

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

Entertaining COMPANION for the FAIR SEX.

Vol. 43, No. 7, for July, 1812.

This Number is embellished with the following Plates:

1. An accurate Likeness of the Right Honorable SPENCER PERCEVAL,
2. London fashionable WALKING-DRESSES.
3. New and elegant PATTERNS for a CUFF and BORDER of a DRESS.

CONTENTS.

Sappho,	page 295	Address to Music,	329
The Dutch Patriots,	297	Thoughts at a Mother's Grave,	330
The Old Woman, No. 7.—On the Comfort arising from the Recollection of a well- spent Life,	300	Song of the Red-breast,	330
The Brothers,	303	Verses written during Indis- position,	331
The Highland Hermitage,	309	Lines from the Album at Gillsland Spa,	331
Mock Auctions,	313	Completion of Bouts-rimés,	331
The Ruins of Time, and Man's Anxiety for posthumous Fame,	314	Another—To Envy,	332
Marriage Ceremonies in the Feroe Islands,	315	Bouts rimés proposed,	332
An over-ruling Providence,	316	The Music of the Groves,	332
The Pleasures of Benevolence,	317	Mrs. Siddons's Farewell Ad- dress to the Public,	332
The Eye—a fragment,	321	The Victim of Seduction,	333
Anecdote of the Czar Iwan,	321	On hearing that a certain Wit's Fire was extinct,	333
Anecdote of Charles XII. of Sweden,	323	Le Médisant adroit,	333
The Poet Gray, and the Du- chess of Northumber- land,	324	London Fashions,	333
On Seduction,	324	Foreign Affairs,	334
Biographic Sketch of Mr. Per- ceval, (with a Portrait)	325	Domestic Occurrences,	336
Volcanic Eruption at St. Vin- cent's,	328	Births,	339
POETRY.		Marriages,	340
On the Death of an accom- plished Youth,	329	Deaths,	340
		APPENDIX.	
		Cock-roaches and Hedge- hogs.	340
		Amount of Bank Tokens,	340
		Porter-Brewery in London,	294
		Ale-Brewery,	294
		Population of America,	294
		French Prisoners,	294

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

NOTICES.

In our next month's publication, shall appear the first Number of "*Musings in a Country Church*," by Mr. Webb, author of "*Haverhill*" and other poems.

To a Lady (whom we forbear to designate by name) we return thanks for her obliging communication, though sorry, that, under existing circumstances, we cannot avail ourselves of it as we should wish.

The two *Completions* of *Bouts-rimés*, signed "*A Youth*," have not quite sufficient merit for publication, though they ominate favorably of the writer's future success.

The Parody of "*Gare l'eau*," and the accompanying song, were (we presume) not seriously intended for insertion.—At all events, we cannot insert either.

Appendix continued from page 340.

Number of Barrels of Porter brewed by the sixteen principal Porter-Brewers in the London District, from the 5th July, 1811, to 5th July, 1812:—

	Barrels.
Barclay, Perkins and Co.	270,259
Meux, Reid and Co.	188,678
Hanbury and Co.	150,164
Whitbread and Co.	122,446
Calvert and Co.	108,212
Beury Meux and Co.	102,493
Combe and Co.	100,824
Goodwin and Co.	81,032
Elliott and Co.	58,035
Taylor	51,220
Cocks and Co. (late Brown & Parry)	51,274
Clowes and Co.	34,010
Hollingsworth and Co.	28,038
Martineau	24,148
Hodson	24,142
Pryor	20,910

Number of Barrels of Ale brewed by the eight principal Ale-Brewers, in the London District, from the 5th July, 1811, to 5th July, 1812:—

	Barrels.
Stretton, Broad-street, Golden-square	24,362
Charington and Co. Mile End,	20,621
Wyatt, Portpool lane,	18,067
Goding and Co. Knightsbridge,	13,055
Thorpe and Co. Clerkenwell,	8,742
Webb and Co. St. Giles's	7,136
Davies, Lambeth,	6,925
Hale and Co. Redcross street	6,055

Population of the United States of America, from an official Return made in 1810 — Virginia, 965,079, of whom 300,000 are negro slaves; New York, 959,220, only 15,000 slaves; Pennsylvania, 810,163; Massachusetts (and Maine), 700,745; North Carolina, 563,526; South Carolina, 414,935; Kentucky, 406,511; Maryland, 380,546; Connecticut, 261,942; Tennessee, East and West, 261,727; Georgia, 252,433; New Jersey, 245,562; Ohio, 230,760; Vermont, 217,913; New

Hampshire, 214,414; Rhode Island, 76,913; Delaware, 72,674 — Territorial governments:— New Orleans, 76,556; Mississippi, 40,352; Indiana, 24,520; Columbia, 24,023; Louisiana, 20,545; Illinois, 12,282; Michigan, 4,762 — Total, 7,238,421 souls.

Number of all French Commissioned Officers, Prisoners of War on Parole, in Great Britain, on the 5th June 1810, 1811, and 1812, respectively

Years ending	Comm. Officers on Parole.	Have broken their Parole.	Have been re-taken.	Have effected their Escape.
5th June, 1810	1,685	104	47	57
Do. 1811	2,087	118	47	71
Do. 1812	2,142	242	63	179
		464	157	307
		918	85	133
		682	242	440

Besides the above Commissioned Officers, other French Prisoners, such as Masters and Mates of Merchant Vessels, Captains, 2d Captains and Lieutenants of Privateers, Civilians holding situations connected with the Army and Navy, Passengers and other Persons of respectability, have broken their Parole in the three years above mentioned

The numbers, stated in this Account, include those persons only who have actually absconded from the places appointed for their residence.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR JULY, 1812.

SAPPHO; *an Historic Romance.*

(Continued from page 202.)

THE day passed over in silence. Sappho appeared to labor under an extreme depression of mind: she never pronounced the name of Phaon, and took no further share in the conversation, than by some uninteresting remarks, merely to avoid giving offence to her host by an apparent affectation of silence. Euty chius labored under the same embarrassment, and durst not mention the subject which occupied her imagination.—This painful restraint continued, on both sides, till Night (so ardently invoked by Sappho) spread her veil of darkness, and, in unison with her gloomy thoughts, seemed to favor her design.

Euty chius and all his household were plunged in tranquil sleep, when Sappho, accompanied by the faithful Rhodopè and Clitus, embarked on board a vessel, previously engaged for the purpose—and, overwhelmed with anxious apprehension, ordered the pilot to direct his course toward the island of Leucadia.

Leucadia was originally a peninsula attached to Acarnania, opposite to Ithaca and Cephalonia: but the Corinthians, having rendered themselves masters of it, separated the isthmus from the continent, and formed an island, celebrated for the promontory, of Leucatès—a rock projecting into the sea toward Cephalonia.—At a short distance from the promontory, stood the sacred temple of Apollo.

Let us now leave Phaon crossing the seas, impatient to regain the

walls of Mitylenè, and still more impatient to bind those ties which were to unite him for-ever to his beloved Cleonicè:—let us leave Nomophilus and Euty chius overwhelmed with grief and astonishment at the sudden and unexpected departure of her, whom they had already named the Muse of Lesbos:—let us follow the destiny of Sappho.

She pursued her voyage to Leucadia, accusing the tardiness of the winds, which did not keep pace with her impatience. On the fifth day she discovered the islands of Greece; and, coasting along their dangerous shores, she landed, on the tenth day, at the port of Ambracia, whence she sailed in a smaller vessel to Leucadia. Impatient to obey the oracle of the Pythia, her only remaining hope—and to seek in oblivion a remedy for all her woes—she immediately hastened to the temple of Apollo, to obtain from the high priest an explanation of the obscure response of Stratonice. This temple, equally venerable for its great antiquity, and the immemorial worship of the god to whom it was dedicated, was built on the summit of a mountain, so elevated, that, during storms, the clouds were seen to traverse and envelop its porticoes: but, when the elements were at peace, the eye wandered uncontrolled, and commanded the vast extent of the azure main. In this holy temple reigned a solemn and religious silence, which was only interrupted by the sacred hymns of the priests, or the bellowing of the victims devoted to the

altar.—In the centre stood the statue of Apollo: his look was full of divine majesty, and his eye seemed to follow the arrow just shot from his bow.—Prostrate at the foot of the altars were constantly seen a crowd of strangers from different parts of Greece, and the most remote regions, who either came to invoke the aid of the god, or to return him their thanks.

Sappho entered the temple, her head lowly bent toward the ground, her mind resigned, and deeply impressed with religious awe inspired by the sacredness of the place. The priest was in the act of offering up a sacrifice, when she approached, and, in the tone of supplication, said, "Hail, thou minister of Apollo! hail, ye ancient altars, at whose feet so many supplicants have received consolation! Vouchsafe, O sacred minister of a beneficent Deity! to listen to my prayer! I have wandered from shore to shore: I have traversed the perilous extent of the seas, to implore the protection of the gods, and to know their will."

