THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

Entertaining COMPANION for the FAIR SEX.

Vol. 43, No. 5, for May, 1812.

This Number is embellished with the following Plates:

1. The VISIT at the COTTAGE.
2. The ASSASSINATION of Mr. PERCEVAL.
3. London MORNING and EVENING DRESSES.
4. New and elegant PATTERN for the Front of a WORKED DRESS.

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Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster Row;
where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

NOTICES.

In answer to "Zenobia," *and for the information of our fair readers in general, we have to observe, that it is not from choice that we have of late devoted so large a portion of our Magazine to Novels, but from an unpleasant temporary necessity accidentally imposed on us. In time past, certain uncontrolable circumstances—sicknesses, deaths, &c.—unluckily prevented the regular continuation of some of our novels, which we have since had to resume, and to continue, together with those of later date which we had in the mean time commenced—unless we would either leave the former still unfinished, or disappoint our readers by discontinuing the latter, until the others were concluded. In short, we were obliged to continue both together. —But we are now very nearly, and shall soon be entirely, released from that awkward predicament: and, some of the long pieces in question being already terminated—others on the point of terminating—we shall, in our future Numbers, gain a material increase of room for the admission of a much more copious variety of miscellaneous matter; of which advantage we shall sedulously avail ourselves, to make our novels and our other pieces bear a due proportion to each other, and to gratify, as far as in our power, the different tastes of our fair readers.*

We had, of our own accord, partly anticipated "Aurelia"'s *wish respecting the* LADIES' DRESSES, *some time before her letter reached us. In addition to superior neatness and accuracy in the coloring of the* PLATES, *we are making arrangements to have them accompanied, in our future Numbers, with such explanatory descriptions, as will, we hope, give general satisfaction.*

The conclusion of "Sappho," *accompanied with an interesting Plate, shall appear in our next Number.*

Mrs. Oldham (the "*Old Woman*") begs leave to inform her correspondent M. B. that she has had the pleasure of receiving her letter, and shall be extremely happy to give her any private information upon the subject of it, as she does not conceive it of a nature sufficiently interesting to the public, to form a theme for an essay.

The promised Essay on "*Self-Respect*," if it reach us in time, and meet our approbation, shall appear in our next Number.

To a "*Lover of Poesy*," who hopes to be "*more fortunate*," &c. we are sorry to observe that his piece requires revision.—In the fourth and fifth lines, the syntax and the rhime are at variance:—to render the concluding line grammatical, would require a very harsh concourse of consonants, SP'ST TH:—in other parts, too, it needs amendment.

The "*Elegy*" by "*Adelaïde*" is not sufficiently polished to meet the public eye, though it affords a flattering promise of future excellence. In her next attempts, we recommend to her to adopt a different metre, instead of the continued Alexandrine, which (as observed by *Dr. Carey* in his "*Practical English Prosody and Versification*") "from the dull unvaried uniformity of the cæsura perpetually recurring after the third foot, cannot, to an English ear, be otherwise than disgustingly monotonous."

"J. A."s lines cannot be inserted in their present state.—On consulting some judicious friend, he will discover that several passages require to be amended—and some, to be wholly expunged.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR MAY, 1812.

The HIGHLAND HERMITAGE.

(Continued from page 171, and accompanied with an illustrative Plate.)

Lady Louisa Falkland, to Miss Charlotte Pembrook.

Lenox Abbey.

SMILING hope, my sweet friend, again dawns upon us; and the cloud of grief, with which the inhabitants of the Abbey were enveloped, begins to disperse. Miss Lenox lives: her life is no longer in danger: she will again smile on friends to whom she is most dear.—The amiable Middleton, too, will tread, a little longer, the checquered scene of life. He is declared to be out of danger. I can feel the joy that will dilate your heart at this transporting news. In idea, I can see the serene brow of our Emma turned toward the Father of mercy; I also can hear the fervent prayer of thanks that quivers on her lips.

The incidents that have occurred since I last wrote to you, are too numerous and desultory for me to make particular mention of them all: but, to satisfy your impatient curiosity, I will take notice of the most material events. I have seen a most amiable and charming woman snatched from the verge of the grave, and restored to the arms of her sorrowing parents:—I have been witness to the recovery of a virtuous and accomplished man, who was near falling a sacrifice to the cruel designs of a villain. The face of nature seems changed. Lord and Lady Granville are all joy and thankfulness: their son treads on air: every one is happy. Fortescue presses the hand of Matilda to his bosom, while the tear of joy for her recovery trembles in his eye.

The good, the benevolent Lady Granville, as soon as her daughter was thought to be out of danger, asked me whether I had any objection to accompany her and Lord Granville on a visit to poor Middleton. I answered her Ladyship that it would give me the highest pleasure to attend them.—When Matilda was made acquainted with our intended visit, the expression of her countenance was such as mocks all description: her eyes spoke things unutterable. "Do not deceive me, Louisa," cried she, while her poor feeble fingers shook in mine. "Does Middleton really live?"—Astonished to find she had imagined that we had concealed his death from her, I solemnly assured her that he was alive, and was daily growing better. I soothed and comforted her to the utmost of my power, and promised to repeat all the conversation that should pass. With these assurances I left her tolerably composed.

I accompanied my Lord and Lady Granville to the cottage.—As we approached, the recollection of the scene which I had formerly witnessed on this spot, made me tremble. When we entered Middleton's chamber, an involuntary emotion made me ready to turn my eyes from a form once so elegant—but now, alas! how altered! The fire of his youth seemed extinguished: he was supported in an easy chair with pillows; and he rested his languid head on the shoulder of his

friend Sydney. On our entrance, Middleton started, and seemed exceedingly hurried, though he had been prepared to receive us. He bent forward in the attitude of salutation, with his eyes fixed on the door —those eyes always so piercing and expressive.—I could interpret their intense glances—"Miss Lenox might possibly be of the party."—Middleton knew not, that, by illness, Matilda was reduced as low as himself. The closing of the door confirmed the fallacy of his hopes. The momentary strength that expectation had given, now failed him: his eyes closed with a sigh, which I felt, and pitied. But, presently recollecting himself, he seemed truly sensible of the kind attention of his noble friends.

Lady Granville, with maternal tenderness bending over his fallen form, pressed his trembling hand in hers, kissed his cold forehead, and, in a soft and tremulous voice, repeatedly called him her dear Henry.—Middleton, exceedingly affected, with difficulty made his acknowledgements.

Lord Granville, elated with the prospect of his daughter's recovery, felt a return of the regard he had ever professed for Middleton. He shook him kindly by the hand, expressed how much joy it gave him to see his health returning, and bade him look forward to the vengeance that must infallibly overtake the wretch who had dared to make such a nefarious attempt on his life. He assured him that all his interest should be united with Lord Malcombe's, to assist him in the prosecution, and to bring the criminal to condign punishment; that diligent search was already making after him, and that, if in the kingdom, it would be impossible for him long to evade the pursuit of justice. Nay, should he have taken refuge in a foreign land, means might be found to prevail on its rulers to deliver up a villain to the violated laws of his country.

"I am perfectly sensible," replied Middleton, "of your Lordship's kindness and attention to me. But," continued he with a faint smile, "a sick bed, my Lord, presents objects in a very different point of view, from that in which we behold them, when in high health and prosperity. With the effusion of my blood, I hope, evaporated much of that impetuosity which has hitherto so strongly marked my character, and was ever too powerful for my reason to suppress. Resentment and vengeance are now dead within me. Of what advantage would even the conviction of that unhappy man be to me? And indeed, in my own opinion, there is little probability of his ever being discovered: he has, undoubtedly, before now, found a safe asylum. To make this affair public, then, could have no other effect than that of perhaps entailing disgrace and unhappiness on a respectable and amiable family, who may have no connexion with the crimes, though they have with the person, of a passionate vindictive man. And—what is of far worse consequence in my opinion —this prosecution may add a pang of woe to the many already experienced by a worthy, but unhappy lady. Permit me then, my Lord, to bury this affair in oblivion. More important concerns now engross my thoughts. Many and various are my obligations to my noble friends: I wish to express the sense I have of them; and my future life shall be devoted to that purpose. The dear hours I have spent at Lenox Abbey can never be forgotten; nor can time ever lessen the high veneration which my

heart entertains for its honored inhabitants."

At this moment, a kind of enthusiastic glow spread itself over the sunk features of Middleton, which rendered him interesting beyond description.—Sydney alone adopted the sentiments of this young philosopher. My Lord, however, was at last prevailed on to drop all thoughts of the prosecution, as it appeared so particularly disagreeable to Middleton.—Fearing to fatigue him, we soon after took our leave.

On our return, I found Miss Lenox all expectation. She asked me a hundred questions, to all which I made such answers as I thought most likely to give her pleasure. In company with Hastings, I now very frequently visited the invalid at the cottage, and had the pleasure of seeing him recover very fast.—Matilda mended but slowly: her fine and delicate frame had been too rudely shaken, to regain its strength very soon.

It was from me that Middleton first heard of Miss Lenox's indisposition; but he had no idea that *he* was the cause of that illness, or that she had been so dangerously ill.—As he continued mending, Lord Granville proposed his quitting the cottage, and once more taking up his abode at the Abbey. Sydney, the true friend of Middleton, in his friend's name, politely declined my Lord's invitation. He said he thought, that, on many accounts, it would be better for his friend to return with him to Rosemount, where he flattered himself the change of air would contribute to re-establish his health. The prudent father saw and approved Sydney's reasons for not wishing Middleton again to visit the Abbey.

Mr. Sydney is not a young man, but very agreeable, and so strongly attached to Middleton, that he acts in every respect as if their interests were inseparably connected. He sees the folly of a passion which can only make his friend unhappy—a passion, which he thinks he too fondly encourages. It was on this account that he opposed his return to the Abbey. He even wishes him, as soon as he can bear the fatigue of the journey, to go without taking any particular leave of the family—nay, without even seeing Miss Lenox. Middleton, who had passively suffered his friend to refuse Lord Granville's invitation, because convinced of the impropriety of his accepting it, could not, with any degree of patience, hear him talk with all the apathy imaginable of quitting friends so dear to him, without bidding them adieu. "For God's sake, Sydney," he exclaimed, "have some little compassion for the weakness of human nature. I will, at their own house, thank Lord and Lady Granville for the generous care they have taken of me during my illness. I will once more see their beloved daughter, even if I die at her feet."

Sydney, alarmed lest the violent perturbation of his friend's spirits should retard his recovery, abandoned his plan, which a prudence perhaps too rigid had suggested. It is therefore concluded by all parties, that Middleton is to spend one day at the Abbey; and that perhaps will be the last he will ever pass there. Thence he goes to Rosemount.—He will take his leave of Lord and Lady Granville: he is likewise to see Miss Lenox: he will bid her adieu. Heavens! what a meeting this will be! O sensibility! what anguish dost thou occasion to thy votaries! How repugnant to a feeling mind must that policy be, which makes it necessary to part two hearts that are united by such delicate and

tender sentiments!—But it grows late: and my eyes are dim with writing. For the present, therefore, I lay down my pen, and leave my letter unfinished, until I can close it with an account of what passes at the farewell interview. Till then, dear Charlotte, adieu!

In continuation.

The meeting, so much dreaded, is over; and I trust that a short time will restore us to tranquillity. The dew, which anguish extracts from sensibility, still quivers in Matilda's eye: the beating of her heart is yet quick and tumultuous; yet her mind will gradually regain its composure. My dear Charlotte, you cannot form an idea of the parting between Middleton and Matilda; and, deficient as I am in the powers of description, I feel myself unequal to the task of exhibiting to you a true picture of the manner, the action, of that interesting pair, who thought it very probable that they were now on the point of separating for ever.—Middleton did not arrive at the Abbey till dinner-time. —This interview, though so much desired, was yet painful and embarrassing to him.—Miss Lenox had not dined with the family since her illness; and Middleton, with evident anxiety in his countenance, saw the table surrounded without her.—Our dinner was the most constrained, the most unsocial one I ever partook of at the Abbey.—Middleton, I could perceive, would fain have appeared easy and collected; but the effort was not successful: he found it impossible to suppress the softer emotions of his heart: in spite of his endeavours to conceal them, it was visible that his feelings were tumultuous and refractory: they swam in his eye: they quivered on his lip; and his whole frame was agitated.

Sydney was the only person at table who was cheerful and easy.—The glass had hardly circulated round, when he took out his watch, and looked at Middleton.—The poor invalid started from his chair: he approached Lord Granville: he would have spoken; but the words died on his lips. My Lord looked up at him with an expression of affection and concern; and, pressing his hand, he professed how much he valued and esteemed him.—wished him happy—hoped he would meet with that success in the world, to which his merit gave him so just a claim. "But," continued my Lord, "should fortune be adverse to your hopes, let not disappointment sit heavy on you.—Remember, Middleton, you have a friend at Lenox Abbey, whose every interest of fortune or connexion shall be used to promote your advantage.—Adieu, my dear friend! Why this solemnity in our separation? We shall meet again.—My daughter wishes to see you, to congratulate you on your recovery: Lady Louisa will conduct you to her."

Middleton now took a short, but affecting leave of the whole company: he then took my hand, and begged me to introduce him to Miss Lenox.—Neither of us spoke till we came to the door of her room.—Miss Lenox arose from the sofa on which she was reclined:—she clasped her hands, and attempted to speak. Middleton with hasty steps entered the room: but the moment he fixed his eyes on the fair and fragile form before him, he stopped, as if withheld by some invisible power:—he trembled, and the cold drops of agony rolled down his pale cheek:—he was startled at her emaciated appearance. You could not, my dear Charlotte, conceive any thing more striking than the figure of Miss Lenox:—her person was

thin and shadowy, almost beyond that of a human being; and her fine eyes were full of a melting languor, which spoke to the soul.

(To be continued.)

SAPPHO; *an Historic Romance.*

(*Continued from page* 153.)

EUTYCHIUS now suddenly appeared, leading by the hand a new guest; shocked at this afflicting spectacle, he quitted his guest, to fly to the aid of Sappho. With the aid of spirit of perfumes, they endeavoured to recall her to life. "Look up, unfortunate maid!" cried Eutychius: "the youth, whose loss your deplore, still lives: he now stands before you, embellished with additional graces by the bounty of Venus."—Sappho still continued in a state of insensibility. They surround her in anxious expectation, and sedulously seek to discover some symptom of returning animation. She recovered by degrees: her respiration, though painful, became more frequent; and she extended her benumbed members: yet her dim eyes, still languishing, remained nearly closed.—She looked wildly at the group assembled round her; and, when she discovered Phaon, whose regards were expressive of tender compassion, she imagined that she was deceived by the unreal mockery of a dream. From the sight of him, her eager eyes instantly caught, and rapidly diffused through her bosom, an additional flame.—While she was yet a prey to doubt, Eutychius approached, and, by his kind expressions of consolation and affection, succeeded in recalling her wandering senses.—His discourse, and the anxious care of the attendants, contribute to confirm the testimony of her senses; and, recovering at length from the sleep of death, she exclaims with transport, "The gods be praised! Phaon still lives!"—Phaon immediately presented his hand, to assist her to rise, and said, "Yes, Sappho: but I owe my preservation to a miracle, which, at some future time, I will relate: at present, your situation exclusively demands our whole attention."

Sappho immediately replied, "Nothing can be more interesting to me than the history of your escape: a divinity has undoubtedly granted you her protection.—Perish the wretched mariners who announced your death!" At these words, she directed his looks toward the two sailors, who had retired into a corner of the apartment. Phaon instantly recognised, and ran to embrace them, saying, "Heaven be praised, that, of all my unfortunate companions, I again meet those who are most dear to me! and I thank the gods that their kindness is not confined to me alone! But by what miracle do I meet you here?".....

They soon satisfied his curiosity by the history of their adventures.—Sappho, feeling herself revived, entreated Phaon to relate how he had escaped the disastrous shipwreck.—Eutychius, who partook in the curiosity of Sappho, joined in her wishes; and Phaon began in the following terms—

"You are already acquainted with the circumstances of the shipwreck: I shall therefore begin my narrative from the moment when the vessel went to pieces. I exerted all my strength in swimming to gain the shore: but the weight of my clothes, and the fury of the waves, rendered my efforts unavailing; and I was on the point of being swallowed up in the dark abyss, when the powerful goddess, who honored me with her protection, appeared. She advanced,

like a light cloud, on the surface of the boisterous waves: I immediately knew her by the dignity of her mien, by the brilliant azure of her eyes, and by the charming sweetness of her smile, which formed a striking contrast with the terrible confusion of nature. Animated by her presence, I redoubled my exertions to reach her feet, which skimmed the surface of the troubled waters with the agility of the king's-fisher. At one moment I perceived her on the summit of a wave, whose motion she followed, and at the next, she seemed to descend to the bottom of the gulf, and was lost to my view. When she disappeared, I trembled with anxiety, and I hung suspended between hope and fear. The goddess, however, who delights to sport with the feelings of feeble mortals, only kept me in suspense for a few moments, in order to enhance the value of her favors.—She now loosened one of her veils, which hung floating in the wind; and passing it round my body, she raised me with her powerful hand, and carried me lightly through the air. Though I was supported by her divine power, I measured, with fear and trembling, the immense distance which separated me from the ocean. —The briny dew trickled from my garments—I traversed in this manner the wide expanse of the ethereal plain; when, on a sudden, she let go the veil, and I again fell into the sea. I heard the laughter of the sportive goddess, from which I augured nothing sinister. A beautiful conch of pearl advanced towards me, mounted on an axle of coral, and supported by wheels sparkling with burnished gold. Two white doves were attached to the car; by which I perceived that it belonged to the goddess. I stretched forward my arms; and I fortunately reached the seat, resigning myself entirely to the guidance of the divine birds, and to the will of the divinity. The car (to which the doves were harnessed by a slight band of azure and gold) flew along the surface of the ocean, which it scarcely seemed to touch; the wheels calmed the fury of the waves; and the tempest respected its passage.—It stopped on the shores of the island of Cyprus; and I joyfully leaped on shore.—The car instantly mounted to heaven.—I hastened immediately to the temple of the goddess, who is particularly honored in that island, and whom I ought to adore with the utmost veneration. Prostrate before her altars, I expressed my ardent gratitude for her divine goodness.—I then repaired to the house of a friend united by the sacred bonds of hospitality to my father: he furnished me with every necessary for the continuance of my voyage; when, braving once more the watery element, I embarked; and, after a fortunate navigation, I arrived safely at the hospitable mansion of Eutychius. But the favors of Venus would be still dearer to me, if I could behold the brightest ornament of our country, the eloquent Sappho, no longer a prey to dejection and sorrow. It is, however, flattering to perceive the kind attention with which you have honored my narrative."

