THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

Entertaining COMPANION for the FAIR SEX.

Vol. 43, No. 4, for April, 1812.

This Number is embellished with the following Plates:

1. Portrait of Her Royal Highness, the PRINCESS CHARLOTTE of WALES.
2. London MORNING and CHILD's DRESSES.
3. Elegant NEW PATTERN for the HEAD-PIECE and BORDER of a CAP.

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where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

NOTICES.

To our youthful *Gosport* correspondent we recommend to consult some judicious friend respecting his future productions, before he suffer them to go out of his hands.

Of the piece on *Mnemonics*, however valuable in itself, we fear that we can hardly make any use.

Of two pieces from "*A lover of poesy*," the first came too late for this month, and is now out of season; the other is, in *our* eyes, objectionable, as we deal not in satire.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR APRIL, 1812.

The FLEET PRISON; *or a* CURE *for* EXTRAVAGANCE, *and a convincing Proof of the* FALLACY *of* FASHIONABLE FRIENDSHIP.

(*Continued from Vol.* 41, *page* 173.)

*** *In presenting to our fair Readers the continuation of this interesting History—so long delayed by the unfortunate illness of the ingenious Authoress—we think it right to inform them that some of the principal Characters and Incidents are actually taken from real life, without the smallest exaggeration.*

WHAT Lord Chesterfield has proved to many thousands, his counterpart, Colonel Leinster, unfortunately proved to me; for, while he instructed me in all the refinements of polished urbanity, and evinced all the advantages which naturally result from a strenuous endeavour to become intimately acquainted with the Graces, he taught me to consider deception as a tool which every man of sense had a right to work with, for the purpose of obtaining his private ends.—He likewise tried to subvert my religious principles, by arguments which it was impossible for me to confute; and, though at first I was shocked by his open ridicule of many parts of the Bible, he imperceptibly weakened the veneration which I had always felt for that sacred book.

It had been Malcombe's business to introduce me to the licentious part of my own sex: it now became Leinster's to bring me acquainted with the most dissipated among the fair.—Here my passions were awakened, and my imagination enchanted, by scenes of licentiousness which were enveloped under fashion's deceptive veil.—Though I had not had many opportunities of forming an accurate idea of female excellence, as my mother had never been on terms of great intimacy with the neighbouring families, yet I had an innate idea that modesty was its greatest ornament; and, had I seen any open violation of its principles, I should have shrunk from it perfectly disgusted.—As, upon my first introduction into this fashionable society, I had observed there was a total difference of manners between the Leicestershire ladies and those of the metropolis, I attributed that certain reserve, which I had fancied the attendant of native modesty, to their total ignorance of the *haut-ton*; and I certainly found myself much more easy in the company of the latter, than I had ever been at Lessington Lodge.

Colonel Leinster was a man peculiarly calculated to shine in female society: he was minutely attentive to all their little wishes and wants; while his memory was stored with a collection of private domestic anecdotes, sufficiently numerous to have filled an octavo volume.—Among the families with whom the Colonel was in habits of the greatest intimacy, was the Countess of L***; and so completely partial was her ladyship to his society, that she always dignified him by the appellation of her son.—Ignorant as I was of the world, I could not help expressing my astonishment, that a woman of

such high rank and fascinating manners should have united herself to a man whose origin, it was evident, must have been extremely low, and whose countenance was impressed with the indeleble characters of a Jew.—To my remarks upon the subject, the Colonel always made some evasive answer; or spoke of the superior understanding of Mr. K*** in the highest terms. "Intellect, my dear fellow," he would say, "at this enlightened period, frequently elevates a man to the most exalted stations; and, if I were king of England, I would make Lady L***'s husband prime minister."

Her Ladyship, and her lovely daughter, who was married to an Italian Marquis, but separated from him, in consequence of ill treatment, kindly undertook to polish off that rusticity of manners which is so decided a mark of ill breeding.—Had either of those fascinating females openly displayed a disregard to decorum, or evinced that laxity of principle which operated so powerfully upon their minds, I should have been in no danger of falling; for I should certainly have discontinued my visits in Cumberland-street:—but the most chaste observer could not have discovered the slightest deviation from the laws of propriety. In all their external pursuits, there was a refinement of elegance and taste; while the understanding of Lady L*** was doubtless superior, to the generality of females.—In the marchioness there was a *naiveté* of manners, united to an attractive gentleness, which imperceptibly excited an interest in the heart.—The patient sweetness of disposition which she displayed under the most mortifying circumstances, excited a mixture of sympathy and admiration; for, like all low-bred beings elevated to superior situations, K*** might justly be termed a domestic tyrant.—It was evident that even the Countess of L*** was in awe of the mushroom to whom she had sacrificed fortune and rank; and over the Marchioness he lorded it, with an assuming authority, which actually made her shrink.—He was, however, so deeply engaged in schemes of speculation, that the company saw very little of him; and, when he chose to relax from his natural severity, his conversation was extremely entertaining.

To support an establishment so expensive, must have required an affluent income. We never dined without three courses, served up in the most massive plate: in short, the side-board appeared so completely valuable, that it would not have disgraced the Prince of Wales.

Though I had determined never again to touch a card after the affair at Cambridge, yet I found it impossible to resist Lady L***'s persuasions; particularly as her ladyship offered to take me for her partner in a family rubber.—I shall not tire my readers by describing how imperceptibly I imbibed a real passion for cards; and, as my knowledge of each game increased, my ardor in the pursuit augmented, until, for nights together, it frequently deprived me of sleep.—The heavy losses I sustained, were palliated by the idea that the Countess or her lovely daughter had been the winner; for, notwithstanding the sumptuous table which was kept, I soon discovered that K*** was an actual miser to his wife and daughter-in-law.—The society with whom I associated in Cumberland-street, chiefly consisted of foreigners of distinction: but the few females whom I met, were so evidently inferior, that I could not avoid ex-

pressing my astonishment to the Colonel, that a woman with such courtly manners could associate with beings so much below herself.

In reply to these observations, he informed me that there was a kind of national pride in ladies of rank, which induced them to discountenance any unequal alliances, and that therefore Lady L*** was not publicly visited: "yet she has many friends," he continued, "who admire her talents and accomplishments, among persons of the first distinction, by whom she is equally beloved and respected."

The female society to which Colonel Leinster introduced me, was not merely confined to the Countess of L***; for there were several other families whom we visited; though with none could I find myself upon such intimate terms: in fact, the behaviour of the ladies disgusted me, as all their wit seemed to consist in *double-entendre*.

My readers will probably be astonished that the name of Malcombe has not been blended with that of Leinster: but, during the progress of my intimacy with the L***s, he was in Leicestershire, as my steward Donald had discovered some clause in the leases that were nearly expired, which prevented him from raising them above a certain rate.—Though the raising of the rent at all was not an object either with Malcombe or his coadjutors, yet the receiving a handsome douceur for the renewal of the leases was a matter of no small consideration to each; and Malcombe, under pretence of perusing the writings, proposed going to the lodge for a few days.—To this proposal I readily consented; as I was too much charmed with my new acquaintance to feel the loss of my old friend—if such a term can be applicable to a man who was secretly planning my ruin.

Could Malcombe, however, have foreseen that we were to be separated for the space of fourteen weeks, he would, I am persuaded, have allowed Donald to enjoy all the benefit of letting the estates.—On the second day after his arrival in Leicestershire, he thought proper to ride a hunter that I had recently bought; and, not being a very expert horseman, in attempting a dangerous leap, he was thrown; from which accident, his whole person in some degree suffered; and one of his legs was broken.—This intelligence I received from my steward, who at the same time informed me it was Malcombe's earnest wish that I should not go down.—Had I gone, I of course should have frustrated their machinations, by taking upon myself the letting of my farms.

Upon my first introduction to Colonel Leinster, I discovered that Malcombe was no favorite; and, during the latter's residence in the country, he took every opportunity of lowering him in my esteem.—In confidence I had made him acquainted with the occurrences at Cambridge, which he execrated with a violence that proved his regard for me:—he declared he considered Malcombe in the light of a designing hypocrite, who had received large bribes from those who had actually cheated me.—This opinion could not fail to make a deep impression upon me: and so far from looking forward with delight to the return of my former companion, I felt that he would be a restraint upon my pleasures; for Leinster had represented him to Lady L*** in such unfavorable colors, that she declared it to be her fixed resolution not to invite him to her house.—By turns she ridiculed and con-

sured my attachment to a man so every way unfit to be my confidential companion; while the Marchioness, with that interesting softness which had rendered her society so necessary to my happiness, declared that she should consider him in the light of a rival.—At length he arrived, pale and emaciated from suffering: and, as his appearance was calculated to revive the expiring embers of regard, I naturally paid him those attentions which his debilitated condition required.

As health revisited the countenance of Malcombe, his claim upon my attention subsided; and I unceremoniously renewed my engagements in Gumberland Street.—For the suspension of these visits, I was compelled to support the ridicule of the Countess, and the sarcastic observations of my friend Leinster; who, though a proper Chesterfield in the school of politeness, in his conduct to Malcombe certainly deviated from his accustomed rules.

Though the conduct of the Colonel was not personally resented, yet to me Malcombe made the most severe remarks; and at length finding his own rhetoric fail of its accustomed impression, he called to his assistance the memory of my respected father, who, from some singular caprice of character, had an invincible dislike to red coats.

"Do not suppose, Mr. Lessington," said he, "that I mean to presume upon that partiality with which your ever-to-be-lamented father honored me, or that I shall venture to take the liberty of influencing you in the choice of your friends: yet, could that much respected man behold you becoming the mere dupe of Colonel Leinster's machinations, what grief—what inexpressible grief, would it occasion him!—His prejudice to the military, sir, was, I need not remark to you, unconquerable. I do not mean to say that he did not carry it to an extreme; but, as a son affectionately attached to the memory of a deserving parent, is it not singular that you should have selected a man for your bosom companion, whom I am certain he must have despised?—Of the personal mortifications I have received from this Protean favorite, I shall say nothing; though I have severely felt your not resenting his pointed incivility to me: but I cannot avoid entreating you to suspect his professions; for I believe him to be a hypocritical knave."

(To be continued.)

SAPPHO; *an Historic Romance.*

(Continued from page 121.)

THE days of Sappho appeared to glide on in peace in this delightful retirement. Eutychius received a letter from Scamandronymus, in which he expressed his warmest gratitude for the care he had kindly bestowed on his daughter, and the perfect confidence he reposed in his friendship and counsel: he entreated him to exert his influence to induce her to return to Mitylenè, promising to spare his too just reproaches, and to bury the past in oblivion. Scamandronymus wrote at the same time with great mildness to Sappho:—his paternal solicitude was couched in the most affectionate terms.

They received no intelligence concerning Phaon. Eutychius suggested many plausible reasons for his delay, and concluded that he was undoubtedly detained on another shore by his commercial affairs. —Sappho derived some consolation from the goodnes of Scamandronymus; and, as he expressed an equal compassion for her misfortunes as Eutychius, she began to dissimulate

to herself the enormity of her fault, which could hope for pardon from its magnitude alone.—She insensibly became reconciled to absence; and the frequent hours she devoted to study, furnished her mind with a salutary relief. In the evenings, Eutychius and his guests assembled in a circle, when some ancient history, or more frequently, a poem, was read by one of the company. Homer generally obtained the preference. It was from the frequent perusal of this divine poet that Sappho received that expansion of ideas, and imbibed that exquisite harmony which so eminently distinguishes her own productions: her celebrated hymn to Venus was composed during the silence of the night, at the abode of Eutychius.

O Venus, beauty of the skies*,
To whom a thousand temples rise—
Gaily false in gentle smiles,
Full of love-perplexing wiles—
O Goddess! from my heart remove
The wasting cares and pains of love.

If ever thou hast kindly heard
A song in soft distress preferr'd,
Propitious to my tuneful vow,
O gentle goddess! hear me now!
Descend, thou bright, immortal guest,
In all thy radiant charms confess'd.

Thou once didst leave almighty Jove,
And all the golden roofs above:
The car thy wanton sparrows drew:
Hov'ring in air they lightly flew:
As to my bow'r they wing'd their way,
I saw their quiv'ring pinions play.

The birds dismiss'd (while you remain)
Bore back their empty car again:
Then you, with looks divinely mild,
In ev'ry heav'nly feature smil'd,
And ask'd what new complaints I made,
And why I call'd you to my aid?

What phrensy in my bosom rag'd,
And by what cure to be assuag'd?

What gentle youth I would allure,
Whom in my artful toils secure?
"Who does thy tender heart subdue?
Tell me, my Sappho—tell me, who?

"Though now he shun thy longing arms,
He soon shall court thy slighted charms:
Though now thy offrings he despise,
He soon to thee shall sacrifice:
Though now he freeze, he soon shall burn,
And be thy victim in his turn."

Celestial visitant, once more
Thy needful presence I implore!
In pity come, and ease my grief:
Bring my distemper'd soul relief:
Favor thy suppliant's hidden fires,
And give me all my heart desires.

The following day she sang this hymn to the accompaniment of her lyre. The tenderness which breathed in the poetry, the melody of her charming voice, and the dulcet notes of the lyre, formed a delightful harmony, which excited the most rapturous applause. Sappho appeared to have received from the gods the celestial gift of inspiration: her verses were not the result of effort or research, but seemed to flow spontaneously from a pure and fertile source. If this sudden acquisition of Sappho appears wonderful, which was not the effect of long and painful study, it must be remembered that poetry is the daughter of nature and love. Nature had given her poetic fire; and her unfortunate passion developed all the faculties of her mind. She did not, like the generality of poets and orators, borrow her subjects from fiction: the falsehood of imaginary descriptions betrays itself. Alas! who can better express the language of the passions, than those who feel their influence? Misfortune has its eloquence:—there can be no eclogue more tender than the conversation of two lovers by the light of the moon on the sea-shore:—there can be no discourse more eloquent that that of two adversaries on the point of combat:—but the charms of the

* Ambrose Phillips's elegant version of this celebrated ode having so long enjoyed the general approbation, it was thought more advisable to copy it here from the Spectator, No 223, where it first appeared, than to attempt a new translation.

former are forbidden to the ears of the profane; and the latter is lost in the air, with the hissing of darts and the groans of the dying.

The charms of poetry, together with the kind hospitality of Eutychius, suspended for a time the effects of the imperious passion which governed the heart of the unfortunate Sappho. The pleasing occupations which engaged her attention, calmed its violence, without extinguishing its force; and she began to entertain doubts respecting the predictions of the Pythia: but Rhodopè recalled to her mind the respect and confidence which ought to be placed in the will of the divinity, declared by the oracle, and the certainty of its fulfillment, confirmed by so many prodigies.

While Sappho appeared to forget her misfortunes in this delightful solitude, Phaon wanders on the deep abyss, driven at the mercy of the winds. He had already seen the shores of Crete and Chios. A storm now impelled his vessel toward the coast of Cyprus; and the crew soon perceived the dangerous shore. In vain the pilot endeavoured to guide the helm: the ship is driven by the irresistible fury of the tempest, like chaff before the violence of the northern blast. Instead of a friendly harbour, they saw before them a chain of terrible rocks, rendered memorable by a thousand shipwrecks; even the foaming waves seemed to retire from them, and the eye discovered their black and horrid shapes—fatal presages of certain and frightful death. The gloomy sea reflected the clouds of heaven sparkling with fire. The voices of the sailors were lost in the roaring of the winds and the waves. They bent forward on their oars, and exerted their utmost strength in hopes to weather the rocks: but their efforts were unavailing: the vessel strikes, and in a moment is swallowed up by the relentless fury of the ocean. The surface of the waves soon appeared covered with the remains of the wreck, unfortunate sailors struggling against death, and dead bodies floating at the mercy of the winds. Two Cretan sailors, who were better swimmers than the rest, would inevitably have perished, if Providence had not thrown in their way a part of the wreck, to which they clung, and which was driven on shore by the waves. Still trembling, they grasped the plank which had saved them from destruction: the fear of death was so powerfully impressed on their minds, that they did not perceive they had escaped the fate of the unhappy crew. They saw the wave return, and they hastened to escape beyond its reach.—Now out of danger, they turned their eyes with terror and consternation to the dreadful scene of their shipwreck. Their joy at having escaped was their first feeling: but the second was compassion; and, when they beheld the mangled bodies of their companions torn by the rugged points of the rocks, they could not refrain from tears. They at length quit the shore venting their imprecations against the perfidious elements—curses soon forgotten! In the neighbouring city they found an opportunity of engaging in another ship: they embarked once more on the tranquil waves; and in a few days they landed on the shore, near which stood the mansion of Eutychius.

The slaves, who had been dispatched for the purpose of gaining intelligence, soon arrived with the account of Phaon's shipwreck. Eutychius was greatly afflicted at this information, and still more distressed by the necessity of communicating

it to Sappho.—On further reflexion, however, he indulged the hope, that, dreadful as the intelligence was, yet, with the aid of time, it might possibly cure an unfortunate passion, whose object was no longer in existence. While he was thus deliberating, Sappho wandered on the beach with Rhodopê; her eyes and thoughts equally bent towards the sea. They met the two sailors; and Sappho immediately interrogated them concerning Phaon.—Fatal curiosity! she learned, without reserve, the details of his dreadful shipwreck.