The priest listened with solemn gravity, and suspended the preparations for the sacrifice. A long beard descended in silver undulations on his breast; and his snowy locks were encircled with a crown of laurel. "What are thy wishes?" he inquired in a slow and solemn tone.—"When thou hast explained them, I will then inform thee whether they be agreeable to the gods." He looked steadfastly at Sappho, and continued, "Young maid! you do not come hither to ask of Apollo to excell in drawing the bow, nor that he will grant you his rays, nor the talent to charm by harmonious sounds; these are the prayers of warriors, husbandmen, and musicians.—At your age, an unfortunate

passion can alone have conducted you to Leucadia."

"Sacred minister!" exclaimed Sappho—"you sustain my drooping courage. Explain, I beseech you, the mystery of an obscure oracle, which has announced that my love can only be extinguished in the waters of Leucadia. Full of hope in this prediction, of fear toward an offended deity, and of confidence in Apollo, I am come to desire that he will extinguish, in these salutary waters, a passion which has resisted the torments of disappointment, the counsels of friendship, and the insults of contempt."—"Follow me," said the priest; "and I will show thee where others, laboring under similar misfortunes, have found a termination of their sorrows."

When they had reached the portico, he said, "Behold that high promontory, which overhangs the sea! That is the rock of Leucates. 'Tis thence Deucalion, despised by Pyrrha—Phobeus, of the race of Codrus—and Cephalus, disdained by Ptoola—leaped into the sea."

At these words, the color forsook the cheeks of Sappho, and she cried, "Alas! is death then my only resource? Yet even death is preferable to so miserable an existence."—"Repose greater confidence in the gods," returned the priest: "for neither Deucalion, nor Phobeus, nor Cephalus, perished: they only lost, in the waves, the remembrance of their love. These icy waters, like the springs of Lethè, extinguished their passion. Their history is engraven on the summit of the rock.—Like them, put your trust in the gods; for they alone can save you; but, if you offend them by your timidity, then—dread their vengeance!"

The sacred priest retired, darting a terrific look at the unhappy Sap-

pho, who remained transfixed with terror and astonishment at the dreadful sentence.

Rhodopè and Clitus, who had attentively watched her, now approached, but remained silent, and durst not interrupt her melancholy reflexions.—After a pause of some moments, Sappho appeared as if she suddenly formed some desperate resolution, and exclaimed, “My fate is fixed! and, whatever may be the result of the promises of the divinity—whether I extinguish my passion or my life—I shall obtain repose.”—Her bosom heaved tumultuously with contending passions: she tore her garments in violent agitation, and rushed with rapidity toward the fatal promontory. The astonished and afflicted Clitus ran after her, to support her footsteps; and Rhodopè, whose age did not allow her to follow her mistress, screamed aloud for assistance:—but her cries were lost in air, amid the roaring of the waves; and Sappho, deaf to her voice, still ran with precipitation, to accomplish the will of the divinity.

(To be concluded in our next.)

*The DUTCH PATRIOTS
of the Sixteenth Century.*

(Continued from page 276.)

BOOK 5.

MOUNTED on rapid steeds, William with the Batavians and their Gallic associates soon approach the famous towers of Rochelle, and instantly march to the shore, where Coligni's fleet awaited their arrival. His orders had preceded them on their way; and they find every thing ready for their immediate departure. William advances at their head, and climbs the lofty sides of the vessel destined for his reception. He is followed by the Batavians and French: the anchors are

torn up from their cozy bed; and, spreading their canvas wings, the ships rapidly fly over the foaming billows.

From the recesses of his grotto, Oceanor beholds the warriors ploughing the watery plains: he commands the winds and the waves to respect that favored fleet; when suddenly the waves and the winds unite in harmonious concert; and the obedient main presents the image of a majestic river, whose placid stream flows with uniform tenor along its wonted bed; while, issuing from the stormy chambers of the South, Auster waves his pinions with mitigated force, gently flutters in the swelling sails, and with attempered breath soothes the smiling surface of the deep.

As a rising generation of oaks, promising to surpass their progenitors of the grove, display unusual vigor even in their youthful state—enjoy the genial gifts alternately lavished on them by the sun and by the clouds—imbibe the rich juices which the fertile soil supplies for their nourishment—inure their tender branches to struggle against the blast—and, darting their roots deep into the ground, announce to the traveller who already reclines under their shade, that they will one day be the fathers of a forest, will rear their towering heads to the clouds, and mock the fury of the tempest:—such, the Batavians proceed on their way, favored by the winds and waves.

Their fleet pursues its prosperous course; while, behind them, rapidly disappear Olonne, Jersey, the shores where the Loire pours forth her tributary waves into the ocean, and those where the broad Seine placidly discharges her majestic stream. Arrived near Calais—where the sea, confined within the narrow bound-

daries of opposite rocks, is seen at times to rage and struggle with un-availing fury to overthrow its barriers—the ships dart through the strait with the same rapidity as the sons of Æolus wing their way through the yielding air. Thence the warriors derive a happy presage, and doubt not that Heaven smiles propitious on their voyage.

At length, in distant perspective, they descry the Batavian shores.—Those shores—the dearest object of their ardent wishes—gilded at that moment by the brightest beams of day, present to their minds the image of a new-born world, fresh from the plastic hand of the almighty Creator. At the sight, every heart bounds with joy, and the pilots direct the course of the ships toward the wished-for land.

Meanwhile, under the faint horizon, where an almost imperceptible discrimination scarcely divides the sea from the sky, suddenly appear whitening sails, which at first seem borne by light skiffs; but, gradually increasing in size, they soon display tall vessels, whose masts rise to the clouds, and whose rigging is now clearly seen to wave in the wind. Recognising the ships of Spain, the Batavians and French quickly prepare for combat; and already are the brazen thunders impregnated with the seeds of destruction, when a small bark is seen rapidly skimming the surface of the deep, and advancing toward William.

Near the prow stands a mortal distinguished by the noble sweetness of his countenance, who, with the vigor of youth which he yet retains un-impaired, unites the majestic grace of old age toward which his years are advancing, and whose head begins to be crowned with hoary honors resembling the first down of frost that glistens on the

autumnal leaves. William attentively views his features, recognises him, and, receiving him on board his vessel—

“Barneveldt!” cries he, clasping him to his bosom, “’tis you then that bless my longing sight! Not foreseeing that we should have the happiness of thus meeting on this sea, and that we were coming with a fleet to your assistance—you and your Batavian followers were, no doubt, repairing to the coasts of France, to take us on board your ships. Barneveldt had for a season disappeared: but he has not suffered the sacred flame of liberty to cool in his bosom.”

His eyes sparkling with increased animation, Barneveldt exclaims, “No! my sight does not deceive me! I behold the undaunted defenders of our liberty! There was a time, indeed, when, shunning the observation of mankind, I avoided even their traces. Secretly residing in Holland, I have as yet seldom visited the cities: the wildest, the most unfrequented recesses were my fortuitous abode. But, when the fame of your exploits reached my ear, and I saw a regeneration taking place in the minds of the Batavians, I immediately made my appearance among the most virtuous citizens of Holland and Zeeland: I found them worthy of the name of men: they had thrown off the yoke of despotism; and from their lips I heard the language of freedom. I spoke to them of those heroes, who, at a distance from their country, had fought in her support, at the same time that they were defending the rights of the French, and who, assisted in their turn by the aid of their generous friends, had, on the banks of the Loire, erected, as it were, the first altar to Batavian liberty. ‘The earth,’ said I, ‘is

under the dominion of tyrants: let the sea, less subject to their control, open us a passage to go join those heroes.—We found a number of ships laden with the gold of Potosi—the spoil of hapless America—which was destined to achieve the subjugation of our provinces, by Philip, who employs the steel of the old world against the new, and the gold of the new world against the old. We attacked them; and, courage supplying the place of numbers, victory crowned our enterprise with success. Together with this rich prey, we come in person to announce to you the resolution which has named you our chief. Nassau! that high honor is conferred on you by a people who are regenerated under the auspices of liberty.”

He said—and William exclaimed, “Then the Batavian does not servilely bend the knee before the shrine of tyranny!”

Barneveldt had entered William’s vessel, attended by several warriors under the conduct of Boisot and Bunoy, chiefs who had distinguished their courage and skill in naval engagements. They express the sentiments with which they are animated toward their country, and toward the man whom she has named her defender.—While William clasps Barneveldt to his bosom, the remembrance of Egmont and Horn recurs to their minds; and the names of those two heroes, their friends, are pronounced by them with deepest sorrow.

Before he returned to his own ship, Barneveldt pointed out to William the vessels laden with the treasures which they had wrested from Spain, and desired him to pronounce their destination. “That gold,” replied William, “belongs to our country. Intended as the instrument of despotism, let it, in our

hands, become the instrument of liberty.”

At the names of liberty and country, unanimously re-echoed at the same moment by all the warriors of the fleet, the ships dart forward with increased velocity: but William, apprehensive of being discovered, gave orders, that, under the friendly shelter of an island which presented a convenient bay for their reception, they should furl their sails, and cast anchor. Immediately the sails are furled: the anchors, descending with thundering noise into the waves, fasten their strong gripe in the sand beneath; and the fleet rests motionless on the surface of the deep.