Sappho had been so feelingly alive to the history of his perils, that her countenance ingenuously expressed every emotion of the most tender interest and ardent passion—she alternately hoped—feared—and rejoiced with Phaon—She swallowed, even to the last drop, the empoisoned cup which Love presented. Venus, unmerciful Venus, had permitted her to enjoy a few transient hours of repose, with the intention of inflicting fresh wounds; and, still

more to increase the pain of Sappho, she had lavished new charms on the features of Phaon.—She had decreed that he should never return that love which his presence increased every moment: and if the goddess had permitted him to suffer shipwreck, it was with the sole view of adding fresh torments to the troubled heart of Sappho, and to increase, by the tender sentiment of compassion, all the ardor of her unhappy attachment. The assembly applauded the narrative:—his beauty did not charm them less than the recital of his adventures.—Eutychius invited him to take some repose, and conducted him to his apartment.—Sappho retired to her chamber slowly, and still gazing at the door through which Phaon had withdrawn. When Eutychius reflected on the providential arrival of Phaon after his extraordinary adventure, he cherished the hope that he might be able to effect his marriage with Sappho, by invoking the ancient friendship of their families, and by extolling the rare and brilliant qualities which adorned the object of his disdain. His intentions were pure; but they were unavailing. Phaon was insensible to his entreaties: his heart was enslaved by the charms of a fairer mistress: he felt even more than indifference for the proposal of Eutychius; for, by the decrees of celestial vengeance, his aversion to Sappho equalled the love which she felt for him. Through courtesy, however, he strove to conceal his real sentiments: he praised her genius, and lost no opportunity of expressing his respect for her merit.

Eutychius, whose mind was bent on forming this marriage, invoked the sacred rites of hospitality, and the long-subsisting union of their families, in favor of his design. He extolled the advantages that would result from a union so conformable to his wishes: he dwelt with energy on the talents of Sappho, and produced the last verses which she had composed. Alas! of what avail is poetry? It may dispel the clouds of sorrow; but it cannot change aversion into love. The pressing solicitations of Eutychius became at length insupportable; and Phaon determined to quit Sicily. Next morning, in pursuance of this determination, he embarked at sunrise, after having addressed the following letter to Eutychius——

"Phaon to Eutychius, greeting.—'Tis with unfeigned regret that I take leave of a friend, whose hospitality and whose society are so replete with pleasure: yet, I am under the necessity of saying Adieu! I must return to my own country, where Cleonice demands my plighted faith. The zeal you have shown for certain propositions, is very excusable. I am well aware of the interest which hospitality inspires:—pardon my refusal, which has its source in my fidelity. Salute, in my name, the ingenious Sappho:—her merit will attract other lovers, who will eagerly seek a union so truly desirable. When you read this letter, I am furrowing the waves. Entreat the gods to grant me a favorable voyage, and may they grant you happiness and prosperity.—Farewell!'

Phaon gave this letter to a slave, to be delivered to Eutychius as soon as he awoke:—his order was punctually obeyed. Eutychius was afflicted at his sudden departure, and still more at the necessity of announcing it to Sappho, who, from the presence of Phaon and the paternal cares of her host, indulged a dawning hope of obtaining the completion of her wishes. While he

was thus a prey to doubt and perplexity, Sappho appeared, and inquired if he had seen Phaon.—Eutychius was silent; and Sappho, without the most distant suspicion of the fatal event he had to communicate, was surprised at the inattention of her host to her inquiry. She repeated her question, and at length drew from his bosom the secret which friendship wished in vain to conceal.

To burst forth into wild exclamations and desperate complaints—to rush into the arms of her host, in a flood of tears, as into the bosom of a father—this would have been the effect of ordinary affliction. But Sappho saw with one glance the extent of her misery; and, losing in a moment every vestige of hope, she remained speechless—without a sigh, and without a tear. Like the bird trembling under the talons of the eagle, her grief was too profound for expression. She was now sensible to what an excess of humiliation she had fallen: Phaon not only prefers another to her, but he abandons her with disdain. This dreadful stroke might have caused her return to reason, if celestial vengeance had not decided otherwise: for love without hope is sooner or later extinguished—no passion can resist infidelity, or reiterated contempt. Unfortunate Sappho! neither hope deceived, nor the scorn of Phaon, can remove the dark veil from her eyes. She now perceived that the time was come when she was to obey the oracle of the Pythia, and to extinguish her love in the waves, rather than continue to drag on a miserable existence. While her mind was a prey to these gloomy reflexions, she remained immovably, her eyes bent steadfastly on the ground. Eutychius was likewise silent, alternately directing his eyes to Phaon's letter and to Sappho.

Her resolution was now fixed; and she raised her eyes to her host, saying with vehemence, "Pronounce that hated name to me no more! Let him pride himself on the favors of Venus: I shall have the protection of another divinity; and, by her aid, I may perhaps obtain that happy state of insensibility which shall enable me to view the ungrateful Phaon as we contemplate those beautiful marble statues, whose coldness he possesses." Then suddenly snatching the letter from the hands of Eutychius, she tore it into a thousand pieces, and, with trembling lips and faltering accent, exclaimed, "'Tis thus thou hast rent my heart!"—She rushed with precipitation into the darkest recesses of the garden, leaving Eutychius suspended between his surprise at the sudden departure of Phaon, and his tender compassion for the woes of the unhappy Sappho.

(*To be continued.*)

The PLEASURES *of* BENEVOLENCE.

(*Continued from page* 167.)

"I SHALL not trouble your Ladyship with any account of my dear mistress, until her arrival in England, where she has now been about seven years, as her father's health was in a very poor state at that time, and the physicians advised him to try his native air.—He was, my Lady, a West India planter, and one of the best men in the world. There was not a negro upon his estate who would not have laid down his life for him; and when he quitted Jamaica, they all cried, ready to break their hearts.—My poor mistress, I may say, was adored upon the island:—and well she might, God knows; for if any of the slaves were sick, she directly went to see them, and was at once their physician and nurse.

"Well, my Lady, as I said before, we all came to England; and my

master was at first a great deal better: but in a little time he grew worse. He bought a sweet place near Exeter, where he lived as hospitably as any lord.—At length he grew very ill: and the physicians said it was his liver that was *infected;* and so they ordered him to Bath: but a luckless journey, I may say, my Lady, it proved to us all.—There were a number of gentlemen there from the East and West Indies, whom my master had known a great many years before; one of whom introduced a young gentleman, who soon became a mighty favorite at our house; and, for my part, I really thought him a perfect angel upon earth.—That my young mistress thought so too, I easily discovered; and it was soon talked of among the servants, that Mr. F**d was to be my master's son-in-law. But, shortly after this, my poor master grew so ill, that we had no time to think of weddings; and he died soon afterwards —God rest his soul! A day or two before his death, Mr. F**d was shut up with him a matter of three or four hours; and every thing was then settled for the marriage of my young mistress with this vile deceiver.—And married, sure enough, they were, in a little time afterwards, as my poor master on his death-bed requested she would: 'for, my Emily,' said he—I think I hear him this moment—'you will want a protector to guide the inexperience of youth.'—They were married, my Lady, in the very room my poor master died in; for Mr. F**d said it ought to be private; and so he got a special licence, and none of the newspaper writers knew any thing at all about it.—He pretended this was out of delicacy to my poor dear mistresses feelings, who objected to marry so soon after her father's death; and, a few days after the ceremony, we all set out for Ireland.—There we lived a matter of two years, and there poor little master Adolphus was born: but my master came two or three times to England, and at other times was often five or six days from home.—I soon began to discover a great alteration in him: his temper grew peevish and fretful; and I often thought there was something that preyed upon his mind.—I could easily see my dear mistress was not happy, though she tried to conceal it from us servants; and the footman used to say that he found fault with every thing when he was at dinner. —My mistress, who had never had a cross word said to her, often burst into tears; and then he would get up in a great passion, order his horse, and stay out for days together.—Well, my Lady, and so things went on in this shocking manner for a long time; when, one day, a man came on horseback with a letter, and said he must not go without an answer to it. —My mistress consulted with me about opening it; and, as she knew not where to send to Mr. F**d, I advised her to read it; which, after much hesitation, she did.—She had not read three lines, when I observed her change color, and, from being red as scarlet, she became pale as death:—her hands trembled: she gave a shriek never to be forgotten, and then fell from her chair, to all appearance lifeless.

"I had the dear child in my arms: I laid him down upon the carpet, and, snatching up the letter, put it into my pocket; then ringing the bell violently, I told the servants my mistress had fallen down in a fit.—We carried her up stairs, and sent for the physician, who for several hours really thought she was dead. But no one knew where to

send for my master, as only the groom, who always went with him, was in his secrets.

"At length my dearest mistress recovered her senses; though God knows I thought she was raving; for, as soon as she could speak, she desired the other servants all to go out of the room, and then says she to me—'Martha, did you not think I was a married woman? but, alas! Martha, I am not married! Mr. F**d has a wife now in England; and my dearest Adolphus has no right to the name he bears!' She then wrung her hands, wept bitterly, and again fell back into one of those fits from which she had so lately been recovered.

"Though, at another time, I would not have looked at a line of any letter that belonged to my mistress, yet, knowing the fatal one I had in my pocket had been the occasion of her illness, I thought I should be excusable in looking at it—as I should then know whether she was delirious, and whether my master was really married again.—I opened it therefore, my Lady; but God knows I could scarcely read it; for it began by telling my master that the writer feared his wife was at the point of death; that she had caught a fever from his eldest daughter, who had been buried that very morning; and that the three younger children were in a very dangerous state, and all confined to their beds.—The writer implored him to set off for England immediately, and accused him of making his law-suit a pretence for remaining in Ireland.

"This, my Lady, was the chief of that dreadful letter: but the writer said something about my master having been married five years to his sister, and never having lived with her as many months.—My poor mistress, as soon as she recovered from the fit into which she had fallen, and was a little composed, called for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote a letter to the wretch who had been the ruin of her; in which she inclosed the one which had exposed his baseness, which she desired the footman to give him, as soon as he returned.—She then ordered a post-chaise to be sent for, and, desiring me to pack up all the child's and my own clothes, we quitted a place where she had enjoyed but little happiness, that very night at twelve o'clock, and reached Dublin about two hours before the packet sailed for England. When we arrived at Holyhead, my mistress accidentally heard of a cottage to be let about thirty miles distant, which, as the master of the inn had the disposal of it, she immediately agreed to take. There we went, my Lady; and there we continued until within a few months.

"At first, my poor mistress was in constant apprehension that the vile wretch, who had so cruelly deceived her, should find her out, and take the dear baby from her, who was all the comfort she had left in the world: but, from the time we quitted Ireland, we have never heard whether he is alive or dead.—Fortunately, it was settled in the marriage-writings, that my mistress should receive three hundred a year for herself; and that sum she has regularly received ever since.—About five months ago, she was seised with a nervous fever, which reduced her to the brink of the grave; and, by the advice of the physicians, she came into Devonshire."

Here the attached Martha closed her affecting narrative, which drew tears from the eyes of her sympathetic auditors; when Mr. Colville eagerly inquired whether she knew

the name of the gentleman who paid Mrs. Sinclair's annual income; and being informed it was Frazier, he declared him to have been his schoolfellow.

At that moment Mrs. Sinclair's bell sounded violently: the faithful Martha flew up stairs: Lady Mortimer was preparing to follow her, when the most violent shriek assailed her ears. The alarmed trio rapidly followed, and found the faithful creature hanging over her lifeless mistress.—The agitation of the other servant was scarcely less violent; but, as soon as she recovered, she said she had never moved, from supposing her mistress was sleeping: but the time being expired when the doctor had given particular orders for her to take the medicine, she went to the side of the bed, and having spoken several times without perceiving any motion, she gently touched her extended hand, and was horror-struck at finding it cold and stiff.—This melancholy event threw the whole party into the greatest consternation. Lady Mortimer caught the terrified Adolphus in her arms, and, pressing him with tenderness to her bosom, said, "Dear, unfortunate innocent! I will protect thee with a mother's care."—The agitated Martha dropped on her knees before her, and, with uplifted hands, exclaimed, "Heaven reward you for your goodness! but, oh! my Lady! do not part us: let me but be your servant: I will do any thing."

The amiable Lady Mortimer kindly raised her from that humiliating posture, and assured her that she should not be separated from Adolphus, whose plaintive cries for his poor mother deeply affected every one.

Mr. Colville immediately undertook to write to Mr. Frazier, who he did not doubt would be able to give him some information of the unprincipled F**d: but it was agreed that he should act with the greatest caution, as Lady Mortimer declared her resolution of not resigning the child to the protection of so wicked a man; but, as his poor mother's fortune would necessarily devolve to him, it appeared requisite to Mr. Colville to adopt some method of securing him the possession of it.

Mr. Colville having affixed seals to the drawers of the deceased, and given directions to the undertaker, the three friends quitted the house of mourning, accompanied by the little Adolphus; while Martha remained to watch the body of her beloved mistress, and pay it that respect which it so justly merited.

(*To be continued.*) page 25

The BROTHERS; *a Moral Tale.*

(*Continued from page* 162.)

CHAP. 10.

——————— By no possesion led,
In freedom foster'd, and by fortune fed—
Nor guides nor rules his sovereign choice control—
His body independent as his soul—
Loos'd to the world's wide range—enjoy'd no aim, [name—
Prescrib'd no duty, and assign'd no
Nature's unbounded son, he stands alone—
His heart unbiass'd, and his mind his own. *Savage.*

WE must now recur to the principal hero of our tale: yet to trace him through the various scenes of his erratic life, would be a task equally difficult and unpleasant. We should have only the melancholy view of a man possessing the choicest gifts of nature, wasting them with heedless negligence—entering upon no steady pursuit, but guided by the impulse of the moment—and, with abilities equal to any thing, not turning them either to pleasure or to profit—at some times yielding to the most supine negligence, and at

others wandering from place to place, till he had traversed a great part of the European continent.

The necessary resources for these travels were supplied by billiards; for so pre-eminent was his skill, that those who presumed to doubt it, generally suffered for their temerity: yet, without descending to use any artifices that could throw a stigma upon his fame, he was, nevertheless, known only in a way that detracted from his respectability.

With all his eccentricities, he was, however, a passionate admirer of the sublime and beautiful; and, while ruminating among such scenes as raise the soul, "from nature up to nature's God," he would lament the hours spent in those vitiated societies, where his talents had been lost, and his mind, though not debased, yet perverted and seduced from the nobler pursuits of which it was capable.

In one of his rambles in the Pyrenees, he met his brother at a small inn, where, from similar motives, they had each resolved to spend a short time. Thus thrown together by the confined limits of such accommodations as could alone be procured, they only knew each other under their assumed names; and, if Frederic was struck with the placidity, depth of information (which no one was more capable of appreciating) and gentleman-like quietude of Mr. Williams, the latter was no less pleased with the spirit, intelligence, and penetration of Monsieur D'Armontel. Yet, amid all the exuberance of his wit and animation of his vivacity, it was easy to perceive that his condition was unhappy, and his mind at war with itself.

The elder brother, with the philanthropy inherent in his disposition, turned their discourse, at all seasonable opportunities, on subjects calculated to sooth a wounded spirit; and, from the hours they passed together, a change in Frederic's disposition might be traced, though it remained for other events, and still dearer society, to perfect its reformation.

When the time arrived for their separation, it occasioned a mutual regret; and, as Frederic pursued his way to Paris, he often felt a wish of emulating the respectability of his undiscovered relative, who was then prosecuting his tour into Spain; and who, missing the agreeable society of his late companion, was almost tempted to condemn those cautious maxims, which had withheld him from attempting to prolong his association with this interesting young man. It seemed evident that he had no ties, nor any regular plan of conduct, and probable that he would have complied with any invitation, which offered the sort of regularity and control upon his motions, to which he used feelingly to lament their not being subjected. When the elevation of his spirits subsided, Frederic had more than once observed to his brother, that he envied those who had any sort of systematic plan by which they modelled their lives, as he was conscious, were he with any one he esteemed, he could abjure his unsettled habits, and willingly accommodate himself to the comforts of a domestic *routine*;—while now, uncared for and unconnected, he never knew whether he might stay an hour or a month in a place, and was only certain, that, when he changed the scene, it would be for some other equally indifferent.

This sort of discourse had always struck the elder brother as extraordinary; for, while every thought,

every sentiment of his companion's heart, seemed carelessly disclosed, he never adverted to the real situation of his affairs—never mentioned a connexion with any family, though, as far as an unbounded fund of anecdote and information extended, his acquaintance, both British and continental, appeared universal. He never however spoke of relatives, or reverted to any domestic scenes, except when he named a French family, with whom he had accidentally, and unintroduced, formed an intimacy the preceding year, and, while staying in their house, had, for the first time, envied the comforts of connubial happiness, and a settled establishment.

Mr. Williams could not but look upon it as remarkable, that a man like this should not seem to belong to any one; and, as he had once inadvertently styled himself "an outcast from his family and fortune," was there not room to apprehend that something exceptionable lurked beneath a prepossessing exterior? In short, his character was shaded by such impenetrable obscurity, that Williams would have considered himself improperly confident, in seeking a longer intimacy, or closer association.

When Frederic reached the French metropolis, he found it all bustle and agitation; and, while the rage for politics pervaded every rank, he could not singly escape the general contagion. His opinions, however, followed not those of the multitude: his soul revolted from the scenes of atrocity that have stamped an indelible disgrace on the annals of France: his every thought recoiled from the prospect; and his views and his wishes were directed to his own country. A bright spark of British ardor was kindled in his bosom. He resolved to return to England, and, by his abilities and exertions, to attain some importance in a kingdom, which experience taught him was preferable to any other part of the world he had visited. Should war, as was then fully expected, be declared, he determined, in any line that might open to him, to unite his efforts with those of her other brave defenders, toward repelling the attacks of a people, whom he could not reflect upon without abhorrence. After surmounting the difficulties which at that period attended the departure from France, we may at length land our hero at Southampton, where, among the first persons he saw, was Lord Hardsburgh, a most dissipated young nobleman, who, two years before, had quitted Florence in disgrace, without discharging his debts of honor, among which was one to Frederic himself.

No sight could be more unwelcome to his lordship, than that of such a creditor; and, as he dared not refuse returning his salutation, he attempted, by some ill-feigned excuses which completely evinced the native meanness of his character, to apologise for his hasty departure from their former scenes of meeting. He entreated that the circumstances which had preceded it, might not be spoken of in his native country, and promised to repair his former deficiency as soon as it should be in his power—at the same time protesting that he could not then command fifty guineas, having, by such cursed luck as never man was pestered with, exhausted not only his own resources, but the patience of his friends. He added, that, merely to enable him to go on, he had acceded to their wishes for his marrying, and was now come into Hampshire, to wait till matters were arranged for celebration, hav-

ing left to his parents the task of courting the happy fair, whose fortune had been the inducement for their selection.

One of Frederic's first employments, upon his return, had been to inform himself of the situation of national affairs. The most hostile preparations seemed every where going on with ardor. The militia regiments were called forth; and he accidentally had observed, in the Court Calendar, that Lord Hardsburgh's father commanded one of them.

In his new-born spirit of patriotism, and anxiety to evince it, he was struck with the idea of entering this service, as one that could be more readily embraced than any other; and a sort of half-born hope of doing it without loss of time, by means of Lord Hardsburgh, had been his primary object in thus renewing the acquaintance.

He perfectly knew that his lordship's character rendered all delicacy superfluous, and therefore, stating his present wishes, proposed an oblivion of all former transactions, on their being complied with, and only enjoined that the commission should be made out to him, as Frederic Richmond.

The affair was easily adjusted. Lord Hardsburgh knew, that, when his father had an important point like that of his marriage to carry, he would indulge him in all less material requests; and, agreeably to his anticipation, he immediately obtained a company in his regiment; while the receiver, whom we must hereafter style by the fresh name he thought proper to adopt, with all the precipitancy that marked his character, lost no time in joining the regiment, or in endeavouring, to the utmost of his power, to fulfill the new duties with which he was invested.