What pen, what power of language can express the despair of Sappho at this fatal narrative, which presented to her imagination the features of him she adored, covered with the shades of eternal night? Her cheeks assumed a pallid hue; her lips quivered; she fell prostrate on the beach. By the aid of Rhodopê she was recalled to an existence which she now abhors—she uttered the most affecting lamentations; and, turning to the sailors, she exclaimed, "'Tis false, 'tis false, ye wretches, whom some infernal genius has driven on these shores to deceive me. No! he has not perished!"—The sailors retired, equally grieved at her condition and her reproaches: but Sappho followed them with tears in her eyes, and, with a softened tone, inquired, "Are you sure of Phaon's death?"—They again confirmed their story—they "saw him perish."—She made them relate afresh all the details, and even the most minute circumstances attending their horrible shipwreck.

Their history was frequently interrupted by her sighs; and, when she could no longer entertain the most transient doubt of its reality, she gave a loose to the excess of her feelings: she tore her garments, and, in the wild accents of delirium, turning towards the sea, and striking her foot with violence on the sand, she exclaimed, "Blind and insatiable element! how couldst thou swallow up the ornament of nature, the fairest work of Venus, the beautiful Phaon? Restore him to me, cruel Neptune! Command the waves to bring on these shores his mortal remains, that I may raise a monument to immortalise his memory! While his body continues the sport of the winds, or remains in the dark abyss, his plaintive shade wanders on the banks of the Styx, whose merciless pilot refuses him a passage. O ye gods! be more sensible to my tears, than he was himself; and, if I could not possess him living, let me possess him dead; that I may, with my own hands, deposit in the tomb this envied treasure, bathed with my tears! And thou, Phaon! if thy immortal spirit hovers near me, behold my despair! I cannot live without thee! then let death unite us!"

As she uttered these words, she rushed furiously into the sea.—Rhodopê, who could neither follow, nor retain her flight, shrieked aloud to the sailors, who ran and snatched her from the waves. With the assistance of Rhodopê, they conveyed her to the house of Eutychius:—on the way, she struggled to be free, and loaded the sailors and heaven with imprecations.

The wretched condition of Sappho affected the sailors even to tears. They assisted Rhodopê in carrying her to an inner apartment, where they placed her gently on a couch. Her eyes were nearly closed: her respiration was faultering and difficult; and they even despaired of her recovery.

(To be continued.)

The Dutch Patriots *of the Sixteenth Century.*

(*Continued from page* 106.)

Meanwhile a crowd of Batavians assemble round William's tent, and in his features eagerly seek to read their future destiny: but William, whose soul is fired with redoubled flame at the idea of the dangers impending over his country, fears at this moment to display to them the full energy of his courage. He does not entertain a suspicion that the ardor of the Batavians has suffered any abatement: but he hesitates to put them to the test of interrogation; and, in order to irritate their impatience, and render their valour more terrible, his countenance exhibits the strong impression of sorrow and dejection. Adolphus, Lumey, Douza, view William with wistful eye: the assembled cohorts, racked with anxiety and indignation, stand around with downcast looks:—at length Lewis broke the awful silence—

"How long," said he, "shall we drag on this life of inglorious indolence? for I cannot bestow on it a more gentle name.—Shall we rest content with deterring the Spaniards from making any attempts in this quarter? and, deeming it sufficient to bedew with their blood the Gallic plains, shall we suffer the lawless tyranny of Alva to riot with impunity in our native land? Day after day flies in rapid succession, and the Belgian still continues enslaved. Shall not even our remains, after death, find a resting-place in that soil which gave us birth? Happier, thrice happier, was your lot, ye generous warriors, who bravely shed your blood on the Belgic plains! The day will come, when from your ashes the blaze of liberty shall burst forth. To us it is still given to breathe the vital air: your shades loudly call us to the performance of manly deeds—and we yet rema inactive! . . . ."

"Equally with you," replied Wi liam, "I feel the powerful voice the departed heroes: but the Be gians appear sunk in more th death-like lethargy . . . . ."

"And have you then forgotte the Batavians?" interrupted Lew —"Can you doubt of their eag wishes to burst the chains of slave ry?" They have not degenerate from the worth of their progenitors nor has the iron hand of tyrann eradicated from their hearts th germ of those virtues which hav been transmitted to them in uninter rupted succession through so man ages."

His heart penetrated with th noble sentiments which he thus hea expressed, William at length suffe the joy, with which he is inwardl animated, to beam forth on his cou tenance, and meet the eyes of th surrounding chiefs; then turning t the Batavian bands, "Warriors!" said he, "I call heaven to witnes that the sword alone shall decid our fate."

He said, and retired into his pa vilion, where with his own hand h had suspended the chart of the Be gic provinces, which he never fail to examine with studious care, befo he sought his nightly repose. A this moment he surveyed it wi more than usual attention—his e traversing the various cities—traci the courses of rivers—and at leng fixing itself on the Batavian pr vinces. The voice of those pr vinces seems to strike his ear; an at the fancied sound, his eyes spark with terrific fire.

After a while he tears hims from the contemplation of the i teresting picture, and extends h limbs on his couch, awaiting the a proach of sleep, whose friendly i

fluence at length seals his closing eye-lids, and diffuses itself through his whole frame. Such, a fragrant exhalation, breathed forth from the flowers of the mead, floats through the air, and, wafted on the wings of the breeze, surrounds the weary husbandman, who is ready to sink under his agricultural toil: he stops in the middle of the unfinished furrow, and inhales new life with the grateful perfume; while the cool breath of Zephyr dries up the sweat on his brow, and his exhausted oxen low with pleasure, on tasting the sweets of a temporary respite from their labors.

Meanwhile, Liberty, who hovered pendent in air over the Batavian provinces, rejoiced to see the generous spirit of patriotism revived among them, and glowing with redoubled ardor to fight speedily under her banners: but, observing how few their numbers, and even those few not all disposed to second the first effort of courage displayed by two of their provinces—observing the numberless host of enemies who were preparing to surround them, and the various dangers by which their country was threatened—she pondered on the means of procuring them the aid of new allies.

She asks, however, in her own mind, what nations will dare to participate in those dangers. At such a crisis as this, when so great a portion of glory is in reserve for the Batavian, shall she consent to see kings, impelled by the interested considerations of policy, take the first steps with him in this glorious career?—But, as she surveyed the universe in her anxious search, what was the appearance, which it presented at that moment to her view?

She turns her eyes in disgust from the extended regions of Asia, where no tongue dares to pronounce her name—from Africa, where man sells his brother man to slavery worse than death—from America, to which in future ages she will direct her course, but which at this time still reeks with innocent blood spilled by the unrelenting hands of fanaticism and tyranny—where the Spaniards pursue into his dark forests, and seise in his dreary cavern, the savage son of liberty, and entomb him in the mines of Potosi, there to toil in chains, and enrich his greedy tyrants with that gold which he himself despises.

But, on surveying Europe, over which she has shed some rays of knowledge, and which proudly deems itself civilised—Europe, which may justly boast of its superior endowments of intellect and genius—what picture does that fairest portion of the globe exhibit to her sight?

Albion, arrogantly claiming the sovereignty of the ocean, and fired with the ambition of conquest—an ambition incompatible with the sentiments of philanthropy, sentiments to which the human race are yet strangers. Let her boast of being the island of liberty, and fondly imagine that she pays the purest homage at the goddesses shrine, provided that, after having favored the liberty of the Batavians, she do not at a future day show herself inimical to it, as well as to that of other nations.—Germany, calling herself a republic of princes—a vast inorganised body, actuated by so many jarring interests, that the discordant members can never be brought to co-operate in any scheme of general advantage—a country, where fanaticism has exercised more durable and more frightful ravages, than were ever before witnessed in any part of the globe.—Rome, formerly the abode of liberty, but now the seat of super-

stition and tyranny, whence issue those dark mists which envelop a great portion of the universe—and where sits a haughty pontiff, who, proudly rearing his head crowned with a triple diadem, has long deceived and governed the world, and claims a right to deceive and govern it still.—Venice, who, in rejecting the religious inquisition, has retained the inquisition of state, and regrets her past greatness.—Portugal, who would be afraid to favor an industrious nation, destined to become her rival at a future day—Portugal, who is to enjoy but a transient glory, which she will sully by kindling at Goa the flames of the inquisition.—Helvetium, insulated within her impregnable barrier of rocks, and peaceably cultivating the fruits of liberty. Oh! that she would cease to countenance warlike rage and despotism, by selling them the support of her sons!—Poland, who pronounces the name of liberty in the midst of slavery and anarchy, and under the controul of laws which she receives from her neighbours.—Sweden, where the efforts of tyranny will be exerted to stifle the happy germ of liberty.—Muscovy, enslaved and barbarous, not yet threatening Europe with chains.—Greece, or rather the ruins of Greece, struggling against devouring time, and exhibiting the dire spectacle of despotism reigning triumphant over the tombs of Socrates and Aristides.

Such is the picture which Europe presents to the goddess in her rapid survey—such the different interests which divide the generality of its kings and nations from those of the Batavian: thrice happy his lot, if they will be content to remain within the bounds of neutrality, or stand unconcerned spectators of the contest!

At length fixing her eyes on France, where the Batavian had found some generous defenders, "O France!" cried she, "happy land, where knowledge, talents, every virtue, like the spontaneous productions of a soil peculiarly favored by Nature's bounty, luxuriantly spring up on all sides, in spite of the united efforts of tyranny in various shapes exerted to stifle them in the germ! thy fertile plains are incessantly drenched with tears, with sweat, and with blood: an innumerable crowd of toiling husbandmen cultivate them, only to enrich their pampered tyrants! By what fatal blindness hast thou suffered thyself to be despoiled of thy dearest and most sacred rights? The day, however, is already marked in the page of fate, when thy sons, assembled in my name, at my call, under my banners, will awake, as from the sleep of death—terrific in their resurrection . . . . . Why is it not given me to announce to thee that the organs of thy will shall establish thy rights on an unshaken basis, by proclaiming to the universe the rights of man? O rapid fall of those gloomy towers, the den of devouring despotism during so many ages! O night more glorious than the brightest day, when joyous crowds shall, to the sound of melodious music, tread on its ruins, over which shall be read this inscription traced by my hand—"*This spot is sacred to the festive dance*"—and when countless myriads shall assemble in the brilliant Elysium of liberty! O France, when thy warriors, returning from the new world, shall feel their bosoms fired with that sacred flame which their own hands shall have kindled on my altar, and of which

* More Laconic and impressive in the original, "*Ici l'on danse*," which was the inscription actually placed over the gate of the Bastile, after its reduction by the revolutionists.

they will bring back some sparks to their country—then, O France, I solemnly swear it, thou shalt be free. Though the kings of Europe conspire against thee—though they shake the whole universe to its foundations by their endeavours to overturn the altars which thou hast erected in honor of me—though they spread havoc and desolation over thy plains, and debar the bounteous Ceres from pouring her treasures into thy ports—thou shalt stand surrounded by above a million of thy armed sons, an impenetrable barrier—dauntless hosts, every where victorious, beyond the broad stream of Rhine, beyond the Alps, beyond the Pyrenees—Though at the same instant thy bowels are rent by civil wars—though at the first dawn of thy liberty, a hell-born horde of execrable tyrants, who would, if it were possible, rescue from infamy the detested names of the Neroes and Caligulas by outdoing them in the enormity of their crimes, shall frighten and astonish mankind by covering thee with prisons and scaffolds—though they immolate, at the shrine of that hideous phantom which has falsely assumed my name, the most enlightened, the most eloquent, the most virtuous of thy citizens,—victims, to whom it is thy duty to erect statues; for the national justice cannot be satisfied by the death of the fiend and his accomplices, whose impure blood shall stain the same scaffolds on which theirs was shed;—notwithstanding such a monstrous aggregate of calamities and crimes, I swear to thee, O France, thou shalt be free!"

The goddess, diverting her eye from those distant transactions of future times, contemplates with anguish the bloody days which are about to lour over that unhappy land, and for which the infernal powers are making their preparations. At the dismal prospect, she shudders for the fate of the Batavian; and, unable, in the whole extent of her earthly survey, to discover any nation inclined to befriend him—any well-wishers to his cause, except a small number of heroes, who, while they sympathise in his misfortunes, are themselves unfortunate—she determines to procure him succours more certain than those of the earthly powers, and, for that purpose, directs her arduous flight across the watery plains.

(*To be continued.*)

The BROTHERS; *a Moral Tale.*

(*Continued from page* 113.)

CHAP. 9.

Lady, you are the cruellest she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.
Shakspeare.

OF the amiable Lady Rossford it is now necessary to take some notice.—So strong was her affection for Frederic Saint-Villiers, that she was wretched at having made a request, which gave him room to doubt its stability. Etiquette yielded to love: she wrote to him a second time.—Day after day wore on; and she was amazed at never receiving a reply.—Sometimes she feared that he was offended—then, that he was ill:—in short, so miserable was she rendered by her apprehensions, that, upon Lord Blenmore's return to her neighbourhood, she took the earliest opportunity of making inquiries. His answers were of that ambiguous sort, which, without assertion, implies more than can be directly said. "The gentleman, she did the honor to ask after," his Lordship replied, "had certainly been with him in Dublin: he had spoken of going to London, and sailed with the next tide after mentioning his intention. Young men's motions were not always easy

to account for: but, in the present case, he could not disclose his plans —not having been entrusted with them."

Lady Rossford was unable to pursue the conversation. The anxiety of her mind preyed upon her health: and she was at length so much reduced, that Mrs. O'Donnell judged it proper to request the immediate presence of Sir Everard Reevesmore.

Sir Everard kindly obeyed the summons; and his visit had a good effect on Lady Rossford, by calling upon her pride to support her under a conduct more deserving of anger than regret: for, by acquainting her with the reports now circulated respecting Frederic Saint-Villiers, he showed him in such a light, that she made it her decided resolution to attempt conquering an attachment, which his neglect and desertion of herself, added to the representations she heard, made her blush to harbour.

Sir Everard informed her, it was supposed to be from the extravagance and atrocity of this young man's conduct, that his father had at length taken a step, which reflected additional disgrace on his own character, already so bad, that she might rejoice in having escaped a connexion in the family.—"It was said," he added, "that Mr. Frederic Saint-Villiers had behaved with the most unparalleled insolence to his earliest friend, Lord Blenmore, who nevertheless, from former regard, was ready to assist him in any line he preferred;—that, when he had even gone so far as to purchase him a commission, the young gentleman, instead of joining his regiment, entered into the utmost vice and profligacy of London, and at length most scandalously sold it; that, finally, to enable him to quit a country where he could no longer stay, he had decoyed that poor foolish youth, Lord Thackwood, the son of his benefactor, to a gaming-house, and pillaged him of such considerable sums, as had been a very serious inconvenience to his father."

Such was the malignancy of report, in which realities were so exaggerated, and truth and fiction so closely interwoven, that it seemed almost impracticable to separate them. Her Ladyship did not attempt it; but only endeavoured to fortify her mind, and regain her health. Still, however, she felt oppressed by a sort of conscious shame, for the sentiments she had avowed for one so utterly undeserving.—She considered the affair as a stigma upon her own delicacy: she knew not how to face the world, and, entirely confining herself to her own demesne, had no other society, after her uncle's return to England, than that of Mrs. O'Donnell.

In addition to this vexation, her Ladyship was harassed by some disagreeable law-suits, and overpowered by a multiplicity of affairs—and, in every respect, most uncomfortably circumstanced, when another visit from her uncle and his family brought her acquainted with Major Reevesmore, whose regiment was but just returned from the West Indies, and stationed about eleven miles from Castle-Rossford.

This gentleman was a younger brother of him who would succeed to the title and entailed estate upon Sir Everard's demise, and one of a numerous family, who, being left orphans in their childhood with a very slender provision, had been a constant tax upon their uncle's care and generosity.

Major Reevesmore had entered the army, rather as a matter of expediency, than of inclination: but there was a considerable family in-

terest in that line; and to that he sacrificed a love of ease and retirement, inherent in his disposition. He was a man rather of steady affections than strong passions; of invariable good conduct—a scientific turn—of all studies, preferring chemistry—of all amusements, fishing—an excellent player at whist and chess—a judge of painting and music—but no dancer—no hanger-on upon the fair sex—and, in short, one of those men who are rather esteemed than admired. He had visited many countries, and was better versed both in colonial and continental policy, than in fashionable life. At Castle Rossford he had the happiness of embracing his uncle and sisters again after a nine years' absence.

From a sort of family connexion, Lady Rossford gave the Major a general invitation to her house. The satisfaction of a re-union with some of his nearest relatives was his primary inducement to avail himself of it: then, Sir Everard was attacked by the gout, and, in his nephew's society, found some alleviation of the confinement he underwent.

During this time, the invalid employed him to read some papers, relative to the legal business which he had promised to investigate for Lady Rossford, and was surprised at the extent of his knowledge, and the soundness of his judgement upon matters so completely foreign to his profession, and the frivolity too often attendant upon it. His sagacity in deciphering old writings was remarkably acute; and Sir Everard, upon perceiving it, gave him many to look over. Among them, in the course of his research, a grant was discovered, which so completely ascertained a considerable manorial right, which her Ladyship was then engaged in defending, that the cause was immediately carried in her favor, with costs of suit.