After a short interval, the father of day plunges his beamy car into the western main, and the irradiated ocean seems the palace of the sun, blazing with torrents of light, which mingle with the limpid crystal of the fluctuating waters. The dazzling brightness of the departing day adds to the horrors of the succeeding darkness. The luminaries of night silently advance through the sky, dispel the gloom with their rays, and shine conspicuous in the heavens, now visible on every side: and, the sea reflecting the magnificent spectacle, the astonished eye beholds, at the same moment, in the ætherial expanse, and in the liquid mirror which appears equally boundless, those globes of exhaustless fire, together with the worlds which they illumine and animate. Around their reflected glories, assemble the scaly inhabitants of the watery domain: Leviathan himself, upheaving the vast enormity of his bulk from the pearly caves of the deep, rises to the surface of the waves, to contemplate the wondrous sight.

Meanwhile the winds, as if impatient to swell the heroes’ sails,

raise their voices over the main, while the radiant stars point out the track they are to pursue. Sudden the fleet displays its canvas wings, and resumes its interrupted course. Such, the eagle rushes forward with eager speed, when, returning with food to her young nestlings, she, from the summit of an airy rock, beholds them captive in the hands of the ravisher: her eyes flash with fire; and the air, agitated by the motion of her pinions, yields to the impetuosity of her flight.

The earth is veiled in darkness: inactive night has suspended the labors of busy mortals, who now peacefully enjoy the sweets of soft repose: but the fiendly powers, the irreconcilable enemies of man, suffer not the influence of sleep to approach their eyes.

(To be continued.)

THE OLD WOMAN.

(Continued from page 249.)

N^o. 7.—On the COMFORT arising from the Recollection of a well-spent LIFE.

A WORK which has so extensive a circulation as the *Lady's Magazine*, must of course be perused by persons of various ages and different stations in life; and, though I have hitherto addressed those remarks which time and experience have allowed me an opportunity of making, to the younger part of my sex—yet I flatter myself that a few observations to the aged will not be unacceptable to some of my readers.

“Bare and hackneyed as the path of life is, when trod by thoughtless multitudes, deep and serious instruction will be found upon the road, by those who contemplate the whole compass of their being, and consider the present moment as only introductory to the future*.”

Successive generations tread this hackneyed path, this inevitably varying circuit, without making a deeper impression, than we do on the sand which margins the sea's extended shore; and man, weak man, walks over the obliterated footsteps of his predecessor, without reflecting that time must soon efface his own.—Yet, alas! it is not every one, who is prepared to meet this impressive certainty with composure.—The vicious and unprincipled endeavour to banish it from their thoughts; or, if the idea unwillingly intrudes itself upon their imagination, they take pains to elude it, by flying to the pleasures of the world.

To meet death with calmness ought to be the primary object of our existence: but the question may be asked, “How is that calmness to be acquired?”—I answer, “By doing justice, loving mercy, and walking humbly with our God.”—To perform these duties, no brilliancy of parts is requisite; for the ignorant and uneducated possess an equal power with the affluent and enlightened: the performance depends not on wealth or situation, but upon a proper government of the heart. Yet, if, during the earlier part of life, virtuous principles have not been cherished, and religious propensities acquired, there is little probability of obtaining that dominion over the passions, which can alone bring us peace at the last.

As the decline of life must necessarily be attended with the privation of many earthly comforts, how prudent would it be to lay in a store of those, which neither time nor infirmities have the power to decrease—and, as our vigor declines, to feel our confidence in our Redeemer strengthened, our hopes enlarged, and our faith imparting peace—“that peace” (to make use of

* Brewster's “Meditations for the Aged.”

the words of the sacred writer) "which passeth all understanding, and which the world cannot give."

Life may not unaptly be compared to a journey, in which the traveller has an immense tract of country to pass through, where he must naturally expect to have difficulties to encounter, and barren rocks to climb over.—In one part he may be delighted by the fertility of the scene which surrounds him:—In another, he may encounter a dreary, barren plain.—Again, his eye may dwell on the beautiful intermixture of wood and water,—when, on suddenly turning an angle, he may only behold a stagnant pool.—To carry this simile a little further, I will suppose this traveller has commenced his journey without a proper supply of food, and fancied, that, in passing through the deserts of Arabia, he should meet with a caravansary every five or six miles of his road.—How should we find language sufficiently strong to express our astonishment at this traveller's folly? We should consider it almost a waste of pity to commiserate his misfortunes, or to deplore his inevitable doom: yet how few of us make a proper provision for our journey, or store our minds with intellectual food!

There is something peculiarly gratifying in beholding old-age retaining the cheerfulness of youth, and sustaining the unavoidable decays of nature with calmness and composure.—Such, in general, will be the conduct of the truly pious Christian, who can take a retrospective view of a well-spent life, and who, though she may recall to mind many omissions of religious and moral duties, yet feels her heart totally free from any intentional vice. According to Mrs. Hannah More's expression, such a character as this may be said to "*grow old gracefully*."

and, at any rate, it must be acknowledged that such individuals would grow old *usefully*.—The example they have set, the precepts they have given, and the practical piety they have displayed, must afford volumes of instruction to the young and inexperienced mind.

But, unfortunately, the infirmities of age are too often considered by their possessors, as an apology for peevishness and pettishness of temper; and, instead of beholding that dignified command over the passions, which ought to attend the declining period of existence, we often see it accompanied by irritability and anxiety about the most trifling affairs. I do not mean this censure to fall upon those in whom the intellectual faculties have no longer the power of being displayed, and whose gradual decay of mind and body demands from humanity the sympathetic sigh:—I merely mean those whose bodies alone feel the gradual decline of nature, but whose mental faculties do not participate in the decay.

"The fabulous story of the Sibyl's books" (observes Mr. Brewster) "affords an instructive allusion to the value of human life, as it draws towards its termination.—Tear successive pages from the volume of time; and inquire of the contemplative man the price of what remains.—He who computes his days by the duties he is called upon to fulfill, and the perpetual impediments which the best-intentioned meet with, to obstruct the usefulness of their endeavours, can alone be sensible of their real value."—If retrospection points out the neglect of duties at the decline of our existence, with what fervency should we implore the Almighty to pardon the omission of them! for it is then absolutely impossible for us to have an

opportunity of redeeming the mis-spent time. Not only days have been lost; but weeks, months, and years, have rapidly succeeded each other, without the truth of their being gone for-ever occurring to the mind. Yet, at the hour when the sun of our existence has passed its meridian, and is calmly declining toward an evening sky, it is then surely right to reflect that the time is fast approaching, when it must set, never more to rise! This reflexion, so far from being accompanied by an appalling sensation, must impart a secret satisfaction to a truly religious mind; for it is a bright perspective; and, though the pious Christian views through a glass darkly, yet, illumined by faith, it appears transcendently bright.—“Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man,” to conceive the extent of that felicity which will be the reward of a well-spent life.

The most perfect of human beings, I allow, would not dare to presume upon their own perfections: they rely upon the atoning blood of Christ, united to the consciousness of having fulfilled their different duties as far as the infirmities of their nature would allow. Such a character was the amiable Mrs. H***s, the wife of a most respectable clergyman of Elmdon in Essex, who not only encouraged the benevolence of her disposition, but extended its influence over his three parishes.—In the village where they resided, it doubtless had a wider field of action, than in the two, where the duty was in part supplied by Mr. H***s's curate: in the former, three poor families daily received the remnants of the table, and in succession three more. On the last day of the week, a leg of beef was boiled down in a copper

with a large quantity of barley and vegetables, which, on the day particularly devoted to the performance of religious and moral duties, was equally distributed among the poor inhabitants.—While Mrs. H***s was benevolently relieving the bodily wants of the lower class of the parishioners, Mr. H***s was no less zealously employed in preparing food for their minds; and, in the true acceptation of the word, he was a faithful priest.

In relieving want, Mrs. H***s carefully avoided encouraging idleness: mere babes in the parish of Elmdon were taught to become useful in their sphere of life; large quantities of wool, hemp, and flax, were purchased for spinning; and the former was knit into stockings by children not more than five years old. A pair of these stockings was given to every individual in the parish, on the day on which we celebrate the nativity of Christ; and each child, whose name was noted down for good behaviour or diligent application, received either sixpence, or a four-penny piece.

In addition to these benevolent acts, Mrs. H***s was the village physician; and, in imitation of professional practice, never omitted a daily visit to those who were incapable of going to the parsonage-house; and if the case exceeded her abilities, she sent to Cambridge for her son, who was an eminent surgeon, and whose benevolence and humanity equalled her own.

Thus, in a constant round of charitable exertion, this exemplary character passed the meridian of life, and, with the full vigor of her faculties, reached that period which the royal Psalmist has declared to be man's measured time. Sudden was the blow—short the warning given; for, blest with health,

and in the full possession of all her faculties, a paralytic stroke brought her to the verge of the grave.—Though filial affection was a stimulus to medical exertion, it was soon evident to those around her, that human art was vain; and, though the flowers of intellect still blossomed, the root of the plant was totally withered!—Her death-bed presented a scene at once impressive and consoling:—every feeling was tranquillised by pious resignation: she felt that she had fought a good fight—that she had kept her faith—and that she was going to receive a crown of righteousness.—No appalling thought, no alarming apprehension, was discoverable:—her every word and action displayed a mind at peace; and, though in one moment reduced to a total state of helplessness, no dissatisfied expression ever escaped her lips.—In the days of health, Addison's beautiful poem of "The expiring Christian to his Soul" had always seemed to accord with her own sensations; and she expired uttering these consolatory words—

"The world recedes—it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes:—my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!"