(*To be continued.*)

The Dutch Patriots *of the Sixteenth Century.*

(*Continued from page* 157.)

In the middle of that vast ocean which separates the two hemispheres, rises an immense pile of rocks coëval with the world, and whose summit braves the lightning's blaze, while their feet mock the rage of the tempest. They are surrounded by a groupe of isles clothed with eternal verdure; and, in the centre of that bold assemblage of irregular rocks, Nature, actuated by eternal laws, has formed a profound and capacious cavern, whose wondrous structure impresses the beholder with awe.

'Tis there that dwells Ocanor, to whom is intrusted the empire of the waves; and, from the height of those enormous piles, he views the sea majestically rolling round the earth. When the vapors, exhaled from the surface of the deep, swim through the atmosphere embodied in clouds, 'tis he who commands the winds to waft to the various regions of the globe those floating lakes, that they may descend in numerous torrents to fertilise the subject earth, and by new supplies enable the rivers to roll their wonted tribute to the ocean. No tempests have ever dared to disturb his sacred abode; and if at times the audacious waves lift their heads against those rocks, they are suddenly checked aloft in air; their hoarse bellowing is stilled to silence; and they fall back into the deep. Happy the mariner, whose wandering bark can reach these isles while the rage of the tempest is abroad! On every side they present safe harbours, where neither the anchor's bite nor the twisted cable is necessary; while, from the summits of the rocks, incessantly burst forth springs of pure limpid water, which, uniting in streams below, roll with harmonious murmurs through shady groves, and pursue their placid course, till they

mingle with the briny waves of the tumultuous deep.—'Twas there that Liberty alighted from her aërial flight.

"O thou," said she, "whose waters originally covered the earth, when first emerged from the dark night of chaos! powerful genius of the waves! if thou inspirest with my sentiments the daring navigator who traverses thy azure domain—if thou hast more than once aided me in laying the foundations of mighty empires—now is the moment when it behoves us to unite our most strenuous exertions to overcome the greatest obstacles that ever have opposed my power. Behold yon country which stands embosomed in thy waters, and where formerly our laws were seen to flourish! At present she groans and sinks under the yoke of my audacious adversaries. Let us re-establish, within her boundaries, my empire and thine. Let her flag, displayed on every sea, again make its appearance with so much splendor, that the Batavians shall be considered by the universe as a new nation, who, occupying as it were but a speck of land on the globe, shall astonish mankind by the greatness of their enterprises, and make known our power even to those remote regions which hail the new-born sun as he issues from the rosy chambers of the east, and to those distant climes where he tinges his wearied steeds in the western wave.—Behold, in that other land, those heroes who have already signalised their courage in the defence of their country, and who, undiscouraged by misfortune, at this moment meditate projects of still greater boldness and magnanimity. To them also deign to accord thy friendly aid.—I do not come, in opposition to the irrevocable decrees of fate, to conjure thee to screen the Batavian from the disasters which he is destined to experience in thy domain—I only entreat thee to alleviate them, and render them productive of his greater glory and felicity."

As she thus addressed the god, the noble harmony of her voice is wafted in solemn echoes o'er the listening waves: the winds are hushed to reverential silence; and every ship which steered her course through the adjoining tract of ocean, suddenly arrested by the siren charm, stands motionless on the bosom of the deep.

"I promise thee," replied Ocanor, "to give that nation my firm support: nor is this the first time that thy efforts and mine have been exerted to afford each other mutual aid."

He said, and casting a favorable look on the land of the Batavians, the waves placidly rolled with gentle murmurs to their shores—a happy presage, at which a smile of delight beamed on the countenance of the goddess. She immediately spread her pinions, and winged her way to the camp of Coligni.

A tthat moment, a dream presented to the mind of William a confused image of those events which fate was preparing. He fancied himself on the sea-shore: inspired by the sublime spectacle of that boisterous element which man has rendered subservient to his will, he inhaled the enlivening breath of Zephyr, listened with delight to the majestic sound of the waves, and with discursive eye surveyed the boundless expanse of ocean, when sudden he sees a female form advance through the azure plains, wearing the features which mortals have assigned to the warlike daughter of Jove.

"Batavians!" said she—"and thou, chief of the Batavians! lo! Holland and Zealand invite you. Your glory, your country, claim your speedy return. Although the Belgian and the

German have disappointed your ardent hopes—behold! a new field is opened for the display of your courage!"

She said, and, pointing o'er the deep, directed his eyes to a fleet rapidly furrowing the waves, which soon appears to approach the shore. In the eagerness of his transport, he embraces the prows of the vessels, calls his warlike friends with loud cries, and, together with them, rushes on board the ships. But the excess of his joy awakes him; and the fleet, the sea, and the goddess, have vanished from his sight. Still, however, his ears resound with the murmurs of the waves: the celestial voice long vibrates on his heart, repeating the names of Holland and Zealand; and the rising beams of day can hardly dispel the illusion, and calm the agitation of his soul.

Nassau, concentred within himself, and afraid to indulge a delusive hope, was absorpt by the sentiments which predominated in his heart, when two warriors arrived, who were the bearers of an important message. The Batavian chiefs immediately introduce them to William's tent.

"'Tis Barneveldt," said one of them, "who sends us; and we come to inform William that two of the Batavian provinces are secretly arming—determined, even without any other aid, to attack the overgrown colossus of tyranny....."

"Holland and Zealand!" interrupted William.

"The same," replied the warrior: "and they have already nominated their chief, if he dare to participate their danger."

"He were unworthy of their choice," rejoined William, "if not animated with equal courage."

"The field then lies open before you," exclaimed the warrior; "nor will you delay to enter upon it together with your valiant bands: the inhabitants of those provinces await your arrival, to encounter death by your side."

Coligni, meanwhile, impatient to impart to his friend the success of his exertions to enable him once more to enter the martial career, tears himself from the embraces of sleep, and makes his appearance at this instant in the tent of William. For a moment he silently contemplates the hero; and, seeing hope and joy beaming on his countenance—

"My illustrious friend!" says he, "I read in your countenance the thoughts of your soul:—friendship like ours does not need the vulgar medium of speech to convey its sentiments: the Batavians, of whose courage I entertained a favorable presentiment, invite you to march at their head; and you are preparing to depart:—scarcely have we enjoyed the happiness of clasping you to our bosoms, when you are about to escape from our embraces. At the port of Rochelle, lies a squadron of ships subject to my orders: Batavians! they are yours, together with whatever gold I can command. Genlis, Lanoue, and the warriors whom those chiefs heretofore conducted to join your banners in Belgium, are ambitious of the honor of still following your fortunes. The feeble assistance which I offer you, is far from commensurate to the daring greatness of your enterprise: but Coligni, to his latest breath, will continue your faithful ally; and the Gallic warriors who shall range themselves under your standards—united to you by a communion of interests—will adhere to you in the hour of your most tremendous perils..... I will not hear your generous refusal: I see the storm for a season diverted from our heads: you court it: I insist, therefore—let my zeal and my

friendship authorise the expression—I insist that you accept my offers, and consent that the sons of France—and, among the rest, I, your friend—shall have the honor of contributing to the success of your glorious undertaking."

Too deeply affected to return an answer, William embraces Coligni, and immediately orders his brothers to assemble the Batavians. Their valiant bands soon march forth to view in battle array: the chiefs take their stations in front; and Nassau, whose port and features assume more than mortal majesty, while his eyes seem to flash with vivid lightnings, thus addresses them——

(*To be continued.*)

The Fleet Prison; *or a* Cure *for* Extravagance.

(*Continued from page* 150.)

As my ideas expanded, and as what I considered my knowledge of the world increased, the counsel and opinions of my former adviser imperceptibly lost their weight: yet, by calling to my recollection the antipathy of my respected father, he at once roused my attention, and interested my feelings.—Still, however, Colonel Leinster had, by studying the weaknesses of my character, by flattering my follies, and encouraging my natural propensities, so deeply ingratiated himself into my good opinion, that it was impossible for any insinuations of Malcombe materially to injure him.—To that votary of dissipation I considered myself indebted for the highest of earthly enjoyments; for to him I owed my introduction in Cumberland Street; and, in the society of the captivating marchioness, I felt myself raised to the summit of human happiness. My ideas were likewise enlarged—my understanding purified from those confined conceptions, which a recluse (as I might not improperly term myself) naturally acquires; and, by furnishing me with books which proved that our passions were given us for the indulgence of them, he stripped vice of its deformity, and dressed it in an alluring garb.

Every expensive pleasure that could be obtained, I considered myself authorised to partake of. Women, wine, and cards, were alternately my pursuit; and though, on my first entrance upon the gay theatre of the world, I had an invincible aversion to the latter, yet, under the auspices of Leinster, I visited every noted gaming-house in town.—By what means it happened that the two decided depredators upon upon my property assimilated, or by what charm their inveterate antipathy was appeased, I never was able to discover: but, in less than a month after Malcombe's return to London, I had the happiness of seeing them perfectly reconciled.—I make use of the term *happiness*, because, though I had ceased to esteem Malcombe, I could not forget that he was a person for whom my father had often expressed a regard: and, as Lady L***, at the request of Colonel Leinster, had invited him to her parties, I was no longer obliged occasionally to refuse an invitation through civility to him.

As I had always supposed that a colonel in the army must be a man of fortune, I was not a little astonished at Leinster's asking me to lend him a couple of thousand pounds, and still more so, at finding that Malcombe had been previously acquainted with his intention.—Instead of dissuading me from acceding to the proposal, as I had expected, he pointed out the strong proof it was of the colonel's friend-

ship; "for, flattered and admired as he is," said he, "by all his acquaintance, there are, doubtless, hundreds who would have been happy to oblige him."

In this happiness, however, I believe I had no competitor. I gave him an order upon my banker, and received his draught, payable to my order in the course of six months.—Colonel Leinster was not the only person who honored me with this mark of friendship; for the Countess of L*** informed me that she had had an uncommon run of ill-luck at cards, and implored me, by the affection I felt for her daughter, to lend her five hundred pounds.—It is impossible to express the gratification I experienced at having the power of testifying my esteem for Lady L***:—I instantly flew to my banker, and returned with double the sum.—This circumstance, out of delicacy to her ladyship's feelings, I carefully concealed from Malcombe, who, from being an agent in all my money transactions, was extremely puzzled to know how I had disposed of this thousand pounds.

When I first entered upon what is termed a life of gaiety, I was frequently restrained from committing excesses, by the warning voice of conscience; but, by degrees, her impressions lost their influence, and at length were totally disregarded.

My attachment for the marchioness had hitherto prevented me from accompanying the colonel to any of those houses of iniquity with which the metropolis abounds; but, being one night extremely struck by the loveliness of a young female whom I saw in one of the boxes, I accepted the invitation of her *chaperon* to attend her home. The most interesting dejection was portrayed upon this charming creature's countenance; and, in her manners, she was totally unlike any of her unfortunate class:—in short, had not her companion betrayed the nature of her situation, I should have supposed her to have been a strictly virtuous girl.

A delicate supper was, as if by enchantment, placed before us; but no persuasion could induce my fair companion to eat; and, when I began to rally her upon her *chaperon* having selected such a disgusting fellow for her companion, she burst into a violent flood of grief.—Softened by her tears, and interested by an appearance of modesty, I implored her to inform me how she came to be an inhabitant of such a place; when, recovering herself a little from the violence of her agitation, she gave me the following sketch of her life—

"It is not, Sir, from a consciousness of guilt or depravity, that I wish to conceal a name which has always been considered as respectable—but from that delicacy offeeling which must naturally be excited by your discovering me an apparently willing associate of those who are lost to every sense of shame.

"My father was a respectable grazier in Leicestershire, and, until a very few years before his death, was considered as a very moneyed man: but, from the extravagance of my elder brother, who went into the army, and a fatal disorder which affected his cattle, his affairs became embarrassed; and the distress of mind from these combined misfortunes ultimately occasioned his death.—As my beloved father rented the greater part of his land of Sir William Davenport, his amiable lady used frequently to honor my mother with a call; and, during childhood, I was fortunate enough to attract her ladyship's attention and regard.—In the course of each

year, I always spent several months at the Castle; and to those happy visits do I ascribe the few acquirements I possess; for, during those periods, Lady Davenport not only condescended to instruct me, but permitted me to receive lessons from the different masters who attended the young ladies."

Here the recollection of what she had been, struck so forcibly upon the feelings of my fair narrator, that she burst into a violent flood of tears; and it was some time before she was sufficiently recovered to proceed with her interesting narrative.

"Though my poor father had been long ill, yet his death was sudden; and his spirits were so dreadfully depressed by misfortune, that he had not resolution to arrange his affairs: and my elder brother, who at that time had obtained leave of absence, took possession of the wreck of that property which had once been affluent.—Fortunately, my dearest mother had a rich relative, who kindly offered his house as an asylum to herself and my little sister—at the same time informing her, that, as I was old enough, I ought to support myself.

"I was too happy at the prospect of having my dear mother and sister provided for, to repine at those misfortunes which had fallen upon myself; and I resolved to write immediately to the amiable Lady Davenport, who was then in London, and implore her to procure for me any situation which she thought me able to fill.—The return of the post brought me a letter from my benefactress, filled with the most condescending expressions of sympathy and regret, and concluding by desiring me immediately to come to London, and remain with her, until an eligible situation could be provided.

When the period arrived for my quitting the abode of my childhood, an insurmountable presentiment of evil overwhelmed my spirits; and, though certain of meeting with the kindest reception from Lady Davenport, I parted from my beloved mother with the deepest regret.—Faithful presentiment! undefinable anticipation!—But I beg your pardon, Sir, for thus yielding to the impressions of sorrow:—I will, if possible, proceed, without trespassing upon your patience by any unconnected remarks.—When I arrived at Leicester, I found three of its inhabitants, and a total stranger, seated in the stage-coach. The latter, perceiving my spirits extremely agitated, addressed herself to me with all the kindness of an old acquaintance: but the former, who were of one party, seemed not in the slightest degree affected by my distress.—This humanity on the part of a stranger acted as a cordial to my depressed spirits; and, when we stopped to take refreshment, I unhesitatingly answered all her questions; and, when made perfectly acquainted with the reverse of fortune I had experienced, she informed me that I had excited the liveliest interest in her breast.—'You have, it is true, my dear girl,' said she, 'found a kind friend in Lady Davenport: but I have long known her ladyship; and, destitute as you are, I think it my duty to tell you, she is the most capricious woman that ever lived.—You have hitherto, you know, only occasionally visited in the family; and you always had a comfortable home to receive you when those visits terminated: but *now* you have *no* home; and you must be dependent upon her bounty, for the very means of supporting your existence.—Pardon me, my sweet girl,' continued the artful hypocrite, perceiving she had ex-

cited the most painful emotions—' pardon me, for thus wounding your feelings by drawing a comparison between your *past* and *present* condition: the motive which induces me to act toward you with the confidence of friendship, will, I trust, plead as an excuse; but, from the moment you stepped into the coach, I felt an interest excited, which cannot be described by the power of words.—You are, in fact, my dear young lady, the very counterpart of a beloved daughter, whom, about eighteen months back, I had the misfortune to lose; and the interest you have excited by *that resemblance*, draws my affection toward you with the softest, the tenderest cord.—I have still two daughters, who reside with me: but, alas! how different are they in their disposition from my ever-to-be-lamented Emma! for they are so devoted to the gaieties of the metropolis, that they can find little time to spend in the society of their mother.—Should Lady Davenport, which Heaven avert! again prove that capricious being I have too often known her, with me, my dear madam, you shall always find a sanctuary; and I trust you will supply the place of my adored Emma.'

"Tears apparently accompanied this unexpected mark of friendship; for her handkerchief was frequently applied to her eyes; and her voice faltered at the mention of her deceased daughter, with all the tremor of unfeigned grief.—Grateful did I feel to Providence for having thus unexpectedly raised me up a protectress in case Lady Davenport's friendship should decline; and I endeavoured to express my sense of her kindness, in language which flowed from the heart.

"Nothing material occurred during the remaining part of our journey, until we arrived within six miles of town, when, by the carelessness of the driver, the carriage was overturned.—Providentially, no material accident happened; but, as I was seated on the side which fell undermost, I unfortunately struck my head against the glass; and whether I was stunned by the fall or whether my brain had received a concussion, I do not know; but when recollection returned, I found myself in this detestable house.—Of the accident I had scarcely any recollection; and, upon inquiring where I was, my pretended friend appeared, described in exaggerated terms the danger I had encountered, and implored me not to speak a word.—Though she assured me I had remained several days in a state of insensibility, I have reason to believe it was not as many hours; but at that time, having no reason to doubt her assertions, I unhesitatingly credited the report.

"Though Mrs. C*** would fain have persuaded me that I still suffered from the accident, my own feelings contradicted her words; and I requested permission to write to Lady Davenport, for the purpose of informing her where I was.—This request was unhesitatingly complied with; but, in the course of a couple of hours, the servant who had been sent with the letter, returned with the mortifying intelligence that her ladyship had quitted London the preceding afternoon.—This intelligence, which at once mortified and astonished me, seemed to increase Mrs. C***'s attention. She implored me to remain under her protection, and renewed her remarks upon the versatility of Lady Davenport.—I could not however be dissuaded from writing into Leicestershire: but I have too much reason to believe that my letter

never was sent; and I equally doubt the truth of the intelligence of her ladyship having quitted the metropolis.

"To describe, Sir, the horror, the almost distracted state of my feelings, as time unveiled to me the real character of my pretended friend, is totally impossible: I must therefore leave it to your imagination.—That she possesses a superior understanding, I need scarcely inform you:—but, oh! how has she perverted those talents which were designed for a noble use! All the arguments that sophistry could suggest, or invention furnish, were resorted to, for the purpose of reconciling me to her infamous mode of life.—When these failed, she endeavoured to terrify me into compliance:—a most exorbitant bill was delivered for my board; a sham officer of justice was sent for, to arrest me; and I was threatened with being inclosed within a dreary prison's walls.—At this moment of despair, friendless and entirely destitute, a thought occurred to me, which Providence certainly inspired:—I appeared to relent—requested time for consideration—and the pretended bailiff was immediately discharged.

"How I rejoice, that reason has at length triumphed over prejudice!' exclaimed the vile Mrs. ***, encircling me in her arms.—'Were charms like those which now contemplate,' she continued, bestowed for the purpose of being wasted on the desert air? No, my sweet girl! nature formed you to ask in the sun-shine of prosperity: and this very night you shall be convinced of the truth of my remark.'—So saying, she rang the bell for her footman, and desired him to secure two places in the boxes.—With a mixture of hope and fear, I dressed myself for the representation—having first fallen on my knees, and implored the Almighty Protector of innocence to shield me from her arts, and conduct me to some benevolent being who in mercy would restore me to my friends.—And oh! Sir!" continued the agitated narrator, clasping her hands, and raising her lovely eyes to heaven, "if in you I do not behold a guardian angel to snatch me from this scene of iniquity, and save me from the snares with which I am surrounded, I am lost to every hope of peace and happiness!"

"Save you!" I repeated, pressing her still clasped hands to my bosom—"I will save you, or perish in the attempt:—but where is the wretch," I exclaimed in the most elevated accent, "who has dared to entrap unspotted innocence?"

During the preceding recital, my feelings had been worked up to the most violent pitch; and, ringing the bell, I, with an air of authority, desired the servant who obeyed the summons, to send in his mistress.