This at once excited confidence and obligation on the part of the fair heiress; and, in the course of the business, which had almost domesticated him at her house, he perceived so much excellence, so many accomplishments, joined to a sense and steadiness superior to what he supposed the sex was capable of, that he unconsciously conceived an attachment for her, as strong as her own had been for a much less estimable object.

As Sir Everard recovered, the Miss Reevesmores accepted different invitations which they received: yet, though Lady Rossford promoted their participation of every amusement that offered itself, she invariably found some pretext for evading them herself, and devoted her whole attention to her uncle, whom she watched with as much sedulity, as if her existence depended upon his.

Once, when Major Reevesmore broke through his usual reserve, and paid her some energetic compliments on her goodness in thus soothing the sufferings of another, "You know not then," said she, "that the hope of doing so is all that is left me."

Her spirits, already weak, were in some degree overpowered by this sort of hasty avowal; and she burst into tears. Her auditor comprehended not their source, but bent his utmost endeavours to remove her dejection; and at length she could not but feel, that, in his society, it was often lost, as she listened to the varied powers of his conversation, enriched with the stores of knowledge that he possessed.

Under his auspices, she commenced the studies of chemistry and botany: at his request she resumed her music: she sought for opportunities to please and oblige him; and,

while a second attachment was thus insensibly eradicating a first, she guessed not at the state of her affections, nor separated her regard for Major Reevesmore from the habitual one which she bestowed upon his nearest relatives.

In one point only was Lady Rossford now influenced by her previous attachment; and that was an insuperable repugnance to entering into general society, or partaking of those amusements which her rank in life rendered it incumbent upon her to patronise. The self-condemnation which she felt for her regard towards Frederic Saint-Villiers, would, she fancied, be more than equalled by that of the world; and she could not brook the humiliation of being censured for having preferred a man who was represented as destitute of every principle of honor and gratitude.

Sir Everard perceived this sedentary turn with more regret than disapprobation; it was the strongest proof of a truly feminine delicacy of mind, and compunction for a youthful error. He doubted not her making a second choice at some future period, that should atone for the rashness of the first; and he was too well acquainted with the justness of her modes of thinking, to suppose, that, in yielding to a duly-merited disappointment, she would forget the claims of that situation, which, as the last of an ancient family, rendered her marriage as much an act of duty, as it could be of inclination.

While things were thus quietly but securely going on, her Ladyship, in acceding to the Major's request of her taking a view from a distant eminence in the park, caught a violent cold, from remaining too long in a heavy dew, while anxious to catch the "softened tints of evening's sober light."

A sore throat and fever ensued for two days her physicians thought the termination very doubtful: and, during this state of uncertainty, the agonies of Major Reevesmore at once ascertained, to himself and to all who witnessed them, the real state of his feelings. Her recovery, however, no sooner calmed his fears, than he instantly commenced that sort of self-examination, which, in either our temporal or eternal concerns, ought never to be too long neglected.

The result convinced him that his happiness was in the power of Lady Rossford: but when, with a philosophic calmness—which, except in the single instance of her danger, had never deserted him—he conned over the difference of their situations, he could not avoid asking himself, what pretensions a man, possessed of no other fortune than his commission, could make to the first heiress in the kingdom; and whether he might not, while appearing actuated by mean and mercenary motives, lose that share of her regard which he now possessed, and valued beyond every thing else? Might not his worthy uncle also, whose influence over her was looked upon as almost unbounded, be subjected to the imputation of having broken another connexion, and declined more suitable proposals, in favor of an indigent branch of his own family?

In short, deference to the world's opinion, and a mistaken kind of honor, determined the Major to abstain from all further intercourse with the fair possessor of his heart, till he could do it with that sort of calm regard, which alone seemed allowable for him to entertain.

While, under these impressions, Major Reevesmore imposed the most cruel restraint upon his inclinations, his absence was sensibly felt at the

castle. In the privation of his society, Lady Rossford became perfectly convinced of its value, and, with deeper regret, than she was willing to acknowledge, found that her studies and amusements had lost their highest relish.

The worthy Sir Everard began to conjecture the cause of her returning dejection, and harboured some degree of resentment at his nephew's conduct. As he uniformly declined every invitation to Castle Rossford, the Baronet went to him, to have a decisive conference upon the subject.

Major Reevesmore felt his motives too honorable, to hesitate at avowing them, and added, that he was so convinced he could not restrain himself, if thrown into the way of temptation, he had applied for leave of absence, and hoped, that, before it was expired, the regiment might be moved to some other quarter.

His good uncle saw much to admire, but something also to condemn, in this self-denying conduct, and inquired, if he was conscious of having a heart to offer, unbiassed by mercenary or ambitious views, whether he would not present a more valuable gift than wealth or titles, from which Lady Rossford could not derive any additional advantage? As to the delicacy, respecting himself, (Sir Everard said) while his conscience acquitted him of any other views than his niece's happiness, he should not be deterred by the anticipation of calumnious suppositions, from doing all in his power to promote it. He knew no method (he added) so likely, as bestowing her on a worthy man, whose merit would justify her choice, and who had already convinced him that she was loved for her own sake alone; and he did not doubt, that, in the present state of her Ladyship's mind, her affections might easily be fixed; while he was also sure that she never would resume her proper station in society, till led into it by such a husband as should shield her from the reflexions which her former indiscretion had provoked. He promised to sound her upon the subject: and, circumstanced as Major Reevesmore was, it cannot be doubted that his resolution yielded, and that he accompanied his uncle back to the castle.

The dignified pleasure with which Lady Rossford received them, gave her, if possible, additional charms in the eyes of her lover. The next morning, Sir Everard, in a long conference, related exactly the conversation he had held with his nephew. He even recommended him to her favor, but added, that, unless she herself deemed him worthy of encouragement, it was the last time she should ever hear a word from him on the subject, and the last visit of Major Reevesmore.

"In one word, my dear Theodosia," continued the Baronet, "it rests with yourself to raise a most excellent young man to the summit of happiness, and exalt him to a situation, to which the highest might aspire; or, if you are still averse to marry, or conceive your satisfaction would be greater by forming a connexion which the world would think more suitable to your rank, give me but a reply; and I pledge myself, that every thing shall be adjusted to your wishes. My only anxiety is, that Major Reevesmore may not be kept in suspense. If you accept a heart devoted to you alone, you ensure one of the most grateful that ever lodged in human bosom; and I will engage that you shall not be distressed by importunity; but your wishes shall guide his actions. In an hour, my dear niece, I request your answer."

One hour her Ladyship deemed a short time to determine upon the most important event of her life: yet she could not but see the necessity and humanity of her answer being prompt; for, if her admirer were not to have hopes of success, it was cruel to detain him from adopting the plan he had devised to restore his tranquillity. She knew her uncle's integrity too well to harbour a moment's doubt of the motives that actuated his conduct. Where (she asked) could she expect to inspire another attachment equally disinterested with that of his nephew?—She was fully sensible of the disadvantages of a single life:—Major Reevesmore was a man who would do credit to any station:—the preservation of her name was a point on which her heart was much set: and, though her attachment to Frederic Saint-Villiers made her pass over his declining to take it, yet, in the present case, to a younger brother who had no family consequence to keep up, its assumption would be rather gratifying than otherwise. By this connexion, she knew she would give the most unfeigned delight to that invaluable friend, to whom she felt a load of obligation, which life itself seemed insufficient to repay. There was no man, whose pursuits and habits were more in unison with her own, than Major Reevesmore's, or whose conversation she preferred; while, to balance these arguments in his favor, she could only allege that she did not feel the same animated affection for him, which she had harboured for a less estimable object.

Her Ladyship had just arrived thus far in her reasonings on the subject, when Sir Everard returned: and, after a little further discussion, he wrought upon her so far as to permit his saying, that "she hoped Major Reevesmore would not think of quitting the country."

This was a tacit encouragement, from which he might presume that his stay would not go unrewarded; and he again domesticated himself at Castle Rossford, with a chastened hope, which rendered him more than ever solicitous to please its fair possessor.

The ice once broken, the progress of the affair may easily be traced. By degrees, Major Reevesmore unfolded his hopes—his anxieties.—Lady Rossford could not in honor, perhaps not even in wishes, recede. Her only fear was, that her *friendship* was not an adequate return for his *love*.—His arguments silenced her doubts:—in due time, he claimed her for his own; and, as far as unbounded confidence and affection could render her happy, she received them; while, on her part, though she harboured not the violent attachment which a romantic imagination deems essential to connubial happiness, a steady well-founded esteem supplied its place; and a consciousness of having acted rightly, secured the self-approbation which prevented repentance.

(*To be continued.*)

The PLEASURES *of* BENEVOLENCE.

(*Continued from page* 124)

FOR the reception of Lady Mortimer, a handsome house had been taken, by a long-attached friend of the late Sir Henry Mortimer; and by him she was conducted to her new habitation, with the soothings of condolence, and the solicitude of regard.—The house, which the Reverend Mr. Colville had selected for the temporary residence of Lady Mortimer, was not actually situated upon the beach, but commanded a view of it, and, at the same time, was within a short distance of the

bathing-machines.—The very sight of an element which had proved so destructive to Lady Mortimer's happiness, had never failed to impress her mind with an insurmountable degree of horror; yet by degrees she brought herself to contemplate the majestic expanse of water, which she could not avoid beholding from her 'drawing-room windows.—The variety of moving objects which she beheld, united to the salubrity of the air, and the bracing powers of the sea-breezes, soon produced a desirable effect upon Lady Mortimer's constitution; and she felt, that, though Providence, for some wise purpose, had deprived her of those tender connexions which endeared existence to her—still, from the ample fortune he had bestowed upon her, she had many duties to fulfil: and she was aware that she should ill perform the office assigned to her, if she suffered an immoderate indulgence of grief to prevent her from accomplishing them.

With a mind which endeavoured to bow submissive to the decrees of its Creator, and with a heart formed in the softest mould of humanity, Lady Mortimer felt that she might taste of borrowed joys by contributing to the happiness of others, as Providence had blessed her with such ample means.

Though the season was not sufficiently advanced for the arrival of much company when Lady Mortimer reached Sidmouth, yet she understood from Mr. Colville that several families of respectability had passed the winter there; and by the entreaties of that gentleman she was induced to call upon two, with whom he was upon the most intimate terms.—Mrs. Young was the widow of a celebrated admiral, and the daughter of an Irish baronet; and, though possessing all that animation which is so natural to the well-bred females of her country, it was checked by the restraining influence of inward grief. Mrs. Young had drank deeply of the cup of affliction: she had lost a husband, whose character she venerated, and whose virtues she admired; and, of five children, all of whom had nearly arrived to the age of maturity, only one remained to console her.

It was in the hope of giving vigor to a constitution naturally delicate, that Mrs. Young had fixed her residence at Sidmouth; for the lovely Emma appeared to carry about her the seeds of that disorder, which had proved fatal to her brother and sisters.—With this family, and that of a Mrs. Doncaster, Lady Mortimer by degrees entered into a social intercourse; and from the society of the two sons of the latter, she enjoyed a secret gratification.—These young men were highly gifted by nature, and their education had been as highly cultivated; for their father, who was astronomic professor at one of the universities, had bestowed unbounded pains upon them.

Thus soothed by friendship, and gratified by association, Lady Mortimer imperceptibly regained her spirits and health; and, sustained under her severe trials by the hand which had inflicted them, she seemed to have acquired the lesson of passive obedience.

Among the number of females who had been stationary at Sidmouth during the winter, was a Mrs. Sinclair, whose superior powers of attraction could not fail to excite admiration in every beholder:—in her manners, there was a diffidence almost amounting to agitation, if she accidentally met the approving gaze of her numerous admirers; and she never appeared upon the beach but at the most unfrequented periods,

and always accompanied by a lovely little boy, and an elderly female servant.—All that the tongue of rumor could relate of this lovely interesting female, was, that she was supposed to be in a state of widowhood, and that she appeared destitute of every tie which could call forth the social affections, except the young Adolphus, which was the name of her little son.—There was a dejection in her manner, which could not fail to excite interest; in short, melancholy seemed to have marked her for her own: and, though Lady Mortimer possessed but little of that curiosity which has been so often attributed to females, she felt an irresistible desire to know who she was.

Had Mrs. Sinclair appeared surrounded by friends, or basking in the sun-shine of prosperity, Lady Mortimer would have acknowledged the superiority of her attractions, without taking the slightest interest in her concerns: but she could not behold such superior charms evidently overshadowed by misfortune, without the wish of offering condolence to the fair possessor of them.—She had frequently met her upon the beach, and as frequently noticed the sportive playfulness of the little Adolphus: but, instead of encouraging that communication which Lady Mortimer evidently wished, she reproved the child, though in the mildest accents, for taking the liberty of addressing her Ladyship.

One evening Lady Mortimer and her young companion had extended their walk beyond its accustomed boundary, and the shades of night had begun to overshadow the horizon, when their attention was attracted by the screams of a child imploring assistance.—The voice of distress never reached the ears of Lady Mortimer, without exciting a desire of relieving it; and, regardless of the consequences, she flew towards the spot whence it issued. —The first object she beheld, was the little Adolphus, who with infantine sorrow exclaimed, "Mamma is dead!" Mamma is dead!" Then wringing his little hands, with all the pathos of unfeigned affliction, he implored Lady Mortimer to try and awake her.

Lifeless indeed she appeared; for her pallid face was reclining upon her faithful domestic's shoulder, who was bathing her temples with some volatile essence, and whose grief and apprehension appeared nearly as violent as those of the interesting child. —Lady Mortimer fortunately recollected that a milk-house, which she had been in the habit of frequenting, was within a short distance; thither she ran with the utmost speed; and obtaining a glass, and a bottle of water, she returned in a few minutes to the insensible invalid, accompanied by the milkman, and his humane wife.—The latter she instantly dispatched for a sedan and medical assistance: the former she retained as a protector; for the gloom of night threatened to envolop them in darkness. There was, however, still sufficient light to distinguish objects; and Lady Mortimer sprinkled the water which she had brought with her, upon Mrs. Sinclair's face.—Returning sensibility succeeded the application; the suffering victim breathed an hysteric sigh, and in a few moments opened her languid eyes.

The wishes of Lady Mortimer were always executed with a promptitude equal to the commands of a sovereign pontiff; so striking is the effect of conciliatory manners toward those who are inferior to ourselves. Mrs. Brown (the milkman's wife) had fulfilled her em-

bassy before her employer even thought she could have reached the town; and the surgeon, having placed his patient in the chair which had been provided for her conveyance, accompanied Lady Mortimer to Mrs. Sinclair's house.—Though it was one of those furnished habitations which are fitted up for the accommodation of succeeding families, yet there were a variety of articles in it, which displayed refinement and taste, such as drawings executed in a style of superior excellence, and a harp, upon which the fair possessor seemed to have recently played.

Neither the motion of the chair, nor the air which had been suffered to pass through it, had roused the suspended faculties of Mrs. Sinclair; and, though she opened her lovely eyes when accosted by the surgeon, she closed them again in a few seconds, without uttering a word.—The attached Martha's grief was so violent, that it prevented her from being useful; and it was with difficulty the little Adolphus could be torn from his mamma, who was alike insensible to his caresses and his tears.

All that could be learned from Martha, was, that, within the last few days, her mistress had appeared to labor under an increased depression of spirits, occasioned, as that attached domestic thought, by the delivery of a letter, which at that time she had received.—She added, that her mistress, during the afternoon, had repeatedly complained of excessive languor; that in the evening she had entreated her to walk upon the beach; and that, until she was suddenly seised with faintness, she had acknowledged that she felt much revived,

Lady Mortimer's benevolence was of the most active nature; exertion, to her, never appeared in the form of fatigue; and, with a tenderness which did honor to her feelings, she declared her resolution of watching the poor invalid during the night.

The night was passed by the poor invalid between a torpid state of insensibility and a succession of fainting-fits; and, at a very early hour in the morning, Lady Mortimer again sent for medical assistance.

Mr. Martin (which was the surgeon's name) rather encouraged, than diminished, Lady Mortimer's fears, by acknowledging the symptoms of his patient to be far more alarming than the preceding night.—A physician of great eminence was immediately summoned, whose silent shake of the head was calculated to excite the liveliest apprehensions; and, upon Lady Mortimer's accompanying him into another apartment, he candidly acknowledged he saw little reason for hope.

"Not, my Lady," said he, "that I forsee immediate danger: the poor thing may languish several days; but it appears to me that nature is exhausted: she has nearly completed her business; and the current of life ebbs apace.—I will try the effect of renovating medicines: but your ladyship must prepare your mind for the awful change."—So saying, he extended his hand toward her, for the purpose of receiving the fee, which he saw ready to be presented.

The anxious Martha had been waiting outside the apartment, and had distinctly heard the concluding part of the sentence.—With the most unfeigned appearance of grief she rushed into Lady Mortimer's presence, exclaiming "Oh! what will become of poor little Adolphus?"