(To be continued.)

The BROTHERS; a Moral Tale.

(Continued from page 262.)

CHAP. 12.

The sex we honor, though their faults
we blame— [ful theme—

Nay, thank their faults for such a fruit—
A theme, fair Julia, doubly kind to me:—
Since satirising those is praising thee,
Who would'st not bear, too modestly re-
fin'd,

A panegyric of a grosser kind. Young.
All thoughts, all passions, all designs—
Whatever stirs this mortal frame—
All are but ministers of love,
And feed his sacred flame. Coleridge.

THE personal as well as mental advantages of Julia Monson amply justified the sudden predilection

which she inspired. She was between nineteen and twenty, and the eldest of nine children. Their father, Sir William Monson, possessed an entailed estate, of nearly two thousand a year: but the rapid increase of his family—his lady's want of resolution to retrench their expenses, and to deviate from the mode in which they had set out in life—and his own indifferent health,—all together contributed to add an annual embarrassment to his circumstances; for so closely was his property tied up, that he could not even cut wood, till his son, then only four years old, should be of age.

Of this numerous family, Julia was the pride. The probable fate that might befall her, wrung many a bitter sigh from her father's heart, who would scarcely have thought the highest distinctions of wealth or title equal to the merits of his darling child.

In sickness, she was his comforter, and, in his happier hours, the friend whose animation and accomplishments gave to the passing time a zest, which it derived from no other source. Two boys, whose birth succeeded hers, were carried off by the scarlet fever in their infancy: and, at this period, the endearments of the little Julia wound themselves so around her father's heart, that, of the six other daughters, and two sons, who were afterwards born to him, none could inspire an equal affection.

As fervently and sincerely as it deserved, was this partiality requited: yet—as is always the result of such exclusive preferences—the general happiness of the family was by no means increased by it. Lady Monson looked upon Julia as her rival in Sir William's good opinion. She had a childish jealousy of beauty, which, extending to her own daugh-

ter, became an unpardonable folly, and occasioned a harsh snappishness of manner, that prevented the gentle affections of this amiable girl from expanding alike to both her parents.

After this, it needs scarcely be said, that Lady Monson was a weak woman. Sir William had married her for her beauty, without considering that good sense, good temper, and fortune, were more valuable and lasting qualifications. Upon this oversight he had ample leisure for reflexion; and to Julia, whose mind he formed and cultivated to the utmost extent, he looked forward, as setting that example to the younger children, of which he knew their mother was incapable.

Lady Monson's chief occupations were fine works and dressing—the only two things in which she excelled—and on both of which she lavished more money, than, from the peculiar circumstances of her family, she was authorised to do. Airing out in her carriage, with paying and receiving visits, filled up the rest of her time: for, the nursing and education of her children, and the arrangement of domestic concerns, being all committed to the care of people hired for the purpose, were no tie upon her. Though the most rigid censor could not accuse her ladyship of extravagance, or giving into any expense unbecomming her situation in life, yet her greatest flatterer could not praise her for prudence; and her husband never found her the attentive softener of his cares, or the active assistant who studied the welfare of his family, or looked beyond the occupations of the passing hour.

The measles had successively attacked the younger branches of the family in the spring; and a severe cough, that remained with Miss

Monson and some of the little ones, rendered a visit to the sea-coast advisable.—A small house was taken for her accommodation at Stillerness, about three and twenty miles off; and she was accompanied thither by the governess and five of the younger children.

Sir William was under the necessity of going to Cheltenham; but, believing that his daughter's health rendered the sea air indispensable, he agreed to the separation.

Mr. and Mrs. Mortlake had spent some time in the neighbourhood of Manningdale Hall (Sir William's seat) and were of course acquainted with his daughter, whom, as the only person Mrs. Mortlake could associate with at Stillerness, she took every opportunity of having with them at the hotel.

By this mean Richmond, who for her sake endeavoured to ingratiate himself with the Mortlakes, was perpetually in her society; and, in it, he first knew the nature of that passion, by which the wisest and the weakest, the gravest and the gayest, are equally enslaved. Whether the present quietude of his life, and the remoteness from all that could agitate his mind, insensibly moulded it to receive the softest sensations, or that Julia Monson was his predestined conqueror, certain it is, that, even in this period of their acquaintance, she became the sole object that gave interest to his days, brightening them as they rolled on, and preventing retrospection of the past, or care for the future, while every idea was engrossed by the happiness which her presence diffused.

It has often been remarked, that, in a youthful bosom, the perception of preference is alone sufficient to create attachment. Thus it operated with Miss Monson. She knew nothing of Captain Richmond: but,

when she noticed the admiration with which he regarded her, was it in female nature to avoid giving him credit for sense, for judgement, and all those agreeable, yet lighter qualifications, which seemed spontaneously to arise in her society? His knowledge of the fine arts, his stores of anecdote, whiled away the hours: at the same time, the inequality of his manner rendered him more interesting, than she was aware of.

The Mortlakes spoke of his being a gloomy reserved man, who seemed indifferent to every thing but cards: yet, notwithstanding this, they owned themselves at times astonished by the elegance of his manner, and the charms of his conversation; for, though they remarked not that these powers were only called forth when Miss Monson was with them, her own penetration was not backward in pointing the observation.

By the other bathers in the place he was universally disliked. The want of conciliation in his behaviour—ever conspicuous, where his approbation was not secured—displeased them, in proportion as he had been disgusted by the first hour's specimen of their manners and conversation.

They spoke of him, as "a proud saucy fellow—one whom nobody knew—and, for their part, they did not desire it. They only wished the poor landlord might not suffer:—all was not gold that glittered: and, oftentimes, these fine flashy fellows, that were keen enough to bet their half guineas, and have their fresh bottle of wine every day, setting themselves up for great folk, would take a French leave."

Richmond, soon after his arrival at Stillerness, found out a neat little cottage about three quarters of a mile from the village, which was exactly adapted for Madame D'Al-

menie. He hired it for her, and, by busying himself in inspecting the necessary alterations, and fitting it up, gave a handle for the low-lived malignity of his inmates, which they were not tardy in laying hold of—insinuating that the expected tenants at Hamlen "were no better than they should be," and of a description of ladies, whom it was wiser to exclude, than admit into respectable society.

Richmond had gained another week's leave of absence, but ineffectually tried to obtain a few more days, for the purpose of remaining as long as Miss Monson did. He therefore joined his regiment, more gloomy, more irritable, than ever—with even less toleration than before for the society of his brother officers: and this, augmenting their prejudice, occasioned a sort of treatment, which, if his mind had not been too much engaged to attend to it, would have been noticed in a hostile manner: but, every idea engrossed by one fascinating object, he had not even a thought to waste upon indifferent people.

CHAP. 13.

Virtue's the paint, that can make wrinkles shine

That, and that only, can old age sustain,
Which yet all wish, nor know they wish
for pain.

[new;
Not num'rous are our joys, when life is
And, yearly, some are falling off the few,
But, when we conquer life's meridian
stage,

And downward tend into the vale of age,
They drop apace:—by nature some decay;

And some the blasts of fortune sweep
away.

Young.

THE Mortlake family, and the young Monsons, both quitted Stillerness in the course of a week: but Miss Monson, instead of returning home with her little brothers and sisters, went to visit her aunt, Mrs. Egerton.

That lady was a widow, but, by

agreement with the guardians of the present representative of the family, continued to reside at the mansion-house. She had been so deeply afflicted by the loss of her husband at an early period of their union, and afterwards by the death of two most promising children, the only pledges of her lamented partner, that her habits of life insensibly became of the most secluded sort; and it was principally in the regions of romance, that she found a relief from the real calamities that had overtaken her.

The perusal of novels became not merely her amusement, but her study; and hence, while her judgement was completely obscured as to common worldly transactions, her heart was proportionally sympathetic to every thing that soared above them. That she was of course subject to imposition cannot be wondered at; for experience did not teach her circumspection; and no tale of distress that reached her ear, excited any other inquiry than how it might be mitigated. Her romantic turn, it may be easily believed, excited ridicule in her neighbourhood; but the amiability of her disposition, and the inoffensiveness of her manners, shielded her from censure.

To the young, the affluent, or the happy, her habitation had so little attraction, that it was long since any of them had been its visitors. Sir William Monson occasionally came over; and Julia was generally with him; but her ladyship, who affected to despise Mrs. Egerton's "romantic whims" (as she termed them) rarely honored Woodfield with her presence.

