone of the prince of Beauveau was sufficient to excite generosity in the

heart of another, and that of Marie-Antoinette already fostered the principle in its fullest influence.—‘The queen,’ said she, ‘remembers not the quarrels of the dauphiness, and I now request that the marquis of Pontecoulant will no longer recollect what I have blotted from my memory’.

ACCOUNT of the CARILLONS ; or,
CHIMES in HOLLAND.

[From *sir John Carr's Tour through Holland.*]

THESE carillons are played upon by means of a kind of keys communicating with the bells, as those of the piano-forte and organ do with strings and pipes, by a person called the Carillonneur, who is regularly instructed in the science, the labour of the practical part of which is very severe, he being almost always obliged to perform it in his shirt, with his collar unbuttoned, and generally forced by exertion into a profuse perspiration, some of the keys requiring a two-pound weight to depress them. After the performance the carillonneur is frequently obliged to go to bed. By pedals communicating with the great bells, he is enabled with his feet to play the bass to several sprightly, and even difficult airs, which he performs with both his hands upon the upper species of keys, which are projecting sticks wide enough to be struck with violence and celerity by either of the two hands edgewise, without the danger of hitting the adjoining keys. The player uses a thick leather covering for the little finger of each hand, to prevent the excessive pain which the violence of the stroke necessary to produce

sufficient sound, would occasion. These musicians are very dexterous, and will play pieces in three parts ; producing the first and second treble with the two hands on the upper set of keys, and the bass as before described. By this invention a whole town is entertained in every quarter of it. That spirit of industry which pervades the kingdom no doubt originally suggested this sudorific mode of amusing a large population, without making it necessary for them to quit their avocations one moment to enjoy them. They have often sounded to my ear at a distance, like the sounds of a very sweet hand-organ ; but the want of something to stop the vibration of each bell, to prevent the notes of one passage from running into another, is a desideratum which would render this sort of music still more highly delightful. Holland is the only country I have been in where the sound of bells was gratifying. The dismal tone of our own on solemn occasions, and the horrible indiscriminate clashing of the bells of the Greek church in Russia, are, at least to my ear, intolerable nuisances. I afterwards learnt that the carillons at Amsterdam have three octaves, with all the semi-tones complete on the manual, and two octaves in the pedals. Each key for the natural sound projects near a foot ; and those for the flats and sharps, which are played several inches higher, only half as much. The British army was equally surprised and gratified by hearing played upon the carillons of the principal church at Alkmaar, their favourite air of ‘God save the king’, played in a masterly manner when they entered that town.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

THE MUSE.

Inscribed to Miss A——n of L——.

' Poets may boast, as safely vain,
 Their works shall with the world remain :
 Both bound together live, or die,
 The verses and the prophecy.' *Waller.*

WITH thee, O Fancy! and thy phan-
 tom-train
 I sought the rapid Mersey's sandy
 shore,
 Whilst danc'd the moon-beam on the
 billow main,
 Or faintly gleam'd upon the boat-
 man's oar.
 Forgot the noisy city's grov'ling throng,
 And lost thy gay fantastic dreams among,
 Their pow'r the galling woes of life be-
 guil'd,
 Beneath their sway at sorrow's sting I
 smil'd,
 And 'felt thy sacred flame, and gaz'd thy
 visions wild!

Whilst thus I pensive stray'd, methought
 a form
 Light as the shadowy vapours of the
 dawn,
 Whose eye flash'd vivid as the light'ning-
 storm,
 Came bounding, nimble as the dap-
 pled fawn,
 And stood before my sight; her jetty
 hair
 Twin'd graceful o'er her bosom, rising
 bare

Above her slacken'd zone; whilst loose-
 ly swings
 Upon her arm a lyre, and 'cross its
 strings
 Her hand now soft she sweeps, and now
 ungovern'd flings.
 Bright and yet mild as gleams the rising
 sun
 When o'er the misty mountain first
 he wheels,
 So seem'd her form divine:—approach-
 ing soon,
 Her hand across the lyre she sweetly
 steals,
 And from its golden chords arose a strain,
 That wrapt in wild excess the 'wilder'd
 brain,
 And seem'd with nobler ardours to in-
 spire
 The glowing soul;—but oh! no mortal
 lyre
 Can imitate the sounds; she fled; they
 must expire.

Yet, Memory! thee I woo to tell the
 strain,
 Tho' feebly must *my* harp its wan-
 d'ring trace,

But e'en its simple chords may not in
vain
Essay the sounds which nought shall
e'er efface ;

E'en I, who chant a wild and careless
song

Full oft amidst the muse's higher throng,
Inspir'd by her less dissonant may be,
For oh! the lay she sweetly sang to me
Seem'd like the seraph-train's immortal
harmony.

And, if aright I caught the soothing
strain,

'Twas thus the spirit sang :—

' Dear youth! when on thy mother's
breast

In infant slumbers thou didst rest,
I saw thy life's beginning fair,
E'en then began my guardian care ;
I saw young Hope of azure eye
Point to the flow'ry paths of Joy,
But e'er thou reach'd'st her fairy ground,
The fiend Misfortune on thee frown'd ;
I mark'd how later years arose
Amidst accumulated woes,
With pleasure saw thy noble pride
Pale Mis'ry's haggard train deie'd ;
And mark'd, with joy, thy haughty soul
Still firm beneath their harsh controul :
I saw thy youthful mind expand,
And still the spark of Genius fann'd ;
Would smile when at the gloomy hour
Of midnight thou didst woo my pow'r,
Or when amidst the lonely glen,
Far from the noisy haunts of men,
Thou stray'd'st at evening's close serene,
And gaz'd, with mildly-pensive mien,
On Nature in her rustic charms,
The wood-clad hill, the scatter'd farms,
The village spire, the mountain gray,
The peasant on his homeward way,
His children tott'ring by his side,
His distant cot, and homely bride ;
I heard thee sigh, the world forgot,
To pass *thy days* in such a cot,
With Nature, and Simplicity,
And mild Content, and Poesy!
Again I heard thy rising sigh,
As once again the town drew nigh.
For thou amidst its bustling throng
Obscure, unnotic'd pass'd along,
Or haply met weak Folly's smile,
Or the dark brow of canker'd Guile.
But still preserve thy tow'ring soul,
Press onward to the destin'd goal,

And thou, the wish'd-for meed shall
gain,
The bard's high hope—the deathless
name!

Yes, tho' as yet thy humble lay,
Its sounds scarce risen, fades away ;
Yes, tho' as yet it listless seems,
And lost to thee young Fancy's dreams,
The time shall come, nor far the date,
When thou shalt wake a lay refin'd,
Shall sing of deeds unsung before,
In strains that ne'er shall die.'

And thus she falt'ring ceas'd ; for now
drew near

A hermit-form with wrinkled cheek,
and pale

E'en as the slave of soul-subduing fear,
And his hoar beard hung loosely to
the gale :

Bent was his brow as one deep-lost in
thought,

And in his looks with anxious meaning
fraught,

Sat pictur'd discontent, and haggard woe :
He nearer drew, and then, in accents
slow,

From his pale quiv'ring lip these sounds
did seem to flow.

' O heed not, youth, yon syren's 'witch-
ing lay,

Fly from her tempting accents! fly
away!

False are her sounds, her visions vain,
tho' bright,

A fitting rainbow's varied transient
light ;

She'd lead thee on to seek a deathless
name,

And snatch the wreath which binds
the brow of Fame.

But oh! whilst pointing to her pros-
pects fair

She hides the many mis'ries lurking
there,

She points to Honour and her gorgeous
train,

But shows not disappointment, want,
and pain ;

She bids thee feel with her a bliss re-
fin'd,

The poet's glowing soul, the daring
mind,

But tells thee not the misery he knows,
His hopes dispers'd, his keener-sense of
woes,

She pictures not his breast with anguish torn,
 The prey of sorrow, cold neglect, and scorn;
 She tells of humble scenes, yet still inspires
 Thy soul with higher hopes, and proud desires;
 Oh shun her barren path, and be it thine
 To seek of wealth the ever teeming mine!
 With it thou'lt purchase honour, lux'ry, ease,
 Each charm which life amidst its power to please
 Can give: then shun yon syren's witching lay,
 And seek of wealth the gem-bespangled way!
 This, this be thine! wish not the poet's name!
 Nor tempt the dangerous path which leads to fame!

'Twas thus Experience sang: the Muse arose,
 Whilst flashes anger from her sparkling eyes,
 And in her bosom indignation glows,
 'Fly far from hence, mean grov'ling wretch,' she cries;
 'Nor damp the ardours of the youthful mind!
 To dull oblivion be thy strain consign'd,
 And lost the lore that deadens young desire!
 But thou, O youth! to higher hopes aspire,
 Be thine the sensate breast, be thine the golden lyre!

'Yes, tho' the *sons of Prudence* chide,
 Tho' *Folly's senseless crowd* deride
 Thy wild desires, and simple pleasures,
 Yet to the mind which owns *my* sway,
 To many a kindred bosom, they
 Are dearer than the world's vain treasures.

'They cannot feel my strains divine,
 They cannot feel the glowing line
 Where Fancy's visions rise in 'words that breathe';
 They dream not of the poet's joy,
 They never felt the rising sigh
 To build a deathless name, to snatch the fadeless wreath!

But oh be thine to feel the raptur'd song,
 Be thine the poet's soul! Be thine the poet's tongue!
 To virtue strung the lyre its simplest strain,
 Its untaught warblings are not form'd in vain!
 Be thine the bliss unknown to sordid souls,
 The wild-wove dream that round the minstrel rolls!
 Let deeds of high emprise thy lay inspire,
 To Liberty and Truth devoted be thy lyre,
 And thou, O youth, shalt see again
 My visionary form! shalt see decreed
 When manhood breathes a bolder strain,
 The poet's best reward, the deathless meed!

She ceas'd: she fled: again I sighing sought
 The noisy town; but soon her soothing tone,
 By Memory cherish'd, cheek'd each murr'ring thought;
 It bid me sigh no more at Fortune's frown,
 But look to higher hopes, to joys refin'd,
 Unknown but to th'enthusiast's glowing mind;
 It bid me tow'r above the sordid crew,
 Who to the shrine of Mammon bound their view,
 Nor know the sacred hour, unfelt but by the few!

W. M. T.

STANZAS

Addressed to a Lady who wished her Son had a Genius for Poetry.

OH wish it not!
 That, fraught with Poesy's bright fire,
 Thy son *below'd* should sweep the lyre:
 Should form its sounds to Rapture's lay
 In frolic Fancy's measures gay,
 Or bid the piteous tale of woe
 In tender cadence sadly flow,
 Oh wish it not!

For tho' 'tis true it has the pow'r
 To chase Misfortune's heavy hour,
 Can many a bliss supreme impart
 That never warm'd the selfish heart,

Tho' oft by it the sensate mind
Is e'en to ecstasy refin'd,
Yet wish it not!

Tho' round the heart that feels its sway
The kindest passions gently play,
And prompt to shed the pitying tear,
To Mercy and to Virtue dear;
Or from the bosom draw the sigh
That's breath'd for human misery,
Yet wish it not!

Tho' Feeling and Affection warm
The breast that owes its magic charm;
Tho' it can check each sordid thought,
Each wish by Fraud or Malice taught;
Tho' it can bid us proudly tow'r
Superior to Life's little hour,
Yet wish it not!

For oh! believe me! many a woe
Corrodes the heart that feels its glow,
It bids us view life's vale of pain
In sombre colours, listless, vain;
And cherish feelings *too refin'd*,
For him who mingles with mankind,
Then wish it not!—

Reason forgot, the raptur'd soul
Follows each passion's wild controul,
With proud contempt Wealth's vot'ry
views,
And thinks superior far the muse,
Heedless of int'rest, many an hour
He loses 'midst her myrtle bow'r,
Then wish it not!

It lays him open to each wile
Of the base fiend, insidious Guile;
And when beneath Misfortune's pow'r,
He feels that wealth must claim its hour,
For Friendship then he finds a name,
Humanity an idle dream,—
They help him not.

His faults condemn'd, his pow'rs forgot,
Despair and poverty his lot;
Subdued, behold his once-proud soul
Sink 'neath despondency's controul;
Extinct his fire, his reason flown,
Wild Madness claims him for his own—
Then wish it not!

For what avails the voice of Fame,
The laurell'd bust, the deathless name,
The only meed the poet gains
For all his sorrows, all his pains!
Too late 'tis giv'n—too late our sighs
To *mourn* the woes he *felt* arise,
He hears them not!

W. M. T.

SONNET

FROM THE ITALIAN OF BENNEDETO
GUIDI.

' *Scherzava dentro all' auree chiome
amore, &c.*'

LOVE fondly wandering thro' the golden
maze

Which decks with silken tresses Ju-
lia's brow,

Trac'd every lock each waving ring-
let's glow,

And, doting, linger'd there with fond
delays;

Long, rapt in bliss the wanton flatt'rer
stays;

And soon he found 'twere vain to wish
to go,

For in each glossy curl's entwisting
flow,

A chain, by Beauty wove, its bondage
lays

Upon his heart, and keeps it close con-
fin'd.—

Venus, with gifts divine, her boy's
release

Seeks; but, O Venus, let thine efforts
cease!

He's Julia's slave, by her his bonds are
twin'd,

And should you free him from his golden
chain,

With ardent flight he would return
again!

W. M. T.

SONNET

INSCRIBED TO H. C.

WHERE Warfare's thunder Mercy's
ear alarms;

Let the brave youth whom martial
glories fire

Seek Honour's wreath, or he whose
bold desire

Would strive t'unnerve Rebellion's
blood-stain'd arms,

Assist his country's councils, I aspire
To gain alone, O Poesy! thy charms,

To sweep the glowing chord which can
inspire,

With kindred thoughts the youth
whom Genius warms,

—Careless too oft my lay hath flow'd
 along,
 But I may wake erewhile a higher song,
 Where young-eyed fancy's vivid tints
 shall shine,
 And tho' not yet I've form'd the strain
 refin'd,
 I have my meed if one congenial mind
 Has bent with pleasure o'er my feeble
 line.

W. M. T.

ON MARRIAGE.

TO A LADY PROFESSING HER DISLIKE
 OF THAT STATE.

TO dear Eliza, lovely friend,
 Whene'er I marriage recommend,
 The nymph is still averse;
 With chilling look, and lengthen'd face,
 Will show the dark side of the case,
 And all its woes rehearse.

'And why, my charming fair!' I cried,
 'So very loath to be a bride?
 So fearful of a mate?
 Oh! why at marriage thus distress'd,
 Why choose the barren life, unblest'd,
 The cheerless, single state?'

How sweet, in soft and silken tie,
 To live, in closest sympathy,
 Beloving, and beloved!
 Hail! state to which each bliss is given!
 Hail! Marriage, emblem fair of Heaven!
 Of God himself, approv'd!

How sweet, to live in love's soft bands,
 In union dear of hearts and hands,
 Caressing and caress'd!
 Let dull Mahomedans descry,
 The tender, chaste, connubial, tie;
 The state the Saviour bless'd!

Marriage, all hail! —supreme thy joys!
 Enchanting girls; and laughing boys:
 Peace, innocence, and love:
 Pleasure enduring and sincere,
 Hail, sacred Marriage! —emblem fair,
 Of all we hope above!

Hail, sacred Marriage! darling theme!
 The wish of youth, the poet's dream,
 In thee are realiz'd:
 Hail! virtue's parent, nurse of worth!
 Hail! man's chief paradise on earth!
 Tho' oft too lightly priz'd,

With souls incapable of love,
 Let fools of marriage disapprove,
 But be not thou severe!
 Let Belial's sons the state forego,
 When lovely woman proves its foe,
 Even angels drop a tear!

And few the pleasures found in thee,
 Unnatural celibacy!

But numerous ills and sore;
 Then turn, sweet girl! nor longer fear;
 My humble suit complacent hear,
 Nor be a monster more.

Pentonville.

B. STEPHENSON.

SONG,

FROM PETER PINDAR'S TALE OF THE
 HOY.

WHEN William first woo'd I said yes
 to the swain,
 And made him as bless'd as a lord;
 For, ye virgins around, in my speech to
 be plain,
 That *no* is a dangerous word!
 The girl that will always say no, I'm
 afraid,
 Is doom'd by her planet to die an old
 maid.

The gentlemen seem one all to agree,
 That we're made of materials for
 kissing—
 And if so, for I really believe it, good
 me!

What joys from one *no* might be
 missing!
 Since the girl that will always say *no*,
 I'm afraid,
 Is doom'd by her planet to die an old
 maid.

Say *yes*, and of courtship ye finish the
 toil—

Whole mountains at once ye remove;
 You brighten the eyes of the swain with
 a smile,

For smiles are the sunshine of love!
 Say *yes*, and the world will acquit you
 of art,
 Since the *tongue* will not then give the
 lie to the *heart*.

ACCOUNT of the CALAMITOUS
ACCIDENT at SADLER'S WELLS,
collected from the most authentic
information.

ON the evening of Thursday, October 15, about a quarter past ten o'clock, in consequence of the riotous behaviour of several men and two women in the pit, it was found necessary to have them removed from the house by the Police officers. While they were taking two of them out, the women endeavoured to prevent their removal, screaming, and uttering the words 'don't fight'. As the house was very full, it being a benefit night, and this circumstance occurred at the back of the pit, the audience had only an indistinct view of the confusion occasioned by turning out the rioters; and alarmed by the exclamation 'fight', which misapprehension and fear interpreted into 'fire', a general alarm was the consequence. The ladies in the boxes were greatly terrified, and by screams and gestures manifested the utmost alarm. The gallery caught the infection, which acted like an electrical shock instantaneously. Two women and a sailor-boy threw themselves from the gallery into the pit, and escaped with a few bruises. Immediately the whole gallery rose at once, and began rushing down the stairs, in spite of the remonstrances of Mr. C. Dibdin, jun. (the manager, and one of the proprietors of the Wells) Messrs. Reeve, Barfoot, and Yarnold (proprietors), and several of their friends, as also the performers and servants of the Theatre, who as loudly as they could vociferate, and with the aid of a speaking-trumpet, assured the audience that the alarm of fire was unfounded,

and entreated them to remain quiet, and above all to be very deliberate in their departure, as so large a body driving at once from the gallery in particular, in which were near nine hundred people, must be productive of some distressful disaster. But all attempts at allaying the ferment were vain; "open the doors" was called out by two men very riotously in the gallery, though they were repeatedly assured that all the doors were opened, and the master carpenter of the Wells, (Mr. Garland) ran up stairs, and with an iron crow broke a way from the gallery through the *flies*, (that part of the stage where the scenes and drop-curtains are hung, and where the machinery for working them is fixed) by which passage hundreds were passed out of the house in a more expeditious way, and to the preservation, probably, of many lives. In the meantime Mr. Barfoot, with two other gentlemen, forced their way up the gallery-stairs, and by persuasive and personal efforts prevented the crowd remaining on the stairs from proceeding farther. On their retiring into the gallery eighteen bodies were discovered lying on the upper part of the stairs, all of whom appeared to have been thrown down at the same moment, and suffocated, or trampled to death. They were immediately conveyed into the dwelling-house of the Theatre, and Mr. Dibdin sent for the immediate assistance of Mr. Chamberlaine, and several other surgeons, when every thing was done which skill or humanity could suggest, but in vain.

The names, &c. of the unhappy sufferers were as follow :

Rebecca Ling, 5, Bridge-court,
Westminster.

John Greenwood, Hoxton-square.
 Sarah Chalkley, Little Castle-
 street, East.
 Caroline Tariff, 5, Plough-street,
 Whitechapel.
 Eliz. Marg. Ward, Plumtree-st.
 Bloomsbury.
 John Ward, 1, Glasshouse-yard,
 Goswell-street.
 Thoda Wall, Crooked Billet, Hox-
 ton.
 Lydia Carr, 23, Peerless-row.
 James Phillipson, White-Lyon-
 street, Pentonville.
 William Pincks, Hoxton-market.
 Rebecca Saunders, (nine years of
 age,) Walker's-buildings, Lon-
 don Wall.
 Edward Clements, Paradise-row,
 Battle Bridge.
 Mary Evans, 3, Hoxton-market.
 Joseph Groves, Hoxton-square.
 John Labdon, 7, Bell-yard, Tem-
 ple-bar.
 Benjamin Price, Lime-st. Leaden-
 hall-street.
 Edward Bland, Bear-street, Lei-
 ceester-square.
 Charles Judd, Artillery-court,
 Bishopsgate-street.

Amid this dreadful scene the most affecting and distressing incident that occurred was that which attended the death of Mrs. Sarah Chalkley above mentioned. She hung round her husband's neck—he clasped her round the waist. They were both thrown down by the crowd, and so severely trampled upon that they were taken up apparently in a lifeless state. When they were taken into the proprietor's house at Sadler's Wells, a surgeon opened a vein in the arm of the wife, but no blood followed. The professional gentlemen then breathed a vein in the arm of the husband; a few drops of blood issued from the spot; the reviving man had a weak convulsive shock,

roused as if from a trance, and became completely reanimated. But the first object that presented itself to his weak and bewildered senses was the body of his dead wife. Exhausted as he was, it was impossible for human nature entirely to withstand the shock. It was with the utmost difficulty that the poor man was prevented from relapsing into his former state of insensibility. Notwithstanding all the efforts of the professional gentlemen that attended him, he expired four days after, on the evening of Monday the 19th.

It is a remarkable fact, that among all who lost their lives on this dreadful occasion not one was found to have had a single bone broken, though many had received very violent contusions.

The bodies were all claimed in the course of the same night and the next day.

On Friday morning the coroner's inquest was held at the Theatre dwelling-house, by G. Hodgson, esq. and a jury, who, after a most minute investigation of the circumstances, delivered a verdict that the eighteen deceased were '*Killed casually, accidentally, and by misfortune;*' after which the coroner said— '*Gentlemen of the jury: you are all, I believe, satisfied that no blame can be attached to the managers of the Theatre; they have done all that humanity could dictate; nothing has been neglected.*' In this all the jury concurred, and proposed to Mr. Dibdin if he would draw up any memorial to eradicate from the public mind any ill impressions that false or vague reports might occasion, either of *fire* having actually happened, or that any part of the house was insecure, they would sign it. But the coroner observed that there was no occasion for

this, the jury having examined the house, and found that there was no ground for any reports of the kind: their verdict and the observations he had made, as they would be noticed by the newspaper reporters present, was sufficient to satisfy the most prejudiced minds.

On the Saturday and Monday following, a number of shawls, shoes, hats, &c. which had been collected and preserved by the proprietors, were delivered to their owners.

On Friday evening Vincent Pearce and John Pearce who were taken in custody the previous evening at Sadler's Wells, being two of the persons concerned in the disturbance from which the calamity proceeded, were examined by Mr. Justice Baker, at the public office, Hatton-garden; and two women, *viz.* Sarah Luker, and Mary Vine, being recognised in the office by one of the witnesses as persons concerned in the riot, were ordered to the bar, and put on their examination also. Mr. Dibdin (as prosecutor) related to the magistrate the general circumstances as above detailed, and signified that he understood that the men, prisoners at the bar, were taken by the Police officers in the act of rioting, and that witnesses were ready to prove *that* riot was the actual cause of the calamity that so fatally ensued, but not having himself seen the prisoners before, he could not speak to their persons or behaviour.

Mr. James Dobson, chemist, of Coleman-street, deposed that the prisoners were very riotous all the evening, insulting every one, and fighting among themselves, (pretendedly,) for the purpose, as they asserted, of '*Kicking up a Row.*' He was perfectly of opinion their conduct was the eventual cause of

the calamity; but did not hear them repeat any such words as '*fight or fire.*'

Mr. Sutor, of Ossulston-street, Somers-town, deposed that the two prisoners, with others, and particularly *two women*, (whom he pointed to, who were standing as spectators in the office, and were immediately secured and put to the bar) were particularly riotous all the evening; detailed many circumstances of their ill conduct and language; and concluded his testimony by asserting that he firmly believed them to have been the cause of the accident, by giving rise to a false alarm of fire, but not *intentionally*.

John Hoddinot, Charles Leaver, and another (all Police officers and constables of the Theatre) deposed severally that the prisoners were riotous in the extreme, and when they remonstrated with them, '*d—d them and their staves, and all crowns,*' and used such language that they were obliged to take them out of the Theatre; that while they were forcing them out they fought, and the women screamed, and cried out to one of them, '*Don't fight,*' or something to that purpose, and from this the alarm of *fire* arose, which occasioned the confusion and accident; but neither of them conceived that the prisoners acted with the *intention* of producing such an effect.

When called on for their defence, Vincent Pearce said that he was a servant to Mr. Whitbread, the brewer; and went to the Wells with his brother, (who had just come from the country for a place), and the women prisoners: that it was late when they went into the Theatre, and not being able to procure seats, they stood on a form or bench: that an altercation ea-

sued between them and a young man in black, who pushed John Pearce down, and struck him; that while they were resenting this the constables came up, and insisted upon turning them out of the Theatre, which they resisted, as not being the cause of the disturbance. He offered testimonies of his good character, but the magistrate observed these were of no use, as no testimony of that kind could disprove the act of rioting.

John Pearce made a similar defence.

Mrs. *Luker* said she was a milk-woman, and lived in Cradle-court, Red-Cross-street; that she went with the prisoners to the Wells, that they had an altercation with a man and woman, and that she frequently begged them not to quarrel, but they would not mind what she said: *Mary Vine* said the man in black was very abusive, and that a young woman with him called her a d—d b—. She concluded her defence in the same way as the other prisoners. It appeared that *Mary Vine* had struck a woman in the face several times.

The magistrate (Mr. Baker) having considered the evidence, said, 'Mr. Dibdin, there does not appear sufficient ground from the evidence to attach to the prisoners the *Intention* of producing the calamity that has occurred, though there is every reason to conclude that it was in consequence of this disturbance they created; and as they are clearly convicted of any unwarrantable riot, it remains with you to proceed against them for that misdemeanour.

Mr. Dibdin replied, 'He was perfectly satisfied that it was not the intention of the prisoners to

produce, by their behaviour, the awful calamity that had ensued; but as the disturbance created by them was certainly the originating cause of it, and as the result was so dreadful, he felt it his duty as manager of a theatre, and a servant of the public, to prove against them, as a satisfaction due to the community at large, and a warning to others in future. They were accordingly committed for trial; but allowed to be admitted to bail; which indulgence, however, they could not all avail themselves of; and those who could not were of course remanded to prison.

During the examination the coroner's jury were present, and repeated their observation, that the proprietors of the Wells had acted in the most honourable and humane way on the occasion.

In consequence of this most calamitous accident the Theatre closed for the season. Such was the event of a disturbance trifling in itself, but rendered important by its consequences; and it will, we trust, be a caution to the public to avoid conducting themselves indecorously in popular assemblies, or giving way too suddenly to the panic of momentary and unsubstantiated alarm.

With respect to fire it may be observed that of all public theatres none are so secure from fire as Sadler's Wells, there being constantly on the premises (under the stage) a reservoir of water nearly 80 feet long, and from 20 to 30 feet wide, and several feet deep; and water-machines, as well as common engines, are always in readiness, so that in a few minutes the whole Theatre could be perfectly deluged upon the least actual alarm.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1807.

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- 2 MR. YOUNG IN HAMLET.
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- 4 New and elegant PATTERN for the BORDER of a DRESS.

LONDON:

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

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. M. T.'s Contributions, which we are always happy to receive, arrived too late for insertion this month: the piece he has pointed out shall certainly appear in our next—The manuscript of the *Temple of Wealth* has been sent according to his directions.

The *Essay on Public Speaking* is intended for our next.

Democritus is under consideration,

The contents of A. Z.'s packet shall be inserted occasionally.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



The Tender Avowal.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1807.

THE TENDER AVOWAL,
A TALE.

[*With an elegant Engraving.*]

DON Gabriel Alvarez was a Castilian gentleman of high birth and unblemished honour. In the bloom of youth, elegant in his manners and deportment, sensible, brave, and generous, he possessed the most perfect esteem of all his own sex to whom he was in the least known, and the tenderest regard of all the other sex who had enjoyed the pleasure of conversing with him. Among these latter one of superior charms and merit had triumphed over all her rivals, and firmly attached to herself his heart. Donna Serafina Estella, the daughter of a Spanish nobleman, distinguished for the services he had rendered the state, was a young lady of matchless beauty, of great spirit and vivacity. Her charms, at first sight, fired Don

Gabriel with all the enthusiasm of love, which became stronger and more violent the more frequently he saw and conversed with her. She, likewise, in her turn, felt a warm and most sincere affection for him, but this she carefully concealed in her breast. The only frailty in her character was, that exulting in her power, and rejoicing in the potency of her charms, she delighted to alarm and perplex her lover, and exerted all her resolution and art to prevent his discovering the real secret of her sentiments in his favour. If at any time her behaviour had been such as to fill him with hope and confidence, she seized every opportunity to repress the emotions of gratitude in which he was disposed to indulge, by a studied

coolness and indifference, which plunged him again into all his former doubts and uncertainty. The state of mind to which he was thus reduced was harassing in the extreme, and frequently excited in him a resolution to break his bonds, and never even think of her more; but at the moment he determined to enforce his resolution, a favouring smile, or some gracious act, as it appeared, of peculiar kindness, would confirm him in submission to his pleasing bondage, and revive all his ecstatic hopes. In this perpetual round of doubt and vexation, of hope and despair, he had long continued, repeatedly forming resolutions, which he never had the power to fulfil.

The brother of Serafina, Don Miguel, observed the conduct of his sister with indignation, and expostulated with her on her behaviour towards a lover of such distinguished merit, who was so fondly, so romantically, attached to her. 'What a wretched triumph is it,' would he say to her, 'to be able to boast that it has been in your power to convert the strong sense of Don Gabriel into the most egregious folly. I know well, that in the indulgence of this most idle vanity, of this most contemptible coquetry, you frequently give yourself pain in an equal degree to that your strange conduct creates in his breast; and also subject yourself to the hazard of losing a lover who truly deserves to be, and who, I would persuade myself, is actually most dear to you notwithstanding.'

Still, however, no satisfactory answer could be obtained from Serafina: she still continued to tantalize her lover, and wantonly display her power, to which he

fondly submitted, being completely intoxicated with that passion which so irresistibly sways the heart; which subdues the mighty, and makes fools of the wise.

At length Don Gabriel received a notice from the war-office that the regiment in which he held a commission had been ordered to march to Cadiz, there to embark immediately for South America, where it was to be stationed for five years. By the same notice he was ordered to set out for Cadiz, and join his regiment within twenty-four hours, as otherwise, such was the expedition necessary to be employed, it would probably sail without him.

This order was like a thunderbolt to Don Gabriel. His beloved Serafina—his hopes and fears—his perplexing uncertainty, rushed, as may naturally be imagined, into his mind, and filled him with the most painful anxiety. He seemed now likely to be compelled to fulfil those resolutions which he had so often made, but had not been able to carry into effect. He must now consent to separate himself from Serafina for a long time, and, against his will, try the effect of those (to him) violent remedies—absence and distance.

While these thoughts occupied his mind, and he was considering how to proceed, his friend Don Miguel waited on him. To him, as may readily be supposed, he showed the order he had just received:—'Well,' said Miguel, when he had looked at it, 'I know not but this may be as it should be—you will now be compelled to shake off the chains of my coquetting sister—your honour will now demand this sacrifice. You must with all speed make

the necessary preparations for your departure;—take a hasty adieu of Serafina, and I will accompany you to Cadiz. We must set off in a very few hours. I will go and prepare for my journey, while you wait on my sister, and apprise her of your intended departure.

Don Gabriel hastened to Serafina:—‘At last,’ said he, ‘we part, and for a long time; perchance for ever! I have received an order to join my regiment, and proceed with it to South America, where it will remain at least five years. To part with you certainly pains my heart in the most acute manner, notwithstanding all that volatility and caprice which have occasioned me so many uneasy moments. Could I leave you with the full persuasion of possessing your affections, the distance would vanish; the time, however anxiously its termination might be wished for, would be easily supportable. As it is, I have but too much reason to fear that this separation will prove eternal. I can scarcely flatter myself that I have obtained your favourable opinion, much less that great object of my ambition, your affections—your heart. When I am gone, so slight is the hold I have of your regard and remembrance, that I must soon be forgotten. A crowd of admirers will succeed me, over whom you will exultingly display your power; till at length, with the gratification of your own caprice, you will condescend to make some lover, less truly affectionate, but far more fortunate than myself, superlatively happy.

The ardent manner, the tone of voice, the gesture with which Don Gabriel gave vent to his

expressions, especially when combined with the expectation of his immediate departure for so long a period, were too much for the feelings of Serafina. She could no longer dissemble, no longer act a part so contrary to her real sentiments.—She was constrained to unveil her heart—she burst into tears.—‘Oh! Don Alvarez!’ exclaimed she, ‘my heart is yours, it has long been yours, even from the first moment I saw you; I now despise my own dissembling. I have been unworthy of you. But I cannot part from you without declaring what I really feel, and vowing to you eternal fidelity. Be assured that neither distance nor time can produce a change in my heart: yours I will be, and yours alone.

The ecstacy with which Don Gabriel heard this *tender* and *sincere avowal* cannot be described; it can only be imagined by those who have similar feelings, and have enjoyed similar happiness—‘Now,’ exclaimed he, ‘I can journey, enraptured, to the extremity of the world, if my country requires my service there. The immeasurable happiness I have this day enjoyed will recompense me for every hardship I may endure, for every danger I may encounter.’

At this moment Don Miguel entered, wrapped in his cloak, and ready to set out in company with his friend. Don Gabriel started up, and eagerly grasping his hand, —‘Congratulate me,’ said he ‘my dearest friend; my felicity is boundless—But let us go where honour calls—I have received a sacred vow—Neither time nor distance can diminish my happiness.’

Don Miguel, from the frantic joy of his friend, and perceiving his sister in tears, presently guessed

what had passed, and turning to Serafina—'What,' said he, 'your volatility and coquetry are subdued at last: they were not proof against the fear of a long separation. Well, you will now enjoy the pleasure of an unaffected sincerity, and as I have every reason to believe your repentance sincere, and that you will not relapse into your former folly, I will render the happiness of both of you still more complete if possible than it is.— You will not have to suffer the separation you feared. The order which has occasioned this happy explanation is a fiction of mine: you, Don Gabriel, are neither required to join the regiment, nor is the regiment to go to South America. I had no doubt, my sweet sister, of the true situation of your heart, and was well convinced that a real fear of losing your lover would soon make you drop all disguise. I knew at the same time that my good friend Gabriel was totally incapable of dissimulation, and could never deceive you unless he were first deceived himself. I therefore practised this innocent imposition on you both, which has had all the success I could have expected from it. You now fully know the hearts of each other, and if you are wise you may be happy.'

Serafina after this, never more sported with the feelings of her lover, and an indissoluble union, not long afterwards, completed the felicity of them both.

CHARACTER of the LADIES of HOLLAND.

THE ladies of Holland, if I may judge from those with whom

I had the honour and happiness of associating in Amsterdam, are very amiable, thoroughly well-bred, well educated, speak English, French and German, and they are very polite and courteous to strangers: they are also remarkable for their attention to decorum and modesty. The unmarried, without prudery are highly virtuous; and the married present a pattern of conjugal fidelity. They are also very fond of dancing, particularly of waltzing; and they are much attached to English country dances, in which the most graceful Parisian belle seldom appears to any advantage.

ACCOUNT of the New COMIC OPERA called 'TWO FACES UNDER A HOOD,' performed for the first time at the *Theatre Royal, Covent Garden*, on Tuesday, Nov. 17.

The Characters were thus represented:

Marquis Raimondi,	- Mr. Bellamy.
Count Ignacio,	- - - Mr. Jones.
Don Sebastian,	- - - Mr. Incedon.
Brazilio,	- - - - - Mr. Farley.
Martinique,	- - - - - Mr. Fawcett.
Governor,	- - - - - Mr. Thompson.
Jeronimo,	- - - - - Mr. Simmons.
Frederico,	- - - - - Mr. Taylor.
Hector,	- - - - - Mr. Liston.
Sergeant,	- - - - - Mr. King.
Lady Abbess,	- - - - - Mrs. Davenport.
Marchioness Raimondi	Mrs. Dibdin.
Claudine,	- - - - - Mrs. Dickons.
Donna Antonia,	- - Miss Bolton.
Ursula,	- - - - - Mrs. C. Kemble.
Agatha,	- - - - - Mrs. Liston.

FABLE.

The Marquis Raimondi having dissipated his fortune at the gaming-table, resigns his nobility, and quits his country to retrieve himself by commerce, leaving Claudine, his only daughter, to be edu-

cated by a female relation, who, by the father's desire, conceals from the young lady her real rank—while supposing herself the daughter of a cottager, Claudine is addressed by Ignacio, a young officer, but the arts of Frederico, his rival, create a quarrel between the lovers. Ignacio joins his regiment abroad; Claudine, on the death of her relation, is sent to board in a convent; and all correspondence between her and Ignacio ceases. Four years are supposed to have elapsed (at the opening of the piece) since the separation of the lovers, at which time the Marquis Raimondi returns from his commercial speculations with a fortune which enables him to resume his rank; Claudine is made acquainted with her birth, and quits the convent for her father's palace. A day is set apart for the ceremony of the Marquis's public re-investiture and admission to his former honours, on which day Ignacio arrives from abroad, sees Claudine among the assembly, but imposed on by the brilliancy of her habit, and the alterations and improvements which four years of absence have effected, he does not suppose her the same lady, though he is forcibly struck with her resemblance to his favourite cottager—Claudine takes advantage of his situation, and with the assistance of Ursula, her waiting-maid, alternately appears to him as the young marchioness and the simple cottager, endeavours to attract him in each character, and has the satisfaction of proving at last that his love is disinterested, and that he prefers the poor Claudine to the rich heiress. Connected with the foregoing story are the loves of Antonia and Sebastian, who are friends of Ignacio and Claudine.

The characters of Martinique, Brazilio, Hector, and Ursula, furnish the materials for a minor plot—Hector and Ursula are cousins, whose uncle has left them a large sum of money on condition they marry together—to this arrangement they are equally averse, but the avarice of Hector determines him to comply with it, and enjoy the whole legacy, rather than divide it with Ursula—by a trick of Brazilio's, however, he is enlisted for a soldier, and the fair division of the legacy is the condition on which he is released.—Martinique is the attendant of Ignacio, who, before he sees Claudine at the assembly, sends him in quest of her to her former cottage residence; but Martinique having been let into the secret, that the young Marchioness is the very lady to whom he is sent, remains concealed, and joins his sweetheart Ursula, to aid her lady in the innocent deception practised on the count.—Jeronimo is an old civil officer of the city, who assumes to be deaf or blind as his convenience suits—and Frederico is a sea-captain, who having been formerly Ignacio's rival with Claudine, and seeing her again in her cottage habit, lays a plan to carry her off, and by rousing Ignacio to rescue her, hastens his decision, and thus gives him an opportunity of proving himself worthy of her.—The piece then concludes with the triple union of Ignacio and Claudine, Antonia and Sebastian, Ursula and Martinique.

This opera is the production of Mr. Dibdin, jun.; indeed, those who are at all acquainted with the manner of that dramatist, can by no means mistake the author. There is much bustle and action through the piece; the dialogue is lively

and spirited; and many of the incidents are very interesting. There is nothing very novel in the characters, but the story, which is from the Spanish, is so developed as to render it a very good vehicle for some very beautiful music. The songs were excellently adapted to the style of singing, and the powers of the respective performers.

The new music of this Opera is in all respects worthy of Mr. Shield, its tasteful and scientific composer. He has written bravura songs for Mrs. Dickons, Inledon, and Bellamy, in his most spirited style, and which were executed by these performers in as brilliant a manner. Mrs. Dickons, who is become a polished singer, was never heard to so much advantage: most of her airs were rapturously encored; and Miss Bolton sung those allotted to her with delightful simplicity. The old airs are very judiciously adapted; and the overture, which is a masterly composition, was universally admired and applauded.

In scenery, dresses, decorations, &c. &c. there was every thing to detain the eye—but the appeal to the ear was irresistible, and we hope the very flattering reception which Mr. Shield has received on his return to the theatre, will be of force to win from him additional gratification to the lovers of genuine music.

ANECDOTE OF DR. LONG.

DR. ROGER LONG, the famous astronomer, walking one dark evening with a gentleman in Cambridge, and the latter coming to a short post fixed in the pavement, which in the earnestness of conversation he took to be a boy

standing in his way, said hastily, 'Get out of the way, boy!' 'That boy, sir,' said the doctor, very calmly, 'is a *post-boy*, who never turns out of his way for anybody.'

MR. YOUNG,

[*With his Portrait in the Character of Hamlet.*]

MR. YOUNG, who is from the Manchester theatre, of which he is the manager, made his first appearance on a London stage in the character of Hamlet, at the little theatre in the Haymarket, on the 22d of June last. His fame had preceded his arrival; but so complete was his success in the difficult part he had chosen, that his merits appeared to be under-rated. His voice is excellent, and he commands it to any utterance. His judgment is sound, and his taste correct. His voice does not possess the compass to rant, were he so inclined, but it is peculiarly adapted to the expression of tenderness, in which it is remarkably fine. If he fails in any thing it is in the lighter parts, into which he sometimes does not infuse a sufficient degree of ease and playfulness.

Mr. Young's figure is below the middle size, but well formed, and graceful in action. His countenance is manly and expressive. Judging from it, his age might be supposed about forty, but we understand that he is little more than thirty. He has been married, but has buried his wife about a twelvemonth. He is at present engaged at Drury Lane, and the town is to be congratulated on the acquisition of a performer of such intrinsic merit.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



Mr. Young in Hamlet.

HARRIET VERNON ;

OR,

CHARACTERS FROM REAL LIFE.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

BY A LADY.

(Continued from p. 525.)

LETTER XXXVI.

Mr. Wentworth to J. Johnson, Esq.

Bengal.

I HOPE that ere this my dear friend has received my long letter, dated from this place, in which I informed him of the happy change in my circumstances. I am even now scarcely recovered from my dream of surprise and joy, which such a discovery must occasion. I wrote a similar account to colonel Ambrose by the same ship that took my letter to you, and as no vessel can have yet arrived by which I can expect an answer, I will continue my narrative, knowing the warm interest you take in my concerns.

I left in my last my good uncle writing to his daughter an account of her new-found cousin, and all the wonderful particulars of the affair ; at the same time expressing a wish for her immediate return home. Just as he had finished writing, and I had, by his desire, perused his letter, the servant announced sir Philip Norton. A young gentleman of genteel appearance entered the room ; my uncle shook him by the hand, and presented him to me, as his parti-

cular friend ; then giving into his hand the letter which was yet unsealed—‘ You are come,’ said he, ‘ in good time to save me the trouble of telling you a long story which you may there peruse.’

Sir Philip took the letter, and I retired ; for, as it contained some commendations in my favour, I felt, though highly gratified, a little embarrassed at its being read in my presence. In about half an hour I returned, when sir Philip congratulated me in such polite terms, that I became highly prepossessed in his favour, and returned his civilities in the best manner I was able ; at the same time expressing a wish to be received into the circle of his friends.—He told me he had seen miss Winstanley the day before, and would, if her father pleased, be the conveyer of his letter, and hoped to bring the young lady in a day or two. My uncle’s carriage was ordered, and he set off to lord Amaranth’s seat, about ten miles distant. When he was gone, my uncle informed me that he was a young gentleman of good character, fortune, and connections, whom my cousin had selected from a concourse of admirers to bestow her hand upon. The union, he said, met his hearty concurrence ; but as his daughter was very young, only eighteen, he wished it to be deferred a year or two. I told him that I thought the young people were the best judges. Some young women at eighteen are as steady, and know their minds as well, as others at thirty,

‘ Your cousin,’ said he, ‘ is not of that number : she is extremely volatile ; and her unfortunate attachment to the Romish religion has given her a bad turn, I fear. My great hope is, that as

sir Philip is a protestant, he may reform her. Alas! it is not in my power,—every thing that vexes me gives her pleasure.’

‘Nay, sir,’ replied I, ‘she has not in the material point, the choice of a husband, run counter to your wishes.’

‘It is the only thing,’ said he, ‘I ever knew her fail in. If I wish her to stay at home, she goes out; if I wish her to go out, she stays at home; and so on. But I love her as I do myself. She has many suitors and admirers wherever she goes.’

‘We will excuse, then,’ replied I, ‘her vanity: universal admiration is too apt to create it in the most sensible minds.’

My curiosity to see this lady was now wound to the highest pitch. The next day I was rejoiced to see her alight from the carriage with sir Philip, who led her into the room, where was my uncle and myself ready to receive her. Now for a poet’s pen to describe a complete Venus! but as I am not a poet, nor the lady a complete Venus, I crave your excuse for the omission. I will, however, inform you, that my cousin is the most beautiful girl I ever saw, and wants nothing but a good shape to make her perfectly lovely. I will venture to say, no one that ever looked in her face regretted that she was not quite so tall or straight as a painter would wish her; and, I can speak for myself, it was some hours before I could take my eyes from her countenance to observe her figure. Her father embraced her with transport, and presented her to me, with joy sparkling in his eyes. I told her I had waited for that moment with impatience.—‘I know nothing of you, good sir,’ said she, with a

most charming vivacity, ‘but I felt impatient to see you. Sir Philip knows I have talked of nothing but you the whole way.’ Sir Philip smiled, and confirmed her assertion. You may suppose I said all that politeness could dictate on the occasion, and in a few minutes my fair cousin and I were perfectly well acquainted, and engrossed most of the conversation. The old gentleman seemed to regard us with much satisfaction, and it was hard to say which felt the happiest. Sir Philip seemed not so perfectly at ease. He, lover like, did not wish his mistress’s attention to be so wholly engrossed from himself. I saw his dissatisfaction, and proposed a walk in the gardens. There we entered into general discourse on England and its customs; and my young cousin made many remarks which convinced me that she had a good understanding joined to a playfulness of disposition, at her years not unpleasing. She says many witty things *unwittingly*, as I may express it; for she does not give herself time to think, and it must be a very good heart and head not to err sometimes by such volubility and spirits. I believe, rather than lose her repartee, she would affront her best friend. I plainly see she is a coquet too; and poor sir Philip, who I think is really fond of her, often looks grave, and knows not what to think of her behaviour. One hour all complaisance, the next hiding herself and sighing, as she says, for her dear lady Amaranth, and declaring a resolution to take the veil. This lady Amaranth is daughter of a lord Amaranth, an Irish family come here about two years since, on the decease of a brother who left large property. They are to return to

Ireland when the affairs are settled. This gentleman's house my cousin often goes to, and a violent friendship is formed between the young ladies: all the family are zealous catholics, and, I suppose, found it no very difficult task to convert my sprightly cousin. This young lady Amaranth having lost by death a favoured lover, a few weeks before their nuptials were to take place, became so overwhelmed with grief that she formed a resolution to take the veil. Her family and my cousin are concerned at it; but the friendship of the latter is so strong, that she frequently expresses a wish to accompany her in her retirement. Her father and lover are terrified with the idea; but I can discover very plainly, nothing is more remote from her intentions, or less congenial to her disposition. My cousin has received the best education this country can afford, but it falls short of that bestowed on the higher rank of females in ours. My uncle has taken pains to instruct her in useful knowledge, and has, in a good degree, succeeded; more from her quickness of parts than attention; for she is so extremely giddy that it is difficult to fix her attention to any subject. She dances well, and has a good ear for music; but for want of proper masters will never excel. Upon the whole she is a charming woman, and was she introduced in England, would draw a crowd of admirers. My uncle is not fond of her forming acquaintance with the English ladies; he thinks (and in my opinion very justly) they must be devoid of delicacy ere they could quit their native country in quest of a husband, whose fortune, perhaps, only could make him acceptable. I attended a ball some time since, given on the arrival of

some European ladies. I was much entertained, but at the same time sorry to see so many of my lovely countrywomen exposed to sale at a market, as I may call it: to say the best of it, it is indelicate and disgusting. Had they heard the remarks and witticisms uttered at their expense by the ungracious bidders, I am certain they would have quitted the room. They must be well recommended to respectable families, or they would stand a bad chance for their matrimonial success; and I am informed that if they refuse the first offer, have little chance of a second, unless their persons and manners are above mediocrity; and many there are who die, or return to England without their errand. I was introduced to several, and being now looked on as a young man of consequence, I dared not behave gallantly, for fear of raising false hopes. O ye fair votaries of ambition! think of the little chance you give yourselves for happiness, when, by leaving your country in quest of a rich husband, you renounce friends, sentiment, and delicacy, the bulwarks on which true happiness are built. But you will laugh at my rhapsody; it arose naturally to my mind on sight of the fair victims.

As I know you dislike the subject of business, and I may add, would not understand it, I will not trouble you with explaining the nature of my uncle's. I have the happiness to grow daily in his favour and affection, and feel myself much attached to him; I have only to regret that his health is such, that I fear his life will not be long continued. But of course whilst he lives I shall not revisit England. I do not like this country, and shall reside in it no longer than is

necessary. Can I ever be thankful enough to that Providence for throwing me in the way of the only relation I had? What a singular and happy lot is mine! The circumstances are so extraordinary as scarcely to gain belief. Thus blessed and thus situated, ought I to entertain any sentiment but gratitude? Is it not criminal to sigh, or suffer a repining thought? I blush to write I am *not* happy, but from my friend I will conceal nothing. Ah, Johnson! ere this colonel Ambrose is blessed with the hand of miss Vernon, the only woman in which my happiness is centered. Time and distance has not erased her from my memory and affections. I am now in a situation to ask her hand, and from a thousand circumstances I conjecture it might have been accepted; but she is lost to me;—tormenting thought!—and it is now criminal to think of her. Had I but risked an avowal of my passion before I left her! But yet I cannot on reflection blame myself!—How could I with honour act otherwise? I would fly from the subject, but my pen will not find another. I expect the next ships will bring me a confirmation of the colonel's marriage. O fortune! thou art but half kind! Impious observation!—I recall it, and conclude with subscribing myself your ever faithful friend,

CHARLES WENTWORTH.

LETTER XXXVII.

Miss Winstanley to Lady Amaranth.

FORBIDDEN to write to my dearest, my only friend! what does my father mean? Why truly he is afraid I shall adopt your senti-

ments, and bury myself alive in a convent. No, no, my good sir, that will never be the case, though I love sometimes to frighten you and sir Philip with the threat. Why these fathers, wise as they would be thought in the management of their daughters, are strangely out sometimes. We all love contradiction; as for me, it is my chief delight. Were I ordered to write to you, I should hate it of all things; or, had I been commanded, with the sternness of parental authority, to be a Roman catholic, I should have remained a protestant, and so on in a hundred instances. Now it is my firm opinion, if I and the rest of your friends had not have made such a rout about your taking the veil, you would at this time have been figuring away at a ball, and—but hold, I must not touch on this topic, lest I should make you angry.—You desired me, when I took leave of you, to send you a full account of my new-found relation; I comply the more readily, because he is a fine, handsome, young fellow, and really worth writing about. It would have been horrid provoking to have had a stupid, plain, English monkey rise from the dead and run away with half one's fortune; but as it is, I have no objection to alteration in wills, as you know I value not money.—Well, but the picture of this charming fellow, and first his name—Charles Wentworth, about twenty-five, very tall, with the handsomest leg you ever saw; a manner peculiarly graceful. Sir Philip, you know, is thought graceful and elegant in his deportment and address, but he is nothing to him, I assure you. His face I think not so completely handsome as his figure; but his

countenance is manly and pleasing, and very expressive. His features are good, and, my father says, strongly resemble those of his mother. So much for his person and manners ; now for his faults. The greatest I have yet discovered is, his not having yet professed himself my slave. He even seems insensible to my charms, which I have been ever told are irresistible. He talks to me with as much indifference as though I were his grandmother ; and yet his countenance is sensibility itself. Another fault he has too, he is too grave. What has such a fine fellow to be grave about ? and in my presence too, whose smiles all have told me dispel every gloom, and brighten the face of nature. Now he is the first man that was ever two days in my company without professing himself my admirer. Ought I not to resent it ? But I feel a greater desire to enslave him than any youth I ever saw ; and a very good punishment too, I am sure. Sir Philip is miserable enough. Yonder I see him and my cousin walking in the gardens. They are mighty sociable. I wonder the former is not jealous. But I will go down and make him so. ' O the joy to wound a lover !'

[*In continuation.*]

WELL, I have succeeded most charmingly in my plan. But this insensible Wentworth ! I am puzzled to know what to make of him. I entered the garden with a stately walk, and was soon espied by the gentlemen—Sir Philip offered me his arm ; I took my cousin's—' I hope,' said I, ' you approve the mode of laying out these gardens ; my father says they are quite in the English taste'—

' Every thing here is English', replied he, ' even you are an English woman in your manners, your person, and I think your taste. Partial as I am to my native country, it is extremely gratifying to me to observe my uncle adopt its customs. I observe we live totally different from the other European inhabitants here. And where do you think I strolled this morning ? into your library ! and was delighted to see every English author of note had a place there'.