"My mistress, Sir," replied the man, "was taken ill during supper, and, upon quitting the room, fell down in a fit; or perhaps," continued he, casting a significant glance at my companion, "you would not have been left so long by yourselves."

"Call a coach this instant," said I, in a tone of authority.—"It is as much as my place is worth, Sir," replied the man.—"Then, Sir, you may depend upon it, to-morrow morning a magistrate shall supply you with a new situation; and now, Sir, at your peril, refuse fetching a coach."—The man bowed, and in a few minutes informed me a coach was waiting at the door.—I seised the hand of my trembling compa-

nion, and, unmolested, conducted her to it.

Though the watchman was then calling one in the morning, I ordered the coachman to drive to Sir William Davenport's, giving him at the same time particular orders not to knock violently at the door.—The family had retired to rest, as I expected: but the porter answered the rap in the course of a few minutes, and, in a tone of astonishment, demanded who was there.—"It is *I*, Richard," said my agitated companion, in a voice at once soft and tremulous.—"Lord bless ye, Miss ***! how glad I be to see you! for we have all of us been frightened out of our wits about you.—Why, Miss, 'tis a matter of a fortnight since my lady expected you by the Leicester coach!"

While honest Richard was saying this, he was letting down the steps of the carriage:—but never shall I forget his countenance, when we entered the hall, and he beheld the object of his solicitude, instead of being simply dressed for travelling, arrayed in the gaudy costume of a playhouse.—Until that moment, the impropriety of Miss ***'s appearance had never struck me.—I was, however, prevented from making any remark by the violent ringing of a bell, which the porter declared to be his master's, and in the same instant ascended the stairs.—"Have the goodness," said I, "to present Mr. Lessington's compliments to Sir William, and assure him that nothing but the peculiarly distressed situation of this young lady could have induced me to trespass upon him at such an unseasonable hour: but, if he will allow me to have five minutes' conversation with him, I shall consider it as a great favor."

"I thought I recollected your face, Sir," said Richard, with one of those glances which convey neither approbation nor regard. I was, however, prevented from replying to the observation, by the object of my solicitude falling from her chair.—The agitation which her perilous condition had excited, was too powerful for her feelings: but, by the aid of those sustaining elements, water and air, she was restored to recollection in less than a quarter of an hour.—During the period of her insensibility, Sir William Davenport made his appearance; and, though sympathy marked his features, there was a coldness in his manner, which I ascribed to those refined ideas of propriety, which I had always known to mark his character.

Aware that it was impossible for the amiable girl to repeat the story which I had a short time before listened to with such varying emotions, I took upon myself the part of narrator, without the slightest deviation, and soon perceived the effect it produced upon the mind of my auditor, by seeing him clasp the lately destined prey of iniquity and seduction in his protecting arms.—"Next to that Almighty Power which has so miraculously preserved you, my dear Maria," said he, "do we owe our thanks to Mr. Lessington."—"Lessington!" she repeated—"Surely my deliverer is not Mr. Lessington, of Lessington Lodge?"—"Yes, my dear girl," replied Sir William: "it is to him that we owe an everlasting obligation."

"I not only wished, Sir William," said I, "to deliver your *protégée* into your protection, but to consult you in what manner it would be advisable to act toward the vile woman who detained her, and who wished to sacrifice her purity, and destroy her virtuous principles."

"This subject, my dear Sir," replied the baronet, requires mature

deliberation; for, though I think no punishment can be too great for a wretch so lost to every principle of virtue, yet I am aware that we cannot expose her without the public appearance of my charge; and the very idea of having it known that she had for some days resided in a house of iniquity, is repugnant to every delicate feeling."

"Oh! my generous protector! in mercy save me from such a degradation!" said the agitated Maria: "for, though my conscience assures me I am perfectly innocent, the world may suppose that I voluntarily remained an inmate of that detested habitation; and my heart recoils at the thought of being suspected."

Every thing I saw, every word I heard uttered by this lovely creature, tended to increase that admiration which the first transient interview had inspired; and, pleased as I had been with the Marchionesses society, I felt a superior sensation of delight in that of Maria.—The former certainly possessed all the urbanity of good breeding, with a degree of interesting softness; but, in the latter, I fancied I could trace the intelligent companion, without any deficiency of politeness or address.

Though I felt the force of Sir William's remarks, I could not bear the idea of suffering a wretch like Mrs. G*** to pursue her iniquitous plans; and, though I took leave of the Baronet without making him acquainted with my intention, I resolved to threaten her with a prosecution that very morning.

(To be continued.)

What might be.

(Concluded from page 178.)

Major Beauchamp had been too ardent in his endeavours to extricate his friend from his thraldom, to reflect upon the unpleasant predicament in which those exertions had involved him:—he had professed an attachment to a woman whose principles he detested, and whose character she had herself proved to be despicable; and, though he had not attempted to practise the arts of seduction, she had consented to follow him to any part of the globe.—This woman he had actually taken into his protection, under pretence of attachment; and he was aware, that, if he exasperated her by avowing the motive which actuated him, she might, from revenge, be reconciled to Lady Gertrude, and thus blight all the opening prospects of his friend.—These thoughts occurred in rapid succession, the moment Sir Frederic Montgomery quitted the room; when, taking out his watch, he appeared in great consternation, at perceiving the hand nearly pointed at One.

"My dear Dupont," said he, "I had not the slightest conception that it was so late an hour; and I told the mistress of the lodging I had prepared for you, that you would be there, if you came this evening, by eleven, at furthest; for I could not foresee the rupture which happened between you and Lady Gertrude, and therefore doubted whether I should be able to persuade you to quit her immediately.—For this night, therefore, I must leave you under the care of Mrs. Legoxton (Sir Frederic Montgomery's sister); but, to-morrow morning, I will convey you to your new habitation; and you may depend upon seeing me by ten o'clock."

As Dupont perceived the propriety of this measure, she did not attempt to raise any objections; and Major Beauchamp, shaking her by the hand, said he would go to Mrs.

Legoxton, and beg her to order some supper to be brought.—To have allowed Dupont to escape until the restitution of the bond, would have been impolitic: yet, as Mrs. Legoxton did not like the idea of a female of such loose principles associating with her servants, she entreated Major Beauchamp to invite her into the drawing-room, as none of her own domestics knew who she was.

The moment Major Beauchamp had fulfilled his embassy, he took leave of the party for the night, and retired to his lodgings, deliberating in what manner the disappointed fair one was to be appeased.—Though he had had recourse to art, yet his disposition was naturally too ingenuous, to allow him to practise it without repugnance; and he resolved, if Lady Gertrude returned to Sir Frederic the bond in question, to avow the motive by which he had been actuated.

At an early hour the next morning, Sir Frederic Montgomery delivered his letter for Lady Gertrude into the hands of his friend, who immediately set out with it to the Edgware Road.—When he arrived at the gardener's, he observed a travelling-equipage drawn up at the private gate; and, as he was felicitating himself upon his early visit, he perceived Lady Gertrude Montravers approaching it.—With the eagerness of an old friend, he flew towards her, exclaiming, "How fortunate I am to meet your Ladyship! for I have a letter to deliver, of the utmost consequence to the future happiness of my friend."

"I shall not read the letter: neither did I wish to receive this visit," replied Lady Gertrude, attempting to proceed to her carriage.—"Pardon me, Madam," said the Major, intercepting her passage:—"this letter must and shall be read; and if your Ladyship wishes to prevent any unpleasant exposure, you will return, and comply with my request."

"Insolent! unsufferable!" exclaimed Lady Gertrude, in the most indignant accent, yet taking the offered letter, and proceeding toward the house with it, followed by her unwelcome visitor, who determined not to leave her until he had gained his point.

With the haughtiness of offended majesty, she re-entered the apartment she had just quitted, and, throwing herself upon a sofa, said, "By what authority, Major Beauchamp, have you taken the liberty of intruding into my retirement uninvited?"

There was a natural *nonchalance* in Major Beauchamp's manner, not easily to be expressed:—and, throwing one leg across the other, and apparently admiring the skill of his boot-maker, he carelessly replied, "Why, upon my honor, Lady Gertrude, I cannot exactly tell: but—I suppose—the letter I have had the honor of delivering to your Ladyship, will explain the motive."—So saying, he presented the box he had just taken out of his pocket, with an air of ease and indifference.

"Impertinent puppy!" she exclaimed, casting upon him a look of the greatest contempt; and still retaining the unopened letter in her hand.—Major Beauchamp in a few moments completely changed the expression of his countenance, and, assuming an air of consequence, said, "I am grieved to say, that the well-known improprieties of Lady Gertrude's conduct prevent me from feeling that respect which is due to her rank; and, when a woman, Madam, however exalted her situation, is imprudent enough to de-

grade herself, the world at large no longer consider themselves obliged to treat her with respect.—As your Ladyship does not seem inclined to peruse Sir Frederic's letter, it is necessary I should inform you that I am acquainted with its contents; and that, in consequence of his having obtained the most indisputable proofs of your marriage, he requires the restitution of that bond he was imprudent enough to place in your hands.—Into my possession he has requested that the bond may be delivered; and I have intruded myself into your presence for the sole purpose of receiving it: and, though he would be sorry to give publicity to a marriage which appears to demand concealment, yet, if you refuse to resign the bond, he is resolved immediately to do it."

A death-like paleness overspread Lady Gertrude's countenance: but, in a few moments, she recovered herself, and, turning to Major Beauchamp, she said, "You, and that vile creature Dupont, are the instigators of this! But I now tell you, Sir, I will enforce the bond in my possession, with as much firmness as ever Shylock did."

With this declaration, the spirit which had inspired it, seemed to have evaporated; for she burst into a violent flood of tears, and, concealing her face with her handkerchief, actually sobbed aloud.

"Do not suffer passion to subdue your better judgement, Lady Gertrude," said the Major, after a pause of some minutes. "Recollect, Madam, that it would ill become a female of your rank to be accused in a court of justice of an intent to act in opposition to the laws of the land;—and you certainly are no stranger to the punishment which attends bigamy: therefore I once more ask whether you will relinquish the bond to my friend?"

"How can I relinquish that, which in great measure supports my existence?" inquired Lady Gertrude. "It is that bond which protects me from my numerous creditors; for I am involved in debts, which it is impossible for my confined annual income to discharge."

"Permit me to ask to what amount those debts have accumulated," demanded the Major.—"As far as I can judge, replied her Ladyship, "to near five thousand pounds."—"Then, allowing that Sir Frederic consent to pay that sum for you, will you unhesitatingly give up the bond?"

The consciousness of her errors at that moment seemed to have subdued both pride and passion; and, in tremulous accents, she answered in the affirmative; upon which Major Beauchamp requested she would indulge him with the use of pen and ink.—The implements for writing having been brought, Major Beauchamp sat down to the table, and, without entering into minutiæ, informed his friend, he had reason to believe, Lady Gertrude's motive for retaining the bond was to shield her from pecuniary distress; and her creditors, having been made acquainted with the nature of the engagement, had patiently waited for the discharge of their debts;—and he concluded by observing, that, if the business was brought into a court of justice, an immense expense and great difficulties must naturally arise.—"Circumstanced as you are," said the Major in his epistle, "I advise you to agree to her Ladyship's demand, and consent to pay her the sum of five thousand pounds—not as a compensation for her compliance, but as an act of humanity, which may be the means of saving her from ruin."

While Major Beauchamp was inditing his epistle, Lady Gertrude's attention was occupied in perusing the one he had delivered; and, by the tears which he perceived fall upon it, he judged it must must have been affecting.—A servant was dispatched to Sir Frederic Montgomery's, with orders to deliver the letter into his own hands; and, should he be from home, to follow him to any part of the town.—Lady Gertrude in the mean time ordered her travelling chariot to drive to the livery stable for a couple of hours; and it was nearly that period before the servant returned.

Sir Frederic's reply to Major Beauchamp's letter was couched in the strongest terms of delight and gratitude, and inclosed within its envelope a draught for five thousand pounds.—This draught the wary major resolved not to suffer to go out of his hand, until Lady Gertrude had relinquished the bond; and, turning to her, he said, "And now, madam, I hope you will unhesitatingly comply with Sir Frederic Mongomery's wishes."

Having glanced her eye over it, she unlocked a writing-desk, which her footman was carrying to the carriage when the major met her in the garden, and presented him with the bond, or rather the piece of paper, which, to his astonishment, he perceived unstamped.—As animadversion, however, would have been fruitless, he made a distant bow, and retired, provoked at his folly for not having demanded a sight of the paper in his possession, before he agreed to pay so dearly for it.

Though delighted at the idea of having had an opportunity of removing a weight from the mind of Sir Frederic, yet he felt provoked with him for not knowing that a deed without the usual form of executing, must be invalid.—With a generosity of sentiment which did honor to the liberality of his feelings, Sir Frederic Montgomery listened to the detail of his friend, who, mortified at having paid five thousand pounds for that which, in point of law, carried no weight with it, inquired how he could be so weak as to consent to the proposed terms."

"Law and equity, my dear major," replied the amiable Sir Frederic, "are frequently at variance. The question is simply this—when I gave her the paper which you consider as of so little consequence, did I mean to convince Lady Gertrude that I intended to fulfill its contents?—Her subsequent conduct, I allow, exonerated me from the engagement, even in point of honor; but was there nothing due to a woman who declared that pecuniary embarrassments compelled her to retain the only means which preserved her from the power of her creditors?"

"She declared it, I grant," replied Major Beauchamp: "but are the declarations of such a woman to be believed? However, if you are satisfied, my dear fellow, I have no reason to be displeased.—I have fought your battles, I trust you will allow, with some degree of generalship: but I confess I feel rather cowardly at parrying off my own; or, in other words, I have no inclination to encounter the loquacious abilities of Mademoiselle Dupont.—As a return for my services, I must depute you my aide-de-camp: for, much as I despise the little Jezabel, I do not feel perfectly satisfied with myself for deceiving her."

"Most willingly do I undertake the office, my dear Beauchamp," replied Sir Frederic, "and any other you choose to honor me with; for

be assured I shall never forget the extent of the obligation you have conferred on me by your zeal and friendship.—Dupont unfortunately saw you enter, and is, doubtless, upon the tip-toe of expectation.—I intend to inform her that it was actually necessary to repel art by the aid of its own weapons; but that, as a man of honor, I shall certainly fulfill the promise I made her.—I shall then offer her the choice of fifty pounds a year, or one thousand paid down."

"You are a noble fellow, Beauchamp!" exclaimed the major, clapping him upon the shoulder; "and I trust, that, in your intended alliance, you will enjoy as much happiness as you deserve.—But, adieu for the present; for I am in terrible dread of encountering that formidable young lady, Mademoiselle Dupont."

As Major Beauchamp left the study, Sir Frederic entered the breakfast-room, where Dupont was sitting with Mrs. Legoxton.—"What have you done with Beauchamp?" said she in a tone of perfect familiarity, and with as much ease as if she had been his equal.

"I have not done any thing with him: but I wish to have five minutes' conversation with *you*."—"Then I will leave you together," said Mrs. Legoxton rising.—"By no means, my love," said Sir Frederic: "Dupont will walk down stairs with me. I should be shocked at seeing you quit the room."

Dupont seemed to feel her assumed consequence rather humbled by Sir Frederic's attention to his sister, and, rising from her seat in evident displeasure, she flounced the door after her, in a truly Abigail style.

"I wish to know whether you prefer receiving an annual income of fifty pounds a year, or the sum of one thousand paid down immediately," said Sir Frederic Montgomery to his companion.

"I will ask Beauchamp's opinion, Sir Frederic," replied Dupont, resuming her composure.—"He has nothing to do with it," replied Sir Frederic: "therefore you must act according to your own discretion."

"No ting to do vit it?" repeated the Frenchwoman in an elevated tone of voice.—"Vat you mean by dat? did he not tell me I live vit him all his life?"

"Though Major Beauchamp, as well as myself, detests artifice," rejoined Sir Frederic, "there are certain cases where the practice of it becomes allowable; as it is the only weapon by which the designing are to be subdued.—Beauchamp, I know, professed an attachment very foreign to his feelings; and I will candidly own, it was for the purpose of accomplishing his plan.—Every species of deception, however, is now unnecessary; and I mean simply to relate the unvarnished truth, which is, that Major Beauchamp no longer requires any services from you: but, as in my name he entered into an engagement, that engagement I am ready to perform."

While Sir Frederic Montgomery was speaking, Dupont's eyes flashed with the strongest indignation, and her whole frame was agitated with disappointment and passion.—To give any further description of a conversation maintained on the one side with dignity and composure, but, on the other, with invective, and abuse, would, I am persuaded, afford but little entertainment to my readers:—I shall therefore merely say, that Dupont, finding violence answer no purpose, accepted his reward of one thousand pounds, in preference to an annual income, of the interest of that sum.

Disgusted with the impassioned conduct of a low illiterate female, Sir Frederic hastened to one, whose sweetness of manners was calculated to banish his chagrin; and, no longer finding any barrier to his felicity, implored her to name an early day for the accomplishment of it.—In a unity of taste and a similarity of sentiment, he anticipated the enjoyment of heart-felt delight: and the amiable object of his affection, grateful for the blessing bestowed upon her, unhesitatingly gave him her hand.

The OLD WOMAN.

(*Continued from page* 174.)

No. 5.—*On* NOVEL-READING, *and the Mischief which arises from its indiscriminate Practice.*

THE very attempt to oppose a practice which custom has authorised, requires a conviction that it must be attended with dangerous consequences; and no one would have sufficient temerity to make the attempt, unless persuaded that the arguments, brought against it, would prove convincing.

Reading may not improperly be divided into three classes—The *improving*—the *entertaining*—and the *pernicious*; and, under the latter, I grieve to say, are the generality of modern novels.—A good novel partakes of both the prior distinctions: it at once improves and entertains: it displays characters which invite to imitation, unadorned by virtues too resplendent for human nature to attain.—There is, I allow, a fascinating allurement in a well-written novel, which it is difficult to describe; and, by exhibiting examples of worth and excellence, they excite a degree of emulation in the youthful breast.

In the page of history, resplendent characters make a much more forcible impression upon the imagination, than those which are represented in fiction's page: yet the novelist has the power of embellishing human nature, and endowing it with qualifications which almost seem divine.—This is a failing, to which too many authors are liable; and young people, who are in the habit of reading works of this nature, form their standard of human excellence from this deceptious plan: disappointment, of course, must be the consequence; and, where they expected to behold an angel, they discover a mere man.

Books, merely entertaining, produce the same effect upon the mental faculties, which a luxurious diet does upon the corporeal frame: they render it incapable of relishing those pure instructive writings, which possess all the intrinsic qualities of wholesome, unseasoned food.—A passion for novel-reading—for it certainly, in many instances, deserves that appellation—is attended with still more pernicious consequences; for it so completely fascinates the mind, that it renders it inattentive to those more active duties which every individual is called upon to fulfill.—The domestic concerns of a family are all swallowed up in those sympathetic emotions which the sorrows of a Werter inspire; and the immoral tendency of the work excites no sentiment of abhorrence, because the hero and heroine are so truly amiable.

There are novels, I allow, and the number not very circumscribed, which at once convey instruction and delight; and it is the *abuse*, not the *use*, of this species of entertainment, that I mean to reprobate. It is from the indiscriminate circulation of works of this nature, that so much mischief arises; and it would be a most beneficial thing to

society in general, if every author, who published a work that has an immoral tendency, could be punished with the same severity, as if he had written a libel.—The mischief arising from a libel is confined to an individual: but how wide-spreading is the effect of an immoral work! It is as much to be dreaded as the pestilential breath of contagion; for it conveys infection with the very touch.