"Compose yourself, I entreat you, my dear good woman," said her Ladyship. "Most sacredly I pro-

mise you that the dear boy shall never want a friend. I will act the part of a mother towards him, if he is not claimed by those who have a greater right over him.—But tell me," continued her Ladyship, "has your mistress no near connexions, no attached friend, to whose care she would wish to intrust the sweet child?"

"Oh! no, my Lady! no!" said the agonised Martha with a deep-drawn sigh.—"Dear innocent babe! it would have been a blessing, if he had never seen the light!"—At that moment, Mr. Colville and Mrs. Young entered the drawing-room, to make inquiries after the invalid. —Lady Mortimer eagerly disclosed her own apprehensions, which were strengthened by the opinion of the medical gentlemen, and entreated Mr. Colville to inform her in what manner she ought to act.—After much conversation, it was determined that Martha should be summoned, and again asked if her mistress had no friends or relatives who could be sent for.

It was some moments before this attached domestic was able to reply to the questions; and Mr. Colville, having placed a chair for her, entreated her to sit.—"Nothing is impossible with the Almighty, my dear Martha," said Lady Mortimer, condescendingly taking her by the hand: "but, as (I grieve to say) Doctor Wilson apprehends danger, it becomes a duty to be prepared for it. —Curiosity, I assure you, has no part in our inquiry: it is common humanity that interests us in the fate of your mistress; and, as so faithful and attached a creature as yourself, must be in her confidence, you doubtless know where to send for her friends."

"My good Martha," said Mr. Colville, "do not think me impertinent: but suffer me to ask whether your mistress is married?" "Would to God she was not sir!" replied Martha with increased agitation.— "She has a husband, and no husband.—Oh! it is his baseness that has destroyed her—cruel, wicked wretch, that he is!"

Mrs. Sinclair is greatly to be pitied, I doubt not," rejoined her ladyship: "but there are moments for sympathy, and moments for exertion: and you, Martha, as being the only person who know her real situation, are in a peculiar manner called upon: but, if you will furnish me with the address of any of your mistresses connexions, I will instantly write to them; for there is something shocking in the idea of her having no tender friend to sooth her, at such an awful moment as this."

"Yet," sobbed out Martha, "she, who has always been a friend to the unfortunate, has no creature to apply to—no one to mourn after her, but that dear helpless babe"—pointing to Adolphus—"and her poor afflicted servant."

"Are her parents both dead? has she neither brother nor sister?" demanded Mr. Colville.—"All dead, sir!—all gone to heaven!" sighed poor Martha: "and there never was a better family in the whole world. —But, my Lady, as you seem to be so good and so kind-hearted, I will tell you my poor mistresses sad story; for I am sure I know no more how to act in this sad business, than the child that is unborn: and as you, Sir, and Madam Young, likewise seem to have a deal of pity for her, I hope there will be no sin in breaking my promise."

"Whatever secret you may intrust us with, my good Martha, shall never escape our lips; and, anxious as we are to become serviceable to

your unfortunate mistress, we wish not to pry into her private concerns:—yet it appears proper that some relative or friend should be sent for, to whose care the dear boy can be entrusted."

At the mention of the poor little boy, Martha's grief was redoubled, and sobs actually prevented the power of utterance. Lady Mortimer persuaded her to swallow a little white wine; and, in the course of a quarter of an hour, she became more composed; when, after stepping up stairs to see whether her mistress remained in a state of insensibility, she began her narrative in the following words.

(*To be continued.*) *page 202*

The HIGHLAND HERMITAGE.

(*Continued from page* 117.)

THE coach now stopped at the door, and Matilda once more opened her eyes; and, as soon as she was a little recovered, she was supported to the carriage. My Lord alone accompanied us: the other gentlemen could not possibly leave their friend, as they were uncertain whether or not he had breathed his last.—Miss Lenox rested her head on my bosom, and spoke not a word. I felt her heart palpitate violently. His Lordship seemed buried in a profound *réverie*; nor did any of us seem disposed to break silence, till we reached the Abbey.

Lady Granville, and Lady Beaumont, with faces fully expressive of their anxiety, eagerly came forward to meet us.—As soon as we alighted, Matilda gave no one time to answer any questions: but, precipitately approaching Lady Granville, all pale and trembling, and looking at her Ladyship with a wild intenseness that shocked me, she flung her arms around her neck, and exclaimed, "Oh! he is dead! You loved him once, my mother: but you will never see him more—the poor"..... Here she again lost all sense of the misfortune that had pressed so heavily on her feelings. The poor terrified mother hung over her senseless child, in an agony not to be described; while My Lord in passionate exclamations vented his fears that these successive faintings would deprive his unhappy girl of life.

Doctor M***, the physician who attends the family, was sent for: he was then at his country seat, which was at no great distance from the Abbey. This benevolent man soon made his appearance; and, when Miss Lenox was a little recovered, he endeavoured to sooth and compose her ruffled spirits, and to prevail on her to suffer him to bleed her. Matilda had always felt an invincible aversion to bleeding: she therefore would not listen to the Doctor's persuasions, though she has a very great respect for him, and he has been remarkably fond of her, from her infancy. But all his arguments were ineffectual, till her mother's tears and entreaties prevailed on her to comply. She held out her arm, and, when the Doctor assured her that she should not feel the least inconvenience from the operation, she told him with a woe-fraught smile, that, if he opened an artery, she would forgive him. After bleeding she was put to bed; and the Doctor begged of me to quit her room, as he wished her to be kept as composed as possible. He then took Lady Granville by the hand, and gently forced her out of her daughter's chamber.

We found My Lord in the parlour, sitting pensively, his head resting on his hand.—"My dear Lord!" cried her Ladyship, "tell me now what sad accident has happened, thus grievously to affect my child."—

My Lord took her hand, and, looking affectionately in her face, replied, "I fear, my dear love, that the melancholy transactions of this morning will prove but a prelude to future misfortunes. I wish to God we had never seen this unfortunate young man: our Matilda, I fear, is but too sensible of his many accomplishments: her affecting distress but too clearly evinces her feelings. I am almost as ignorant as your Ladyship with regard to particulars: but Lady Louisa posibly can give us some insight into this affair."

At this moment, Fortescue and Hastings entered the room. Every one eagerly inquired after Middleton: they answered that he was alive—that he had fainted through loss of blood—that the surgeons, after examining his wounds, thought them not mortal—but that he appeared so exceeding weak from the vast quantity of blood he had lost, that, if a fever should ensue, he would have but little chance for his life. I had desired Hastings to satisfy our curiosity, by giving an account how Middleton came by his wounds: My Lord seconded my request, which he complied with in the following manner.

"Middleton and I, on our return to the Abbey, were some considerable way before the other gentlemen. As we were riding slowly along, we saw a genteel-looking woman walking in a meadow on the other side of the road. She seemed to walk with difficulty; and we had not long observed her, ere she fell to the ground: Middleton was off his horse, and over the hedge to her assistance, in a moment.—I followed him.—He raised her in his arms. She was a very elegant figure of a woman, but extremely emaciated, and had, to all appearance, fainted through fatigue.

"While Mr. Middleton supported the lady, I went in quest of some water. As it was some distance from the house, it took me up some time to find water. On my return, I was surprised at seeing the lady to whose assistance I was hastening, running with inconceivable rapidity across the meadow. I was so astonished at this appearance, that I stood for some moments with my eyes fixed on the lady, till she was out of sight. I then looked about for Middleton, but could not see him: but, when I came to the spot where I had left him, I found him extended on the ground, bathed in his blood.

"When I approached him, he opened his eyes, and, in a feeble voice, told me, that he feared he was desperately wounded—that, while he was assisting the lady, some villain came behind him, stabbed him in the back," and repeated his blow two or three times—and that all this was done in a moment. I exclaimed, 'That cursed woman, Middleton, is at the bottom of this.' —'Oh! no!' replied he: 'I cannot think so: premeditated malice to a stranger could never dwell in so gentle and soft a form. My groans, I suppose, and the suddenness of her fall from my arms, which were no longer able to support her, recovered her: for, opening her eyes, and seeing me bleeding, and a man standing by with his sword reeking in my blood, she uttered a loud scream; and, rising from the ground with a celerity beyond her apparent strength, she flew from me.'

"Middleton was now quite exhausted: he fainted, as I supported him.—I knew not how to proceed, when luckily I saw our friends in the road. I called to them; and, when they came to my assistance, they were, as you may suppose, very much shocked at Middleton's

lifeless appearance.—In a few words, I related to them what had happened. Brudenel and Lenox swore they would pursue the villain till they overtook him, if it was to the extremity of the world. They were followed by Lord Stanley, Edward Fortescue, and Mr. Beville. But I am afraid there is very little probability of their coming up with the wretch, as he had the advantage of being considerably before them, and it was uncertain what road he had taken. Fortescue and I, with the help of the servants, carried Middleton to the first cottage. You, my Lord, and unhappily the ladies, were witnesses to what followed.

"The poor unhappy female could not possibly go a great way, and therefore, on inquiry, may be found out.—I own, my suspicions rest strongly on her; if she was not accessary to the assassination of Middleton, I must think there was some connexion between her and the villain: but I will suspend my judgement, till the return of Mr. Lenox, and his friends."

Dr. M*** here asked the names of the surgeons who attended on the wounded gentleman; and, when he heard them, he said he was happy to find that Mr. Middleton would have every possible assistance, as they were gentlemen of approved skill in their profession, and of known humanity.

Lady Granville, with her accustomed benevolence, expressed a wish that the Doctor would look on the poor youth, as she should be better satisfied with his attendance than that of any other. The Doctor readily complied with her Ladyship's request, and told her he was just going to make the same proposal, and ordered his carriage immediately. The anxious mother begged of him to return, and sleep at the Abbey, as possibly her poor child might stand in need of his assistance. Having soothed Lady Granville's spirits with an assurance that he would not discontinue his attendance on Miss Lenox, till she was perfectly recovered, he took his leave of us for the present, to go and see Middleton.

I stole up stairs to Miss Lenox's room, notwithstanding the Doctor's prohibition, as I flattered myself the news I had to communicate would be more efficacious in quieting her perturbed spirits, than any medical assistance could be. I found her very faint and restless. I whispered to her that Middleton was alive, and that it was not apprehended that his wounds were mortal. She was too much exhausted to speak to me: but she pressed my hand eagerly in hers, and turned her eyes towards me, in which was expressed a faint gleam of joy.—Not thinking it proper to stay longer with her, I bade her good night, and rejoined the company in the drawing-room.

A melancholy silence prevailed among us; no one being disposed for conversation. We were a little relieved by the return of the Doctor; but that relief was of short duration; for he shook his head in answer to our inquiries, and told us he was sorry to say that he found symptoms of an approaching fever in Mr. Middleton. This account did not by any means exhilarate our spirits; and another melancholy pause ensued.—It grew late; and we began to express our fears for the absent gentlemen, whose return we had anxiously expected for some hours; when, to our great joy, they made their appearance, spent with fatigue, and covered with dust.

"The villain has escaped us," cried Lenox eagerly. "We once caught sight of him: but, by a sudden turn down a narrow road, he entirely eluded our pursuit, though we

followed him till our horses dropped under us, and we were obliged to return in hack chaises."—He then inquired after Middleton; and, when he had heard the melancholy account, the noble tender-hearted youth burst into tears, and exclaimed against the base assassin, who, without any provocation, had destroyed one of the worthiest and best-hearted men living.

On looking round the room, he missed his sister, and anxiously inquired after her: but, on being told that she was indisposed in consequence of the extreme hurry of spirits she was thrown into on the first intelligence of the melancholy accident, Lenox, who is passionately fond of his sister, hung his head, and was silent. A something seemed to break on his mind, which his gay and unsuspicious disposition had hitherto prevented his thinking of. Doctor M*** now returned from Miss Lenox's room, and told her Ladyship, that he flattered himself, his patient was better, and that, as she seemed disposed to sleep, he could wish her Ladyship would not see her that night.—The fond mother, who has a most implicit confidence in the Doctor, with a smile of hope on her countenance, wished us all a good night.

We now separated, to retire to our respective apartments.—The Doctor and I went up stairs together; when, seeing me turn toward Matilda's room, he took me by the hand, saying, "I must beg of you, my Lady, not to enter that chamber to-night. I have deceived Lady Granville in the account I gave of her daughter: but I thought that deception necessary for the welfare of both. Miss Lenox is feverish; and her head is not quite well; and I am sorry to tell you, Lady Louisa, she is much worse than I expected to find her. I fear she will have but a bad night: but, as quiet and composure is absolutely necessary, I must once more intreat that you will not see the poor lady till the morning."

I went to my own room, as you may suppose, in a very uneasy state of mind, and waited impatiently for the break of day; and, when I thought I might venture to see my friend, I went to her. I found that she had had a dismal night indeed—quite delirious!—She knew me not, nor any body that approached her.—About noon, the fever somewhat abated; but toward night it returned with redoubled violence. For two days and nights, Lady Granville and I hardly ever quitted the poor sufferer's bed-side, though she was insensible of our anxiety, except at intervals.—It is impossible to describe the distressed situation of the wretched mother, or that of the equally unhappy father. Lord Granville has sent an express to town for two eminent physicians to assist Dr. M***.

Poor Middleton! there are no hopes of him: his fever never leaves him: he raves incessantly on Miss Lenox; while my poor friend, whose mind is impressed with the same sentiment, seldom calls on any other name than his. At one moment, with a fixed and vacant eye, she talks to the imaginary form of Middleton, as if he were really present: then, as if she had recollected herself, she will fling her arms round her mother's neck, and, with intense earnestness, beg of her to stop the bleeding, and to heal the wounds, of the man she once professed to love.—But why should I attempt, my dear Charlotte, to distress your mind, by a description of our sorrow? Oh! may you ever be a stranger to the sad scenes I am now witness to! Doctor M*** evades any

direct answer to my anxious inquiries: but I am sure, by the expression of his eyes, he has but little hopes of Matilda's recovery. With a constitution which nature has formed very delicate—with a mind extremely susceptible, and agitated on that unfortunate morning by a variety of contending emotions—no wonder that the sight of Middleton in so shocking a state should have produced so alarming an effect on her health.

I was greatly moved this morning by a few affecting words uttered in a lucid interval by my poor friend. Her voice, her manner, the sense she seemed to have of her own danger, my own extreme depression of spirits, and body enfeebled with fatigue, all operated so powerfully on me, that I fainted in Matilda's chamber.—After a very dreadful night, she was become more composed, and, perceiving there was only I and her attendants near her, she waved her hand to them to quit the room; then, taking my hand between her poor burning fingers, and looking wistfully up in my face, "Lady Falkland," said she, "if I should die, and Middleton should survive me, (for I know you will not tell me truly now, whether he is living or dead,) be it your care, my ever-beloved Louisa—and it is a promise I solemnly claim from a friendship that has from infancy endeared us to each other—be it your care to eradicate from the minds of my parents any injurious impressions which they may harbour against that poor unfortunate young man. Indeed he deserves better than to be thought unkindly of by them. I know, that, in my delirium, I have had no reserve: the too partial sentiments I have entertained for Middleton, must now be well known to my father and mother. But let them not think hardly of him on that account. Middleton never sought to insinuate himself into my favor; indeed he rather avoided my conversation; and I know not at this moment what his sentiments are with regard to me. His esteem I flatter myself I possess.—Dear Louisa!" continued she, "there is still life enough about my heart to exult in the idea; and, even in death, Lord Granville's daughter will think herself honored by the good opinion of Mr. Middleton."—Matilda was now quite exhausted: her feeble fingers relaxed their hold of mine: her head sunk from the pillow that supported her; and I had but just strength to pull the bell, when I fainted by her side.

I am fatigued with writing this long scroll. All the time that I could spare from my suffering friend, has been devoted to penning this sad epistle for your perusal. I will write again as soon as I am able.—Nothing can be imagined more miserable than this family.—Join your prayers with mine, Charlotte, to a powerful and benevolent Creator, to spare a child so deserving, to parents every way worthy of her.—Yours, most affectionately,

LOUISA FALKLAND.

(*To be continued.*)

The OLD WOMAN.

(*Continued from page* 128.)

No. 4.—*On the Diversity of human* PLEASURES, *and the Gratification which may be derived from the* RETURN *of* SPRING.

THERE is a proneness in the human mind to sigh after untasted gratifications, and to disrelish those which it has the power of participating;—and so various are the secret sources of internal satisfaction, that what constitutes one man's happiness, another partakes of without the slightest enjoyment.

From what source this diversity

of sentiment derives its origin, is more the province of the metaphysician, than of the moralist, to determine; but, if the latter can direct the mind to those pursuits which may satisfy its eager longings—if he can give it that impetus of motion which seems necessary to its happiness—and if the plan he proposes is attended with advantages to his fellow creatures, he may surely be considered as devoting his talents to a praise-worthy object.

Pleasure, or, as it may more properly be termed, internal satisfaction, is, doubtless, what each individual wishes to enjoy:—but in what does it consist? does it depend on the dignities of ambition? or does it derive its gratification from the smiles of royalty? is it found in the splendid ball-room, or public theatres? or is it met with in crowded assemblies? or does it shrink from public observation, and dwell in retirement?