' I am very glad,' said I, ' that our mode of living pleases you ; and if you can find entertainment in my library it is very much at your service. Are you fond of reading ?'—' I am', said he ; ' and will ask you in return the same question'. ' I like it sometimes', said I, ' and if you have no objection we will read together ; perhaps you may be able to point out some beauties I have overlooked'. ' With all my heart', said he, ' it will give me the highest pleasure ; and if sir Philip will join us it cannot but be pleasing to you'. ' It is an honour', said sir Philip, ' I have frequently petitioned for'—I looked at him with a haughty air, but made no answer ; went on with my cousin, and asked him which of the English poets he liked best ; ' it required much judgment', he said, ' to determine the many beauties in almost all the English poets ; it was a task he was unequal to ; but he believed Milton, Pope, and Young, were in general in the highest estimation ; he discovered many beauties in Thomson, particularly in his ' Seasons'; and a poet of the present day, Cowper, he highly esteemed'.

I was almost tired with this grave conversation, when sir Phi-

lip observed that it threatened a storm, and proposed returning to the house. We did so, and I, at my cousin's request, sat down to the harpsichord. Sir Philip took the violin—I desired him to lay it down as I did not like the instrument; he did so, and sighed.

I asked Wentworth to sing, which he readily complied with, and although he does not sing half so well as sir Philip, I affected to be in raptures, and declared that I had never heard so fine a voice.

In this manner did we go on, I endeavouring to exclude sir Philip from any share in the conversation, and paying Mr. Wentworth every attention. At length what did my favoured beau do but leave the room. What could I say; I could not call him back to be sure; so strum, strum, went I on at the harpsichord. Sir Philip sat by me, and entreated I would inform him what he had done to displease me. I affected not to hear him for some time; and expected he would throw himself at my feet, as he ought to have done; but instead of that he threw himself in a passion. Such usage, he said, was not to be borne; he would go to my father, and demand an explanation from him. I stopped my music, and rising, dropped a courtesy, with 'Pray, sir, what do you want to say to me?' 'Provoking angel!' he called me.—I went on—'I thought I was mistress of my actions—I thought I might, when I pleased, play on this harmless instrument; but I find I was mistaken:—'Pray, sir, who are you? What right have you, sir, to interrupt my amusements, or intrude on my retirement?'

'What a question!' replied he; 'am I not your favoured lover? Have you not promised to give me

your hand?—that hand—' (and he would have taken it, but I snatched it away) 'and think you I can be unconcerned at the treatment you have this day, and I may say the whole week, given me? Let me entreat you to explain yourself. If I have offended you there is no concession I will not make to regain your favour. But I am conscious of no fault—' 'I wonder,' said I, with great composure, 'where my cousin is—I want to speak with him.' This speech completed the mortification. He paced across the room in a violent passion, and opening the door—'Seek him, madam!' said he, 'I doubt not he is in the house.' I dropped him another courtesy, and thanked him for his permission to retire; but I was not his provoking angel again. I tripped up stairs, and scribbled thus far to you. I long to see how the wretch will behave at dinner. To be sure he will not presume to be angry! if he should I must relax a little of my severity; for I must not lose him neither, at least not until I am sure of another. But I am resolved to conquer the insensibility of Wentworth, and sir Philip, I suppose, must be the sacrifice; my engagements to another would be no obstacle to any one else; but Wentworth has such refined notions. I must lay down my pen to prepare for the dinner hour, so adieu for the present.

[*In continuation.*]

QUITE irresistible from the elegance of my dress, and with a countenance arrayed in smiles, I entered the dining-room, where was my father and Wentworth; but no sir Philip. The former looked grave, and displeased, and

the latter seemed to survey me with an aspect of concern. I took my seat in silence. To be sure, thought I, sir Philip has been making complaints, and I am to receive a lecture from these gravities.

Mum—mum, all dinner-time—I chattered as usual, but no answer from either could I get. At length I arose to leave the room. ‘Where are you going?’ said my father—‘To my own apartment, sir; this is a very gloomy one.’ ‘It is you that make it so—’ ‘I, sir! dear! I am all life and spirits; I am sure I hate gloom of all things.’—‘Sit down, and be serious; I want to talk with you, and expect you will answer me a question, which I, as a father, have a right to ask you.’—‘Some questions are not easily answered, sir,’ said I, ‘and I cannot promise one at present.’—I looked at Wentworth who seemed much displeased at my pertness.—Come, thought I, I must take care not to carry matters too far: all my plans will be disconcerted if I disgust this sentimental cousin, so I added—‘But I will be serious, and answer any question you may please to ask me.’

This set matters right:—I was his dear girl, and the question he had to put was, whether I intended to take sir Philip Norton for my husband.

I started at so home a question, and knew not how to answer: I was loth to give up my slave, just at the time my power was at its height; and yet if I declared my intention to marry him I must at once relinquish my scheme of enslaving Wentworth;—and then should I not succeed with the latter and have lost the former, what a forlorn situation should I be in!

—Fear not, whispered vanity, no youth can withstand the force of your charms.—Vanity whispered not in vain, as you shall hear.

I was silent; my father went on—‘If you intend making sir Philip your husband, your conduct, (for he has informed me of your behaviour,) is highly absurd and imprudent. Think you he will not, when married, revenge himself for the gross affronts you gave him as a mistress? Or supposing his temper to be too good to permit him to take such methods; yet you lessen yourself in his eyes, and lose your importance by the very means you take to establish it. If on the contrary you have no intention to marry him, your conduct is still more reprobable: you add cruelty to insult. None but a depraved mind would wish to wound the feelings of a person who loves them. But I will think better things of you; I am certain you have not, in this case, permitted yourself to think, but have been run away with by your vivacity and inconsiderateness. I talk to you now in a serious manner, and conjure you to examine your heart well, and to determine what place sir Philip has there. If he has not an interest there, far be it from me to urge it; in this matter I leave you wholly free, only I insist on your behaving properly to sir Philip.’

Having finished this harangue my father paused for an answer. I had by this time resolved on one. I could see no alternative between relinquishing my designs on Wentworth, and giving up sir Philip. I resolved on the latter. Knowing that nothing could make me so lovely in my cousin’s eyes as a dutiful conduct, I assumed a grave and tender aspect, threw myself

on my knees to my father, and thanked him for all his parental remonstrances; said I was convinced that I had acted improperly, and begged his forgiveness for what I was going to say.—He raised and tenderly kissed me; said he would forgive me any thing, and looked pleased and surprised at my uncommonly dutiful manner. I glanced towards Wentworth who regarded me with admiration.—‘Then, sir,’ continued I, ‘I will venture to tell you I do not love sir Philip; I have doubted whether I felt a proper affection for him for some time; but this last week I have examined my heart, and am now convinced I can never be happy with him as my husband’.

‘Then, my sweet child,’ said my father, ‘you shall never marry him. Will you, or shall I, acquaint him with your determination?’

‘If you please, sir, I should be glad to be excused the painful task, for I fear it will disturb him, and my pity for him almost leads me to repent my resolution.’

I was seated close to my father who held one of my hands; and when I had finished my fine sentimental speech, Mr. Wentworth took my other hand—‘Never before,’ said he, ‘did my cousin appear so lovely in my eyes. I see she can reflect and act generously.’ ‘It distresses me,’ said I, looking in his face with a tender air, ‘that you should ever have doubted it. My vivacity will sometimes run away with me, but I trust I have a heart incapable of an ungenerous action.’

What praises did I not now receive from my two auditors. They almost inspired a wish in me to be good. I retired and sat down, vexed at having thus deprived myself of a lover. The hope, however,

of soon gaining another reconciles me; but I must be extremely circumspect in my conduct: no airs, no levities must be played off upon Wentworth. And what, say you, will you marry him? I never think of marriage; we will talk of that when I have gained him for a lover.

What an unconseionable long letter have I written! I wish it may be in my power to enliven, by my pen, your solitary hours. I know you must not send letters but by the permission, and, I suppose, after the inspection of the lady abbess; but I hope those you receive are sacred. Pray satisfy me in this particular, or I must desist from writing. I remain, my dear lady Amaranth’s sincere and most affectionate friend,

LETITIA WINSTANLEY.

[*Miss Winstanley, in continuation.*]

I AM quite ashamed of myself for having been so long in answering your kind letter. You have set me easy with regard to the privacy of mine to you, but I am not much pleased with a correspondence where my friend’s epistles are perused by an old woman, I do not wish you to write often under such a restraint. You tell me you do not approve of my ways, but you will keep my secret, Abide by your promise, and I will look for approbation within myself. Then follows a long pious exhortation, I suppose, out of compliment to your old gover-nante. To this part of your letter I make no other answer—but I do not like the subject, As for your fears that I shall not remain steady in the faith—set yourself at ease, I will not be a protestant whilst my father is one. Think you that

I will after making the noble stand I have, and the spirited altercations I have held with him on the subject, confess myself mistaken? No; forbid it pride, resolution, and true womanhood. So much in answer to yours—Now for my own affairs.

My father has been very ill, and confined to his bed: we thought we should have lost him. He is better, but in a very precarious state: I waited on him with great attention, and my filial conduct has, I think, won the heart of Wentworth—the grand object of my solicitude. He has scarcely quitted the sick room, and, I believe, sincerely felt all I have feigned. I confess I see nothing shocking in the death of an old rich father. To be independent and my own mistress! Oh, charming! When he was at the worst he called us both to him, and weeping over us said; he had by will made us both equal heirs of his fortune. ‘I think,’ said he to Wentworth, ‘there is enough to satisfy you who have not an ambitious mind. Return to England and enjoy it. But I bequeath you a far more precious trust—To your guardianship do I commit my dear Letitia.—Letitia, do you receive your cousin as your friend and protector.’

Wentworth was much affected; he called it a precious trust which it should be his pride and happiness to guard. We retired from the chamber, and walked into the garden, whilst my father composed himself to sleep. Here was an opportunity for him to say a hundred fine things; instead of which, would you believe it? he dwelt on nothing but my father’s praises, and his hopes of his recovery. Art thou a fool or insensibility itself,

thought I. He is neither, but worse than either. I am convinced some woman in that England possesses his heart. I will not, however, have a rival, I am resolved; and the greater the difficulties the greater my triumph. But I will tell you my reason for supposing I have a rival.

We went from the garden into the library; the instant we entered I saw Wentworth’s eye fixed on a paper: it was a copy of verses my mulatto girl had, by my orders, that morning written. She writes a fine hand, and I asked him which he admired most, the poetry or the hand-writing.—‘It is only the writing,’ said he, ‘that attracted my notice. It is so like the hand-writing of a lady I know, that I can scarcely believe it is not hers.’

‘Suppose it should be hers,’ said I, ‘and I should be acquainted with her!’—‘Impossible!’ said he, ‘I am not so happy!’

A glow on his countenance, and an earnestness of expression, convinced me that the lady in question was not indifferent to him.

‘Ah! cousin,’ said I, ‘you are not insensible: some English lady—’

‘Let us take a book,’ said he: ‘the subject to me is a painful one.’

‘Then we will avoid it, Mr. Wentworth,’ said I; giving him a book.

What had already passed was sufficient to satisfy me for the present, and I doubt not to get all out of him in time. My father from this time mended, and we are inseparable. I have an opportunity of playing off all my charms on Wentworth. My father appears pleased with my conduct, and I really think has

the same end in view with myself. For any other object that would be sufficient for me to relinquish it; but I know not how it is, my whole heart is set on this conquest. Yet I am not in love, nor ever shall be. I am certain vanity, difficulties, and caprice, are all the motives that urge me on. You cannot think what an altered girl I am to appearance, so grave, so sentimental, and so dutiful; the delight of my father, and the pride of my cousin. I begin to be tired of my restraint, but I shall take my revenge in time. Sir Philip has left Bengal: he received his doom with more composure than my father expected. I did not see him. A packet of letters is just arrived to Mr. Wentworth; one from his lady, I suppose. I wish I could see it. Joy sparkled in his eyes at sight of the superscription. I am summoned to attend him and my father. What can this mean? As I have deferred writing so long I will close here—will write again soon; in the mean time remain affectionately yours,

LETITIA WINSTANLEY.

[*To be continued.*]

A NIGHT WALK

IN NOVEMBER.

By J. M. L.

‘O MAJESTIC Night!
Nature’s great ancestor! Day’s elder
born!
And fated to survive the transient Sun!
By mortals and immortals seen with
awe!
A starry crown thy raven brow adorns,
An azure zone thy waist; clouds in
Heav’n’s loom

Wrought through varieties of shape and
shade,
In ample folds of drapery divine,
Thy flowing mantle form; and, Heaven
throughout,
Voluminously pour thy pompous train.
Thy gloomy grandeurs (Nature’s most
august
Inspiring aspect!) claim a grateful verse.’
YOUNG.

‘Wrapt in dark fogs’ November
had bestrode the plain, spreading
terror and despair before him.
Morning had now no charms for
the early rambler; late in rising
from her couch, Aurora’s eye, dim
with the tears November’s bitter
sway excites, darts no ray of hea-
venly lustre on the plains; and
when at length her sorrow seems
to cease, she smiles but through
her tears: for horror hangs upon
the frownful brow of November,
and his chosen throne is some dark
cloud!

‘Ah me! the golden year is fled. Be-
hold
Gloomy and sad November, with a brow
Severe and clouded. Scarce a leaf sus-
tains
His pestilential blast. The woods are
stript,
And all their honours shatter’d in the
vale.
Th’ambassador of surly Winter he,
And in his hand he bears the nipping
frost.
Before his tyrant lord he scatters sleet,
And, with a hideous frown, bids Au-
tumn speed,
And after her runs howling through the
land.
The field has lost its verdure. All the
pride
Of the sweet garden fades. Where now
the rose,
The lupin, aster, balsam, or carnation?
Or where the lily with her snowy bells?
Where the gay jasmin, odorous syringa,
Graceful laburnum, or bloom-clad ar-
bute?
Or if we stray, where now the Summer’s
walk

So still and peaceable at early eve,
 Along the shady lane, or through the
 wood,
 To pluck the ruddy strawberry, or smell
 The perfum'd breeze that all the fra-
 grance stole
 Of honey-suckle, blossom'd beans, or
 clover?
 Where now the blush of Spring, and
 the long day
 Beloiter'd? Cheerful May, that filled
 the woods
 With music, scatter'd the green vale
 with flow'rs,
 And hung a smile of universal joy
 Upon the cheek of Nature? Where
 blooms now
 The king-cup or the daisy? Where in-
 clines
 The hare-bell or the cowslip? Where
 looks gay
 The vernal furze with golden baskets
 hung?
 Where captivates the sky-blue peri-
 winkle
 Under the cottage eaves? Where waves
 the leaf,
 Or rings with harmony the merry vale?
 Day's harbinger no song performs, no
 song
 Or solo anthem deigns sweet Philomel;
 The golden wood-pecker laughs loud no
 more.
 The pye no longer prates; no longer
 scolds
 The saucy jay. Who sees the goldfinch
 now
 The feather'd groundsel pluck, or hears
 him sing
 In bower of apple-blossoms perch'd?
 Who sees
 The chimney-haunting swallow skim
 the pool,
 And quaintly dip, or hears his early
 song
 Twitter'd to dawning day? All, all are
 hushed.
 The very bee her merry toil foregoes,
 Nor seeks her nectar to be sought in
 vain.
 Only the solitary robin sings,
 And perch'd aloft with melancholy note,
 Chants out the dirge of Autumn; cheer-
 less bird,
 That loves the brown and desolated
 scene,

And scanty face of Winter. Let me weep
 With you, ye Muses; and with you, ye
 fair,
 Chief mourner at the grave of her we
 love,
 Expiring Nature.'

HURDIS,

Night, during the winter months,
 can have no charm for the wander-
 er; almost the only pleasures at-
 tendant upon a wintery night are
 those of a cheerful fire, and a
 select party, where

'The feast of reason and the flow of
 soul

are in unison, undisturbed by the
 noisy effusions of mad intoxica-
 tion;

'For drunkenness adds to the poignance
 of grief,
 When reason return'd picture's wine as
 a thief,

Who but heightens the wretch's de-
 spair.'

Author's Manuscript Poems.

Still the man who admires na-
 ture will like to contemplate her,
 as well when the storm spreads its
 lowering horrors over her form, as
 when the brilliance of summer-
 suns shoot their radiance around:
 He will like to ramble abroad, as
 well when the chill night-air of
 winter renders warm clothing ne-
 cessary, as when the soft zephyrs
 of Summer make night pleasanter
 than day, when

'Among the crooked lanes, on ev'ry
 hedge

The glow-worm lights his gem; and,
 thro' the dark,

A moving radiance twinkles.'

THOMSON.

The day had been cold and
 showery, and the night had closed
 in dull obscurity, when I set out
 for my November's stroll. I had

previously put on a great coat, and I now found the benefit of it, for the wind blew very cold, and rather strong from the North-East, and a slight degree of frost seemed to have hardened the mud in the path-way.

‘What art thou frost? and whence are thy keen stores

Deriv'd, thou secret, all-invading power,
Whom even th'illusiv' fluid cannot fly?

Is not thy potent energy, unscen,
Myriads of little salts, or hook'd or shap'd

Like double wedges, and diffus'd im-
mense

Through water, earth, and ether?’

THOMSON.

On my way I passed a lowly hovel, where resided a very old man, who, long ere I reached the door of his hut, had been gone to rest; not, perhaps, to sleep; for he, alas! was the victim of unmerited misfortune: born to brilliant prospects, life smiled on him in its advancing hours; pleasure and benevolence beamed from his eye; and all who were in want, found him a ready friend.

‘The orphan too he clad and taught;

The widow's want reliev'd;

To prisons kind assistance brought,

Where captive debtors griev'd.’

Author's Manuscript Poems.

Thus fled away, happy as friendship, wedded love, and a breast at peace, could make them, many years of his life; till at length ruined by a pretended friend, he was driven from his home, an unhappy outcast! His wife soon died of a broken heart! whilst the poor, aged victim of villany, wandered far from the scene of his former happiness, and fixed himself here; where the open hand of charity offered him a shelter from the gapping winds. Seventy years

have silvered over his sorrowed head; a few more, and the life he wishes not to preserve will be over; then, in

‘Another, and a better, world,’

he looks forward to peace, uninterrupted, and eternal!

‘Yon hovel is his drear abode,
Which scarcely shelter yields;
All day he sits beside the road,
Or slowly walks the fields.

‘His downcast look, and modest mien,
Implore the passing sigh;
Yet ne'er to beg is this man seen,
Or raise his haggard eye.

‘But oft the son of Affluence stops
To give him sweet relief;
And oft the humbler trav'ler drops
A mite to ease his grief.

‘Yet in the mourner's time-worn face
A noble firmness glows;
His better days you there may trace,
Though dimm'd by weighty woes.

‘His form betrays no common mould,
Though now 'tis bent and weak;
It once was stout, majestic, bold,
As all its features speak.

‘In mystic wonder and amaze,
Will passing strangers stay;
In silent sympathy they gaze
On Mis'ry's closing day.’

Author's Manuscript Poems.

The gloominess of the night, as I proceeded, was well suited to an indulgence of superstitious thoughts in a mind that was prone, and weak enough to indulge them. And where is there a man, who, in some situation or other of his life, has not had occasion to regret the folly of the nurses of his early years; who to quiet him have threatened that the *naughty man*, or the *bugabo*, or some other equally terrifying being, should come and take him away; thereby unthinkingly im-

planting the dread of a supernatural something that has no existence but in the brain of folly and thoughtlessness.

‘ So boding dames
Teach the frayed boy a thousand ugly signs,
Which riper judgment cannot shake aside.
And so the path of life is rough indeed,
And the poor fool feels double smart,
compell'd
To trudge it barefoot on the naked flint.
For what is judgment, and the mind inform'd,
Your Christian armour, gospel preparation,
But sandals for the feet, that tread with ease,
Nor feel those harsh asperities of life,
Which ignorance and superstition dread.
I much admire we ever should complain
That life is sharp and painful, when ourselves
Create the better half of all our woe.
Who can he blame who shudders at the sight
Of his own candle, and foretells with grief
A winding-sheet? Who starts at the red coal
Which bounces from his fire, and picks it up,
His hair on end, a coffin! Spills his salt,
And dreads disaster? Dreams of pleasant fields,
And smells a corpse? And ever shuns with care
The unpropitious hour to pare his nails?
Such fears but ill become a soul that thinks.
Let time bring forth what heavy plagues it will.
Who pain anticipates, that pain feels twice,
And often feels in vain. Yet, tho' I blame
The man who with too busy eye unfolds
The page of Time, and reads his lot amiss,
I can applaud to see the smiling maid
With pretty superstition pluck a rose,
And lay it by till Christmas. I can look

With much complacency on all her arts
To know the future husband. Yes, ye fair,
I deem it good to take from years to come
A loan of happiness. We could not live,
Did we not hope to-morrow would produce
A better lot than we enjoy to-day.
Hope is the dearest medicine of the soul,
A sweet oblivious antidote, which heals
The better half of all the pains of life.’
HURDIS.

No great pleasure seemed to await a farther ramble, I therefore speedily returned home, and soon sought the soothing power of sleep, ejaculating, as I stepped into bed,

‘ Sweet is the soft and silent hour
That steals with ev'ry soothing pow'r
Across the throbbing breast ;
Where heavy hours of mental toil
Have long suppress'd the pleasing smile
That speaks a heart at rest.’

Author's Manuscript Poems.

LETTER FROM LORD KAIMES to the DUCHESS OF GORDON.

[*From Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Honourable Henry Home, of Kaimes.*]

To the Duchess of Gordon.

August, 1770.

AS I never incline to visit my favourite pupil, or to write but when I am at ease and in good spirits, which has not been the case for this last fortnight, worn out as I am with the business of the court, I delayed to acknowledge your last kind letter till I should be restored to my spirits: to the country, by the wood-nymphs, the water-nymphs, and all the train of rural smiling deities.

Your grace could not do me a greater favour than in communicating the little family anecdote about lady C. than which nothing can show a more charming disposition. Dis-social passions are more painful to ourselves than to those that are the objects of them: Selfish passions are disagreeable to others, and very little pleasant to ourselves; but the generous and benevolent passions, if they make others happy, double that blessing on ourselves: there is no part of our nature that advances us so near the Author of all Good. Cherish, my dear lady, that disposition in your daughter, because it is highly amiable; but double your diligence to cherish it in your son, who, I hope will one day have it in his power to do much good, and to find his own chief happiness in making multitudes happy around him.

The duke of G. may justly be reckoned the greatest subject in Britain, not from the extent of his rent-roll, but from a much more valuable property, the number of people whom Providence has put under his government and protection. God forbid the duke should imbibe the sentiments of too many of his elevated rank, that these people are merely beasts of burden, and that it is allowable to squeeze out of them all that can be got. In point of morality, I consider that the people upon our estates are trusted by Providence to our care, and that we are answerable for the management of them to the great God, their Creator as well as ours. But observe and admire the benevolence of Providence. What else does it require of us but to introduce industry among our people, the sure way to make them virtuous and

happy; and the way not less sure of improving our estates, and increasing our resources?

Now, my dear pupil, I insist on this topic with the more satisfaction, as I figure your grace taking an active part in this useful work, and going hand in hand with your husband; if, indeed, it be not better that each of you should take a separate department. I will explain what part I allot your grace after a short preface.

Travelling through the counties of Aberdeen and Banff, with any sort of equipage, it is pleasant to see the young creatures turning out every where from their little cottages, full of curiosity, but not less full of industry, for every one of them is employed; and in knitting stockings they lose not all the while a single motion of the fingers. Now mark what I am going to say. There is indeed the same curiosity to be observed on your banks of the Spey, and through the county of Moray; but, alas! the industry is wanting; for the young people go about there perfectly idle. I fear you will think I am growing a little tedious this evening, for I wish to prolong conversation with your grace, but now I come to the point—The part I allot for the duchess of Gordon is to train the young creatures about her to industry, and she will execute it with self-satisfaction and success; for in tender years the strongest impressions are made; and once giving children a habit it will last them for life. What I would therefore propose as her first essay is to introduce the knitting of stockings among the young folk of both sexes, which will easily be done, as that art is so far advanced in her neighbourhood.

If your grace relishes this pro-

posal, signify it only to your old Mentor, and it shall be his business, not only to lay down a plan for carrying it into effect, but to interest our trustees for manufactures, who will most cordially second your operations; in the mean time you may order a fit person to be secured for teaching the children to spin and to knit; and the only thing that will be expected from your grace, besides your countenance (which is all in all), is to encourage children to exert themselves, by some small premiums to those who are the most deserving.

So much for serious matters; and now to a lighter theme, if my paper leaves room for it. From fifty years experience I can vouch that the pleasantest companions for conversation are those who pass some time in their closets in reading and reflecting. Will you give me authority to purchase for you, from time to time, a few books of taste and useful knowledge, which will agreeably fill up your hours of leisure? Does the duke give his commissions to any particular bookseller in Edinburgh? In this and every other capacity command your real friend and faithful servant,

HENRY HOME.

ON THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF
GYPSIES IN EUROPE.

[From *Muratorì's Antichità Italiane.*]

IT was not before the year 1480 that this singular race of people issued from their concealments, pretending that Egypt was their native country, and that they were deprived of their settlements by a

king of Hungary. Notwithstanding the geographical absurdity of this assertion, it was readily credited by the ignorant vulgar. It appears probable that they drew their origin from Wallachia, or the neighbouring countries, as they are still to be met with in great numbers in Hungary, Servia, Bulgaria, and Macedonia. Whether they were expelled from their native dens, or left them spontaneously, it is certain that at this period they began to appear in the Western provinces, and by their fraudulent arts were able to gain a footing there, though by nature ever addicted to a vagabond life. They were neither cultivators of the soil, nor artisans, but found an inexhaustible supply for their necessities in theft, rapine, and deceit. — Although their way of life was not unknown to the Italians, their infamous practices were tolerated, because they made simple people believe that a penance was imposed upon them of wandering about for seven years; and still more, because they pretended to the gift of divination, and foretelling future events. An opinion long prevailed that they were forbidden to remain longer than three days in one place, and that they had a privilege from the Pope of providing themselves with necessary food wherever they should be. The time in which these Zingani, or Zingari, first made their appearance in Italy may be collected from the *Miscella Bolognese*, published in the 18th vol. of the *Rerum Italicarum*. It contains the following notice:— ‘On July 18, 1422, there came to Bologna a duke of Egypt, named duke Andrew, together with men, women, and children of his own country, in number about 100. They had a

decree from the King of Hungary, who was Emperor, authorizing them to rob, wheresoever they should go, for the space of seven years, without being amenable to justice. When they arrived at Bologna they lodged within and without the Porto di Galliera, and slept under porticos, except the Duke who was lodged at the King's Hotel. They remained here fifteen days, during which time many persons visited them, on account of the Duke's wife, who understood divination, and could tell what was to be a person's fortune, his condition, how many children he was to have; whether a woman was good or bad, and the like. In many things she spoke truth, and when people went to have their fortunes told, few escaped without having their pockets picked, or, if women, their clothes stripped of their ornaments. Their women went by six or eight through the city, entering the houses of the citizens, and prating with them, at the same time filching what they could lay their hands upon. They also went into the shops, pretending to buy something, whilst some of the party were employed in pilfering.

Italy did not suffice for this crew, which was gradually augmented by accessions from the men and women of the countries through which they passed. Krants, in his history of Saxony, writes that they began to be seen in that country in the year 1417; and he gives a lively description of their customs and cheats under the name of Zigeni, or Zigeuni. Aventine also mentions their arrival in Bavaria, and their misdeeds, in 1411. They spread in like manner through Flanders and France, in which country they were called Egyp-

tians and Bohemians, and in Spain, where they were named Gittanos. They are also found in the Turkish dominions. Although they have been frequently banished from various districts, and severe edicts have been issued against them, they still contrive to keep up their race, and carry on the trade of petty pillage and deception.

SOLITARY WALKS

IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

By JOHN WEBB.

WALK V.

————— 'The grave,
That seat of rest, that mansion of repose,
Where rest and mortals are no longer
foes:
Where counsellors are hush'd, and
mighty kings
(O happy turn) no more are wretched
things.'

YOUNG.

THE sun was descended below the horizon, and every whispering breeze and playful zephyr was sunk to rest with the grand luminary.

————— 'The fair rising moon
Hung up her ready lamp, and with mild
lustre
Drove back the hov'ring shades,'

and invited to another solitary ramble among the tombs.

The first grave that met my observation was a new-made one, upon whose earthy hillock the grass had not begun to vegetate. An aged relative here found a quiet resting-place, having for more than ninety years trod the stage of life, and of whom I can with truth declare

'The noblest character he acted well,
And Heaven applauded when the curtain fell.'

GARRICK.

Had his capacious mind and pregnant intellectual faculties been illumined by the rays of science, he might have shone conspicuous among the literati of the age,

'But knowledge to his eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd his noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.'

GRAY.

But why regret his want of learning, as it proves, as Cowper observes, too oft a snare? Without literary acquirements, Voltaire, D'Alembert, and the rest of the illuminati, could not have spread the poison of Atheism over Europe, and set such political principles afloat as have lit the most enlightened part of the globe in flames, which have been quenched only by the blood of its inhabitants.

My venerable old friend could read his Bible, and instead of prying into forbidden mysteries, starting objections occasioned only by the real ignorance of the objector, or assuming the character of one of those fools, who (as the poet says) 'rush in where angels fear to tread,' he had the good sense to regulate his conduct by the maxims contained in that sacred book. His protracted life was a continued scene of serenity, for he had a head

that never, and a heart that seldom, ached, and he sunk at last into the shades of death, as the summer's sun sets at eve, in hopes, like the orb of day, of rising again, with dazzling splendor on the last dread morn.

————— 'Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace. How calm his exit!
The night-dews fall not gentler to the ground,
Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.
Behold him in the eventide of life.—
A life well spent, whose early care it was
His riper years should not upbraid his youth:
By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away;
Yet like the sun seems larger at his setting!
See the glad gates of sight are wide expanded
To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
Of the fast-coming harvest. How he longs
To have his passport sign'd, and be dismiss'd!
'Tis done;—and now he's happy:—the glad soul
Has not a wish uncrown'd.'

BLAIR.

Not far distant stands the tomb, within whose gloomy cavern Clericus, the accomplished Clericus reposes, who was snatched from life when all its blushing honours began to bloom around him. His splendid natural abilities were improved by scientific lore. He was a proficient in music, and played the organ with almost unrivalled skill: and what can seldom be said of persons of superior attainments, he was affable, devoid of pride, wholly divested of that *hauteur* that oft-times attends exalted genius, and was always willing to impart instruction to the inquiring mind.—He was kind to me:—by his death I lost the freedom of

access to a well-furnished library : this was one source of knowledge and amusement dried up, and I found by experience that his exit 'left,' as Dr. Johnson says, 'a chasm in society.'

'How oft does sorrow bend the head
Before we dwell among the dead :
Scarce in the years of manly prime
Oft have I wept the wrecks of time.'

LOGAN.

Turning the chancel, a tall tomb-stone brought to my recollection the history of the person whose memory it was placed to perpetuate. He was a respectable practitioner of the healing art, and was generally esteemed in this neighbourhood.—But, alas! when death approached,

'Proud Æsculapius' son!
Where were thy boasted implements of
art,
And all thy well-cramm'd magazines of
Health?
Nor hull nor dale, as far as ship cou'd go,
Nor margin of the gravel-bottom'd brook,
Escap'd thy rising hand: from stubborn
shrubs
Thou wrang'st their shy retiring virtues
out,
And vex'd them in the fire; nor fly,
nor insect,
Nor writhy snake, escap'd thy deep re-
search.
But why this apparatus? Why this cost?
Tell me, thou doughty keeper from the
grave!
Where are thy recipes and cordials now?
Alas! he speaks not!

BLAIR.

He was arrested by the messenger of fate, in the prime of life, in the bloom of health, and expanding reputation. By his death society lost an useful and ornamental member, his wife an affectionate husband, and a group of fine children a father and protector.

Having meditated till the voice

of Time, from the weather-beaten tower, admonished me to depart; I left the dreary spot abruptly.

Haverhill.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

BY SOPHIA TROUGHTON.

(Continued from p. 535.)

LETTER VII.

*Right Hon. Charles Baderly to sir
Robert Legoxton.*

Walsingham-hall.

WELL, Bob, I am just returned from the play, and not being sleepy I'll give thee a bit of the drama.

From the play! What art in town!—no such thing, my boy; look at my date. The town has come to me. Drury-Lane performers, Drury-Lane dresses, aye, and Drury-Lane house itself, if I were to credit a bill with large red letters, now staring me in the face. But I have seen their performance, their dresses, and their house, and, upon my soul, they are laughable beyond imagination.

The names of the principal London performers are very faithfully transmitted, and they have taken care to burlesque both their assumed characters. Poor Cleopatra and Mrs. Siddons were represented by a fat, brown, country wench! who hawled out 'Give me my robe—put on my crown—I have immortal longings

in me.—Now no more the juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip.'

In the agitation of her speech she marched up in a parallel line with me; and blew on me such a gale from her mouth—not of the scent of Egypt's grape, but the more common, and less costly juice of juniper berries. But Antony, the noble-minded Antony! Faith, Bob! I have not words in my vocabulary to do Antony justice, or give you any idea of the fellow's clamorous vociferation. He began his despondent speech of 'O Sun! thy uprise shall I see no more!' with such a sudden start of passion, that he almost choked himself; and absolutely made me start.

In one of the scenes where a sideboard of plate should have been, a deal board, covered with green baize, and two or three pots, borrowed from the village ale-house, met with an unfortunate adventure. The voluptuous queen taking her asp from a pottle, with an unlucky flourish snatched the green covering from the deal board, and discovered two poor fellows, the living supporters of this ambitious deal board; so true it is that pretenders are often discovered when they think themselves figuring away with more than common elegance.

The heroic Cleopatra went on with her speech.

'Come, mortal wretch! with thy sharp teeth;' but one of the late-discovered heroes found his honour wounded; and, stalking up to the expiring lady, with a tremendous tragedy-oath, demanded 'Why she whisked the cloth off him when all the time the gentry thought him dead.'

We by this time discovered that he was the lost, the regretted An-

tony; though his trappings were somewhat altered, being half equipped for the farce.

I for my part was very glad to find him alive and well; and expected to see Cleopatra fly into his arms; and fly she did, but with no amicable intent: no, the soft, the languishing, the dying Cleopatra raised one of her huge red fists, (which, by the by, I believe would have felled an ox,) and gave the remonstrating Antony such a sudden and violent blow on the face, that his noble blood besprinkled the ground on which the body of the unfortunate hero had been stretched. He once more rose, and with incredible fury attacked the triumphant queen.

The battle now raged with great heat on both sides, when the prompter's voice ordered the curtain to be let down; but the bustle continued behind it, and the words nasty trapes, and shabby, paltry fellow, were very distinguishable.

Champlly was clamorous for the blanket to be pulled up to see fair play, but he was not attended to.

The risibility of all ranks was so great, that I am persuaded there never was a merrier end to a tragedy in this world.

We did not stay to see the farce, for really it would have been too extravagant to enjoy so much farce at once.

We had had a sufficient quantity of laughter to last a month; but I shall have another peep at them before they are off for good.

This lady Walsingham improves upon one every day: she has the beauty of a Venus, and the sense of a Minerva.—Oh, Legoxton, this woman causes me to break the tenth commandment hourly.

This evening I had the ecstatic

pleasure of driving her to and from the play; and enjoyed so large a portion of her sweet company, that I am in good humour with you, myself, and the whole world. In this pleasing temper I wish you a good night.

[*In continuation.*]

So Champly, after assuring himself that miss Lester's fortune was full forty thousand pounds, has thought proper to avow himself her lover by an open declaration.

We have all, except lady Walsingham and Linley (who set off this morning to attend a sick uncle,) been walking in the park; where, if you had been to have seen the pert foppish airs of that prince of fribbles, Champly, and the coy, the reserved, and then presently the sour, peevish behaviour of his mistress, it would have afforded a fund of entertainment for your facetious humour.

By the host I had rather make love to my charming amazon, queen Cleopatra, than to this female Proteus. She is so whimsically capricious, such a contrast at different times, you would swear it was impossible for one woman to have so many fantasies. Now she will be all that is fashionably elegant, and sprightly; one of the most playful, arch, provoking creatures I ever met with: in a few hours you will see her in a becoming dishabille, with a negligent air, assuming all the bewitching softness of languishing beauty. In short she is a good olio: a medley of whim, humour, wit, nonsense, beauty, and ugliness. So if you wish for variety in one, come and throw yourself at the feet of this farrago.

I am now going with Seymore

and lady Mary to look at some horses for my curricule.

[*In continuation.*]

I have bought two beautiful roan horses: And while Seymore was looking at a lady's poney, which he had a mind to, for Mrs. Howard, lady Mary said, 'Have you never taken notice, Mr. Baderly, of an alteration at Walsingham-hall since your arrival?'

'Not till this morning, madam, I had not; but to day I thought I discovered an unusual depression on the countenance of some of our friends.'

'Well, sir, I have observed an alteration for some time back; but this morning I overheard some words that make me tremble for my beloved lady Walsingham. You, sir, are the confidential friend of her husband—Warn, oh warn him to beware of the insidious voice of a siren—Lady Walsingham's peace ought not to be sacrificed to a false friend.'

'By Heaven, it shall not be!' said I, with passion. Seymore turned round—'What shall not be?' said he.—Lady Mary pressed my arm—'Why, you shall not drive this sweet girl back; you shall ride my horse (he had brought her in his phaeton).'

'Well, if lady Mary desire it—' 'I desire no such thing,' replied she, with her face in a glow.

'Come, come, my dear girl, I desire it, if you do not—and will not be denied.'

I handed her in; Seymour mounted Termagant, and galloped on before.

As we proceeded she informed me that the conversation she alluded to passed between miss Lester and her maid; in which

that perfidious wretch discovered so much malevolence toward her innocent friend, that she (lady Mary) was afraid her ladyship would feel her malice in the tenderest part; for, by what she could hear, a confederacy was formed to ensnare Walsingham's affections, and to alienate him from his wife.—Here's a devil! but I'll watch her, and frustrate her schemes if possible!

My friendly informer said she had spoken with more freedom to me than she could to any one else, as she observed I admired lady Walsingham, and had great influence with my lord. 'And I do hope,' continued the eloquent girl, (pressing her hand on my arm) 'through your mediation to prevent the diabolical scheme from taking effect, and to shield lady Walsingham's heart from the bitter sensation of finding the human bosom so very dissolute.'

I pressed my gentle Mary's hand to my lips, and told her I would strain every nerve in the cause: cursed the infernal Lester with great emotion;—gave her to the devil a thousand times;—and, with amazing dexterity, drove past the house;—turned round;—and was returning the way we had come.—

'What are we going back for, Mr. Baderly?' said my forgotten companion.—'Good heavens, madam! I don't know.' The horses were once more turned, and we alighted.

In the dining-room we found the company assembled, the treacherous Lester in the midst. Mischief take her! I never saw her look half so charming before.

She was dressed with studied elegance. A long white satin robe, trimmed with a costly blond

lace. The bottom, the sleeves, and the bosom were Vandyked with black velvet, and displayed a most lovely neck and shape to great advantage: her hair glittered with jewels, and her whole appearance was strikingly beautiful.

I asked if company was expected. No one but lord Beauford was the answer.

'But pray, Baderly,' said the siren, 'what were you doing with your horses just now? were you giving us specimens of driving; or were you dull, and thought by ploughing up the road to discover wit? Or had you an inclination to break lady Mary's neck?'

'Neither, madam.'

'Why, thou formal man of starch, I believe in my conscience you have been to a quakers' meeting, or to a methodist sermon.'

'To neither, madam.'

'Ha, ha, ridiculous: why then I protest you have been making love to lady Mary,—and she has refused to hear you.—Aye, I see I have it at last, by that blush on her cheeks, (the poor girl did blush) and you don't answer with your puritan Neither, madam.'

'Well, but my dear Mary, he has done the same to five hundred women, so don't believe him; for I know he makes love to every foolish thing he meets.'

'Lady Mary is much obliged to you, miss Lester, as well as myself, but you do me injustice; for

'I kiss not where I wish to kill,
I feign not love where most I hate,
I break no sleep to win my will,
I would not be a sister's fate:
I scorn no poor, I fear no rich,
I feel no want, nor have too much.'

'Possessing these sentiments I make love to no woman; but wish

to preserve my liberty till I am so happy as to meet a lady whose sentiments are congenial with my own.'

'One blest with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day;
One who can love a sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear.'

'And till I find such a one I endeavour, when I see a fine face, or a graceful form, to regard them merely as beautiful pictures, or fascinating automaton.

'But as women from among whom I am to select a wife, oh condemn me to perpetual celibacy: aye, faith, to a halter, rather than to a beautiful woman with a treacherous heart. It is like enshrining a venomous toad in a casket of alabaster, which renders the foul blotches of the noxious inhabitant the more conspicuous.

'So vice in a beauteous form is doubly hateful; it debases Heaven's fairest work. It is an enhancement of guilt to misapply those graces which were designed to be the embellishments of virtue; and render vice conspicuously eminent by affording it an asylum where innocence and purity alone should dwell.'

I looked stedfastly at miss Lester while I was speaking. Her complexion varied several times; but, before I concluded, she rallied her spirits, and assuming a look, and tone of sorrow, exclaimed—

'I am grieved, inexpressibly grieved, that government has abolished the corresponding society.

'Ah! if it had not,—under the auspices of some rhetorical citizen you would have made a very pretty orator.—O Baderly; I would give a thousand pounds to see you

mounted on an empty beer barrel, haranguing with all the fire of fancy—thundering out the tropes and figures of rhetoric; now pathetically lamenting the oppression of power in well-turned periods; and then denouncing anathemas against all opponents: then again endeavouring to beat your reasons into the stubborn, obstinate, stupid heads of your ragged auditory; who, no doubt, would attribute more wisdom to you than to the whole aristocracy. Really it would make a charming caricature; and some leisure morning I may throw it on paper.'

'I think,' said Mrs. Howard, (with more seriousness than usual) 'what Mr. Baderly has observed, on the particular deformity of vice, when cherished in a beautiful bosom, by no means deserved such a reply as it met with. 'Vice in any shape

'to be hated needs but to be seen.'

Yet when we see a face of expressive innocence, a bosom of snow, and the graces playing in every movement of the elegant form, we feel loth to suppose it possible that such a lovely structure should be polluted by guilt, or that the bewitching, specious appearance, should cover the vile machinations of an envious, ungrateful heart. That such characters are not drawn by the pencil or Fancy we all know: would to heaven they were.'—'True,' interrupted Walsingham; 'but as in this charming circle none but the good, the fair, are assembled, why should we intrude such heterogeneous characters even in imagination?

'Your soul, my dear miss Lester, is harmony: take a generous revenge on the renegade Baderly, by melting his obdurate bosom with your divine voice.'

He led her to the piano. She sung

‘Take, oh take those lips away!’

(Walsingham singing the second) and confirmed my aphorism, that vice in a beautiful person is doubly hateful, and trebly dangerous; for though I know her vile design, and hate her for it, yet to hear her sing, and gaze on her

‘coral lip and sparkling eye,’

I found was impossible with apathy. I considered her as a snake—a siren, who lured but to betray: and when she should bestow her person, all charming as it is, on the man of her choice, she would bring him more plagues than ever Pandora’s box was said to contain.

Thus thinking, I was inwardly vexed at my gazing so long at her; and turned away my eyes with disgust. Heavens! what a contrast did they light on! Lady Walsingham had stole into the room unperceived. She was dressed in a clear sprigged muslin robe, trimmed with lilac; a Grecian head-dress, with pearl bandeaus, necklace, and bracelets.

She looked the goddess of simplicity—the queen of beauty.

A glance from her mild expressive eye calmed my agitated spirits. I found I could now look at Lester. Her piercing black eyes were fixed on me. I felt rather disconcerted; being conscious that the pleasure which the presence of lady Walsingham afforded me was conspicuous in my countenance. And yet I could not look off her.

The chaste, modest smile, which irradiated her features, led me to think it was from such a countenance that Milton drew his Eve. And I am persuaded if he had not

painted Sin in the form he has, such a woman as this Lester would have been his model:—Voluptuous, artful, and insinuating, yet beautiful.

Lord Beauford came soon after, and we had a very cheerful day.

In the evening Walsingham and I rode part of the way home with him. On our return I introduced miss Lester in our conversation.—‘She is a pretty girl,’ said I—‘A pretty girl! Baderly; by heaven she is a divinity!’ I shrugged my shoulders; he observed the motion.—‘Good Heaven! why the eyes of every soul here are blinded by prejudice to the perfections of that incomparable woman!’

‘Well, my lord, yours seem amazingly enlightened! And though my eyes are not blinded, yet they are absolutely dazzled—not by your incomparable divinity, but—your incomparable wife!’

‘Ah, Charles! she is an excellent woman!—Would to Heaven she were yours! She would make you completely happy. You have had your run among the sex; and when you marry you will commence a quiet Benedict. Now I, as you know, saw lady Caroline Aubry when I was very young.—To see her was to love her! You was then in Ireland, but you, no doubt, remember the hopes and fears you were pestered with in my letters. My father was dead—I was without encumbrance. My sister Julia’s fortune was large, and entirely independent of me. I made proposals—was accepted—and suffered myself to be bound in the chains of Hymen. I will confess to you, I thought them at that time golden chains, and fastened only by the blushing rose, and ever-blooming myrtle—and

it is but lately that I have found the flowers withered, the gold worn off, and nothing to be seen but the durable iron.

I was going to speak, but he prevented me.—‘I know what you would say, Baderly, but it won't do—while such a captivating girl as this bewitching Lester does me the honour to accept my assiduities, I must, and will, hope. Your cautions, my dear fellow, I know, are well meant; but if after this evening you renew them I shall impute it to envy at my good fortune. Caroline is an amiable girl, and if her winning beauty is insufficient to secure her my heart, your known good sense will inform you that any other mediation will but widen the breach it was meant to close.’ I was silent. I saw that he was determined to pursue his own ruin, and wound the heart of his charming wife.

When we came in sight of the park he caught my hand;—‘Baderly,’ said he, ‘be not offended with me—I would to God I *could* give this affair up as easily as you seem to think I might; but I cannot:—Think as well as you *can* of me. This is the only point on which we can disagree. Our friendship is of long standing—let not a woman divide us.—You are not in love with Helen yourself?’ I assured him I was not:—That his honour, and the happiness of lady Walsingham, were my dearest concerns. He shook me by the hand—‘My dear fellow, I believe you; but this is an affair I could wish even the eye of friendship to wink at. I am in the road to happiness, or at least lost in pleasing delusion, and charmingly deceived!’

And so this affair, Legoxton, must rest as it is; time only can

develop the end of it. I can only be grieved—I cannot prevent the blow, which I foresee will destroy the peace of a woman, to whom (if it were possible) I would with transport give the name of

BADERLY.

LONDON FASHIONS.

[*With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.*]

1. A SHORT Dress of white satin, or sarcenet, ornamented round the bottom with a rich worked border; puckered sleeves of white crape, and tucker of the same to correspond: the head-dress a purple net-handkerchief, spangled, and embroidered with gold: shoes and gloves of white kid: white, cornelian, or pearl necklace.

2. A train-dress of crimson muslin, or crape, Vandyked round the bosom and train with white satin, with a tucker of fine point-lace; sleeves open, and drawn together with a pearl broach, through which is seen an under-sleeve of white satin. Hair dressed close, with a twist or plait round the head, and ornamented with gold combs.

ACCOUNT OF M. GARNERIN'S TWO NOCTURNAL ASCENSIONS in his BALLOON at Paris, particularly his last dangerous AERIAL VOYAGE of three hundred miles.

M. Garnerin has lately made a new and beautiful use of the balloon at Paris. He mounted from the gardens at Tivoli at night, in a bullon illuminated with one hundred and twenty lamps. He ascended at eleven o'clock on a very

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



London Fashionable Full Dresses.

dark night, under Russian colours, as a sign of peace. When floating high in the air, above the multitude of admiring spectators, a flight of sky-rockets were discharged at him, which, he says, broke into sparks, hardly rising to his vision from the earth; and Paris, with all its blaze of reflecting lamps, appeared to him but like a spot—like the *Pleiades*, for instance, to the naked eye. He gained an elevation, he says, of 3000 toises, and speaks with enthusiasm of his seeing the sun rise at that height. After a flight of seven hours and a half, he descended near Rheims, 45 leagues from Paris.

Of his second aerial ascension by night, which proved so perilous, M. GARNERIN has published the following account:—

‘ My second aerial journey by night will not afford an opportunity for the brilliant narratives which I have had occasion to make in the course of my forty preceding ascensions. I shall not have to describe the majestic appearances which nature continually offers to the eyes of an aeronaut who ascends in favourable weather. I can only give a narrative of an aerial tempest which was nigh terminating in shipwreck.

‘ The obstacles which the wind caused to the inflation of the balloon sufficiently apprized me of the approach of the storm; and to the difficulties of the weather was added the turbulence of a party, by which I was prevented from placing the cord of the valve, so as to regulate the tube, which, in case of expansion, was to conduct the gas into a direction different

from the lights which surrounded the bottom of the balloon.

‘ I was to have been accompanied by M. De Chassenton; but the aerial storm, which continually increased until the moment of my departure, gave me reason to apprehend such a disaster as Mr. Blanchard, and another aeronaut, met with in Holland. M. De Chassenton was actually in the boat. I must bear witness to his determination; for I am convinced that nothing could have made this young man, remarkable for his merit, quit the boat, if the well-grounded apprehension which I entertained, of seeing him exposed to certain destruction, had not suggested to me the idea of declaring to him, that the balloon was not capable of carrying up two persons.

‘ It was thus, in the most adverse weather, and exposed to the greatest opposition and the tumult of a cabal, the head of which it is easy to guess at, that I ascended from Tivoli, at half past ten o’clock on the night of the 21st September. An unexampled rapidity of ascension, but extremely necessary to prevent me from coming in contact with the adjoining houses, raised me above the clouds, and in a few minutes carried me to an immense height, the extent of which I cannot precisely ascertain, on account of the dangers and embarrassments which suddenly affected my imagination, and prevented me from observing the declension of the mercury in the barometer. Elevated in an instant to the frozen regions, the balloon became subject to a degree of expansion which inspired me with the greatest apprehension. There was no alternative between certain death and giving instant vent to

the gas; and this at the risk of seeing the balloon take fire. I gradually opened with one hand an orifice of about two feet diameter, by which the gas escaped in large volumes, while, with the other, I extinguished as many of the lights as I could. During this effort I several times was near overbalancing myself, and falling out of the boat.

Deprived of the opportunity of regulating the valve, my balloon, like a ship without a rudder, floated in the air, obeying the influence of the temperature, the winds, and the rain. Whenever the force of these made me descend, the storm, which kept still increasing, obliged me to throw out ballast, for the purpose of avoiding it, and escaping from imminent shipwreck. At length, at four o'clock in the morning, after having been almost continually enveloped in thick clouds, through which I could seldom see the moon, all the means of supporting myself in the air were exhausted. Whatever skill I possessed was no longer of use to me. My boat several times struck against the ground and rebounded thence. The tempest often drove me against the sides and tops of mountains. Whenever my anchor caught in a tree, the balloon was so violently agitated by the wind, that I experienced all the inconvenience of a violent sea-sickness. Plunged at one time to the bottom of a precipice, in another instant after I ascended, and acquired a new elevation. The violence of the concussions exhausted my strength, and I lay for half an hour in the boat in a state of insensibility. During this tempest I recovered; I perceived Mont Tomerre, and it was in the midst of crashes of

thunder, and at a moment which I supposed would be my last, that I planted upon this celebrated mountain the Eagle of Napoleon joined to that of Alexander.

I was carried away for some time longer by gusts of wind, but fortunately some peasants came to my assistance at the moment that the anchor hooked in a tree. They took hold of the cords which hung from the balloon, and landed me in a forest upon the side of a mountain, at half-past five in the morning, seven hours and a half after my departure, and more than 100 leagues distant from Paris. They took me to Clausen, in the canton of Waldfishbach, and department of Mont Tomerre. M. Cesar, a man of information, and Mayor of the neighbouring town, came and offered me every assistance in his power, and at my request drew up a narrative, of which he gave me a copy.

I was splendidly entertained the next day at Deux Ponts by a society of friends of the arts, consisting of public functionaries, the officers of the 12th regiment of Cuirassiers, and the members of the lodge of freemasons.

‘GARNERIN.’

77 Jul.

1804.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THERE can be no doubt but that you will readily allow me the opportunity of saying a few words in reply to the letter of Mr. W. M. T. inserted in your last number.