Mr. Knox, in one of his admired Essays, ascribes the increased degeneracy of manners to the extended circulation of this species of books; and tells us, that, fifty years ago, there was scarcely a novel in the kingdom, though romances at that time were very numerous.—At that period, the middle classes of society confined their reading to Sunday, and followed the Apostle's precept of "*searching the scriptures*;" but an entertaining novel has now superseded that sacred volume, even on the day which ought to be dedicated to God.

The season of youth is the period when a fondness for reading can be indulged with the greatest advantage; for the mind is then capable of retaining every impression that is made upon it; and no cares or perplexities divert the attention from the interesting subject. It is then that youth should imitate the example of the industrious ant, by laying up a store of intellectual nourishment for the winter of their existence.—But, if mere entertainment is to supply the place of improvement; or—what is more to be dreaded—if books which inflame the passions are to be substituted for intelligent information and wholesome advice, reading then must be considered as an unwarrantable waste of time.

Even the pleasure which is derived from perusing a well-written novel becomes reprehensible, if it is permitted to interfere with those active duties which even the most affluent are called upon to fulfill:—the duties of a mother, for example, ought never to be neglected either in the highest rank or the most humble sphere of life.—But what species of information can be imparted to her children by that mother whose mind is too frivolous to search the historic page, or who knows not whether Nova Zembla may not be situated in China, or Lapland in the South Sea?

The censure which has so improperly been attached to a learned lady, has, in many instances, been the cause of keeping our sex in total ignorance, or at least ignorant of those things, which, by enlightening their understandings, would render them much more pleasing companions.—If all ladies were *profoundly learned*, many inconveniences might arise from that circumstance: but it does not appear to me that a woman will be less acceptable to society, or worse qualified to perform any part of her duty in it, for having employed her time, from seven to seventeen, in the cultivation of her understanding.—Much refinement, and too great a taste for reading, will doubtless prove injurious to *her* whose time, from prudential motives, ought to be chiefly devoted to economic pursuits; and to nurture the mind without providing sustenance for the body, is certainly extremely reprehensible.

Few females are entirely exempted from domestic duties: yet opulent and unmarried females have certainly a large portion of time at their disposal, which may and ought to be devoted to improvement; and if a young lady of fortune happen to possess a genius or desire for the more abstruse sciences, I see no reason

why she should not indulge it: but, if an enlightened mind must consequently be a conceited one—and if the information which is acquired must ostentatiously be displayed—I confess, a mere novel-reader would be more tolerable than a lady who were continually endeavouring to display the depth of her knowledge.

But, while I am endeavouring to inspire the youthful part of my readers with a desire of improving their understandings, and am anxious to convince them that the time is totally lost which is devoted to reading inferior novels, I trust they will understand that no book, however instructive, ought to divert them from the performance of those duties which they are called upon to fulfill.

(*To be continued.*)

A Persian Feast.

(*From Morier's "Journey through Persia."*)

When the concert was over, we collected our legs under us (which, till this time, we had kept extended at ease), to make room for the table-cloths, which were now spread before us. On these were first placed trays of sweet viands, light sugared cakes, and sherbet of various descriptions. After these, dishes of plain rice were put, each before two guests: then pillaus, and after them a succession and variety, which would have sufficed ten companies of our number. On a very moderate calculation, there were two hundred dishes, exclusive of the sherbets. All these were served up in bowls and dishes of fine china; and in the bowls of sherbet were placed long spoons made of pear-tree, each of which contained about the measure of six common table-spoons; and with these every guest helped himself. The Persians bent themselves down to the dishes, and ate in general most heartily and indiscriminately of every thing, sweet and sour, meat and fish, fruit and vegetable. They are very fond of ice, which they eat constantly, and in great quantities; a taste which becomes almost necessary to qualify the sweetmeats which they devour so profusely. The minister, Nasr Oallah Khan, had a bowl of common ice constantly before him, which he kept eating when the other dishes were carried away. They are equally fond of spices and of every other stimulant, and highly recommend one of their sherbets, a composition of sugar, cinnamon, and other strong ingredients. As the envoy sat next the minister, and I next to the envoy, we very frequently shared the marks of his peculiar attention and politeness, which consisted in large handfuls of certain favorite dishes. These he tore off by main strength, and put before us; sometimes a full grasp of lamb mixed with a sauce of prunes, pistachio nuts, and raisins; at another time, a whole partridge disguised by a rich brown sauce; and then, with the same hand, he scooped out a bit of melon, which he gave into our palms, or a great piece of omelette thickly swimming in fat ingredients. The dishes lie promiscuously before the guests, who all eat without any particular notice of one another. The silence, indeed, with which the whole is transacted, is one of the most agreeable circumstances of a Persian feast. There is no rattle of plates and knives and forks, no confusion of lacqueys, no drinking of healths, no disturbance of carving: scarcely a word is spoken; and all are intent on the business before them. Their feasts are soon over; and, although it appears difficult to collect such an immense number of dishes, and to take them away again, without much

confusion and much time, yet all is so well regulated, that every thing disappears as if by magic. The lacqueys bring the dishes in long trays, which are discharged in order, and which are again taken up and carried away with equal facility. When the whole is cleared, and the cloths rolled up, ewers and basins are brought in, and every one washes his hand and mouth.

CAUTION, *respecting* DEALERS *in* OLD CLOTHES.

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.

SIR,

IT is necessary for all persons to observe, and especially young married females, that they do not suffer their servants to have any traffic with old-clothes-dealers, male or female. Indeed, it is as necessary that they do not have dealings with them themselves: but the danger in allowing servants to do it is very great. The time, chiefly chosen by the worst description of these people, is early in the morning, before any part of a family, except the servants, is stirring. They may be seen, any morning, creeping about the outskirts and west end of the town, peeping down the areas, and, by whispers and gesticulations, inducing the servants to come out to them, or rather to let them in. The result is tolerably certain:—by degrees they become intimate with the servants, and tempt them to purloin various articles, which are sold to these people for almost nothing. Articles of provision vanish in this way; and the unavoidable, and, in these times, serious expenses of house-keeping are thus greatly increased. It is also well known, that, if the servants are too honest to be brought to these terms—yet, if such people are admitted into a house, they will not be very nice as to the purloining of any portable article that may present itself, provided any opportunity of doing so, undetected, present itself also. This is merely a hint to mistresses of families: and, doubtless, the above possibilities of being plundered are sufficient to induce every lady to look about her a little, and keep these pests out of her house.

The Jews in this line have lately adopted a new mode—and a very cunning one it is—of plundering: at least it is new to me, and may be so to many readers of the Lady's Magazine: therefore I will point it out. When they are called to look at a lot of old clothes, they first, as is always usual with them, ask what you expect for them. When they know this, they set themselves about examining and dividing the lot, putting all the worst together, and fixing upon some pretty decent garment, saying the others are all rags, and not worth buying, but that they will buy the good one. To put a case, I will suppose that a female offers a Jew half a dozen cast-off gowns, one of which is but little worn, and the rest somewhat old. He will then separate them, as I have said; and, if fifteen shillings be asked for the lot, he will say that he cannot buy the five bad ones at all, but that he will give five shillings for the one good gown. This, in all likelihood, will be refused; and he will be told that they must be all sold together. He will then by degrees advance in his offer for the good one, praising it very much as he goes along, and speaking of the others as mere trash; till at last he will come to your own price, in this kind of way. "Vell den, I'll tell you vat I vill do; I'll give you ten shilling for de besht gown, and

five shilling for de rubbish; and dere I vill give you de five shilling now, and take all dem rags vid me; for I have got no more monish in my pocket; but don't you let de oder go; for I vill call for it in ten minutes, or a quarter of an hour."—Nine times out of ten, persons would be so much off their guard, that they would consent to this: and the consequence is obvious; the Jew calls no more: he has got a good bargain; and his dupe, upon consideration, sees through the whole trick. Several friends of mine have been so served; and therefore I speak confidently as to the trick being practised; and it is to be observed that a distinct bargain is made for each part of the lot, so that, even if his dupe met with him again, no punishment would follow his trick.

J. M. L.

Assassination of Mr. Perceval.

(With a Plate.)

On the eleventh of the present May, an event occurred, which has excited universal horror and detestation in the public mind—the death of the R. H. Spencer Perceval, who fell by the hand of an assassin.—The circumstances, which led to, and attended, this tragic catastrophe, were as follow—

In the year 1804, a Mr. John Bellingham—who had been brought up in a counting-house in London, and afterward lived three years as clerk with a Russian merchant at Archangel, whence he had returned to England—went again to Russia on mercantile business—was there twice imprisoned, on what he himself has represented as false and groundless charges—and was, according to his own account, treated with very great severity and indignity. During the course of this treatment, he made repeated applications and complaints to Lord Granville Leveson Gower, the British embassador at Petersburg, and to Sir Stephen Shairpe, his secretary of legation, but without obtaining the desired redress. At length he regained his liberty in 1809, and returned to England, impaired in health by the severities he had endured, and (if his own statement be correct) ruined in fortune by the expenses to which he had been subjected.

Lord Gower, however, in a letter to Lord Castlereagh, dated May 17, 1812, and since read in the House of Commons, declares that he exerted his influence in Bellingham's favor, as far as he could do it with propriety—that Bellingham was legally imprisoned for debt, upon the award of four arbitrators, two of them British merchants chosen by himself, the other two Russians—that his confinement was far from severe—that he was allowed to walk at large, only under the inspection of a police-officer—and that he received pecuniary aid from Sir S. Shairpe.

Further, a morning paper ("*The Times*," of May 18) says of Bellingham—"He appears to have been a turbulent, untractable, profligate adventurer. His expertness in commercial transactions had early in life procured the confidence of some respectable houses engaged in the Russia trade. He went to Russia, drew bills on his principals to the amount of ten thousand pounds, never made any shipments, but squandered the money ..... Bellingham never had any capital of his own.—In prison, he once or twice wished that he had sent for his wife, to have a parting interview with her: yet his conduct to her had been, for many years, neglectful and unaffectionate. They have lived separate for a considerable length of time; and Bellingham seldom visited her but for the purpose of obtaining money, which he spent in London in urging his foolish claims on Government. His wife is a milliner in Liverpool, and, we believe, a respectable and well-characterered person."

After his return from Russia, Bellingham made application to different branches of His Majesty's Government, in hopes of obtaining a compensation for the sufferings and losses which he said he had sustained, through the culpable neglect (as he considered it) of Lord Gower and his secretary to defend the rights of a British subject: but he was disappointed in his hopes, and informed that his claims were unfounded and inadmissible.

He next determined to submit his case to the consideration of parliament, and, with that view, requested the interposition of General Gascoyne, member for Liverpool—where Bellingham now had his residence, and carried on business as

an insurance-broker. The general consented to present his petition, provided it were countenanced by Mr. Perceval; the sanction of the Chancellor of the Exchequer being usually deemed requisite in case of any application for a pecuniary grant. Accordingly, in May, 1810, the complainant wrote to Mr. Perceval, "*petitioning*" (as he himself expressed it on his trial) "*for leave to bring in a petition*," but was informed, in answer, that Mr. P. thought his petition "not of a nature for the consideration of parliament."

After this, in February and March of the present year, he applied to the Regent and to the privy council, but with as little success as had attended his former efforts; and, on an application to Mr. Secretary Ryder for permission from His Majesty's ministers to present his petition to the House of Commons, he was informed that he "should address his application to the Chancellor of the Exchequer."

As Mr. Perceval had already given him a decided negative, he clearly saw that another unbacked application from himself alone would be fruitless: he, therefore, (on the 23d of March) sent to the Bow-street magistrates the particulars of his case, inclosed in a letter, of which "the purport" (says he) "is, once more to solicit His Majesty's ministers, through your medium, to let what is right and proper be done in my instance:" —and his letter concludes with the following remarkable threat, which, however, appears to have excited neither apprehension nor suspicion—"Should this reasonable request be finally denied, I shall then feel justified in *executing justice myself*; in which case, I shall be ready to *argue the merits of so reluctant a measure with His Majesty's Attorney General*, wherever and whenever I may be called upon so to do. In the hopes of averting *so abhorrent but compulsive an alternative*, I have the honor to be," &c. —The magistrates communicated the contents of his packet to the Secretary of State: but the only result was a new disappointment.

After this, on personal application at the Secretary of State's office, having intimated his intention of "*taking justice into his own hands*," he was (according to his own account) informed by Mr. Hill, that he was "at liberty to take such measures as he thought proper"—a declaration, which he considered as a "*carte blanche*" from Government to act as he pleased—a defiance to "*do his worst*."

Thus foiled in every attempt, he determined on revenge: and, looking upon Mr. Perceval as the only bar to his obtaining what he considered as bare justice, he selected him as the devoted victim:—so, at least, it is reasonable to suppose: for, although he afterward declared that he had no personal animosity to Mr. Perceval—that "the *minister*, not the *man*,' was the object of his resentment—and expressed his regret that Lord Gower had not fallen a sacrifice, instead of Mr. Perceval, whose fate he much affected to deplore—it is to be recollected that he felt himself deeply interested in establishing a belief that such were his sentiments, since upon that he rested his hopes of averting the sword of justice. Accordingly, in his defence upon his trial, he studiously labored, by sophistic argumentation, to convince the jury, that, as he had no personal malice to Mr. Perceval, he could not be said to have acted from *malice prepense*, and therefore was *not* guilty of *murder!* But, whatever his intentions may have been, the deed was deliberately planned: for, on the 25th of April, he ordered an addition to his coat—a breast pocket of peculiar shape, well calculated for the purpose of holding a pistol convenient to the hand; and he was, during the last fortnight, several times observed in the gallery of the House of Commons, attentively viewing the ministers through an opera-glass, and inquiring their names, in order, as it appears, the better to ascertain and recognise his intended victim.

At length, in the evening of the 11th of May, he took his station behind one of the folding doors of the lobby of the House of Commons, which is usually kept shut; where any person, entering through the other, must necessarily have passed close by him.—About a quarter past five, the ill-fated Chancellor of the Exchequer made his appearance; when the assassin instantly shot him through the heart.—On receiving the wound, Mr. P. reeled a few paces, and fell to the floor, faintly exclaiming, "Oh! I am murdered!" He was immediately raised by two gentlemen present, and carried to the Speaker's apartments: but in two or three minutes he was lifeless.

The news of this shocking transaction being rapidly disseminated, a cabinet council was immediately summoned—the mails were stopped, until orders

could be dispatched in every direction for the preservation of the peace throughout the country, particularly in the scenes of the late and present disturbances;—and, a great crowd being assembled in the vicinity of the House of Commons, the horse guards were called out—the foot guards paraded in the Park—and the city militia, with several corps of volunteers, called upon to preserve the peace of the metropolis.

Meantime the assassin made no attempt to escape: he did not even drop or conceal the pistol which he had used, but continued to hold it openly in his hand; and, on a gentleman's asking aloud, "Where is the rascal that fired?" he stepped forward to the inquirer, coolly replying, "I am the unfortunate man," and quietly surrendered himself a prisoner.—On search, a loaded pistol was found in his pocket—the fellow to that which he held in his hand.

He was taken to the bar of the House of Commons, and, during his examination there, showed himself perfectly cool and collected—acknowledging the fact, and even endeavouring to justify it.—After his examination, he was (about one in the morning, and under a strong military escort) conducted to Newgate, where two men were ordered to watch in the cell with him, to prevent any attempt at suicide. In prison, he displayed the same calmness as at the bar of the House of Commons: he ate a hearty dinner on Tuesday—retired to bed at twelve, and slept till seven the next morning.

On Friday the 15th, he was brought to trial at the Old Bailey; when his counsel moved to have the trial postponed till they could procure witnesses from Liverpool to prove him insane, and, in the mean time, produced two affidavits to that effect: but, the affidavits not proving satisfactory—and the deliberate systematic manner in which he had planned and perpetrated the crime, together with the whole of his subsequent behaviour, affording strong evidence of intellect and discrimination—the trial was ordered to proceed.

He conducted his own defence; which he did with some degree of ability, and with great calmness, except that he showed evident emotion in adverting to Mr. Perceval's death, and twice burst into tears, on mentioning the distress which his imprisonment in Russia had brought upon his wife, a young woman of twenty, far advanced in pregnancy, and with an infant in her arms.—He rejected the plea of insanity—denied that he ever had been insane, except on one occasion in Russia, at the recollection of which he seemed deeply affected; and, from his arguments in court, as well as his language in the House of Commons and in Newgate, it is clearly evident that the infatuated wretch acted under a firm persuasion that the jury would consider the supposed provocation which he had received, as a sufficient justification of the homicide, which he had committed (he said) "solely for the purpose of ascertaining, through a criminal court, whether his Majesty's ministers have the power to refuse justice," &c. Indeed, he plainly told the jury that he confidently expected an acquittal, as there was not (according to *his* sophistic mode of reasoning) any *malice prepense* on his part—any premeditated personal hostility to Mr. Perceval. But the jury thought otherwise, and, after fourteen minutes' consultation, pronounced a verdict of "*Guilty*"—which he heard with evident surprise, though without any appearance of alarm or dejection.—On receiving sentence of death, he betrayed no emotion, but preserved his wonted calmness until Sunday morning, from which time to that of his execution (which took place in front of Newgate on Monday the 18th) he appeared considerably dejected, though still affecting to justify his act, and not showing any symptoms of compunction for the crime itself, while he expressed great regret for its calamitous consequences to Mr Perceval and his family.—Previous to his exit, he grievously complained of being denied the comfort of shaving, as the privation would prevent him from "*appearing like a gentleman.*"—On being interrogated respecting accomplices, he solemnly declared that he had none; and there is every reason to believe that his declaration was true.

During these transactions, the affair naturally engaged the attention of Parliament.—On the night of the murder, addresses from both houses were sent to the Regent, expressing their abhorrence of the deed, and praying that he would order measures to be speedily taken for bringing the perpetrators to justice. Next day, a message came from the Regent, recommending a provision for Mrs. Perceval and her twelve children:—addresses, in answer to this message, were carried up—each, respectively, by the

whole house in a body:—An annuity of £2,000 to Mrs. Perceval, and a sum of £50,000 to her children, were unanimously voted by the House of Commons; even the warmest of Mr. Perceval's political opponents showing themselves as zealous as his warmest friends to provide for his family, and at the same time bearing ample and honorable testimony to the virtues of his private character. Two other votes were passed by very large majorities—the one to honor him with a monument in Westminster Abbey*—the other granting to his eldest son (Mr. Spencer Perceval, a youth just on the eve of going to college) an annuity of £1,000 from the day of his father's death, and an additional £1,000 a year on the decease of his mother.

That lady was out on a visit, at the time when her beloved and affectionate partner received the stroke of death. On her return home, the afflictive intelligence was, with the utmost delicacy and precaution, communicated to her by Lord Redesdale, Mr. Perceval's brother-in-law.—When apprised of the tragic catastrophe, she neither wept nor spoke, nor appeared to be sensible of any thing that was afterwards said to her. She remained in that state from 6 o'clock on Monday evening, till 11 o'clock on Tuesday morning. During that interval, her relatives and friends endeavoured to rouse her, and, if possible, to excite her to tears, by mentioning to her the circumstances of Mr. Perceval's death —but in vain. At length her condition excited such serious apprehensions, that it was determined, as the only remaining expedient, to take her to the room where Mr. Perceval lay, in hope that the sight would produce the desired effect. The experiment succeeded:—the moment she saw the body, she burst into a flood of tears, which afforded her some relief: yet it was not till Wednesday night that she enjoyed any sleep.