In vain may it be sought in either of those situations: for, alas! it can never be found: ambition must inevitably meet with disappointment; for the ambitious mind is never satisfied:—the ear of royalty may be poisoned by false insinuations, and the frown of dissatisfaction disperse the radiance of the smile. The mimic art loses its effect by constant representation: crowded assemblies, successively resorted to, relax the powers of body and mind: total retirement permits the latter to sink into a state of inaction; and those energies which nature implanted, imperceptibly decline.

We are formed by nature both for action and exertion, and were never intended to dwindle into a torpid state. The pleasures of the world were intended to be resorted to, as recreations, not wholly to occupy all the noble powers of the mind. What a wide field of action expands itself before the female of fortune!—what powers does she possess for the exertion of benevolence! for those riches, which have been intrusted to her care by the great Author of every blessing, were not given for individual enjoyment. —In the environs of her domain, how many hungry months may she satisfy, how many naked may she clothe, at a comparatively small expense! how many sick may she visit, and sooth the languor of indisposition by the united powers of condescension and medical advice! —Babes will then be taught to lisp her name with veneration: the aged will never pronounce it, but accompanied by the most grateful strains; while her own heart will feel those sweet sensations which arise from self-gratification, and from this beneficial, this rational, use of her time.

Yet the female of rank and fortune is not required to pass her whole time in the country: she may enjoy the pleasures of the metropolis, without danger of vitiating her mind; for the diversity of scene which she has been engaged in, will give new charms to those occupations which embellish rank, and adorn human life. But it is only to the chosen few, that the refined pleasures of extensive benevolence are allowed: the circumscribed fortunes of the majority preclude the possibility of enjoyments of this kind: yet, in the middling classes of life, usefulness is practicable, and beneficence likewise, though within more limited bounds. The scraps and leavings of a family may be collected together, and formed into a mass, that would afford two or three hungry children a meal; and, where much has not been given, much cannot be required from us: all that

will be demanded, is to give that little with good-will.

With a disposition to do well, the power is not so confined as at first view might be imagined. Petty services are, doubtless, within the reach of every human being; and the most abject wretch that crawls the earth, may have an opportunity of performing some act of kindness for a brother in affliction. Those acts of kindness and courtesy add greatly to the pleasures of human life; and, whether high or low, dignified with honors, or depressed by humiliations, the receiving or conferring them conveys a secret satisfaction to the mind.

An admirer of nature is never at a loss for sources of secret satisfaction, particularly at this period of the year, when each day displays some new and expanding beauty, and the fragrance of the opening blossoms perfumes the ambient air.—Cold must be the heart of that being, and dead to all the finer feelings, who can unmoved survey the fresh expanding, the newly verdant green—who with opake eyes beholds nature putting on her gayest livery, to court his admiration, and elevate his soul to sublimer scenes.

The pleasures to be derived from the return of spring, are alike the portion of the prince and the peasant; and, though education may refine the gratification of the one, the other feels it in a little less exquisite degree: he finds his spirits buoyed up, his arm nerved for labor and exertion; and he contemplates with delight the surrounding scene. —The return of spring is anticipated with secret satifaction by the most apathetic of human beings: the sordid look forward to it, as a source of enjoyment which is obtained without exertion or expense; and the religious hail it as a season which proclaims the renovating hand of the Creator mercifully dispensing blessings to his creature man!

But, to make use of the words of the resigned patriarch, "are we to receive good from the hand of God, and not receive evil?" is spring or summer alternately to be our lot? are our prospects never to be overshadowed by the clouds of misfortune? and are amarantine flowers successively to bloom? No: the seasons present us with no inappropriate picture of the versatilities of human life; and spring and summer, autumn and winter, represent the various changes which we all progressively feel.

The spring of life, like the season of the year, is the period for cultivation: the seeds which are to bring forth a plentiful harvest, should then be assiduously sown; and the youthful mind should then be grounded in those religious principles, which will ever afterwards teach it duly to appreciate the mercies of a beneficent God.

In contemplating the beauties of spring, what sublime ideas are engendered! what high conceptions formed! what grateful emotions raised! Every blade of grass proclaims the hand of its Creator; and the fragrance of every flower may be considered as incense offered to his holy name! How strange then does it appear that a season, offering such refined gratifications to its observers, should be left, as it were, neglected and despised! and that those, who, from taste and education, we should imagine, are peculiarly calculated to enjoy its beauties, should prefer the pleasures of a town life!

Can fashion so completely supplant the impressions of nature, that her votaries do not even regret the apparently unsatisfactory exchange?

can the confined air, breathed in public places and crowded assemblies, invigorate the constitution, like the country air, and spring's refreshing breeze?—But, allowing that this perversion of taste does not affect the constitution, it must inevitably prevent a thousand gratifying sensations from influencing the mind.

In the social intercourse of the country, in the exercise of domestic occupations, there is something sweetly satisfactory to the susceptible mind; while the crowded assemblies of the metropolis can, only from novelty, afford it delight.—How vapid is the amusement which these assemblies offer!—a promiscuous crowd huddled together, scarcely knowing each other's faces; the intercourse of such associations merely consists of a few simple interrogations, and terminates in the unmeaning compliment of Good night.

Friendship, founded upon a similarity of sentiment, and cemented by reciprocal taste, is unknown in these societies, where fashion and folly united reign.—To quit the dreariness of the country for the gaieties of London, when winter locks up nature's bounties with an icy hand, might be considered as diversifying enjoyment with an equal portion of judgement and skill: but to quit it at a season when it offers the greatest variety of attractions—to reject the sweet fragrance of the opening violet, for the potent odor of perfumes—is a paradox in the laws of fashion, beyond the power of my comprehension to solve.

As we are equally under the influence of habit and example, how much is it to be regretted that some of the leaders of fashion cannot imbibe a more rational and discerning taste! and, as they cannot exist without transplanting themselves some part of the year to London, their migrations might undergo some little change.—This alteration must inevitably produce an increase of enjoyment; for few are formed of such apathetic materials, as to behold the beauties of this season without sensations of delight; and the emotions which are produced by contemplating the charms of nature, at once tend to purify and elevate the mind.

(*To be continued.*)

What might be.

(*Continued from our last Volume, page* 602.)

Had the forfeiture of half his estate been the penalty of breaking through an engagement, of which the bare idea filled Sir Frederic Montgomery's mind with horror, he would readily have submitted to it, without repining at his loss: but to offer his pennyless person to the woman who he knew would adorn the most elevated situation, was impossible;—and he was aware that there would have been a mixture of selfishness and madness in the proposal.

While Sir Frederic and Captain Legoxton were alternately forming and rejecting a plan for the dissolution of the former's unfortunate engagement, Major Beauchamp's active mind was occupied upon the same interesting subject; and it occurred to him that he had often witnessed an uncommon degree of familiarity between Lady Gertrude and her Abigail.—This familiarity, he conceived, in great measure proceeded from the latter being acquainted with some traits in the former's history, which it would not redound to her honor to have known; and he determined to adopt every means in his power to discover her ladyship's residence, and renew his acquaintance with her servant.—Chance

favored the execution of this politic intention; for, being under an engagement to call upon a friend in the Edgeware Road, he saw a female walking in a nursery garden in that neighbourhood, who he instantly thought had the appearance of Mademoiselle Dupont.

Alighting from his horse, and giving him to his servant, he unceremoniously entered the garden grounds, and, under pretence of purchasing some exotics, obtained a complete view of the Abigail's countenance.—Knowing that the nursery-man was in the habit of letting his apartments, and concluding, from Dupont's dress, that she was a resident in the house, he did not doubt that Lady Gertrude was likewise an inhabitant; and he particularly wished to avoid seeing her. He therefore carefully watched an opportunity of accosting Dupont unobserved; and, seeing her turn down a walk where no person in the house could perceive them, he hastily followed and accosted her.

With all that animation so natural to the French character, Dupont expressed her delight at seeing him in existence; and alternately asked him ten thousand questions in her native language, and broken English.—These the Major answered, as prudence suggested, but with apparent confidence; and, in his turn, became interrogater, but received very evasive answers.—He then determined to feign an attachment very foreign to his feelings, condemned Lady Gertrude for her imprudence in keeping about her person such an enchantingly attractive girl, vowed he preferred her infinitely to her ladyship, and declared, that if she would return his affection, nothing but death should separate them.

To have gained a conquest so renowned as the handsome Major Beauchamp, was more flattering to the intriguing little French-woman, than all the compliments he had paid to her charms; but, while making scruples of meeting him in the same walk in the evening, one of the gardeners came to tell her she had been repeatedly called; when, hastening from the spot with evident reluctance, she promised to meet the Major there at nine o'clock in the evening.

When Major Beauchamp had paid his intended morning visit, he hastened to Sir Frederic Montgomery's; and, being told by the servant that he was at Captain Legoxton's, without delay he followed him.—He found the two friends still *tête-à-tête* together, still undecided how to act; for the engagement had been too positive on the part of Sir Frederic, for him to find a loop-hole to creep out at.—Lady Gertrude had not requested him to bind his faith by a resignation of his fortune: she had merely made him acquainted with a report, which had robbed her of tranquillity; and, to prove that the author of that report had been instigated by some malicious motive, Sir Frederic had voluntarily offered to resign all his property, in failure of marriage.—This was a circumstance too evident to require disquisition; but whether the prior misconduct of her ladyship could not afford an excuse for the non-compliance with that engagement, was a question which Captain Legoxton asked the baronet, but to which no satisfactory reply had been given.

The same question was put to Major Beauchamp, when he joined the consultation; but he negatived this hope, and, addressing himself to Captain Legoxton, said, "There is no court in England, Sir, where such an excuse would be allowed.

—Every man in his senses (it is to be imagined) takes an opportunity of discovering whether the woman, whose attractions fascinate his senses, is a woman of virtue, or intrigue; but it is evident that Sir Frederic made no inquiry upon the subject, or he would never even have thought of making Lady Gertrude Montravers his wife. The circumstance confines itself to one simple question. Did you, or did you not give Lady Gertrude a bond? The answer must be in the affirmative; and it can only be cancelled by some after misconduct on her Ladyship's part. Though I alike detest trick and duplicity, yet, in this instance, I conceive both are allowed; and, as deception is the weapon with which Lady Gertrude attacked Sir Frederic, he may certainly be permitted to defend himself with the same envenomed dart. That her Ladyship's character is something more than dubious, is certain: but what we want is positive proof; and it has occurred to me that there is no method so likely to obtain it, as through the channel of her own attendant."

"But how are we to obtain it?" demanded Sir Frederic eagerly.—"How is Lady Gertrude's place of residence to be traced? for, though I am persuaded it was she, whom I saw yesterday evening, yet she vanished, as if by enchantment, from the masquerade."

"Fortunately, my dear fellow," replied Major Beauchamp, "her Ladyship and myself are pupils of the same necromancer; and, as I happen to be highly in his favor, he has let me into the secret of her present abode."

"For Heaven's sake, Beauchamp, do not trifle with my feelings," exclaimed Sir Frederic: "but seriously tell me whether you have discovered where Lady Gertrude resides?"

"Well, then seriously, my friend, I conversed with her Abigail this morning in the garden of the house where her Ladyship at present dwells." Major Beauchamp then explained the method he had taken to acquire this knowledge, and the scheme he had formed to induce Dupont to betray her lady's secrets.

Both gentlemen gave a kind of negative approbation to Major Beauchamp's plan; and expressed their fears of its failure, conceiving it too romantic to promise success. The Major, however, was not to be diverted from his purpose; and, declaring he had not one moment to lose, took leave, with the promise of seeing Sir Frederic the same night between eleven and twelve o'clock.

Major Beauchamp, being an orphan, had been placed at nurse with a woman who resided in a cottage in one of the most retired parts of Norwood; and, as he had kept up a continual intercourse with his foster mother, he knew that she was devoted to his service. To this woman's house he determined to convey Dupont; and, when there, to throw off the mask, accuse Lady Gertrude of some reprehensible act, and her attendant, as a party concerned. Having made his own man as much acquainted with his plans and intentions, as was necessary for the execution of them, he left him in charge of the chaise which conveyed him to the place of assignation, and entered the garden by a private walk.

While Major Beauchamp was assiduously employed in endeavouring to extricate his friend from that engagement, which he had so artfully been drawn in to form with Lady Gertrude Montravers, her Ladyship was unintentionally aiding his design; for, being exasperated at having rung three or four times for Du-

pont before she made her appearance, she expressed her resentment in what might perhaps not have been termed the mildest strain.

Insolent by confidence, and impertinent by nature, Dupont's replies were calculated to increase resentment and spleen; and Lady Gertrude, in the height of her anger, threatened to turn her out of her place.—The exasperated Frenchwoman, aware that her lady was in her power, broke down those barriers of distinction, to which nobility has a claim; and her ladyship, unable to control her passion, forbade her insolent dependent ever again to appear in her sight.

Full of revenge, hatred, and malice, the enraged Dupont packed up all her clothes; and, hastening to the spot where she expected to meet the major, received him with open arms.—So violent was her indignation, that she could scarcely find language to disclose it.—This effervescence of passion the major endeavoured to foment, and concluded by saying, that, if she had a grain of spirit, she would contrive to be revenged.

"Yes, I vil make dat haughty woman tremble, my dear major! I vil take good care she shall never have von tetle fardin of Sir Frederic Mongomery's fortune.—I vil tell you such tings of her vicked contrivance, as vil make you all astonished; and I vil tell dat she is married to von of my own countrymen."

Sanguine as had been the major's hopes, they were far exceeded by this voluntary disclosure; but a new turn had been given to his ideas; and, after a moment's reflexion, he determined not to take Dupont to Norwood.

Pretending to resent the injury she had sustained, he again urged her to be revenged on her lady, and entreated her to accompany him to Sir Frederic's house; assuring her, that, as a reward for relieving him from such an engagement, she might expect a sufficient sum to render her independent for life.—Having professed herself ready to accompany him any-where, he led her to the carriage which was waiting at the end of the garden wall; and, having directed his servant to order the postillions to drive to Captain Legoxton's, they arrived there, a little before eleven o'clock.

Sir Frederic was waiting in that painful state of agitation, which is excited by the mingled passions of hope and despair, and could scarcely credit the evidence of his senses, when the servant informed him that Major Beauchamp and a lady requested to see him below stairs.—Major Beauchamp informed his friend that he had ventured to make, in his name, a promise to Mademoiselle Dupont, of a sufficient sum of money to render her independent, if she could give him such information respecting Lady Gertrude Montravers's conduct, as would be a sufficient reason for him to break through his engagement.

The delighted baronet readily bound himself to fulfil this engagement, and, as an earnest of his future intention, presented the enraged Dupont with a fifty-pound note, which seemed to act as a stimulus to that resentment, which she had before felt against Lady Gertrude.—The intelligence, which appeared of the greatest consequence, was, that Lady Gertrude, after Sir Frederic had left the continent, had formed a strong attachment to a young officer in Bonaparté's body-guards; and that she actually married him on the twenty-fourth of August; that, a short time after, each formed a separate attachment, and each entered into

a voluntary engagement to marry again.

That these circumstances were strictly true, Dupont not only asserted in the most solemn manner, but offered to swear before any magistrate; but, as Sir Frederic was peculiarly averse to becoming the subject of conversation, he wished to avoid any measure that could give publicity to his name. He therefore determined to write to Lady Gertrude, and demand the immediate restitution of his bond; at the same time making her acquainted with the motive which induced him to require it, and relating the substance of Dupont's conversation.—This letter Major Beauchamp undertook to deliver at an early hour the next morning; and the happy Sir Frederic flew to the object of his affection, to disclose the prospect of felicity which awaited him.

(*To be continued.*)

Characteristic Traits of the CIRCASSIANS.

(*From Dr. Clarke's Travels.*)

THE inhabitants of Caucasus are described by their enemies as notorious for duplicity, and for their frequent breach of faith; and it is through the medium of such representation alone that we derive any notion of their character. But, placing ourselves among them, and viewing, as they must do, the more polished nations around them, who seek only to enslave and to betray them, we cannot wonder at their conduct towards a people whom they consider both as tyrants and infidels. Examples of heroism may be observed among them, which would have dignified the character of the Romans in the most virtuous periods of their history. Among the prisoners in the Cossack army, we saw some of the Circassians who had performed feats of valour, perha unparalleled. The commander chief, General Drascovitz, mai tained, that, in all the campaigns had served, whether against Tur or the more disciplined armies Europe, he had never witnessed i stances of greater bravery than had seen among the Circassian The troops of other nations, whe surrounded by superior number readily yield themselves prisone of war; but the Circassian, whi a spark of life remains, will continu to combat even with a multitude enemies. We saw one in the priso of Ekaterinedara, about thirty-fiv years of age, who had received fi teen desperate wounds before h fell and was made prisoner, havin fainted from loss of blood. Th account was given to me by his bit terest enemies, and may therefor surely be relied on. He was firs attacked by three of the Cossac cavalry. It was their object to tak him alive, if possible, on account o his high rank, and the consideratio in which he was held by his ow countrymen. Every endeavour wa therefore used to attack him in such a manner as not to endanger hi life. This intention was soon per ceived by the Circassian, who de termined not to surrender. Witl his single sabre, he shivered thei three lances at the first onset, and afterwards wounded two of the three assailants. At length, surrounded b others who came to their assistance he fell covered with wounds, in the midst of his enemies, fighting to the last moment. We visited him in his prison, where he lay stretched upon a plank, bearing the anguish of his terrible wounds without a groan. They had recently extracted the iron spike of a lance from his side. A young Circassian girl was employed in driving away the flies

from his face with a green bough. All our expressions of concern and regard were lost upon him: we offered him money; but he refused to accept any, handing it to his fellow prisoners, as if totally ignorant of its use.