As the gentleman has given himself the trouble (which, by the bye, he remarks they scarcely deserve) to criticise ‘those *motly and ridiculous* effusions’ intituled,

‘Walks by Messrs. John Webb, J. M. L., S. Y., &c.’; it becomes necessary that an answer should be returned, if it is only to thank him for that *trouble*. As an individual I have only to answer for myself; and I hereby assure Mr. W. M. T. that I feel not a single particle of uneasiness on account of what he has said; nor is my respect for that gentleman (originally inspired by the beauty of his truly-poetical effusions) at all diminished; but, as he has not *fairly* stated the circumstances in the *only* part of my ‘Night-Walk for July’ he has thought proper to bring forward, it behoves me to reply to that.

I must previously observe that I am upwards of fifty miles from home, and have neither the manuscript of that ‘Walk,’ nor the Magazine that contains it, with me; but if I remember right, I stated it was owing to the *sudden advance* of a thunder-storm that I got ‘completely soaked through;’ and who that has been an observer of Nature but must have found that the rapid motion of a thunder-cloud will often deceive a man’s judgment, and involve him in a shower that must wet him through in a few seconds. Now from Mr. W. M. T.’s manner of stating this, any one, who had not perused the ‘Walk,’ would suppose that I had remained stupidly gazing at black clouds till the shower came on, that I might afterward have the pleasure of telling *the public* (who certainly have nothing to do with this, nor with nine tenths of every other matter that makes its appearance in a newspaper or magazine) that I got wet through, and for fear of taking cold drank a *small* glass of brandy, and changed every article of my

dress. It was not, however, the common kind of shower, Mr. W. M. T.’s language implies, that I encountered; no, the (*silly trick*) which I committed was that of staying on the sea shore to contemplate Nature in her grandest and most awful form: I beheld her, if I may *dare* to use the expression in replying to a *critic*, advancing towards me clad in a thunder-storm; and I found it a sublime contemplation.

I must here beg leave to notice Mr. W. M. T.’s putting the word ‘*small*’ in Italic, thereby endeavouring to insinuate it was more likely a *large* glass of brandy that I drank; this is my way of understanding it, and I think it will be that of *most* who read the *Lady’s Magazine*. I have a peculiar satisfaction in stating here, that I am *certain* I am as *sober* a man as *Mr. W. M. T.* let him be who he will. I am aware that this is of *small* consequence to the *public*, but it will go to show *them* that Mr. W. M. T., with *all his friendship* for me, could not *resist* the temptation of insinuating *something* to my personal *disadvantage*, even by so *small* a matter.

I must, in this place, thank Mr. W. M. T. for his favourable opinion of my ingenuity: as to my employing that ingenuity in a way more likely to add to my reputation, I can only say that my reputation, *as a writer*, is not of any great importance to me; I have always written as much for my own amusement as any thing else; though, by my writings, I would not wish to outrage the common sense of the public. I shall here take occasion to say, that I am by no means a competent person to write with, or against, Mr. W. M. T., who is

evidently, by his original pieces, and his translations, a man of much greater learning than myself: I am not ashamed to say that my education was confined to my native language, and I do not pretend to be *very grammatically* acquainted with that.

What Mr. W. M. T. observes on a piece called 'The Stroller,' by D. Y. perfectly and exactly agrees with my own opinion of it.

With regard to the quotations used in the 'Walks', I think there can be no doubt that if any writer meets with a passage in an established author, which appears to him to convey his own ideas better than he could himself express them, he is not only justified in using it, but is entitled to praise for so doing; for he may thus glean the best passages of an author for the perusal of the Fair, who might otherwise perhaps never see them; or if they did, must have to wade through matter not at all interesting to them, or congenial to their feelings.

I shall here conclude by assuring you, sir, that, *for my own part*, I do not feel any thing like anger at your having inserted Mr. W. M. T.'s letter, the note to which is more than an apology for having done so: I only ask that this may be also inserted; and at the same time assure both you and Mr. W. M. T. that whatever may be hereafter said, this letter shall be *my first and last* on the subject: I originally intended to finish the Night-Walks with the year: with your permission I intend still so to do; and I shall then *leave off walking*; but shall always, as an old correspondent, consider myself, Sir,

Your obliged and obedient,
Colchester, Nov. 6, 1807. J. M. L.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

In your last Number I observe a Letter of 'Strictures' by your correspondent W. M. T.; and, though I am but *slightly* touched, and feel very little of his critical rod, yet I think myself entitled to a short hearing.

As to my own trifle, 'The Harvest Evening,' I certainly consider it, in point of *language*, very trifling indeed—and here I humbly bow to Mr. W. M. T.—but surely the *subject* may claim a place rather above a 'common-place incident.' For my own part, being acquainted with the parties, and the scene of the catastrophe being my birth-place, I thought it very affecting; and judged it an *interesting* truth for the perusal of your *fair* readers. Nor did I depend upon my own judgment, but have to boast the approbation of the ladies; and, like Mr. W. M. T. I *boldly* declare that it was 'written at the desire of several of your fair subscribers.' Why, then, Mr. Editor, should not *my* ladies ('your *fair* subscribers') be *obliged*, as well as *those of W. M. T.'s*? In fact, sir, all are not to be pleased; and, as I am well assured that you would never introduce any thing with the expectation of its being 'uninteresting to your *fair* readers', I trust you will excuse the imperfections of my *first* effort, and (if it should so happen) admit my further contributions whether 'common-place incidents,' or not—so that they may be *likely* to please the *majority*.

I REG W. M. T. will understand that I 'view his motives in their proper light;' and, with all due

submission, I give him my thanks for his hints, admitting their truth as to the language ;—but I still think that a *subject* which must be read with some degree of sympathy by *all* who are *capable of feeling* for the *misfortunes of mankind*, will be *always* suited to the *taste* and the *feelings* of a BRITISH FEMALE.

Having intruded thus far, I hope you will give me a place in your next number, and remain,

Sir,

Your very obedient servant,

W. H.

Reigate, Nov. 10, 1807.

To W. M. T.

SIR,

WE have a curious instance of literary valour in *Claude Tertton*, who was both a poet and a warrior. By way of preface to his poems he informs the critics that ‘if any attempt to censure him he will only condescend to answer him sword in hand.’

Though I do not wholly disclaim this mode, yet, as my pen lies first, I will, with your permission, (and with the indulgence of the editor) flourish that at you. But you must know, sir, that neither my natural or acquired abilities enable me to *bully*, so you must not expect it.

You will understand that your sarcasms will not intimidate me from declaring my sentiments. Upon my word you have thrown the gauntlet of scurrillity with a vengeance! and I should esteem myself equally meriting the censure, and guilty of a flagrant spe-

cies of inattention and unpoliteness, were I not to notice the declamation. Really, sir, you are a modern *Goliath* in literature, (ycleped a *critic*!) and it must require a great many little *Davids* and modern *Josephs* to contend with you! It is a wonder, sir, you had not added—I was a poltroon of a *Joseph*!—you must have really forgot it—pray *try* again!

I expected to have found my ‘Walks’ completely demolished—the trunk of the *old tree* rent asunder! *your* cloud of scandal to have darkened the peeping ray of Aurora!—and enveloped the *whole* in oblivion!—your steps, sir, are crippled, you crossed my path upon the crutches of criticism, and yet, methinks, you was not carried clean over!

It is hard to define, but I think I see you surrounded by a few antiquated females, as *scurrilous*, *peevish*, and as *frigid as yourself*. Methinks I see you poring over the pages of the *Lady’s Magazine*, and every article that comes not in contact with your *groveling ideas* you pollute with the *breath of scurrillity*. I should hope my obambulation is not so offensive to the *generality* of the *fair* readers, as you and your *peevish few* wish to announce it.

We are told that ‘criticism is a study by which men grow important at a very *small* expense; and he whom nature has made *weak*, and *idleness* keeps *ignorant*, may well support his *vanity* by the name of a *critic*!’—and we are likewise informed that *Diogenes* expressed his astonishment at the *folly* of *critics* in tormenting themselves so much to discover all the woes which *Ulysses* had suffered, whilst *their own miseries* attracted none of their attention!

I am free to say, that within the circle of my female acquaintance, your contributions are much approved; and that they, with myself, hope long to be gratified with a continuance of them. Deem not this little panegyric venal praise, nor do I wish you to thank me; you fairly claim it. Believe me, sir, I do not suppose you so susceptible of flattery as *Demosthenes* was. It is said that he would stand on tiptoe to hear an old basket-woman speak in his praise; and we hear also that *Cicero* panted after eulogies of the whole Roman people.

If you, sir, expect to be immortalized in your writing, (you will excuse me) I would advise you to be less censorious—and not let the *ignis fatuus* of *Critique* mislead you.

I remain, with respect,

Sir, your most obsequious,

S. Y.

Nov. 2, 1807.

THE VICTIM OF SEDUCTION.

[From the Novel of
‘SANTO SEBASTIANO;’ or, the
YOUNG PROTECTOR.]

There lived in one of the neighbouring hamlets a most respectable woman, of the name of Banks, then in her eighty-first year, who had survived every individual of her family except a grand-daughter, on whom her venerable years fondly rested.

Fanny Banks, this darling grandchild, was then about twenty years old, and uncommonly handsome; for although her stature was rather below the middle size, her figure was strikingly neat, without the least of that chimsy or athletic

appearance which generally distinguishes the rustic race. Her eyes were dark, and sparkling with lustre and intelligence; her hair was shining, wavy chestnut; her complexion, clear brunette; her lips, coral; her teeth, white and even; and the bright vermilion of health tinted her dimpled cheeks.

Julia, very soon after her arrival at Delanore castle, had been introduced, by Lady Theodosia, at Dame Banks' cottage. The venerable dame soon captivated her fancy; and, infinitely pleased with Fanny, she often visited them. Much as she admired Fanny's beauty, she was more particularly struck by her affectionate attention to her aged parent; and upon this girl, whose understanding and manners seemed above her station, Julia bestowed many marks of her favour, and for which Fanny appeared most truly grateful.

Lucy had informed Julia, that Fanny Banks had been most constant in coming to inquire after her during the commencement of her illness; but in the latter and most dangerous part of it had not come near the castle at all. This intelligence much surprised our heroine; and leading her to fear that either Dame Banks or Fanny herself was ill, she one morning took Edward for her escort, and rambled to the dame's cottage. She knocked several times at the door, which, to her surprise, was closed; and concluding, from receiving no answer, that her apprehensions were just, and that the illness of one confined the other up stairs, out of hearing of her knocks, she ventured to lift the latch and enter; when, to her utter dismay, she beheld the poor old dame, with the pale and ghastly countenance of horror and death, seated in her

high-backed wicker chair, her Bible open on a table before her. The ever-before neat hearth was now littered by the ashes of a fire, evidently not of that day. Hastily Julia advanced to the apparently insensible old woman, caught her chilled hand, and eagerly exclaimed—

‘Oh! what, the dreadful, matter is?’

The poor dame, aroused by her voice and touch, stared vacantly at her for a few moments; then, recognising her, burst into tears, snatched her hand away, and with that and her other covered her venerable face.—

‘Ah! miss, madam!’ she cried, ‘I dare not now look upon you! In my old age, ’tis my luck to be ashamed to show my face. . . . I have those belonging to me, that shame me. My grey hairs are scandalized; and my heart is broken!’

‘Oh! what, of terrible, can you mean?’ said Julia, trembling with alarm.—‘I fear to ask from you, but—are you, alone quite?’

‘Quite alone; and so left to die! . . . Fanny, oh! Fanny has forsaken me, and virtue! I thought her, for the last three weeks, with her mother’s family, that I have sometimes let her go to see:—but no, she deceived me;—she was with the base villain who seduced her, and led her from innocence, and me! . . . Oh, Fanny! Fanny! how could you do so!—Oh! your dreadful letter broke your granny’s heart!’

‘Poor dame!’ said Edward, ‘how she shakes with cold! I would get the bellows, and blow; but there is no spark left, to kindle the fire.’

‘Oh!’ exclaimed Julia, ‘why for, is this? Why you thus, poor

dear dame! left alone, to your sorrows?—Alas! and Fanny could leave you, and do, so wrong!’ said Julia, piteously.

‘Ah! dear me! I know nought that passed, since the post brought me that shocking letter, yesterday. I read it, and my heart seemed to break at once. I got my Bible—for it was all that was left to comfort me. I sat down to read; but could not. My head was gone: only now and then remembering my grief and shame, and finding I had no power to move. I sat here all night, I know; for once I remembered it was night:—but the world is all night, and darkness, to me now!’

‘Alas!’ said Julia, ‘I cannot make comfort for you; I cannot warm your so chilled heart; but I will do, my possible, for your poor trembling frame.’

Edward, long used to a cottage, and assisting his mother, was now of essential service to Julia; he helped her to find out the firing, taught her to strike a light; and between them, though both awkward from inexperience, they made up a fire. Julia then filled the tea-kettle at the well, put it on the fire, and rummaged some tea, sugar, and tea-things, out of the cupboard;—for she was determined upon making the poor heart-broken woman drink some tea, before she should leave her, to go and tell Lady Delamore of her situation, and to get some eligible person to stay with her; resolving not to call any of her immediate neighbours to her, as she saw the poor dame recoiled from the idea of seeing any of them.

Our benevolent heroine, at length, made some tea; and, by her resistless entreaties, prevailed upon the poor old sufferer to drink

a little of it, and it seemed to renovate her much. She ceased to tremble, except from agitation; and overcome by Julia's tender kindness, reposed in her the full story of Fanny's seduction, and her own sorrows.

'Dear me!' said the sobbing dame, 'I seems like not to know what I ought to do. Sometimes I think I ought not to tell you, to grieve your good and tender heart with such things of those you love; and then metinks it is meant by Providence for me to tell you, since you, of all the world, were sent to me in the sad time of my trouble;—and you may be, of all the world, the one marked out to rescue Fanny from her guilty ways, and lead her back to penitence and me.'

Julia shuddered with anticipating apprehension; her heart was agonized; but, endowed with something apparently more than mortal firmness, she listened, without betraying her feelings, to a tale—to her, a tale of horrors.—

'It is now about four years, dear my lady, since Fanny—cruel girl!—first began to be praised for her beauty. She had many a good offer from the neighbouring young farmers, but she refused them all; as she needs must be in love with the man she should marry:—but she'll ne'er marry now! no honest man would have her.—Well, dear young lady, she got all this love-stuff in her head at her uncle's, where the girls are always falling foul of story-books (that were written for ladies, not the poor), instead of minding the pigs, and the poultry.

'Well, my lady, sir Charles Stratton saw Fanny one day, as she was bringing home work to do for the repository; and he followed her,

and came ever so often here; talking nonsense to Fanny about her beauty; and at last I determined to tell my lady of it;—and I wish I had!—but soon I thought there was no occasion for it; as, one day, who should come in, but 'squire Fitzroy, to look for his brother: and the next day he came alone, and began to advise Fanny not to listen to his brother, and—oh, goodness! how with his silver tongue he hushed my suspicions!—as Fanny listened to every word he said, I thought there was no use in making mischief with my lady, as Fanny would never listen no more to sir Charles, and so he stopped from coming. But 'squire Fitzroy, whenever he was staying at the castle, used to come often to my cottage; and I—fool that I was!—always made him welcome, thinking he was so good and pious!—for he would read the Bible to me for half an hour together, so finely! and then retire, to yonder window there, to explain texts of Scripture to Fanny: and when I wished to hear him too, he advised me not, in so friendly and kind a way! telling me, as I had not so much learning as Fanny, it would only disturb my mind, and perhaps make me waver in my faith; while Fanny, as she comprehended all, it served to strengthen in her religious principles.

'Well-a-day!—So this went on for a couple of years; and it never once came into my old stupid head that Fanny could fall in love with so great a gentleman: but, O dear me! how I was terrified, and trembled, when Fanny, hearing you were to be married to the 'squire, cried all day long about it; and, from dearly loving you, began to say you were painted, red and white, and a many such spiteful

things of you. I then said, 'I hoped she was not so mad as to have fallen in love with a man who would not think the like of her worthy to wipe his shoes?' She answered me pertly, for the first time in her life; and it cut me to the heart. . . . Well, dear me! Fanny, one day, had been at Sedley, to buy threads for her needle-work; and home she came from it, her eyes sparkling with joy, and her cheeks like roses; and as she came in, she said—'She cared for nothing now, since 'squire Fitzroy thought (for he had just told her so himself) that she was ten thousand times more beautiful than miss De Clifford.'

'If the 'squire told you so,' said I, 'it was only to make game of you; for every one, who has eyes, must see that miss De Clifford is as much more beautiful than you are, as you are prettier than the generality of girls one sees.' Well, she gave me another saucy answer, and I cried for grief.

'Well, dear young lady, the 'squire went away to be made a *markis*; and when you fell sick, Fanny's natural goodness and love for you got the better of spite, and she was very sorry about you, and went twice a-day up to the castle, to inquire for you; and when you grew so bad, that no one thought you could get over it, and that Fanny, when she returned home of an evening, (as I thought, from neighbour Hawthorn's, where I believed she was at needle-work,) and that she seemed melancholy, silent, and odd, I thought it all was grief for you. At last, she asked my leave to go to her uncle's, at Lyme; and I consented, thinking it would amuse her; and I could not bear to see her sad. She told me, Hobbs, the miller,

would take her there, in his cart, as he always did; but she must, this time, walk over to his house, and his new man would fetch her box. Well, I believed her, for I never had reason to doubt her word. I made a nice cake for her, and gave her a bottle of milk, to take on the road. A strange man came for her box; and as I kissed and blessed her at parting, her tears bedewed my cheeks.

'Well, dear lady, she is three weeks gone to-day, and yet my mind misgave me not;—though the time of her absence was always sad days for me;—but she mostly staid five or six weeks at her uncle's, and I was no way prepared for this cruel letter!'

. . . . Dame Banks now took from between the leaves of her Bible, a letter, which she handed to Julia; and Julia had power to open it, and read every agonizing word it contained.—

'Dear grandmother,

'As I unluckily met neighbour Turton to-day, in my linen-drapeer's shop, and as he is going home in the mail to-morrow night, I hasten to write to you, because, as soon as he gets home, the murder will out, and you must then know where I am, though he, with all his curiosity, cannot tell with whom. But don't you be cast down at what has happened, as it is a good thing for you;—for as long as your existence lasts, you shall live like a lady, with a maid to wait on you; and you shall not stay in your mean cottage, but, as soon as I have got a handsome lodging near me for you, I shall send you money to bear your expenses up to town in a post-chaise, like a lady, and not in a mean, filthy stage.

'You will wonder, dear grand-

mother, how I came by all this money; and I have the comfort to tell you, I am with my dear markis of Penmorra, and as happy as a queen, though only his miss;—for his wife he could not make me, having been teased by his foolish meddling uncle Ashgrove, and his parents, into marrying that miss De Clifford, who he does not care for;—never, in all his born days, loving any one but me: so, poor thing she may be his wife; but I shall be dressed as grand as she, and shall have all his love, and his tender attentions.

‘ Ah! my dear grandmother! how nicely my dear lord markis deceived you, reading the Bible to you, and in explaining texts of Scripture to me!—Well he knowed how to gull you, and win me.

‘ It is now two years, since my lord markis began to toil (as he calls it) for my love, and to get me into his possession. My love he won in a twinkle; but he found it not so easy to make me forget the rigmaroles you put in my head, about—what not; and I did not like to leave you: and so he never could have got me to be his miss, had he not removed from my mind the clouds of ignorance, and had not chance thrown him in my way, when he was in grief about that miss De Clifford, who, though he is not at all in love with, he regards as a sister, and therefore was in great trouble at the thoughts of her death.

‘ In returning from inquiring at the castle for miss De Clifford (who, by the way, I don’t think I shall influence my lord markis to use ill; though ’tis the fashion for ladies of my consequence to make men ill use their wives;—but I have not yet determined), I fell in

with my lord markis, who seemed in such trouble I stopped to comfort him; and so he asked me to walk with him; and so I did, leaning on his arm, like his wife—no, not like an insipid wife either, but like the idol he adored—and he making love so sweetly! quite forgetting miss De Clifford, and every one but me: so that, when he asked me to meet him next morning, I could not find in my heart to refuse him; so I met him next day, and every day, telling you ‘ I was working at Hawthorn’s, till at last he persuaded me to go off with him; and I did, the evening I left you, when he went up to parliament. We travelled all night—as he had staid to the last moment at the castle, hoping miss De Clifford would let him see her—and we went a round-about road, where he was not known at the inns, feared that it should be knowed he had me with him;—for he is terribly afeared it should be knowed at the castle—so mind, dear grandmother, that you don’t ’peach. The time we travelled, I wished myself at home again, and cried sadly; my dear markis made such a fuss about ‘ how sweet, and beautiful, and innocent, miss De Clifford looked, as she slept in her chair; and was so alarmed about the delicate state of her health,’ that I feared he had deceived me; that it was she he loved, and not me; but when he found how much I took on about it, he talked no more of her, and repeated his vows of everlasting love and constancy to me.

‘ To keep my being with him a secret from the prim folks at Delamore castle, my lord markis could not take me to his own fine house in Portland-place; but on our arrival in town he placed me to

board in a very grand house, with one of the sweetest ladies I ever knowed, who has several young ladies boarding with her, who are in the same situation with myself—not living publicly with their lovers.

‘ We are a very gay society; all full of spirits. I have been to both theatres, all in a blaze of real diamonds; and beside, grandly dressed, with scarcely a stitch of clothes on. I quaked for the loss of my stuff coats, and warm stays; but I looked so beautiful for the change, I did not mind the cold. The markis did not go with me, for feard of a discovery; that I did not much mind, I had such a plenty of beaux, and was so followed and admired. I scarcely knowed myself, I looked so lovely; and my lord markis says, ‘ he could not have thought it was possible for me to look more lovely than I did in my homely apparel, but that he is astounded, and fascinated, at my increase of beauty, my blaze of charms, now dress shows off my person to the most liberal advantage.

‘ I have not exhibited at the *operar* yet, it not being open; but I have been to a masquerade, and there my dear lord markis attended me; I was greatly delighted, we had such a gay party: and all would have been well, only they made me drink too much *shampain*:—but it proved no sham for me, as, not being used to it, my head ached sadly all next day.

‘ I never lived till now. I am as happy as a queen: and my dear markis is such an adoring lover, he spends all the time he can spare from parliament business with me, and quite sickens at the thoughts of leaving me, to go (which he must soon do) to Delamore castle, to

save appearances: but, that I may not be without a beau, to squire me about, as he cannot do it publicly, he yesterday introduced such a lively, handsome, pleasing young *barrownight*, to be my *chusebee* (as the other ladies call it), and to protect me, during his painful, compulsory absence! —How condescending and kind he is!

‘ Direct to Mrs. Banks, at No. 40, — street, — square, London; and be sure, dear grandmother, I soon shall send for you, to come to your happy, happy granddaughter,

‘ FRANCES BANKS.’

It was impossible for Julia to utter one word of comment upon this dreadful letter. Her heart was now cold, and horror-chilled, as the heart-broken grandmother’s; and to speak comfort to poor dame Banks, it was now not in the power of any one to do: but, speechless, and almost torpid with grief and dismay, the lovely Julia sat motionless, apparently listening, with the deepest interest, to the lamentations of the venerable, virtuous, shame-stricken parent, until Edward, tenderly taking her hand, asked ‘ Why she looked so very, very pale? and, if she was ill, to come away to good Mrs. Beville, to make her well again.’

Roused by his question and entreaty, Julia hastily arose; and finding from her powerful agitation, and the anguish of her heart, that she could not long sustain the conflict without betraying her feelings, and increasing the distress of the poor deserted parent, spoke some scarcely articulated words of kindness to her, promised to send Mrs. Beville immediately, and to provide some eligible woman to

remain with her, and to see her as often as possible herself.

The poor woman thanked and blessed her; entreated her to take that cruel letter away, out of her sight, for ever; and added, that 'she, and her sorrows, would not long trouble the compassionate.'

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.

A CARD;
To W. M. T.

SIR,

JOHN WEBB begs leave to inform W. M. T. that notwithstanding his *officiousness* in recommending him to commit his 'Solitary Walks to a solitary corner of his port-folio, till he can clothe them in more spirited diction,' he shall still continue to publish them.

It is indifferent to *him* what may be W. M. T.'s opinion of them; for, however they may be defective in 'spirited diction,' he is conscious their morality cannot be impeached—and that, though they may be 'ridiculous effusions' (which he has quoted nothing to prove), they are harmless ones; and possess a kind of negative merit—they will not tire the reader by their length.

J. W. is rather *surprised* that as W. M. T. declared these '*ridiculous effusions*' scarcely deserve the *trouble of criticism*, that he condescended to *notice* them.

— 'Why, critic spider! why Dart all thy venom on so mean a fly?'

J. W. is *careless* what observations W. M. T. may make on his 'Solitary Walks;' his *illiberal* animadversions will, in future, be *treated with silent contempt*.

Haverhill, Nov. 10, 1807.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

DEPENDING on the civility and impartiality of the Editor, I, through this medium, beg to give you *my* sentiments on *your* criticism. So far as it relates to myself, I must confess, sir, your attack might have been a little more tolerated! but it is always usual with me (when in my power) to return obligations; and debts of this nature I repay in *their own coin*. Be assured, most learned! I am not so allied to either *Biltingsgate* or *St. Giles'* as you seem to consider me.

As a *subscriber* to the Lady's Magazine, I beg to propose that you have *some honour* conferred upon you, for so *important a discovery!* You, sir, are a kind of *literary Jackall*—a *nice* provider! you may fairly claim some appellation of this kind! A *scurrilous* critic should wear the wreath of *scurrillity!* I make no pretensions to infallibility. For my imperfections I stand corrected; and, to dismiss this subject, I subjoin the following lines: though anonymous they are well calculated for the purpose.

Since you so plainly can discern

My faults and make them known,
Let me advise you, in return,

To contemplate your OWN.

And when to CENSURE you're inclin'd,
Thou self-sufficient youth,

Pray let your censure be confin'd

Within the bounds of TRUTH.

Had Nature but ONE grain of sense
Infus'd into your brain,

I had escap'd your INSOLENCE,
And you escap'd my PEN.

I remain, with due indifference,

D. Y.—The STROLLER.

Nov. 2, 1807.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

THE PEST.

BLAST him, ye lightnings! quick from
earth remove.

The foe profess'd of innocence and love!

Oh for a Homer's pencil, while I draw
The darkest demon hell itself e'er saw!
A fiend conceal'd beneath an angel's
plumes,

With softest steps the social monster
comes!

With winning blandishments, and sub-
tlest wiles,

Enchanting grace, and fascinating
smiles,

He lures the passing fair one to his
toils:—

Young, artless, innocent, devoid of fear,
See unsuspecting Innocence draw near!
At first, with startled look, and slack-
en'd pace,

She meets his ardent and insidious
gaze,

Slightly alarm'd; yet soon more recon-
cild,

She hears his soft address, and accents
mild;

Like statue fix'd, by Flattery's siren song,
And all the honeyed magic of the
tongue,

She stops, and listens; stops and listens
long;

At length, more bold, admits the free
address,

The wanton insult, and the loose
caress:

The guards of chastity asleep are laid,
And quick to ruin sinks the yielding
maid!

But short thy joys, illicit love!
And swift thy few bless'd moments
move:

Scarcely arriv'd ere they decay,
Instant thy raptures pass away.
For what is sordid selfish lust?
A fickle, feeble, feverish gust,
Follow'd by loathing and disgust;
Follow'd by terrors that the soul appall,
A drop of honey in a sea of gall.

Thus have I mark'd in Summer scene
The landscape smiling and serene;
Thus have I view'd the peaceful lake,
When winds no more the waters
wake;

But, lo! the sweeping tempests rise,
Like reeds the crackling forest flies;
The angry storm in thunder roars,
And sounding billows lash the shores;
Their fate in vain the seamen fly,
Madden'd, they shriek, they sink, and
die!

The momentary rash delirium past,
Poor wretch! how are thy pleasant
views o'ercast?

How quick the fancied fairy scenes
decay,

Like shadows of a dream they pass
away:

How swift the false Elysium disappears,
She weeps, poor wretch! her transports
end in tears!

The mist of passion once remov'd,
 How strangely alter'd him she lov'd!
 How cold, how callous is he grown!
 She looks, and stiffens into stone.
 The fiend her misery makes his jest,
 And all the devil stands confess'd!

Where now the joys the soul that
 move?

Where are now the looks of love?
 Where the anxious wish to bless?
 Where, alas! is happiness?
 Gone for ever! fled like air!
 Follow'd hard by black despair,
 Insult, hate, and injury,
 Scorn, contempt, and beggary;
 Hunger sharp, and nakedness,
 Squalid looks, and wretchedness;
 Feeble frame, and withered limb,
 Fell remorse, that spectre grim;
 Beauty fled, and strength decaying,
 Conscience on the vitals preying.

Sickness sore, diseases dire,
 Burning with internal fire;
 Sores, and loathsome rottenness,
 Agony, and fix'd distress;
 Curses, oaths, and desperation,
 View and dread of near damnation;
 Convulsive laughter, deepest sadness,
 Frenzy wild, and moping madness.

Shunn'd, despis'd, by all forgot,
 Hopeless, helpless is her lot;
 Who shall ease her pangs acute?
 Who'll befriend the prostitute?
 Who will bring the wretch relief?
 Who will soothe the outcast's grief?
 Death alone her woes must end;
 Death, the outcast's only friend!
 Ere that last sad hour arrive,
 May she see her God, and live!
 May that Power who answers pray'r
 To the dying wretch draw near!
 In her wounds soft pour the balm,
 Hush her feelings to a calm;
 Bid her agonizings cease,
 Lull her tortur'd soul to peace;
 Restore her blessed mental ray,
 And take her to eternal day!

For ever with her God and Father dear,
 To taste that mercy man denied her
 here.

B. STEPHENSON.

Pentonville, Nov. 1807.

A DIRGE AT MIDNIGHT.

A FRAGMENT.

ON the noble organ's swell,
 Charm'd throughout the night I'd
 dwell;
 While the heavenly solemn sound
 Breaks the awful silence round
 With magic power, beyond controul,
 O'er my rapt, entranced, soul;
 Dissolv'd in speechless ecstasy,
 Stealing imperceptibly.
 Softly breathing to my ear,
 Strains that dying martyrs cheer,
 Sounds that saints departing hear.
 Moving, melancholy, slow,
 Let the lengthen'd numbers flow,
 Sadly sweet, and soft, and low:
 Sad as death, and soft as sleep,
 Let the mournful music weep;
 Plaintive, piteous, melting, tones,
 Of grief extreme, and smother'd moans
 Of agony, and dying groans;
 While the sobbing instruments,
 Broken sigh the deep laments.

B. STEPHENSON

Pentonville.

THE OLD MAID'S PETITION.

By S. Y.

PITY the pains of a desponding maid,
 And with compassion hear my
 mournful tale,
 For all the world my conduct doth
 upbraid,
 And I in grief and sorrow do bewail.
 Despise me not, ye gentlest of the fair,
 But deign to read the cause of all my
 pain,
 And shun the path that leadeth to des-
 pair,
 Or else like me you'll wretchedly
 complain.

When in my teens a pretty girl was I,
 The rose and lily then adorn'd my
 cheek;
 But, to my sorrow, I was always shy,
 And ne'er was suffer'd with a man to
 speak.

A maiden aunt, who took me to her
 care,
 Sent me for learning to a boarding-
 school;
 But of her whims I had too great a
 share,
 And which, alas! has rendered me a
 fool.

I ne'er was known a single pin to waste,
 I well obey'd in every thing she said;
 Dress'd in the mode which suited best
 her taste,
 And, her to please, I vow'd I'd die
 a maid.

When beaux approach'd with pleasing
 mien and air,
 And plighted vows, my maiden heart
 to gain,
 Them I denied, nor would their converse
 share,
 And begg'd they'd never trouble me
 again.

At length my aunt, oppressed with age
 and care,
 Despairing lay, and dim her languid
 eye,
 I to kind Heaven rais'd a suppliant
 prayer,
 And soon, ah! soon my maiden aunt
 did die.

My bosom's pierc'd with Love's unerring
 dart,
 Haste, haste ye swains, my anguish
 to remove,
 For *master Cupid* has, with cunning
 art,
 Taught me to *smirk*, to *lisp*, and *talk*
of Love.

Sweet forty-five I am this very morn,
 And I've left off my aunt's fantastic
 ways,
 Approach, ye youths, and leave me not
 forlorn,
 In pity love, and joy will bless your
 days.

A cottage neat, with competence beside,
 For me my aunt reluctant left behind;
 And I should wish, ye swains, to be a
 bride.
 And thus I seek some *gentle youth* to
 find.

I'd ever prove a fond and doting mate,
 My constancy would far exceed the
 dove;
 And when sweet offspring cheers our
 happy state,
 You'll see in me a mother's matchless
 love.

My eye is dark, though rather grey my
 hair,
 And soft the down that does adorn my
 chin;
 And tho' I'm warp'd—still I am passing
 fair,
 My breast contains a *tender heart*
 within.

Altho' the roses from my cheeks are
 fled,
 And saffron-yellow now their place
 supplies;
 And but three teeth I have within my
 head,
 And glasses green do now assist mine
 eyes;

Tho' with Scotch snuff I cherish well
 my nose,
 And twice a week I cut my painful
 corns,
 By all the gods I swear, and pledge my
 vows,
 My gentle youth shall never wear the
 horns.

No girl on earth from faults is quite
 exempt,
 Then why should I with my small
 store repine?
 Those few by art to hide will I at-
 tempt,
 For dressing smart would make me
 look divine.

All off my head my mixed hair I'll
 shave,
 And sport the *wig* as other ladies do;
 A set of teeth of ivory white I'll have,
 And patch, and paint, since now it's
 all the go.

Pity the suff'rings of an aged maid,
 And in compassion take me to your
 arms,
 Or soon with love I die, (I am afraid,)
 Then sink to dust my beauty and my
 charms.

VIRTUE

[Written under a spreading Tree, on
Pinnor Hill, Middlesex.]

O YOU! who pass these sylvan glades,
Embow'r'd in cool refreshing shades;
Allow beneath this spreading tree
One moment to mortality.
When lab'ring up this steep ascent,
Your eyes upon the summit bent,
Toilsome and long the way appear'd,
And you the undertaking fear'd:
Yet, as you near and nearer drew,
The labour lessen'd to your view;
And when this calm recess you've gain'd,
You wonder that the thought had pain'd.
'Tis so with virtue, when we see,
From far the sweet Divinity;
Her distant radiance we admire,
But think the tedious road may tire.
'Tis true she is with roses crown'd,
Yet intervening Thorns are found:
At length determined to pursue
The object that enchants our view,
With noble resolution arm'd,
By hope inspir'd, by glory charm'd,
Despising vice—contemning rest—
We venture—persevere—are blest.

C. H. L. P——R.

SONNET TO THE HEART.

SAY, trembling tenant of this pensive
breast,
What lurking sorrow thus thy peace
destroys?
Why melancholy sadness o'er thy joys
Thus broods; and, cruel, robs thee of
thy rest?
Does some fair maid for whom the
heavy sigh
In tones convulsive shrills around thy
seat?
Does she, alas! that fond return deny
Thy love demands, and love like thine
should meet?
Hush'd be thy tumults wild—soon the
cold grave
Shall o'er thy sorrows draw its icy veil;
And, when all other means of comfort
fail,
Thy throbbing grief-wreck'd tenement
to save,

The tomb shall be thy refuge:—there
thy woes
Will find in Death's cold arms at last
repose. H. C.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MISS S———E ON
SEEING HER WALKING IN S——
CHURCH-YARD BY MOONLIGHT

THE peaceful eve, with smile serene,
Her twilight mantle spread,
And Cynthia o'er the dewy green,
A sil'ry lustre shed.

The feather'd songster's pleasing strain,
Amidst the leafy trees,
No longer charm'd the pensive swain,
Or echoed on the breeze.

All, all were hush'd in every grove
That borders S———'s vale;
Save Philomel, who um'd her love,
And told her evening tale.

On Echo's ear her plaintive strains
In mournful accents play'd,
And sweetly in the distant plains
The warbling notes decay'd.

And canst thou leave the giddy throng,
And pace the church-yard drear,
To listen to her evening song,
Soft swelling on the ear?

Sweet bird of night! for her extend
Each falling eve thy throat;
And oh! ye whisp'ring gales befriend
The melancholy note!—

How happy is the swain who treads
As gentle evening bends,
With thee yon cloister's sable shades,
And all thy steps attends.

The loves that round thy features play
Bid as their charms beguile,
To him those coral lips convey
A heav'n in their smile.

Oh could I stray, the wish how vain,
With thee the groves among;
And fondly listen to the strain
That warbled from thy tongue,

At once for ever I'd resign
Each busy scene of care,
To lip the praise so justly thine,
Thou fairest of the fair!

FOREIGN NEWS.

Leghorn, Sept. 4.

THE entry of the French troops into our city was so unexpected, that no one knew beforehand of their coming: from that time their number has increased to 6,000, General Damoulin commands them. Two French commissaries arrived with them, who immediately ordered an embargo to be laid on all the ships in port, to examine if their cargoes consisted of English merchandise or not; the troops occupied the ports and the forts of the city.

The next day, the General published a proclamation, ordering all persons who possessed English merchandise of whatever nature it might be, to make a declaration thereof within twenty-four hours, with an injunction to every merchant who should not make an exact declaration, of paying three times the value of the goods, which should be entirely confiscated; besides, no ship should leave the port, and no person to quit the city until fresh orders. The English have sustained at Leghorn an incalculable loss, as it was there that they have for some years past sent all the goods with which they supplied Italy.

Lisbon, Sept. 7. At last, activity begins to shew itself here! Every ship of war in the river is put into commission, and they are at work at them all day and all night, Sundays and holidays not excepted. Our squadrons in the Mediterranean are called home, and small ships sent off to the islands for seamen, from whence you may know they always get recruits for our navy. The whole world seems to believe that these ships are preparing to convoy a certain personage to the Brazils, and that it is very true that the demands of France have been re-

jected entirely; but there is no change in the Ministry in any department. Pressing for soldiers has been much talked of, but nothing of the kind has taken place; nor can I perceive any thing that indicates land preparations; and what good purpose could it answer to make any? Accounts from France and from Spain are so contradictory, regarding the invasion of this country, that no one knows what to believe. There is no doubt but an army of observation is collecting at and near Bayonne; and I believe it is equally true, that our imbecile neighbours are raising more troops.

Vienna, Sept. 19. They write from Trieste, that on the 5th inst. a squadron was seen, consisting of three frigates and thirty transports, having on board the Russian troops from Cattaro, who intended to land at Venice; but the English frustrated this object, and forced the said squadron to take shelter in the port of Pisano, where it is now blockaded.

Lisbon, Oct. 10. We have been disappointed of the arrival of a packet; the departure of the convoy is, with difficulty, postponed to the 16th instant; the *Lively* will accompany it, leaving the *Cephalus* brig at the orders of Lord Strangford, and the *Raven*, to remain in the neighbourhood. The Portuguese squadron in the Mediterranean had been sent for, and is arrived. Six ships of the line are ready. The Prince of Beira (a child nine years of age) is said to be about to embark for the Brazils. It is doubtful whether his father, the Prince Regent, will go. The Portuguese ministry are anxious for the English to get off. We have no advice of the French having begun their march from Bayonne.

Venice, Oct. 11. We learn from Mal-

ta, that an order of the English Government has arrived there, purporting, that for the future no flag shall be considered as neutral, and that all nations who are not in alliance with England shall be treated as enemies. A great many Russians have, it is stated, been detained, and which are to remain until further explanations take place between the courts of London and Petersburg.

Copenhagen, Oct. 13. Christiansand was summoned by an English squadron in the beginning of September: the summons, however, was rejected; and the enemy, on attempting an attack, bravely repulsed.

Within these few days, some ships from Rostock and Memel, and travellers with them, have arrived. There is now no obstruction in the passage over the Great Belt.

Saxony, Oct. 13. According to private letters from Berlin, the period for the evacuation of that city is not yet settled. It is said, that the King has hired a house at Memel for a whole year, for which he pays twenty-five Frederics-d'or per month. We have very slender hope of seeing the King at Berlin, in any short time; of his return, and that of the treasury, at present there is not a single rumour.—The two centinels that were taken from the door of General Mollendorf, a few days since, have been replaced.

Lisbon, Oct. 13. The alarming appearances respecting this country continue with increased dismay, and we have but little hope of the fatal disaster being much longer suspended. We continue in a state of confusion, and are exerting ourselves to get away. We have no advice of the French troops having commenced their march from Bayonne, and in consequence, the convoy, which had been previously appointed to sail on the 12th, has been put off to the 16th, for the purpose of giving as much time as possible for the British subjects and vessels to get into readiness, as well as to see if some more English vessels may arrive in this river, as the number at present here is insufficient for the accommodation of the people, who are anxiously wishing to get way. Some of us are endeavouring to contrive to remain here in safety until the 10th of next month, for

the purpose of obtaining means to procure the amount of our debts from the natives.

The reports here are so variable and confused, that it is quite impossible to give, with certainty, any opinion on the absolute intentions of the Government. One thing, however, appears past doubt, that if the French, on any pretext whatever, march an army here, the Prince Regent will go off to the Brazils. Every preparation continues to be made for such an event, under the pretence of sending the Prince de Beira thither, with the title of Lord High Constable.

Gottenburgh, Oct. 16. Admiral Stanhope, with nine or ten sail of Danish ships of the line, besides several frigates, on their way to England, put into this harbour to-day. The *Inflexible*, of 74 guns, is also here, with a convoy from Copenhagen.

The king of France and suite, on board the *Freja* frigate, remain wind-bound.

It is reported that a great many of the English troops from Zealand will go into winter-quarters in this country; indeed, quarters are already engaged for a considerable number in Haaland and Scania.

Christianso, Oct. 16. The Danish flotilla, which was at Fredericksberne, has come into Frederickstadt, upon the Swedish frontiers, to pass the winter; a cutter and several gun-boats are also stationed at Frederickstadt, which take all the vessels that come near that place.

Hamburg, Oct. 22. When the time approached which the capitulation of Copenhagen had fixed for the English to evacuate Zealand, the British Government made a pretended conciliatory proposition, by which it offered the choice of the re-establishment of the Danish neutrality, or a strict alliance with Great Britain. The cabinet of St. James's, in the first case, encouraged the hope, that an arrangement should take place, in consequence of which, the Danish fleet should be restored in three years after the conclusion of a general peace. It demanded the cession of the island of Heligoland; and, in case of an alliance, it offered a powerful co-operation by land and sea, the guarantee of his Bri-

taunic Majesty, or an equivalent, for the provinces which Denmark might lose in the course of the war; and, above all, a suitable extension of the Danish possessions in the Colonies.

The English Government insisted, as an essential preliminary, that the Danish Government should consent to the continuance of the English troops in Zealand during the negotiation; and to give greater weight to its propositions, the Cabinet of St. James's thought proper to support them by an active co-operation of Sweden in its hostile measures against Denmark.—The Danish Cabinet contented itself with observing, in answer to this insulting and ridiculous proposition, 'That it had received the proposals and menaces of the Cabinet of London with equal indignation; and that after what had passed, there could be no question whatever of a separate arrangement between Denmark and Great Britain.' Nothing can be more evident, than that the English Government, in making these overtures, had the twofold object of acquiring some degree of merit in the eyes of the nation, and of eluding the obligation to evacuate Zealand.

Mortair, Oct. 25. We have been in the habit of sending flags of truce from time to time to London. It has been forbidden to allow any to proceed thither in future. No further communication ought to exist with that country, governed by the unjust and eternal enemies of the continent.

Lisbon, Oct. 25. All doubts with respect to the intentions of the Court of Portugal are removed. The following Proclamation, or Edict, was signed by the Prince Regent on the 20th ult. and ordered to be published on the 22d.

'It having been my greatest desire to preserve within my dominions the most perfect neutrality during the present war, upon the account of the acknowledged good effects that result from it to the subjects of this crown; but it being impossible to preserve it any longer, and reflecting at the same time how beneficial a general peace will be to humanity, I have judged it proper to accede to the cause of the continent, by uniting myself to his Majesty the Emperor of

the French and King of Italy, and to his Catholic Majesty, in order to contribute, as far as may be in my power, to the acceleration of a maritime peace: wherefore I am pleased to order, that the ports of this kingdom shall be immediately shut against the entry of all ships of war and merchant vessels belonging to Great Britain.

'Given at the Palace of Mafra, the 20th of October, 1807, by order of the Prince Regent, our Sovereign.—That all persons may have due notice, it is directed that this Edict be publicly affixed.

J. F. LUDOVICE.'

Elsineur, Oct. 28. Yesterday notice was given by general orders, that the English are to be considered and treated as enemies both by sea and land. All English vessels which come within the range of cannon-shot are therefore fired at, and all the English are arrested as soon as they come on shore.

Yesterday fourteen or fifteen English vessels were in sight, under convoy of a cutter: they were fired at, and four of them were taken. They came from London, and the masters stated, that at the time of their departure, it was generally reported in England, that on their arrival in the Sound peace would probably have been concluded with Denmark. It should therefore seem that those robbers still cherish the proud idea that the Danes feel disposed to compound with them. Two pieces of cannon have lately been mounted on the bridge, to prevent the English from making an attempt at night to land and retake their ships.

We learn from Helsingborg, that a Russian minister has arrived there, and opened a negotiation with the King of Sweden.

Helsingborg, Oct. 28. The Danish man of war the *Neptunus*, of 84 guns, one of the finest ships in the fleet, is ashore on a sand bank near the island of Wienn, and will be lost. Six hundred Highlanders, who were on board her, are on the island: it is expected she will be burnt.

Gottenburgh, Nov. 5. The report of an armistice between Sweden and France, until April next, has been current here, but it cannot be traced to any authentic source.

HOME NEWS.

Margate, Oct. 25.

ON Thursday last, a sudden and unexpected storm of wind from the S. W. came on about four o'clock, and blew with such violence, that several pleasure-boats, which were catching whittings, were driven to sea, in one of which were Mr. Salter, surgeon of the Infirmary, and another person. They were picked up at eleven o'clock at night by a fishing smack, which, having lost all her sails in the storm, was drifted so near Mr. Salter's boat, that they fortunately discovered it just as it was sinking, being nearly full of water; they regained the shore about one o'clock: another was brought in at two, and another not till morning, all safe.

London, Oct. 26. On Thursday, the Lord Mayor was in considerable danger on the river. He had been to the Medway, to hold a Court of Conservancy, and on his return, a squall laid the boat on her beam ends, with the sail in the water. By the activity of the men on board, she was most extraordinarily prevented from filling.

Canterbury, Oct. 28. Monday morning, between the hours of ten and eleven, a part of the steeple, with the bell, belonging to Luddenhams church, Canterbury, fell down upon the middle of the church, and destroyed the pulpit, pews, &c. in that part of the building. A bricklayer was at the moment examining the steeple, and on removing some mortar, observed the key-stone of the arch giving way, when he luckily effected his escape, just in time to save himself from being buried in the ruins.

London, Oct. 26. The arrangements for the Opera are not yet completely settled. The principal proprietor of the

theatre claims, under a deed of agreement between him and the deceased Mr. Goold, the direction of the entertainments; and, as an advertisement shows, he has proceeded to engage a company of performers for the ensuing season. He has appointed Mr. D'Egville to be acting manager; and accordingly has for some time been employed in preparing the theatre for opening. On the other hand, Mr. Waters, a gentleman who was appointed executor to Mr. Goold, has been acting under his will as trustee; and we understand that he also has engaged a company, and has made preparations for opening. Both parties have workmen in the theatre. Both are painting and decorating; and both of them boast of the splendid exertions which will be made in the service of the public. On Saturday last, as both parties were at work in the theatre, a fracas took place, which is likely to bring the whole matter into a court of law.

Mr. D'Egville was superintending the painters and machinists in the painting room, when Mr. Waters interfered, and ordered them to desist, and to quit the place of which he was in possession. Mr. D'Egville declared that he would protect his people, and warned Mr. Waters off the premises. A scuffle ensued, in which Mr. D'Egville accused Mr. Waters of being the aggressor. He applied for a warrant against Mr. Waters for the assault, and he was brought up to Bow-street, and examined by Mr. Read and Mr. Graham. Mr. D'Egville persisted in his charge, and Mr. Waters gave bail to appear at the quarter-sessions.

Yarmouth, Oct. 29. The Swedish fri-

gate Freja is arrived this morning with his Majesty Louis XVIII. and suite on board. Nearly two hundred sail of transports and storeships arrived this morning, and have anchored in these roads. Several line of battle ships are now in sight, which are supposed to be Admiral Gambier and the Fleet from Copenhagen.

Last night, at eight o'clock, arrived in the Roads his Majesty's hospital ship Frederickswaern. Captain Hanchett, and Dr. Jamson, physician of the fleet, with the sick and wounded on board, who, we are happy to understand, are very few, as the fleet preserved excellent health.—She parted with the Admiral, fleet, and convoy, all well, on Thursday, 40 leagues S. W. of Boomburgen.

Nov. 2-3. Free benefits, to which all the performers, and even the lowest assistants of the theatre, contributed their exertions gratis, were given at Sadler's Wells for the benefit of the relatives of the unfortunate sufferers by the late accident there.—N. B. The statement of the death of Mr. Chalkley, in the account we gave last month, was erroneous: he is, we are happy to say, alive, and perfectly recovered.

Yarmouth, Nov. 2. This morning, Louis XVIII. landed with his suite from the Swedish frigate Freja, at Yarmouth, under the title of the Count De Lille, by which only he will be recognized during his stay in England. The Count came on shore in Admiral Douglas's barge, in the most private manner.

On his landing, he was received by Admirals Douglas and Essington, Captain Curry, of the flag ship, and Mr. Brooks, of the Alien Office, London. The party immediately assembled at the house of Admiral Douglas's secretary, which stood contiguous to the spot. Here the Count had his first interview with Monsieur (the Count D'Artois). The scene was truly interesting and affecting.

This morning Admiral Russell went in his boat to fetch the brother of Louis XVI. who will, probably, proceed first to Gosfield, which the Marquis of Buckingham has offered him.

Chichester, Nov. 4. On Friday last,

about two o'clock, the desperate and daring robber who has for some time past infested the country round Havant, Chichester, and Arundel, stopped a gentleman on horseback near Arundel, who having a good horse put spurs to him, and rode off with all speed; the robber discharged a pistol, which, however, providentially missed him. On Sunday morning, about 11, he stopped and robbed Mr. Rhodes, of Chichester, between Arundel and Midhurst.—In consequence of this daring robbery being made known, a number of gentlemen and others, in that part of the country, went in different directions, armed, in pursuit of the robber; among them were Mr. Poyntz, of Cowdray-park, near Midhurst, and Mr. George Sarjeant, son of Mr. Sarjeant, of Lavington. These gentlemen had not proceeded far from Lavington, when they observed a man, answering the description of the robber, and they supposed he was making towards them to rob them; they accordingly put themselves in a state of defence, by showing their pistols. The man went into a wood close by, and the gentlemen pursued him. Mr. Sarjeant called on him to surrender; but he refused, and made use of the most horrid oaths and threats. Mr. Sarjeant ordered him again to surrender, or he would shoot him. He still refused, and Mr. Sarjeant presented a pistol at him, but at the same time desired the man to surrender, as he could not bear the thought of taking the life of a fellow-creature; at this instant, the man discharged a pistol at him, and killed him on the spot. The villain immediately threw off his shoes, hat, and gloves, great coat, leather-case used by dragoons to guard the locks of their carbines, and made his escape from Mr. Poyntz. It was supposed he concealed himself in the wood. All pursuit after him had proved fruitless up to Monday night, when our account left the country. The villain is supposed to be a native of Graffham, and has deserted from the navy and several regiments.

On Monday afternoon, in consequence of the murder, a party of dragoons proceeded from that city in search of the murderer: they arrived at the

coppice where he had concealed himself, which is near Petworth, and some surrounded it, while others dismounted, and entered by every avenue. After a strict search, they discovered him, and drove him out, without any frock, hat, or shoes on. He then ran swiftly some distance; but finding his pursuers to be close at his heels, he ran into a pond, when they immediately fired at him, and shot him dead. He was taken out of the pond, searched, and the watch, of which he had robbed Mr. Rhodes the day before, found on him. On examination of the body, he proves to be a labourer, living at a village called Grantham, near Petworth: his name is James Allen. He had two loaded pistols about him, but from the close pursuit of the dragoons, he had no power to use them.

Ipswich, Nov. 5. Tuesday, about three o'clock, Louis XVIII. arrived at the Great White Horse in this town, from Yarmouth, attended by Prince de Condé, Monsieur, Duc d'Angoulême, Duc de Bourbon, Duc de Grammont, and suite, and after changing horses, set off for Gosfield-park, in Essex, the seat of the Marquis of Buckingham. On their arrival at the Three Cups, Colchester, a great concourse of persons of all ranks had assembled at the inn, to see the illustrious stranger; the elegant large new room being thrown open for the reception of the royal guests, it was permitted that their wishes might be fully gratified, and they were admitted into the room without the least restraint. The royal fugitive, at his departure, expressed much satisfaction at the good wishes evidently impressed on the countenances of those whom curiosity had excited to appear in his presence.