Mr Perceval was second son of the late Earl of Egmont, by Catharine Compton, Baroness Arden, sister to Lord Northampton—and born in Audley Square, November 1, 1762. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and studied the law in Lincoln's Inn, of which he afterward became a bencher. —In 1790, he married Miss Jane Wilson, younger daughter of Sir Thos. Spencer Wilson, with whom he received an ample fortune.—In 1796, he was returned M.P. for the borough of Northampton—in 1801, appointed Solicitor General, and in 1802 Attorney General, which employment he held, until removed when Mr. Fox and Lord Grenville came into power in 1806.—In 1807, he was raised to the high office of Chancellor of the Exchequer—and, in 1809, was appointed first lord of the treasury, and prime minister; which offices he held at the time of his death.—His remains were deposited in the family vault of the Earls of Egmont, at Charlton, in Kent.

In private life, Mr. Perceval was a truly amiable and estimable character, justly respected and beloved for his numerous virtues, by all who knew him.—Of his public character it is unnecessary to speak in this place, as it is already sufficiently known to the nation at large, and needs no illustration from us, who do not meddle with politics, or party business of any kind.

* A public funeral also was proposed, and would, no doubt, have been voted, had not the House been informed that it was the express wish of his family that the ceremony should be private.

MEDLEY

Of Scraps, Anecdotes, Gleanings, &c.

Ingenious Pettifogging.—Sir Samuel Romilly, in his "Observations on the Criminal Law," relates, that, not many years since, "an attorney made it a practice, which for some time he carried on successfully, to steal men's estates by bringing ejectments, and getting some of his confederates to personate the proprietors, and let judgement go by default, or make an ineffectual defence. The consequence was, that he was put into possession by legal process; and, before another ejectment could be brought, or the judgement could be set aside, he had swept away the crops, and every thing that was valuable on the ground."

Anecdote of a Toper.—Mr. Kerr, in his "Memoirs" of Mr. Smellie, relates that a man, returning home in the middle of the night after having drunk too freely, staggered into the ash-pit of a great steam-engine near Edinburgh, and fell into a profound sleep. On awaking before day-light, he observed the mouth of a vast fiery furnace yawning before him, and several figures, all grim with soot and ashes, stirring the fire, and throwing on more fuel; which appearance, together with

the clanking of the chains and beams of the machinery above, impressed his still confused imagination with an idea that he was in hell. Horror-struck at this frightful idea, he is said to have exclaimed, "Good God! is it come to this at last?" (*See, in our last volume, page* 131, *the Anecdote of* "*The other World.*")

Roman Justice.—Valerius Maximus—a Roman writer, from whom (in our last volume, page 135) we have quoted a remarkable dream—has recorded the following curious transaction, which occurred about half a century, or somewhat more, before the birth of Christ.—A man being on his trial in the Forum at Rome upon some criminal charge, Publius Servilius, casually passing by at the time, advanced to the spot, and presented himself to the court, as a witness against the culprit. Servilius was a man of high rank and consequence—having filled the offices of consul and censor, and obtained the honor of a triumph and a title*, for his martial successes in an expedition against the Cilician pirates.—On the present occasion, he observed to the judges, that he neither knew who or what the accused person was, nor what his character or conduct, nor whether guilty or innocent of the crime laid to his charge: "but this I know," added he, "that, on a journey, I once met him in a very narrow road; and he *refused to alight from his horse* at my approach."—Upon this singular accusation, the judges, hardly waiting for any further examination of witnesses, passed sentence of condemnation upon the culprit—concluding (as the author observes) that a man who could show himself so deficient in the respect due to persons of exalted rank, must necessarily be capable of any crime!!! (*Val. Max.* book 8, chap. 5.)

Roman Liberty.—The same author (book 6, chap. 3) gives us the following notable specimen of the liberty enjoyed by the plebeians in republican Rome.—The consul Marcus Curius, having occasion to make a hasty levy of men for military service, and having issued a proclamation commanding the young men to attend for the purpose of enrolment, none were found to answer, when their names were called. Hereupon, the consul drew a name by lot; and, the person not being on the spot to answer, he immediately ordered his property to be sold by public auction. The young man, on receiving intelligence of this arbitrary procedure, hastily ran to the consul's tribunal, appealing aloud to the college [or board] of tribunes. The consul, however, regardless of his appeal, sold, not only his property, but himself also—observing that the commonwealth did not want, as a citizen, a man who was unacquainted with the duty of obedience. (Curius was consul in the years before Christ, 290 and 274.)

Roman Treatment of Wives.—Our fair readers will hardly be tempted to envy the condition of the ancient Roman ladies, when they contrast the freedom and protection which the wife enjoys under British laws, with the slavish subjection of the Roman wives to the despotic will of their husbands, of which we produce a few examples from the author above quoted (book 6, chap. 3.)—Egnatius Metellus bastinaded his wife to death, for having somewhat too freely indulged in the use of wine.—Publius Sempronius Sophus divorced his wife, for having gone to view the public games without his knowledge.—Sulpicius Gallus likewise divorced his wife, for having appeared in public without her veil; observing that it was *his* eyes alone she should seek to please, and that the exhibition of her person to the gaze of strangers was a just ground for suspecting the purity of her heart.—But, though, in the days of adult Rome, divorces took place for such comparatively trifling causes, the same author informs us that not a single instance of matrimonial separation occurred during the first five hundred and twenty years from the building of the city; and that the first which did occur, was occasioned by the wife's not bearing her husband any children. (Book 2, chap. 1.)

Hint for Crayon-drawing.—A gentleman of our acquaintance, seeing his daughter make considerable waste of crayons by breaking them in her attempts to point them with a pen-knife, has furnished her with a simple substitute for the knife, which saves both crayons and trouble, and which, we presume, will meet the approbation of many of our fair readers.—A small book is made, of a dozen or more leaves of linen or parchment, loosely bound. On each of these leaves, are pasted two leaves of glass-paper—one upon each side—and one likewise on the inside of each cover—so that, wherever the book is opened, it at once presents two surfaces of glass-paper—the one coarse, for rubbing down a very blunt

* The surname of *Isauricus.*

crayon—the other fine, to give it a nice point.—To save loss of time, and enable the fair artist at once to open the book at the proper place for the color which she is about to use, each of the linen leaves has, pasted to it, (under the glass paper) a small bit of ribbon—red, black, blue, green, &c.—of which one end hangs out in sight, as a direction, and an aid in turning over the leaves.

Saving of Sugar.—In Flanders, as we know from correct information received on the spot—and in several parts of Germany, as we have learned from other travelers—many of the lower and middling classes of people take their coffee without sugar, and cheat their palate by means of a small bit of sugar-candy kept in the mouth at the time of drinking the unsweetened liquid. The sugar-candy impresses the palate and tongue with a sense of sweetness, equal or perhaps superior to that of the usual quantity of sugar required to sweeten the coffee, which thus passes down as pleasantly as if sweetened in the usual mode: and, by this economic contrivance, they at once save nearly the whole expense of sugar, and avoid admitting into the stomach so great a quantity of sweet—that fascinating poison, so productive of bile, and of all the dreadful disorders arising from distempered or redundant bile.

Security against Thieves.—Messrs. Ive and Burbidge, ironmongers, Fleet-Street, have lately invented an ingenious, yet simple and un-expensive fastening for a hall-door, which affords as great (or nearly as great) security as a chain, without any of the trouble.—To the upper edge of the door, is affixed a small spring latch, exactly resembling a common pew-latch, but with the bolt shooting upwards. Over the door, is a metal stop or catch, sloping on one side, to meet the sloping side of the bolt, and allow it to pass free in shutting the door—and flat on the other side, to meet the flat side of the bolt, and prevent the door from opening wider than may be deemed necessary for a servant within to see a person on the outside, or to take in a parcel.—A master or mistress, going out, has no occasion to call up a servant to secure the door, as, in the act of shutting it, the machine, of itself, performs that office.—To disengage the door from this fastening, nothing more is requisite than to pull a string which hangs behind the door, and draws down the bolt.—When this apparatus is not intended to be employed, a ring or loop at the end of the string, being hitched on a hook, restrains the bolt from shooting up.

Curious Settlement of a Dispute.—There are no noxious reptiles in Ireland: and it is said, that, if introduced, they would not live. This circumstance formerly furnished the means of amicably settling a dispute between the kings of England and Ireland respecting the sovereignty of the Isle of Man. The disputants agreed to try their right by the experiment of introducing noxious reptiles from England. The reptiles lived; and the king of England took quiet possession of the island, as part of his domain.

Sagacity of the Manks Horses.—In the Isle of Man—as we learn from Mr. Wood's "Account" of that island—the horses are turned out on the commons, to feed upon furze, which, however, they cannot eat in its natural state, on account of the prickles: but, "when confined to this sort of food, they trample upon the branches, and paw them with their fore feet, till the prickles become mashed together, or rubbed off; and so completely do they perform this work, that the food, thus prepared, might be squeezed by the bare hand with impunity."

Portuguese Superstition.—Captain Eliot, in his "Treatise on the Defence of Portugal," says—"For more than a week, I observed a party of six stout fellows parading the streets [*of Lisbon*], dressed in a kind of scarlet robe, one of whom carried an image in a little glass case, underneath which was a money-box, with a strong padlock. He was preceded by two of the party, one playing the drum, the other the bagpipes. On the left of the man with the image, was another of the party, carrying a board, on which was painted a representation of the sufferings of souls in purgatory. The rear was brought up by the other two, with flags bearing some other devices, which, from their dirty and tattered state, I could not decipher. The party frequently stopped to receive the donations of the passengers, who kissed the case, crossed themselves, and dropped their alms into the box. Not a shop, coffee-house, or stall was free from their intrusion. My curiosity tempted me to inquire, to what purpose the amount of this voluntary contribution was applied. The man who carried the box, replied, "To purchase bread for Saint Antonio, Signor Officer: bestow a little for the love of God."

The Mackerel-Gale.—Once more we in-

troduce the Mackerel-gale, at the request of a correspondent, who observes that the facetious author of the "Miseries of human Life" understands the expression as meaning a *violent* gale. In the "Miseries of Watering-places," Mr. *Testy* mentions, "Fishing a few miles out at sea, in what is called a *mackerel-gale*"—to which *Ned Testy* replies, "Very generous, though; as it is giving the fish at least as good a chance for *your* life, as they give you for theirs."—But, after all, the authority of the fishermen, quoted in our Magazine for March, appears preferable to that of either Mr. Testy or Dr. Johnson.

Method of immediately discovering forged Notes.—If the hand be wetted, and rubbed hard upon the figured part of the note, the whole will become confused, if the note is bad; for, in such, the Indian ink has not been mixed with that oil, which renders the print in the good notes durable. This is the case with those forged by the French prisoners.

The Police-Officer outwitted.—A few days ago, one of the police-officers, accosting a Jew, asked him if he bought guineas. The Jew replied in the affirmative; in consequence of which, the officer inquired what he would give, and was answered, one pound twelve. A guinea was immediately tendered: the Jew requested to see if it was good, and, when satisfied, gave the officer, to his great confusion, a one-pound note and twelve penny-pieces.

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.

Soul, roll; Mind, find; Send, lend; Wait, straight; Take, sake; See, glee; Load, road; Spite, right.

Poetic Epistle,
addressed to LADY H*******,
on the Author's revisiting the Spot of her Nativity, after an Absence of fifteen Years.
By MARIA.

AGAIN, my dear Charlotte, with joy I inhale [from Cam's gale—
The soft-breathing zephyrs, which blow
A gale, which, in youth, ever fann'd new delight, [daily more bright.
When Hope's gilded prospects shone
Yet, alas! my dear friend, I have found them o'erspread; [my head.
For a cloud of misfortune o'ershadow'd
But this moment I feel as if Fortune had smil'd, [child;
And made me her darling—her favorite
For friendship this bosom enlivens and cheers,
And, after an absence of three times five years,
I found myself welcom'd with pleasure and joy,
Unmix'd with formality's frigid alloy.
No form, or constraint, in this mansion appear: [you are here,"—
And each look seems to say, "I rejoice
Yes, Charlotte! those looks, most expressive, declare, [it so rare—
That friendship—though cynics proclaim
Here thrives, in defiance of absence and time, [lime.—
Imparting a pleasure, refin'd, and sub-
In each bush, in each tree, I seem to retrace [new face.
An old friend of my youth, without a
The marginal stream, which mæanders and flows [might repose,
Round a garden, where Flora herself
To me, more pellucid and charming appears, [years.
From tracing its course in my infantine
Then the path, which I trod, was strew'd o'er with flow'rs; [cing hours
And—to write in poetics—the fair dan-
Appear'd to be moments,—so rapid their flight; [it night.
And, thinking it noon, I have oft found
This time seems renew'd: these joys I retrace, [face.
From finding old friends, without a new
Though surrounded by friends, yet, Charlotte, I feel [steel,
My heart turn to you, like the magnetic
Which, true to its point, never varies or veers, [pears!
But fix'd—firmly fix'd on one object ap-

Near twenty years now in succession have flown, [known;
Since we to each other were perfectly
And, during that time, not one thought has aris'n, [in heav'n;
Tow'rds you, that might not be recorded
And, Charlotte, in mercy, it then was decreed [in need
That you should evince that friendship
Is a balm, which assuages the wounds of the heart, [keen dart.
When cruelly pierc'd by misfortune's
That balm I have tasted—its comfort have found; [is bound*,
And the granate of friendship with roses
Reflexion, dear Charlotte, will frequently trace [that face—
The solace I found from the smile on
A smile, which at once imparted delight,
And bade me look forward to prospects more bright;
A smile, which enliven'd, like Sol's brilliant ray, [day.—
Dispersing the clouds of a dark winter
But where have I wander'd? my thoughts are all flown; [them her own.
And the image of Charlotte has made
They have fled from Cam's banks, to Somerset-Place, [face.
To greet an old friend, without a new
To that friend I must offer a wish, and a pray'r, [to care.
That her bosom may long be a stranger
If wishes, dear Charlotte, like incense, could rise, [skies,
And ascend to that region remote, in the
How fervent I'd waft them! how quick they should sail [jointly inhale!
Through that body of air which we
I'd wish—but expression, in fact, is too faint [paint.
The warmth of my heart in true colors to

SYMPTOMS *of* LOVE.

By ANONYMOUS, *N. Petherton.*

RETURNING from milking, young Jemmy I spied:— [my side:
My heart, quite unusual, 'gan bumping
Deep blushes my face cover'd o'er.
To meet him compos'd I endeavour'd in vain: [plain:
How I felt as he pass'd me, I cannot ex-
Such flutt'rings I ne'er had before.
You, who know what it is the strange passion to prove, [in love.
Pray, tell a poor milk-maid, if she is

I met him one morn in the sweet flow'ry vale; [pail:—
When, smiling, he offer'd to carry my pail:—
Then straight came the bumpings again, [shake,
With tremors, that so did my ev'ry limb
Ere the pail from my head the kind Jemmy could take,
It fell:—my milk delug'd the plain.
You, who know, &c.

I oft long to see him, as oft from him fly:
I'm sad when he's absent, embarrass'd when nigh:
At hearing his name, I turn red:
No longer, when milking my cows, do I sing, [thoughtless thing,
While mistress declares I'm a dull,
Nay, oft says she thinks me half mad.
You, who know what it is the strange passion to prove, [of love?
Pray, tell a poor girl, are these symptoms

SONG.

The Hero preparing for the Attack upon Badajoz on the 6th of April, 1812.

By Mr. HERSEE.

A DUTEOUS thought the hero gave
To those who claim'd his mind:—
"Oh! should I fall in glory's grave,
May they sweet comfort find!
Protect, ye guardian pow'rs above,
The distant objects of my love!

"Perhaps a parent mourns my fate,
And weeps my early death,
Nor dreams that courage thus elate
Gives ardor to my breath.
Protect, ye guardian pow'rs above,
The object of my filial love!

"A tender sister's youthful cheek
May lose its rosy bloom,
While her soft voice, in accents meek,
Laments a brother's doom.
Protect, ye guardian pow'rs above,
The object of fraternal love!

"And she—the dearest to my heart—
The blessing of my life—
O fate! and must we, must we part?
And must I leave my wife?
A wife!—a child!—Ye pow'rs above,
Oh! shield these objects of my love!"

Thus, ere he presses on the foe,
The gen'rous hero feels;
And tender mem'ry will bestow
What his warm soul reveals.
His latest pray'r ascends above
For ev'ry object of his love!

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* The Goddess of Friendship is represented as crowned with a wreath of pomegranate flowers.

Completion of the BOUTS-RIMES *proposed in our Magazine for March.*
By J. M. L.

HARD is the heart that can *deny*,
When Want implores, with bitter *cry*,
Soft mercy's kindest, best reward;
Unknown its throb to pity's *laws*,
Unknown the glowing heart's *applause*;
Quite lost to all its own regard!
Let me not lose mild mercy's *reign*;
Nor own the apathetic *stain*,
That speaks a cold, a flinty heart;
For pity's dictates never *tire*:
The whole created world *admire*
The blessed deeds they can impart.
When gazing on the great or *wise*,
If wanting mercy, we *despise*,
Nor own their other splendid pow'rs.
Greatness in pageant pomp may *shine*:
Wisdom may preach in accents *fine*:
But mercy more would gild their hours.
It should be theirs to raise the *weak*:
It should be theirs the poor to *seek*,
And aid, and soothe them into peace;
To heal the orphan's rankling *sore*;
The guilty wretches crimes *deplore*;
And bid their woes and crimes together cease.

Another.—HOPE. *By* S.

WHEN the sunk spirits some lost friend *deplore*, [*reign*,
And fall beneath misfortune's heavy
Hope's wished-for presence heals the galling *sore*, [and airy *strain*.
Wakes the sunk heart to joy, with soft
Hope decks the field of fame in colors *fine*, [ease *deny*:
Bids the young warrior thoughts of
His heart beats high; for he has hopes to *shine* [*cry*.
Foremost amidst the deaf'ning battle
Hope bids the lover ev'ry fear *despise*,
Points out the way his true love's heart to *seek*;
Cheers on the good, assists the truly *wise*, [*weak*.
Bears up the poor man, animates the
The poet's greatest efforts would but *tire*— [*laws*—
He too would sink beneath the critic's
Did not Hope tell him, some would yet *admire*, [*applause*.
Some give his rudest verse a portion of

Imitation of the French Epigram in our Magazine for March.

Lines to a ROSE-BUSH *presented to* ELLEN.
By ANONYMOUS, *N. Petherton.*

WHEN faded is that crimson gem,
Thou rear'st with pride upon its stem—
When lost its splendor and its bloom—
Suspend thy grief, nor wail its doom.
Look but at lovely Ellen's face,
And all thy flow'r's late charms retrace.
Rejoice then, that those tints divine,
When lost to thee, again shall shine:—
And when the glorious change thou'lt see,
Know, 'tis perform'd by Modesty,
Who thus to our charm'd sight discloses
How she immortalises roses:
By planting them 'neath Ellen's eye,
They bloom anew, and never die.

Another.—*By* M. T.