In the same place of confinement stood a Circassian female, about twenty years of age, with fine light-brown hair, extremely beautiful, but pale, and hardly able to support herself, through grief and weakness. The Cossack officers stated, that, when they captured her, she was in excellent health, but ever since, on account of the separation from her husband, she had refused all offers of food; and, as she pined daily, they feared she would die. It may be supposed we spared no entreaty which might induce the commander in chief to liberate these prisoners. Before the treaty of peace, they had been offered to the highest bidder; the women selling generally from twenty-five to thirty roubles a-piece —somewhat less than the price of a horse. But we were told it was now too late, as they were included in the list for exchange, and must therefore remain until the Cossacks, who were prisoners in Circassia, were delivered up. The poor woman, in all probability, did not live to see her husband or her country again.

Another Circassian female, fourteen years of age, who was also in confinement, hearing of the intended exchange of prisoners, expressed her wishes to remain where she was. Conscious of her great beauty, she feared her parents would sell her, according to the custom of the country, and that she might fall to the lot of masters less humane than the Cossacks were. The Circassians frequently sell their children to strangers, particularly to the Persians and Turks; and their princes supply the Turkish seraglios with the most beautiful of the prisoners of both sexes, whom they take in war.

Salt is more precious than any other kind of wealth to the Circassians; and it constitutes the most acceptable present which can be offered to them. They weave mats of very great beauty, which find a ready market both in Turkey and Russia. They are also ingenious in the art of working silver and other metals, and in the fabrication of guns, pistols, and sabres. Some, which they offered for sale, we suspected had been procured from Turkey, in exchange for slaves. Their bows and arrows are made with inimitable skill; and the arrows, being tipped with iron, and otherwise exquisitely wrought, are considered by the Cossacks and the Russians as inflicting incurable wounds.

One of the most important accomplishments which the inhabitants of these countries can acquire, is that of horsemanship; and in this the Circassians are superior to the Cossacks, who are nevertheless justly esteemed the best riders known to European nations. A Cossack may be said to live but on his horse; and the loss of a favorite steed is the greatest family misfortune he can sustain. The poorer sort of Cossacks dwell under the same roof with their horses, lie down with them at night, and make them their constant companions. The horses of Circassia are of a nobler race than those of the Cossacks. They are of the Arab kind, exceedingly high-bred, light, and small. The Cossack generally acknowledges his inability to overtake a Circassian in pursuit.

Remains of VOLTAIRE.

(*Continued from page* 82.)

CICERO says that Roscius was so rich, that he performed gratis for ten years, in which time he might have gained two millions [£83,000 sterling]; and that the salary of the actress Dionysia was equal to his. Æsopus left behind him a fortune of five millions [£200,000 sterling]. Nero performed the principal characters in the tragedies of Canacè, Œdipus, Hercules, and Orestes: it was the fashion of the day. The virtuous Thrasea Pætus had acted at the theatre at Padua.

(*To be continued.*)

MEDLEY

Of Scraps, Anecdotes, Gleanings, &c.

Preservation of dead Fowls.—The following simple mode of preserving fowls may probably be worth the notice of some of our fair readers. It is practised in Lapland, as we learn from the celebrated Linnæus [Linné], who, in his "*Lachesis Lapponica*," informs us, that, on his tour in that country, there was served up to him, at supper, the breast of a cock of the wood, which had been shot in the course of the preceding year; upon which, he adds (to use the words of his translator, Dr. Smith) "Its aspect was not very inviting, and I imagined the flavour would not be much better; but in this respect I was mistaken. The taste proved delicious, and I wondered at the ignorance of those, who, having more fowls than they know how to dispose of, suffer many of them to be spoiled, as often happens at Stockholm. I found with pleasure that these poor Laplanders know better than some of their more opulent neighbours, how to employ the good things which God has bestowed upon them. After the breast is plucked, separated from the other parts of the bird, and cleaned, a gash is cut longitudinally on each side of the breast-bone, quite through to the bottom, and two others parallel to it, a little further off, so that the inside of the flesh is laid open, in order that it may be thoroughly dressed. The whole is first salted with fine salt for several days. Afterwards a small quantity of flour is strewed on the underside to prevent its sticking, and then it is put into an oven, to be gradually dried. When done, it is hung up in the roof of the house, to be kept till wanted, where it would continue perfectly good, even for three years, if it were necessary to preserve it so long."

Cookery of Eggs.—A correspondent, under the signature of "*Apicius*," quaintly observes, that "*a boiled egg is a spoiled egg*," and recommends a different mode of cookery, which we give in his own words—"Let the water first boil in a saucepan:—when boiling, place the vessel any-where at a distance from the fire—put in the eggs—cover them up with the lid, and let them lie in the water for two, three, or four minutes, according to your taste.—Eggs, thus cooked, are far more delicate, than if boiled, though for never so short a time; even one half minute's boiling on the fire being sufficient to destroy that delicacy of flavour which is found in coddled eggs.—You need not be over-hasty in putting the eggs into the water, since a saucepan, carried from the kitchen to the parlour, is still hot enough for the purpose—or, a boiling kettle being brought up, the water may be poured from it on the eggs in a basin, which, being immediately and closely covered, will nearly answer the same purpose; though the utensil, sold by tinmen and ironmongers under the name of an *egg-coddler*, may be somewhat preferable to the basin."

The Ridicule.—This petty article of feminine accoutrement, a correspondent observes, is most ridiculously miscalled *Ridicule*. Its true name is *Reticule*.—Originally made of *net-work*, it was, in French, very properly called *Réticule*, from the Latin *Reticulum* [*a little net*].—In imitation of our neighbours, we adopted the same appellation, and, retaining the Latin *U* (as in *Animalcule*, &c.) pronounced it in four syllables, though we already had the word in our dictionaries in its contracted form, *Reticle*, like *Miracle*, *Oracle*, &c.—To account for its metamorphosis into *Ridicule*, our correspondent adds, that *Ridicule* [*derision*] is, by many persons, mispronounced *Reddicule*; and hence he supposes, with every appearance of probability, that some sapient critics, un-acquainted with the real origin and meaning of the term *Reticule*, on first hearing it properly pronounced, imagined it to be a further corruption of the already corrupt *Reddicule*, and, by way of setting all right, converted it into *Ridicule!!!*

POETRY.

BOUTS-RIMÉS,

or Ends of Verses, proposed to our poetic Readers, as an amusing Exercise for their talents, in completing the lines on any subject, at their own option;—the rhimes to be arranged either in the same order as here given, or in any other that may be found more convenient—and with or without any additional rhimes, of the writer's own choice.—Any approved Completions, with which we may be favored, shall, in due time, appear in our pages.

Fear, cheer; Abode, road; Soar, explore; Train, wane; Brave, crave; Ease, please; Shun, sun; Lour, pow'r.

Stanzas addressed to the Misses SHARP, *occasioned by hearing them perform a Duet on two Harps, at their Concert, Feb.* 27, 1812.—*By* J. M. LACEY.

FAIR children! daughters of the lyre!
Whose harps, with more than ancient fire,
Astonish and delight!
For you I wreath an humble lay:—
Uncrown'd with Fame's immortal bay,
Truth only makes it bright.

You seem'd, when late you charm'd mine ear,
Like sister seraphs from the sphere
Where melodies sublime
Are hymn'd by angels, whose blest throngs
Breathe bright enchantment in their songs,
And triumph over time.

For, oh! such heav'nly breathings came,
That either harp seem'd fraught with flame,
With soft Promethean fire;
And, as the strings your fingers felt,
In tones that rouse, or tones that melt,
Each seem'd a living wire.

Now louder rose your theme, and clear:—
Oh! if it struck a warrior's ear,
His soul was sure in arms!
But now in pensive sweep it fell,
And seem'd some tale of grief to tell,
And all its sad alarms.

Again you struck th' obedient strings,
And Momus seem'd to ope his wings,
So light their tones, and gay;
Each eye gleam'd rapture: ev'ry breast
Your excellence at once confess'd;
And all went charm'd away.

Fair ones! be yours the heart to feel:
Stamp each bright lip with truth's fair seal:
Be virtue twin'd with science:
Be all your parents wish or want;
And Heav'n will ev'ry pleasure grant:—
Place there your firm reliance.

Stanzas addressed to Miss SQUIRE, *on reading her Poem of "The Frail Fair," in the Lady's Magazine for February.*

By J. M. L.

THE sweetest gem in woman's breast
Is pity for a fallen fair one:
But, though 'tis kindest, dearest, best,
Alas! too oft it is a rare one.
Still unto thee that feeling doth belong:
To thee, in thankfulness, I pour my song.

Truth, through thy strain, its richest stream
Has taught to flow in brilliance purest:
Pity and mercy o'er it gleam,
A test of truth the very surest!
For, let man ask his heart, hard though it be,
If truth and pity centre not in thee?

'Twere best to shun each Siren wile:
'Twere worse than weak in man to trust 'em:
But 'gainst the fall'n to raise a smile,
If 'tis one, is a hateful custom:
'Tis quite enough that man has triumph'd there:
He should not, by contempt, increase despair.

But thus to hear thy accents say,
Quite bids my heart, kind maid, respect thee.
As truth and honor fill thy lay,
May they, to life's last hour, protect thee!
It is a stranger's wish: but, oh! believe,
'Tis neither meant to flatter nor deceive!

When you bade pity's tear begem *his* eye,
Who rudely spurn'd at fallen woman's suing,
If *then* his bosom felt not mercy's sigh,
When he reflected on her sad undoing,
His heart was harder than the flinty stone,
And colder than the frozen Arctic zone!

Be thine, kind-hearted fair one, still
The calmest hours that peace can send
May genius e'er await thy will,
And poesy, as now, attend thee:
Long be thy life, and be it happy too!
For only happiness should wait on you.

Elegy on the Death of Col. ORCHARD, *late M. P. for Callington, who died, March* 1, 1812.

ALAS! he's gone! he breathes no more!
Let Orchard's loss each breast deplore:
His praises who shall tell?
For ever flown, North Devon's pride,
To realms where pow'rs supreme reside,
Among the blest to dwell.

Of gen'rous heart, with strength of mind,
That seem'd for highest trust design'd,
In council or the field—
Bent, paths of honor to pursue,
And prove to friendship's banner true,
His look each thought reveal'd.

In ev'ry feature joy was trac'd,
When those he lov'd were near him plac'd
Around his bounteous board;
'Mid social cheer, delightful ease,
Engaging converse, smiles that please,
Him truly all ador'd.

His clear discernment, talent rare,
Of judgement show'd no common share,
Selections pure to make:
He soon, with penetrating eye,
Would arts of wily knaves descry,
And off the visor take.

Now laid, by Death's dread arrow, low,
What bursting sighs, what poignant woe,
Upon his bier attend!—
Blest shade, farewell!—So justly dear,
Thee in remembrance we revere,
The firm, the steady friend. H.

The ADIEU.—*By* R. P. R.

AND must we part? and shall we meet
no more?— [sea—
Relentless fate demands me on the
Farewell, my angel!—Hark! from yon-
der shore, [part from thee.
The boatswain's voice now bids me

Perhaps some dreary night, when storms
descend, [cot,
And dreadful thunder shakes thy lowly
Cheerless we sail, while ev'ry pitying
friend
At home deplores our melancholy lot.

Doubt not, sweet innocence: for one
above, [raging deep,
Who rules the waves, and checks the
Will not leave unprotected faithful love,
But bid the rolling waves and tempests
sleep.

Once more adieu! No longer can I stay.
I go 'midst threat'ning dangers and
alarms.
Again the boatswain bids me haste away!
Adieu, my love! they tear me from
thy arms.

A LENT PREACHER.
Impromptu, by J. M. L.

SAYS Tom to his friend, "You remember
Sam Grave,
Who at school was our orthodox teacher;
He's turn'd parson, and, sure as for
mercy I crave,
Is lately become a Lent preacher!"

"*A Lent* preacher!" says Dick: "why,
that's curious, I own:
And I wish I may ne'er see to-morrow,
If I once could imagine, that, in this
great town,
They had ever occasion to *borrow*."

The drooping ROSE.
By MARY JANE.

SAY, shall that rose, that droops its lovely
head, [the eye?
No longer scent the air, nor charm
Must it no longer deck its earthy bed?
And shall its beauteous tints for-ever die?

Ah! yes! but, when returning summers
smile, [shall bloom:
The tree, which gave it life, again
For it but sheds its transient sweets
awhile, [bloom.
To rise and flourish with redoubled

Emblem of man! he, like this lovely rose,
Stands rob'd in health, nor feels or
grief or pain. [prospects close,
But, though pale Death his brilliant
His soul survives! he dies, to live again.

Completion of the BOUTS-RIMÉS *proposed in our Magazine for February.*

The SEDUCER, *by* J. M. L.

REPENT—ere yet too late, *repent!*
Nor be your cruel guilt *avow'd*.
The maiden's honor and *content*
Is all, of which she can be *proud*.

Repent—redress—or many a *year*
Shall see thy breast from comfort *free*,
Shall doom thy soul to phrensied *fear*,
Shall bid each friend thy presence *flee*.

Then vainly let not Beauty *crave!*
Put not her last sad hope to *flight!*
By honor's tie, by wedlock, *save*,
And raise her fallen form to *light!*

Or else, depend, it is *decreed*,
Seduction's heart shall feel a *sting*,
Swift as the forked lightning's *speed*,
And rapid as the tempest's *wing!*

Another.—The BEGGAR'S PETITION.
By ANONYMOUS, *N. Petherton.*

OH! give some bread, to blunt keen
hunger's *sting!*
Me Mis'ry has her orphan child *decreed*:
Misfortune o'er me spreads her baleful
wing; [my *speed!*
And Woe, where'er I fly, still mocks

If melting Pity has not ta'en her *flight*,
Sure thou wilt give this little, all I *crave!*
Then, till these eyes are clos'd on heav'n's
pure *light*, [to *save*.
I'll bless the hand, outstretch'd in need

Think'st thou, thy soul would e'er the deed *repent?* [Christ *avow'd.*—
No! "Give, and thou shalt have," hath The gen'rous act shall yield thee more *content,*
Than all the revels of the gay and *proud.*

Though long from death we all may wander *free,* [with *fear,*
Yet come it will, that hour, oft fraught When our immortal part at large must *flee*
To endless woe, or heav'n's eternal *year.*

Ah! then spread blessings from thy boundless store: [care!
Let orphans, widows, own thy guardian Let Want, reliev'd, go smiling from thy door; [pray'r!
And, ah! let me now leave one grateful

Then, when thou'rt summon'd from this transient state [the sky,
By Him who views our actions from Warm Charity shall prove thy advocate,
And win for thee ecstatic bliss on high.

Another.—INVITATION *to the* MUSE.
By Miss SQUIRE.

OH! come, my Muse! my friend! thy trembling *wing* [tire's *sting*
Once more expand, nor shrink, though sa-
(To genius fatal) would arrest thy *speed,*
And quench the spark, by pitying Heav'n *decreed,* [*light*—
'Midst deepest gloom, to lend its cheering
Come, if thou canst—essay a nobler *flight;* [to *save*
And teach me, from Oblivion's tomb to
My yet unheeded name:—thy aid I *crave:*
Then do not, like Deception's myriads, *flee*
The hour of trial:—but, on pinions *free,*
Waft me awhile, where no obtrusive *fear*
May rise, (like tempests that deform the *year*) [sions *proud,*
To blast my hopes, and chase those vi-
Dearer to me than aught, by pride *avow'd*
Precious or rare:—then come!—with thee *content,* [*repent.*
I'll shun the giddy throng, who trifle, to

Fools! yes! time's kill'd, thus misapplied:
But killing time is suicide!

Killing TIME.

Imitation of the French Epigram given in our Magazine for February.
By ANONYMOUS, *N. Petherton.*

To tread vain Folly's flow'ry maze,
To waste on nothings countless days,
To chase each empty, fickle thing,
To revel, dance, carouse, and sing,
Year after year this course pursue,
With nought but worldly joys in view,
Is call'd, by some men, killing time:—
Alas! my friends, how great their crime!

Acrostick on Lord NELSON.
By R. P. R.

H ONOR'D, belov'd, and chief in martial fame, [name,
O f Albion's guardians, first in deed and
R espected e'en by England's wond'ring foes, [rose.
A dmir'd by all, the conqu'ring hero
T rue valour fill'd his breast; he nobly strove [love.
I n danger's arms to gain his country's
O pposing nations own'd his pow'r with dread: [bled.—
N ile felt his vengeance: there he nobly
E ternal justice, to th' ethereal skies,
(L et no one tax a pow'r so truly wise)
S natch'd him at length from weeping Britain's eyes. [tell,
O h! then let British annals grateful
N elson, victorious, for his country fell.