A lovely young woman, like Julia Monson, sole source of happiness to a declining parent, was an object exactly calculated to win the heart of Mrs. Egerton. She had never known how to entreat Sir William

to spare his daughter: but during his absence was the very time to urge her wishes; and she did it so effectually, as to gain a promise that the intervening time, between leaving Stillerness, and the return of the family, should be spent with her.

Julia, 'tis true, had several invitations more promising of amusement: but they were declined, in favor of that which she thought it most incumbent upon her to accept; and the transports, with which she was received by her kind-hearted relative, almost seemed a recompense for the gaiety which she had sacrificed to attend her.

It has before been stated, that Madame D'Almenie was maternally connected with a Yorkshire family:—it was that of Egerton: and finding, by inquiry, that the dowager was the only person of the name, to whom she could, with either propriety or advantage, introduce herself, she wrote to her, and explained her present unprotected situation.

Many more worldly-minded people would not have attended to a statement, which, though possibly true, might as probably be the fiction of some unprincipled adventurer, who made the leading circumstances of the times subservient to her own purposes.

Suspicion, however, was foreign to the breast of Mrs. Egerton; and she instantly proved her implicit reliance on the representation that was made, by offering the fugitives an asylum at Woodfield. To accept it was not by any means a part of Madame D'Almenie's plan; but the prospect of finding a respectable friend so kindly disposed toward her, gave her intended residence at Hamlen cottage additional value. She replied, accordingly, in terms so expressive of her gratitude, as heightened Mrs. Egerton's wish to

know her; and she again, though they declined a residence, entreated a visit to Woodfield so strenuously, that the *émigrés* considered compliance as the only way in which they could prove their sense of the kindness conferred upon them.

When Miss Monson was informed of these expected visitants, she could not but regret the precipitancy of a benevolence, which, even in the present instance, might draw her aunt into a very unpleasant dilemma: but the moment the objects of her fears presented themselves, her apprehensions vanished, and she became only anxious to atone for the injustice of her surmises.

In truth, two women more perfectly engaging could not easily be found. Misfortune had in some measure subdued the thoughtless vivacity of their country, and replaced it with a sort of dignified gravity, which at once stole upon the affections.

After remaining ten days at Woodfield, the two Mesdames D'Almenie proceeded to their new residence, about twenty miles off, where they received a visit from their friend Richmond. In their society, he found a solace; and at Stillerness, where he had first seen Miss Monson, a melancholy sort of pleasure stole over his remembrance. In this place, she had walked—in that, he handed her from Mrs. Mortlake's carriage—in another, he perceived her relieve an indigent old woman—and in a fourth, he had beheld her playing with her little brothers and sisters. In short, every step he took had been previously traced by her. As such, the very ground he trod upon was interesting; and, several times a week, he rode over, ostensibly to pay his respects to Madame D'Almenie, to carry her a new book, materials for work, or

any thing to enliven her solitude, but, in reality, to indulge those retrospective delights, which, far from conquering, tended indelibly to impress his new-born passion on his soul.

To investigate the prudence of these indulgencies, is less the province of the biographer, than to record the unpleasant circumstances that originated from them. Though Richmond was never absent from parade, his perpetual disappearance, during those hours when his duty did not require his attendance, was remarked: it was easily known whether he went; and thus was every scandalous conjecture fully confirmed, to which his taking Hamlen cottage had given birth.

It was at this period, that Lord Hardsburgh, having married, and remained with his bride two or three days, grew weary of the retirement to which etiquette devoted the first weeks of their nuptial life, and, under pretence of military duty, joined his regiment, to vary the scene for himself, and leave her the unmolested enjoyment of any amusement she could find out.

His lordship was soon acquainted with the imaginary motives of Captain Richmond's perpetual absences, and, not doubting that a *chère amie* of his must be worth looking after, went purposely to Stillerness, and easily obtained a sight of Madame D'Almenie. Toward superiority in any respect, his lordship had all the malignancy of a little mind; and to rob a man he disliked of a favorite mistress, would be in itself a delicious gratification, for which the personal charms of the lady in question now rendered him doubly zealous. He accordingly wrote a very complimentary epistle, explaining his intentions, and holding forth such lures as would probably have

been successful with a lady of the character he supposed Madame D'Almenie to be.

Most unfortunately, Richmond was at the cottage when she received the letter; and, in her unguarded state of distressful agitation, she betrayed its contents. He instantly quitted her, and, seeking out Lord Hardsburgh, threw the letter in his face, and added a little of that manual discipline, which he thought the offender deserved, and which he would have inflicted in a much severer degree, had he not been appeased by every submission, and promised humiliation, that could liberate this pusillanimous young nobleman from his gripe.

Nothing, however, could be further from Lord Hardsburgh's intentions, than either writing an apology to the lady he had insulted, or challenging her defender, as the laws of modern honor would have demanded, after the indignity he had suffered. The letter, which alone would have proved the impertinence he had offered, was in his own possession. His servants alone (whose evidence he knew he could command) were witnesses of the attack upon him; and accordingly, listening to the first suggestions of his rage, he ordered Richmond to be put under arrest for assaulting his commanding officer.

In one respect, Lord Hardsburgh had a considerable advantage, as he was at liberty to circulate what reports he pleased of the affair; but, "as morn and cool reflexion came," repentance accompanied them. He began to fear that his own conduct would not stand the test of investigation; and, by awakening the vengeance of Richmond, he might excite a revival of pecuniary demands which he was little prepared to meet: for, judging of another by

himself, he did not suppose, that what had passed previously to his opponent's entering the militia, would now withhold him, if too severely irritated, from gratifying his revenge.

Actuated by these sentiments, he requested Major Kelton to be a mediator in the affair, and, if possible, to get it accommodated, as (he said) he felt he had been too hasty, and would be sorry to injure a young man, whom he had, however imprudently, been the means of introducing into the regiment.

The major, who thought this a fair opportunity of getting rid of both parties, proposed a mutual resignation, as, he assured the lieutenant-colonel, his bearing an insult so tamely, and then wishing the affair hushed up, would be such a stigma upon his character as a military man, that he could not well show himself in that light hereafter: and, when he found Richmond determined on abiding the award of a court-martial, he so strenuously advised him against it, that he at length conquered his resolution, by representing, that, however justifiable his anger might be, the attack upon his commanding officer could be so completely proved, that he would certainly be cashiered, and rendered incapable of serving again.

To these arguments the haughty spirit of our hero at length yielded.

Power, it is well known, can accomplish much. The colonel, who knew, by sad experience, that every affair in which his son was engaged, terminated to his discredit, got the business smoothed over as well as he could. Both the young men resigned. The lieutenant-colonel's fears were appeased, and his malice in some slight degree gratified. The major rejoiced in the success of his

machinations; and thus ended the military career of poor Frederic.

With "all the world before him where to choose," he resolved not to be in a hurry to fix his future destination. He found his health injured by the irritation of his mind; and, at present desirous only of seclusion and quiet, he again fixed himself in the vicinity of Madame D'Almenie. Her character, he thought, would be its own support against such aspersions as the misjudging world might cast upon it; and, should there be any repetition of insult, he was upon the spot to avenge it.

It has already been shown that prudence, or a just and calm mode of action, was no characteristic trait of our hero: and it is perhaps as unnecessary to descant on the erroneous policy of this idea, as it is impossible to describe his joy, on finding that Miss Monson, the loveliest of human beings, the secret object of all his thoughts, was again at Stillerness, whither she had accompanied Mrs. Egerton only a day or two previous to his arrival.

(To be continued.)

The HIGHLAND HERMITAGE.

(Continued from page 273.)

Lady Louise Falkland, to Miss Charlotte Pembroke.

Lenox Abbey.

I ONCE more resume my pen, in order to give you the history of our amiable unhappy widow. But first I must tell you, we have heard from Middleton. My Sir Henry is his friend, his correspondent. In one part of his letter, he is the hero, the philosopher—in another, he sinks into all the softness and languor of love.—Miss Lenox is yet pale and weak: but she seems happy, nay even cheerful. Her attachment is that of a sensible delicate woman:—the

honor and rectitude of the man she admires is as dear to her as her own fame: his praises sink deep into her heart; but, from the almost insurmountable barrier which fate has placed between them, she has not an idea of a nearer connexion, than that of a tender and disinterested friendship.

It will be a necessary prelude to the inclosed history to tell you by what means we became acquainted with the gentle writer.—When Mr. Middleton was thought to be in imminent danger, an express was sent to Lord Malcombe and to Mrs. Middleton, acquainting them with the danger of the young man so dear to them, and requesting their immediate attendance on him. The affliction of Lord Malcombe was much more affecting than the loud and violent grief of Mrs. Middleton. I own, Charlotte, I was much disappointed in the person and manners of the latter. Mrs. Middleton, it is true, is a plain good kind of woman: but I had, I know not why, entertained an idea that the mother of such a son must have a something about her superior to her present situation. But there is not the least similarity between her and her son: they are indeed of quite a different order of beings. There was a something in her behaviour, which I could not account for:—when the poor sufferer was in the height of his delirium, she seemed thoughtful and absent; but, when he got better, she proposed leaving the Abbey, though very much importuned by Lady Granville to stay, who thought a mother would be anxious to attend on her child. The answer she made, was, that, as her son was so well attended through the goodness of her ladyship, and as he did not seem at all desirous of her being with him, she would rather go, as

she knew her absence was an inconvenience in her lord's family.