Portsmouth, Nov. 11. The ports of Portugal are all shut against us; the *Boadicea*, Captain Maitland, brings information, that they were shut three days before she left it, which was fifteen days since. The *Boadicea* left Newfoundland on the 20th of September, with a convoy for Oporto; five days after they had been there, the order was received to shut the ports. The invasion of Portugal by land was not expected, from the lateness of the season for the

army to march; but a squadron of French ships were expected in the Tagus. The *Boadicea* brought a convoy, she left several ships at Oporto, which were not able to come out to join her after the embargo was laid. The *Lavinia* frigate, Lord William Stuart, and the *Amazon*, Captain Parker, were cruising off the bar. Lord Strangford continued at Lisbon; and Mr. Warre, the consul, at Oporto. The *Lively* frigate, Captain M'Kinley, sailed from Lisbon on the 19th ult. with a convoy for England: and the *Raven*, Captain Grant, was to sail in a few days afterwards with another convoy. The *Statura*, Captain Bromley, with Mr. Rose on board, arrived this morning, she was unable to get down Channel, the wind blew so hard from the S. W.

Plymouth, Nov. 11. A Proclamation of the Portuguese Government from Lisbon, tantamount to a declaration of war, has been received here, via Falmouth, by the Townshend packet, arrived there. This forenoon, the gallant Rear-Admiral Sir S. Smith went on board the *London*, 98, in Cawsand Bay, and immediately unmoored, with the following ships under his command viz. *London*, 98, flag ship; *Marlborough*, 74; *Bedford*, 74; *Elizabeth*, 74; *Monarch*, 74; and a frigate; and as the wind is now rather Northerly, and they are standing out of the Bay, they may chance to make a good offing, and get down Channel, if no other furious gale of wind come on to interrupt their passage—destination unknown.

Portsmouth, Nov. 12. Arrived the *Melpomene* frigate, Captain Parker, from the Mediterranean, to undergo repairs. She left the squadron off Cadiz, commanded by Admiral Purvis, on the 17th ult. which falsifies the flimsy rumours of that squadron having been engaged with the enemy out of Cadiz. Neither could Lord Collingwood have met with the Toulon squadron; they were out no further than the Hieres on the 5th of September, when his lordship must have been off Tenedos, as he arrived at Malta on the 4th of October from thence. Sir George Cockburn, governor of Curacoa, and suite, take their passage in the *Melceger* frigate, Captain

Broughton, for that island. The *Statura*, with Mr. Rose and suite on board, will sail at day-light to-morrow morning.

London, Nov. 11. Yesterday the remains of the archbishop of York were interred in Westminster Abbey. The procession was plain, and most solemn.

Plymouth, Nov. 15. An Admiralty Messenger arrived yesterday at noon to hurry out all the men of war in Cawsand Bay directly, to join Sir Sidney Smith's squadron off Cork; in consequence of which, the *Conqueror*, 74, Captain I. Pellew, was paid yesterday afternoon, and this morning she and the *Plantagenet*, 74, Captain Bradley, sailed from Cawsand Bay, and stood down Channel with a fine wind at E. N. E. The *Hibernia*, 110, and the *Foudroyant*, 84, will sail to-morrow, or Tuesday. The object of the expedition is, of course, a secret, and no doubt will be accomplished with honour and advantage to this country, being intrusted to so good an officer as Sir Sidney Smith and the officers who accompany him on the expedition.—Went up the harbour, the *Alcmene*, 36, *Eurydice*, 24, and *Raleigh*, 18, to refit.—Sailed the *Cuckoo* schooner, with dispatches for the Channel fleet.

Deal, Nov. 15. A French national schooner is come into the Downs as a flag of truce. She went past Dover yesterday evening with a press of sail, and is supposed to have come from Boulogne.

Deal, Nov. 16. The schooner, which arrived in the Downs yesterday, is a flag of truce from Calais, from whence she was perceived coming out by the *Calypso*, and an officer of that vessel was put on board there. The Admiral's boat was sent off to her, but no person we believe has yet been landed: conjectures are various; some are apprehensive that she has brought over terms for a negotiation for peace; others assert, that she has an ambassador from the court of Vienna; whilst those who pretend to be better informed, state that a Prussian officer is on board, charged with a diplomatic mission to our government, but nothing has transpired here to enable us to state for certain the object. Her

arrival was announced by a telegraphic dispatch as soon as she bore in sight.

Deal, Nov. 17. A Gentleman was landed here from the flag of truce about eleven o'clock this morning: he is from Vienna, charged with dispatches for the Austrian ambassador at London, but of the nature of them not a word has transpired here. After waiting upon Admiral Rowley, at his office, he set off for London in a post-chaise and four. He arrived at Paris on the 9th inst. on which day Bonaparte was expected there, and on the day he left that place, the 13th, a Russian messenger had arrived. He came out of Calais on the 15th, (the day he arrived in the Downs) having been detained there for a vessel to convey him to England. The vessel, it is thought, is to remain here to take him back again, being since put under charge of the guard-ship.—The *Calypso*, which escorted him into the Downs, is ordered back to her station off Calais.

BIRTHS.

Oct. 23. At the seat of the earl of Uxbridge, Plasnewydd, Anglesey, the right hon. lady Caroline Capel, of a son.

At his lordship's house, Hill-street, Berkeley-square, lady Foley, of a daughter.

26. In Pulteney-street, Bath, the lady of Francis Drake, esq. of a daughter.

28. At Lambridge-house, the lady of C. H. Fraser, esq. of a son.

29. At Thoresby-park, Nottinghamshire, lady Frances Bentinck, of a son.

At their house, Bolton-row, Piccadilly, the lady of colonel Walter Jones, of a daughter.

Nov. 1. At his father's house, Portman-square, the lady of Henry Dawkins, jun. esq. M. P. of a son.

4. At Hanfield-place, the lady of sir C. Baynes, bart. of a son.

7. At Biffons, near Canterbury, the lady of Edward Taylor, esq. M. P. for that city, of a son.

In Lower Wimpole-street, the lady of brigade-major Vernon Graham, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Oct. 27. Mr. Hughes, of Finsbury-square, to miss Bish, daughter of Mr. Bish, of Cornhill.

29. At Bishop-Wearmouth, in the county of Durham, Wm. Williamson, esq. of Grimley, in Nottinghamshire, to miss Sanderson, eldest daughter of Thomas Sanderson, esq. of Bishop-Wearmouth.

30. At St. George's church, Hanover-square, by the Rev. Dr. Rudley, Lord Mon-on, to Lady Sarah Saville. The earl and countess of Mexborough gave their lovely daughter away, in the presence of the earl and countess, and countess dowager of Essex, viscount Pollington, the miss Monsons (who were bride maids), Mr. Swainson, and the two miss Faulkners. The bride was elegantly dressed in white satin, richly trimmed with point-lace, with a white lace veil, and a small bouquet.

Nov. 3. At Kensington church, Edward Harrold, esq. of Cheshunt, in the county of Herts, to miss Baillie, of Brompton.

4. At St. George's, Hanover-square, John Tatham, esq. of Craven-street, to miss Jones, daughter of William Jones, esq. of Charles-street, Grosvenor-square.

At Weston, Robert Haynes, esq. of Westbury-under-the-Plain, Wilts, to miss Vere Bayly, daughter of Zachary Bayly, esq. of Belle-Vue, near Bath.

At Lambeth church, Thomas Cory Hawkes, esq. of Oakhampton, Devon, to miss Elizabeth Sophia Hay, of Durham-place, Lambeth.

7. At North Aston, by the Rev. C.A. Moysey, Edward Golding, jun. esq. eldest son of Edward Golding, esq. of Marden Earley, in the county of Berks, to miss Frances Bowles, eighth daughter of Oldfield Bowles, esq. of North Aston, in the county of Oxford.

At St. Catherine - Coleman, Fenchurch st. John Arthur Borron, esq. of Warrington, to miss Geddes, daughter of Archibald Geddes, esq. Leith.

14. At Warnford, Hants, John-Earl Cook, esq. of Cheshunt, Herts, to miss Margaret Burne, daughter of Thomas Burne, esq. of Bedford-square.

DEATHS.

Oct. 17. At his seat at Wooten-court, Kent, much respected, the Rev. Edward-Tynnewell Brydges, late claimant to the barony of Chandos.

26. At Chadwall, near Liverpool, at the advance of 89. Arthur Onslow, esq. collector of the customs at the port of Liverpool.

27. At Cairnmuir, county of Peebles, the hon. Mrs. Cranstoun, widow of the late hon. George Cranstoun.

Nov. 1. Dr. William Markham, lord archbishop of York, primate of England, lord high almoner to the king, and visitor of Queen's College, Oxford, in the 90th year of his age. The event has long been expected. His Grace bore his sufferings with the utmost resignation, and breathed his last breath with the most pious hope that a moral and religious life could possibly have inspired into a mind devoted, as his was, to the duty of a Christian preceptor. He was translated from Chester to the archiepiscopal see of York in 1776, on the demise of Dr. Robert Drummond. His Grace, before his translation, was chosen by his Majesty preceptor to his royal highness the prince of Wales, for whom he preserved the most dutiful and affectionate attachment to the close of his existence. His Grace has left several sons, one of whom is a rear-admiral in the British fleet, and another chancellor of the diocese of York.

5. At his seat at Waterstock, Oxfordshire, in the 83d year of his age, sir William Ashhurst, late one of his Majesty's justices of the court of King's Bench.

14. At his house called Fallowden, near Alnwick, Northumberland, in the 79th year of his age, the right hon. Charles earl Grey, K. B. general of the third regiment of dragoons, and governor of the island of Guernsey. His lordship served at the battle of Minden, and was the only surviving officer who served under general Wolfe at Quebec, to whom he was aide-de-camp.

21. At Highbury Place, Islington, Mr. Abraham Newland, late first Cashier of the Bank of England.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR DECEMBER, 1807.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates,

- 1 The REWARD of CHARITY.
- 2 The SEAT of A. G. GOLDSMID, Esq. at MERTON, SURRY.
- 3 LONDON Fashionable WALKING and EVENING DRESSES.
- 4 Fashionable PATTERNS for TRIMMINGS and BORDERS of DRESSES.

LONDON:

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

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Continuation of the *Elville Family Secrets* shall certainly be given in the Magazine for January.

The Continuations of *Harriet Vernon*, and of *Sketches from Nature*, will be found in the Supplement.

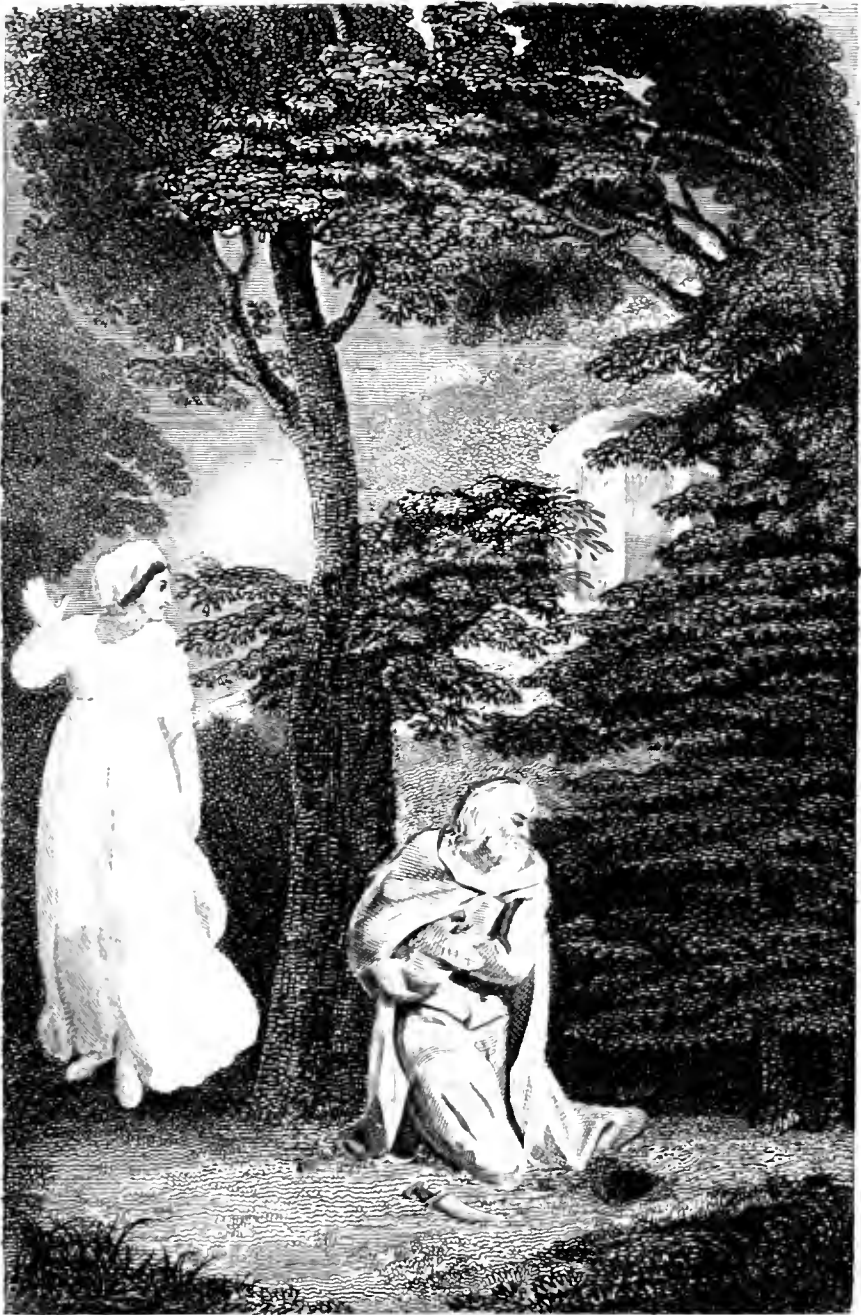
Mr. Webb's Solitary Walk in a Country Church-yard shall appear in January.

J. M. L.'s *Night Walk for December* is unavoidably deferred till the Supplement.

R. P.'s and F. D.'s Contributions are received.

ERRATUM, in our last, in H. C.'s *Sonnet to the Heart*:
Page 616, line 7 from the bottom, for *shrills* read *thrills*.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



The Reward of Charity.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE.

FOR DECEMBER, 1807.

THE REWARD OF CHARITY:

A TALE.

[*With an elegant Engraving.*]

IN a pleasant village in the North of England lived, not many years since, Theophilus Darwell, the vicar of the parish, in which he constantly resided; equally to the edification and comfort of those to the instruction of whom in pure religion, and that morality which must necessarily flow from it, he had been appointed. He loved his parishioners, and they revered him. He was as it were their father, their friend, the arbiter of all their little disputes, and rarely was it that they appealed from his decision to that of the lawyer.

This good man had a wife, two daughters, and a son, all of a disposition and character not dissimilar to his own. They lived, as may be supposed, truly happy in their affection for each other, and

in friendship and harmony with all around them. Their felicity lasted several years, but nothing in this world continueth for ever. Death within a short time carried off, first, the wife of the good pastor, next his eldest daughter, and lastly himself; leaving his youngest daughter, Lavinia, and his son Henry, then little more than fifteen years old, almost penniless orphans; for the income of their father, though he possessed some fortune of his own besides the fees and dues of his vicarage, would have left them but little surplus had it been ten times greater, so ready was his liberality to listen to every call of charity pointing out to him the needy and the distressed.

Henry, who, to the most amiable mildness of disposition and

ingenuousness, added great quickness of understanding, was taken notice of by a gentleman in the neighbourhood who was going to the East Indies, and who invited him to accompany him, assuring him, that for the services he might receive from him, he had no doubt that he should be able to put him in a way to make a very handsome fortune. Henry, who had he not thought, as he did think, the offer to promise him great advantage, knew not what else to do, consented, and shortly after left his native country.

Lavinia, who was about thirteen, began to display great beauty, which rapidly increased from year to year; her liveliness and intelligence were equal to her beauty; and a distant female relation who kept a boarding-school for young ladies, took her under her protection, and for a few occasional services which she received from her, enabled her to attain those accomplishments which gave her charms additional power and value.

She continued in this situation several years, when a gentleman who had lately purchased an estate in that neighbourhood, saw, and became so enamoured of her, that he married her; and after marriage found so much reason to be satisfied with her, that he grew more enthusiastically devoted to her from day to day. They lived in this felicity a number of years, the objects of the gratitude and esteem, she especially, of all the indigent and unfortunate in the vicinity, to whom her liberality was almost boundless; for whatever act of bounty she proposed was always readily assented to by Mr. Edgecumbe, her husband; since whatever she said or did was with him, and with reason was—

‘Wisest, virtuouslest, discreetest, best.’

It was now that in the full enjoyment of affluence and happiness the remembrance of her brother recurred to her mind; and much she wished to know what might be his success or ill success in life, that if the latter were his fate, she might, as she now amply had it in her power, relieve him and make him happy; but as so very great a number of years had elapsed since they had seen each other, she considered him as lost to her, not improbably dead, or at least thrown into some situation by which he was for ever separated from her, while she was totally forgotten by him.

It chanced one evening as she was walking in a retired part of her park, she saw, sitting under a tree, a man apparently very old, poor, and wretched. The native goodness of her heart induced her, as it may be supposed, to approach, accost, and offer him relief. She assisted him to rise, took him by the arm, and led him into the house, where she gave directions that he should be supplied with every thing necessary for his immediate wants, and provided with a lodging for the night, should he have a long way to go, as it would soon be dark.—Mrs. Cross, the housekeeper, who happened to be near when this order was given, took upon her to remind her mistress that such acts of charity were sometimes not without danger. ‘Really, my lady,’ said she, ‘your ladyship is too good, and may repent it one day when it is too late; many of these vagabond beggars belong to gangs of thieves, and this may be only a plan to rob the house.’

‘Let him belong to what gang

of thieves he may,' said Mrs. Edgcumbe, hastily, 'he appears now to be really in want, and his wants must be relieved.'—So saying, she immediately turned from her, and went into the parlour; but, before she had been there many minutes, reflecting that if she were not present, the object of her bounty might not meet with the reception she could wish from servants, she went down into the kitchen to see justice done to her charitable intentions. While there she entered into conversation with the man, and made some inquiries, though not with the impertinence of some ostentatious benefactors, with respect to who and what he was. As he was now somewhat revived by the refreshment placed before him, and the glass or two of ale he had drank, his appearance seemed to her not a little altered, and he spoke with a spirit and good sense which excited her surprise.—'Madam,' said he, 'I am a man who seems to be persecuted by Fortune. I have been in very distant countries, and in various parts of the world. I went first to the East Indies with a gentleman who for some time appeared to be very much my friend, and who I believe really was so, but who from jealousy became afterwards my bitterest enemy, and did every thing in his power to complete my ruin, which in fact he at length effected. I came last from a French prison into which I was thrown, having been taken on my return by a French ship of war. Numerous, indeed, are the adverse accidents which I have encountered. I certainly do not mean to fatigue you with recounting them all; but suffer me to say that I cannot consider myself as deserving them, as I have ever

endeavoured to do good unto all around me, according to the maxim of my good and reverend father, who will never be forgotten by his parishioners,—no, they can never forget the most excellent Theophilus—'

'Theophilus!' said Mrs. Edgcumbe, not a little surprized.—'What other name?'

'Theophilus Darwell,' said the stranger.

The first idea that now occurred to Mrs. Edgcumbe was the suggestion of Mrs. Cross, that this might be some cheat who had gotten possession of her history and of her father's name, and had a design to impose upon her; but upon further inquiry she found proofs that would not permit her to doubt that he was her long-lost brother Henry; and though he seemed twenty years older than her brother could be, though he had been more than twenty years separated from her, this might be accounted for by the vexations, misfortunes, and hardships he had undergone.

'And now,' said she triumphantly to Mrs. Cross, 'is not this an encouragement to do good; is not this a *reward of charity*? Mrs. Cross neither felt nor conceived how finding a brother in the extreme of indigence, whom she must support, could be a reward; but as she did not see how it could be for her interest to contradict her mistress, she civilly assented.

Mr. Edgcumbe soon afterwards procured a lucrative situation for Mr. Darwell, who showed himself well worthy to be the brother of such a sister, and such a brother-in-law.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE*.

* *Excludat jurgia finis.*

HOR. EPIST. I. LIB. II.

Let all disputes at some fix'd period end!

SIR,

IN compliance with the words which I have chosen for my motto, this will be the last letter which I shall address to you: indeed I should not again have troubled you, but I think an acknowledgment is due for the polite letter of J. M. L.—I always thought him possessed of abilities, and I now esteem him as a gentleman. I will assure him I never meant to insinuate a doubt of his *sobriety*, and, thanking him for his elegant compliments, which I am not conscious of deserving, I shall take my leave of him with good humour, and never again trespass upon his temper by pointing out faults to which we are all liable. W. H. has answered me with the modest ingenuousness which generally accompanies youthful talents, and I thank him.

As S. Y. has also praised me in a manner, for which (though, perhaps, I do not merit it) I must still feel grateful, I ought not to peruse his reply with fastidiousness, but I certainly think he betrays great want of temper; and one part of his letter calls for my answer. He accuses me of scurrillity: I should be sorry if the accusation was just. I think, however, it may be fairly retorted upon himself by any one who reads his fifth paragraph. I believe I am not 'a bully,' 'peevish,' 'scurrilous,' or 'frigid,' perhaps too much the reverse, and

his own compliment contradicts the charge of 'groveling ideas.' I can also assure him that I am not surrounded by 'antiquated females:—'Weak,' 'ignorant,' and 'vain,' I may be (though he does not seem to think so,) and my youth may excuse it, but I certainly am not 'idle.'

To the writers I have mentioned I shall now bid a last adieu as *gentlemen*; it would be very harsh in me to say Messrs. J. Webb, and D. Y. did not deserve that character; I hope they do; but certainly from *their* replies no one would ever think so.

It is highly diverting to hear them talk of '*silent contempt*' and '*due indifference*' when they are so evidently writhing under the lash of my *well-meant* criticism; but they may depend upon it I will never again assume an office, the execution of which seems to give them so much pain, and in which my intentions (which were certainly good) have been so grossly misrepresented.

However as Mr. D. Y. has *attempted* to be very witty and severe upon me, I shall address a few 'last words to him. He has dignified me with the title of 'most learned,' (an expression borrowed, I believe, from the farce of the 'Adopted Child,') and as I always wish to maintain a character which is either assumed by me, or *conferred* upon me, I will give him a quotation from Flaccus which I think is very applicable to him particularly.

*'Ridentur mala qui componunt
carmina: verum
Gaudent scribentes et se vene-
rantur.'*

This I shall translate for him.

‘Bad writers are laughed at: but they are pleased in writing, and *regenerate themselves.*’

If he will refer to my first letter he will find I never mentioned the word ‘St. Giles,’ but the use of it seems *natural to him.* Lastly he bids me (in a choice morsel of poetic poetry) to contemplate my own faults; this may be very just, Mr. D. Y. ! but you ought to know that my faults are no excuse for yours, and that though I am not perfection myself, yet that does not prevent or incapacitate me from pointing out the follies or inaccuracies of others.

And now, Mr. Editor, I must thank you for your candour, and apologise for thus trespassing upon your time, and as this is the last letter I shall address to you on the subject, your insertion of it this month will put an end to a disagreeable and uninteresting controversy in which (without any ill intention) I have involved myself.

I remain, Sir,

Yours, &c. &c.

W. M. T.

Dec. 4, 1807.

ON THE EFFECTS OF MUSIC ON DIFFERENT ANIMALS.

SOME years ago, a gentleman well versed in music, conceived the idea of trying its effects on different animals. Of the experiment he made to satisfy his curiosity on this subject, and its results, he gives the following account in a letter to a friend.

‘I procured,’ says he, ‘a person eminently skilled in blowing the trumpet, and one afternoon in the middle of August brought him to a lodge in my park, where were

animals of several kinds, and bade him play some of his loudest and quickest tunes. The musician stood at an upper window, and below him, in a little inclosed field, were a cat, a dog, and a horse; an ass, a tame hare, some deer, cows, a cock and hens, and several little birds on a range of trees adjoining. While the musician continued to play, I kept myself concealed in order to observe the effect of the music.

‘I could not perceive that the cat showed the least symptom of emotion. As the day was fine, and the sun shone, it lay stretched under the window, and seemed almost asleep: I could perceive by its very mien that it would give all the music in the world for a single mouse: it showed no marks of joy, and after some time walked leisurely away, not without casting a sly glance upon a hen and chickens that happened to be near.

‘The horse was walking along and feeding when the trumpet began, but the moment he heard the first note he approached the window, and stopped short at some distance from it, opening his wide nostrils, sometimes seeming to feed, and at other times to listen.

‘The dog sat down like an ape, keeping his eye steadily fixed on the musician. In this posture he continued for some time, seemed to be uneasy, offered to go but returned again, and at last set up a howl, almost in unison with one of the notes of the trumpet.

‘The ass seemed to show no signs of sensibility: it went peaceably along, eating the rankest herbs that were left by the others, and switching its tail in order to drive the flies away. The deer and the hare pricked up their large ears,

and seemed very attentive. The cows stopped a little, and seemed to regard the player as if they knew him, but soon scoured away as fast as they could, with their tails cocked, and their heads thrown towards the sky. The cock was employed only in taking care of his mistresses, and they in scratching about for something to eat, so that they seemed to pay no regard at all to the music: but the little birds which were among the trees, and some others in cages at the windows, I thought would have split; so loud were they, they strove even to outdo the trumpet, approaching nearer and nearer to the sound, and as they approached swelling their little notes with greater eagerness, and as it appeared to me, with greater rapidity.

‘Such,’ continues he, ‘was the result of this experiment; and if some curious persons, perhaps, more qualified than myself, would prosecute this entertaining subject, and try the effect of music upon other animals, it would at once serve to demonstrate the power of sounds, and the peculiar sagacity of every animal, since upon trial I have found that those animals are most sagacious who are most affected by it.’

DESCRIPTION of the VILLA of
MR. A. G. GOLDSMID, at MORDEN,
SURRY.

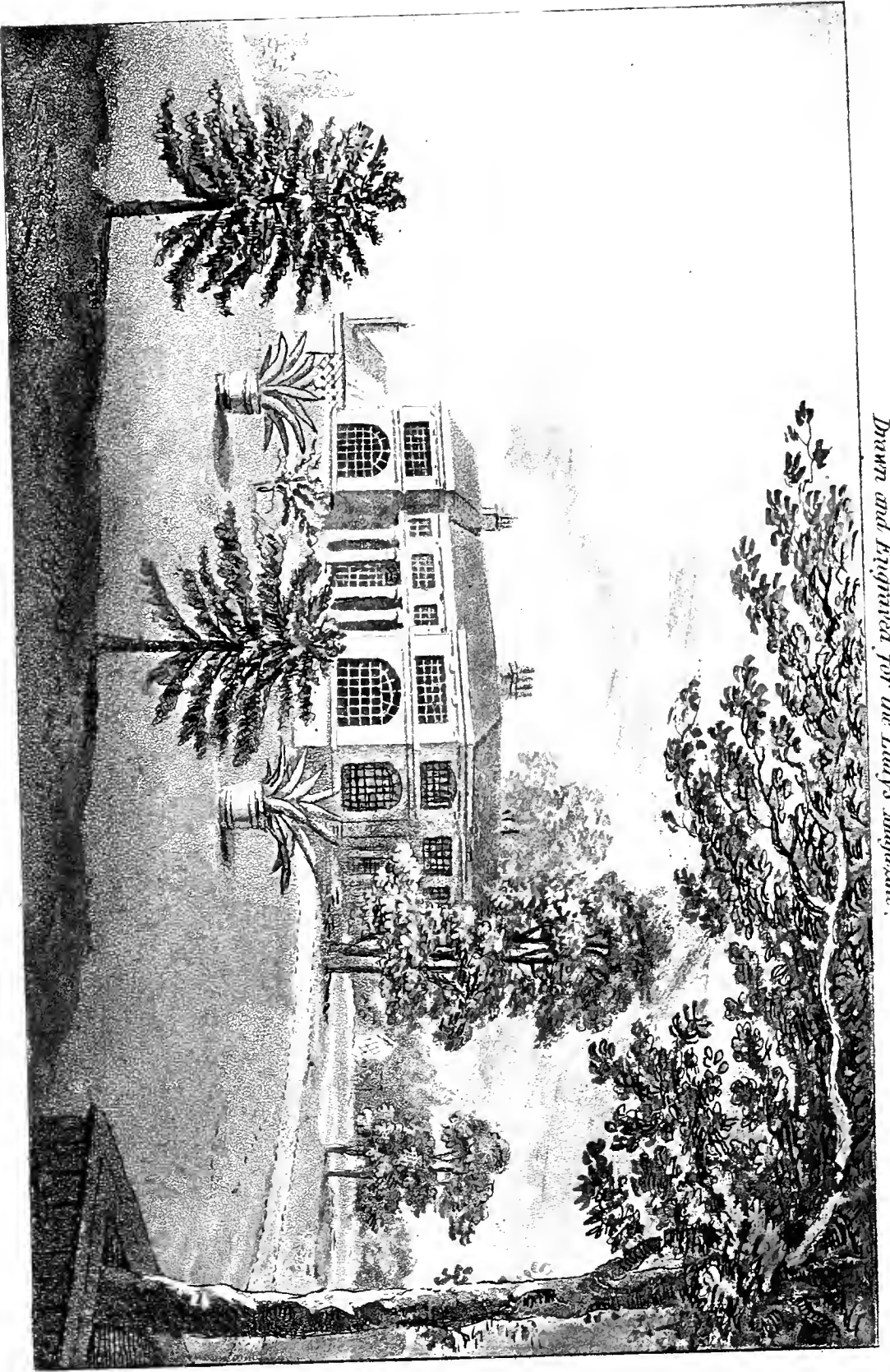
[*With a View, elegantly engraved.*]

THIS elegant cottage villa is situated at Morden, near Mitcham in Surry, and is perhaps one of the most complete and elegant in this kingdom: the generous and opulent proprietor having spared

no expence to render it so. It is situate in the midst of a beautiful lawn, interspersed with various sorts of shrubberies, so contrived as to assist nature, avoiding that formality too frequently seen in gentlemen's grounds. The river Wandle, winding through the grounds, has a rich and pleasing effect, and over it are bridges at once simple and elegant. The gardens are capacious, and well stocked with every vegetable, flower, and fruit, foreign and native, that can be procured. The pineries, graperies, orange-ries, &c. are well worthy the attention of the botanist and curious; in short, the gardens, hot and green-houses, &c. do much credit to Mr. Nichols, the present head gardener.

The house is built of stone one story high: its centre is supported by a colonade of six elegant sharp fluted pillars, and its two wings are embellished with very large square and circular headed windows of plate glass. The chimney pots are of a peculiar shape, imitating leaves. On the North side is a very extensive and tastefully constructed aviary, well stocked with rare birds of various descriptions, and at a small distance behind the house is another aviary on a neat construction. The two large windows in the front wings have a grand collection of rare and odoriferous plants and shrubs. Behind the house is a curious well, two hundred feet deep, with an inscription alluding to Abraham's finding waters. The offices are admirably constructed for use and beauty. In short, nothing has been omitted by Mr. Goldsmid, whose taste is only equalled by his liberality, to render this place an earthly paradise.

Drawn and Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



The Seat of St. John's, Esq., at Weston, Surrey.

HARRIET VERNON;

OR,

CHARACTERS FROM REAL LIFE.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

BY A LADY.

(Continued from p. 569.)

LETTER XXXVIII.

Mr. Johnson to Mr. Wentworth.

HOW shall I speak the joy I felt on the perusal of my dear Wentworth's letter? It could only be equalled by my surprise. From the bottom of my heart I congratulate you on your change of fortune: in all situations you are to me the same, nor is it in the power of *fortune* to increase or diminish my regard. Most impatiently did I wait for the first ships from India; but that they would bring me such glad tidings I could not dream. When I received your letter, my uncle lay on his death-bed. I communicated the contents to him; and he desired me to repeat to you the advice of a dying man. 'Tell him,' said he, 'to rejoice at his good fortune like a rational being; to return thanks to the all-wise Disposer of human events; to regard his wealth as a talent for which he will be accountable; and, above all things, let him be solicitous to keep a clear conscience, and acquire the title of an honest man.'

I am now, by his decease, in possession of an estate of a clear thousand a-year. As I am fond of

the country, I intend residing in it; and I think, as a country squire, to bid defiance to bustle, care, and strife—so much for my own concerns. I have a long story to communicate, in which you will find yourself somewhat interested.

You may recollect my often speaking of an intimate acquaintance which I contracted at college with a student of the name of Beaumont. This young man was the son of a clergyman who enjoyed a living of four hundred a-year. He was, on the supposition of one day, possessing this living, educated for the church, and with a disposition better fitted for the army, where dissipation and extravagance too often assume the name of courage. At twenty-three he was invested with holy orders. Oh, profanation of the sacred vocation! He was dissolute in his manners, but possessed shining abilities. His wit gained him friends among his fellows, and his society was courted by all, but more particularly by me. We formed a friendship, if such an intimacy, founded on the levity, wit, and gaiety, will bear the name. He led me into a thousand follies and extravagances. I could not but think him a dangerous companion, but I liked his company too well to renounce it. When he left college, a correspondence commenced, and he regarded me in the light of a friend. Perhaps I might have retained that title: but about that time I became acquainted with you, in every respect so opposite to Mr. Beaumont, that I could not but discern the difference: and discerning, approve and prefer. At that time my partiality for him wore off; happy was it for me that it did so. His correspondence, however, I did not drop; and as his

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letters were replete with wit and entertainment, I did not find a reluctance to continue it. I never invited him to my uncle's house, knowing him to be a character he would not approve. This he knew, and often would anticipate my uncle's death, when he would pay me a visit. About twelve months since his father died, and my gay friend expected to be put into possession of the living. He had the interest of many in the university, and no one doubted his success. But to the praise of the bishop of the diocese, he caused inquiry to be made of the private character of the shepherd to whom he was to intrust the care of the flock. This would not bear investigation: another was found to fill the place his father had done with honour, and young Beaumont was left to bemoan his follies. The bishop was extremely tender of the young man's reputation, and with a humanity that does him the highest honour, after expostulating with him in the most pathetic and tender manner, told him, he would take on himself the stigma of having rejected the son of a worthy father, rather than he should suffer in his reputation or future success.

In this situation was Mr. Beaumont. His mother has an income of three hundred a-year from the bequest of an uncle, which devolves to her son at her death. He had contracted debts, so that a wealthy marriage was now all he had to trust to. His person handsome, address pleasing, and family respectable, he stood a good chance with the ladies; thanks to the good bishop his character was not notoriously known, though, if, as Pope says, every woman is at heart a rake, this might have been no detriment. He did not seek

long in vain; he found an heiress of not less than thirty thousand pounds; rich, sensible, and young. A very fortunate young man, you will say. But the world says money is her principal charm; that she is ill-tempered, proud, learned to no other purpose but to make her despise all her own sex; in short, a woman that it is impossible for a man to love.

He has obtained the promise of her hand, and her mother dying, the marriage is for decency's sake deferred for a few months. In the mean time he does not trust her out of his sight, but accompanies her on a visit to a relation in Wiltshire; and finds means to ingratiate himself so as to be invited to stay the whole time with the lady. You are to understand he writes all these particulars to me in confidence. At the house where his lady is he meets with another, and falls violently in love with her. She confesses a partiality for him, but reminds him of his other engagement. He declares he will break it if she will consent to marry him. She wishes him to consult his mother, and she informs her friends. As she has no fortune he has no intention to marry her, but forms a plot to seduce her by a sham marriage: for this purpose he forges a letter from his mother, in which she urges their union, and offers them a residence with her, and a participation of her income. The young lady, whom he describes as simplicity itself, joined to every thing that is good and lovely, being deserted by her brother, and destitute of the means of living, consents to the proposal. He attends the rich lady home, who is kept in ignorance of his real attachment; and they are, as by agreement, immediately married.

He writes to the lady he loves, that he has explained matters to the other, and is coming in a few days to receive her hand, and take her to his mother. Destitute of friends and fortune, and fond of him, he doubts not her consent to live with him in some retired part of England, and the ample fortune he has with his wife will enable him to supply her with all she can wish.

I have, as briefly as possible, related the substance of three long letters I have received from him, which I instantly answered, and used every argument I could think of to persuade him to relinquish his horrid purpose; but not liking his replies, I resolved at all events to rescue this poor girl, and by becoming unfaithful to a villain, save her from ruin and infamy. He had not informed me of her name, but only the family she was with. I lost no time, but immediately, on giving up all hope of his desisting, and finding that he was actually married, I set off for the seat of the gentleman he had mentioned, a Mr. Wilson. Upon my arrival I inquired for him, and was shown into a parlour. I told him my name, and asked if there was not a lady there on a visit, an acquaintance of Mr. Beaumont. I was answered in the affirmative. I requested to speak with her on very particular business. He led me to a room, and opened a door, where sat two young ladies at work. Beaumont had given me so very particular a description of his charmer, that I instantly recognised her in one of them; and approaching her, I begged permission to speak to her in private, on a subject, in which I presumed she was much concerned. She blushed excessively, and replied,

‘ You can have nothing, sir, to say to me, that may not be spoken before this gentleman and my sister,’ pointing to the other lady. I told her I could certainly have no objection if she had not. We seated ourselves—I went on—‘ To be the messenger of unpleasant tidings is a task I would gladly be excused from, but in the present case it is my duty.’ I took Beaumont’s letters from my pocket, together with the copy of the long expostulatory one I had written to him, and presented them to her—‘ If, madam,’ said I, ‘ you will peruse this packet, my errand will be explained, and my duty discharged.’—She took them with a trembling hand—‘ If,’ continued I, ‘ this gentleman is in your confidence, I will, while you retire to read the letters, acquaint him with the contents.’—‘ I shall be obliged to you, sir,’ she replied, ‘ and will attend you presently.’ She took her sister’s arm, and they both left the room. I then opened the whole affair to the astonished Mr. Wilson. The praises he bestowed on me for my conduct gave me the most heart-felt satisfaction. He informed me that he expected Beaumont the next day, and the young lady had consented to accompany him to his mother’s, where the ceremony was to take place. He spoke in the highest terms possible of both the sisters, who were, he said, distant relations of his wife, and that their names were—Now, Wentworth, prepare for astonishment—**VERNON.** Do not be alarmed; it was not thy Maria, it was Harriet who had dared to love Beaumont.

By the time I had finished my relation to Mr. Wilson, miss Vernon returned:—‘ Oh, Mr. Johnson,’ said she, ‘ what obligations

are we not under to your humanity and goodness!

‘Speak not of it, my dear madam; how is your sister?’

‘She is much better than I expected her to be: her joy at discovering in time the perfidy of her lover has given her strength to support the disappointment. She begs her excuse for not attending you, sir, and desired me to express her gratitude and thanks for the service you have done her. Here are the letters, but if you will favour us with a second perusal, we shall be obliged to you.’

I desired her to keep them, as they could be of no use to me. The last was dated four days before, and mentioned his marriage with the rich heiress.

‘We must now consult,’ said miss Vernon, ‘the method of acquainting him with the discovery your goodness has made.’

‘We have only to inform him,’ said Mr. Wilson, ‘that we have incontestable proof that he is married; for as it is to a relation of mine, I should be loth this vile plot should become a subject of conversation; let it rest as it is. Your sister has a providential escape from a villain. My cousin cannot be unmarried; that she will be miserable with him I have not a doubt; but it will answer no good end to expose him. The ill success of his villany will be a punishment. He comes to-morrow; I will see him, and acquaint him with our knowledge of his marriage, and your sister’s determination, if she wishes it, never to see him more.’

‘That is her resolution,’ said miss Vernon: ‘she cannot bear the thought of seeing him.’

I told them this plan met my approbation, for although I scrupled

not on such an important occasion to break the bonds of secrecy and friendship, yet I did not conceive I had a right to publish to the world the disgrace that had in confidence come to my knowledge, of one who had not personally offended me—I cannot recollect all that passed in this conversation, but finding she was indeed the young lady you have so frequently mentioned, and with whom you was, when you left England, so deeply enamoured, I was resolved to see her again if possible. Mr. Wilson wished me to spend the day, and sleep at his house, if the expected arrival of Mr. Beaumont was no objection. I did not wish to see him just then; and to be at hide and seek in Mr. Wilson’s house was out of the question. Mr. Wilson’s house is distant from mine seventy miles. I had come in a stage-coach. I recollected, however, an old college acquaintance who lived in the neighbourhood; and had frequently pressed me to pay him a visit. To him I resolved to go, and told Mr. Wilson I would, on my return from this visit, do myself the pleasure of waiting on him and the ladies.

I took my leave with that inward satisfaction that results from having performed a commendable action. I was too impatient to see the charming sisters to have made a long visit, had I found it ever so agreeable. But it was not so; absence and other circumstances had changed my once warm and hearty acquaintance into a cold and formal one; and the respect he paid me, I could perceive, was more to my estate than my person. I spent, however, two nights, quitted him with disgust, and arrived a second time at Mr. Wilson’s, who welcomed me with politeness,

and introduced me to his lady, a fine elderly woman, whom I doubt not you have heard the miss Vernons mention. He informed me that Mr. Beaumont came as expected; that he saw him alone, and told him, if he valued his reputation and domestic peace, he must quit that house immediately, and relinquish all pretensions to miss Vernon, otherwise he (Mr. Wilson) would acquaint the world and his wife with the whole affair.—‘My wife!’ said he, ‘What do you mean?’—‘Come, come,’ said Mr. Wilson, ‘it is too late to dissemble; we have been your dupes long enough; and I assure you, was you not married to my cousin, I would expose you to all the world.’—He affected to be in a passion, and insisted on Mr. Wilson’s discovering the person who had defamed his character—*That* Mr. Wilson told him he never should; he had incontestable proof of what he asserted, which, for his cousin’s sake, should remain a secret with him. He had saved the young woman he pretended to love from infamy, and should continue to protect her. He insisted on seeing miss Vernon, and high words ensuing, the servant was sent to inform her. She was in agonies at the thoughts of seeing him; but reflecting that he might construe her refusal as the effect of unconquered love, or weakness, she summoned all her pride and fortitude, and sent word she had no objection to seeing Mr. Beaumont in company with Mr. Wilson.—Think, Wentworth, what must have been her feelings!—What a noble spirit did she display! for my part, I cannot sufficiently admire her behaviour, as related to me by Mr. Wilson. She came down, accompanied by her sister.

Never, Mr. Wilson told me, was he witness to so interesting a scene. She entered the room with a dignified air and aspect, and looking at Mr. Beaumont with a steady and penetrating eye, asked him for what purpose he was so earnest to see her?

‘To plead my cause, madam,’ said he, ‘and vindicate my injured honour.’

‘Talk not of honour,’ said she, interrupting him. ‘Deny, if you can be bold enough, that you are married, for I suppose that was your intention for wishing to see me.’

‘Little did I think that you, my dearest miss Vernon, after you had honoured me with your love, and thought me worthy of it, would believe every idle report to my disadvantage. Heavens! do you suppose my mother, from whom I now come purposely by your own consent to present you to her, would conspire to deceive you.’

‘Perhaps, sir, you might as easily forge the person of your mother as her hand-writing.’

Guilt was now discernible in every feature; he hesitated, and was too much confounded to reply. She went on—

‘I could almost pity your confusion, but I intend not to expostulate, it is sufficient for my own happiness that I have found you out before it was too late. If you think you have triumphed over my peace of mind you are mistaken; I have too much sense and resolution to regret the loss of a man so devoid of principle as yourself.’

Never, Mr. Wilson said, did he see a woman look so lovely as this sweet girl; her countenance animated with conscious virtue, and a glow of injured pride on her cheeks. Beaumont looked the poor

culprit, devoid of hope; and incapable of defence. His pride, however, would not allow him to confess. He suffered the ladies to quit the room without attempting a reply. Mr. Wilson thinks he did not see them depart, for, on his asking him if he had any further business with him, he started from his reverie, and looking round the room, answered, No, nor ever should.—‘Will you permit me,’ said Mr. Wilson, ‘to give you a little advice?’—‘The devil take you, and your advice,’ cried he, and so hurried out of the house.

When Mr. Wilson had finished his relation, he sent word to the ladies that I was there, and in a very few minutes they both joined us; surely there never were two lovelier girls: miss Vernon is as you described her to me, elegance itself: but there is something in Harriet so inexpressibly agreeable, and yet I know not what makes her so: I have seen much handsomer faces and finer forms, but it is not in the power of beautiful features or of form alone to charm. You, I remember, described her to me as very lively. There is, indeed, much life and spirit in her countenance, but, as you may suppose, at this time, little in her manners and conversation. She looks grave, but not dejected. When she entered the room I was startled to see her look pale and languid. She made me a courtesy, and offered me her hand, involuntarily, as I thought. I took it, and, as you may suppose, put it to my lips. This action brought a blush on her cheeks, which I had the pleasure to see did not quite disappear the whole day.

The party seemed at a loss what to say, and an awkward silence set my wits to work for a speech. At

length, addressing myself to miss Harriet, I told her Mr. Wilson had informed me of the result of the affair I had been so happy to divulge; ‘and if you please,’ said I, ‘we will avoid a subject that must be painful to think of.—‘You are very kind, sir,’ said she, ‘we will do so, if you please.’

‘No, no,’ said Mrs. Wilson, whose voice I had not heard before; ‘I want to know, sir, how you got acquainted with this Mr. Beaumont, and all about it.’

‘I will at some other time, madam, inform you, but at present must beg to be excused.’

‘So she is to be obliged before me!—it is all mighty well, sir,’ drawing herself up as she spoke. Who the deuce are you, thought I; a proud, unfeeling dame, I fancy—I made no answer, but turning to miss Vernon, resolved to put a few questions to her which might be interesting to my friend. I began with asking if she was not acquainted with a Mr. Wentworth. Whether it was the abruptness of the question, her chagrin at Mrs. Wilson’s behaviour, or a sudden indisposition, I leave you to determine; but certain it was, no sooner had I mentioned your name, than a visible alteration took place in her whole countenance. She looked out of the window, then on the carpet, something was the matter with her chair; at length she said—‘Yes, yes; sir, very well, he lived with my brother; I mean we all lived together at that time.’

‘So I understood,’ said I; ‘he is a very worthy young man, and I am happy in being his particular friend; indeed, all who know him respect him, and I have the pleasure to inform you that he has been most singularly fortunate.’

—‘ Indeed sir ! pray in what manner ?’

I related every circumstance of your adventure, and before I had finished, a flood of tears burst from my fair auditors eyes: miss Vernon’s flowed the first, and continued the longest: Mrs. Wilson declared it was the oddest story she ever heard: Mr. Wilson said, as he was a worthy man he was very glad of it.

Dinner being announced, the conversation ended for the present, but I resumed it afterwards; and being resolved to know if miss Vernon was to be married, as you informed me she was, I said, I hoped she would excuse an impertinent question. ‘ None I could ask,’ she was pleased to say, ‘ could be deemed such.’—‘ I understood by my friend, madam, that you are engaged to be married to colonel Ambrose.’—‘ I was at that time, sir, but some circumstances have intervened to prevent it, and it will now never take place: the colonel is one of the best men in the world.’

‘ Dear me !’ said the ignorant Mrs. Wilson, ‘ cannot it be brought on again? I am sure a good match would be a good thing for you. How in the world come you not to have him?’—‘ Why, sir,’ turning to me, ‘ her brother is married, and has not provided in any way for either of them. I am very willing to keep miss Vernon, but had much rather see her well married, for her own sake. Do you know the gentleman, sir? I forget the name, perhaps you might be able to bring it on again.’—‘ Not for the world, madam,’ interrupted miss Vernon; ‘ I hope you will allow me to judge of my own affairs best.’—‘ Certainly, miss; but I thought you might not be above receiving a little advice.’

I now heartily repented I had not chosen a more private opportunity, but I should not, I found afterwards, have met with one, for Mrs. Wilson left us not a moment the whole day. Miss Harriet spoke very little, but what she did say was sensible. I wish I could become more acquainted with these two charming women; they have almost brought me into conceit with the sex. I have unfortunately seen only the worst part of them. The many stories my deceased uncle has told me to their disadvantage, added to the instance myself once experienced, tended to destroy my good opinion and confidence. You will say I have acted inconsistently with these sentiments in breaking the bonds of confidence for the service of an object I so little esteem, and a stranger too. I own it, but although I have not that opinion of the sex which can induce me to unite myself to one of them by marriage, yet I hold seduction as a crime of the first magnitude; and the man who can seduce an innocent girl, and leave her to want and infamy, I look on with abhorrence.

I left Mr. Wilson’s the next morning, and took my leave of the ladies the preceding evening, but was agreeably surprised to see the two miss Vernons preparing to breakfast with me before I set off. I acknowledged the favour in the best manner I could, but you know I am not very polite, so I doubt I did it awkwardly. I really felt much pleased with their little attention. Miss Harriet, who had hemmed and hemmed, at a loss what to say, at last said—‘ I fear, sir, I have not properly expressed my gratitude for the important services you have rendered me.’—‘ Take care of your health,’ said I, ‘ and

do not suffer the disappointment to prey on your spirits; that is all the return I wish or expect from you.' She smiled, the tears standing in her eyes, and promised obedience. Any one but me, I suppose, would have taken a kiss at so fair an opportunity; I never scrupled it before if I found inclination; but hang me if I could summon resolution. They both attended me to the door, and followed the coach with their eyes, (as I saw from the window) till it was out of sight.

As soon as I arrived at home, I found that a ship would sail for Bengal in a few days. I sat me down to write, and have now brought my long letter to an end. From what I have said of miss Vernon you must draw your own conclusions. I will only say, my opinion is, that you are by no means indifferent to her; nay, I will give up all pretensions to penetration if she does not love you. Her engagements to colonel Ambrose are from some cause or other at an end. Your own heart must suggest what step to take: for my part, although I am resolved to continue free, I would not prejudice others against matrimony. Pray write to me as often as you can. Welcome to me will be the time of your return to England. Cannot you prevail on the old gentleman and your cousin to leave India?—Think of it, and use all your influence, if you would promote the happiness of your truly affectionate friend,

J. JOHNSON.

LETTER XXXIX.

Miss Winstanley to Lady Amaranth.

I PROMISED to write to my dear

friend soon, but I never felt less inclination, having nothing good to say. I am half-distracted, and quite comfortless, yet still I hope; for love will hope, where reason would despair. Oh, Lady Amaranth! all is out: this Wentworth was not insensible to my charms for nothing: an English lady has possession of his heart; yet she shall not retain it. No; my beauty and art shall supplant her, let what will be the consequence. You may remember I told you in my last that he had received a packet of letters from England, and that I was summoned to attend him and my father. I went, and soon found the contents of this packet from his intimate friend was to acquaint him that the lady he loved, who, when he left England, was on the point of marriage, was not married; and, in short, that he had every reason to think that she remained single for his sake.—Guess the rest.—My father's consent was obtained for a letter from Wentworth, offering himself and fortune to her acceptance, to be immediately dispatched to her by captain Sommerville, who sails in a few days. Wentworth was in ecstasy, expatiating in praise of the lady, who, by his account, is a paragon of perfection. Oh! how I hate her. I begin to think I really love this monster Wentworth. But no! it is my pride, my mortified pride, which makes me resolved to conquer him. I solemnly declare he shall never marry miss Vernon, (that is the odious name). I have thought of a scheme that shall frustrate his wishes, and crown my own. I will not disclose it even to you until my success warrants me. Pen begone, I can write no more, but to subscribe myself,

Yours, LETITIA WINSTANLEY.

We will now, if the reader please, return to England and the miss Vernons. They wrote to their friends, Mrs. West and Mrs. Ambrose, a particular account of what Mr. Johnson had informed Mr. Wentworth. As, in the main circumstances, their account must be the same; their letters are omitted. A few days after Mr. Johnson had written to his friend he received the following letter from Mr. Beaumont:

LETTER XL.

Mr. Beaumont to J. Johnson, esq.

'You have basely betrayed me. It could be by no other mean than yours that miss Vernon could be made acquainted with my marriage and designs respecting her. It will be to no purpose to deny this charge: come forth like a man of honour, and give me satisfaction for a conduct you cannot recall. I shall leave the kingdom and my detested wife as soon as possible. I only wait for my revenge on the base villain whom I honoured with my confidence. Appoint your time and place. I will bring pistols. None but a coward will lose time upon such an occasion.

W. BEAUMONT.'

LETTER XLI.

Mr. Johnson, in Answer.