Verses to the SPARROWS *feeding at the Author's Window, during a severe Winter.*

From Miss STOCKDALE'S "*Mirror of the Mind.*"

COME, poor sparrows, at my call!
Fetch the crumbs I freely give.
Let no fear your breasts appal:
Come to me; and eat, and live.

Snow's white mantle decks the ground:
You can peck nor worms nor grain:
Nature's genial pow'rs are bound
Fast in winter's icy chain.

Ev'ry tree's disrob'd of green;
And the little feath'ry race
Cold and hungry now are seen:—
In the snow their feet I trace.

Pecking here and there, they try
Some small pittance to obtain—
Happy, if they chance to spy
Aught to soothe the gnawing pain.

See! they come—a downy flight.—
Each accepts the proffer'd bread,
While my heart with fond delight
Teems, to see the hungry fed.

May I ever, ever feel
Pity for another's woe!
May I strive each grief to heal,
And my mite with joy bestow!

As I give, my God will bless:
He'll increase my little store.
I'll his widows' wrongs redress,
Feed his hungry, clothe his poor.

Address to the EVENING STAR, *written in Shetland.*

(*From* "*Poems by* D. P. CAMPBELL.")

*** *In the preface to the volume whence we borrow this extract, we are informed that the fair authoress had not yet attained her seventeenth year when she committed it to the press, and that her object, in publishing it, was to relieve the distresses of a numerous family.*

BRIGHT trav'ler of yon blue expanse,
Throwing through clouds thy silv'ry glance,
The dewy ev'ning to adorn,
Say, on what shore shall I appear,
When thou, as wheels the rolling year,
Shalt usher in the morn?

Still must these barren plains and hills,
These rugged rocks and scanty rills,
My narrow prospect bound?
Must I, where Nature's bounteous hand
Doth ev'ry rural charm command,
Say, must I ne'er be found?

Still on these plains, where, scantly spread,
The modest daisy lifts its head,
Or lurks amid the broom,
Still with pall'd eye view o'er again
Thin scatter'd on the stony plain
The primrose scarcely bloom?

Oft Fancy wanders many a mile
O'er scenes where Nature loves to smile,
And scatters charms around,
Where rocky mounts on mounts arise,
Whose tow'ring summits kiss the skies,
With leafy forests crown'd;

Or where the dreadful cat'ract roar,
Or where, the smiling valley o'er,
The rolling rivers glide;
Or where the lake expands to view,
Reflecting, on its bosom blue,
The mountain's woody side.

Still must this ocean's liquid round
My dreary prospects ever bound,
On Fancy's wings while borne,
My weary soul delights to roam
To other lands, another home,
Nor wishes to return?

Lines from a young Lady to her Sister.

ERE twice fifteen short years are flown,
The bloom of life is o'er;
Beauty may linger on her throne,
But youth returns no more!
Ah, beauty! transient as you flow'r
That shuns the winter's storm,
Thy brightest, softest, sweetest pow'r
Is shrin'd in woman's form.

And youth, sweet season! smiling morn
Of life's eventful day!
When blossoms fair conceal each thorn,
And ev'ry mouth is May;
Of thee possess'd, the guileless heart
But sees eternal spring;
And nature, yet unschool'd by art,
Bids Hope, the cherub, sing.

By fancy warm'd, by pleasure led,
By reason uncontrol'd,
The Loves and Graces daily spread
Their nets of living gold
For thoughtless youth; but, ah! how soon
The dear delusion flies!
As soft retires the silver moon,
When morn illumes the skies.

Reflexion then, with brow serene,
First scans the little page,
And mem'ry too, with anguish keen,
Which time can scarce assuage,
Dwells on the past—and, as alloy
Is mix'd with valued ore,
She mingles with the cup of joy
A tear for those no more.

MARIA.

The SPHINX.

(*From* "*The Out-o'the-way-isms of* PATRICK DELANY.")

To talk of the *Sphinx*—but I'm loth to detain you— [lany,
I'd tell you a joke 'gainst my uncle De-
Who mistook this same Sphinx for a *mountain in Asia!* [you're crazy."
"A mountain! a *Monster*, man! Uncle,
So the next time he talk'd of antiquities rare, [stare,
And of hieroglyphics, to make the folk
He mention'd the Sphinx as a native of Erin, [were staring.
A *Munsterman!*—Oh! *then* the people

La BIENFAISANCE.

O TOI qui veux goûter le bonheur véritable, [commandable.
Par de nombreux bienfaits rends toi re-
En vain te dira-t-on que le seul intérêt
Des mortels généreux est le motif secret:
Ne crains point de céder à l'intérêt sublime [prime.
De soulager les cœurs que l'infortune op-

*** *A Translation or Imitation by any of our poetic Readers will be esteemed a favor.*

London Morning and Child's DRESSES.

Morning dress of muslin, decorated on the bosom with lace let in.—A Spencer of buff satin, embroidered with the same color.—A hat of the same materials, and two white feathers.

Child's dress.—A short frock and trowsers, with the Regent hat of grey silk.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

**** The Dates between crotchets [ ] mark the day on which the articles of intelligence were announced in the "* Morning Chronicle," *or some other respectable London paper—and will enable the fair Reader to verify our brief statements, or to trace further particulars.*

[*London, March* 28.] At Venice, there is a strong fleet coming forward; there are four line-of-battle ships on the stocks, two ready for sea, and one ready to launch, besides other smaller vessels in a forward state.

[30] Letters from Corunna, of the 17th inst. state, that a considerable quantity of arms have been delivered to the chieftains of the forces in Gallicia and its neighbourhood; and that the activity of the English in this important respect had given great satisfaction to the provincial Governments.

[31] The destruction of the sheep in Spain, as well by the enemy, who mostly live on mutton, as by our own troops, is calculated at more than three fourths of the flocks of the country.

[*April* 1] An account has recently been received from South America, stating that the Queen of Portugal's life had been preserved by the prompt assistance rendered to her Majesty by an English sailor named Matthews. The Queen was in the act of taking a drive in her carriage drawn by four mules, which, after throwing their riders, ran furiously away, and were proceeding at full speed to the verge of a precipice. All her attendants and spectators were so much alarmed, that they did not attempt to arrest their progress, which was courageously performed by the sailor before mentioned, on whom the Prince Regent of Portugal has settled a pension for life, and requested, through his captain, that he might be discharged from the navy, which the Admiralty have directed to be carried into effect.

[1] *Madras, Oct.* 17, 1811.—A fever, or pestilence, has prevailed in the Madura and Palamcottah districts to the southward, which has destroyed almost all the inhabitants. A gentleman, recently returned thence, says, that he passed through nearly 20 villages without seeing one living soul; the houses, streets, and fields, being covered with the skeletons and bones of the inhabitants. About 80,000 persons are supposed to have perished.

[2] Lord Wellington invested Badajoz on the 16th of March.—On the 19th, about two thousand men of the garrison attempted a sortie, but were immediately repulsed, with considerable loss, by Major general Howes.

[2] In the beginning of March, the Swedish troops in Pomerania were disarmed by the French. Those which were at Stralsund received orders to assemble in three divisions, and at different places, when they were surrounded by a superior French force, and their arms taken from them. They were at the same time informed that they were no longer Swedish soldiers. Those among them who were born in the states of the Confederation of the Rhine, were separated from the rest, and immediately quartered among the French soldiery.—His Swedish Majesty has not hitherto received the least official intelligence regarding the cause of the entrance of the French troops into Pomerania.

[3] Intelligence from Petersburg, of the 4th ult. states, that the Russian army on the frontiers of Poland amounts to between two and three hundred thousand men.

[4] The armistice between the Russian and Turkish armies is to continue forty-five days, unless sooner terminated by the mutual consent of both parties. Meantime, plenipotentiaries are to be appointed, to settle the preliminaries of peace.

[4] About the middle of March, an in-

surrection took place at Caen, in Normandy, on account of the dearness of provisions. The troops were called in: the ringleaders were arrested, and tried by a military commission: four men and five women were executed: eight persons were condemned to eight years' hard labor, and ten to five years' solitary confinement.

[6] *Petersburg, Feb.* 28.—An ukase, of Feb. 1, contains the following regulations for raising additional imposts:—The capitation-tax is augmented to two rubles each man. The imposition upon merchants' capital from 5 to 10 per cent. The duties upon the services of individuals are doubled. An extraordinary and temporary impost has been imposed upon real property, for which the proprietors are to pay from 1 to 10 per cent. according to its amount, independent of ordinary contributions.

[7] Accounts from the American United States say that the enlistments for the militia proceed with great spirit and alacrity;—that a loan-bill for raising 11,000,000 dollars has been agreed to;—and that the loans for 1813 and 1814 are estimated at about 18 millions, each year.

[7] Letters from Cadiz state, that, in that part of the country, wheat is at nearly double the price which it has borne in times of unusual scarcity during the last fifty years.—In many houses in the neighbourhood, the inhabitants have perished for want of sufficient food.

[9] March 17, a Constitution, for the government of Spain, was sanctioned by the general Cortes, settling the succession in Ferdinand VII. and his legitimate descendents, male and female, but reserving to the Cortes the power of setting aside any person or persons incapable of governing, or who may have done any thing to deserve exclusion from the throne.—On the 19th, a new Regency was appointed, who solemnly swore to defend and preserve the Roman Catholic religion, and not to suffer any other in Spain—to keep and preserve the constitution and laws of the monarchy—not to alienate, cede, or dismember any part of the kingdom—not to require any money, produce, or any other thing, unless decreed by the Cortes—and to observe the conditions imposed by the Cortes.—The new Regency has already displayed great patriotism, activity, and firmness, and has gained the entire confidence of the people.

[10] Advices from Laguira, of Feb. 8, state, that perfect tranquility prevailed there, and great encouragement was given to trade. There were four or five American ships there at the time.—General Miranda was at Caraccas, highly popular. He was reinforcing his army by a vast number of recruits who had entered as volunteers. The whole force of Caraccas and the United Provinces was calculated at between 15 and 20,000 men. All the neighbouring states had sent deputies to the General Congress.

[10] *Caraccas, Feb.* 1.—The general condition of our affairs is extremely prosperous; and, notwithstanding the opposition of the rebels to liberty in the province of Coro, and in the town of Santa Martha, we remain in a state of happiness and tranquillity never before enjoyed by the people of Venezuela, within the memory of man. Mexico will soon be equally free, and with the assistance of troops from these provinces (rendered now almost unnecessary) will destroy its tyrants. Venegas has sheltered himself in the capital, which has been strongly fortified; but he is surrounded with enemies. The President of the Congress has thought fit, with the advice of his Council, to prohibit the exportation of specie, since it has been found detrimental to the state that it should be allowed to be transmitted from the territory. This measure has not been dictated by any deficiency, but from a proper determination not to supply the necessities of our enemies.

[13] A late number of the *Journal des Mines*, a work published by authority in France, contains an account of a submarine forest, recently discovered upon the coast of Britanny, near Morlaix.

[13] The Berlin Gazette, of the 5th inst. contains the following official paragraph:—"According to a convention entered into with France, the contributions due from Prussia, which were in arrear, and were to be paid in the current coin of the realm, have been remitted. On the other hand it is agreed, that Prussia is to furnish 25,000 men to act against Russia, and is besides to undertake to provide for the maintenance of the French troops during their march through the country."

[13] *Konigsberg, March* 12.—According to a treaty entered into between Prussia and France, the latter is to deliver up the fortresses on the Oder, and, on the other hand, is to take possession of Colberg, Pillau, Memel, and Rugenwalde.—The Prussian Court has retired to Bres-

lau, in order not to witness the march of French troops through Konigsberg.

[13] A letter from Konigsberg, of March 12, states, that, in case of war with Russia, France will bring into the field 135,000 French troops, 40,000 Saxons, 6,000 Bavarians, 25,000 Westphalians, 130,000 Austrians, 15,000 Wirtembergers, 10,000 Poles, 40,000 Prussians —total, 436,000.

[13] The quantity of grain in Prussia is so scanty, in consequence of the destruction of 20,000 lasts by a late conflagration at Konigsberg, that the arrival of the armies will inevitably cause a famine.

[14] By a recent regulation, British cotton goods and raw sugar, besides other articles of British merchandise, will be admitted into the Russian dominions.

[14] General Cruz, the governor of Alicant, has been detected in a traitorous correspondence with the French. The detection was effected by the vigilance and activity of Mr. Tupper, late British consul at Valencia; and the traitor has been compelled to resign his office.

[15] March 25, the allies, after a furious engagement, took by assault the strong redoubt of Picurina, in front of Badajoz.

[16] *Vienna, March* 29.—The French ambassador received, on the 21st, a courier from Constantinople, with dispatches, dated the 16th February, which state that the Porte has rejected all the propositions of Russia, and is resolved to recommence and prosecute the war with the utmost vigor.

[16] *Berlin, March* 31.—On the 26th instant, the following notice was published:—"As the near passage of the French troops, under the orders of the Marshal of the Empire, the Duke of Reggio, is in consequence of the perfect understanding which reigns between Prussia and France, these troops, who belong to a friendly power, must be received and treated with care and consideration."

[16] Late Paris papers mention the arrival of a considerable French army at Berlin, and add, that the citizens have been called upon, by his Prussian Majesty, to provide, at their own expense, for the entertainment of their Gallic visitors.

[21] The scarcity of provisions in France has induced Bonaparté to order a gratuitous daily distribution of 2,000,000 rations of soup in the different departments, in addition to the ordinary aid afforded to the poor; for which purpose, he has placed at the disposal of the prefects 22,500,000 livres [£937,500 sterling.]

[22] Large magazines are forming between the Elbe and the Vistula.

[23] It is said that a treaty of offensive and defensive alliance has been concluded between France and Austria; and that Austria is to receive Illyria and Silesia, as a compensation for providing 100,000 men.

[23] The proprietors of estates in Demarara and Tobago have lately published resolutions, in which the former declare, that, during the last year, the settlement lost £1,200,000—and the latter, "That nothing but the hope of some relief, and the duty they owe to their creditors, could induce the planters to continue the cultivation of their estates, for any other purpose than the maintenance of themselves and their negroes, by raising stock and provisions."

[23] Advices from Mexico, Vera Cruz, and Venezuela (the latter to October 1st) represent the insurrections as suppressed in those quarters: but

[25] later advices from Vera Cruz (of Feb. 4) state, that, although there was great abundance of clothing and other necessaries at that place, they could not be forwarded to the interior, as the communication was interrupted by numerous parties of insurgents; wherefore the back settlers, who had been accustomed to European clothing, were obliged to wear sheep-skins.

[25] In Catalonia, wheat has, within a few weeks, nearly doubled in price, and a famine is apprehended; and even in the fruitful districts of Castile, there is an alarming scarcity.

[25] Lord Wellington took Badajoz by storm in the night of April 6, after a severe conflict, which lasted from ten at night till day-light the next morning, and in which the British army had 648 individuals killed, and 2282 wounded—and the Portuguese, 155 killed, and 545 wounded.—They took about 4000 prisoners.

[27] Feb. 16, General Ballasteros, with 2000 infantry and 300 horse, attacked and defeated the French general Maranzin, with 2000 infantry and 400 horse.

[27] *Cadiz, March* 27.—Sarsfield has made another excursion into France, and returned with 45,000 crowns, 200 head of horned cattle, and 400 sheep, the fruit of the contributions which he levied.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

His Majesty.

On the 28th of March, the physicians reported to the Queen's council, that the King had been less agitated since the last meeting of Her Majesty's council, though, in the course of the last fortnight, he had been more restless and disturbed; —that His Majesty's bodily health had improved, but that his mind continued as diseased as ever:—and, on the 4th of April, the Queen's council made to the privy council their quarterly report, which is stated to be, in substance, as follows—"That His Majesty's bodily health is as good as it has been at any former period of the complaint;—that his mental health is as much deranged as it has been at any time;—that none of the physicians expect that His Majesty will recover, yet none of them entirely and absolutely despair."—No further intelligence respecting him has, to our knowledge, since transpired.

Price of Bread.—Quartern wheaten loaf, *April* 2, eighteen pence, three farthings—*April* 9, eighteen pence, halfpenny—*April* 16, the same—*April* 23, the same.

[*London March* 24] Last night, Mr. Creevey stated in the House of Commons, that the receipt of the customs, *at Liverpool**, for the year before last, was £2,670,000, and, for the last year, only about £1,770,000.

[27] On Friday, three of the rioters at Edinburgh—youths of from 16 to 19 years of age—were found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. (*See our Magazine for January, page* 46.)

[28] Twenty thousand muskets have been shipped within these few days from the tower for Portugal.

[28] The medical officers of Greenwich Hospital have lately had their salaries increased, and have received an order from the directors, that they are not to be allowed in future to derive any emolument from private practice.

[28] Two persons were yesterday convicted at Bow-street office, of harbouring aliens, without reporting them at the Alien office. They were fined five pounds for each alien so harboured.

[31] Corn, to the amount of twelve millions sterling, was imported into England in 1811, nine of which were paid by licensed barters, and the other three millions in specie.

[31] On Friday last, His Majesty's brig, Rosario, Capt. Hervey, singly defeated an entire French squadron of fifteen praams, of which she captured three, sunk one, and drove five on shore.—The British force consisted of ten guns, and 75 men—the French, of 90 guns, and 750 men.