You will think this rather unfeeling behaviour; and so it appeared to us. Previous to her quitting us, a conversation, which had often occasioned debates among us, was renewed in the presence of Middleton and his mother. We wished to know what was become of the lady, of whom, though appearances were so much against her, Middleton would not barbour a suspicious thought. He was still sanguine in his favorable opinion of her.—In the height of this conversation, Mrs. Middleton asked if we knew the lady of whom we were talking.—She was answered in the negative, and made acquainted with every particular that had as yet come to the knowledge of the family.—“A circumstance now strikes me,” replied Mrs. Middleton, “which, during my son's danger, I had not time to think of, but which now, on comparing circumstances, leads me to think it may be possible to trace this cruel transaction to its source.”

We all listened with profound attention; and she thus continued—

“On our way to the Abbey, my lord stopped to change horses at M***, near which is the seat of Mr. D'Anville, whose family, the hostess informed me, was in very great confusion. As I had formerly known something of this family, I inquired a little into particulars; and she told me that Mrs. D'Anville, who was a very amiable lady, and greatly beloved by all who knew her, had lately been at Mr. D'Anville's sister's at Marble-hill for the recovery of her health; but that, a few days before, she had unexpectedly returned, in a most distressed condition both of mind and body, and had continued in strong convulsions ever since: and—what height-

ened the distress of the servants—Mr. D'Anville was absent from home; nor could they gain any intelligence where he was to be heard of.

“My own distress,” continued Mrs. Middleton, “at that time, prevented my thinking so much as I should have done on this unhappy lady, whom I had formerly known in the most elevated circumstances.—Now,” continued she, “if there is, as I strongly suspect there may be, a connexion between this affair and my son's unhappy accident, it may easily be discovered by making inquiries at Marble-hill, which is not far from here.”

This scheme was approved. Lady Granville was intimate with Mrs. Mordaunt, the lady who resided at this seat; and she has dined here once since I have been at the Abbey.—Lenox, all animation, rested not till he had been to Marble-hill.—On his return, he told us he no longer had a doubt that he should soon be enabled to unravel this intricate affair, “though, at present,” continued he, “I can obtain but a very unsatisfactory account with regard to particulars. Mrs. Mordaunt was not at home. I was a little damped at this disappointment: I, however, asked the servant, if a Mr. and Mrs. D'Anville had not lately been at the lady's house: he answered that they had been there, but that they had quitted it some time. Finding the servant an intelligent fellow, I told him I had very particular reasons for being so inquisitive about the affairs of his family, and that I was very sorry Mrs. Mordaunt was from home. The man very civilly answered that he would be very happy to give me all the satisfaction in his power. I then asked him if he could tell me the time when Mr. D'Anville quitted Marble-hill.

‘Yes, Sir,’ answered he: ‘it was the very day on which the attempt was made upon the life of the young gentleman at the Abbey: and what made it very remarkable,’ continued the man, ‘was the very abrupt departure of both Mr. and Mrs. D’Anville. Mr. D’Anville, on the morning of that day, rode out; and his lady, as was often her custom, walked out alone. She had been gone out a considerable time, when my mistress began to be alarmed at her sister’s absence, as she was in a very weak state of health; and she walked out in hopes of meeting her. She had not been long gone, before Mrs. D’Anville entered our hall, pale and trembling. She called for her own servants—ordered the horses to her carriage—hurried into it—and drove away immediately. My lady soon after returned, much frightened, and was exceedingly alarmed, when she heard of the precipitate departure of Mrs. D’Anville. The second day after this, an express came with the melancholy tidings that the poor lady lay dangerously ill at her own house, and to request Mrs. Mordaunt’s immediate attendance, as the servants were in the greatest confusion, on account of their lady’s illness, and the absence of their master.’—He added, that his lady travelled post to the assistance of Mrs. D’Anville; but what had passed in that family since, he was ignorant of; for he had not heard of his lady since her departure from home.

“Mrs. D’Anville,” continued Genox, “in my opinion, was most certainly the woman whom Middleton was assisting, when he received his wounds: but, as to any further insight into this intricate affair, I do not know how it can be obtained, till Mrs. Mordaunt returns to Marble-hill; for, at the present moment,

any application to Mrs. D’Anville” Here Middleton declared that he would not by any means consent to have application made to her:—she appeared to be unfortunate; and he would not, for the universe, add to her unhappiness.—Thus this affair rested for some time after Mrs. Middleton quitted the Abbey; when, one day, a letter was brought, directed “to Henry Middleton, Esq.” of which the following is a copy—

“The first moments of returning sense are employed by an ill-fated woman in dictating a few lines to the most injured of men. Totally unknown to you, Sir, your humanity to a helpless stranger was returned by a most barbarous assassination. I am hovering on the verge of the grave; and my only wish is, that my sinking spirits may support me till I have cleared my character from the heavy suspicions which envelop my fame. I shall then breathe my last sigh in peace; and this weary frame will sink into eternal oblivion.—Oh! Mr. Middleton! when your kindness supported my feeble emaciated frame, could you suppose it possible that I could be an accessory to the infamous attempt made on your life? The Almighty, who alone knows the sentiments of every heart, can judge the purity of mine: but, though it may be possible for me to clear my own fame, I shudder at the thought of fixing the guilt on a man to whom I am united in the holy ties of matrimony: but this avowal, hard as it is, honor, truth, every sentiment of moral rectitude, demands of me. Great God! what did I see?—the hands of my husband stained with the blood of an innocent man! Lost, infatuated D’Anville! what action in the whole life of thy unhappy wife could engender that baneful weed, jealousy?

It is true, Sir, I have often observed you, as you rode by Marble-hill; and your figure brought forcibly to my remembrance a person who was once infinitely dear to me: but that beloved object ceased to breathe, long before I became the wife of D'Anville; and, when I gave him my hand at the altar, I gave him all that was left of an affectionate but lacerated heart.—When I made my vows, I was not insensible of the duties of a wife; and I solemnly declare, it has been the constant study of my life to make my husband happy. But I fear I shall extend this letter, till it will become tedious to you, and painful to myself. Suffice it to say, that I took a pleasure in looking at you, and have frequently praised your person to Mr. D'Anville, without an idea that the commendation, which I thought due to an accomplished stranger, could excite in his bosom any suspicions of so groundless a nature. But, that he did harbour such suspicions, you, Sir, have too fatally experienced.—I came to Marble-hill, to try if change of air and place could possibly heal a broken constitution, and did really find a great deal of benefit from the pure air of the country. On that memorable morning, I walked out alone, as was frequently my custom. I went on slowly, musing on the unhappy temper of my husband, and endeavouring to recollect in what I could possibly have offended him; when I found I had extended my walk too far. My strength failed me: my trembling limbs could hardly support me; when, on lifting up my head, I saw some gentlemen in the road. I wished for their assistance: but my voice was too feeble to be heard. Fainting with fatigue, I sunk insensibly on the ground. How long I remained in that situation, I know not. Deep and piercing groans

awaked me from my trance:—I opened my eyes to a scene of horror, that chilled my blood! I saw the humane Middleton, who had supported my fainting limbs, covered with wounds! I saw my husband, with his face distorted with passion, and his sword reeking with the blood of the hapless stranger!—Terror gave wings to my feet: with breathless haste I returned to the house:—in a state of distraction I abruptly quitted Marble-hill, and knew not what I did, till I had reached my own home, where I at length recovered my reason, only to be sensible of the most poignant anguish.—A fever and delirium ensued; and death approached, to release me from a world which had afforded me nothing but a series of the most bitter misfortunes. Believe me, Sir, when I heard of your recovery, it cast the first ray of hope that dawned on my soul. I felt joy for all those who have the pleasure of your acquaintance; and I felt it more particularly for the sake of a wretched unhappy man, who was guilty of a deed, which he must ever deplore. Unworthy as he is, I cannot but lament his banishment from his native country; or, if he ever visit England again, I tremble at the thought of his being exposed to a prosecution for assassination. He is my husband—the man to whom my fond departed father gave my hand.—I am overpowered by the exertion I have made in writing this long detail.—May that gracious and just Being, before whom I bow with an humble and corrected spirit, protect you from any future attacks from malevolence and cruelty! If I am yet to linger a little longer in this vale of tears, I shall return with the friendly and amiable Mrs. Mordaunt to Marble-hill; when, if it will be any satisfaction to you, or to the respectable family you are with, I will relate

the particulars of my sad story.—
Adieu, Sir! Thoroughly sensible of
the misfortune which I have unin-
tentionally occasioned to you, I must
for-ever lament the cause which
made me trouble you with this
paper from the unfortunate

FRANCES D'ANVILLE."
(To be continued.)

Mock AUCTIONS.

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.