'WHY should I deny an action I shall for ever glory in? Yes, Beaumont, I informed miss Vernon of your vile intentions—I expostulated with you to no purpose, and was driven to the necessity of either renouncing your friendship and betraying your confidence, (which, by the way, I never soli-

cited), or suffer an innocent girl to sink into infamy and ruin. And here let me tell you, had I not known you too well not to be aware that would certainly be the case, I should have suffered you to proceed, for I never conceived a woman protected by a man of honour sunk into infamy and ruin. On no consideration, as you have frequently heard me say, would I give a challenge. Brand me, if you please, with the name of coward, if I say, I wish not to meet you on the present occasion. Your letter appears to me to have been written in the heat of resentment. If, upon cool perusal, you can approve the contents, I will not refuse you the satisfaction you desire. Until I hear further from you, the time and place for our meeting must remain undecided.

J. JOHNSON.'

[*To be continued.*]

ACCOUNT of the new MELO-DRAMA intitled 'ELLA ROSENBERG,' performed, for the first time, at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, on Thursday, November 19.

The CHARACTERS were thus represented:

- The Elector, - - - - Mr. Raymond.
- Colonel Mountfort, - Mr. De Camp.
- Rosenberg, - - - - Mr. Elliston.
- Storm, - - - - Mr. Bannister.
- Flutterman, - - - - Mr. Mathews.
- Commander of the
Guard, - - - - Mr. Ray.
- Officers—Messrs. Fisher and Maddocks.
- Soldiers—Messrs. Cooke and Male.
- Messenger—Mr. Sparks.
- Pursuers—Messrs. Webb, Evans, Tokeley, and Rhodes.
- Peasants—Messrs. Dignum, Gibbon, Smith, Miller, Fitz-Simmons, &c. &c.
- Ella Rosenberg, - - Mrs. H. Siddons.
- Christina, - - - - Miss Ray.
- Mrs. Flutterman, - Mrs. Sparks.

THE FABLE.

THE scene lies in the neighbourhood of a camp, in the Prussian province of Molwitz, and the action takes place immediately after a great victory has been obtained by the electoral prince. The heroine, Ella Rosenberg, is the wife of a young officer, formerly a page of the elector, and much beloved by him. Colonel Mountfort, a man of intrigue, high in power, and possessing an unlimited influence with the prince, conceives a passion for Ella, at a time when Rosenberg is one of his intimate friends. He then finds a pretence to insult Rosenberg, who is provoked to draw his sword upon the parade against his superior officer; and dreading the consequences, from the severity of the military law, hastens immediately, it is understood, to the capital, for the purpose of appealing to the prince, but being heard no more of, he is supposed to have fled his country. At the commencement of the Drama, two years have elapsed since this circumstance. Rosenberg's wealth is confiscated, and Ella, in a state of poverty, is under the protection of Storm, an old officer of invalids, to whom she has been consigned by his friend, and her dying father. Mountfort, unwearied in his designs, pursues the object of his passion, discovers her new abode, and enters it in disguise. In his attempt, however, to bear her off, he is encountered by Storm, who, in the violence of his indignation, tears the scarf from the colonel's shoulders, and tramples on it. In consequence of this outrage, the invalid is made a prisoner. Ella is left the victim of her persecutor, and his followers succeed in carrying her off. Mountfort then pro-

ceeds to congratulate the elector on his victory, and finds him considering a petition from Storm, praying for a support for Rosenberg's wife. The elector being much interested in the fate of Rosenberg, imparts his design of visiting her incognito, if possible, to learn the place of his retreat. Mountfort is at first alarmed, and endeavours to dissuade him; but he believes Ella in his power, and taking advantage of the elector's strict injunctions to enforce his martial law with the utmost rigour, to complete his security, he hurries Storm on his trial, who is immediately condemned. Ella, however, by the assistance of armed travellers, escapes, and meets her protector, guarded, on his way to execution. Storm has previously engaged the commander of the guard to endeavour still to find her a place of security, and at this unexpected meeting, endeavours to conceal from her his fate; but it is soon betrayed, and she is torn from him in a state of frantic agony. She is then conducted to a solitary inn by a soldier. On the approach of night, the prince, concealing his person, fulfils his intention of visiting the cottage of Storm. On his way he encounters a man of wretched appearance, having escaped from prison, and flying from pursuers. This man is the lost Rosenberg. He supplicates of the elector the means of purchasing a shelter. A brief conference ensues, in which the former, without betraying himself, is led to disclose that Rosenberg has been secretly and violently imprisoned. The elector directs him to the house where Ella has been, expressing his intention of meeting him there in the morning, and rendering him further aid. Ro-

senberg gains the inn in safety, and Ella is also brought there in a state of insensibility. They are placed in different apartments. Mountfort arrives soon after, alone, in search of Ella, and discovering her, is induced, from the wretched appearance of Rosenberg, to attempt to engage him to guard Ella, while he seeks a conveyance. Rosenberg recognizes Mountfort, and accedes to his request; and on his own wife being brought before him, finds, for the first time, the author and the cause of his imprisonment. An affecting discovery takes place between Rosenberg and Ella, when the former is betrayed by the entrance of some of his pursuers, and is about again to fall into the power of Mountfort, when the elector enters with other pursuers, whom he himself conducts there, and through whose means he learns that Rosenberg was himself the stranger whom he had met. The prince having obtained full conviction of the wrongs of the sufferers, the piece concludes with the disgrace of Mountfort, the restoration of Rosenberg and Ella to rank and happiness, and the timely pardon of the brave invalid.

From these materials Mr. Ken-ny has produced a very interesting little piece. The interest, which commences with the opening scene, never falls off to the end of the performance. The serious nature of the subject precludes the introduction of any of those traits of broad humour which generally characterize an after-piece. But what is wanting on the score of farcical effect, is amply compensated by the glow of feeling and genuine dramatic interest which pervades the whole of the piece; and entitles it to rank with the

higher class of theatrical productions. The piece was received throughout with the most unbounded applause.

The scene in which Rosenberg meets his wife and Mountfort, and, unrecognized by either, is left by the latter to guard the former, had a powerful effect, and was greatly applauded. The characters, though in general sketches, are strongly drawn. That which Bannister played, was a rough old veteran, with a feeling heart, and he filled it up with the happiest effect. It was his first appearance since his indisposition, and he was received on his entrance with long and repeated plaudits. Elliston played the part of Rosenberg with great energy, and contributed greatly to the interest which the piece produced. Mrs. H. Siddons displayed great feeling in the pathetic scenes she had to sustain with Bannister and Elliston. Mrs. Sparks had but a short task, but she executed it with her usual judgment and good taste. The part of Mathews serves to relieve the sombre cast of the piece. Raymond represented the elector with becoming dignity. The character of Mountfort, in which considerable effort and variety of action are necessary, was originally intended for Barrymore, but has been given to De Camp, who fills it respectably. The acting was in every respect commendable, and the music occasionally introduced was well adapted and pleasing. At the end of the first act there was a dance, the figures of which were composed with much skill and taste, and it was ably executed. It will be seen that the story is laid in Prussia, and we suspect that the Drama is altogether of German origin. There are traces of that

extraction, both in the dialogue and the plot. The piece possesses, however, much interest, and was remarkably well received.

ON PUBLIC SPEAKING.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

HAVING lately observed (with considerable satisfaction) your useful miscellany become an emporium for early genius, I am induced to offer you the efforts of my juvenile pen: relying upon your better judgment as to the propriety of its insertion,

I remain, Sir;

Yours, &c. J. M. C.

FROM the earliest period of my youth to the present I have ever entertained the greatest predilection for public speaking; not that I possess abilities sufficiently ample to qualify me for an active indulgence in the pursuit, but my partiality has arisen from the innate pleasure I experience in hearing sentiments expressed in a manner superior to the vulgar idiom of common conversation, and which evidently evinces a mind capable of the most refined ideas. The other evening I had an opportunity of gratifying my favourite propensity, and satisfying my mind of the utility of the recreation I so much admire.

I went to the Athenian Lyceum in Piccadilly. The question selected for the evening's discussion appeared, upon a cursory view, to be of a description not to admit of much diversity of opinion, much less of any original comments; but, greatly to my surprise, the result proved widely different. The opener of the question, in an extremely ingenious speech, elu-

cidated his opinion with much accuracy, and very energetically enforced the propriety of the practice of disposing of bad wives in Smithfield market. He was succeeded by another orator, whose vehemence, in some measure, prevented his auditors from estimating rightly the tenor of his opinions. But what the audience lost from the want of perspicuity in the last speaker, they were more than compensated by him who immediately followed: In his view of the question he was decidedly hostile to the sentiments of the opener, and with great force and eloquence depicted in the most lively colours the absurdity of the practice, as well as its insufficiency to accomplish the proposed object. The immorality of the proceeding he argued with the happiest effect; and concluded a speech replete with the best possible language, and containing sentiments which would have done honour to the most enlightened philosopher of the day. The next oratorical genius displayed considerable ingenuity, and much originality of idea. The discussion was concluded by two or three speakers of moderate talents, and the result was equally complimentary to the last speaker, as it was gratifying to the wishes of those who know how to appreciate the virtues of the fair sex. It was expressive of the disapprobation of the audience to the odious custom of exposing women for sale in a public market. I observed many females who appeared to feel highly gratified at the witticisms and jocose remarks of the different speakers in the course of the debate. Their sudden alternate transitions of countenance evinced their approbation or dis-

like of the opinions delivered, and on no occasion did I ever witness a more lively interest excited in the bosoms of the fair sex than on the evening of the debate. But it afforded me the utmost pleasure when I could hail the triumph of liberty in behalf of the sex, through the medium of so respectable a source as the majority of a British audience. It would be utterly impossible for me to enumerate the benefit I derived from hearing this subject analyzed. What little information I possessed it greatly improved; besides putting me in possession of a number of philosophical ideas to which I was before a stranger. But what I value most highly, it enhanced that estimation and consideration which I have invariably entertained for the ladies; for had they on that occasion been destitute of an advocate they should have found a willing servant in their constant admirer,

J. M. C.

Walworth, Nov. 24, 1807.

AN IRISH LETTER.

*COPY of a LETTER written during the late Irish Rebellion, by Sir ****, an Irish Member of Parliament, to his Friend in London.*

MY DEAR SIR,

HAVING now a little peace and quietness, I sit down to inform you of the dreadful bustle and confusion we are all in from these blood-thirsty rebels, most of whom are, however, thank God, killed and dispersed.

We are in a pretty mess—can get nothing to eat, nor any wine to drink, except whisky; and

when we sit down to dinner, we are obliged to keep both hands armed: whilst I write this letter, I hold a sword in one hand, and a pistol in the other. I concluded from the beginning that this would be the end of it; and I see I was right, for it is not half over yet. At present there are such goings on, that every thing is at a stand.

I should have answered your letter a fortnight ago, but I only received it this morning. Indeed, hardly a mail arrives safe without being robbed. No longer ago than yesterday, the coach with the mails from Dublin, was robbed near this town; the bags had been judiciously left behind for fear of accidents, and by good luck there was nobody in the coach but two outside passengers, who had nothing for the thieves to take.

Last Thursday, notice was given that a gang of rebels were advancing hither under the French standard; but they had no colours, nor any drums, except bagpipes. Immediately every man in the place, including women and boys, ran out to meet them. We soon found our force much too little, and they were far too near for us to think of retreating; but to it we went, and by the time half our little party was killed, we began to be all alive. Fortunately the rebels had no guns, but pistols, cutlasses, and pikes; and as we had plenty of muskets and ammunition, we put them all to the sword; not a soul of them escaped, except some that were drowned in an adjoining bog; and, in a very short time, nothing was to be heard but silence. Their uniforms were all of different colours, being mostly green. After the action we went to rummage a sort of camp they had left behind them, but all we

found was a few pikes without heads, a parcel of empty bottles full of water, and a bundle of blank French commissions, filled up with Irishmens names.

Troops are now stationed every where round the country, which exactly squares with my ideas.

I have only leisure to add, that I am in great haste.

P. S. If you do not receive this in course, it must have miscarried; therefore I beg you will immediately write to let me know.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

BY SOPHIA TROUGHTON.

(Continued from p. 600.)

LETTER VIII.

Lady Walsingham to the Dowager Countess of Aubry.

Walsingham-hall.

YOUR charming consolatory epistle came safe by the hands of farmer Bobberts.

Of what magical philtres do you compose your letters, that at once they raise love, regret, and consolation, in the bosom of the reader?

‘I,’ (say you) ‘am a woman inured to the vicissitudes of human life; many changes I have seen in the affairs of my contemporaries. I have seen the guilty flourish, and the amiable and virtuous slighted and despised. Yet a little while, and I have beheld the guilty triumpher degraded and brought to shame, when least expected; when least prepared for the mortifying reverse. While the unas-

suming, broken-hearted children of sorrow, who have never deviated from the paths of virtue, have found them paths of peace; for virtue and peace are synonymous words.

‘These have I seen re-established in their former comforts, and they have owned themselves the better for those afflictions, which a misjudging world pronounced intolerable.

‘So I trust, will you, my dear Caroline, find this trying time of your patience the shining time of your virtue.

‘Lord Walsingham, I will hope, is not so far degenerated from the honour of his noble ancestors as to forget the laws of hospitality, or the respect due to his wife. Neither, we will hope, is Helen Lester of such vitiated morals as to wish to ensnare the husband of her friend.

‘Coquets will do many things with handsome men, whether single or married; (at which you, my child, would start) and say, they think no harm.

‘But however depraved they may prove, should they depart from the paths of truth and friendship, do you, my Caroline, persevere in the line of duty, nor fear of meeting with a reward, if not in this life, in a better.

‘For what is this life but a school of misery, a state of probation; our comforts few, our pleasures transient—our troubles many, our death certain, which closes the scene alike on the happy children of prosperity, and the care-worn sons of adversity! But ah! to the guilty he comes the king of terrors indeed. But to the child of virtue he dresses himself in an angel’s form—he assumes a seraph’s office, for he breaks down

the prison walls, and unbars the golden gates of bliss.

‘Therefore, my daughter, though the cup, the bitter cup of affliction, be presented to you, be not dismayed. Deviate not from the lines of duty and religion; and, believe your mother, you shall receive a reward which will not fade, neither shall you be deprived of it.’

Yes, my dearest madam, I will persevere in the line of conduct you have marked out for me; and if love, if patience, if constancy can win back my Walsingham’s heart, it shall be mine again.

My kind friend, Mrs. Howard, who studies to amuse me, reminded me that we had not paid the promised visit to the castle yet; and all the company being engaged to spend the day at lord Beauford’s, as I had desired to be excused, she said that she would stay and keep me company; and then, in the cool of the evening, we might, if agreeable to me, explore the haunted castle without interruption, at least, from mortals, she said. I agreed to attend her. She was reading when I came up, but I will now go and seek her.

[*In continuation.*]

WE set out about seven o’clock. The evening was pleasant; the flowers seemed to spring spontaneously in our path; the hawthorn and wild honey-suckle perfumed the air, which, while it cooled us, wafted health and sweetness in every breeze.

We arrived at the castle just as old Johnson was preparing for his evening walk. When he saw us, he lifted up his hands and eyes—

‘The Lord a mercy on us! and

so your ladyships are com’d after all, to see the auld castle?—Well, I did think as I had’nt seen you afore, you had thought better of it, and would not come at all.’

‘We had no opportunity before this evening,’ said Mrs. Howard, ‘and must make the most of our time now, so you may either give us the keys, or go with us, which you please.’

Agatha took her husband aside, and I heard him say, ‘I wish we had.’—‘What do you wish, Johnson?’ said I.—‘Why, Lord love you, my lady, Agatha and I both wish as how we had known of your ladyships coming, and then we would have got master Young, our curate (a main good man), to have gone over the rooms with us; and then if any of them there queer cattle of ghosts had eomed in his way, he would have sent them packing with a flea in their ear—but now, if they meet us, they wont care, for they know parsons, and they will know fast enough I am not one; and so I suppose they will frighten us the same way they did poor lady Julia.’

‘Ah!’ cried Agatha, ‘if they only frighten you I shan’t care; for then I shall know what it was scared her so, and she would not tell.’

Mrs. Howard and I smiled to hear Agatha’s curiosity get the better of her fear for her husband.

But we assured Johnson we would rather be without Mr. Young’s company on this occasion. ‘Well-a-day! then I must needs say you are very bould ladies, saving your presence, but howsomever I will go along with you.’

We led the way to the grand entrance, of which door he had a key. We passed the portcullis, and entered a grand hall.

‘I never visit any ancient building,’ said Mrs. Howard, ‘but it reminds me of the transitory state of all earthly things. How many courteous knights and virtuous dames have banquetted in this spacious hall! Alas! what is now become of the head, blooming in youthful beauty, which once filled this casque! And where is the fair-dame who could make that heart tremble which was undaunted amidst a host of foes!—Now the friend and foe—the lover, and his mistress, sleep in peace.’—‘Aye, aye,’ interrupted Johnson, ‘they are all together in the chapel, sure enough: I wish they may be asleep and quiet, with all my heart.’

Mrs. Howard smiled:—‘Never fear,’ said she:—‘But what have we here?’ opening a door which led into a large room, in the recesses of which were figures as large as life, clad in armour. The terrible frown of one of them quite appalled me. I turned disgusted from his grim visage, when my eye fell on an opposite door—‘Where does this lead to, Johnson?’—‘An’ please you, my lady, it leads to the grand stair-case.’ He opened it. The stairs are of black marble, and a ponderous balustrade wound up them. We ascended. On the first landing, a terrible gigantic figure stands. (Surely our forefathers were much fonder of the terrific than their posterity are.) On the right is a suit of large gloomy rooms, entirely empty; on the left, the same number, and of the same size, but in much better condition. The walls are covered with tapestry, in tolerable preservation, on which the story of Chevy-Chase is depicted in lively colours. The windows are high, and the walls very thick,

which make the rooms dark and gloomy.

The furniture consists of large cathedral chairs, and oaken tables with ponderous gilt feet.

In one of those rooms we discovered a private door which leads to a spiral stair-case. We determined to ascend it, though very dark, having no light but what proceeded from the loop-holes.

On reaching the top, we found ourselves on the leads of the South tower; here the prospect is boundless, and the face of the country so amazingly beautiful, that it appears the work of enchantment. The luxuriousness of the land is heightened by the whirring pleasant springs with which this part abounds. There a field dressed in vivid green; the next glowing in golden beauty, and the well-filling ears of corn sighing to the evening gale; among which the poppy rears its head, flaunting in gaudy colours, but adding to the beautiful variety.

A little on the right, a knot of tufted oaks, which seem almost coeval with the castle itself; and whose tops appear to touch the clouds, attracted our eye. They had, during the heat of the day, afforded the shepherd-boy a pleasant retreat from the scorching rays of the sun; and he had now gathered a rural nosegay of the humble violet, and spotless lily, which grew at their feet,—and was collecting his sheep, to drive them to the fold.

Mrs. Howard and I stood gazing on the enchanting scene, till the gray shadows of evening began to obscure it, and warn us to retire.

On descending, we discovered a door which opened on a narrow stair-case, in the very walls of the

tower ; we quitted the one we were on, determined to see where those would conduct us. They were much broken by time, however we got to the bottom without injury.

We found ourselves in a sort of lobby, at the farther end of which was a door: Johnson had no key that would open it; but the old man set his shoulder against it, and it flew open. We entered another lobby, similar to the one we had quitted, which led into a gallery; a door stood half open, and discovered the chapel.

The last rays of the setting sun, which fell on the high-arched windows, were rendered still more faint by the painting on the glass, and truly cast a 'dim religious light' on the mouldering walls.

Mrs. Howard stepped forward, and with a wild enthusiasm, which the place and time were well calculated to inspire, exclaimed—

'Permit me, ye time-hallow'd domes;
ye piles
Of rude magnificence, your solemn rest
Amid your fretted vaults, and length'ning
aisles,
Pensive to wander; no unholy guest,
Who means to break, with sacrilegious
tread,
The marble slumbers of your peaceful
dead.'

'No,' cried Johnson, no; I hope they'll lie still till we get out.—But look, madam!—see, ladies, this is the tomb of my dear lord and lady—and here they are themselves, cut in marble.'

He pointed to two beautiful effigies exquisitely sculptured in alabaster. The lady is portrayed as blooming in youthful loveliness, and is a striking resemblance of our Julia.

The earl appears in the prime of life; a soft languor diffused

over his manly countenance. He has hold of his lady's hand, and smiling angels are crowning them with glory, while others are pointing upwards to their native skies.

An elegant inscription, descriptive of the harmony and beneficence of their lives, and an affecting account of the manner of their deaths, is engraved on a brass plate. Over it, the widow and orphan are bending in disconsolate attitudes; and on the ground reclines Charity, fainting.

Poor Johnson gazed on the tomb till he sobbed.

The pious sorrow of the faithful servant affected me—'And here, Johnson,' said I, laying my hand on his shoulder; 'in this sepulchral spot will my bones rest, and the rising generation shall walk over our graves, as we do over those of the past one. Thus man succeeds man, like wave after wave in the restless ocean.'

'Perhaps in this very place will my Adolphus stand, and with a kindly gust pointing to my urn, say, 'this contains the ashes of my mother.'

'You mourn the fate of a good, a kind master, but the time is hastening when death shall join you to him. Your unaffected virtues, and grateful attachment, will be a surer passport than sounding titles or noble ancestry: in the grave is no distinction.'

A long and heavy sigh startled me; I looked at my companions; it did not proceed from them. Horror was depicted in Johnson's countenance; surprise in Mrs. Howard's.

We stood in silent expectation, but all remained still—'It was nothing but the sighing of the wind through those long aisles,' said Mrs. Howard.

‘Mayhap it mought’ent,’ replied Johnson; ‘but I think, my ladies, we had better go while we can.’

We had been so deeply interested, as not to observe the moon was affording us more light than the sun, the faint beams which she cast on the surrounding objects that were now but indistinctly visible, added a deeper gloom to the before solemn scene.

‘We need not return the way we came, I hope, Johnson.’— ‘No, madam; we can go through the chapel, and so out at the great door.’ We proceeded down one of the long aisles, but when arrived at the door which was to lead us into the hall, Johnson had no key that would open it. ‘Odsboddikins!’ cried the old man, ‘what’s to be done now? This is the work of them there spiteful ghosts.’— He trembled violently. Mrs. Howard took the keys from him— ‘It is not the work of ghosts,’ said she, ‘but the work of time, my good friend: this key formerly belonged to this door, but the lock is so much rusted it will not turn. Let you and I endeavour to force it.’ They both pushed against it, but it would not yield.

To return was almost impossible up those dark stairs we had come down, and what to do we knew not, when I bethought me of the little door under the West tower. I mentioned it to Johnson— ‘Ah! my lady, but your noble sister has the keys of all that part of the castle, and of that door.’

‘But I have a number of keys in my hand,’ said Mrs. Howard, ‘and perhaps one may fit the lock; and if we do not endeavour to get out, we must stay here all night.’— ‘Ah, Lord! my lady don’t—don’t say so.’

He led the way, with trembling

steps, under the colonnade; but when we had got about half way, he stopped suddenly. I had at that moment stooped for my handkerchief: on looking up, I observed both Mrs. Howard’s and Johnson’s eyes fixed on a distant part of the chapel.— ‘What attracts your attention, Mrs. Howard?’ said I.— She made me no answer, but bade Johnson go on. We reached the door in silence, when he, fumbling for his keys, stumbled over something, and fell.— He called out in a stentorian voice, ‘The Lord a’ mercy on me.’ The vibration of the sound perfectly astonished me.— ‘Are you hurt, Johnson?’ said I.— ‘Not much, madam.’ He was rising, but the closing of a door at no great distance made him throw himself down a second time. ‘Fy, fy, Johnson, I shall be tempted, with Julia, to call you coward.’ This brought him on his legs.— ‘No, my lady, I be’nt a coward; but this is the first time I ha’ been here since my lord’s death; and this passage is so confounded dark I can’t see the keys.’ Mrs. Howard again took them, and soon found one which opened the door. We emerged, and the wind clapped the door to with violence. ‘There, there,’ said Johnson, ‘there they go! they show no more respect to your ladyship than if you was not here; God bless us!’

We found Agatha in trouble at our long stay.— ‘Well, what have you seen, Antony? Ah, laws! you look as white as my apron. Did the ghost bid you not tell?’

He gave her no answer, but sitting down in his arm chair, burst into tears. This affected both Mrs. Howard and me. She kindly condescended to take one of his hands.

‘Why this emotion?’ said she; ‘and why are those tears suffered to stray down the furrows of your aged cheeks? Are you hurt by your fall?’

He drew the back of his hand across his eyes. ‘No, I thank you kindly, madam; I’m not hurt by my fall, but I am sure—I’m very sure my dear master can’t rest in his grave, till the villens are hanged who sent him there. Oh! if I knew where to find them, I would go to Justice Woodford this very night, and have them took up, that’s what I would.’

‘Aye,’ said Mrs. Howard; ‘but the wretches who committed that foul murder have received their doom years ago: therefore, my good Johnson, let Agatha make you something warm, and go to bed. And if she has any thing to spare lady Walsingham and myself, after rambling in those cold apartments, we shall find it very acceptable.’

Agatha informed us that she had some very nice elder wine, and immediately busied herself in preparing some; and while it simmered on the fire, she spread a littlenapkin on a neat white table; and brought a spice-cake, some pats of fresh butter, and a white loaf from her cupboard.

We helped ourselves, and found it all very good, but insisted that they should both partake with us. They complied with great reluctance, and Agatha sat down by the fire.—‘Only think,’ said she, ‘what mortal spiteful varment they ghosts be, to knock poor Antony down, who would not hurt a fly.’

‘My good Agatha,’ cried I, ‘you lie under a mistake, if you imagine a ghost knocked your husband down.’

‘Then how could he fall, madam?—A ghost could do it fast enough without your ladyship’s seeing them.’—‘But did you never fall, Agatha?’—‘O deare me, yes madam, that I have; or how should this hurt have comed to my arm?’—‘And whose ghost knocked you down?’—‘O, I tumbled down in the field, please your ladyship, in the middle of the day, when the blessed sun was shining.’—‘Well, Agatha, if you fell without supernatural agency, in the middle of the day, in a place you knew, and when the sun was shining, I should think your husband might fall in a strange place, and in the dark, without a ghost rising from its grave for the purpose of knocking him down.’—Agatha said nothing, but she looked incredulous.

We rose to go: I took out my purse: the old man held back both his hands, but I was peremptory.

In our walk home I asked Mrs. Howard what it was she gazed so intently at in the chapel.

‘Why, I thought I saw a shadow gliding along under the opposite colonnade. I would not say any thing to you, lest it should alarm you; for the place certainly was very gloomy; and Johnson, who had watched my eye, had conjured up so many terrors in his countenance, that it was absolutely enough to frighten you, if you had looked at him with attention.’

‘I really think it was nothing but one of our own shadows reflected by the moon.’

‘The next time we go we will not have him with us. He is so prepossessed that his late lord is unquiet, that it is a punishment to

take him there. I wonder not the poor soul fell, but I do how he got up again. He was so full of his fears that he forgot to ask for the keys, and I purposely omitted giving them to him, as we can now go when we please.'—She gave them to me.

We entered the house through the garden-door.

The music parlour was lit up, but nobody was returned. 'I suppose,' said Mrs. Howard, 'we shall have this evening quite to ourselves: let you and I run over some of those duets.' She took the harp, and I sat down to the piano. We played several airs, when she turned to the coronation anthem, which we performed with more than common spirit. 'Now,' said she, 'let us have, "Away with melancholy."'—'By heavens! melancholy cannot dwell here,' said a voice from behind. On looking round, we discovered Mr. Baderly standing behind the sofa: he bowed, and came forward.—'I hope I have not alarmed you, ladies: I was drawn hither by the most potent of spells, harmony—such harmony as can chase melancholy from the brow of the unhappy; steal sorrow from the bosom of the wretched; beguile time of his wings; a lover of his pain; and the spleen itself from the misanthrope.'

'All that would be very wonderful,' said Mrs. Howard; 'but not more strange than your hearing it six miles off!'

'But that I did not,' replied he; 'yet six miles off I found myself so very uncomfortable, and had such an intense head-ache, that I made my excuses to the company—took my leave—mounted my horse—and rode home. The first

moment I entered this house I heard sounds which dispelled my pain, brought me my comfort again, and reconciled me to myself. Have I not reason, then, to extol that which has done so much for me?'—'Oh, you are an amazing grateful creature,' said she; 'but no doubt your ride has made you hungry.'

I rang the bell, and ordered supper to be brought in. It was soon over, as it consisted only of a cold fowl, some slices of ham, and a few tarts. A lively, animated, conversation succeeded till a late hour, when our friends not returning, Mrs. Howard advised me to retire. But Mr. Baderly requested, if it would not fatigue me too much, to hear, 'Time has not thinned my flowing hair,' and he would take the second part. In the midst of our performance the door opened, and Miss Lester, Lord Walsingham, and the rest of the party, entered.

Miss Lester, walking up to Baderly, exclaimed with a satirical smile, 'Though time has made no devastation in your hair, I hope it has kindly removed your head-ache.' Then turning to Walsingham, 'Did I not tell your lordship that his indisposition was a mere pretence, to escape from our party?'—'You did, my sweet girl; but as Mrs. Howard was keeping Caroline company, I think we must excuse him.'

'As you please,' said Baderly; 'I found your party intolerably dull and flat. Can you blame me, then, for escaping from purgatory, and flying to Elysium? In the society of lady Walsingham and Mrs. Howard I found'—'Cease your insulting language!' exclaimed Helen, her face in a flame, and

her whole frame in an agitation. 'Is the whole world to be compared to the fiends of hell, excepting those characters the fashionable world would not own?'

'The fashionable world will own lady Walsingham and me,' retorted Mrs. Howard with spirit, 'as much as we wish it; and when we endeavour to monopolize the public attention, may we then meet the neglect we shall merit. But you should not be the first to upbraid Mr. Baderly with want of politeness, unless you had set him a better example yourself.'

Helen started from her chair, and swam across the room: 'Since you, Mrs. Howard, are such a nice judge of what is polite, it is absolutely astonishing that you are not likewise a judge of what is delicate; but you certainly forgot both when you enticed Mr. Baderly from his company to sing canzonets with you; though I know you widow ladies allow yourselves great scope with the gentlemen.'

'The language you make use of, miss Lester,' said Mrs. Howard, calmly, 'is worse than unpolite—it is unwomanly. If your conversation was not more rational at lord Beauford's than it has been here, I wonder not that Mr. Baderly flew from it.'

This threw Helen (whose passions have never been used to controul) into a perfect phrenzy; and she exclaimed, 'Quit the house—leave my sight this moment, madam;—I stepped to her.—'Excuse me, miss Lester, that I remind you, that though a welcome visitor in this house, you are *but* a visitor. Mrs. Howard is my guest as well as yourself, and must not be treated with disrespect while here.'

'Yes, lady Walsingham, she is

your *friend* as well as visitor; and a young widow is mighty convenient for a companion, as none knows which is the object of the gentlemen's pursuit.'

Mrs. Howard rose, and taking my hand, 'Let you and I retire, my dear lady Walsingham; miss Lester has been so long absent from England, that she seems to have forgotten the characteristic grace of her country, and has sacrificed her modesty to the unrestrained licentious conversation of an Italian courtesan.'

She bowed to the gentlemen, and I followed her out—'Excuse, my friend,' said I, 'the pert behaviour of a haughty girl; her ridiculous insinuations affect not you. They only discover her own envious heart. I flatter myself I know Mrs. Howard better than to fear that she will punish the innocent for the guilty; and her quitting Walsingham-hall at this time would be a real misfortune to me.'

She pressed my hand to her lips.—'Fear not,' said she, 'my beloved lady Walsingham, that she you honour with the name of friend will ever wilfully do any thing to cause the sigh of regret to agitate your gentle bosom.'

'My noble, generous friend,' said I, 'continue to love your Caroline, and she will yet be happy.'

She assured me of her unabating friendship, and retired: I returned to the music parlour.

Miss Lester was sitting in gloomy silence. Lord Walsingham had hold of her hand, and was speaking low, when I entered. The rest were retired: only Mr. Baderly was running his fingers over the keys of the piano. They none of them looked as if they expected my return.—'See!'

cried Walsingham: 'see! my charming Lester, your power: Caroline is returned, and I am sure she is grieved at having incurred your displeasure. Then bury your little misunderstandings in oblivion, and mutually forgive each other.'

He endeavoured to join our hands, but she drew hers back.

I addressed myself to Walsingham.—'Obedience to your lordship's commands is both my duty and my pleasure. I am the more ready to forgive miss Lester's oblique hints, as I fear when she reflects on her unprovoked attack she will hardly forgive herself. But for what I am to sue for her forgiveness is unintelligible to me, as I am not conscious of giving any offence; but if I have unintentionally offended, I now ask pardon, and with truth affirm my offence was unpremeditated.'

Mr. Baderly started up—'Angelic lady Walsingham!' exclaimed he; 'your manners, temper, and person, are properly assimilated! An angel's spirit 'encompassed in an angel's form.'

He took my hand, and presented it to his friend.

'Happy Adolphus! to call this angel yours. Happy pair!' said he, holding our hands between his: 'may your happiness never experience an interruption; may the sigh of anguish, nor the tear of regret, ever corrode your hearts, or bedew your countenances!' He pressed my hand to his lips, and left it in my lord's.

'Adieu!' said he, and left us without taking notice of Helen, who exclaimed, 'This is English politeness with a witness; but I will be gone from a place where I intrude.'

° Say not so, my dear miss Les-

ter,' interrupted Walsingham; 'if you are not welcome in this house, and in every other you condescend to honour with your presence, English hospitality, as well as English politeness, must have fled the country.'

'You are extremely obliging, my lord; but your lordship must excuse me for saying, I can stay in no gentleman's house unless my company is equally agreeable to the lady of it.'

'And so it is, my dear Helen. How often has Caroline wished for the company of her beloved Lester; and said it was all she wanted to render her completely happy, long before I had the honour of your acquaintance?'

'Well, well, perhaps I have been a little too hasty; and if madam Howard does not recriminate I shall not.—Lady Walsingham, I trust to your generosity for forgiveness.'

'My temper is unhappily too warm; this evening's party was wretchedly flat; and I was chagrined at Baderly (who is usually the life of the company) leaving us so abruptly, and thought he meant to insult me in particular. When we returned, to find him, notwithstanding his excuse of a head-ache, singing with such glee, it absolutely provoked me.—But I ask *your* pardon, my sweet Caroline.'

She came to me, and kissed my cheek. I embraced her: 'This,' said I, 'is like yourself;—like the noble generous girl I knew at Aubry: be always thus, and you will have no one's pardon to ask, but will have an admirer in every beholder, and rule all our hearts as you please.'

She pressed my hand to her bosom, and curtsied to me, and then

to Walsingham. She then withdrew with one of those enchanting smiles which takes one's heart before one is aware.

Walsingham caught me in his arms,—‘ You have charmed me by your prudent behaviour, Caroline, and I am inexpressibly happy that this affair has terminated so agreeably. If miss Lester condescends to apologize to Mrs. Howard, that lady will not be able to refuse her pardon; for the slightest concession from this fascinating girl seems more than sufficient for any affront she can give.’

He led me to my dressing-room door, and saying, he hoped my being so long detained from my rest would not be prejudicial to my health, bowed and retired.

I opened the shutters, and watched the disappearance of the faint stars, and the rising of the sun. The lark began his matin song, and the little birds flitted from their nests, and were hopping in the paths.

As my meditations were not of the most pleasant kind, I thought a morning's walk in the cheerful scene—now that the sacred light began to dawn on the humid flowers that breathed their morning incense, and sent up silent praise to their Creator,—would tend to exhilarate my spirits. I wrapped my cloak round me, and crossed the garden. The air was mild and refreshing; I strayed through the park till I lost myself, and began to be weary. I struck down a winding path which I thought must lead to the house.

I proceeded a long way, but did not recollect any object. I looked through an opening of the trees at a little distance, but all was strange, and I was conscious I had never been on that spot before.

I stood irresolute whether to return or go forward, when a distant strain of music borne on the gale surprised, but determined me to proceed in the same path, which seemed long and winding, fenced with a high hedge on each side. The same strain came floating on the breeze; at intervals all would be silent.

At length I gained the extremity of the path: it conducted me to the banks of the stream which laves the bottom of the garden, and with joy I descried the hermitage from whence the music proceeded. It was a violin played with exquisite expression. After a concerto of Jackson's, I was astonished to hear a little air of my own attempted. Curiosity, and a desire to rest, urged me to enter; but as I could form no idea who this invisible musician could be, I paused: when a voice from within exclaimed—‘ No, that is not it—I shall never be able to play it.’ I knew the voice to be Mr. Baderly's; and, looking through the little window, I discovered him sitting on the oaken table. I opened the door—‘ Good morning to you, holy father; your divine strains have drawn a straying damsel from the path of error, and conducted her to the mansion of rest.’

He descended from his table, and, with his usual promptitude, answered—

‘ Then cast, sweet saint, a circle round,
And bless, from fools, this holy ground,
From all the foes to worth and sense.’

I smiled at the rant—‘ Well, really, Baderly,’ said I, ‘ you are a very smart hermit, and put me in mind of the adventures in Dorsetshire. Though you was more seriously engaged than in leaping

over your books and lamp; you was trying the power of music over knotted oaks, and making me fancy I was listening to the genius of the woods, or Pan piping on his oaten reeds to the fauns and dryads of the sylvan scene.'

He escorted me to the house; and, as we walked, I mentioned miss Lester's polite apology.

He said he was glad she saw her conduct in a proper light.

I the more readily mentioned it to him, as I am sure his desertion was the cause of her anger, for she certainly loves him; and, perhaps, were she his wife, his influence over her might induce her to restrain those gusts of passion, those flippancies of temper, which at present seem to disgust him, though perhaps he is the only man in the world who could put them under limitation.

When we entered the breakfast parlour, Mrs. Howard, Julia, and she, were sitting in an amicable manner together. I was pleased, as it convinced me that she had made a proper apology to Mrs. Howard.

She reddened when she saw Mr. Baderly enter with me—'Perhaps, sir, you expect an apology too,' said she, with a bewitching confusion.

He approached her, and taking her hand with that graceful ease which never forsakes him, he led her to me,—'Be always thus, my enchanting girl, and what heart can withstand your attractions!'

He took a hand of each, and joining them—'Be the *friend* of lady Walsingham,' said he, with emphasis; 'she loves you with tenderness, regard her with the same sincerity, and you will both be happy.'

He gazed first on one, then on the other.

'Charming women! as friends you will be the glory, the ornament, of the female sex.'

The company coming in, I rang for breakfast, at which all seemed happy, except the pensive Julia.

I am delighted at being able to inform you that this affair has ended so happily.

I know not whether it is owing to my being up all night, but I feel very languid, and now peace is restored among my friends I will endeavour to sleep an hour.

Adieu, my dear madam. With your letter in my bosom, and your counsels in my heart,

I subscribe myself,

Your affectionate and obliged,

CAROLINE WALSHINGHAM.

[To be continued.]

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

UPON reading, in your Magazine for September, the translation of Martial's beautiful epigram on Arria and Pætus, the idea occurred to me, that it might be agreeable to many of your readers to see *seven* other translations, which appeared in a newspaper a few years since, and which, for their gratification, I accordingly send to you—numbered in the order of their successive appearance; the third, and all the subsequent ones, having been intended, each as an improvement on those preceding. At the end, I have subjoined the version which you have already given from the *Tatler*, that your fair readers may enjoy the opportunity of comparison, without the trouble of turn-

ing back to your former publication: and, as the Latin original, which accompanies the translation in your pages, is disfigured by typographic errors, I send a correct copy of it for insertion — adding likewise a literal prose translation, to aid the fair reader in judging of the merits or demerits of the different poetic versions.

Casta suo gladium quum traderet Arria Pæto,

Quem de visceribus traxerat ipsa suis,
“*Siqua fides, vulnus, quod feci, non dolet,*” inquit :

“*Sed, quod tu facies, hoc mihi, Pæte, dolet.*”

When chaste Arria presented to her Pætus the sword, which she had drawn from her own bowels, “Believe me,” said she, “the wound, which I have inflicted, is not painful: but that, O Pætus, which you will inflict, is painful to me.”

1.

When the chaste Arria drew from out her breast
The reeking sword, she thus her lord address:
“My wound, dear Pætus, can inflict no smart:
“’Tis thine, and thine alone, which rends my heart.”

2.

When Arria from her bowels drew the sword,
She * weeping gave it to her much-lov’d lord:
“The deed I’ve done,” she cry’d, “’s a joyful deed:
“These tears, my Pætus, are — that you must bleed.”

* Probably “*She*” is a typographic error, and the author wrote “*And weeping.*”

3.

When from her bleeding bosom Arria drew the knife,
With which the tyrant sought her husband’s life,
“It pains me not,” the faithful victim cries —
“When Pætus strikes, ’tis then that Arria dies.”

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4.

When Arria to her Pætus gave the sword,

Drawn sanguin’d from her bosom chaste as snow,

“This pains not,” said she, “trust thine Arria’s word:”

But, when *thou* strik’st, this heart shall feel the blow!”

5.

When spotless Arria from her bosom drew,

And to her Pætus gave, the bloody steel,

“Trust me,” she cry’d, “my wound no pains ensue:

Thy destin’d wound alone I sorely feel.*”

* The writer of this fifth translation gave, as a various reading for the last line,

“Of *yours* th’ anticipated pain I feel.”

6.

When tender Arria gave her lord the steel

Fresh reeking from her bosom chaste as snow,

Said she, “My Pætus, all the pains I feel,

“Spring from the thought that *you* must bear the blow.”

7.

Thus spake chaste Arria, as she drew the sword

From her pierc’d heart, and gave it to her lord:

“No pang *my* wound confesses from the steel;

“But *thine*, my Pætus, ere you strike, I feel.”

From the Tatler, Vol. 2, No. 72.

When Arria pull’d the dagger from her side,

Thus to her consort spoke th’ illustrious bride

“The wound I gave myself, I do not grieve:

“I die by that my Pætus must receive.”

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

GIOVANNI.

Decem. 2. 1807.

THE DANGEROUS INCIDENT.

*An EXTRACT from the Novel of
'SANTO SEBASTIANO;' or, the
YOUNG PROTECTOR.*

JULIA daily continued her equestrian attempts, sometimes attended by lord St. Orville, with either lord Delamore or Mr. Temple; and she benefited so much by their instructions, at she soon lost all her fears, and became so good a horse-woman, that lady Theodosia, at length obtained permission from her father to join the party from which she had been excluded, lest her dauntless pranks might terrify the timid Julia.

One most lovely and inviting morning, lady Theodosia, Julia, and lord St. Orville, with their attendants, were returning, after an unusually extended ride, when, entering on the downs, upon the summit of the cliffs, near Delamore castle, their ears were suddenly assailed by the full cry of a pack of hounds, and the shouts of the huntsmen hallooing to them, as if at fault. They were lord Delamore's hounds, taken down to the beach to bathe; and the dogs not liking the business, they, with their attendants, made a violent uproar, as if in full chase.

Swiftsure was unfortunately the most famous hunter in Lord Delamore's stud; perfectly well he knew the voices of the hounds and huntsmen; and out at full speed he darted, to the verge of the precipice, following the direction of the cry of the hounds. Julia's companions, with the attendants, saw with dismay the imminence of her peril, nay, the inevitability of her destruction. To follow her, with a hope of overtaking, and reining-in, the high-mettled cour-

ser, would have only been to accelerate her doom. They saw her firmly keep her seat; but without power to curb her steed. Lord St. Orville, ever collected in the moment of danger, and mounted on a horse nearly two hands higher than Swiftsure, darted like the forked lightning's flash to an angle from Julia; and then, with an exertion scarcely human, to the point he saw Swiftsure making for. Only in time he arrived to snatch at the bridle: the check was sufficient; but in doing it, the exertion was so great, as to pull lord St. Orville off his own horse, and to strain every muscle in his arm. With almost frantic rapidity he snatched our heroine from her saddle, and only tottered with her a few paces from the verge, when the coved bank on which Swiftsure stood (now in submissive meekness) fell in, and the underwood beneath, entangling his bridle and mane, only saved him from destruction.

Terror at her impending danger, and joy and gratitude at her almost miraculous rescue, deprived Julia of every power of articulation; and, pale as death, from which she had just, by one hair's breadth, escaped, she remained trembling in the supporting arms of lord St. Orville, who stood gazing at his almost senseless charge in agitation which foils our feeble ability to describe, and with as little power to speak as she had; but, like a true woman, her faculties of speech resumed their function first, and softly she said—

'Oh, lord St. Orville! but for Heaven and you'. . . . Her oppressed sensibility allowed her to add no more, for an abundant flow of tears suspended her power of articulation; but, even in this

short sentence, her voice recalled his amazed senses, and restored his utterance.

‘You—you are safe!’ he exclaimed.

‘Safe, and unhurt,’ she said.

One of the sweetest smiles that ever animated the face of mortal, now diffused itself over the countenance of lord St. Orville, as he fell at the feet of Julia, in a death-like swoon.

The almost distracted lady Theodosia, with the terrified attendants, now assembled round the shrieking Julia, who had instantaneously sunk on the ground beside her preserver, taken off his hat, and applied her salts to his nose. His not less agitated sister now kneeling by him, opened his waistcoat, snatched off his neckcloth, and hastening to unbutton the collar of his shirt, she, in her trepidation, twitched out of his bosom a black ribbon, to which was suspended, and now made its unbidden appearance, a gold heart.—Had a viper darted from his breast it could not have more appalled, or amazed, our heroine.

This mis-shapen and clumsy locket, the only trinket our heroine then possessed, she had given, with a lock of her hair, to lady Storamond; first engraving, with the point of her scissors, ‘*Julia... Adelaide,*’ upon it. The ill-formed heart, the singular beading round it, with her own well-remembered performance, left her no room to doubt its identity; and that lady Storamond had given him this, her little pledge of friendship (which she had received with a countenance so expressive of genuine pleasure, and had, unsolicitedly, promised to retain for ever as one of her heart’s most fondly-cherished treasures), now pained

her bosom with the most poignant pang she had ever experienced, and filled her heart with anguish, in the conviction this gift presented, that lord St. Orville was beloved by lady Storamond, and that her hitherto immaculate friend was, perhaps—oh, horror of horrors!—a faithless wife!

Tears now ran in torrents down poor Julia’s cheeks; and convulsive sobs agitated her heaving bosom. Lord St. Orville’s groom had brought his hat full of water from a neighbouring spring; and Swiftsure’s groom had summoned the huntsmen, with several fishermen, who, accustomed to clambering the cliffs, fastened cables round the poor panting, almost exhausted, animal’s body, and at length succeeded in drawing him up, safe, and scarcely hurt.

At length lord St. Orville evinced symptoms of returning respiration; and, to the joy of all who surrounded him, in a few moments more opened his eyes, when the first object they rested upon was—Julia: and, though still so faint as to be scarcely able to articulate, he eagerly demanded the cause of her tears.

‘Oh!’ said lady Theodosia, ‘it is your illness; for that has frightened and affected her more than her own danger.’

‘But I am now well, quite well,’ exclaimed his lordship; a bright tint of vermilion flushing his before pallid countenance—and he made an effort to rise, but the attempt was vain: his right arm could afford him no assistance; and the torture he unwarily put it to, in his endeavour to rise, made him shrink and change colour.

‘Oh! no, no, no!’ sobbed out Julia, ‘you are not, at all, well. You are severely, much hurt!’

Your arm is O Heaven! what to your arm, has happened?—Alas! alas! and I am the cause of such great pain for you!

‘Oh! speak! speak, Alfred!’ exclaimed lady Theodosia, in new-raised terror.—‘Tell me, are you hurt?—what, what ails your arm? is any thing broken? where is the mischief?’

‘In my heart,’ he replied, in a tone of despondence, so touching, it vibrated through every chord of pity; still gazing at Julia, as if unconscious of what he had articulated, or of any thing but mental misery.

‘He is delirious!’ said lady Theodosia, bursting into tears; which aroused her brother.—‘What ails my sister?’ he demanded, tenderly.

‘Oh, Alfred!’ she replied, ‘you talk wildly, and tell me not where you are hurt.—I know your arm is fractured.’

‘My dear Theodosia! do not so unnecessarily alarm yourself.—My arm is strained a little, I perceive; but no bone is broken, be assured.’

‘Then, then, to Heaven, may I make my best thanks for escape so miraculous; since it has not, too dear, been purchased, by the great misery, of inflicting calamity, for you;’ said Julia, raising her streaming eyes to heaven, with one of the sweetest looks that pious gratitude ever wore: and lord St. Orville, with quickness, threw his unhurt arm around his sister’s neck. She heard a deep sigh break from his bosom: and, as he kissed her, in almost convulsive agitation, she felt his tears bedew her cheek.—

‘Oh, St. Orville! you are severely hurt, I fear!’ she exclaimed, in a tone of affectionate solicitude.

‘Alas!’ cried Julia, starting to

her feet, ‘and nothing we do, for striving, to make, relief.’ She now, once more, made a sling of a silk handkerchief, which she gently tied around his lordship’s neck; when, turning pale as death, and shuddering, she exclaimed ‘Alas! I did hurt you! though all my possible I did, to gently tie it. I did hope, to make ease of your pain: but I did not, for I felt you to shrink, from my touch, and trembled beneath my hand, though so light, it was.’

‘Oh!’ softly articulated lord St. Orville, ‘this is too, too much to bear!’

Lady Theodosia gave a shriek of sympathy, exclaiming, ‘What can be done!’ And Julia looked upon him with the tearful eye of tender pity, and painfully wounded gratitude.

Lord St. Orville now seemed, by one great struggle for firmness, to have regained it. He smiled benignly, entreated them to compose themselves:—‘The pain of my arm is trifling; indeed it is!’ he said. ‘The terror miss De Clifford’s danger naturally created, has affected my spirits, and made a very coward of me: and though it is possible I may appear subdued all day, believe not the pain of my arm occasions it.’

The men who were now all gathered round him, to know how they could be serviceable, were anxious to go for a surgeon, and a carriage; but this, lord St. Orville would not hear of. ‘The latter,’ he said, ‘would only create alarm at the castle; and Beville would be surgeon sufficient for his case.’

His lordship now, leaning on the arm of his groom, set forward to the castle; attended by his sister, and our heroine, whose sensations of gratitude were as powerful as the

magnitude of her danger had been, and the imminence of the peril her gallant deliverer had exposed himself to for her preservation.

From lord St. Orville's sprain it was impossible to avoid disclosing the cause of it; and, though cautiously told, it dreadfully agitated both lord and lady Delamore. The former vehemently swore Swiftsure should be shot for it! and instantly sent expresses round the country, to summon every surgeon within twenty miles of the castle to come and prescribe for lord St. Orville's arm.

Julia, lord St. Orville, and the almost weeping groom, pleaded so effectually for poor Swiftsure, that his lord forgave and reinstated him in his favour.

Whether it was that too many doctors could do as much mischief as too many cooks, lord St. Orville had a most restless night; and for the first few hours after he retired to bed was quite delirious, full of direful fancies, awakened by the occurrence of the day:—one moment believing Julia had been dashed to pieces down the cliffs, and raving of precipitating himself after her; the next, in piteous cadences, murmuring something unintelligible to all around him (except poor Leslie) about Julia, lady Storamond, and Fitzroy; often declaring, with vehemence, no *perfidious friend* should wrest his locket from him; which, in these moments, he held fast grasped in his hand, and kissed incessantly. His afflicted mother, seated by his pillow, heard all this; and the frequent mention of lady Storamond, and the *perfidious friend*, whom she concluded to be lord Storamond, spoke daggers of conviction to her maternal feelings of

her son's happiness being gone for ever.

Julia did not pass her night in delirium, but in tears, for a newly-awakened grief, in addition to that her gratitude to lord St. Orville inspired for his sufferings.—Her youthful heart had consecrated an idol of perfection in its inmost recesses, which all the virtues of her bosom had long devoutly worshipped, and every feeling of her mind had led her on to emulate; and this idol, she feared, alas! was frail. And now, more bitter were her tears of grief, more poignant her sighs, than even the sad transgression of Fitzroy had occasioned; until, as she dwelt on the torturing belief, Hope took from her affliction, by still whispering to her heart, 'that the locket was no gift, but purloined, by the secret lover, merely because it was Cecilia's;' for sure, and still more sure, she was, from every new recollection of her friend, that lady Storamond could not err.

The day after Julia's providential escape lord St. Orville became, from the decrease of his fever, gradually better; and, in a few days more, was able to go into his mother's *boudoir*, where she entreated our heroine to be as much as possible with her, and to aid her in amusing St. Orville.—

'Alas!' said lady Delamore, 'how is time changed, when I dread nothing more than being left alone with my darling child!—my heart is then on my lips, and I am ready, each moment, to question him relative to his mental misery; but I know it would pain him, and therefore I am anxious to forbear.'

Julia, in compliance with lady Delamore's wishes, and actuated

by her own gratitude, spent most of her time in her ladyship's *boudoir*, exerting her various talents for the amusement of lord St. Orville, attending to him like an affectionate sister: but, to her utter grief and mortification, she found her exertions all were vain; for the more she rallied her powers to entertain his lordship, the more touchingly melancholy he became; and Julia felt convinced, at length, that it was her known friendship for lady Storamond, by awakening tender remembrances, that caused such gloomy effects.