[*April* 1] The riots and devastations still continue in Yorkshire. On Monday se'nnight, the rioters destroyed the shears and materially injured the machinery in a shearing-mill at Rawden, near Leeds; and on Wednesday they committed devastations in some finishing-shops in Leeds.

[2] At the Worcester assises, Mr. Hunt, tanner, of Pershore, was, with several other persons, found guilty of riot, in disturbing the public worship of a society of Methodists, by throwing stones, breaking the windows and shutters, and other acts of wanton outrage.

[2] *Hull, March* 30.—Since the commencement of the paschal moon on the 13th inst. there have been such storms of snow, hail, and strong frosty easterly winds, as have not been experienced since the spring of 1799. The snow is at present, in many places where the sun's heat does not reach, several feet thick, and the ice strong. In the night of the 29th inst. the long gale increased to a hurricane on the east coast, accompanied with a high sea and thick snow-showers. —Intelligence has already been received of seventeen shipwrecks on this coast, exclusive of others not yet fully ascertained.

[3] A return, made to the House of Commons, states the amount of the forged notes, presented at the Bank of England, and refused, during eleven years, from Jan. 1, 1801, to Decemb. 31, 1811, to be £101,661.

[6] At the Kingston assises, Wm. Holt—indicted for the wilful murder of lord Spencer's gamekeeper, by giving him a blow, of which the sufferer died—was found guilty of manslaughter; the judge having observed, that the deed had been

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* "*At Liverpool*" accidentally omitted in our last Number.

committed in the heat of blood, and not by malice prepense.—He was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment, and a fine of one shilling.

[6] The waste lands in England, capable of cultivation, are estimated at 20 millions of acres.—The grand juries at the Stafford, Worcester, and Oxford assises, have agreed to petition the legislature for a general inclosure act.

[7] At the London sessions, Robert Towers—found guilty of endeavouring to seduce a turnkey of Newgate to favor the escape of a prisoner—was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment, a fine of fifty pounds, and to find sureties for his keeping the peace for one year.—On reckoning the *jury*, and observing that it consisted of *thirteen jurors*, the prisoner's counsel submitted that the verdict was void: but the judge replied, that, although one too few would have been fatal to the verdict, one too many did not invalidate it.

[7] Advertised amount of the subscription for the relief of the British prisoners in France, above seventy-four thousand, two hundred pounds.

[11] A serious disturbance took place at Manchester on the 8th inst. in consequence of a requisition for a public meeting, "to prepare a dutiful address to His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, expressive of the strongest assurances of attachment to his royal person, and of ardent zeal for the support of his government."—The populace forced their way into the Exchange rooms, turned out the company, committed various acts of devastation, and would have set fire to the building, but for the opportune intervention of the military. —The following bill had been posted up all over the town:—"*England expects every man to do his duty!!!* Should you not this day give your support to the Prince Regent, you may, in a very short time, expect a revival of the days of bloody Queen Mary, when your ancestors were tied to a stake, and burnt alive. The active opposers of the present government have pledged themselves to sanction the popish religion; and, as Bonaparté is the head of that religion, your universal cry should be—*No Pope Bonaparté!*"

[11] A tumult has taken place at Carlisle, where the people wished to unload some vessels that were taking in corn and potatoes to be carried coastwise. This was prevented by the seasonable interference of the magistrates; but, in the afternoon, the multitude were exasperated by some of the military officers drawing their swords. They assembled round the mess-room, and broke the windows; when the riot-act was read, and the soldiers fired. One poor woman, far advanced in pregnancy, was killed, and several persons were wounded.

[11] The miners in Cornwall, not having sufficient employment, lately collected in the neighbourhood of Truro to the number of about 1000; but, through the interference of the civil power, supported by the gentry, the disposition to tumult was followed by no mischievous consequences.

[11] The noblemen and gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Llandilo have procured barley for the use of the poor, before it attained the present high price.

[11] Lord Cawdor has subscribed £600 for the purchase of barley for the supply of the poor around Haverfordwest and Pembroke; and the Honorable F. Campbell (his Lordship's son) £200 for the same laudable purpose.

[11] At a numerous and respectable meeting at Dorchester (April 2) it was resolved that a society should be instituted for promoting the education of the poor, and schools formed for that purpose, on Dr. Bell's plan.

[13] *Lost Bank-notes.*—A Mr. Sydney, having had his pocket picked of certain Bank of England notes, took the usual steps to publish his loss, and stop payment.—The notes came into the hands of a country banker in the regular way of business. On presenting them at the bank of England, payment was refused. The holder brought his action in the Court of King's Bench against the directors, and obtained, yesterday, a verdict for the amount; which leaves the loss to be borne by Mr. Sydney, who, though he proved his possession of the notes, could not prove his actual loss of them—his witnesses having only heard his own declaration to that effect.

[14] At the Middlesex sessions, Mary Ann Derry was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, for inhuman cruelty to a poor little girl, daughter of a man with whom she lived as wife;—and Elizabeth Hogg, for cruelty to four girls, parish apprentices to her mother, was sentenced to imprisonment for one month only, as the court considered that she might have acted under the influence of her mother's directions.

[14] Hawkins William, and John Do-

ring, were convicted of attempting to make their escape from Cold bath-fields prison, in which they had been confined for offences, of which they had been found guilty—the former since last session, and the latter for about a year. In a fortnight's time Doring would have been liberated.—They were each sentenced to three years' further confinement.

[14] *Forfeiture.*—At the Old Bailey, yesterday, on the conviction of a criminal for the forgery of bank-notes, application was made to the court for an order that a sum of money, in good notes, which had been found on the prisoner at the time of his apprehension, should be appropriated to the indemnification of the persons whom he had defrauded: but the judge having declined to make any order, the money becomes forfeited to the king.

[14] The last accounts from Manchester state that the disturbances which had arisen there on the 8th, had subsided.

[14] On Sunday se'nnight, a number of armed men forcibly entered several cloth-manufactories in the neighbourhood of Huddersfield, and destroyed the dressing frames and shears, besides doing other mischief.

[14] On Thursday night, a body of rioters attacked a cloth-manufactory at Horbury, near Wakefield, committed various acts of devastation and outrage, and set fire to the building, which, however, was extinguished after their departure, but not before considerable damage had been done.

[15] *The Tunnel.*—Between four and five o'clock on Monday morning, the Highgate tunnel fell in with a tremendous crash; and the labor of several months was in a few moments converted into a heap of ruins. Some of the workmen, who were coming to resume their daily labor, describe the noise that preceded it like that of distant thunder. It was the crown arch, near Hornsey-lane, that first gave way; and the latter, in consequence, fell some feet deep, and instantly became impassable. The houses in the vicinity felt the fall like the shock of an earthquake.

[15] During the night of the 11th, a party of rioters attacked a mill in the neighbourhood of Leeds, but were repulsed by a party of soldiers within, who fired on them, and wounded at least two of their number, who are reported to be since dead.—Other mills in the neighbourhood are obliged to be protected by military guards.

[16] The "*Chester Courant*" states that G. Murray, of Hankelow, near Nantwich, has been barbarously murdered in his bed by his own wife and his servant man. The woman is about the age of 40; the servant is about 19, and says he was instigated by his mistress, who wished him to marry her.

[17] *Bow-street.*—On Wednesday a most extraordinary investigation took place before Mr. Nares, the sitting magistrate.—It appeared, that, on the same evening, as Croker, belonging to the office, was passing along the Hampstead-road, he observed, at a short distance before him, two men on a wall, and directly after he observed the tallest of them, a stout man, about six feet high, hanging by his neck from a lamp-post attached to the wall; being that instant tied up and turned off deliberately by the short man. He made up to the spot with all possible speed, and just after he arrived there, the tall man, who had been hanged, fell to the ground. Croker demanded to know of the other man the cause of such extraordinary conduct; in the mean time the man who had been hanged recovered, and, on finding Croker interfering, gave him a violent blow on the nose. They stated that they worked together on canals. They had been in company together on Wednesday afternoon, had tossed up with half-pence for money, and afterwards for their clothes.—The tall man, who was hanged, won the other's jacket, trowsers, and shoes; they then tossed up who should hang the other;—the short one won that toss, and they got upon the wall, the one to be hanged, and the other to be the executioner. The man who had been hanged was ordered to find bail for the violent and unjustifiable assault on the officer, and the short one for hanging the other. Neither of them being provided with bail, they were committed to Bridewell for trial.

[17] On Tuesday last, the weavers attacked several manufactories in and about Stockport, and destroyed the looms. Military assistance was sought from Manchester, but could not be afforded.

[17] At Macclesfield, a riot has taken place, and a manufactory been destroyed.

[17] At Sheffield, April 14, a number of poor people repaired to the potatoe market, threw the potatoes about, broke the windows round the market-place, and put the farmers and others to flight. They next broke open and emptied the

potato-cellars. A large body of them then broke open the store-room of the local militia, and seised from 6 to 800 stand of arms. The arrival of a military force saved the remainder: but,

[18] on the following day, the populace bore down all opposition.

[18] At Huddersfield, a body of local militia forced the depôt of arms, and seised them. The bells, in every village throughout the West-Riding of Yorkshire, were ringing; and the utmost consternation prevailed in every quarter, as, from the late measure respecting the old clothes of the local militia, a serious discontent prevailed in that body.

[18] Several persons have been seen in town, these few days past, walking about in small parties, with labels on their hats inscribed as follows:—"I want work, and can have a good character."

[18] Yesterday, Mr. Whitbread presented to the House of Commons a petition signed by above nine thousand Christians, of every description, praying for the removal of every political disability on account of religious persuasion.

[20] Yesterday, at Marlborough-street office, T. Jones, a duffer, or itinerant vender of cambrics, lace, &c. was charged with fraud in obtaining enormous prices by falsely representing his goods to be different from what they actually were.

[20] *Fatal Hoax.*—At Beccles sessions, a melancholy circumstance was witnessed.—A young man, named Hubbard, from Debenham, had been committed to Woodbridge Bridewell, upon suspicion of having stolen a saddle from Mr. Thos. Darby, of Keaton, which, in fact, had been taken off Mr. Darby's horse by some other person in a joke, thrown into a rivulet, and afterwards taken up and carried home by this young man, who willingly restored it, as soon as he knew the owner. Upon his commitment, his young wife, who was far advanced in pregnancy, was taken very ill, and remained, during his confinement, in a wretched state of mind, continually calling out for her husband. Alas! she never saw him more.—On the night previous to the sessions, at which an indictment was to have been preferred against him, she died in a state of distraction, leaving her disconsolate husband in prison to bewail her loss. As soon as the affair was made known to the magistrates, they humanely directed the recognisances to be withdrawn, and the young man to be immediately restored to his disconsolate friends.

[20] A farmer of Mugginton was lately convicted in the *mitigated* penalty of £70 and costs, for making candles for his own private use.

[20] On Saturday, the foundation-stone of the intended hospital for lunatics, in St. George's Fields, was laid by Sir Richard Carr Glyn, president of Bethlem and Bridewell hospitals.

[21] On the 19th, a flag of truce arrived at Dover, with dispatches from the French ministry to His Majesty's secretary of state for foreign affairs.

[21] Last week, some disturbances arose at Macclesfield: but they have been quelled:—and at Manchester, on Saturday, the populace compelled the venders of potatoes to lower the price from 18 to 8 shillings per load.

[22] Thursday night, Sydney College, Cambridge, was on fire in two places.

[22] Insurrection still reigns in Yorkshire. In Halifax and elsewhere, inflammatory placards are posted up: and the malcontents destroy, not only the machinery used in manufacture, but also agricultural machines.

[22] Last night, in the House of Lords, a motion, for referring to a committee of the whole house the petitions of the Irish Catholics, together with various other petitions in favor of religious liberty, was negatived by a majority of 174, to 109.

[23] The Earl of Eglinton has discovered and ascertained an extensive and most valuable field of coal on his estate, near to the harbour of Ardrossan.

[23] Bodies of rioters are committing depredations through the country round Carlisle.

[25] This morning, after two nights of animated debate in the House of Commons, a motion, for referring the petitions of the Irish Catholics to a committee of the whole house, was negatived by a majority of 300 against 215.

[25] In the vicinity of Manchester, parties of rioters have called at gentlemen's and farmers' houses, demanding provisions, money, and arms, which, in several instances, they obtained.

[27] The Manchester rioters having made two attacks on a manufactory at Middleton, and been fired upon by the military, from 20 to 30 of them are said to have either been killed on the spot, or since died of their wounds—besides a number wounded not mortally.

BORN.

[*March* 24] On the 6th, of Lady Eliz. Talbot, a son.

[27] Tuesday, of the lady of Henry Howard, esq M. P. a daughter.

[27] On the 25th, of the Hon. Mrs. Thomas, York-place, a daughter.

[28] On Monday, of the lady of the Hon. D. M. Erskine, a daughter.

[31] Yesterday, of the lady of Col. Mayne, Park-street, Grosvenor square, a daughter.

[*April* 1] Monday, of the lady of Col. Geo. Cookson, R. A. a daughter.

[10] On the 8th, of the lady of Major-Gen. Reynolds, a daughter.

[15] Monday, of Mrs. Chas. Smith, Portland-place, a son.

[15] Tuesday, of the lady of Col. James Orde, of the 99th, a son.

[16] On the 10th, of the lady of Admiral Wilson, a son.

[18] Thursday, of the Hon. Mrs. Heneage, Westbourne Green, a son

[18] Lately, of Viscountess Hamilton, a daughter.

[18] Yesterday, of the lady of Col. Grant, M. P. a son.

[18] Yesterday, of the lady of W. Walker, esq. Brunswick-square, a son.

[21] On the 19th, of the lady of Robert Williams, jun. esq. M.P. a daughter.

MARRIED.

[*March* 25] Yesterday, Lord Chas. Townshend, to Miss Loftus, daughter of Gen. Loftus.

[*April* 6] On Saturday, at Bath, Nevile Reid, esq to Miss Eliza Ann Boddam.

[8] Lately, James Kenny, esq. to Mrs. Holcroft, relict of Thos. Holcroft, esq.

[10] Lately, Robert Moore, esq. of Guernsey, to Lætitia, daughter of Col. Wyndham, Charlotte-street, Bedford-square.

[13] Saturday, Sir Humphry Davy, to Mrs. Apreece.

[13] Saturday, Major S. G. Newport, to Priscilla, sister of Sir Bellingham Graham, Bart.

[14] Yesterday, Earle Lindsay Daniell, esq. to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late W. Walker, esq. of East Hill, Wandsworth.

[17] Yesterday, J. Ord, esq of Doughty-street, to Mary, daughter of the Rev. James Birch, of Coringham, Essex.

[18] Wednesday, B. Newman, esq. captain in the Royal Bucks militia, to Miss Holden, of Harpur-street.

[21] Tuesday, the Rev. R. P. Crane, of Clare Hall, to Jane, eldest daughter of J. Gurr, esq. Maldon, Essex.

[21] Saturday, John Morth Woolcombe, esq. to Anna Eleanor, eldest daughter of the late Admiral Sir Thos. Louis, bart.

[21] Saturday, the Rev. Henry Woolcombe, to Jane Frances, second daughter of the late Admiral Sir Thos. Louis, bart.

DECEASED.

[*March* 24] On Thursday, *aged* 76, the relict of the Rev. Dr. Burnaby.

[24] Friday, the lady of Edward Berkeley Portman, esq. M. P.

[24] Last week, at Doncaster, Mr. Raphael Smith, the celebrated engraver.

[30] Friday se'nnight, the eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Pretyman, of Norwich.

[30] Friday, the Rev. Geo. Pollen, of Little Bookham, Surrey.

[*April* 2] Lately, at Edmonton, Mrs. Catharine Tatem, *aged* 92.

[4] Thursday se'nnight, *aged* 81, the Rev. T. Eyre, LL.D. canon residentiary of Wells Cathedral.

[4] Tuesday, in her 81st *year*, Mrs. Ann Vanham Fownes, relict of the Rev. T. Fownes, of Kettery Court, Devon.

[4] Wednesday, *aged* 95, the relict of the Rev. Charles Graham, of Aston, Herts.

[4] Thursday, in her 76th *year*, the relict of the R. Hon. Edmund Burke.

[4] Thursday, at Chelsea, *aged* 82, Edward Read, esq. one of the magistrates for the county.

[9] Yesterday, the Earl of Ashburnham.

[10] Friday, in his 71st *year*, Thos. Fydell, esq. M. P.

[11] Thursday, in her 84th *year*, the relict of the late Humphry Minchin, esq. M. P.

[13] Saturday, the Duchess of Gordon.

[13] On the 6th, the lady of the Rev. W. Penny, of Fairfield Hall, West Riding, Yorkshire.

[13] A few days since, Sir Frederic Evelyn, bart.

[14] Sunday, Sir W. Plomer, knight.

[16] Yesterday, the lady of Rear Admiral Wm. Bligh.

[18] Yesterday, in his 78th *year*, Francis Annesley, esq. LL.D. master of Downing College, Cambridge.

[21] Friday, Mrs. Bennet, New Palace Yard, Westminster, *aged* 87.

[22] Monday, Dowager Lady Qasley, *aged* 94.