SWEET rose-bush! when thy flow'rs decline,
And all their beauties fade,
Mourn not thy alter'd lot, nor pine
For charms they once display'd.
For, though to thee no longer known,
Let joy succeed despair:
Behold! to Delia's cheek they're flown,
To live and flourish there.
There shall they bloom with lovelier dye,
And sweeter charms disclose;
And there shall blushing Modesty
Eternalise the rose!

Invocation to MAY.

On a young Couple married on May-day.
(*From Mr.* GEORGE DYER'S "*Poetics*," *recently published.*)

LET April go, capricious thing,
With many a smile, yet many a frown—
(Why should we call her child of spring?
Why deck her locks with flow'ry crown?)—
Yes, go, inconstant as the wind,
And chilling 'midst her am'rous play.
A nymph more constant I would find;
And therefore call on lovely May.

Wake all thy flow'rs, and bid them wear,
O queen of sweets! their brightest dyes;
Spread the full blossom of the year;
And let us view no fickle skies.

And tell thy minstrel of the grove,
Her am'rous descant to prolong.
Dear is this day to wedded love;
And I must have her softest song.

For lovers tried, O May so sweet!
Thou hear'st me claim these honors due:
Oh! then, this day as sacred treat;
And I will consecrate it too.

But, should'st e'en thou, O May! be found,
As thou, alas! art sometimes seen,
To strew thy blossoms on the ground,
With froward look and frolic mien—

Yet spare, oh! spare, this genial day:
Let no rude blight disturb its bliss:
But, if thou must the wanton play,
Choose any other day than this.

The CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.
(*From "The Mirror of the Mind," by Miss* STOCKDALE.)

COME, gentle ladies, calm my grief:
Pity a poor deserted child!
You'll surely not refuse relief, [mild:
When ask'd with pray'rs so true, so
For I was once my parents' joy,
Though now a helpless climbing boy.

My father was a soldier brave;
And well he lov'd his darling dear:
But war despotic dug his grave;
Which causes oft the trembling tear:
For I was once a father's joy,
Though now a helpless climbing boy.

When foster'd in a mother's arms,
I little thought, how soon, forlorn,
My breast would heave with strange alarms,
When from her fond embraces torn:
For I was once a mother's joy,
Though now a helpless climbing boy.

Though men may scorn my artless tale,
Yet women are of softer mould.
Their gentler sooth will more avail,
Than all the boasted pow'rs of gold.
Then, English fair ones, smile; and joy
Shall animate the climbing boy.

HOME.
(*From "Dramatic Romances."*)

OFT, when, sever'd by the ocean,
Far in distant climes we roam,
Thought will glance with rapid motion,
O'er the beating waves, to home.

Home! how tender the sensation!
Hope and fear, with various strife,
Number o'er each dear relation—
Child or parent, friend or wife.

At the moment, mines of treasure,
Or the goblet's sparkling foam,
Light itself is void of pleasure:—
Sad, the heart is fix'd on home.

The MARINERS.
By Lieut. CHARLES GRAY.

WHEN storms arise, and wild winds blow,
We often "stagger to and fro;"
Oft, while the sons of lux'ry sleep,
We "view the wonders of the deep;"
When o'er our heads fly dark thick clouds,
And howling winds roar through the shrouds,
The vessel hangs high on the wave,
Then sinks as in a yawning grave;
Anon she mounts, and reels amain
On the huge wave—then sinks again.
When billows threaten to o'erwhelm,
The seamen at the guiding helm
With steady care the ship control,
So firm and dauntless is each soul!
Oft, in its dreariest darkest form,
Have I enjoy'd the rising storm;
Beheld the waves roll mountain-high,
Commix with clouds, and cleave the sky.
The mind then quits mean things below,
And feels devotion's warmest glow;
Upward the raptur'd soul ascends
To him, who rides on viewless winds,
Who bids the raging ocean roar,
And foaming lash the rocky shore;
Who sends the whirlwind fierce abroad,
And stills the tempest with a nod!

The long VISIT.
Addressed to Lady ANNE HAMILTON.
(*From Mr.* SPENCER'S *Poems.*)

Too late I staid: forgive the crime:
Unheeded flew the hours.—
How noiseless falls the foot of Time,
That only treads on flow'rs!

What eye with clear account remarks
The ebbing of his glass,
When all its sands are di'mond sparks,
That dazzle as they pass?

Ah! who to sober measurement
Time's happy swiftness brings,
When birds of Paradise have lent
Their plumage for his wings?

The ANGEL.
Addressed to a Lady of uncommon Beauty.

DIE when you will, you need not wear,
At heaven's court, a form more fair
Than Beauty at your birth has giv'n:—
Keep but the lips, the eyes we see,
The voice we hear, and you will be
An angel ready-made for heav'n!

*** *The idea of these verses is taken from a compliment paid to a beautiful Italian nun by Lord Herbert of Cherbury.—See his Life.*

Sonnet to HOPE.
By the late J. D. WORGAN.

AH! visionary flatt'rer! why delude
My swelling fancy with thine airy dream? [trude,
Why on my soul thy dazzling forms obInconstant as the meteor's fleeting gleam?

Fair are thy phantoms, as the changeful hues [aerial bow:
That lend their charms to heav'n's
Yet ah! as transient are the lively views;
And short-liv'd rapture yields to lasting woe.

Tir'd of thy treach'rous lures, my rescued soul [sphere of time,
Mounts with strong faith beyond the
And seeks th' eternal shore, where pleasures roll, [prime.
And bliss shall flourish in immortal
Daughter of magic wiles, a long farewell!
On yonder starry plains my wishes dwell.

MELANCHOLY.

(*From Mr.* PEACOCK'S "*Philosophy of Melancholy.*")

O Melancholy! blue-ey'd maid divine!
Thy fading lights, thy twilight walks, be mine! [feel:
No sudden change thy pensive vot'ries
They mark the whirl of Fortune's restless wheel; [scan,
Taught by the past the coming hour to
No wealth, no glory, permanent to man.
Not thine, blest pow'r! the misanthropic gloom,
That gave its living victims to the tomb;
Forc'd weeping youth to bid the world farewell,
And hold sad vigils in the cloister'd cell.
Thy lessons train the comprehensive mind, [mankind,
The sentient heart, that glows for all
Th' intrepid hand, the unsubdued resolve,
Whence wisdom, glory, liberty, devolve.

The YEARS TO COME.

(*From Miss* TEMPLE'S *Poems.*)

MY transient hour, my little day,
Is speeding fast, how fast! away.
Already hath my summer sun
Half its race of brightness run.
Ah me! I hear the wintry blast:
My "Life of Life" will soon be past;
The flush of youth will all be o'er;
The throb of joy will throb no more.
And Fancy, mistress of my lyre,
Will cease to lend her sacred fire.
My trembling heart! prepare, prepare
For skies of gloom, and thoughts of care.
Sorrows and wants will make thee weep,
And fears of age will o'er thee creep.
Health, that smil'd in blooming pride,
Will cease to warm thy sluggish tide.
The shaft of pain, the point of woe,
Will bid the current cease to flow.
And who, alas! shall then be nigh,
To soothe me with affection's sigh—
To press my feeble hand in theirs,
To plead for me in silent pray'rs,
And cheer me with those hopes that shed
Rapture o'er a dying bed?
Days of the future! cease to roll
Upon my wild affrighted soul!
Mysterious fate! I will not look
Within thy dark eventful book;
Enough for me to feel and know,
That love and hope must shortly go;
That joy will vanish, fancy fly,
And death dissolve the closest tie.
E'en now, while moans my pensive rhime,
I list the warning voice of Time;
And oh! this sigh, this start of fear,
Tells me the night will soon be here.

The tart REPLY.

SAYS the squire to the parson—"If you were to lie [goose pie."—
In this dish, we could make a substantial
Quoth the parson—"If you in your grave were extended,
(Which I hope you'll not be till your morals are mended) [rule,
And I read the pray'rs, by a much better
The parish might call me a *goose-bury fool.*"

To a Censurer of the modern feminine DRESS.

WHAT though these garments, light as woven air, [dern fair?
Disclose each charm that decks the mo-
Why so censorious, friend? What is't to you,
If Paradise is open'd to our view?
Like mother Eve, our maids may stray unblam'd;
For they are naked, and are not asham'd.

Impromptu on a LADY *no longer young.*

WHENCE comes it, Time, you leave no trace
On that bewitching form and face?—
"Because, whene'er my scythe I wield,
Good humour spreads a sparkling shield,
And dazzles so mine aged sight,
I ne'er can aim one blow aright."

L'ANE *heureusement né.*

UN âne s'en allait gravement en voyage:
Il portait le fumier de la ville au village.
Le peuple, sans avoir l'odorat bien subtil, [sage.
S'écartait volontiers, pour lui faire pas-
"C'est plaisant! Voyez comme on me craint," disait-il.— [même,
Du village à la ville il revient le soir
Chargé de pots d'œillets de toutes les couleurs. [des fleurs:—
La foule, cette fois, se presse autour
"C'est charmant! Mais voyez," disait-il, "comme on m'aime."

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

London Morning and Evening DRESSES.

Morning dress of muslin, trimmed with lace—long sleeves of clear muslin—and a shirt of the same, trimmed with lace.—Bonnet of net and silk.

Evening dress of white silk, trimmed with colored silk.—Cap of the same color, bound round with a wreath of white flowers.

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, April* 27] *Port-au-Prince, Feb.* 9.—We have in this harbour three British ships of war.—General Petion, on every occasion, shows a disposition to cultivate an alliance with England, and we are always perfectly assured of his assistance and protection.

[28] *Rio Janeiro, Feb.* 4.—The Junta of Buenos Ayres have openly declared hostilities against this government, and a determination to drive the Portuguese troops out of the Spanish territory.

[30] A plot has been discovered at Paris between the War Department and the Russian Legation. In consequence of some treasonable communications, four clerks of that department have been brought to trial, and one of them has been sentenced to receive capital punishment. Another has been amerced in the sum of 600 francs, and subjected to the disgrace of the iron collar during one hour.

[3] *Petersburg, March* 8.—M. Spiranski, Secretary to the Secret Council of the Emperor, has been detected in a plot to depose Alexander. He was assisted in the project by Magnetski, one of the ministers, and by a Frenchman.—They have, all three, been sent off to Siberia.

[30] It is reported that a new levy is ordered in Russia, according to the customary mode of two individuals for every 500 inhabitants; which will recruit the armies to the extent of about 85,000 men.

[30] April 17, the distribution of soup on Count Rumford's plan was commenced at Rennes.

[30] *Vienna, April* 11.—It appears that the Russians do not any longer exact with so much rigor the cession of whole provinces of the Ottoman Empire; but the Turks evince great energy, and reject all sorts of conditions which have a tendency to humiliate them.

[*May* 2] In the early part of April, an edict was issued by his Prussian Majesty, to prevent the introduction into his states of colonial produce coming from Russia.

[4] The Federal Constitution of the states of Venezuela establishes the Roman Catholic faith as the religion of the state—divides the legislative power into two houses, both elective—makes the executive authority also elective, and limited to four years—and ordains that the judges continue in office during good behaviour.

[5] *Heligoland, April* 30.—One person has been shot on the opposite coast, and two sent to the fleet, for having had intercourse with this island.

[5] Disturbances have lately arisen in Paris, on account of the dearness of bread. Twenty thousand malcontents were on one occasion collected, and the following inscription was discovered the next morning on the walls of the Tuileries:—"Bread, Peace, or the Head of the Tyrant!"—To appease the multitude, the bakers were immediately required to supply the citizens with bread at 4 sous, instead of 10 sous, the pound; and order was in consequence restored.

[7] *Berlin, April* 19.—The Government has published several notices, relative to the maintenance of the corps d'armée which are in our country. It engages to pay for the goods three weeks after their delivery.—The country is perfectly tranquil; and all the reports which

arrive, speak of the harmony that subsists between the subjects of the monarchy, and the foreign troops who pass through the different Prussian provinces.

[9] In the late conspiracy in which Spiranski was concerned, upwards of 200 of the Russian nobility are implicated. The plot, we are told, had for its object the murder of the Emperor, and his brother Constantine, and the establishment of the Empress Dowager on the throne of her son. It is said that the principal conspirators are such of the Russian nobles as had of late years sojourned at Paris; and that, to accomplish this project, and other like purposes of Bonaparté, the sum of 18 millions of francs had been distributed among them, through the instrumentality of the French Legation.

[9] Early in April, it was stated in the Cadiz Gazette, that the French had killed with the bayonet many of the Spanish prisoners made in Valencia, who were not able to keep up with them on the march, and that, in one single day, within the distance of a league, they killed 400 of those unfortunate men.

[9] April 11, as Marshal Soult was hastily retreating towards Andalusia on hearing of the fall of Badajoz, his cavalry was overtaken by a body of British horse, under Sir Stapleton Cotton, and defeated with considerable loss in killed and wounded.—The French have entirely evacuated Estramadura.

[10] In Hamburg and Bremen, Saxon troops are stationed—about 3000 in the former, and about 2000 in the latter.—In Bremen the severities have been continued for the new crime of corresponding with England; and two or three persons of respectability there have lately become the victims of this barbarous policy.

[10] The scarcity of provisions in Konigsberg, and throughout the whole adjacent country, is so great, that subsistence could not be obtained for any large body of troops.

[10] *Cadiz, April* 21.—Commodore Colburn and Mr. Sydenham are arrived here, as commissioners on the part of their Government, for the adjustment of the differences with our American provinces, to which they will immediately proceed, after having conferred with our Government.

[10] The Spanish Regency have settled the succession to the throne, by a decree of March 18, declaring, "that the Infante Don Francisco de Paula and his descendants, and the Infanta Donna Maria Louisa and her descendants, are excluded from the succession to the crown of Spain. And in consequence of the failure of the Infante Don Carlos Maria and his legitimate descendants, the Infanta Donna Carlota Joaquina, Princess of Brasil, and legitimate descendants, shall succeed to the crown; and in failure of these, the Infanta Donna Maria Isabel, hereditary Princess of the Two Sicilies, and her legitimate descendants; and in default of these and their descendants, the other persons and lines provided by the Constitution shall succeed in the order and form it establishes. The Cortes also declare and decree, that the Archduchess of Austria, Donna Maria Louisa, daughter of Francis Emperor of Austria, by his second marriage, is excluded from the succession to the crown of Spain, as are the descendants of the said Archduchess.

[10] A French imperial decree, after stating that the grain in the country is more than sufficient to answer the public demand, orders all persons, possessing grain or flour, to make a declaration of the quantity to the magistrates, and to carry to market such proportion of it as the magistrates shall direct.

[10] In Sicily, there is a most promising appearance of the approaching harvest.

[10] *Lisbon, April* 22.—Yesterday entered the port of this city, 45 English transports, from which a great number of horses were landed, to remount the British army, and for the service of the artillery.

[13] In March, the patriots of East Florida, assisted by their neighbours of the United States, attacked Amelia Island, which soon surrendered, and was ceded to the United States.—The patriots are in possession of the whole of East Florida, with the exception of the town of St. Augustine, which, with the garrison, still continues faithful to Ferdinand VII.

[13] April 4, President Madison signed an act of Congress, laying an embargo of ninety days on all ships and vessels in the ports of the United States.

[14] An American paper, of March 28, states, that Mr. Foster, the British minister, had recently had an interview with Mr. Monroe, the American Secretary of State, in which the former declared to the latter, that, whenever the

Government of the United States would produce to himself, or to the Government of Great Britain, an official document of the repeal of the Berlin and Milan Decrees, the Orders in Council would be immediately revoked; and that, should Congress pass a law, authorising merchant vessels to arm for the purpose of resisting the right of search, it would be considered a declaration of war, and his functions, as British minister, would from that moment cease.

[14] Late Spanish papers mention, that the celebrated General Epoz y Mina not only frustrated a plan formed by the French generals at the head of an immense force for surprising him, but succeeded in taking a most valuable convoy, and killing or wounding 1500 out of 2000 men, that guarded it.

[15] The American government have ordered four additional forts to be erected near New York.—The quantity of corn in America is very great, as but a small part of last year's harvest has been exported, in consequence of the northern rivers being frozen up, and not allowing its conveyance to the sea-ports.—Flour had fallen to eight dollars the barrel.

[16] Thirteen Frenchmen had been executed by General Ballasteros. In retaliation for this act, Soult had ordered the same fate to be assigned to thirteen Spaniards in Seville; and, urged by the cold-blooded vengeance of the Marshal, the inhabitants were so much incensed, that they rose upon the military, and a sanguinary conflict ensued.

[16] Accounts have been received from Mexico, to the end of March, which state that the revolution there is carried on with much rigor and barbarity against the Old Spaniards. The insurgents have an army of nearly 80,000 men, but unprovided.—General Vanegas is shut up in the city of Mexico, which can resist as long as there are provisions, in consequence of the fortifications, and the rebels having no artillery to undertake the siege. The atrocities committed are dreadful, almost beyond belief; whenever any prisoners are made, they are butchered on both sides.

[16] *Gottenburg, May* 8.—The French advanced along the Nihung, and took possession of Pillau on the 22d ult.; they immediately ordered an account to be taken of the corn, meal, rice, and lead. They were expected at Konigsberg three days afterwards, and had ordered a loan of 2,000,000 of dollars to be enforced, and ready on their arrival.

[16] The Emperor of Russia left Petersburg on the 21st ult. to join the army. Prince Czerinski, who was at the head of the conspiracy lately discovered, has been sent to one of the most distant fortresses in the Caspian Sea.

[19] Further particulars of the conspiracy at Petersburg have transpired; and it appears, that the plot was wholly French, and that the design was to repeat what was practised in Spain—to convey into France the emperor, and all the members of the imperial family.

[20] *Paris, May* 9.—The emperor set out to-day, to proceed and inspect the grand army collected upon the Vistula.

[20] The French are advancing rapidly, and in considerable numbers, to the frontiers of Russia.—The king of Prussia is now virtually dethroned: every fortress of any consequence in his dominions, as well as his own person, are in the hands of the French.

[20] All the British naval officers in the Russian service, who had been ordered to Moscow in 1807, have not only been recalled from thence; but each was promoted to the rank which he would have held, if he had continued to be employed since the above period.

[21] *Monte Video, March* 4.—The war between the people of Buenos Ayres and the inhabitants of Monte Video is revived. The latter have been encouraged to this step by the support of the Portuguese troops.

[22] *Messina, March* 30.—Lord William Bentinck has the chief command of the Sicilian army.—About six thousand British troops are concentrated at Palermo.—The king and queen live abstracted from public business, in the neighbourhood of that city.

[23] Vice-admiral Crown, a British subject, has been nominated to the command of the Russian squadron in the White Sea; and admirals Tate and Greg have received appointments in the Russian service.

[23] Bonaparté, on the day preceding his departure from Paris, issued a decree fixing a *maximum* in the price of corn, and ordering it to be sold at the rate of three shillings and seven pence sterling the bushel.

[25] Another exhibition of the burning of British merchandise lately took place at Mentz.

[27] In consequence of the American embargo, flour has risen, at Lisbon, from 15 to 22 dollars the barrel.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

Price of Bread.—Quartern wheaten loaf, *April* 30, eighteen pence, halfpenny—*May* 7th, 14th, 21st, and 28th, the same.

[*London, April* 27] One thousand sacks of flour have been sent from Plymouth Dock, to the relief of the miners in Cornwall, who are now perfectly quiet.