One day, as Julia was left alone with this most amiable and interesting young man, he handed her a letter, and said, whilst his frame and countenance evinced powerful agitation—

‘This, I fervently hope, miss De Clifford, will totally contradict the calumny of lady Selina; and convince you, that Fitzroy and I, still, are friends. He reverts, with too much feeling, to our late little coolness; and appreciates too highly my seeking a reconciliation—but, as the aggressor’—here lord St. Orville’s pale countenance was suddenly diffused with the brightest tint of crimson, and his voice became more unsteady—‘it was my duty to do so: and when you read, you must believe it is the generosity of his heart that leads him thus to estimate my nothing more than negative merit.’

With heartfelt pleasure Julia read a letter, which convinced her that Fitzroy had done nothing perfidious, nothing dishonourable, or he would not thus be retaken to the friendship of lord St. Orville; and, in despite of his lordship’s depreciating what he had done, in seeking the reconciliation, she saw

Fitzroy considered himself as the aggressor, and was grateful, in a high degree, for lord St. Orville’s restored friendship. With a blush and smile she returned the letter to his lordship, who received it with a hand so tremulous, that it both surprised and grieved her.

Lord Delamore, lady Theodosia, and Mr. Temple, were constant and attentive visitors in lady Delamore’s *boudoir*, during lord St. Orville’s confinement there; and sir Charles Stratton was as kind as the duty of a lover permitted him to be:—Lady Selina exacted great and unremitting attendance; and never once went near her brother: and poor sir Charles, as the time drew nearer for his nuptials, became every hour more sad and wretched; for bitterly now he repented those follies which had precipitated him into this detested alliance.

WINTER AT PARIS.

[As described in a Parisian Publication.]

ADIEU, fine weather! Adieu to the country!—The sun deserts us, the cold increases, the season becomes dull and rainy; the orange trees are put back into the green-houses, the trees lose their verdure, the gardens are spoiled of their attractions. The public walks are deserted. *Winter is set in.*—Winter at Paris begins early, and ceases late. It encroaches six weeks upon Autumn, and six upon Spring: so that it may be said to last six months, or one half the year! This is a long time. It ought not, however, seriously to distress us. This long and melan-

choly season is not without its enjoyments; it is in the winter-time that people in the country rest, and that people in town get together. It is in Winter that society is all life—that the play-houses are full—that the ball-rooms are brilliant—that entertainments are more numerous and gay. Gourmands, coquettes, young people, politicians, shop-keepers, dramatic authors, gamblers, physicians, lovers, tavern-keepers, and many others, are fond of Winter; and why should we have any objections to it?

Il est des fleurs de toutes les saisons;

Il est des plaisirs de tous les âges.

In fine, without Winter should we enjoy the Spring? *ab assuetis non fit passio.*

A LONDON WINTER.

OUR Winter has nothing to do with the *season*—So far from commencing with the fall of the leaf, Winter does not begin till *Nature* shall have put forth the blossoms of regeneration. No woman who values her reputation for taste ventures to come to town for the Winter till the month of *May*; and it is not unusual to see a family of the highest *re-search* postpone the *burst* of its *entrée* into the winter circles till after the King's birth-day. Every thing, to be fashionable, must be out of season. A *déjeûné* is suffocating if given before *Three o'clock* in the afternoon. A man of fashion never takes the morning air in *Rotten-Row* till after sun-set. No evening party begins till midnight; and it is indispensable to the character of a member of parliament that after a long debate he should go to his *dinner* at

six o'clock in the morning. It must be dinner whatever be the hour, and however often he may have *restored* at *Bellamy's*. It is the sign of pure unadulterated simplicity to act like the *herd*, who eat when they are hungry, and drink when they are thirsty; and the Parisians have made no higher attainments in *Ton* than the *Hottentots*, if they regulate their hours by the diurnal sun, or their seasons by his place in the *Zodiac*.

The London Winter begins in April, and rages in May. It is then that our women of fashion find the weather deliciously inclement; and the only remedy against its rigour is in the *comfort of compression*. It is only by squeezing several hundreds more into a set of rooms than they were ever destined to contain, that the severity of a London winter can be resisted. In Paris the people of fashion only *s'approchent*; in London they *dove-tail*. It would be intolerable in a fashionable assembly at the west end of the town if there was room for *enjoyment*. Indeed the word itself is obsolete; for enjoyment belongs only to the miserable people, whom nobody knows. It is the invariable *test* and *criterion* of high breeding to counteract the rules of common life; and therefore to be at your *ease* in an assembly, into which you enter, is a *dissappointment*. To remain in one place is a sign that you are *not in request*; and your *triumph* for the night consists in the number of *crowds* through which you have *jostled*.

A woman of *supreme* attraction has her nights *en suite*, and she shines *par excellence*, who puts her friends to the greatest degree of *oppression*. To be able to *stir* is an *accident*, and to get in or

out you must watch for an *opportunity*. It is indispensable to character to treat every thing that is public with contempt, and never to be seen in a place to which every body may go: it is the pinnacle of *Ton*, therefore, for a lady of fashion to *open her own house* for the *benefit* of some dear delightful *italian*, who will bring all the world together, and yet keep it elegantly crowded. This is at once conspicuous and economical. The lady gives a grand concert at home, and has *fifty invitations* as her part of the benefit. Oh, what a novelty in the refinement of housewifery! The lady of a duke, marquis, or earl, with a revenue of fifty thousand a year, sharing in the benefit of an *Italian fiddler*! But it is *Ton*—and the character of the lady depends on the multitudes she can attract. Such is our gay season.

LONDON FASHIONABLE WALKING AND EVENING DRESS.

[*With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.*]

1. A WALKING - Dress of thick India muslin, made high to the throat: a pelisse-coat of fine crimson kersey-mere, made close round the neck; and a cape with pointed corners behind, and in front, edged all round with a rich fancy-spotted fur. A turban-bonnet of crimson velvet, turned up in front, and trimmed with the same to match. Russet shoes, or half boots; yellow Woodstock gloves.

2. A long train-dress of white crape, ornamented round the bottom with a rich scroll; border of

white chenille; the back and front of the dress made square, and edged with the same; sleeves rather full, and confined with a band; the dress worn over a soft white satin slip, with a tucker of Vandyke lace. Head-dress a fine lace veil, spotted and bordered with gold, confined round the head with a wreath of blooming myrtle; the hair in simple curls, and a ringlet hanging on one side; necklace of emeralds: White kid shoes and gloves: Persian scarf shawl, fastened to the back of the dress, and falling carelessly over in front.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

AMONG the Parisian belles of fashion, in the room of combs, all *coiffures* in hair have behind the head, or on one side, a garland of flowers. The new *stuff* is called *zibelline*; in effect, by the spotting, it is like the *martine-zibelline* (the martine-sable). The Jewelers have sold for the last week an ornament for the neck, *peasant-crosses*, surrounded with fine pearls, with a watch in the centre; so that the ladies carry on their bosoms a memento of the *time to pray*.

ANECDOTE.

[*From 'All the Works of Taylor the Water-Poet.'*]

A WEALTHY lord of Ireland had a goodly faire house new built, but the broken bricke, tiles, sand, lime, stones, and such rubbish as is commonly the remnants of such buildings, lay confusedly in heapes,

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



London Fashionable Walking & Evening Dresses.



and scattered here and there : the lord demanded of his surveyor wherefore the rubbish was not conveyed away ; the surveyor said that he proposed to have an hundred carts for the purpose. The lord replied that the charge of carts might be saved ; for a pit might be digged in the ground, to bury it. ‘ My lord,’ said the surveyor, ‘ I pray you what will wee doe with the earth which wee digge out of the said pit ?’ ‘ Why you whoreson coxcombe,’ said the lord, ‘ canst thou not digge the pit deepe enough, and bury all together ?’

This story may be considered as a proof of the antiquity of *Irish Bulls!*

DESCRIPTION of the CITY of NICE, with an ACCOUNT of the MANNERS, CHARACTER, LANGUAGE, RELIGION, and AMUSEMENTS of the INHABITANTS.

[From the ancient and modern History of Nice, by Dr. Davis.]

AT the Western extremity of Italy, upon the shore of the Mediterranean, and the banks of the rapid Paglion, close to the foot of Montalban, we discover Nice, remarkable for the mildness of its climate, the antiquity of its foundation, and the vicissitudes it has experienced. It commands the most extensive plain in the department of the maritime Alps, and abundantly produces all the necessaries of life. The mountains, which overhang Nice to the East, defend Villefranche. It presents, from its situation, a most formidable barrier, and bounds the chain of mountains which takes its course through Piedmont. A part of the town of Nice faces the South, but by far the greater part is to the North. It extends to the North on the Turin road, and on the East is barricadoed with rocks that have set at defiance the efforts of the most potent states in Europe. Its greatest length is from North to South, the latter extremity forming an angle by its communication with the ramparts, the port, and the Paglion. It is at the Western angle that the Paglion, after pursuing its usually devious and lengthened course through the adjacent country, rushes with impetuosity, when swelled with rain, into the sea, and presents a noble *coup d'œil* to the spectator.

Nice is closely encircled on its Eastern side by mountains, which,

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SEIGNEUR Valdrino, (paymaster to the camp of Alphonso, king of Arragon) a man exquisite in courtship and complement, as two or three were at strife laying wagers what countryman he was, a blunt bold captaine asked, ‘ What was the matter.’ ‘ Why captaine,’ said one, ‘ we are laying a wager what countryman my lord treasurer Valdrino is.’ — ‘ Oh,’ said the captaine, ‘ I can tell you that ; I am sure he was born in the Land of Promise, for I have served the king in his wars these seven yeeres without pay ; and ever when I petition to my lord, he payes me with no coyne but promises, which me half assured that he is that countryman.’

as they retreat from the Mediterranean, slope gently to the North, until becoming more and more advanced, they form a semi-circle, which is completed beyond the Var, and upon that surprising mountain, the Esterelles. The plain thus formed is encroached on by the sea, which, meeting no obstacle, has produced a most delightful bay, extending as far as Antibes to the West, and to a corresponding prominence on the shores of Italy to the East.

Nice, in its present state, does not exceed a mile and a half in length, and about a mile in breadth. The suburbs and the town are divided by the Paglion; but in the Summer months the waters are so low that the inhabitants pass and re-pass on a bridge of planks, which they construct in order to obviate the circuit they are obliged to make by traversing the stone bridge.

The Paglion may be considered a very dangerous neighbour for Nice. If the ramparts be not raised, or some other precaution taken, it is much to be apprehended it will inundate the town, particularly the new end of it. This accident had nearly happened in November 1803. The bridge was rebuilt in 1531, at the expense of the town, in consequence of its having been carried away by the impetuosity of this river. Upon a stone placed near the bottom of the bridge are inscribed the following lines:

*Pons sacer! echastus celsis de montibus undas,
Respat et rapidus hic Paglionis aquas.*

It is recorded likewise that the fall of waters had been so considerable, and the Paglion so ex-

tremely augmented, that, in 1744, some thousands of French and Spanish troops were lost in attempting to cross it during an engagement with some Piedmoutese soldiers.

The ancient splendour of Nice has suffered greatly from the many sieges it has been exposed to. The triumphant army of Francis I. and the fleet of the Ottoman pirate, Barbarossa, almost consumed the town, and destroyed the edifices. The effects of its deterioration were, for a while, lost sight of in the repairs accomplished by the generosity of the house of Savoy; but, gradually losing its former consideration, and ever involved in war, the monastery, churches, convents, and other public buildings, have almost all since fallen into decay.

Anterior to the French revolution, Nice was infinitely more interesting than at present, though its pristine magnitude and importance had already been considerably reduced. Of its ancient suburbs there only existed at that period the relics, and especially of those which ran in a North-easterly direction from the gate of Pairolera.

The extensive suburbs, which equally embellished the road on the Western side of the stone bridge, are now reduced to those of the Croix de Marbre, but being of modern architecture are spacious and lofty, and the usual residence of opulent strangers.

The castle, built on the summit of a steep rock, and once deemed impregnable, with all the fortifications which defended the town, are now but a heap of ruins. During the war of succession it was taken by marshal Berwick, fifty-

five days after the trenches were opened. The garrison, which was reduced to six hundred men, forced the commandant to capitulate. Berwick ordered it to be demolished in consequence of the express commands of Louis XIV. The walls of the remaining ramparts are by no means strong; though when Nice was under the sovereignty of duke Emanuel Philibert, the whole town, castle, fortifications, and walls, were in the best state of defence. Bastions were erected in several places, and many precautions taken to augment the force of the out-works.

There are two fine squares at Nice. The houses which form Place Victor are regularly built, and have Piazzas. It was intended under the government of the house of Savoy, to erect the statue of the prince whose name it bears. A monument of some kind is wanting to counteract its uniformity. Since the French have added this part of the continent to their dominions, the Place Victor has taken the name of Place de la Republique. The road to Turin has its beginning here, and forms a large opening in the square: another pass leads to Villefranche, and the adjoining hills.

The South-west quarter of the town is the handsomest, and of modern architecture. The streets are wide, and run in a straight line. The public walk is in this neighbourhood, and is a delightful resource in the Summer, when the sun is above the horizon. Its beautiful scenery is, however, much obscured by the terrace which stretches along the coast. In the middle of the walk a fountain has been lately constructed, whereon a paltry figure has been erected, representing Cathe-

rine Sequeiran, heroine of Nice, with a Turk at her feet, whom she had knocked down with a club. The fact to which this alludes constitutes a memorable event in the history of Nice.

In the Eastern part of the town are the university, hospital, and botanical garden; but the streets throughout are so narrow and dirty that few people take the trouble to go thither. A foul air also circulates around, which annoys every body but the inhabitants, who are habituated to it.

The shops are well stored, but small, dark, and filthy; a number of people occupy the same house, which, added to the circumstances just mentioned, by no means render a residence in that quarter desirable.

Nice possesses a theatre which awakens the hopes without realizing the expectations of the public. The edifice, without being despicable, offers little to admire, and, perhaps, it is not an unfortunate circumstance, that, in such a warm climate, the valetudinarian should be so little tempted to expose his health. It is sufficiently large for the number of spectators; but a common failing in this and most provincial theatres is, that the finances of the company do not admit of an illumination sufficient to give the objects an interesting colouring. The decorations and scenery are exceedingly indifferent, while a small expense might render the house commodious and tasty, and the affluence of strangers encourage the directors to procure more worthy performers. I learn that, previously to the revolution, the theatre was well frequented, and the company on a better footing.

[To be concluded in our Supplement.]

POETICAL ESSAYS.

THE INFLUENCE OF FICTION.

A DIDACTIC ESSAY.

‘Truth shall charm
In mystic fable.’

De La Cour.

WHY o'er th'impassioned tale of fancied woe
Rises a sigh, and tears unconscious flow?
Why, with soft pity melting, do we feel
Pangs for such suff'rings through our bosoms steal?
Ah! why 'tis so, I leave to you, ye few,
Who Truth through barren lab'rins can pursue;
But Fiction! child of Fancy! such thy pow'r;
From youth's first dawn to age's latest hour,
So canst thou move the breast, and bid it know,
Or Mis'ry's throb, or Joy's enraptur'd glow,
Canst with the tale of love entrance the soul,
Or sink it 'neath wan Terror's wild controul;
Such is thy sway our varying feelings tell,
When o'er thy glowing page we fondly dwell!
Lo! by yon wintry fagot's crackling blaze
Where infant innocence securely plays,

The wrinkled matron opes her treasure'd store
Of fairy tales and legendary lore,
And round her seat, they, rapt with wonder, press,
Weeping, to hear the tale of deep distress:
But when gay youth feels Love's delightful pains,
And passion throbs tumultuous thro' the veins,
Then, when by wild romantic thoughts possess'd,
Thy influence, Fiction! chiefly stands confess'd;
Oft by the midnight taper's glimm'ring ray
He'll fondly con the amatory lay;
And whilst the joys of love's the Poet's theme,
Unslumb'ring feel its soft bewitching dream.
Oft too the maid when first she feels its pow'r
Steal with a throb unknown her bosom o'er;
When the deep blush her passion first reveals,
Ere yet she's conscious that 'tis love she feels,

Will seek the lonely room, and, e'er
untir'd,
Bend o'er the tale by luckless love in-
spir'd,
Weep o'er some Heloisa's glowing
strains,
Envy her bliss, and mourn for all her
pains.

Where th' aged turret tops the craggy
steep,
That scowling hangs o'er yon unruffled
deep,
There the lorn captive, wearied and
alone,
'Midst others sufferings forgets his own,
And as o'er Fiction's tale entranc'd he
bends,
Feels not the pang that else his bosom
rends,
But 'neath thy pow'r forgot are all his
woes,
O'er fancied griefs he weeps, o'er fan-
cied pleasures glows!

When age with limbs enfeebled feels
no joy
In sports that once were dear, when,
mantling high,
The glow of youth bloom'd lovely in
his face,
And fill'd each active limb with manly
grace;
Each other pleasure lost, thy varied
page
Can, with a guiltless bliss, the pains
assuage,
Which nature feels as life's last ebb
draws near,
And bids us leave the scenes we hold so
dear.

Such, Fiction, child of Fancy! such
thy sway
From youth's first dawn to manhood's
later day;
So can thy tale of woe, thy song of joy,
Or bid us raptur'd smile, or pensive
sigh:
E'en tho' the tale be fraught with hide-
ous forms,
Tho' Horror shudders, and grim Fury
storms,
The shriek of murder Pity's ear appalls,
And midnight spirits glare 'midst
Gothic walls,

Where feudal barons deal their deadly
rage:—
Yet still we hang in transport o'er thy
page!

There may be some o'er whom thou
hast no pow'r,
Content to breathe unmov'd their little
hour,
Who the sad tale of misery can hear,
Nor heave a sigh, nor drop a pitying
tear;
But in the bosom cold to Sorrow's moan
The god-like glow of Virtue ne'er was
known.

These dull indifference bind, nor freer
they
O'er whom stern Superstition * boasts
his sway;—
Ye rigid minds, who Fancy's ærial flight
Would bound to truth, nor pierce the
realms of light
Where gay Imagination wildly roves,
Whilst at her touch a new creation
moves;
Who think tho' fiction's us'd in Virtue's
cause,
The poet violates the sacred laws,
You from her page indignant turn your
eye,
With scorn-averted glance, yet scarce
know why;
But oft her tales a nobler virtue teach
Than the dull aphorisms the schoolmen
preach;
The sage by fiction bends the human
mind,
And Christ with parable reclaim'd man-
kind.

Thus, Fiction! Britain's sage †, in
fabled lay,
Has told how first began thy pow'rful
sway.

When Jove's almighty arm had form'd
the world,
And 'chaos 'midst the void no longer
hurl'd,

* It is the opinion of some of the
rigid sectarists that the use of fiction is
criminal.

† Vide Johnson's Rambler.

Then Truth began to spread her influence mild
 (Of the dread god and Wisdom's queen
 the child).
 Scarce had her noble precepts form'd
 the breast,
 Scarce was her virgin-majesty confessed,
 Ere Falsehood left the shades weak
 man to blind,
 Light Folly's child, her sire the god of
 wind.
 Gay was her mien, and many a winning
 grace
 Play'd round each limb, and sparkled in
 her face,
 The Passions o'er her form their vesture
 spread,
 And young Desire the blooming wan-
 ton led,

Long these with various arts and
 power contest
 Which shall hold empire o'er the hu-
 man breast;
 Long Falsehood's lovely form and
 'witching smile,
 From Truth's rough path her votaries
 beguile,
 For it seem'd drear, and sightless her
 abode,
 But Falsehood's temple gay, and strew'd
 with flow'rs the road;
 Here no stern maxims check'd their
 wild career,
 But, as mad Pleasure call'd, they fol-
 low'd without fear.

Tir'd with the warfare, Truth now
 hopeless sighs,
 Indignant leaves the world, and seeks
 her native skies;
 To Jove, her sire, she paints her slighted
 reign
 Usurp'd by Falsehood's gay delusive train:
 He bade her seek where, 'midst em-
 bowering shades,
 Bent o'er their lyres reclin'd th' Aonian
 maids,
 And ask their aid in this eventful hour,
 To crush her graceful rival's boasted
 pow'r.

Swift Truth obeys; in accents sad
 and slow,
 Tells to each listening Muse her bitter
 woe;

Tells how mankind *her* rigid precepts
 scorn,
 Whilst Falsehood's easy sway is joyful
 borne,
 And claims the efforts of the tuneful
 train,
 To check her daring rival's boundless
 reign.

'O Truth!' th' Aonides reply, 'the
 mien
 Of Falsehood's bland, bewitching, gay,
 serene;
 But from thy frown, and bosom-pierce-
 ing eye,
 Mankind shrink back, and, wild with
 terror, fly;
 Thy precepts would be lov'd, thy rule
 obey'd,
 Wert thou in less forbidding robes ar-
 ray'd;
 Then take this vest of many a various
 dye,
 Form'd to delight and captivate the eye;
 Deck'd in this habit, by the Muses
 fram'd,
 Of figure lovelier, and Fiction nam'd;
 Seek thou again the world, and soon
 confest,
 Thy power shall govern o'er the human
 breast.'

Victorious o'er her rival, Truth
 obey'd,
 Swift bade adieu to each Aonian maid,
 And as her precepts, rigid deem'd of
 yore,
 She hid beneath the Muses' tuneful lore,
 In Fiction's varied garb, now grave,
 now gay,
 Each bosom own'd her charms, and
 bow'd beneath her sway.

Far from each social tie, from Britain's
 shore,
 Who has not mourn'd the hardships
 Byron bore?
 Or wept, when Cooke each various toil
 had past,
 And ardent, sought his native isle at
 last?
 But as Imagination warmly drew
 Her chalky cliffs as rising to his view,
 Whilst thronging patriots hail him from
 the strand—
 Fell, murder'd by a savage maniac's
 hand!

O'er these and many a tale of real woe
The tear of sympathy will ever flow ;
Yet still, O Fiction ! equal is thy sway,
Equal the pow'r of thy enchanting lay !

For see we not in Wieland's glowing
strain,*
In gorgeous panoply the warrior-train ;
See youthful Huon trace the desarts
hoar,
And meet on Libanon's uncultur'd
shore ;
Where, by a tyrant's rage, his footsteps
bend,
His love Amanda, Sherasmin his friend ?
And feel we not each pang his hero
feels,
As, with a Milton's pow'r, the bard
reveals
The lovers torn by Passion's direst pains ?
And own, as flow the fancy-breathing
strains,
(Whilst admiration brightens thro' the
tear)
His matchless prowess and her faith
sincere ?
Yes, yes, O Fiction, equal is thy sway,
Equal the pow'r of thy enchanting lay !

How glows the sensate bosom as we
gaze
On the blue hill, or green-wood's tan-
gled maze,
The silent vale, the mountain's craggy
side,
The foaming cataract's impetuous tide,
The verdant plain where stands the
humble slied
'Neath which Content untroubled lays
her head,
The fields of waving grain, the azure
skies,
On Nature's various beauties as they rise !
Yet e'en to these can Fiction lend a
charm,
By her enhanc'd, they can the bosom
warm,
Till, with an equal joy, we feel again
Each charm of Nature in the poet's
strain.

Such, Fiction ! child of Fancy ! such
thy pow'r
From youth's first dawn to manhood's
latest hour !

So canst thou move the breast whate'er
thy theme,
Or Nature's charms, or Love's delight-
ful dream ;
The throb of anguish, haggard Misery's
sigh,
The tale of terror, or the song of joy,
Each varying passion of the human
soul
We feel, O Fiction ! 'neath thy wild
controul !

W. M. T.

Anno ætatis 17.

' Wed not for wealth without love ; 'tis
gaudy slavery : — *nor for love without
competence ; 'tis two-fold misery.*'

TO *****

FAREWELL ! farewell ! we part for
ever !

- And does affection end in this ?
Must *we* at last so coldly sever ?
And vanish all our dreams of bliss ?

Yes, yes, alas ! it must be so,
Tho' 'tis to me a pang severe ;
Tho' oft I breathe the sigh of woe,
And shed full oft the sorrowing tear.

Yet still it must be, you and I
Were never destin'd for each other ;
Tho' many a flagging hour must fly
E're I so well can love another.

For oh ! I lov'd *thee*, fondly lov'd
Thy dewy lip, thy eye's soft languish ;
And once thy look my soul had mov'd
With throbbing joy, or nameless an-
guish.

And many a happy hour we've known
Whilst in each others arms reclining ;
And oft the winter's night hath flown,
I at *its swiftness* e'en repining.

For much too short I thought each mi-
-nute
Which thus o'erflow'd with heav'nly
blisses,

Yet felt *'an age of rapture* in it,
Whilst it was sweeten'd with thy
kisses.

* Vide Wieland's Oberon.

And oft when closely press'd to thine,
My soul upon thy lips hath hung,
And deem'd a seraph's voice divine,
The love-taught murmurings of thy
tongue.

But when the glowing dream was over,
And reason govern'd o'er my mind,
Then, then I, sorrowing, could discover
I wish'd a kindred soul refin'd.

One who amid the vacant space
Between each flashing of desire,
Could, with a *fancied angel's* grace,
Breathe the soft lay; or sweep the
lyre.

Who, tho' a woman in my arms,
Amidst th'impassion'd hour of joy,
Might still possess the mind's bright
charms,
And beauties seen not by the eye :

But 'twas not this that made me fly thee,
Not this *alone* which made me prove
To thee inconstant, and deny thee
The transports of an ardent love.

Oh no! but 'twas that well I knew
I ne'er was destin'd Fortune's minion,
That riches from me ever flew
Swiftly as on the swallow's pinion.

And I resolv'd thou ne'er should'st share
The misery which I expected,
Shouldst feed with me on Sorrow's fare,
Be by the world like me neglected.

'Twas these lorn sombre visions taught
Thy lover to *appear* untrue,
For still believe each tender thought
His bosom feels is felt for you.

Adieu! once more; and since *we* part,
No other maid my *truth* shall know,
But each by turns shall share the heart
Which once for thee alone did glow

I priz'd not then the glance of love
Which beam'd alike on ev'ry one,
Nor could the sigh of softness move,
Unless 'twas breath'd for me alone;

But now I'll wildly rove around,
Now flirt with that, and now with
this,
And 'mid these wand'rings may be
drown'd
The throbbing dream of former bliss!

But oh! it will not, cannot be,
These light amours ne'er touch the
heart;
And still I'll fondly think on thee,
And mourn the fate that made us
part.

And ev'ry pray'r I pour to Heav'n,
Thy welfare shall not be forgot;
I'll ask, whate'er to me be giv'n,
That purest joy may be *thy* lot:

That thou may'st meet some happier
youth
With heart as true as once was
mine;
Whose ardent love, and spotless truth,
To life's last ebb may still be thine!

BION.

June, 1807.

SONNET XXXIX.

VIRGINIA TO PAUL.

AMID the storied hall and gorgeous
dome,
The haunt of fortune's fav'rites cold
yet gay,
I think on thee my Paul! who, far
away,
Thro' the thick woods which shade our
native home,
Where with Virginia thou wast wont
to roam,
Now sad, and solitarily dost stray;
Ah! as thou gazest on thy devious
way,
Upon the lonely cascade's sparkling foam
Thro' which you bore me; or the
cocoa-tree;
Or many a well-known object with
whose sight
Ideas of Virginia must unite,
Thinkst thou on me Paul?—I oft think
on thee;
Nor wealth, nor pow'r, nor threats of
friends unkind,
Shall ever chase thine image from my
mind!—

W. M. T.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Madrid, Nov. 2.

ON the 30th of last month the following decree, addressed to the governor of the council *ad interim*, was issued from the palace of San Lorenzo :

C. R.

‘God, who watches over his creatures, does not permit the consummation of atrocious deeds, when the intended victims are innocent. Thus His omnipotence has saved me from the most unheard-of catastrophe. My people, my subjects, all know my Christianity and settled habits. They all love me, and I receive from all of them proofs of their veneration—such as a conduct of a parent calls for from his children. I lived persuaded of this felicity, and devoted to the repose of my family, when an unknown hand discovered the most atrocious and unheard-of conspiracy, which was carried on in my own palace, against my person. My life, which has so often been in danger, was too long in the eyes of my successor, who, infatuated by prejudice, and alienated from every principle of Christianity that my paternal care and love had taught him, had entered into a project to dethrone me. Informed of this, I thought proper to inquire personally into the truth of the fact, and surprising him in my room, I found in his possession the cipher of his correspondence, and of the instructions he had received from the vile conspirators.

‘In consequence of this discovery, I immediately convoked the governor and council, in order that they might make the necessary inquiries; and the result has been the detection of several male-

factors, whose imprisonment I have ordered; as also the arrest of my son at his residence. This is an additional aggravation of the affliction I labour under; but however painful to my feelings, it must be submitted to, as it is of the utmost importance to the suppression of such a conspiracy. At the same time that I direct the publication of this affair to my subjects, I cannot avoid expressing to them the regret by which I am agitated; but that regret will be alleviated by the demonstrations of their loyalty.

‘You will take the proper measures to have this decree circulated in due form.

‘CHARLES R.’

‘By command of his majesty, I transmit this decree to your excellency, in order that it may be duly promulgated.

‘Signed by the ministers, and addressed to all viceroys, &c. &c.’

Nov. 5. This day the king addressed the following decree to the governor *ad interim* of the council of Castile:—

‘The voice of Nature unnerves the arm of vengeance, and when the offender’s want of consideration pleads for pity, a father cannot refuse listening to his voice. My son has already declared the authors of that horrible plan which had been suggested by the evil-minded. He has laid open every thing in a legal form, and all is exactly consistent with those proofs that are required by the law in such cases. His confusion and repentance have dictated the remonstrances which he had ad-

dressed to me, and of which the following are the chief:

‘ Size and Father,

‘ I am guilty of failing in my duty to your majesty: I have failed in obedience to my father and my king. I ought to do nothing without your majesty’s consent, but I have been surprised. I have denounced the guilty, and beg your majesty to suffer your repentant son to kiss your feet.

‘ St. Laurent, Nov. 5. ‘ Ferdinand.’

‘ Madam and Mother,

‘ I sincerely repent of the great fault which I have committed against the king and queen, my father and mother! With the greatest submission I beg your pardon, as well as for my obstinacy in denying the truth the other night. For this cause, I heartily entreat your majesty to deign to interpose your mediation between my father and me, that he may condescend to suffer his repentant son to kiss his feet.

‘ St. Laurent, Nov. 5. ‘ Ferdinand.’

‘ In consequence of these letters, and the entreaty of the queen, my well-beloved spouse, I forgive my son; and he shall recover my favour as soon as his conduct shall give proofs of a real amendment in his proceedings. I ordain also, that the same judges who have heard this cause from the commencement, shall continue the process; and I allow them to conjoin others, as colleagues, if they shall find occasion. I enjoin them, as soon as it shall be finished, to submit to me their judgment, which shall be conformable to law, according to the magnitude of offences, and the quality of offenders. They ought to take for a basis, in reducing the heads of the accusation, the answers given by the prince to the interrogatories which he has undergone; they are copied, and signed by his own hand, as well as the papers also in his writing, which were seized in his bureaux. The decision shall be communicated to my councils, and to my tribunals, and be circulated among my subjects, in order that they may acknowledge my compassion and my justice, and may alleviate the affliction into which they

were thrown by my first decree; for in that they saw the danger of their sovereign and their father, who loves them as his own children, and by whom he is beloved.

(Signed) ‘ D. Bartholome Munoz.’

‘ By the royal decree of the 30th of October, inserted in the circular letter, which is addressed to you the 31st of the same month, his majesty has deigned to make known to his council, that his august person, thanks to the assistance of God, has been delivered from the catastrophe which threatened it.

‘ On this subject the council has proposed to his majesty to allow it, as well as all the people and communities of the kingdom, to return thanks for this favour to the Omnipotent, by a solemn festival. His majesty having deigned to consent to the wish of his council, has resolved to give it immediate execution, and has determined to give the necessary orders for such a festival in the capital and its dependencies.

‘ This order of council, with a view to its due execution, is hereby communicated to you M. M. the archbishops, bishops, prelates, seculars, and regulars of the holy churches, desiring you to acknowledge to me the receipt of the present decree.

‘ Madrid, Nov. 3, 1807.

(Signed) ‘ D. B. Munoz.’

Frankfort, Nov. 5. We have received from several places the important news that the emperor Alexander has assured the king of Denmark, that he would employ all the means in his power to force England to give the crown of Denmark reparation and satisfaction for the crying injustice she has done it.

Bayonne, Nov. 6. All the letters received from Spain vary respecting the details of the conspiracy discovered at Madrid—but they confirm the existence of it. If we may credit private accounts, the king of Spain, after the execution of the measures ordered against the heir to the crown, convoked a grand council, at which he exposed the motives which had led to this act of just severity—He declared that the examination of the pa-

pers found at the prince's had furnished too clear a proof of his son's correspondence with his enemies.—This declaration was proclaimed at Madrid, and sent into the provinces, where it has produced the deepest sensation.

Dresden, Nov. 6. Nothing positive is known here, or even in Russia, of the actual relations between that power and England; it is reported, however, that the British government has given to the cabinet of Petersburg, the positive assurance that it has no hostile intentions against it;—but it is added, that the court of Russia has demanded restitution of the Danish fleet; and that the emperor Alexander insists upon England consenting at length to re-establish a maritime peace upon just and solid bases. Lord Leveson Gower has not yet quitted Petersburg, and has lately sent to London an important note delivered to him by the minister for foreign affairs; which contains demands relative to this subject.

Banks of the Mainc, Nov. 7. They write from Vienna that a convention has been concluded between the imperial courts of France and ours, according to which Austria cedes the territory of Gorz and Gradisca, as far as Isonzo, to the kingdom of Italy; and keeps, on the other hand, the fortress of Brannau. The 10th of November is fixed upon for the ratification of the above convention.

Nov. 11. Count Orlov, admiral in the imperial Russian service, passed on the 8th instant through Augsburg, on his way to Paris.

The Erlangen Gazette contains the following article:

‘The negotiations between France and Austria were brought to a conclusion at Fontainebleau, on the 13th October, and all matters in dispute are completely settled between the two courts; and couriers are said to have been sent, both to Brannau and Silesia, with orders for the French troops to return to France.

Fontainebleau, Nov. 14. His imperial majesty is expected to leave this place on the 20th, but it is not known where he is going. Since yesterday some persons

seem to think he will go first to Bourdeaux; others persist in considering the journey to Italy as certain. But the emperor does not disclose his secrets, and we shall probably not know where he is gone till after he has set off.

Paris, Nov. 14. In the *Moniteur* of to-day is contained the following intelligence:—‘The ratification of a convention which has been concluded between France and Austria, took place on the 10th at Fontainebleau, between M. de Champagny, and M. Von Metternich. In conformity with this convention, the fortress of Brannau is to be yielded up by France to Austria before the 10th of December. The province of Montfalcon is ceded by the emperor of Austria; and the boundary between the kingdom of Italy and the Austrian states, is to be the vale of Isonzo. By these arrangements, all impediments in the way of the execution of the treaty of Presburg are entirely removed.

Nov. 15. To-day letters have been received from Bayonne which appear to confirm the intelligence of a conspiracy in Madrid. It is asserted that the prince of Asturias (the prince royal of Spain), together with a considerable number of persons of distinction, among whom were the duke de Infantado, and the viceroi de Pampelune, have been arrested.

Nov. 16. The English general Moore embarked at Messina with seven regiments of infantry.—The convoy was dispersed by a tempest on the 26th of October.—A ship of war and several transports perished on the coast of Sicily.

An article from Madrid of the 1st says, ‘the prince of Asturias has been arrested.—Yesterday all the members of the different councils were invited to assemble at the place of their meeting, to hold an extraordinary sitting.—A proclamation was read, which had been issued by his catholic majesty.—In the night of the 31st of October the captain-general of Madrid proceeded with a detachment of infantry, to the palace of Infantado, and desired to speak with the Duke—he was answered, that the duke was gone away—Seals were put upon his papers.’

HOME NEWS.

Dublin, Nov. 20.

WE are happy to contradict a report that prevailed in town this morning, that two Holyhead packets were lost last night—the weather prevented the packets from sailing from our harbour, and we are well convinced the same cause had the same effect at Holyhead, and except these two, there could be no other at sea.

It is with the deepest concern that we are obliged to state the following fatal effects of the storm last night. On Wednesday evening last, three transports with volunteers for the 18th and 97th regiments, chiefly from the South Mayo militia, sailed from the Pigeon-house dock, for Liverpool. Yesterday morning they had gained so small an offing, that they were discernible from the heights about Dunleary, and dreadful to relate, one of them, on board of which were 120 soldiers, with several women and children, were driven on the rocks under the battery at Dunleary Point, and all perished, except the crew and two soldiers, who were preserved by taking to the boat. Among the unhappy sufferers on this occasion, we regret to find the name of lieutenant McClean of the 18th regiment, who had charge of the recruits, he was a young officer of unquestionable merit and uncommon promise. Another vessel is stated to have struck on the White Bank, near the South Bull.

Further accounts state, that a Park-gate vessel, with recruits for the 97th regiment, foundered in the gale; also a brig, a sloop, and a very large Swedish ship, which had formerly been a frigate.

In the multiplicity of reports on this distressing subject, it is also said, that two vessels have foundered off Killiney Bay. This morning the bodies of several soldiers, with 97 on their buttons, were drifted on shore along the coast in the neighbourhood of Black-rock and Dunleary.

Last night, during the snow-storm, as the lord chancellor was returning to town from the Phoenix-Park, his coach was upset. We are glad to find that none of his lordship's family received any serious injury. They were brought to town in the solicitor-general's coach, which happened to be returning from the Park at the same time, and with difficulty avoided a similar accident. Lord Manners's coach remained all night in its subverted situation.

Deal, Nov. 21.—Dispatches came down this morning, and were put on board the flag of truce at day-light. The schooner being ready got under weigh immediately, and sailed for Calais, where it is probable she arrived by noon. The nature of them is kept so profoundly secret that not a syllable is known here; they are, however, pretty generally conjectured to relate to a negotiation with France. The Messenger who came over the other day remains in London.

Portsmouth, Nov. 25. Arrived the Indus from Madras, (a single ship,) and the Fox cutter, of this port, from Lisbon; she left the Tagus on the 15th instant, at which time the Portuguese had seven sail of the line, two frigates, and a schooner, ready for sea. On the 9th instant two sail of

Russian men of war arrived in the Tagus from Gibraltar, and on the 11th two sail more and two frigates; also a Portuguese frigate, and a merchantman from the Brazils richly laden.

London, Nov. 26. Two suicides were committed on Tuesday, the one by a young man of the name of Wootton, a draper's apprentice in Oxford-street, who swallowed a dose of aqua-fortis; and the other by a tradesman in Tottenham-court-road. The former was found in a state of pain and despondency, at the breakfast hour in his sleeping-room; and on being questioned, he confessed what he had taken, and assigned no other reason than that life was a burden to him. The other person cut his throat in bed, after his wife had risen, about eight o'clock in the morning. His conduct was noticed to have been very strange and out of the regular way the whole of Monday, but not such as excited any particular alarm. The deceased had retired from business a few months ago, and was in his 60th year.

Dec. 2. Sir Robert Wilson arrived in the middle of last night with dispatches of the highest importance from Petersburg.—Dispatches of a nature decidedly hostile. The ministers were summoned to meet in council early this morning. Messengers were sent off to all the out-ports, and the following letter was transmitted to the lord mayor:—

Stanhope-street Dec. 2.

My Lord, I have the honour to acquaint your lordship, that dispatches have been received from his Majesty's ambassador at the court of Petersburg, by which it appears that the emperor of Russia having published a declaration, in which his imperial majesty announces his determination to break off all communication with England, to recall his minister from this court, and not to permit the continuance of a British mission at the court of Saint Petersburg: His Majesty's ambassador has demanded his passports, and is now on his return.

I have lost no time in communicating this intelligence to your lordship, in

order that it may be made as public as possible.

I have the honour to be, &c.

George Canning.

Dec. 3. After the transmission of the letter to the lord mayor yesterday morning, two other communications were made. the first stated that

'The dispatches received from St. Petersburg were sent from that place on the morning of the 9th ultimo, at which time no embargo had been laid on the British shipping in the ports of Russia; it appears that about 20 sail of British vessels remained at Cronstadt, most of which were loaded. On the 31st of October there were 52 British ships at Riga; and on the 23d of October the River at Archangel was frozen over, and no British ships remained there.'

At Batson's coffee-house, the accustomed resort of our Russia merchants, the following communication was also publicly exhibited:—

'The governor of the Russia company has received from Mr. Canning the copy of a letter from lord G. Leveson Gower to Sir Stephen Shairp, informing him that an end had been put to all political relations between the courts of London and St. Petersburg, and that he should, in consequence, leave the country in a very few days. The date of the letter is Nov. 8, 1807.

'Sir Stephen Shairp mentions that there were 20 ships at Cronstadt, some of which he hoped would get away.'

The dispatches brought by Sir Robert Wilson were carried by that gentleman to Mr. Canning's house in Stanhope-street, between three and four yesterday morning. After the cabinet council was held, telegraphic orders were sent to the different out-ports, to Deal, to Yarmouth, to Portsmouth, to stop and detain all Russian ships.—There is a Russian frigate at Portsmouth, and immediately after the receipt of the telegraphic dispatch, a frigate was directed to lay upon her quarter.—Expresses were sent off to Plymouth, Falmouth, Ireland, and Scotland, with orders similar to those transmitted by the telegraph.

Dec. 3. In consequence of the orders from government, the Russian frigate

Sperknoi, of 44 guns, and a large transport, were taken possession of as prizes on Wednesday night at Spithead, by the *Leda* and *Hussar*.—We hope soon to announce the entrance of the Russian Mediterranean squadron into an English port.

Part of the squadron that was under admiral Keates, is to sail from Portsmouth this morning.

On Wednesday night and yesterday morning a party of Officers went on board all the foreign vessels in the River, examined their papers, and scrutinized their cabins closely. All vessels found under Oldenburgh colours had the broad arrow put upon their masts, and orders were given that no person belonging to them should be suffered to go on shore.

Dec. 4. Four persons were drowned on Sunday last, by imprudently venturing on the ice before it was sufficiently strong to bear them. An inquisition was taken yesterday at Newington, on the body of Peter Fowler, a joiner, residing in Gray's Inn-lane, who was drowned in a pond near Newington, and whose wife was a spectator at the time of the sad accident. The deceased had been to see his brother, and it was by mere accident that he was induced to go on the ice, where some boys were sliding. *Verdict Accidental Death.*—A lad of the name of Bremen, was also drowned in a pond at Somers Town, as was also a youth at Paddington, exclusive of another in Hyde Park, whose death we mentioned yesterday.

Dec. 5. Yesterday evening, between seven and eight o'clock, a fire broke out in the house of lady Clermont, in Berkeley-square. Her ladyship had company at dinner, and the cloth was just removed when the alarm was given. As soon as her ladyship's company heard of the dreadful accident, they persuaded her to quit the house, but in vain: she remained in the house, and would not suffer the doors to be opened, while the fire was raging with the greatest fury in the back attic story, where it is imagined it had begun; the engines soon arrived, and the whole neighbourhood was in alarm. Water could not be procured for a considerable time, and when the plugs were opened, there was not a suf-

ficient quantity to work the engines, until the main was forced at Pimlico and at the New River Head. By that time the flames had spread to such an alarming degree, as to threaten destruction to the houses of earl Powis, and sir John Harrington. Lord Foley's house also stood in great danger, as the back drawing-room windows project, and were much scorched by the flames. At nine o'clock the square was filled with people, and carriages full of ladies, who stopped to witness the dreadful scene; the flames by that time having extended to the front of the house, and still keeping to the attic stories, burning in the most awful manner. It illuminated the whole atmosphere for many miles round. The engines by that time had received an ample supply of water, but it did not seem to have any effect on the devouring element, it still burned with great violence in the back part of the house, and consumed the third floor room, with its furniture. By ten o'clock the roof fell in with a dreadful crash, which stopped the progress of the flames, although the ruins of that part of the house, by the great heat, threatened destruction to the second floor. About eleven o'clock, it was nearly got under, but it still had an awful appearance. Lord Foley stood on the roof of his own house, during the whole time; and lady Foley, who had packed up her jewels, remained within, with the greatest fortitude and composure, being determined not to retire until it was thought necessary. Her ladyship's carriage was at the door during the whole time, in case it was thought prudent for her to leave the house. At half-past eleven, the fire was very much abated. The St. James's volunteers attended, and kept excellent order. The firemen also exerted themselves to the utmost of their power; one of them having got access to the top of the house on fire, through sir John Harrington's house, he broke the windows of the dormers, stripped the lead off the top of them, and beat down the rafters. This had a very good effect in stopping the progress of the flames, which, at that period, had nearly caught the roof of earl Powis's

house. At twelve o'clock the engines were all at work, and the square was crowded with people. About one o'clock it was completely extinguished. Every gentleman's house in the square was opened, and ready to receive any thing that might be saved from the conflagration.

Dec. 12. A coroner's inquest sat on Friday at Ponder's-gate, near Stanmore, on the body of James Richmond Davis. The deceased, an artist of considerable property, resided near the turnpike at Paddington, and had been on the preceding day to a house, near Watford, in a single horse chaise, accompanied by his niece, a girl 16 years old. On their return home in the afternoon, it being dusk, and the ditches being filled with snow on a level with the road, Mr. D. mistook the horse-track on the off-side, and drove into a ditch five feet deep. The young lady was precipitated into the hedge unhurt; but the chaise was overturned so suddenly, that the driver was thrown into the ditch with the vehicle upon him, by which he was killed.—*Accidental death.*

Dec. 19. In the course of this day the following letter was sent by the secretary of state and first lord of the admiralty to the lord mayor:

Foreign office, half past Two, P. M.

Dec. 19. 1807.

My lord—I have the honour to acquaint your lordship that lord Strangford, his majesty's minister plenipotentiary to the court of Lisbon, has just arrived, having left the Portuguese fleet on the 5th instant, between Madeira and the Western Islands, under convoy of a British squadron, with a fair wind, steering for the Brazils.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) G. Canning.

The Right hon. the Lord Mayor.

Captain Yeo, of the *Confiance* sloop, also reached town on Saturday, between two and three o'clock, and attended at the Admiralty with dispatches from Sir Sidney Smith. Shortly after his arrival the following letter was dispatched by lord Mulgrave to the lord mayor:

Admiralty, Dec. 19. 1807.

My lord—I have great satisfaction in acquainting your lordship that captain

Yeo, of his majesty's sloop *Confiance*, arrived this afternoon at this office, with dispatches from rear-admiral Sir Sidney Smith, dated December 6, stating that the Prince Regent, with the whole of the Royal Family, consisting of fifteen persons, had embarked for the Brazils on the 24th ult. with seven sail of the line, five frigates, three armed brigs, and upwards of thirty Brazil merchant vessels.

The Portuguese fleet is attended by his Majesty's ships *Marlborough*, *London*, *Monarch*, and *Bedford*, under the command of capt. Moore.

Only one serviceable Portuguese line of battle ship, and three hulks, remained in the Tagus; eight Russian line of battle ships remained in the Tagus; only three of which were in condition for sea.

Rear admiral sir S. Smith has resumed the blockade of the port of Lisbon with five sail of the line; and will probably by this time have been joined by an additional squadron of line of battle ships—I have the honour, &c.

J. Ansley, mayor,

(True Copy) Mulgrave,

BIRTHS.

Nov. 18. At Talmouth, near Berwick, a seat of her father's, sir Francis Blake, bart. Mrs. Stag, of a daughter.

At lady Chambers's house, in Mortimer-street, the lady of colonel Wilton, of a son.

20. In Guildford-street, the lady of Samuel Edwards, esq. of a son and heir.

25. At the cottage, Southgate, the lady of W. Curtis, esq. of a daughter.

The lady of Colin Douglas, esq. of Frederick's-place, of a daughter.

Dec. 1. At Whiteford, the lady of sir Wm. Call, bart. of a daughter.

3. The lady of admiral Wilson, of Redgrave, Suffolk, of a son.

7. At Barham Court, near Canterbury, the lady of Samuel Tyssen, esq. of Narborough Hall, Norfolk, of a son.

9. At Fountington, Sussex, the lady of sir James Duff, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Nov. 17. At Clifton Church, John Eld, esq. of Singleford, Staffordshire, to the hon. Louisa S. Sidney Smythe, youngest daughter of the late right hon. and rev. Viscount Strangford.

18. At Stockport, the rev. George Hornsby, vicar of Turkdean, Gloucestershire, and chaplain to the marquis of Huntley, to Cordelia Emma Astley, youngest daughter of the late John Astley, esq. of Dukingfield-lodge, Cheshire.

23. At Kendal, John Drinkwater, esq. Liverpool, Merchant, to miss Gandy, of the former place.

24. At Inveresk, the earl of Selkirk, to miss Wedderburn, only daughter of James Wedderburn Colville, esq.

At St. George's, Bloomsbury, John Edwards, esq. of Bloomsbury-square, to Mrs. Dalton, of Russel-square.

28. By the rev. Dr. Drummond, George Haldimand, esq. of Clapham, to miss Prinsep, daughter of J. Prinsep, esq. alderman of the city of London.

At Aswarby House, Lincolnshire, capt. Atty, of the royal North Lincoln Militia, to miss Harriot Whichcote.

Dec. 1. Major Williams, Bombay Establishment, to Martha, third daughter of the late Charles Deane, esq. of Keekle-Grove, Cumberland.

At the parish church of Bolton, by the rev. Mr. Folds, Joseph Yates, of Peel Hall, in the county of Lancaster, esq. barrister at law, only son of the late hon. Mr. Justice Yates, to miss Amelia Ainsworth, eldest daughter of Thomas Ainsworth, of Bolton in the same county, esq.

12. Earl Craven, to miss Brunton, late of Covent Garden Theatre. The ceremony was performed at seven o'clock, by special licence, at his lordship's house in Charles-street, Berkeley-square. The hon. Berkeley Craven, his lordship's brother, and Mr. Brunton's family were present. A splendid dinner was prepared for the occasion. At eight o'clock yesterday morning, the happy pair left town for Combe Abbey, near Coventry, one of his lordship's seats. The noble earl is in his 37th year, the fair bride in her 25th.

DEATHS.

Nov. 21. At Bury, Suffolk, in the 87th year of her age, Mrs. Pretymann, wife of George Pretymann, esq. and mother of the bishop of Lincoln.

25. At his house on Clapham-common, in his 31st year, John Collick, esq. late of St. Martin's Lane, and one of the magistrates for the county of Middlesex and Westminster.

28. At his house in Grosvenor-place, Sir John Thomas Stanley, bart. of Alderley Park, Cheshire.

At his house in Spring Gardens, aged 65, Henry Vaughan Brooke, esq. M.P. for the county of Donegal, in Ireland.

At Southampton, aged 69, Mr. T. Collins, Proprietor and manager of the theatres of Southampton, Portsmouth, Winchester, and Chichester.

Dec. 2. In Wimpole-street, Cavendish-square, vice-admiral John Pakenham, of Lowestoft, in Suffolk, aged 61.

At Abb's Court, Surry, dowager countess Bathurst. She had nearly completed her 77th year.

At her house in Upper Brook-street, Mrs. Lynne, relict of the late Nicholas Lynne, esq. of Horsham, in the county of Essex.

At Ipswich, at an advanced age, Mrs. Clara Reeve, sister to the late vice-admiral Reeve.

5. At Gretford, in the county of Lincoln, in his 90th year, Dr. Francis Willis, M. D.

10. At his house in Southampton, John Brisbane, esq. admiral of the red.

12. At Stepleford, in Leicestershire, the right hon. Philip Sherard, earl and baron of Harborough, and baron Leitrim in Ireland. His lordship was in his 41st year. He is succeeded in his titles and estates by his only son Philip, who is about twelve years of age.

Lately, Miss Frances Toynton, of Toynton All Saints, near Spilsby. But a few days before, the prospect of life and happiness presented itself to her—and the day on which she died had been fixed upon for her wedding-day.

17. At Stoke-Newington, Thomas Penn, esq. after a very severe illness.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

SUPPLEMENT FOR 1807.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates,

- 1 PROVIDENTIAL PRESERVATION of FOUR SEAMEN.
- 2 VIEW of the PRINCESS of WALES' VILLA at BLACKHEATH.

LONDON:

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

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

On Monday, February 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 coloured.—And, 5. An entirely new Pattern in the most improved Taste.]

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

For JANUARY, 1808.

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

* * * The highly flattering Approbation and liberal Patronage, with which the LADY'S MAGAZINE has been so long honoured by the Public in general, and its FAIR PATRONESSES in particular, demand from the Proprietor the most grateful acknowledgments, and cannot but stimulate him to make every exertion to preserve to this Miscellany the character it has maintained for so long a series of years, as a Publication equally entertaining and instructive, a valuable Repository for the productions of female genius, and an instructive Compendium of the polite Literature of the age.



THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SUPPLEMENT, FOR 1807.

NARRATIVE

OF THE

PROVIDENTIAL PRESERVATION OF FOUR SEAMEN

SHIPWRECKED ON BOARD THE BRIG FLORA OF PHILADELPHIA, AND
TAKEN UP BY CAPTAIN BURTON OF THE SNOW THAMES OF
LONDON.

(From Captain Burton's Journal of a Voyage from London to Madeira, and
thence to New Providence.)

[*With an elegant Plate, illustrative of the desperate Situation of the unfortunate
Mariners.*]

ON Wednesday the 24th of October, 1804, we saw something in the North-west appearing like a boat with one sail set; hauled up towards it, and in a quarter of an hour after discovered it to be a wreck, with her masts gone and her bowsprit standing. What we took for a sail was a piece of canvass hoisted on the bowsprit for a signal. Soon after we discovered four men on the bowsprit, and likewise part of a shark, and a firkin of butter hanging under it. We hauled up close to the wreck. At ten hove-to, hoisted the boat out, and took the men on board. They were in an extremely weak condition, having remained, by

their account, thirteen days on the bowsprit, with no other sustenance than the piece of the shark we had seen, and some salt-butter, as will appear from the subjoined narrative. The captain, Thomas Burrows, who was one of them, on being brought on board, fainted away several times. The legs of all of them were dreadfully ulcerated, and they were emaciated and feeble to a degree scarcely conceivable. We made a bed for them on the quarter-deck, setting up an awning over it, and gave them every assistance necessary. The two ladies, our passengers, with that sympathy and tenderness which ever distinguishes the sex,

were most assiduously attentive to them, doing every thing in their power to contribute to their relief and comfort. We were particularly careful to prevent them from gratifying their eager desire to assuage the burning thirst they had so long suffered by drinking too copiously, which might have been fatal to them; and we therefore supplied them with fresh water at first only sparingly and cautiously. We gave them some sago, and made them some chicken-broth; and they soon began to recover their spirits and strength. As their clothing was in a very wretched plight, from the distress they had suffered, our people furnished them with new clothes; and we had the happiness daily to see a rapid progress in the re-establishment of their health.

While we were lying-to, and the people with the boat were employed in taking the poor men from the wreck, we caught six dolphins.

Our latitude to-day at noon, by observation, was 25, 5, North; from which it appeared that we had been carried by some current, or some unknown cause, eleven miles to the Northward of our account, by which deviation from the course we had intended to steer we were brought to the spot where the wreck lay; a deviation the more extraordinary, as it had never occurred to us in any former voyage, and can only be ascribed to the immediate direction of our all-gracious Providence, whose tender mercies are over all his works, and who had ordained that we should be the instruments of his merciful goodness, by discovering and rescuing from their dreadful situation the four poor souls we took on board from the

wreck.—So true is it that ‘ those who go down to the sea in ships, and who do business in great waters, see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.

The following is the narrative of the loss of the ship of which we discovered the wreck, and of the sufferings of the crew, written by Mr. Thomas Burrows, the master.

‘ *Account of the Loss of the Brig Flora, of Philadelphia, Thomas Burrows, Master, on a Voyage to Cayenne and South America.*

‘ On Friday the 28th of September 1804, we sailed from Philadelphia, in good order, and well-conditioned for sea; our crew consisting of the following persons:—

‘ Thomas Burrows, master; William Davidson, supercargo; Jacob Oldenberg, mate; Josiah Anderson, steward; Samuel Babcock, seaman; John Nevan, ditto; William Story, ditto; Joseph Wilden, ditto; Josiah Smith, boy; James Cameron, ditto.

‘ On Tuesday, the 1st of October, we discharged our pilot, and took our departure from Cape Henlopen, with a pleasant breeze from the North-eastward, all well on board. Nothing of importance occurred till Tuesday the 8th, when the wind hauled to the South-eastward, and continued in that direction till the 10th, with a heavy swell from the East-north-east. On Friday the 12th, we found by observation that we were in latitude 28, 50, North, longitude 54, 0, West. Observing it to look for a blow from the North-east, we took in our jib, square main-sail, top-gallant-sails, and stay-sails. At four in the afternoon, the gale increasing, we close reefed the top-sails, sent the top-

gallant yards down, and took in two reefs of the fore and aft main-sail. At midnight, the gale still increasing from the North-eastward, we handed the top-sails, and hove-to under the fore-sail and main-stay-sail. At one A. M. of Saturday the 13th handed the fore-sail and main-stay-sail; hove-to under the balance-reefed main-sail; the gale increasing with a heavy sea, thunder, lightning, and violent rain. At two A. M. the gale still increasing, handed the balance main-sail, and hove-to under bare poles, the brig making good weather. The gale still continuing to increase, all hands were employed on deck, and our pump kept constantly going; till finding it impossible that the brig could lie-to any longer, we called all hands aft, and it was determined, for the preservation of the vessel, to cut away the main-mast, and scud before the wind. Every thing being prepared, we divided accordingly: but before we could get to the mast, we were struck by a whirlwind, which hove the brig on her beam ends. Every person on board, except Joseph Wilden, a seaman—who, being in the fore-castle, was drowned—now ran to the windward side of the vessel. We immediately cut the lanyards of the main-biggings, and the main-mast went by the board. By this time the hatches had bursted up; the vessel filled with water; and the cargo was floating out at each hatch-way. All hope of saving the ship being now at an end, self-preservation became the only object with every one; and we endeavoured to lash ourselves to the main-chains, when a heavy sea broke over us, and carried away William Davidson the supercargo,

William Story, and the two boys, Smith and Cameron: the fore-mast soon afterwards went by the board.

‘Day-light came on, and discovered the most dismal sight ever beheld by the eye of man. The vessel was an entire wreck, with masts and spars hanging to it; while different parts of the cargo, as they floated from time to time out of the hold, washed over us. At length we shipped a heavy sea abaft, which stoved in the stern; and made an opening through which the cargo in the cabin washed out; and thus the wreck became considerably lightened.

‘We remained on the main-chains till eight o’clock in the morning, when we took to the bowsprit, thinking that the safest part of the wreck. About nine, William Story, and the boy, William Cameron, drifted on board, on the caboose-house. We now had lost all hope, and resigned ourselves to our fate, expecting every wave to swallow us up. About noon the boy died through fatigue, and we committed his body to the deep. In the latter part of this day the gale became more moderate, but a heavy sea continued running. On Monday the 15th William Story died for want of subsistence, and the mate, from extreme hunger, actually devoured a part of his flesh; all the rest, however, refused to share with him, and the remains were committed to the deep.

‘When we had continued in this dismal situation till Wednesday the 17th, the gale had become considerably more moderate; and it occurred to us, that by diving into the half-deck, we might obtain something on which we might

subsist. This we endeavoured to do, but all our attempts proved ineffectual; and we then had no other resource but to chew the lead from the bows. On Friday the 19th, we discovered a large ship to leeward, and made all the signals we could, but in vain, for she passed without noticing us.

‘On Saturday the 20th, a strong breeze springing up, with a heavy sea running, several kegs of butter came up from the fore-castle: we all immediately plunged in on the deck, and were so fortunate as to save five kegs of salt-butter, one of which was immediately opened, and we fed one another; but we found that the salt-butter, instead of relieving, only increased our thirst.

‘On Sunday the 21st, Jacob Oldenburgh, the mate, became delirious, and continued so till his death, on the 23d. On the same day (the 21st) a schooner passed us to leeward, within less than a mile. We hoisted all the signals we could make, but without effect, though we could see every man on deck.

‘On Tuesday the 23d, the mate departed this life from want of subsistence; and as we were reduced to the last extremity from want of water and food, it was agreed to eat his flesh for our own preservation. We accordingly dissected him, and drank his blood among us, from which we found considerable relief. At this time we were surrounded by numerous sharks, which seemed waiting for us; and, as Providence directed us, we were so fortunate with a rope, and a piece of human flesh, as to take one of the largest of them. We then committed the mate’s body to the deep; and having got the shark on the bow-

sprit, split him open, and divided his blood among us, which proved a most happy relief to us all.

‘On Wednesday the 24th, at sun-rise, we saw a brig standing towards us, which sight cheered our drooping spirits, as it afforded us hope of relief. We immediately hoisted signals of distress; and had the pleasure to find the brig haul up towards us. At ten a. m. she hove-to, hoisted her boat out to our assistance, and we were taken on board the vessel, which proved to be the Snow Thames, of London, Charles Burton master, from Madeira, bound to New Providence. We were at that time in the most feeble and emaciated condition possible for living men to be; but we soon began to revive, as we received every assistance and attention from the humanity of the captain, his officers, and passengers.

‘THOMAS BURROWS.’

The Bahama Chamber of Commerce, in testimony of the humanity and active exertions of captain Burton on this occasion, passed the following vote of thanks to him:—

‘*Resolution of the Bahama Chamber of Commerce.*

‘At a meeting of the Bahama Chamber of Commerce, held on the 16th of November, 1804,

‘RESOLVED,

‘That the thanks of the Chamber be given to captain Charles Burton, of the Snow Thames of London, for his humanity, in picking up, and bringing to this port, the master and surviving part of the crew of the American brig Flora, of Philadelphia, whereof Thomas Burrows was master,

when in the greatest distress, almost in the middle of the ocean; and that the same be transmitted by the president.

‘ J. WEBSTER, President.’

Letter from Mr. J. Webster, president of the Bahama Chamber of Commerce, to captain Charles Burton, with a copy of the above resolution.

New Providence, Dec. 31, 1804.

‘ SIR,

‘ The Chamber of Commerce of the Bahama islands, ever ready to bear testimony of the meritorious conduct of individuals anywise concerned in commerce, did, at their quarterly meeting, on the 16th ultimo, *resolve unanimously*, that the thanks of the Chamber be conveyed to you for your humanity in picking up, and bringing to this port, the master and surviving part of the crew of the American brig Flora, of Philadelphia, whereof Thomas Burrows was master, when in the greatest distress, almost in the middle of the ocean.

‘ Although in this instance you did nothing more than what was due, and ought to have been expected from one individual to suffering brethren of the same profession under similar circumstances, yet it must be allowed that few men would have exercised the humanity you did to those unfortunate people when at the point of death, and that to your care and attention, after they were received on board the Thames, may be attributed the preservation of their lives.

‘ A copy of the resolution of the Chamber I herewith transmit to you with great pleasure; and I request, sir, that you will accept

my best wishes for your future success and happiness in life.

I am, sir,

Your most humble servant,

J. WEBSTER,

President of the chamber
of commerce.’

Captain Charles Burton,
Thames of London.

REFLECTIONS ON AUTHORS.

[By the late Mr. Cowper.]

CARACCIOLI says—‘ there is something very bewitching in authorship; and that he who has once written will write again’—I can subscribe to the former part of his assertion from my own experience, having never found an amusement among the many I have been obliged to have recourse to that so well answered the purpose for which I used it. The quiet and composing effect of it was such, and so totally absorbed have I sometimes been in my rhyming occupation, that neither the past nor the future had any longer a share in my contemplation. For this reason I wish, and have often wished, since the fit left me, that it would seize me again: but, hitherto, I have wished it in vain. I see no want of subjects, but I feel a total inability to discuss them. Whether it is thus with other writers or not I am ignorant, but I should suppose my case, in this respect, a little peculiar. The voluminous writers, at least, whose vein of fancy seems also to have been rich in proportion to their occasions, cannot have been so unlike and so unequal to themselves. There is this difference between my poetship and the generality of them—they have been ignorant

how much they stood indebted to an almighty Power for the exercise of these talents they have supposed their own: whereas I know, I know most perfectly, I am perhaps to be taught it to the last, that my power to think, whatever it be, and consequently my power to compose, is, as much as my outward form, afforded to me by the same hand that makes me in any respect to differ from a brute.

A serious poem is like a swan, it flies heavily and never far; but a jest has the wings of a swallow, that never tire, and that carry it into every nook and corner. I am perfectly a stranger to the reception that my volume* meets with, and I believe in respect to my *nonchalance* upon that subject, if authors would but copy so fair an example, I am a most exemplary character. I must tell you, nevertheless, that although the laurels I gain at Olney will never minister much to my pride, I have acquired some.—The reverend Mr. S—— is my admirer, and thinks my second volume superior to my first. It ought to be so. If we do not improve by practice, then nothing can mend us; and a man has no more cause to be mortified at being told that he has excelled himself, than the elephant had whose praise it was—that he was the greatest elephant in the world, except himself.

DESCRIPTION of the VILLA of her
ROYAL HIGHNESS the PRINCESS
OF WALES.

[With a View, elegantly engraved.]

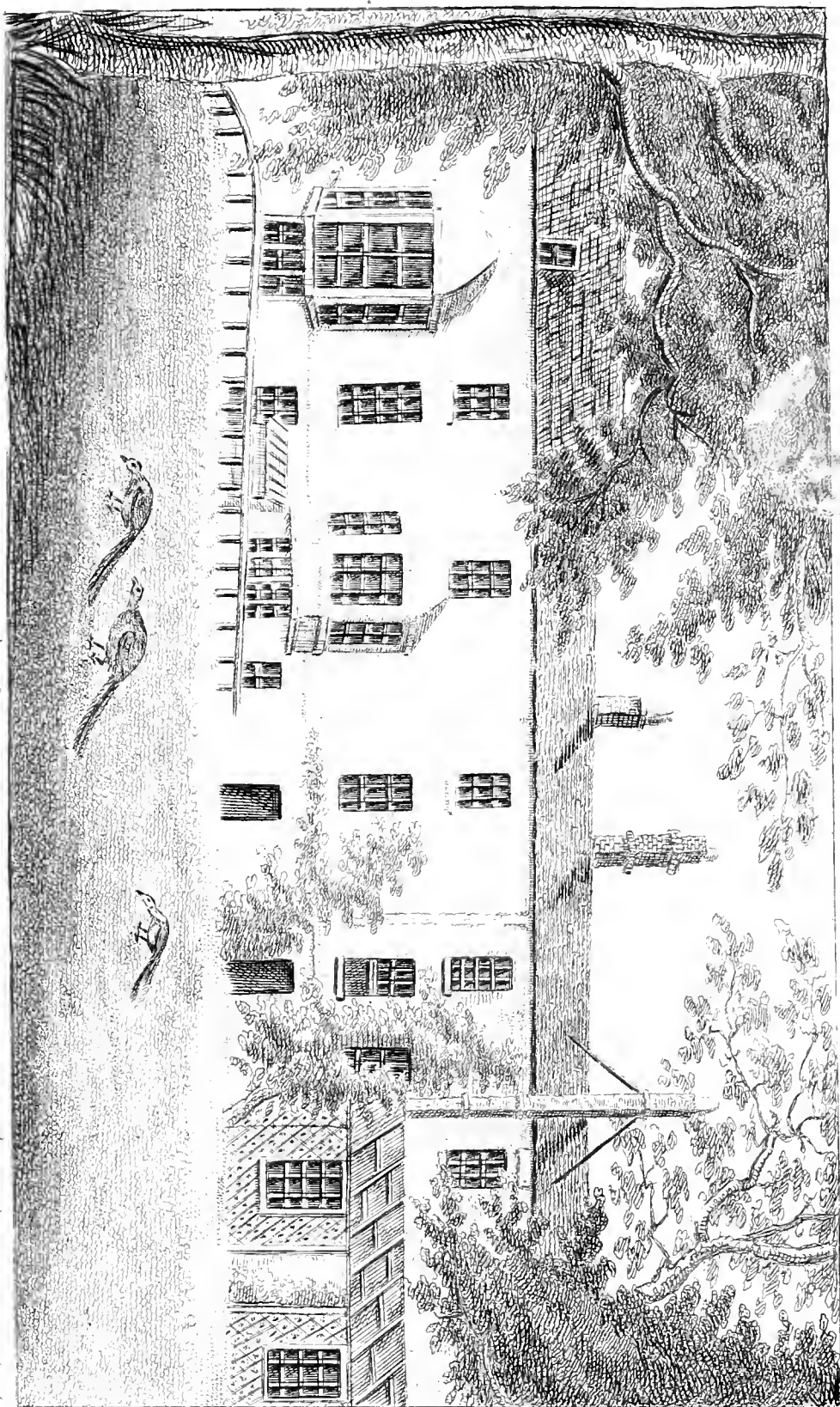
THE villa of her royal highness

the princess of Wales is situated on Blackheath, adjoining to Greenwich Park, and the view now given looks into the Park. The front is thickly embowered with trees, so as nearly to obscure the building from public view. It is a compound of irregular architecture, and though plain in its outside, is fitted up with great symmetry and beauty internally, and reflects much credit to her royal highness' judgment and taste. The gardens, conservatory, &c. are at once simple and elegant. The situation of this villa is charmingly central for variety of excursions round the adjacent country which offers a pleasing variety of hill and dale. It is at a convenient distance from the metropolis, and its vicinity to that noble building, Greenwich Hospital, the Park, and the majestic and busy River' Thames, render it delightful. Near this spot, opposite Conduit Vale, is an eminence called the Point, forming a most pleasing situation for a promenade, which equals, if not excels, any part so near London for a bold and extensive prospect.

At her royal highness' mansion, the poor find every relief and encouragement: and the rising generation of both sexes around this hall of hospitality have abundant reason to bless the royal and generous benefactress, who not only supplies their present wants, but amply contributes to their future welfare by providing for them the means of a liberal education,

* The second volume of his poems.

Drawn & Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



View of Mrs. Royal Highways the Princess of Wales's House on Blackheath, from Greenwich Park.



HARRIET VERNON ;

OR,

CHARACTERS FROM REAL LIFE.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

BY A LADY.

(Continued from p. 641.)

LETTER XLII.

Miss H. Vernon to Miss West.

I THANK you, my dear Susan, for your kind, consoling letter. I feel myself mend every day, and were I in comfortable circumstances, no doubt my late disappointment would soon cease to affect me. That I loved Mr. Beaumont is certain, but the discovery of his baseness could not fail to obliterate my affection; and the happy escape I have had can leave no other emotion but gratitude to Providence and my deliverer. I will quit this subject, having others to write of in which I am more immediately interested. I know not what will become of me; I am an outcast, I think. You may recollect my having mentioned Mrs. Wilson's behaviour towards me as unkind and unaccountable for some time past; a few days since the mystery was unravelled. Mr. Wilson, who has always behaved to both of us in a most friendly and kind manner, thought proper, at seeing me unwell and dejected, (as how, for some time, could I be otherwise,) to take me out on horseback, and proposed

little walks, with a view to rouse and disengage my attention from an unpleasant subject. Mrs. Wilson seemed to acquiesce in this with readiness, and sometimes, (as did in general, Maria,) joined us. A few days since, on my return from a ride with Mr. Wilson, I was surprised to find Maria in tears, and Mrs. Wilson traversing the room in much disorder.

When Mr. Wilson and I entered—'Here they are,' said she, 'now answer for yourselves. Mr. Wilson, have you not withdrawn your affections from me, and fixed them on that girl? Yes, I saw it long ago; I am not a fool; I have eyes and ears. Begone from my house,' said she to me, 'you have acted a base part by me.'

'Dear Madam,' said I, 'what do you mean?'

'Leave my sight,' replied she.

I was terrified to death, and ran out of the room. Maria followed, and not knowing what we did, we set to packing up our clothes, to go we knew not where. We had not, however, proceeded far before Mrs. Wilson's maid came to say her mistress wanted to speak with us. I trembled so that I could hardly stand, and begged Maria to attend her alone. 'By no means,' she said, 'conscious of innocence, what had I to fear; or why regard her passions and absurdities? To avoid her sight might give cause for suspicion.'—I saw the propriety of this, and went with her, expecting nothing less than a repetition of what she had before said.

We were surprised to see her cool and composed.—'I am very sorry,' said she, 'for what I have in my passion said, but I am now cool, and you must excuse my

little pets. I did not mean to affront you, I am sure ; I have a great regard for you both, but I am not well ; one is not in temper always.'

I scarcely knew how to answer this unexpected and silly speech. At length I said 'I was preparing to leave her house by her orders, though I knew not where to go.'

'I shall be very much affronted if you do so,' said she. 'Come, come, you must not bear malice ; you must both of you stay and live with me, I cannot do without you.'

'I hope I shall never hear malice, madam ; but after what has passed, it is impossible that I can live here. If you will permit me to stay, until I can procure a situation of some kind or other to support me respectably, it is all I wish for, and I make no doubt but my friends will soon find me one.'

'Well, if you are set upon it, it must be so, though I had rather you staid with me.'

Strange, capricious woman ! Any thing would I suffer rather than be subject to the whims and insults of such a temper.

As I was now convinced that she really meant nothing by what she had said respecting Mr. Wilson, my mind was relieved ; for, however innocent I felt myself, I could not but be shocked and concerned at the suggestion. She has ever since behaved very well, and affects to be sorry, or perhaps really is so, that I am to leave her. Maria continues with her, but her favours are held on so precarious a footing, that no person can depend on their continuance. There is no alteration in Mr. Wilson's behaviour to me, but I am more reserved to him. He urges me to

stay, and I believe with sincerity, but I tell him it is out of the question, after what has passed.

I will now inform you of the particulars of a visit which Maria and I paid yesterday to our cousin Meadows ; for as by her connexions she was able to assist in procuring a situation, we thought it prudent to consult her. Indeed I considered it not unlikely that she might choose to retain me herself as a companion to her daughters, or in some other way. We found her sitting with her daughters at work. On our entrance none of the party arose from their seats, or took any notice of us but by a bow of the head.

'I thought you had left the country before this time,' said Mrs. Meadows.

'We should not have done that, madam, without waiting on you.'—A silence of five minutes ensued.

'Mr. and Mrs. Wilson desire to be remembered to you,' said Maria.

'Oh ! I suppose my sister is much in the same way, all over aches and pains :—the young ones tittered—'her young husband has not cured her I fancy.'—The pert girls now laughed outright at their mother's wit—she went on. 'She was resolved my children should not be the better for her ; I hear the man took care to have every thing settled on him you see.'

Maria said we knew nothing of her affairs.

'No child, I dare say you do not, and you will never be the better for her I can answer ; she is not over fond of giving, I can tell you that.'

Maria said we did not expect any particular favour, and were looking out for a situation to sup-

port ourselves. Do you know, madam, any lady who wants a companion or an assistant in a school where the knowledge of the English tongue and needle-work might recommend?

Why no! she knew of no such person being wanted. She had many applications of that sort made to her, but it was an unthankful office to recommend. She had once recommended a young person as a companion to a very worthy friend of hers, but she turned out very ungrateful, and behaved very insolent, and was so intolerably proud that there was no bearing her; and because her father had lived in splendour and kept his coach, she was above setting a hand to any thing, and was quite the fine lady. Her father had lost a large estate in America, and the family were obliged to get their living as well as they could; some went one way, and some another. This was their eldest daughter; she was thought very handsome, (though for her part she saw no beauty in her), had received an accomplished education, but she was good for nothing, as a servant, and truly refused doing many little offices which she was sometimes required; and one day when her friend desired her to scour some shelves in a closet, she rang the bell for the house-maid, and pertly said that she had not been used to such menial offices, and had the insolence to mention her birth and education, and a great deal more such arrogant stuff, not to be borne from a dependant, so her friend sent her away, for which she thought her right. As for her part, she hated what were called companions. Her daughters were her companions.

I told her that Mrs. Wilson had chosen my sister for her companion, but that I wanted a situation.

‘Why how is that?’ said she; ‘I thought your brother had provided for you both.’

I said dependence on brothers was, I believed, in general, very uncertain; that ours was *married*, and had deserted us. I briefly related the particulars you so well know. When I had finished,—she was very sorry—it was too often the case.—But she thought it was pity that I did not accept of the offer of being with a milliner or mantua-maker. For her part, she had a family, and must look to them; she supposed we were both in the same plight, and bad enough it was.—Maria then repeated that *she* was to continue at Mrs. Wilson’s.

‘Oh! you are,’ said she, drawing herself up, and looking at the girls. ‘She had better provide for you both, I think; and when she dies, her husband and you may divide the substance.’

Maria said she had no such expectation or wish.

‘No such wish, child!’ replied she, bursting into a sneering laugh, in which her daughters joined her. I know not when their mirth would have ceased, had not a gentleman entered whose presence imposed silence.

‘How do you, Mr. Rogers? I am extremely glad to see you. It is an age, I am sure, since you was here. How is your good mother? Ann, put down Mr. Rogers’ hat.’

After this greeting, made, no doubt, to the purse of the gentleman, he had time to speak, and informed her that he was in great haste, having been on the tramp over the parish, but had not gone

half through.—‘ You have heard, madam, of the fire that happened at Goodman Taylor’s last night ?’—‘ Oh yes !’ she was sadly disturbed by it, and intended to send her servant this morning to hear how it happened, and what was the damage, but she had forgot it.

‘ It is well, madam,’ said the gentleman, ‘ other people had better memories. The poor people are burnt out of their house, and have lost all the little property they had.’

‘ Dear me ! I am very sorry ; it is a sad thing, indeed. They were very industrious, good sort of people, I believe ?’

‘ None more so,’ said Mr. Rogers : ‘ but it does not rest with us to call them good people, we must do what we can to assist them, and alleviate their distress.’

‘ Pray, sir, what do you suppose their loss to be ?’ said Maria.

‘ About fifty pounds,’ said Mr. Rogers.

‘ A very large sum,’ said Mrs. Meadows.

‘ Oh ! nothing madam, in this large and rich parish. I hope to raise more than that. I am an excellent collector of poor rates. But I must not spend my time in chattering. You will not refuse your mite, Madam ?’

He spoke the word mite with so pointed an emphasis, as convinced me that he knew Mrs. Meadows perfectly well. Slow went the lady’s hand into her pocket, and slowly did she draw thence a fine silk purse with gold tassels. Before it could be opened, Maria and I had taken half-a-crown from ours, and were going to present it to the gentleman.—‘ No ! no !’ said he, ‘ I accept none from young ladies ; my demand is only on the housekeepers in the parish.

I presume you have nothing to do yet with the collector of poor rates. We begged him to accept, but he refused ; I suppose he judged from our appearance, which was very plain, that we could ill spare it.

By this time Mrs. Meadows’ purse was opened, and—‘ Pray, sir,’ said she, ‘ what have my neighbours given you in general ?’

‘ I hope to receive from you, Madam, a free-will offering. I do not produce my book before I see the cash to be entered in it.’

O shame ! where is thy blush ! or why wast thou not discoverable on the cheek of Mrs. Meadows ? when, fast clinched between finger and thumb, she presented half-a-crown towards the relief of a man, his wife, and six children.—‘ Will that do, sir ?’ said she.

‘ Any thing will be accepted, madam,’ said the gentleman, making a profound bow, and drawing from his pocket a list of names. ‘ Let me see,’ said he—‘ Mr. Jackson, five guineas ; Mr. Perkins, three guineas ; Mrs. Morris, three guineas ; Mrs. Francis, one guinea ; Miss Francis, half-a-guinea ; Master Francis, five shillings ; a gentleman unknown, one guinea ; John Long, the beadle, who also assisted at the fire, five shillings ; Mrs. Meadows, two-and-sixpence.—Good morning to you ; I must speed away, or my fifty pounds will not be made up this morning.’—Away he went.

‘ I could not conceive,’ said the lady, ‘ what brought him here this morning. He frequently drinks tea here. He is a rich old widower, and is very fond of my daughter Ann. John, if Mr. Rogers comes again of a morning, I am not at home. I don’t like morning visits. Did you ever hear of such extravagant giving as he read from his

first list? At this rate the people will be enriched by the accident, which ought not to be; for I dare say it was caused by carelessness. I care not who knows what I gave; I have three children to look to.—Well, I must go to dress for dinner, but that need not hurry you away.—We told her it was a very long walk, not less than two miles, to Mr. Wilson's, and we must beg leave to sit an hour or two.—‘Oh, by all means,’ said she; ‘and perhaps you would like something to eat.’—If she pleased, we would.—She rang the bell, and ordered the servant to bring the cold beef. He whispered, should he bring the cold chicken and tongue.—‘No, only the beef.’—She told us that she was generally so long in dressing she feared she should not see us again, so wished us a good morning, and hoped we should meet with success.—She would speak to all her friends.—Ann and Susan would give us a tune on the harpsichord. Away she went, and the entrance of the cold beef was to me by far a more pleasing object. The young ladies sat some time looking at us, and tittering at one another. I asked them for their brother. He was gone to join his regiment. We supposed they found it rather dull without him.—Oh no, they were very glad to get rid of him, for he was always quarrelling with them when he was at home.—A blessed house, thought I, to live in, this; deliver me from the hard lot of being a companion to either you or your mother.

Maria asked them if they were not very sorry for the poor family who were burnt out of their house so shockingly. The youngest said she was very sorry, and wished her

mamma had given more for them.—‘Pho!’ said her sister, ‘you know mamma says there are parishes to take care of the poor people.’—‘Parishes are little helps,’ said I, ‘and will maintain no one without assistance from humane people who can afford to give.’

‘We had a charity sermon last Sunday,’ said she, ‘but mamma did not go to church; for she said she dared to say the money would not be applied properly; and I am sure there is a man comes here with a book very often collecting for poor people, and mamma always gives.’

‘The laws of the land,’ said I, ‘oblige all housekeepers to contribute according to the rent of their houses, towards the maintenance of the poor.’

Maria told them a long story of a poor family she once knew: how the father died, and nobody would give the poor widow any thing, and she was almost starved to death, &c. partly her own invention, to see what effect it would have on them. The youngest shed tears; I kissed her, and told her she never looked so agreeable in her life. The eldest expressed no concern at all, and I discovered that she was *mamma* all over. The music master's appearance put an end to our conversation, and we soon took our leave, not a little disgusted with our cousin Meadows.

We were completely tired by the time we got home, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilson said it was a shame we were not sent home in the carriage. We had walked four miles for no purpose, yet we did not repent our fatigue. Had we not informed her of our situation, she most likely, by pleading

ignorance, would have thought herself excused from lending us assistance. She was ready enough to promise her interest with acquaintance that did not touch her pocket. Oh, what a blessing is a humane and generous heart! How much true pleasure does Mrs. Meadows lose?

Maria is in daily expectation of hearing from Mrs. Ambrose. We are surprised at not hearing from Dorcas. I have written to her, and directed as she mentioned. I fear the good woman is ill: surely my brother is not brute enough to forsake the poor soul as he has us.

I mentioned in my last the very great and good alteration in Mr. Wentworth's affairs, as told us by the worthy Mr. Johnson. I hope when he writes to him he will inform him that Maria is not married. Oh, Susan, I have great hopes; you can guess what they are. From what I have said respecting my own affairs, I need not add my wishes that you and your mother would try to devise some means for my establishment in life. I will accept any thing that is tolerably reputable: any thing almost is preferable to continuing where I am, as you will no doubt join me in thinking. Do not be uneasy on account of my health and spirits; the former is not injured, and I hope I have too much sense and fortitude to suffer the late occurrences to prey on the latter. I remain, my dear Susan, most

Affectionately yours,

H. VERNON.

[To be continued.]

OBSERVATIONS on the TOWN and MANUFACTURES of MANCHESTER.*

[From the Letters of Don Manuel Alvarez Espiella.—Translated from the Spanish.]

“ J. HAD provided us with letters to a gentleman in Manchester; we delivered them after breakfast, and were received with that courtesy which a foreigner, when he takes with him the expected recommendations, is sure to receive in England. He took us to one of the great cotton manufactories, showed us the number of children who were at work there, and dwelt with delight on the infinite good which resulted from employing them at so early an age. I listened without contradicting him; for who would lift up his voice against

* We are aware that the health and morals of the rising generation are too much neglected in many, though not in all, our manufactories. The Lanark Mills, for instance, are an exception; health, morals, and education being there particularly attended to. Complaints similar to this of Espiella's might be made against almost every employment by which the labouring classes obtain their bread, agriculture excepted. Almost all mechanical employments are less or more detrimental to health: the mode of life of the soldier and sailor might even be attacked if notions of health and morals were pushed to the extreme; but, as we are persuaded that in many of our great manufactories too little attention is paid to the welfare of the individuals employed, and too much to the acquisition of wealth, we may serve the public considerably in calling its notice to this important consideration, by this animated, though, perhaps, exaggerated picture of Manchester.

Diana in Ephesus?—proposed my questions in such a way as not to imply, or at least not to advance, any difference of opinion, and returned with a feeling at heart which makes me thank God I am not an Englishman.

‘Mr. — remarked that nothing could be so beneficial to a country as manufactures. ‘You see these children, sir,’ said he. ‘In most parts of England poor children are a burthen to their parents and to the parish; here the parish, which would else have to support them, is rid of all expense; they get their bread as soon as they can run about, and by the time they are seven or eight years old bring in money. There is no idleness among us: they come at five in the morning; we allow them half an hour for breakfast, and an hour for dinner; they leave work at six, and another set relieves them for the night; the wheels never stand still.’ I was looking, while he spoke, at the unnatural dexterity with which the fingers of these little creatures were playing in the machinery, half giddy myself with the noise and the endless motion: and when he told me there was no rest in these walls day or night, I thought that if Dante had peopled one of his hells with children, here was a scene worthy to have supplied him with new images of torment.

‘These children, then,’ said I, ‘have no time to receive instruction.’—‘That, sir,’ he replied, ‘is the evil which we have found. Girls are employed here from the age you see them till they marry, and then they know nothing about domestic work, not even how to mend a stocking, or boil a potato. But we are remedying this now, and send the children to

school for an hour after they have done work.’ I asked if so much confinement did not injure their health?—‘No,’ he replied, ‘they are as healthy as any children in the world could be. To be sure, many of them as they grew up went off in consumptions, but consumption was the disease of the English.’ I ventured to inquire afterwards concerning the morals of the people who were trained up in this monstrous manner, and found, what was to be expected, that in consequence of herding together such numbers of both sexes, who are utterly uneducated in the commonest principles of religion and morality, they were as debauched and profligate as human beings, under the influence of such circumstances must inevitably be; the men drunken, the women dissolute; that however high the wages they earned, they were too improvident ever to lay by for a time of need; and that, though the parish was not at the expense of maintaining them when children, it had to provide for them in diseases induced by their mode of life, and in premature debility and old age; the poor rates were oppressively high, and the hospitals and workhouses always full and overflowing. I inquired how many persons were employed in the manufactory, and was told, children and all, about two hundred. What was the firm of the house?—There were two partners.—So! thought I—a hundred to one!

‘We are well off for hands in Manchester,’ said Mr. —; ‘manufactures are favourable to population; the poor are not afraid of having a family here, the parishes therefore have always plenty to apprentice, and we take them as

fast as they can supply us. In new manufacturing towns they find it difficult to get a supply. Their only method is to send people round the country to get children from their parents. Women usually undertake this business: they promise the parents to provide for the children; one party is glad to be eased of a burthen, and it answers well to the other to find the young ones in food, lodging, and clothes, and receive their wages.—‘But if these children should be ill used!’ said I.—‘Sir,’ he replied, ‘it never can be the interest of the women to use them ill, nor of the manufacturers to permit it.’

‘It would have been in vain to argue, had I been disposed to it. Mr. — was a man of humane and kindly nature, who would not himself use any thing cruelly, and judged of others by his own feelings. I thought of the cities in Arabian romance, where all the inhabitants were enchanted: here Commerce is the queen witch, and I had no talisman strong enough to dis-enchant those who were daily drinking of the golden cup of her charms.

‘We purchase English cloth, English muslins, English buttons, &c. and admire the excellent skill with which they are fabricated, and wonder that from such a distance they can be afforded to us at so low a price, and think what a happy country is England! A happy country indeed it is for the higher orders; no where have the rich so many enjoyments, no where have the ambitious so fair a field, no where have the ingenious such encouragement, no where have the intellectual such advantages; but to talk of English happiness is like talking of Spartan freedom, the

Helots are overlooked. In no other country can such riches be acquired by commerce, but it is the one who grows rich by the labour of the hundred.—The hundred human beings like himself, as wonderfully fashioned by Nature, gifted with the like capacities, and equally made for immortality, are sacrificed, body and soul. Horrible as it must needs appear, the assertion is true to the very letter. They are deprived in childhood of all instruction and all enjoyment; of the sports in which childhood instinctively indulges; of fresh air by day, and of natural sleep by night. Their health, physical and moral, is alike destroyed; they die of diseases induced by unremitting task-work, by a confinement in the impure atmosphere of crowded rooms, by the particles of metallic or vegetable dust which they are continually inhaling; or they live to grow up without decency, without comfort, and without hope; without morals, without religion, and without shame; and bring forth slaves like themselves to tread in the same path of misery.

‘The dwellings of the labouring manufacturers are in narrow streets and lanes, blocked up from light and air, not as in our country, to exclude an insupportable sun, but crowded together, because every inch of land is of such value that room for light and air cannot be afforded them. Here, in Manchester, a great proportion of the poor lodge in cellars, damp and dark, where every kind of filth is suffered to accumulate, because no exertions of domestic care can ever make such homes decent. These places are so many hot-beds of infection; and the poor in large towns are rarely or never

without an infectious fever among them, a plague of their own, which leaves the habitations of the rich, like a Goshen of cleanliness and comfort, unvisited.

‘This system is the boast of England—long may she continue to boast it before Spain shall rival her! Yet this is the system which we envy, and which we are so desirous to imitate: but Heaven forbid that the clamour of philosophising commercialists should prevail, and that the Spaniard should ever be brutalized by unremitting task-work, like the negroes in America and the labouring manufacturers in England! Let us leave to England the boast of supplying all Europe with her wares; let us leave to these lords of the sea the distinction of which they are so tenacious, that of being the white slaves of the rest of the world, and doing for it all its dirty work. The poor must be kept miserably poor, or such a state of things could not continue; there must be laws to regulate their wages, not by the value of their work, but by the pleasure of their masters; laws to prevent their removal from one place to another within the kingdom, and to prohibit their emigration out of it. They would not be crowded in hot task-houses by day, and herded together in damp cellars at night; they would not toil in unwholesome employments from sun-rise to sun-set, whole days, and whole days and quarters, for with twelve hours labour the avidity of trade is not satisfied! they would not sweat night and day, keeping up the *laus perennis* of the Devil, before furnaces which are never suffered to cool, and breathing in vapours which inevitably produce disease and death;—the poor

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would never do these things unless they were miserably poor, unless they were in that state of abject poverty which precludes instruction, and by destroying all hope for the future, reduces man, like the brutes, to seek for nothing beyond the gratification of present wants.

How England can remedy this evil, for there are not wanting in England those who perceive and confess it to be an evil, is not easy to discover, nor is it my business to inquire. To us it is of more consequence to know how other countries may avoid it; and, as it is the prevailing system to encourage manufactures every where, to inquire how we may reap as much good and as little evil as possible. The best methods appear to be by extending to the utmost the use of machinery, and leaving the price of labour to find its own level; the higher it is the better. The introduction of machinery in an old manufacturing country always produces distress by throwing workmen out of employ, and is seldom effected without riots and executions. Where new fabrics are to be erected, it is obvious that this difficulty does not exist, and equally obvious that, when hard labour can be performed by iron and wood, it is desirable to spare flesh and blood. High wages are a general benefit, because money thus distributed is employed to the greatest general advantage. The labourer, lifted up one step in society, acquires the pride and the wants, the habits and the feelings of the class now next above him. Forethought, which the miserably poor necessarily and instinctively shun, is, to him who earns a comfortable competence, new pleasure; he educates his

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children in the hope that they may rise higher than himself, and that he is fitting them for better fortunes. Prosperity is said to be more dangerous than adversity to human virtue; both are wholesome when sparingly distributed; both in the excess perilous always, and often deadly; but if prosperity be thus dangerous, it is a danger which falls to the lot of few; and it is sufficiently proved by the vices of those unhappy wretches who exist in slavery, under whatever form or in whatever disguise, that hope is as essential to prudence, and to virtue, as to happiness.

ACCOUNT of the new MELO-DRAMA called the 'BLIND BOY,' performed for the first time, at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, on Tuesday, December 1.

The CHARACTERS were thus represented:

Stanislaus	- - - - -	Mr. Murray.
Edmond	- - - - -	Mrs. C. Kemble.
Rodolph	- - - - -	Mr. Brunton.
Kalig	- - - - -	Mr. Farley.
Starrow	- - - - -	Mr. Chapman.
Oberto	- - - - -	Mr. Fawcett.
Lida	- - - - -	Miss Bristow.
Elvina	- - - - -	Miss Norton.

THE FABLE.

STANISLAUS, King of Samartia, overjoyed at the birth of a son and heir, feels the severest mortification at being informed that the child is born blind. The queen, much distressed that the king refuses to see his son, conceives the design of deceiving him by a supposed miracle.—She consults with the palatine of Rava, who has a son of the same age as her own—at the grand ceremony of the christening this son is sub-

stituted in the place of the blind prince—the priests cry out 'a miracle!'—the king and people are persuaded the blind boy has miraculously received the blessing of sight.—Rodolph, the palatine's son, is brought up as the heir to Samartia's throne. Edmond, the unfortunate blind prince, is delivered, with a purse of gold, to Oberto, a soldier who lived at a village near Guesna, the residence of the court—Oberto has orders to retire, and he buys a farm near Warsaw, where he lives happily with the blind boy, and his daughter Elvina.—The court, after some years, quit Guesna, and is established at Warsaw. The queen, stung by remorse of conscience, on her dying bed intrusts Kalig, her confidential officer, with a packet addressed to Oberto, which contains the account of her imposition—she enjoins Kalig to seek out Oberto, and if the blind boy exists, to deliver the packet. Kalig hunting in the forest with Rodolph, they come by accident to the farm of Oberto—Rodolph demands refreshments, and the name of his host—at the name of Oberto, Kalig recognizes the soldier and the blind prince, and on the departure of Rodolph he puts the packet of the queen into the hands of Oberto—astonished and agitated, Oberto opens the seal, and is transported when he finds that Edmond, the blind boy, is heir to Samartia's throne—he calls Edmond and his daughter Elvina, and having read the letter of the queen, and conquered their fears, they proceed together to Warsaw—Oberto meets with Kalig at Warsaw, and consults with him how to announce the great intelligence—Kalig advises him to declare it publicly in the temple at

the marriage of Rodolph and Lida, duchess of Lithuania, which is just about to take place.—The ceremony is begun—the chief priest says aloud, 'I here betroth Rodolph, son of Stanislaus,'—Oberto rushes forward and cries, 'He is not the son of Stanislaus.'—The king, at the sight of the packet, acknowledges the writing of the queen, and convinced by the resemblance of the blind boy, declares Edmond to be his son. Rodolph is rewarded with the dukedom of Lithuania, and Stanislaus presents him with a brilliant ring as a pledge of his undiminished affection—but nothing short of the crown can satisfy the ambitious desires of Rodolph—he gets possession of the person of Edmond, and delivers the poor blind prince to his villanous agent, Starrow, to be drowned in the Vistula—Starrow seeks to procure the aid of Kalig, who rescues the blind prince, and slays, in combat, Starrow.—During the fight Edmond wanders up a steep rock, and is on the point of falling down the precipice, when he is saved by Elvina, who, with her father, had flown to preserve him from the threatened danger.—Kalig sounds the horn of Starrow, which was to have been a signal to Rodolph of Edmond's death—Rodolph, deceived by the sound, alarms the palace, and followed by the king and his guards, pretends to be eager in his search for the assassins—he seizes Kalig, and accuses him of the murder of Edmond—Oberto and Elvina appear with the blind prince—the unblushing Rodolph still insists upon the guilt of Kalig, when Edmond produces the ring of Stanislaus, which in the struggle he drew from the hand of one of his assassins—Rodolph is convicted—

and Stanislaus resigns the throne to Edmond, who shares it with his beloved Elvina.

This petit piece is of French extraction, and has been very successfully adapted to the English stage. It possesses considerable interest, and often touches the finer feelings, to the dénouement. The language is neat, the humour chaste, and the incidents arise naturally, throughout the progress of the tale. The music reflects credit on Davy, the composer, and promises to become extremely popular. The piece throughout met with a favourable reception, in despite of the paltry junto of private actors who constantly have, for some years past, annoyed the audience on the first representation, at either theatre, of every new piece. The *Blind Boy* was given out for a second representation with approbation.

Every thing is made to conspire to enhance the interest, and enchain the attention with which this piece must be viewed, under whatever dramatic character it may be thought proper to class it.—The pomp of spectacle, the magic of music, the dumb eloquence of pantomime, are enlisted to swell its effect, and promote its success—and indeed not in vain.—The rank and the innocence, and the doubtful fortunes of the blind boy, who is so affectingly personated by Mrs. C. Kemble, cannot fail to excite the most lively emotions.—Scarcely less interesting is the character of Elvina, of whom the unknown youth, Edmond, is enamoured, and who finds in miss Norton a representative full of tenderness, fidelity, and love.—All these softer sentiments she uttered with a tone, and accompanied with a manner, most consonant and

congenial to the gentleness of their nature, while they drew a comment from the breast of the audience, which attested the coincidence of their feelings. Fawcett was extremely happy in exhibiting the mixed character of a soldier and a farmer—open and tender-hearted at one time, fierce and intrepid at another. It is a part in which he might be expected to be quite at home. Liston is, as usual, a simple, blundering fellow, and therefore may be easily supposed to excite laughter. In the other characters, though each very ably sustained, there is nothing that calls for peculiar notice. None of them indeed pretend to novelty, but there is this merit in the manner in which the incidents are brought about and the disclosure carried on, that the one is natural and easy, and the other unadulterated by the affectation of refined sentiment and false wit. We understand that this drama is the first effort of Captain Hewetson's virgin Muse, and it affords a fair promise of a numerous family, that may aim at the praise of sentiment and taste.—The music possesses great sweetness and variety, and most happily adapted to the expression of the different passions, as they were successively developed. It is wholly composed by Mr. Davy, and does very great credit to his science, judgment, and invention. The overture was very warmly applauded.

There are several new scenes of exquisite beauty, which, combined with the splendour of the dresses and decorations, had a most dazzling effect. The performance was throughout received without a murmur of disapprobation.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

BY SOPHIA TROUGHTON.

(Continued from p. 656.)

LETTER IX.

Honourable Mrs. Howard to the Countess of Aubry.

Walsingham-hall.

MADAM,

LADY Walsingham desires me to inform your ladyship, that when she finished her last letter, she endeavoured to rest for an hour, but her indisposition increasing fast, she rose and paced her chamber. My dressing-room is contiguous: I was sitting there, and heard her. Fearing she was unwell, I rapped at her door. She opened it herself.

‘Why, my dear,’ said I, ‘did you not send for me? You are extremely ill.’

‘I am not very well,’ said she, in a faint voice.

I saw her countenance change, and the big drops of agony start on her beauteous forehead. Convinced that she was in the excruciating pains of child-birth, I hastened down to find my lord. My lord was gone out with his party for a ride. I knew not what to do next, but was running across the hall, thinking to find some of the men servants, when Mr. Baderly entered.

‘For God’s sake, madam, what is the matter?’

‘Why,’ said I, ‘Lady Walsingham is in want of an accoucheur, and no one is in the way to send.’

He staid to hear no more, and in less than five minutes I saw him galloping down the avenue. In a very short time he returned with doctor Howard, who fortunately was just come from town, and had not put up his horses.

A nurse had been spoken to from the village. I sent Baderly's servant for her; and staid with my beloved friend, till I could witness her agony no longer. Baderly was striding about the hall. He met me.

'Gracious Heaven! what does your countenance portend?—She is not dead!'

'God forbid!' said I, 'but she is in such pain I cannot bear to behold her.'

'But you will go to her again, I hope, madam, for lord Walsingham has sent an excuse for dinner, as they fell in with lord Beauford and some of his friends.'

I returned to my friend, but it was not till the evening a lovely girl was born, who, though she comes two months before her time, seems likely to do well, and is a very fine infant. When lady Walsingham seemed composed, I withdrew to wait her lord's arrival. Baderly was in raptures to hear of her safety.

About nine o'clock the party returned. I accompanied Walsingham to his lady's room. He kissed her and his little girl with tenderness, and she looked revived by it. I sat with her all night, and was happy to find her enjoy an undisturbed repose. This is the third day, and she mends hourly.

I find she has informed your ladyship of the rudeness of miss Lester, and likewise of her apology. Lady Walsingham is too innocent, too guiltless herself, to

see any treachery and deceit under a mask of love and friendship. I hope I am not very uncharitable, but that girl appears to me an artful, false, ungenerous creature, and seems spreading her snares for the husband of her she calls her friend. What pleasure she expects to receive from such a conquest, I am unable to determine. If lady Walsingham were a common woman she might expect to drive her to indiscretions which might enable Walsingham to obtain a divorce; but with such a woman as my friend her hopes can never be so sanguine. Lady Walsingham will perform her duty, though the whole world should fail in theirs.

I would warn my Caroline,—I would hint my fears; but admonitions from me would lose their effect: it might look like prejudice; but a caution from your ladyship would have due weight, and prove a shield to the bosom of your daughter against the shafts of falshood and malevolence. If they are not hurled at her, she will be spared much anguish:—if they are, they will lose half their force, as being forewarned, she will be forearmed.

What makes me enforce a caution as necessary, is the double dealings of this girl.—When she is in lady Walsingham's apartment, she assumes a winning softness, appears affectionately kind to the mother, and dotingly fond of the child; but when she is below stairs, and without restraint, there seems a secret exultation at the confinement of lady Walsingham. I watch her every movement with a scrutinizing eye.

Lady Julia, in the absence of her sister, does the honours of the house and table. Miss Lester

sometimes assists her, as Julia complains of ill health, and frequently retires with the tea equipage. Lady Mary and myself almost live in lady Walsingham's room, and leave the gentlemen to entertain themselves.

Little Adolphus grows tall, and is a most engaging boy. He and I are very great friends, and he has seen more company since his mamma's confinement than in his life before; for when the little rogue sees me going, he opens his shrill, clear pipe with such effect, he would distract his mother, and deafen us all, if not taken.

I think I have given your ladyship a full description of our situation at Walsingham, and have nothing more to add, than that I am

Your ladyship's

Most respectful,

Most obedient servant,

SOPHIA HOWARD.

LETTER X.

Miss Lester to the Marchioness of Della Nocera.

Walsingham-hall.

WELL, my charming Dorzella, am I to congratulate you on your freedom yet?—Is that odd body, the marquis, dead? I hope so, or I am sure you are in purgatory.

To what a monstrous age has that man attained! Really the legislature ought to declare him dead in law; and let his estate go to some younger man who could enjoy it, and not let an old wretch (who has outlived every thing but his jealousy and ill-humour) keep possession, 'like the dog in the manger,' (to give you one of my country's elegant proverbs). His

lady especially, if she was young and beautiful, to marry when and with whom she pleased; the young heir if she chose. If this was law, I would commence a wife immediately; but as it is not, your conjugal felicity has so alarmed me, I am determined to remain as I am for the present.

If you could but get rid of your old fool, you should come over here, and see what you could do among our English youths; and I would return with you to the land of light and harmony. I am almost sick of this foggy, splenetic island; for, ah! Dorzella, among its marshy, swampy bogs I have met with that I never did before in all the courts of Europe—a woman more beautiful than myself.

I have often told you, if you had been a little more lovely, I should have hated you: but you yourself allowed me the palm of beauty, and you was the most fascinating woman I had ever beheld. I therefore began to consider myself as the paragon of the world. Judge then what must be my sensations to find myself eclipsed when I least expected it. You know I came over with a full persuasion I should astonish the court of England, raise rapture and ecstasy in the hearts of my countrymen, and envy in the hearts of my countrywomen;—Oh, nothing but envy, hatred, and imitation!

Mon Dieu! I arrived in an unpropitious moment:—the parliament was broke up—lords and commons were all flown to the shades, and all my air-spun schemes rendered abortive.

The next morning I accidentally heard Caroline Aubry was metamorphosed into countess Walsingham, and with a large party was

at the family seat. I had now an alternative, either to add one more to this large party, or stay in town and be bored to death by the dull monotony of the silent streets. I adopted the first expedient, made a virtue of necessity, and without the help of necromancy, composed a mighty tender epistle to lady Walsingham, informing her how I had escaped the horrors of the deep—how I was rejoiced to find myself once more on the beloved shores of my dear, dear native country—how excessively pleased I was to hear of her health, and happy settlement—how I was dying to see her after so long an absence; and to complete all these hows, that I should be with her almost as soon as my messenger.