SIR,

THERE hardly is, in the present
day, a thing more necessary to be
guarded against than an auction.—
Methinks I see some fair bargain-
buyer start at my assertion, and,
with laudable confidence in her own
judgement, pronounce it a fallacious
one: but, if she will do me the fa-
vor to read on, I think, at least I
hope, she may be induced to alter
her ideas on this subject. I believe
I may safely assert, that, of one
hundred auctions in London, about
ninety-nine are not absolutely ge-
nuine sales: some are mixed—a sort
of half and half business; but most
of them are mere *rigs*—such is the
term for a sale where the goods are
supported by *pußers*, and never al-
lowed to be sold, but for a profit. In
walking through our principal streets,
a new *Mart* or auction-room attracts
our notice at every corner, where
tempting inducements are held out
to invite a person to enter; such as
green or red baize folding-doors,
mahogany seats and tables, and all
the pretty, I had almost said foolish,
nick-nackery of the day.

Now all this tends greatly to the
injury of the regular tradesman, and
often more to that of the buyers at these
sales. Great is the rejoicing, if two
or three genteel females happen to
attend; when, if they allow them-
selves to become buyers, it is almost
certain that they will be sufferers

in some way; and I beg the atten-
tion of any sale-going fair one to the
few remarks that follow. The goods,
at these sales, are chiefly made on
purpose—slight, showy, and fine,
if piece-goods; if jewellery, the
gold is generally very indifferent;
and, as to furniture, it is notorious,
and has been for years, that a very
great quantity is regularly made, for
no purpose whatever, but to be
sold at sham auctions. All this, of
itself, ought to be sufficient to put
persons on their guard: but there
are many other matters to be thought
of in going to an auction. We are
often induced to buy articles which
we do not at all want, merely be-
cause they are *bargains*; when, in
fact, a thing not wanted is dear, at
any price. Another dangerous thing
is eagerness in bidding. I have seen
many a lady, who had *set her heart*
on some fanciful lot at a sale, abso-
lutely bidding upon herself, that is,
continuing to advance, for fear the
auctioneer had not taken her bid-
ding; and the auctioneer suffered
her to remain ignorant of her mistake.
And who, that has attended auc-
tions at all, has not occasionally
seen two ladies who had both *fallen*
in love with the same lot—such as a
service of china, some very gay ar-
ticle of furniture, or a lot of lace
or millinery? In such a case—and
it is no uncommon one—the things
universally fetch more than their
value, not unfrequently twice as
much. Again, a lot is often so
oddly and purposely mixed, that,
even if you buy it cheap, at least
three parts of the articles contained
in it will besuch as you neither want
nor know how to get rid of.

I wish to address all these cau-
tions particularly to the fair sex, as
being less aware of the tricks prac-
tised in this way; not but that ma-
ny men may also profit by them,

It is a most unfeminine thing, at least it is so in my opinion, for ladies to attend auctions at all. They are almost sure to be treated with rudeness, perhaps with insult; to say nothing of the perpetual quizzing that is likely to attend them. But, if this will not keep them away, I hope the danger of being seriously cheated may operate in a stronger way, and induce them to look for morning amusement at their work-tables, in some useful book, or in a ride or walk.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.

AN OBSERVER.

The Ruins of Time, and the Anxiety of Man for POSTUMOUS FAME.

"All has its date below :—the fatal hour
Was register'd in heav'n ere time began.
We turn to dust; and all our mightiest
works [lay,
Die too : the deep foundations that we
Time ploughs them up; and not a trace
remains. [rock :
We build with what we deem eternal
A distant age asks where the fabric stood;
And in the dust, sifted and search'd in
vain,
The undiscoverable secret sleeps.

Cowper.

FINELY has Cowper, in the above passage, described the ruins of time. Man builds the mighty edifice, endows it amply—and fondly, but vainly, hopes, that, while the world shall last, his name cannot be forgotten. Time, however, rocks the fabric into ruin, and buries it deep in the earth, where the founder and his name sleep together. The warrior's marble tomb, deeply engraved by his country or his friends, as feebly can record his fame : Time, with silent but resistless labor, will first make the marble's surface plain, and then crumble it into dust.

It is really a grand and awful contemplation to look back, and trace the rise and fall of empires, the growth and decay of cities, and the

immense toils of conquerors and kings, whose names live, it is true, but the place of whose dominion is not now to be found, or, if found, is but the throne of desolation. There is not perhaps in the world a greater example of this, than in the wonderful ruins of Persepolis in Asia, where it is supposed that Darius, who was conquered by Alexander of Macedon, had his palace—the principal ruin being so called. The description of it is too extensive to be given in a short essay like this; but, to a beholder, along with the other ruins spread over so large a space, it must be an impressive lesson. "Here," he might exclaim, "one great emperor resided, till another came, greater and more powerful, who overthrew him, and succeeded to his splendid palaces and his kingdom, or rather added them to his own vast empire. Both are long since gone to the silent tomb; and time has swept away their proudest works, has turned this once beautiful city into a desert, and is gradually mouldering away and mingling with the dust these marble monuments of majesty."

But, to leave majesty, and turn to simple man, it certainly seems a part of our nature to look beyond this life, and endeavour, by some means or other, to render ourselves the talk of posterity. The author writes for postumous fame; the soldier fights for it; the statesman intrigues for it; and the monarch, too often, makes himself miserable for it. Even in very humble life, where little or nothing has been done to call for it, a grave-stone starts up, to tell you how good a man it covers. Too often, alas! it tells not truth; and here it may not be amiss to say that the maxim, "speak not ill of the dead," may be carried too far. Silence, with respect to a bad cha-

racter, may perhaps be commendable; yet even this is doubtful; but it is too much that a man of notorious evil habits should be praised on a tomb-stone for possessing every opposite good quality: and yet how often do we see this done!

Man's existence, of itself, is but a span; his labors last ages longer than he does; yet would one suppose, to see him, even in old age, gathering together riches, building and decorating houses, laying out gardens and pleasure-grounds, perhaps without an heir to inherit them after him, that he fancied himself capable of enjoying an immortality on earth. Such, however, is almost always the conduct of man: he is anxious to leave something behind him, to be remembered by:—he gives his name to a square, a street, a court, or even an alley: he calls his mansion by his family name; or leaves almshouses handsomely endowed for the children of misery and misfortune. In all these cases, he is doing much good; he is employing the laborer, and providing for the poor; and so that good be but done, we ought not to quarrel with the motive that occasions it. J. M. L.

MARRIAGE Ceremonies in the FEROE Islands.

(From *Landt's Description of the Feroe Islands.*)

SOMETIMES a young man in Feroe endeavours to gain the affection of a young woman without communicating his intentions to any of his friends; but as soon as he obtains the young woman's consent, he no longer thinks concealment necessary. If he proves unfortunate in his suit, has no means of access to the object of his love, or is unacquainted with her parents, he employs the intervention of some respectable person, who makes the proposal in his name.

This confidential friend waits upon the young woman and her parents, acquaints them with the young man's intention, and receives their answer. If the offer be rejected, nothing more is to be done; and the suitor must direct his views to some other quarter; but, if no objections are made by any of the parties, the lover repairs, a week after, to the house of the young woman, with his high hat on his head, and his wooing staff in his hand, as a signal of his errand. Persons of higher rank celebrate their weddings at any period of the year they think proper; but the common people marry only in the autumn, which is their slaughtering-time.

The bridegroom has two men, who are generally selected from the most respectable of his friends, and whose duty is to accompany him to and from church, and to dress and undress him. The bride has also two bride-maidens, who dress her, and who, during the ceremony, stand behind her and the bridegroom; she has also two young men called *loyasvoynar*, that is, leaders, who, each laying hold of an arm, accompany her to the church, hand her into her pew, and, when the service is over, attend her in the same manner back to the house where the wedding is celebrated. The bridegroom first repairs to the church, with all his male attendants walking in pairs; and then the bride, who, however, is preceded by a company of bride-girls, all neatly dressed and ornamented, who arrange themselves in a row in the passage before the pew appropriated for her, where they remain standing till she and her maids have passed them *. During the ceremony, a

* A widow has no bride girls at her wedding; and, in this case, the men and the women walk promiscuously together.

great many candles are placed on the altar; and, when it is ended (which is generally in the afternoon), the company return. After the new-married pair have received a congratulatory kiss from each of the guests, they all sit down to a dinner, which consists of soup made with beef, or lamb; roast beef, or lamb, succeeded by rice soup, plum tarts, and a kind of fritters without apples; and, on such occasions, there is always a plentiful supply of brandy and ale, which is handed about by cup-bearers. When the dinner is over, and a thanksgiving hymn sung, the apartment is made ready for dancing. The bride and bridegroom, with the whole company, form themselves into a circle, and, joining hands, dance round in cadence, towards the left side, to the sound of a nuptial song, which is sung by all the dancers in full chorus. If the apartment is not large enough to admit the whole company to make one circle, they form themselves into two or more concentric circles.