[28] Yesterday, in the Court of King's Bench, two persons, convicted of forging the stamp on wrappers of paper, were sentenced—the one to twelve months' imprisonment, with a fine of £100—the other (his servant) to nine months' imprisonment.

[28] A petition from Liverpool, presented, last night, to the H. of Commons, states, that nearly 16,000 poor had been relieved by public subscription in one week, and that, in the whole, about one sixth part of the population of Liverpool had obtained charitable donations, rendered necessary by the unparalleled distresses of the times. Numbers of once industrious mechanics could obtain no employment, and were reduced to the hard necessity of begging in the streets.

[28] A Dublin paper, of the 24th instant, says, "The excellent effects of the stoppage of the distilleries have been felt already: oats, which were 35 and 36 shillings per barrel, have fallen to 28 shillings, and no purchasers."

[29] *Manchester, April* 26.—On Friday last, a large body of malcontents attacked the factory at West Houghton, about 13 miles from this town, which they immediately set on fire, when the whole building, with all its valuable machinery, was in a very short time burned to the ground. The damage is immense; the building alone having cost £6000.

[29] Lord Montague's house, at Datchet, was, last Tuesday night, burned to the ground, and most of the property it contained was destroyed. This event is said to have arisen from some experiment to give warmth to the mansion.

[*May* 1] Yesterday, in the C. of King's Bench, John Hunt and William Squires, convicted of violent and shameful outrage on a religious meeting, (*see our last No. page* 188) were sentenced—the former to 18 month's imprisonment, a fine of £20, and to give security to keep the peace for three years—the latter to a month's imprisonment.

[1] Yesterday, Col. Brown, convicted of having, by fraudulent means, obtained a grant of land in the island of St. Vincent, was sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

[1] A few nights ago, part of the gallery of the theatre at Tunbridge gave way; by which accident many persons were bruised, but no lives lost.

[2] The wife of a respectable farmer, at a village in the neighbourhood of Liverpool, died a few days ago under melancholy circumstances. About two years ago, having had a quarrel with a female servant, the young woman, after leaving the house, propagated a report, that an improper connexion had for some time subsisted between her late mistress and a man in the neighbourhood. This rumor reached the ears of the husband, who took it so much to heart, that he quitted his home, and never returned till a few weeks since. His wife was so affected by this desertion, and the cause of it, that she fell into a decline, and, on her husband's return, was past recovery. She earnestly solicited an interview, which having obtained, she assured him, on the word of a dying person, that she was entirely innocent. He believed her, and a reconciliation took place, but too late, as she died a few days afterwards. The young woman being threatened with a prosecution, confessed her guilt, and attested the innocence of her mistress, and has, in consequence, been excommunicated in the neighbouring churches.

[2] At the Queen's drawing-room, on Thursday last, the Prince and Princess Regent did not meet.—Conformably to a previous arrangement, the Princess went earlier than the Prince, and retired before he made his appearance.

[2] Last night, in the House of Peers, the Earl of Lauderdale produced half-crown paper tokens, issued in Worcestershire and Norfolk.

[2] A forgery in a banking-house, to the amount of £3000, has been discovered, at the west end of the town; and the delinquent has fled.

[2] April 29, in the neighbourhood of Huddersfield, as Mr. W. Horsfall—who was concerned in a mill where shearframes are used for dressing cloth, and who had shown great resolution in resisting the frame-breakers—was riding along

the high road, he received a shot from a villain concealed in an adjacent plantation, and was wounded with four slugs.

[4] He has since died of his wounds.

[4] At Bow-street office, on Saturday, two men were convicted of making soap without licence. The one was fined £20: the other, unable to pay the fine, was sentenced to two months' imprisonment.

[4] At Marlborough-street office, on Saturday, a man, convicted of having attempted, by means of a false written character, to obtain employment as a servant, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment, in default of paying a fine of 20*l.*

[4] Ministers have determined to adopt the most vigorous and efficacious measures for the suppression of riot and devastation in the manufacturing districts. For this purpose, the military are in motion, and proceeding in all directions to the midland and northern counties. Detachments of cavalry and infantry, with field-pieces, passed through the metropolis, and different villages in its vicinity, every morning last week for the north; and several regiments are stationed in and near town.

[4] *Manchester, April 30.*—All is quiet here at present.—The committee, or delegates, of the Bolton rioters had planned a secret meeting, at which some important matters were to be discussed. The fact became known to the officers and police, and it was deemed prudent not to prevent it from taking place. The consequence was, that, last night, the whole assemblage, consisting of twenty-five men, were taken by surprise, together with all their correspondence. A man has also been apprehended at Eccles, in attempting to seduce the Local Militia, by offering five guineas bounty and fifteen shillings per week to all that would be *twisted in* [the term for swearing in]. Many of the delegates are going round the country on the same service.

[5] At the late Kildare races, Mr. Browne, of Rockville, won ten thousand pounds.—A sum of not less than £50,000 is said to be depending on a match between a horse of his and one belonging to Col. Lumm.

[5] Yesterday, Henry Heatraff, convicted of having aided the escape of three French prisoners, was sentenced to three years' imprisonment, and a fine of £100.

[6] Stockport, Macclesfield, and the neighbourhood, which has lately been so much the scene of tumult and rioting, attended with a great destruction of private property, appears nearly, if not quite, in a state of quiet and security:—many of the principal offenders are in custody; and provisions are now brought into the markets of those towns, with nearly the same confidence as usual.

[7] At some of the late fashionable routs, valuable shawls have been purloined by ladies, who left others of little value in their stead. At the Countess of C.'s last crowded assembly, no fewer than forty seven shawls were thus purloined, among which were three new Indian ones, worth 50 guineas each, for which the owners obtained only threadbare articles, not worth half so many shillings.

[7] At Nottingham, on Sunday last, Mr. Oldknow, during his wife's absence at church, cut the throats of two of his children, and then shot himself.—This act is attributed to distress occasioned by the stagnation of trade.

[7] From the proceedings of the Spitalfields Soup Society, it appears that 3000 quarts of a strong meat soup are delivered out, at one penny per quart, to 1000 families every day. The soup requires, each day—beef, 856lb.—Scotch barley 426lbs.—split peas 317lbs.—onions 40 lbs.—pepper 3lbs. 14oz.—salt 62lbs.—It is calculated that 7000 persons partake of this soup daily. The materials are all of the best kind; and the difference between the cost of the soup, and the money paid by the poor, occasions a loss to the Institution of more than £150 per week. This is supported by voluntary contributions, and a committee of visitors attend regularly to see the work of charity duly performed.—They have lately made an investigation of the character and condition of the poor who receive this daily supply; and a most valuable document is the result. From this it appears, that, of 1504 families, consisting of 7186 persons, nearly one half had no Bible, and only 1094 could read.—A great proportion of these poor families are weavers, and it appears that there are now 2852 looms unemployed, and an equal number with only half employ; and it is calculated that the number of dependants for bread on each loom are between three and four.

[8] In consequence of the withdrawing of the protections from the impress of the persons lately embodied as river

fencibles, the whole of the business below bridge is at a stand; and the Baltic fleet outward, from the want of hands, is detained, not being able to procure, on this account, the necessary supplies for the voyage.—The corps of fencibles consisted of only about 600 men: but about 1800 individuals, regularly employed on the river, have disappeared, through fear of an impress, excited by withdrawing the protection from the fencibles.

[8] There are upwards of a hundred persons now confined in Lancaster castle, charged with rioting.

[8] An official return to an order of the House of Commons states the amount of all sums paid for the service of the army in the Peninsula, including British, Foreign, and Portuguese troops, from April, 1808, to the 24th December, 1811, at £22,304,612. 14*s.* 2½*d.*; and the amount of advances in money, arms, stores, or otherwise, made to the Spanish Government, at £2,535,987. 17*s.* 0½*d.*

[9] Yesterday, in the Court of King's Bench, Daniel Isaac Eaton, convicted of publishing the third part of Paine's Age of Reason, (*See our Mag. for March, p.* 141) was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment, and to stand once in the pillory.

[10] *Extraordinary Robbery.*—In the neighbourhood of Haddington, a female, who traveled the country under pretence of selling peppermint-water, lately called at the house of an aged woman, who was alone at the time, and whom she prevailed on to accept a glass of her cordial.—On drinking it, the good woman fell into a profound sleep, during which the impostor robbed the house.

[10] A gander, being lately engaged in combat with a peacock in the farm-yard of Lord Dynevor in Carmarthenshire, and finding himself unequal to his adversary, slowly and judiciously retreated, till he decoyed the peacock to a bridge over a stream of water; when, suddenly seising him, he sprang with him into the water, and there terminated his existence.

[11] The French licences have led to a most grievous perversion. In France, it is required that one fourth of the cargo exported to England should consist of manufactured silk: and, on complying with this condition, and receiving the competent value on board in that or other articles, the ship-owner is entitled to return with colonial produce from British ports. The ship-owners, contrary to the design, receive the whole in French manufactured silks, and putting them into small craft, smuggle them in here. The consequence is, that a large quantity of this foreign manufacture is introduced, to the great detriment of our own distressed manufacturers.—The ships employed in this trade obtain, for a voyage of a few hours, a freight of between 60 and 80 pounds per ton upon their admeasurement.

[11] On Thursday evening, seven foreigners belonging to the Opera House in the Haymarket, and one belonging to the Pantheon Theatre, were brought to Bow-street office, and charged with being at large within this kingdom, without having obtained a licence according to the last Alien Act. They all admitted the fact; but it appearing that their neglect was not wilful, the magistrate only adjudged them to seven days' imprisonment each in Tothill-fields Bridewell.

[12] Yesterday evening, the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval, Chancellor of the Exchequer, was shot by an assassin in the lobby of the House of Commons.—*See page 226 of our present Number.*

[13] Government have contracted with the Russian merchants for 12,000 tons of hemp, of the distinction of Petersburg clean, at the price of 85 and 88*l.* per ton.

[12] A letter from Huddersfield, of May 7, says, "The Luddites" [the cant name for the frame-breakers] "have been very active in collecting arms this last week, and have been too successful. They proceeded to people's houses, in the townships of Almondbury, Wooldale, Farnley, Netherthong, Meltham, Honley, and Marsden, and many other places in this neighbourhood; they entered the houses by 20 or 30 in a gang, and demanded all the arms in the house, on pain of instant death. By this means they have obtained possession of upwards of 100 stand of arms since my last letter to you, and not one night has passed without some arms having been so taken. In order to check this alarming evil, Major Gordon has obtained possession of 200 stand of arms from the inhabitants in this neighbourhood; the military are in this manner daily employed in collecting arms; but they have not been fortunate enough to discover the depot of the Luddites.

[15] Yesterday, the Anniversary of the Sons of the Clergy was held at St. Paul's cathedral; and the amount of the receipts was £570.

[16] Sydney College, Cambridge, was

on fire, a third time, on Sunday se'nnight. A strict examination has since taken place: but nothing has transpired, which can lead to a detection of the incendiary, or even to a reasonable suspicion.

[16] Yesterday, at the Sessions for Middlesex, a bill of indictment was found against eighty-five journeymen curriers, for a combination to obtain an advance in the accustomed prices of work.

[17] When the news of Mr. Perceval's murder reached Nottingham, a numerous crowd publicly testified their joy by shouts, huzzas, drums beating, flags flying, bells ringing, bonfires blazing.—The military being called out, and the riot-act read, peace was restored.

[18] Loughborough was a scene of tumult on Thursday, the lower orders having numerously assembled in the market-place, and supplied themselves with the different articles of provision at their own prices.

[19] Yesterday, John Bellingham, the assassin of Mr. Perceval, was hanged at the Old Bailey.—*See page 226 of our present Number.*

[19] Yesterday, at the Middlesex sessions, H. Eddell was sentenced to seven years' transportation, for an attempt to extort money from a gentleman by means of a letter threatening to accuse him of a crime, in case of his non-compliance.

[20] Last night's Gazette offers a reward of £1000 for the discovery of the writer of certain anonymous threatening letters to the Prince Regent, and his secretary, Col. M'Mahon, in which the Prince is indecorously designated by the coarse appellations of a "*damned unfeeling scoundrel*," and a "*blackguard*."

[20] By an explosion of fire-damp in a colliery at Brinmorgan, on Saturday last, several persons were killed and wounded.

[23] A wretch was lately committed to Bodmin jail for the murder of his wife. After having dispatched her by repeated stabs, he was caught in the act of burning her dead body with turf.

[23] In a violent hail-storm, experienced, on Wednesday, at Stratton-Park, Hants, many of the stones were three inches in circumference.

[23] At the sale of the Duke of Roxburgh's books, yesterday, a set of the Sessions papers, from 1690 to 1803, sold for 378*l.*

[23] It has been proved at the bar of the House of Commons, that, by the interruption of the American trade, Birmingham has lost the annual receipt of £1,000,000, four fifths of which were paid for workmanship alone—and that thousands of artisans have emigrated to America.

[26] A lighted candle lately caused an explosion in a coal-mine at Orrell, near Liverpool, by which ten persons lost their lives.

[27] Flour is sent from England to the army in Portugal.—One individual lately shipped 6000 quarters.

[27] The writer of the threatening letters to the Regent and his secretary is said to be that lunatic who has so long teased the Duke of Norfolk by claims to the title.

BORN.

[*April* 24] On Monday, of the lady of the Hon. Chas. Anderson Pelham, a son.

[24] Yesterday, of Viscountess Primrose, a daughter.

[25] Yesterday, of the Hon. Mrs. Wedderburn, a daughter.

[*May* 1] On the 22d ult. of the Countess of Dalhousie, a son.

[2] Thursday, of the lady of the Rev. C. P. Burney, Greenwich, a daughter.

[12] Lately, of the lady of J. Mansfield, esq. Baker-street, a son.

[14] Friday, of the lady of J. W. Farrer, esq. Weymouth-street, a son.

[15] Monday, of the lady of Sir Edward Knatchbull, bart. a son.

[16] Tuesday, of Lady Theodosia Rice, Wimpole-street, a daughter.

[18] On the 16th, of the lady of George Gipps, esq. M. P. a son.

[20] Lately, of the lady of Sir Home Popham, a son.

[20] Yesterday, of the lady of the Hon. Windham Quin, a son.

MARRIED.

[*April* 24] On Thursday, W. Herring, esq. of Bedford place, to Miss Sarah Harvey, of Surrey-street.

[27] Saturday, at Lewisham, Joshua Andrews, esq. to Miss Elizabeth Gruer, of Dell Lodge, Blackheath.

[28] Lately, the Rev. Charles Mordaunt, jun. to Miss Frances Harriet Sparrow.

[28] Friday, John Stewardson, esq. of Hampstead, to Miss Harriet Fleming.

[30] Monday, the Rev. James Rudge, lecturer of Limehouse, to Miss Caroline Drane.

[30] Tuesday, Chas. Day, esq. of Albany, to Miss Frances Mary Perreau.

[*May* 6] Yesterday, Sidney Shore, esq. of Derbyshire, to Miss White, of Lincolnshire.

[9] Yesterday, Timothy Yeats Brown, esq. of Peckham Lodge, to Miss Mary Ann Goldsmid.

[10] Saturday, Godfrey John Kneller, esq. of Donhead Hall, Wilts, to Miss Frances Mary Johnson, of Gloucester-place, Portman square.

[11] Saturday, Chas. Brown, esq. of Leicester, to Miss Sarah Matilda Bull, of Holles-street.

[15] On the 11th, at York, Peter Smith, M. D. R. N. to Miss Henrietta Erskine, of Amondell.

[18] Wednesday, the Rev. Geo. Marwood, one of the canons of Chichester, to Mrs. Dodgson.

DECEASED.

[*April* 27] On Monday, *aged* 82, Edward Forster, esq. governor of the Royal Exchange Assurance Company.

[28] Friday, the Countess of Erroll.

[30] Monday, *aged* 82, the Rev Sam. Glasse, D. D. F. R. S. rector of Wanstead, &c.

[*May* 5] Tuesday, Rear Admiral Geo. Hart.

[8] Wednesday, Mrs. Collinson, Sloane-street, *aged* 69.

[9] Yesterday, *aged* 69, the R. Rev. Dr. John Douglas, Roman Catholic Vicar Apostolic of the London district, and Bishop of Centuriæ.

[11] Wednesday, Capt. Henry Whitby, of the navy.

[12] Friday, Alexander Hume, esq of Gloucester-place, Portman-square.

[14] Monday, *aged* 73, Mrs. Mead, Clapham.

[14] Tuesday, *aged* 63, Mr. W. Burgess, an esteemed portrait-painter.

[15] Tuesday, Chas. Sturt, esq. brother-in-law to the Earl of Shaftesbury.

[15] Wednesday, in an apoplectic fit, the R. R. Dr. Dampier, Bishop of Ely.

[16] On the 10th, John Clerk, esq. F. R. S. Edin. and author of "Naval Tactics"

[18] Lately, Viscountess Downe.

[18] Saturday, Sir Frank Standish, bart.

[18] Yesterday, Matthew Lewis, esq. Devonshire-place.

[20] Monday, John Nicholl, esq. Stepney-Green.

[20] Tuesday, Mrs. Kindersley, Little Marlow, Bucks.

[26] Lately, the mother of Lady Cassilis.

[26] On the 17th, *aged* 81, Mrs. Beckett, Queen-square, Westminster.

[28] Tuesday Lady Fortescue.

APPENDIX.

Real value of our imports and exports, for a series of six years, as laid on the table of the House of Commons:

In	Imports.	Exports.
1805	£33,582,146	£51,109,131
1806	30 021,707	52,028,881
1807	33,560,999	50,482,661
1808	45,718,698	49,999,746
1809	59,851,352	66,017,716
1810	74,538,061	69,701,609

Official value of British produce and manufactures, and of foreign and colonial merchandise, exported from England, in the three quarters ending 10th October, 1809, 1810, and 1811, respectively—

1809.	British	£25,366,796	Total.
	Foreign	11,047,573	36,354,369
1810.	British	27,019,516	
	Foreign	8,764,330	35,783,846
1811.	British	16,397,311	
	Foreign	5,969,934	22,376,245

Account of Copper imported into and exported from Great Britain, in the years 1809, 1810, and 1811:—

	IMPORTED.	Cwt.	q.	lb.
1809		49,995	0	18
1810		50,695	1	17
1811		20,517	3	21

EXPORTED. (1809)

Unwrought.	cwt	q.	lb.			
Foreign	1,243	0	24	Total.		
British	21	3	10	cwt.	q.	lb.
Wrought.				70,530	1	26
British	69,265	1	20			
Unwrought. (1810)						
Foreign	696	1	11			
British	814	1	20	58,877	1	10
Wrought.						
British	57,366	2	13			
Unwrought. (1811)						
Foreign	804	3	0			
British	0	0	0			
Wrought.				49,167	0	10
British	48,362	11	0			

Amount of Money raised in the year ended January 5, 1812 (omitting fractions.)

By taxes, £63,682,585 — by loans, 15,636,375—by lotteries, 922,136—Total, £81,241,097.

Amount of the Capital of the Funded Debt of Great Britain and Ireland, on the 1st of January, 1812:—

Debt of Great Britain,	£747,429,339	11	5¼
Ireland,	61,274,250	—	—
Emperor of Germany,	7,502,630	6	8
Portugal,	895,522	7	9
Total.	£817,101,745	5	8¼