The next morning I drove to the city, made several elegant purchases, and then in a post-chaise and four, rattled down to Walsingham-hall, which I found to be a tolerable decent place. On my alighting, a servant conducted me to an apartment where sat a lady and gentleman. I had no time for remarks; the fellow announced miss Lester, and I found myself clasped to the bosom of the lady, and felt a profusion of warm tears bathing my face. Thank heaven the complexion was in grain, or it would have been a pretty malicious piece of business. When she released me, I found it was Caroline herself, but heavens! how very much improved. When I had last seen her, she was a pretty girl, and promised to make a fine woman. But, *mon Dieu!* the bud was blown with such exuberant beauty, I was absolutely dazzled; the first look, momentarily as it was, fixed a barbed arrow in my heart, which has rankled there ever since, and has sunk now still

deeper, by an event I could not then foresee. But I will not anticipate my vexatious story. As soon as my lady's joyful emotions had subsided a little, she presented me to lord Walsingham, who, by the by, is the handsomest fellow you ever saw. He saluted me with tender respect, thanked me for the honour I did his Caroline, asked me a few questions concerning my voyage, and left his Caroline and me together.

The foolish body sported another crying scene, for joy, she said; but I would not shed so many tears either for joy, or sorrow, for a thousand pounds. I am sure I should not be fit to appear for a month. But she no doubt has been told, that she is beautiful in tears, for I observed afterwards that the traces of her tender folly had left an interesting languor on her countenance. She rang for her boy to be brought; (it is a little cherubic fellow, but no ways punctilious).

I begged her to permit me to retire to a dressing-room before I was introduced to the company. She attended me herself to a very elegant chamber and dressing-room, which was appropriated to my use. She asked if there was every thing I wanted? I assured her there was; and requested that she would send up Blanche, and not let me detain her from her company any longer, adding that I would join them in a quarter of an hour.

In treble that time I descended, and desired a servant to show me the ladies' drawing-room. He threw open the door, and discovered a very brilliant party, dressed for the day.

After a ridiculous, formal presentation, I was allowed to use my

eyes. The first person they fell on was a lord Seymour, a very fine figure, elegantly dressed. I set him down for my own; but on taking a second look I was surprised to see his eyes fixed on the opposite side of the room. I looked in the same direction, and discovered the object of attraction. A fine, tall, slender figure, apparently about five-and-twenty; a face delicately fair, large, languishing blue eyes, a profusion of dark auburn hair gave great expression to her features. She wore a smile on her countenance which displayed a dimple in each cheek, and a row of exquisite white teeth.

Though very inferior to either lady Walsingham or myself, yet as she wore the widow's weed (the widow's lure it ought to be called) I gave him up, as not worth the trouble it would take to detach him from his relict. I passed them and examined the next lady, who for symmetry of form, and the graceful attitude she was in, might have sat for the model of the Paphian queen. From the hue of her complexion she seemed to be a maid 'who had never told her love, but let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud, feed on her damask cheek.' This yellow beauty is Walsingham's sister. By her side sat a fashionable youth, gazing with rapturous attention on my face. I gave my fan a flutter, and averting my eyes, they fell on one, to whom I was equally an object of attention: a sir Harry Champly, whom I have since found to be a foolish, ignorant fellow: one who cannot help showing the cockcomb in his very dress; but he is my declared admirer.

Then here is a young lady, the daughter to the earl of Brilliant,

and sole heiress to his immense property: and it is well she has something to recommend her to notice,—I am sure her beauty never will.

Lady Walsingham did the honours of her table with great ease and propriety, and Walsingham was very amusing and animated.

In the evening arrived a gentleman who had been long expected,—the right hon. Charles Baderly (my fingers tremble while I write, for the first time, his name). Ah lord! this Walsingham-ball is a fatal place: I almost wish I had lost an eye rather than have seen it. Till I came here, I thought myself the first of women;—till I came here, I looked with indifference on all men;—but here I have been taught an humbling lesson. What I admire him so much for I am unable to tell; unless it is a secret, inherent principle of contradiction implanted in my nature, to disregard that which is in my power, and to sigh for what is unattainable. Yet, why do I write such a word? What woman dare de, that dare I!

He is not quite so handsome as Walsingham, but pleases me infinitely better. His person is tall, noble, and majestic; his face oval; clear, dark complexion; a most inimitable mouth, fine teeth, an aquiline nose, and such sparkling, penetrating black eyes, they equal, if not more than equal, my own. His eyebrows are high, and arched with such delicate beauty, they surpass the artist's pencil. When he smiles the god of love seems to bend his bow, and take aim from his high, polished temples; but when he frowns, the haughty air which diffuses itself over his manly features, charms me more than other men's smiles. Yet this

man, this noble fellow, disregards me! Yet is he the first of his sex disengaged, who ever conversed with me without feeling my power over their hearts.

You know what noble offers I have refused. Dukes—nay, even princes, have swelled my triumph; and now to be slighted by the only man whose merits I ever was susceptible of admiring; perhaps the only man who *could* have been thus long under the same roof with me, and have retained his heart.

But he has not done that: no, I see, (for what can escape a jealous eye) I see he adores my hated rival, Walsingham's wife. Not but he might as well love a shadow, for her terrible virtue will not suffer her to return his love; and I hope he is not such a fool as to die in despair, but that when he finds one nymph coy, he will try another. If I were quite sure she would refuse him, I would forward an eclaircissement,—but ah! Dorzella, I fear no woman could withstand his solicitations, and, if she yields, adieu to all my hopes!

I have endeavoured to fathom her thoughts of him. She answers, without emotion, that she thinks him an accomplished, handsome man; and this is all I can draw from her. But this may be affected indifference, and mere finesse. However, my determination is, that neither she, nor any other woman, shall rival me in his affections with impunity. — No, they shall feel the weight of my revenge. If she encourages him—if she gives him hope, I'll put all Walsingham-Hall in confusion: I will,

‘ Like another Helen, fire another Troy.’

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And, if she does not give him hope,—yet will I punish her for daring to appear more lovely in Baderly's eyes than myself.

I have the heart of her husband in my keeping; and she, a week ago, added the incumbrance of a daughter to the Walsingham estate. Very opportunely! you'll say;—and so it is; I shall have time for all my schemes before she can counteract them by her presence.

Yesterday the gentlemen proposed a drive in the Park: the carriages and horses were immediately ordered. You remember my equestrian appearance is very noble. I therefore preferred a horse to being drove by Walsingham in his phaeton, which he gave up to his sister Julia, and a lord Beauford. The widow, and my lord Seymour, were dragged mighty soberly along by two fat chariot-horses, harnessed to the lumbering machine itself.

That wretch, Baderly, asked the earl's rich daughter to honour him with her charming company in his curricule (his own words). The lady complied; and off they all cantered, leaving me to the care of Walsingham, who pestered me, as usual, with his love and admiration. I galloped off full speed, with him by my side, when looking behind me, and observing the rest of the party quite out of sight, and the grooms at a great distance, I checked my horse suddenly, and slipping off his back, came on the ground very gently, but screamed out with great violence. Walsingham, who had continued his gallop, turned his horse, and was by me in an instant, dismounted. He shook with terror. ‘ Where are you hurt, my sweet girl? Curse the fellow for giving you

4 Y

such a mischievous devil of a horse!

The grooms now arrived; he stormed at them with fury. They said the horse was a very quiet creature, and had never occasioned an accident before. The fellow laid hold of the horse, who stood quiet enough; but said he could not discover what had frightened him. Walsingham cursed him for a stupid fool, and told him to go and bring a carriage to take me home in. The men both rode off. He then placed me gently on the bank, and again asked me where I was hurt. I complained of a sprain in my ankle, but was obliged to bite my lip to prevent laughing. Every time I drew my breath hard his features were absolutely distorted by terror. At length the grimaces he made, joined to his constant exclamations of 'You are excessively hurt, my dear girl'—then the poor innocent palfrey was anathematized with all the zeal of a saint—quite upset my gravity, and I burst into a hearty laugh.

He looked astonished.—'Pray God!' said he, 'she go not into hysterics.' I recovered myself as soon as possible, but hearing him supposing it to be a fit almost set me off again. However, I checked my mirth, and leaning my head on his shoulder, appeared quite spent with the exertion. He pressed me to his bosom, and I could feel his heart beat; his hands trembled, and on raising my eyes to his face, I saw he, like Adam, was hanging over me enamoured. His colour heightened, his eyes speaking unutterable things. Baderly's curricle at that moment came in sight. He had the good manners to hasten towards us, and expressed some sorrow at hearing

of my accident. Lady Mary, too, goodnaturedly enough offered me her seat, and had actually alighted, when the officious fool of a groom came tearing up the road with a nasty coach, and was rewarded by Walsingham for his speed.

Baderly, with provoking *nonchalance*, handed his companion to her former seat. I hid my face in my handkerchief, and Baderly, supposing my pain to be intolerable, took me in his arms, and lifted me into the carriage which the groom had brought. He stepped in, and I was in hopes he had a mind to let the foolish Mary go back by herself; but on Walsingham's coming in he bowed, and saying he left me in good hands, retired: yet I thought, as he descended the steps, his countenance betrayed vexation. This pleased me, and the pleasure was greatly heightened at observing Walsingham's solicitude. His arm encircled my waist, and my head rested on his bosom. 'Amiable sufferer,—bewitching beauty,' he called me, while he repeatedly pressed my cheek with his lips, his eyes swimming in voluptuous softness. What would I have not given to have beheld my Baderly in the same situation, though at that moment I thought him the handsomest man I had ever seen.

In this short ride I discovered his heart to be all my own, and that I might do just what I pleased with it. I therefore, on the whole, had no reason to be displeased with the effects of my manœuvre; for a manœuvre, you may be sure, this pretended sprain was, merely to try my power over my two beaux. I could have wished to have seen Baderly evince a little more sensibility; but I know how

to act, and will retaliate the disappointment.

When we arrived at the house, Walsingham carried me up to my chamber. 'Your friend, Caroline,' said he, 'will be grieved she cannot attend you in person; but I hope your confinement will be very short, and we shall all endeavour to render it as little irksome as possible. I will fetch Dr. Hood to examine your foot.'

I begged he would not, as I said I had a balsam of great efficacy in sprains, which I had brought from Italy.

He left me, but soon returned with his sister, whom he had brought to keep me company. He might as well have fetched old queen Bess from Westminster Abbey: she would have been equally amusing. The strange body talked of nothing but the shining accomplishments of her charming sister; and how much every one of their family adored her. But that she might say, thinking to please me: then, to please herself, she traced back all her ancestors, aye, to the very antediluvians I believe; informed me of their names and achievements; and promised to show me, when I could walk in the gallery, a full length of one who gained a most incredible victory over the Gauls. I have forgot which of her great grandfathers it was, but he might be contemporary with Guy earl of Warwick, for aught I know. But of this I am certain, none of her noble progenitors ever harassed, or fatigued their opponents more by the deeds themselves, than I was by the recital.

A relief came in the person of the present representative of this ancient and honourable house.

I will continue my letter to-morrow.

[*To be continued.*]

THE VALE OF AVIGNON.

A TRAGIC ROMANCE.

By S. Y.

'As erst, when dropping o'er the turf,
forlorn,
He charm'd wild Echo with his plaintive song,
Yet still enamour'd of the tender tale,
Pale Passion haunts thy grove's romantic gloom,
Soft music seems to breathe in every gale,
Unfaded still the fairy garland's bloom,
Still heavenly incense fills each fragrant vale,
And PETRARCH'S genius weeps o'er
LAURA'S tomb.'

RUSSELL TO VALCLUSA.

AS the sun was setting, and its rays embellishing the vale of Avignon, *Rivola* strayed from the cottage of her parents. The majestic, distant mountains, seemed to insult, from their superior elevation, the humble trees in the vale beneath, and capriciously to cast monstrous and gigantic shadows on the pleasant plains of Avignon. The scene was interspersed with various trees, watered by limpid springs gushing from amongst the trees; flowers of varied colours, and odoriferous perfumes, adorned the vale and adjacent mountains; uncultivated vines entwined the trunks of the trees, whence, creeping from branch to branch, they formed numerous romantic grottos, caves, and flowery arches:—

‘ Here
The silver aspin, and the leafy plane
O'er-hung the woodbine, who around
them throws
Her honeyed tendrils.’

Rivola was regularly beautiful: she boasted an indescribable expression of modesty and love in her countenance, which had irresistible attraction. A little golden crucifix decked her rising bosom, and her smile was heavenly. As she strayed she was soon overtaken by the generous, the good *Pamfili*. He was her lover, he sought her smiles; she bestowed them;—he asked her love, she granted it;—in all he solicited, she acquiesced:—as she leaned on his arm, she listened with attention to his vows. ‘ O *Rivola!*’ he exclaimed, ‘ you are more lovely than the bridegroom’s first dream! O my beloved! let one kiss assure you of my constancy.’—

‘ If holding others than one’s self more
dear;
If still to pour the tear, to heave the
sigh;
With grief, with anger, or with
care to pine;
If when afar to burn, to freeze when
near;
If these be causes love-sick that I lie,
Yours, lady, be the fault, the loss
be mine.’

PETRARCH.

As they walked by the side of the wood, the stork cried on her nest, and the hills resounded with the monstrous song of the quail; they soon reached the recess of a little grove, where *Petrarch* was wont to rove with his beloved *Laura*; they seated themselves beneath the flowery branches of a maple tree, where *Petrarch* is supposed to have written the following lines:—

‘ High-built AVIGNON; and the rocky
mound
That banks th’ impetuous Rhone;
and like a steam
From some rich incense rising, to
the extreme
Of desolate Hesperia, did rebound,
And gently wak’d the Muses.’

The night was exquisite; the genius of the air shook his azure locks, perfumed with the scent of the pine; the moon shone in the centre of a spotless dark-blue sky, and her grey, pearly light floated on the endless summit of the forest. As they sat, they perceived, through the trees, a person fast approaching. He was habited in a savage garb,—his looks were horror: he approached, and, without uttering a word, tore *Rivola* from the arms of *Pamfili*. A scuffle ensued, and *Rivola* fainted, *Pamfili* at the same moment received a severe blow by a scimitar which the ruffian held in his hand, which brought him senseless to the ground. As he lay, the savage rifled his pockets: being at length a little recovered, he arose upon his knees, and craved permission to endeavour to restore the hapless *Rivola*. The villain, with a look and voice that conveyed horror to his soul, replied, ‘ Haste then to do it.’ *Rivola* after a short time recovered, and walked a few steps, supported by the good *Pamfili*. The ruffian again fiercely demanded her, and drew again his scimitar. On a sudden the brave *Pamfili* rushed upon him and disarmed him, and threw him with great violence against the trunk of a tree: no sooner had he risen than he drew from his side a sharp-pointed stiletto, and ran with fury at *Pamfili*. *Rivola* seeing the attempt, darted between them, when,

alas! she received the fatal point in her heart: she shrieked, sunk, and instantly expired. Pamfili, in the heat of rage, resumed the attack, and in the combat nearly severed his head from his body; and that his carcass might not pollute the spot, he dragged it to a precipice, and left it for the food of the ravens:—

———— ‘ While beneath
Fury and Venom, couch'd in murky
dens,
Hissing and yelling, guard the hideous
gloom.’

Pamfili returned to the spot, and found the beauties of Rivola enveloped in the veil of eternity. He seated himself by her side, and wept, while the moon lent her pale flambeau to the direful scene—the orb soon shed over the woods that mysterious melancholy which it partially displays to the venerable oaks and ancient spires of the mountains—the fall of the torrent at a distance was heard—the night-bird chirped on the rock, and a golden streak appeared in the east. As he bent o'er the lovely coise, he wrung his hands in despair—he raised her from the ground, and took her in his arms to a little distance: he laid her on a rising turf of wild sensitives—a withered flower rose in her hair—her lips were like a rose-bud gathered two mornings past, which appeared to smile and languish—through her white, transparent skin the blue veins appeared on her cheeks—her beauteous eye was closed, while her alabaster hands pressed against the ebon crucifix.

‘ The moony light fell clear upon her
vest,
For whiteness rivalling the stately
swan,

And yet less snowy than her silent breast,
‘ Tho’ her cold cheek and lip were
deathly wan.’

As Pamfili sat by the coise, the moon began to hide herself behind the distant mountain, and he wept as he saw gradually disappear the features of his love. Soon the black gathering clouds darkened the scene, and the thunder roared; a violent storm came on, and the forked lightnings glared through the trees—the winds howled—the sea-gulls screamed,—

‘ And dark Despair a gloomy picture
drew.’

The awful roar rolled through the mountains, as ancient as the world; the gloomy scene was universal; the hideous yells of the troubled birds of prey added terror to the spot; the surcharged clouds lowered beneath the forest tops—suddenly they burst, and displayed their vivid lightning!—the heavens rent—and through their crevices displayed new realms and numerous spaces of liquid fire:—the woods were fired in various parts;—how terrible was the spectacle!—the flames united and raged impetuous:—

———— ‘ In an instant
The fiery darts shoot thwart the south-
ern sky,
Flash upon flash, with repetition quick.’

Pamfili bent upon his knees, and lifting up his streaming eyes to heaven, raised a prayer to Him

‘ Who grasps the fiery lightning in his
hand.’

With swift motion the full-streamed lightnings flew, and pervaded each recess;—a flash, with impetuous speed, smote him, and in an instant consigned him to

the dust. As soon as twilight peeped between the mountains, the careful shepherds hied forth in search of their fleecy charge, and wandering — found the hapless Pamfili and Rivola both lifeless corpses. The report soon spread around the plain, but no account for a long period could be given as to the cause of their unhappy end. The neighbouring shepherds dug a sepulchre in the rock, and carefully deposited their remains; they placed a cross upon its verge, and dropt the silent tear!—

‘ What tho’ no weeping loves their
adust grace,
Nor polish’d marble emulate each face;
What tho’ no sacred earth allow them
room,
Nor hallow’d dirge be muttered o’er their
tomb,
Yet shall their grave with rising flow’rs
be dress’d,
And the green turf lie lightly on each
breast:
There shall the moon her earliest tears
bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall
blow;
While angels with their silver wings
o’ershadè
The ground now sacred by their reliques
made.’

DESCRIPTION of the CITY of NICE,
with an ACCOUNT of the MAN-
NERS, CHARACTER, LANGUAGE,
RELIGION, and AMUSEMENTS
of the INHABITANTS.

(Continued from page 667.)

IT is absolutely necessary for those who live in the suburbs to have a carriage, which may be hired for the day or the evening; the same thing, in point of payment, for fifteen francs, or at the rate of fifteen pounds per month.

Whether you use your own carriage, or the coachman’s, the expense is the same, although the convenience is materially different.

The public library, though the foundation is of modern date, contains a number of volumes, and some manuscripts. It is open every day to the public, but as there are not many scientific men at the present day in Nice, the arts and sciences are not so much advanced by them as they might be. Fortunately for the Nissards, the library has escaped the pillaging hands of the revolutionists in the last war, an omission they could not justly be taxed with throughout the republics of Italy and other countries which they subdued. The librarian is a man of considerable information, and takes much pleasure in showing attention to strangers.

The port is situated where there were very fine gardens formerly. It was left unfinished at the time the country of Nice passed under the dominion of France, and was to have extended as far as the Place de la Republique. It is defended at its entrance by a mole, which is by no means handsome, and often requiring repair on account of the violence of the surf, and the consequent yielding of the stone-work. The government has it in contemplation to repair it, and to prosecute the other works. A greater service cannot be rendered to the department, and to Nice in particular, to which a good port would be a source of riches. Besides it is of much consequence to Piedmont, being the only place where the produce of that part of Italy can be exchanged for what is imported by sea. The entrance to the port is so small, that vessels of great

burthen cannot enter; but small coasting vessels, feluccas, and open boats, are commonly to be met with in it. On the side of the harbour are several good warehouses, which, since the peace, are again open to merchandise.

The port is very commodious to those who are fond of swimming; but the entrance into it I think more so. The months of December and January are not too cold for bathing: on the contrary, I never omitted the opportunity when it was in my power. There are boats and men at the port, whom you engage, at a louis per month, for this purpose; but as the shore is rather dangerous, it is difficult to embark, either behind the Croix de Marbre, or elsewhere. You must therefore put up with inconvenience of riding or walking to the harbour. With respect to mere bathing, ladies should venture in with great caution, and never stoop without taking hold of a rope when a wave passes them. Here is no convenience for that salutary purpose, those, therefore, who are willing to try, must adopt the plan proposed, or run the risk of receding with a wave, which, on account of the rapid descent of the coast, retires with equal celerity and strength.

A handsome terrace supports and consolidates the banks which oppose the inroads of the sea, and, forming a delightful walk for the inhabitants, may be considered among the principal embellishments of the place. The lodgings situated on the terrace are not very numerous, but command an extensive view of the Mediterranean. The terrace often exhibits a concourse of the *beau monde* of Nice. The English families seldom reside in this quarter, though there

are very few parts either of the town or suburbs where they could be more comfortably situated.

On leaving the Place de la Republique to go to the ramparts you see the Paglion, the suburbs, and the chain of hills which stretches from North to South, forming a semicircle. Advancing onwards you have a delightful perspective of the sea and coast as far as Antibes, which is peculiarly beautiful by the light of the moon, when her pale and sombre beams, streaming through the dusky waste, quiver on the wave, and tint the adjacent hills with a soothing association of light and shade. I visited Nice at a very unfavourable moment, and write rather to describe the marks of barbarian fury than the ingenuity of the architect. The rage of the revolution, carried to an almost inconceivable excess, has scarcely left any hotel or mansion of grandeur without marks of degradation.

The houses in the suburbs of the Croix de Marbre, and on the side of the road leading to the Var, as well as a variety of buildings in the town, have all shared the same fate.

Nice has been continually involved in a succession of misfortunes. In the years 1218, 1618, and 1644, but principally in July and August 1564, the villages of St. Martin, Bolena, Belvidere, Venanson, &c. were nearly destroyed by an earthquake. It is said that the shock was so great that it stopped the course of the Vesubia for some hours; that chasms opened large enough to receive entire mountains, and that others fell in with a frightful crash. Since then the bottom of the port of Villefranche is observed to be lowered.

The misfortunes of the town

terminated in 1748 for a while, and day after day improvements became more general, obliterating, in some degree, the scenes of misery and devastation she had been so often doomed to witness. But in the year 1799, and epidemic disease visited the town, and carried off a sixth part of the population. The first cause of the disease was the continual motion of the troops: without exaggeration, a million passed through Nice in the course of the revolution. It is well known that the armies were frequently in want of every thing. Bad nourishment and bad clothing were soon followed by the most distressing consequences. The hospitals which were crowded could not accommodate all the sick, a circumstance which obliged the inhabitants to lodge them in private houses; infection was by this means soon propagated, and every house became a lazaretto.

THE Nissards differ in their manners from the inhabitants of Provence and Italy. Sordid interest and unprincipled selfishness, notwithstanding the allegations of many travellers, are by no means the characteristics of every class of this people. The Nissards are in general mild, humane, peaceable, and complaisant. They are gay, lively, and pleasant in company: in one word their manners on the whole are interesting, and congenial with the mildness of the climate. The inhabitants of the country, though poor, and as it were sequestered from the world, are civil, and perfect strangers to the vices engendered by luxury, and to the violent passions which agitate the great. They are con-

stantly occupied in providing for the subsistence of their families, in cultivating their fields, or watching their flocks. Nothing can equal their persevering patience at work: no obstacle disheartens them; and they bear with equal firmness bodily fatigue and mental anxiety. Fashion has not extended her imperious dominion over them, for they still retain the dress and manners of their forefathers. Whenever a traveller arrives in any one of their villages, let him be ever so little known to them, they hasten to welcome him, and invite him to partake of their frugal repast. They often give up their beds to strangers, and in every respect present us with an emblem of ancient hospitality. But this character only applies to the inhabitants of the interior of the country: towards the frontiers of Piedmont they are irascible, and subject to gusts of passion which frequently produce very desperate conflicts. When they cannot find employment at home, where there are neither commerce nor manufactures, they seek subsistence in foreign countries. Those who can afford to buy a little merchandise, hawk it about the country, until they acquire enough wealth to begin shop-keeping. With such small beginnings, by arrangement and economy, some of them have left fortunes which their industrious children have augmented to immense property, even to millions sterling. There are many instances of this kind, and two are well known at Lyons and Marseilles: one is the house of Folosan, the other is the family of Bruni, two members of which were presidents of the second chamber of the parliament of Aix before the revolution.

It is from the northern district that so many of them emigrate with their organs, cymbals, and magic lanterns, to amuse the people and children over all Europe. After an absence of eight or ten years, the greater part of them return with some little savings, which assist them to enlarge their fields, to buy cattle, and get married. Tired of a wandering and laborious life, they return to finish their days under the humble roof that gave them birth, far from the noise and tumult of towns. It is there that they relate to their children what has most attracted their attention in their travels. It might be supposed they would contract some of the vices prevalent in great towns; they retain, however, their former simplicity of manners and industry. They consider their present situation happy when they compare it with the fatiguing life they have led to attain it. Even their little vanity is gratified in being considered the richest of the hamlet, respected by all, and looked upon as the oracles of the country. These advantages turn the heads of the young peasants, and make them sigh for an organ and a magic lantern.

The inhabitants, particularly those on the coast, live very frugally: a small quantity of bread (for lately the pound of twelve ounces has been sold from four to six sols), with some fruit, herbs, and vegetables, generally compose their food: sometimes they have a little salt-fish, very rarely any fresh, and still more rarely meat. The effects of this mode of living on their persons are very visible: corpulency and florid complexions are seldom to be met with: the most of them, particularly near Monaco, are tawny and very thin.

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The forced sobriety and labour of these people recall to mind the *assuetus malo Ligur* of Virgil.

It is probable that the state of these unfortunate Ligurians has undergone little or no change during the lapse of two hundred years. In the greater number of the small towns and villages situated in the interior part of the country, and among the mountains, the peasants have neither clocks, sun-dials, nor barometers of any description; the crowing of the cock, and the position of the stars, regulate the hours of the night, and the course of the sun those of the day. The inhabitants, by their observations of the planets, will tell you the hour with nearly as much precision as if it were indicated by a clock. They also predict with a great degree of certainty the changes of the weather. Passing most of their time in the fields, and being endowed with a quick sight and retentive memory, they collect a number of little facts, which enable them to acquire a kind of confused foresight, that resembles in a great measure that instinctive presage of approaching changes of weather which we observe in animals. By this, and the assistance of some local circumstances, such as a fog at a certain hour, and on a certain part of the horizon, a cloud of a particular colour on the top of some mountain, or the flight or chirping of birds, they can prognosticate the alterations of weather as well, if not better, than any meteorologist.

With respect to the persons and appearance of the Nissards, they have nothing very agreeable or interesting. The men have a very tawny complexion; their face is rather flat, and their eyes small

4 Z

and dark. They are of a good stature, and well made, but for the most part thin. The women are neither ugly nor pretty; neither dark nor fair; most of them are of an intermediate complexion. Their society would be more agreeable were their understandings better cultivated, and the French language a little more familiar. There are, however, many exceptions to this in several of the towns, particularly at Nice. They dress nearly in the same manner as in other parts of France: some of them still wear fringed caps, which become them very well, and to which a stranger is soon accustomed. In their dress they appear to prefer white to other colours. I recollect going to the cathedral of Nice on a holiday, and on entering my eyes were quite dazzled with a display of snowy white which is rarely to be seen elsewhere. This habit, which is expensive in large towns, is here very suitable to the climate, where they have frequently six months of the year without rain.

The language of Nice, and of that part of the department contiguous to the Var, is the dialect of Provence, mixed with a number of words derived from the Italian. This patois is not unintelligible to the inhabitants of Marseilles, though that of Monaco, at the distance of four leagues from Nice, is entirely so. The patois of Monaco differs from that of Menton; each of them is composed of the dialects of Provence, Liguria, and Piedmont; but the idioms of the two latter predominate. A few Spanish words have crept into them, which might have been expected, as the Spaniards kept a garrison at Monaco, while that principality was under their pro-

tection. They pronounce the final syllables in a singing tone. Before Julius Cæsar, three different idioms were known in Gaul. 1. The Cantabric, of which there are yet traces in Biscay. 2. The Belgic, which is a root of the German. 3. The Celtic, which was employed from the Mediterranean to the British Channel.

The Celtic was used in Provence till the fourth century, by which time the Phocæans had generally made known the Greek language, and the Romans had introduced the Latin. The Celtic idiom became softer by this mixture, but less pure. The Goths, Huns, Vandals, Lombards, and other barbarians, introduced their particular idioms, so that, about the tenth century, a language composed of all these jargons took the name of Provençal. From the tenth to the seventeenth centuries, the African, the Arragon, Spanish, and Italian expressions, gradually crept in. The emperor Julian said the Gauls croaked like crows, and the inhabitants of Draguinan have to this day a guttural pronunciation. At Grasse the language is cadenced.

The French language is not so generally used in the department of the Maritime Alps as could be wished: every where, except in that part of the country belonging to the diocese of Glandèves, the Italian is used for education: hence even some of those employed in public situations write bad French. As people go regularly to mass and sermons, it might be useful to direct the ministers of worship to deliver their instructions in French. Even at Monaco the Italian is preferred, though the French have been there upwards of one hundred and fifty

years. It is, however, probable that the French language will ultimately obtain universal reception, as all the proclamations and orders of government are now published in it.

The Nissards are fervent in their devotion; and though not altogether exempt from superstition, are less credulous than the inhabitants of other places in the same department. I extract from the author of a *Tour* through the Maritime Alps, the following account of the devotion of the inhabitants of Monaco.—‘ Having witnessed their religious ceremonies during the whole day, which were performed with great fervour, after vespers there was a grand procession round the square which is before the church. Two beings, sick with the palsy, were dragged about by their friends and relations; and, beside the fatigues of a long journey, they were exposed with their heads bare to the scorching rays of the sun, which occasioned the most violent perspiration. They continued this excessive exercise for a long time, in confident expectation of a miracle being worked. However, the Holy Virgin was not pleased to use her intercession, though I am far from disputing her influence; nor, what was still more singular, did these extreme measures produce any favourable or unfavourable crisis. While some accompanied the procession, others in the church were imploring the Virgin: women and children were seen prostrated before the altar, stretching forth their supplicating hands, and rending heaven with their cries. This scene being as disgusting to the philosophic eye of reason as the wretches dragged about at the procession, I retreated

under the shade of a wild fig-tree, and meditated on the weakness and infirmities of the human race.

‘ Several towns and villages in this department have a saint celebrated for the cure of some disease. The inhabitants of Monaco possess St. Roman, who cures quartan fevers; other fevers are not under his controul. St. Devote is the patron of the town, and in truth his name, and the fame of his miracles, have not a little contributed to its welfare. An orator composes an annual panegyric. I was present at that delivered last year. It would be difficult to form an idea of the absurd fictions delivered from the pulpit. These holidays are not always appropriated to devotion. While some are praying, others are seeking less holy amusements, not forgetting dancing, without which these people could not exist. In general they have not much religion; but this is not the only instruction in which they are deficient. Whether it proceeds from a want of taste for the sciences, literature, and the arts, or whether they have not the means of procuring instruction, I cannot determine; though I imagine that both of these causes operate. All branches of knowledge are here in their infancy. Their favourite study is jurisprudence, which, before the conquest, opened the way to places of emolument.’

Before I take leave of this subject I ought to observe, in justice to the Nissards, that I never witnessed any thing in their worship deviating from the strictest decency and most fervid devotion. All the religious ceremonies commonly performed in other Catholic countries are scrupulously observed at Nicè; and though the

author of a Tour through the Department of the Maritime Alps has justly rallied the inhabitants of some parts of the country upon the absurdity of their devotion, his remarks do not, nor could they, with the least truth apply to the Nissards.

The *beau monde* at Nice generally ride or walk out in the morning, and content themselves with an airing along the coast of the Mediterranean, upon the road leading to the Var, or by the banks of the Paglion, near which runs the great road to Turin. Such was, at least, the custom of the inhabitants previously to the revolution, whose society proved an agreeable change for strangers, who came thither from most parts of Europe. It must be confessed that these roads are not now much frequented by the Nissards, except on a Sunday: the revolution having ruined the richest families, there remain but few whose circumstances or education put them on a footing to keep company with strangers. No roads but those just mentioned are practicable for carriages; the curious, however, may find an infinite variety of agreeable walks and rides between the inclosures of the country, and in the various vallies which intersect the mountains in almost every direction.

Balls are frequent in the winter, to which the English and other strangers of rank are invited. It was formerly usual to give one or two in return, but, to the best of my recollection, that custom was omitted in 1802.

The carnival is of all festivals the most celebrated and gay; and is here, as in all Roman catholic countries, observed very scrupulously. Scenes of festive mirth

are very general among the better classes of society, and prove a source of pleasure and entertainment to the stranger.

The amusements of the lower classes are ridiculous enough, though they can scarcely surpass the motley assemblage of every rank and every description at a masquerade. It is an interesting scene to witness the gaiety of the peasant and their families at wakes, which are held in several villages at certain periods of the year. The diversions of all, young and old, consist, for the most part, in dancing, singing, and in music. Buffoons perform to the gaping spectators, and entertain them highly by their burlesque gestures.

The respectable families assemble alternately at each other's houses, and pass the evening at cards, in concerts, and in dancing, when a party to the play is not made up.

With respect to the customs which obtain in the general intercourse of the society of the Nissards, the traveller will find little or no difference from those which prevail generally throughout the neighbouring districts of France.

A NIGHT WALK

IN DECEMBER.

By J. M. L.

'Tis done! stern Winter, like a thief,
Robs the vast wood of ev'ry leaf.'

A BRIGHT and cheery day
in December had passed, and

'The far-stretch'd curtain of retiring
light'

was nearly drawn when I began my ramble : no vivid tints of rosy loveliness had marked the sun's declining hour, but a pale, sober stream of light alone showed his resting place ; this was fast disappearing, and ere I had gone half a mile it was dark. The sound of a flail in an adjacent barn bespoke that Industry had not yet resigned itself to rest.

' The night approaching bids for rest
prepare,
Still the flail echoes through the frosty
air,
Nor stops till deepest shades of darkness
come,
Sending at length the weary labourer
home.'

BLOOMFIELD.

There is something very pleasing in the contemplation of a farmer's fire-side in winter ; such a fire-side as Bloomfield describes in his *Farmer's Boy*, where the master and his servants sit in comfortable equality together : not like too many of our modern farmers, who from adventitious circumstances have become gentlemen, and in consequence have turned their old farm-houses into splendid mansions, where the gay parlour and the soft rug have succeeded to plain neat kitchen and ample fire-sides of their ancestors. These things are not real benefits to society, nor may they be eventually to themselves ; for should the adventitious circumstances above-mentioned cease to operate in their favour, (and they have already in some measure) I fear they will discover too late, that they have not, as the homely proverb has it, ' provided against a rainy day ; ' no comfort will then await them in the condolence of their ancient servants, whose minds will have been wholly estranged by their

former conduct. How much more pleasing is the picture drawn by Bloomfield ? How much happier must such servants be ? And how much more respected such a master, than those I have before hinted at ? *A farmer ought to be this kind of man, and no other ; the habits of such opposite characters do not assimilate well together.*

' Flat on the *hearth* the glowing em-
bers lie,
And flames reflected dance in every
eye :
There the long billet, forc'd at last to
bend,
While frothing sap gushes at either end,
Throws round its welcome heat :—the
plowman smiles,
And oft' the joke runs hard on sheepish
Giles,
Who sits joint-tenant of the corner-
stool,
The converse sharing, though in *Duty's*
school ;
For now attentively 'tis his to hear
Interrogations from the master's chair.

' Left ye your bleating charge, when
day-light fled,
Near where the hay-stack lifts its snowy
head ?
Whose fence of bushy furze, so close
and warm,
May stop the slanting bullets of the
storm.
For, hark ! it blows ; a dark and dismal
night :
Heav'n guide the trav'ler's fearful steps
aright !
Now from the woods, mistrustful and
sharp-ey'd,
The *fox* in silent darkness seems to
glide,
Stealing around us, list'ning as he goes,
If chance the cock or stamur'ring capon
crows,
Or goose, or nodding duck, should dark-
ling cry,
As if appriz'd of lurking danger nigh :
Destruction waits them, *Giles*, if e'er
you fail
To bolt their doors against the driving
gale.

Strew'd you (still mindful of th' un-
shelter'd head)
Burdens of straw, the cattle's welcome
bed?
Thine heart should feel, what thou
may'st hourly see,
That duty's basis is humanity.
Of Pain's unsavoury cup though thou
may'st taste
(The wrath of Winter from the bleak
north-east,)
Thine utmost sufferings in the coldest
day
A period terminates, and joys repay.
Perhaps e'en now, while here those
joys we boast,
Full many a bark rides down the neigh-
b'ring coast,
Where the high northern waves tre-
mendous roar,
Drove down by blasts from *Norway's*
icy shore.
The *sea-boy* there, less fortunate than
thou,
Feels all thy pains in all the gusts that
blow;
His freezing hands now drench'd, now
dry, by turns;
Now lost, now seen, the distant light
that burns,
On some tall cliff uprais'd, a flaming
guide,
That throws its friendly radiance o'er
the tide.
His labours cease not with declining
day,
But toils and pleasures mark his wat'ry
way;
And whilst in peaceful dreams secure
we lie,
The ruthless whirlwinds rage along the
sky,
Round his head whistling;—and shalt
thou repine,
While this protecting roof still shelters
thine?

‘Mild as the vernal show'r his
words prevail,
And aid the moral precept of his tale;
His wond'ring hearers learn, and ever
keep
These first ideas of the restless deep;
And, as the opening mind a circuit
tries,
Present felicities in value rise

Increasing pleasures every hour they
find,
The warmth more precious, and the
shelter kind;
Warmth that long reigning bids the
eyelids close,
As through the blood its balmy influ-
ence goes,
When the cheer'd heart forgets fatigues
and cares,
And drowsiness alone dominion bears.’

BLOOMFIELD.

These thoughts filled my mind
till I had reached the village of
N—, where memory reminded
me of the fate of poor Jane S—,
the daughter of a respectable inn-
keeper there. It may form a les-
son for the female mind; and al-
though many men may laugh at
the story, and ridicule me for in-
troducing it, still it must interest
every feminine breast that is not
callous to the sufferings of its own
sex; and I am proud of my coun-
try in this particular: for, not-
withstanding all the witty effu-
sions against the scandal, ill-
nature, and other ill qualities of
the women of this isle, I would
fain inquire where is the country
upon earth, whose females can
boast of so much real modesty,
real affection, and true charity, as
the blooming females of Great
Britain. Ever may these be their
characteristics; ever may their
breasts glow with these sensations,
the best that human nature can
feel.

Jane S—, at the age of nine-
teen, was as pleasing a female as
the eye would wish to gaze on;
she had not, perhaps, all the daz-
zling beauty of more polished
dames, but there was a diffidence
in her manner, an unassuming
benevolence in her countenance,
that was far preferable to it.—
About this time a young man

came to reside in the village as the foreman to a large manufactory; he possessed a fine person, and a remarkably insinuating address, which made his company much sought; and in his pleasurable parties he frequently used the house of Jane's father: this led him into the company of the unsuspecting fair one, to whom he soon paid his addresses, and at length solicited her hand. She, loving him as she did, with all the fervour of true affection, easily promised for herself; but her father was not so easily persuaded. He very properly recollected that this young man was a total stranger; who, or what his friends were, was totally unknown; it was indeed ascertained that he was a native of a northern county, but there was altogether such a degree of mystery about him, that, added to a report which had been circulated, of his having already got a wife and family in some distant part of the kingdom, induced him to give a positive denial. Madly infatuated, poor Jane listened to the persuasive language that fell from the villain's tongue, left her father's house, was united to him, and continued to reside in the same place, though unnoticed by her father or her friends. The motive which evidently had induced her husband to this conduct, was that of her being the only daughter of a man he knew to possess considerable property, some of which he hoped to obtain. Two years elapsed, and Jane had brought him two children; when positive intelligence reached her father of the residence of the wife and children this miscreant had deserted; he immediately journeyed to the place, and discovered them in a state of the most abject

misery, partly supported by the parish, and partly by the poor woman's labour. During his absence, this fiend in human shape having already found he should not be able to obtain any money from Jane's father, and dreading a prosecution now that he knew the abode of his deserted wife was discovered, left poor Jane pregnant of her third child, after having plundered her of every thing he could, and it is supposed got off to America, for he has never since that time been heard of.

Jane's father, on his return, found his daughter in a dreadful state of anguish. He instantly took her back to his own home, where every thing has been done to alleviate her sorrows; but the wound is too deep ever to be healed: she is like an early flower blighted by the bitter blast; and the only solace of her anguished moments is to hang over her unfortunate infants, down whose unconscious cheeks often fall her tears of agonized sensibility. Her miserable situation brought to my memory these lines:—

‘ But, ah! on Sorrow's cypress bough
 Can Beauty breathe her genial bloom?
 On Death's cold cheek will passion glow?
 Or music warble from the tomb?’

OGILVIE.

If this plain, matter-of-fact story should be the mean of snatching but one infatuated female from the grasp of duplicity and iniquity, I shall be more than happy; for, alas! the fair sex are but too often sacrificed to beings who are totally undeserving of them.

A degree of fog began now to prevail, and I did not think it advisable to extend my ramble; I therefore faced about, and began my return home, where I shortly

arrived, and instantly sat down to put together this *my last Night-Walk*.

• A year has pass'd in varying hours
away,
And seems to Joy's gay sons a summer's day;
Unheeded ev'ry season as it fled,
Found them to Nature's brightest beauties dead:
Pleasure allur'd them to her golden clime,
And only Pleasure shar'd their truant time!
To Sorrow's sons how long have seem'd
its hours,
Where grief had sapp'd the mind's sublimest pow'rs;
By them each season too unheeded went,
No joy was theirs when summer hours were sent;
All wore the gloom of Winter's bitter sway,
Dark as December's dull and dreary day!
• Those minds alone have Nature's sweets enjoy'd,
Where Pleasure's wild abuses never cloy'd;
Nor too much sorrow overcame their pow'rs,
To blunt the ecstacy of 'heav'n-bright hours.'

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

OF REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES IN THE YEAR 1807.

JANUARY.

1. Notice sent into the city by lord Howick, the secretary of state, that the treaty of amity, navigation, and commerce between England and the United States, had been signed the day preceding by the commissioners respectively appointed for that purpose by both governments.

5. Breslau, in Silesia, surrendered to the French under Jerome Bonaparte.

24. Mr. Chivers, of Clapham Common, killed by his gardener.

FEBRUARY.

3. The battle of Eylau between the French and Russians fought: the slaughter was very great on both sides, and both claimed the victory.

23. A dreadful accident happened in the Old Bailey at the execution of Holloway and Haggerty for the murder of Mr. Steele in November 1802, and Elizabeth Godfrey for stabbing Richard Prince; when, from the prodigious pressure of the crowd, twenty-eight persons lost their lives, and a still greater number were dreadfully bruised and wounded. See page 113.

25—28. The unsuccessful attempt on the Dardanelles and the city of Constantinople made by the squadron under Sir J. T. Duckworth.

MARCH.

6—11. The trial of Sir Home Popham by a court-martial, for quitting his station with the squadron under his command, without orders or authority from his superiors; of which charge he was found guilty, and adjudged to be severely reprimanded.

20. The city of Alexandria in Egypt surrendered to the English troops under major-general Frazer.

25. The late ministry resigned their offices by his Majesty's command; when the duke of Portland was appointed first lord of the treasury; lord Hawkesbury, lord Castlereagh, and Mr. Canning, secretaries of state; and (on the 27th) Mr. Percival chancellor of the exchequer.

27. The parliament prorogued.

29. The proclamation for the dissolution of parliament signed by his Majesty.

MAY.

2. A duel was fought near Combe Wood between sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Paull. when Mr. Paull was severely wounded in the leg, and sir Francis shot through the upper part of the thigh.

6. The election for the city of London commenced, which was expected to be very warmly contested; but Mr.

alderman Hankey, the new candidate, died the evening before the poll.

7. The election for Westminster commenced.

22. The town of Chudleigh, in Devonshire, destroyed by fire.

23. The election for Westminster ended, when sir Francis Burdett, and lord Cochrane were declared duly elected.

26. The election for Middlesex ended, when Mr. Mellish and Mr. Byng were returned.

JUNE.

5. The election for Yorkshire closed, when Mr. Wilberforce and lord Milton were declared duly elected.

14. The decisive battle of Friedland fought between the French and Russians, in which the latter lost above 30,000 men, and 80 pieces of cannon.

22. An armistice concluded between Russia and France.

24. The conference between Bonaparte and the emperor of Russia on a raft in the middle of the Niemen.

29. The return of sir Francis Burdett for the city of Westminster celebrated, on which occasion sir Francis rode in a lofty car from his house to the Crown and Anchor tavern in the Strand.

JULY.

7. The duchess of Brunswick landed at Gravesend.

16. The emperor of Russia arrived at St. Petersburg, after having concluded the peace of Tilsit.

26. Bonaparte arrived at St. Cloud, having returned from the army in Poland.

AUGUST.

3. The first division of the English fleet employed in the expedition to Copenhagen arrived off the castle of Cronberg in the Sound.

16. The English troops landed on the island of Zealand without opposition.

29. Orders issued to detain all Danish vessels, and send in all ships of that nation.

SEPTEMBER.

7. The city of Copenhagen surrendered after a bombardment of three nights, and the English fleet and army took possession of the fleet and arsenals of Denmark, and of the city of Copenhagen.

12. Intelligence received from lieutenant-general Whitelocke that an attack made by the British troops on the town of Buenos Ayres having completely failed, a convention had been entered into to evacuate South America within two months on condition that all the prisoners should be restored.

18. The powder-mills at Feversham blew up, and six men and three horses were killed.

OCTOBER.

2. A comet made its appearance.

15. A dreadful accident happened at Sadler's Wells in consequence of a false alarm of fire, when 18 persons lost their lives. See page 565.

30. The king of Spain published a decree, accusing his son, the prince of Asturias, of a conspiracy against his life.

NOVEMBER.

5. Another decree published at Madrid, declaring the prince of Asturias pardoned, he having confessed his fault, and made known the authors of the plot.

DECEMBER.

2. Intelligence received that the emperor of Russia had published a declaration announcing his determination to break off all communication with England, and recall his ambassador.

19. Lord Strangford arrived from Lisbon with intelligence that the court of Portugal had embarked, and sailed for the Brazils on the 24th of November.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

ELEGY

WRITTEN BENEATH A PILE OF RUINS.

[*After the Manner of Gray's Elegy.*]

THE setting sun proclaims departing
 day,
 The bleating flocks returning to their
 fold,
 And evening twilight comes, whilst
 Sol's last ray,
 Tinges the rolling clouds with bright-
 est gold.

The mild serenity of evening air,
 The mind to silent contemplation
 leads,
 And all around smiles Nature's boun-
 teous care,
 Whilst beauteous verdure clothes the
 lovely meads.

Then how delightful pleasant 'tis to
 stray,
 Amidst yon Gothic ruin'd stately
 pile,
 Where once pale Superstition held her
 sway,
 And Sorrow echo'd through the
 length'ning aisle.

Blest Fancy aids us, whilst we call to
 mind,
 Its inmates, long since number'd
 with the dead,

Grav'd on the rugged stones we scat-
 ter'd find,
 The sacred praise of souls for ever
 fled.

Yon frowning turrets now with ivy
 crown'd,
 Those gloomy celis with waving moss
 o'ergrown,
 Might once confine a warrior re-
 nown'd,
 Or echo'd to a penitential's moan.

The vaulted chapel that was once so
 grand,
 That echo'd with the pealing organ's
 sound,
 Where once the pious monk, with up-
 lift hand,
 Or bent in meek devotion to the
 ground.

But now, alas! in ruins all are seen,
 And scatter'd fragments burst upon
 the sight,
 Whilst nought is heard but the dread
 raven's scream,
 Or birds ill-omen'd hov'ring thro' the
 night.

Perhaps on this dread spot where now
I tread,
Where broken monuments by sculp-
ture deck'd,
The ashes of some saint enshrind 'is
laid,
Whose pious accents calm'd the soul
to rest.

Perhaps in yonder convent's grated cell,
Some virgin from the social world
was torn,
Doom'd with melancholy long to dwell,
And thro' the solitary aisle to roam.

Poor, hapless maid! tho' hope no ray
did shed,
As thou sojourned thro' this vale of
tears,
Yet thou to blissful realms art long
since fled,
Where Sorrow's voice no more breaks
on thy ears.

Ah, Superstition! thou dark fiend of
hell,
'Twas thou that burst all sweet Af-
fection's ties,
Tore from the world, in solitude to
dwell,
The flower of youth, doom'd never
more to rise.

Perhaps love crept unto thy sacred
shrine,
And dar'd thy heart with gentle steps
to steal,
Made thee thy rosary and pray'rs re-
sign,
Nor more to imag'd saints again to
kneel.

But in seclusion, wrapt within thy
breast,
Love's ling'ring flame had burnt with
stifled sway,
Whose guiltless warmth by tyranny
supprest,
With thee in silent sorrow died
away.

Turn where yon tow'r's by proud Am-
bition rais'd,
Moulder beneath grey Time's con-
suming hand,
The stately edifice now low is laid,
No more to echo with its lord's com-
mand.

There Hospitality once spread her store,
The weary traveller once found re-
pose,
Its halls once sounded to the minstrel's
lore,
Nor to the wretched did its portals
close.

Could we on stones read glorious
actions past,
And trace the footsteps back of hoary
time,
They'd show how towns fell 'neath a
tyrant's grasp,
And in the pomp of direful war would
shine.

Yon hoary battlements that rising frown
Terrific o'er the blood-ensanguin'd
plain,
Once held the warlike bands of high
renown,
Or mighty chiefs that conquer'd or
were slain.

Now they all silent sleep long-since for-
got,
Their deeds of valour are no longer
heard,
Oblivion sheds her darkness o'er the
spot,
Where they so long had reign'd, so
long were fear'd.

Perhaps in yonder solitary gloom,
Once the proud spirit of revenge did
stalk,
And oft to death its victim there did
doom,
Whose restless manes still in dull
sorrow walk,

Crying for vengeance on its murd'rer's
head,
Its tortur'd soul, alas! no rest can
find,
Till Retribution hurls him to the dead,
And in Perdition's chains the wretch
shall bind.

Here younger sons, by proud ambition
fir'd,
Might lift their hands against a bro-
ther's life,
Till struck with horror, from the world
retir'd,
They waste their days in conscience
mix'd with strife.

Or when dark, horrid dreams disturb
 their rests,
 And conscience wakes within a rank-
 ling pain,
 To some dark cell retir'd they ease their
 breasts,
 By pray'r, and penance hard, to wash
 away the stain.

Yon ruin'd city, once in hist'ry fam'd,
 The seat of wealth, now rears its
 head no more;
 Where Science once a stately seat had
 claim'd,
 Where once the artist spread his
 matchless store.

Perhaps it fell beneath a tyrant's arm,
 Fired and plunder'd by his hostile
 band;
 O'erturn'd by direful earthquake's rude
 alarm,
 Or sunk in ruins 'neath Time's rug-
 ged hand.

Where now is Rome, 'the mistress of
 the world?

And Greece? where Wisdom long
 did proudly reign;
 Now low to ground are their proud
 temples hurl'd,
 Whilst not a trace of beauty does
 remain.

So fall man's best hopes in this mortal
 state,

So this age's pride, ah! soon too must
 fall,
 And no poetic strains their fame relate,
 When dark oblivion shall bury all.

Virtue alone the wreck of time sur-
 vives,

She through eternity shall bloom the
 same,

Altho' the body then no longer lives,
 Still shall its soul be of immortal
 fame.

J. I.

LIBERTY.

A FRAGMENT.

Calm content and peace with thee
 Reside;—and soft tranquillity:
 Happy leisure, void of cares,
 Health continued, length of years

Slumbers sound, sweet, undisturb'd,
 Reason powerful, passions curb'd:
 Wit and ingenuity,
 Art and happy industry:
 Temperance, healthy, lovely, pure,
 Strength, all labour to endure:
 Love divine and candour clear,
 Justice strict, and truth severe:
 Scorning despotism's yoke,
 Independence, firm, unbroke:
 Wealth, with all its varied good,
 Proudly swelling o'er the flood:
 Commerce, with prolific sail,
 Courting every passing gale:
 Pomp and power, and rule, and state,
 Nations mighty. Empires great
 Rise and fall alone with thee,
 Ever-blessed Liberty!

BENJAMIN STEVENSON.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

ON HER SINGING AND PLAYING.

'TIS said so well fam'd Orpheus play'd,
 All creatures felt emotion;
 Joy even mountains, woods, pourtray'd,
 Attentive seem'd the ocean.

So when I hear thy lovely strains,
 Fond rapture fills this breast,
 I think I've left these mortal plains,
 And dwell amid the blest.

The passions rise at thy command,
 But touch the keys, and lo!
 Struck by the magic of thine hand,
 We're chill'd, or made to glow.

Thy plaintive tones pierce through the
 heart,

Call forth the tender tear;
 Thy lively notes, with equal art,
 As suddenly do cheer.

Tho' great in music are thy pow'rs,
 They balance not thy worth;
 Above all talent goodness tow'rs,
 It grac'd thee from thy birth.

Cruel! why think I should forget
 To sing thee in my lays:

Assur'd was I that they were yet
 Too weak to sound thy praise!

F. T. PINNER.

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