Next morning, the wedded pair receive presents from the guests, which generally amount to one or two crowns; and a glass of wine or brandy is given to each person present. The whole of the day is spent in feasting and dancing: but, after dinner, one of the most ingenious of the guests brings in a rump of roast beef, part of the cow killed for the wedding, the tail of which, adhering to it, is bent upwards, and ornamented with ribbons; but the whole piece sometimes is decorated with painted or gilt paper. It is introduced with a poetical oration, the subject of which is a panegyric on the dish; and sometimes the fate and history of the cow is detailed in this speech, with a tiresome and insipid minuteness. The vessel con-

taining the dish is placed at the upper end of the table, where it is handed from the one to the other; each of the company, if they choose, giving vent at the same time to some witty and extempore effusion in verse, which either contains some trait of satire, or is calculated to excite a roar of laughter*.

An over-ruling PROVIDENCE.

(From Mr. D'Oply's Discourses, preached before the University of Cambridge.)

As far as it may tend to generate improvement in ourselves, to awaken our gratitude to God, to quicken the sense of our dependence on his high will, we cannot carry to an erroneous extreme our application of the doctrine of a particular Providence. On general grounds, we owe to him the warmest expression of thankful adoration, as we are dependent every moment on the provisions of his bounty, as we have received from him all that we possess, as we look to him for all that we expect. And, on every striking occasion of unexpected change in our fortunes, of relief from distress, of escape from danger, of unforeseen success, nay of unforeseen calamity also, this gratitude ought to be quickened to a more warm and glowing feeling. For the purpose also of increasing and strengthening the general sense of our subjection to an

* Some injury, done to them by their superiors or rulers, serves sometimes on such occasions as the subject of these effusions. The following is an example: an inhabitant of Feroe was once condemned to pay a fine for shooting an elder duck, though the witnesses differed in regard to the color of the fowl, the one asserting it to be grey, and the other affirming that it was white. The culprit, therefore, turned the whole procedure into verse, and with so much satirical humour, that it afterwards served as a fund of amusement to various companies.

over-ruling Providence, we may well draw striking lessons from the passing events of the world. We must be disciplined by them to a just knowledge of our dependent state: we must be disciplined to humility, to reflexion, and to piety—to a religious trust in the goodness of God, and to a patient acquiescence under all his dispensations. And, from the more severe and awful warnings which the course of worldly events at times displays in the eyes of trembling mortals, that solemn reverence for the name of God, and that fear of his great displeasure, ought to be excited, which may produce in us unvarying obedience. These are the effects, which, we may well presume, were intended by the Almighty, in the visible traces of his government which he is pleased to afford, and which therefore ought to be produced on the feelings and the conduct of his creatures.

But, in every thing beyond this, every principle of reverence towards the Deity, every sense of our own utter ignorance and weakness, admonish us, that we ought to advance with a most cautious tread. We must ever remember, that it is not for the short-sighted creature to fathom the ways of the Supreme Creator; that his purposes are shrouded beneath a veil which no mortal eye can pierce; that his scheme of government has ends, and bearings, and relations, which our limited faculties cannot possibly comprehend. We cannot guard with too much anxiousness against that presumptuous confidence, which would teach us to advance arrogant claims to his favor and support, or rashly to denounce his judgements against others. We cannot be too cautious how we pretend to familiar views of his providence and government; how we interpret a declaration of his will on

occasions wholly unworthy of his exalted dignity; how we make him a party in the low struggles of human interest and ambition. We cannot be too cautious how we convert into a source of arrogant presumption, of unsocial animosity, of gloomy superstition, or of irreverent familiarity with sacred names, that sense of the divine superintendence, which, in its just and natural tendency, nourishes a genuine, correct, efficacious piety, generates true Christian humility in ourselves, and comprehensive charity towards our fellow-creatures.

The PLEASURES of BENEVOLENCE.

(Continued from page 257.)

TIME, which alleviates the most heart-rending afflictions, restored Lady Mortimer's mind, not only to a state of composure, but to actual cheerfulness; and the happiness which she endeavoured to diffuse around her, reverted to, and enlivened, her own breast.—The society of the amiable Adolphus was not only a never-failing source of gratification; but, as his education had been highly cultivated, and his understanding cast in a superior mould, she soon preferred his company to that of any other being in the world.

By every act and word, he displayed an ardency of sentiment, which, under the guidance of matured judgement, promised to adorn the character of the man; and so tenderly was he attached to his amiable benefactress, that he anticipated her wishes before they were expressed.—Thus loving and beloved, passed the life of Adolphus, until he had completed his seventeenth year; when, one summer evening, as he was angling in a branch of the Severn, he perceived a travelling-carriage and four drive rapidly up the avenue.—An out-rider preceded, and

a footman followed the equipage; but neither carriage nor livery conveyed an idea of its owner; and conceiving that it contained some friend of Lady Mortimer's, whom he had not the pleasure of being acquainted with, he folded up his fishing-tackle, and immediately returned.

The horses, which were really smoking from exertion, were standing at the front door.—Adolphus, whose humanity was excited by their appearance, asked Lady Mortimer's groom, why they were not put into the stable.—One of the stranger's sable attendants answered, that he believed his master did not intend staying more than half an hour.—“But, in that time,” said Adolphus, “the poor animals may catch a violent cold;”—then turning to the groom, in a low voice he inquired, whether he knew to whom the equipage belonged; and being answered in the negative, walked to his own room.

At the time the strange carriage drew up, Lady Mortimer happened to be walking in a parterre of flowers, which surrounded the house, and, with that urbanity which marks the gentlewoman, met her guest as the servant was letting down the steps.—The salutation of politeness passed between them; when the stranger, with evident embarrassment, said, “I presume I have the honor of addressing Lady Mortimer;” and, being answered in the affirmative, requested five minutes' conversation:—whereupon her ladyship instantly preceded him, into the drawing-room.

He was a tall elegant figure, apparently about fifty, with large hazel eyes full of expression. He moved with an air of dignity, though, from the dejection of his countenance, he seemed to have been a child of mis-

fortune.—He placed himself on a sofa by the side of his astonished companion:—his agitation visibly increased; and it was some moments, before he was able to articulate.—At length, having made two or three efforts to recover himself, he said, “You see, before you, Madam, one of the most miserable and culpable of men; and, on your reply to the questions I am going to propose to you, the only prospect of my future comfort depends.”

If Lady Mortimer had felt astonished at the stranger's visit and manner, she was much more so at the singularity of this speech; and she merely said she should feel pleasure in being able to afford ease to his mind.—“I once,” added he, “made your ladyship a promise, which at that time I intended most religiously to keep: but circumstances have occurred, to render that promise no longer binding; and I now wait upon you, to inquire whether I still possess a child.”

“A child!” repeated Lady Mortimer.—“Yes, Madam,” said he, interrupting her.—“I repeat, a child; or, in other words, for suspense is insupportable, is Adolphus F**d alive?”—“He lives to be every thing that the fondest father can wish him,” replied Lady Mortimer, extremely agitated.—“Oh! my God! I thank thee!” exclaimed F**d, bursting into tears of ecstasy, and clasping his folded hands to his breast.—The faithful Martha at that instant entered, not knowing that her lady was engaged; and, instantly struck with the expressive countenance of her former master, uttered an involuntary scream.

“Well may you be shocked at the sight of a villain, Martha!” said he, in a deep and melancholy tone of voice:—“but, as we are taught to believe that there is forgiveness

for the penitent in heaven, oh! do not prejudice the mind of my dear boy!"

Lady Mortimer, who was the only collected person, instantly arose, and bolted the door; and, perceiving poor Martha extremely agitated, kindly took her hand, and led her to a chair.—A pause of some minutes succeeded; during which time, Mr. F**d actually sobbed aloud. At length, turning his eyes upon Martha, he sighed out, "Oh! what a villain I was, when I last saw you!"—"Ah!" said Martha emphatically, wholly unmindful of the distinction between master and servant—"a hard-hearted one, God knows! or you could never have broken the heart of that dear angel, who, I may say, doted upon you!"

"Go on! go on! I deserve it from you," said F**d.—"For your attachment to your injured mistress, I honor you; and, if wealth can reward your fidelity, you shall be rich enough."

"I want no wealth; I want no reward,"—rejoined Martha, without even using the appellation of Sir; and, as long as this dear lady will accept my services, I never shall want a comfortable home."—Lady Mortimer mildly reprimanded Martha for not appearing more grateful; when, shaking her head, she burst into a flood of agony, and hurried out of the room.—Lady Mortimer instantly followed, to desire her not to hint to the servants who Mr. F**d was.—"No, my lady! no!" said the attached creature—"I do not like talking about villains: but, pray, my lady, don't let him deceive you; for you don't know him as well as I do."

Agitated as Lady Mortimer's feelings were, she could not avoid smiling, as she turned away from the suspicious Martha; and, returning to her visitor, perceived him walk-

ing up and down the apartment in the greatest agitation.

"That attached, unforgiving woman will ruin all my hopes of future happiness, Lady Mortimer," said he, striking his forehead as he spoke. "She will expose to my son the depravity of my conduct; and he will detest the destroyer of his sainted mother!"

"Far different will be her conduct, assure yourself, Mr. F**d," replied her ladyship. "You must make allowance for Martha's want of education: I am aware that her attachment to the memory of her amiable mistress has rendered her unmindful of all distinction."—"Distinction, Madam!" repeated F**d with peculiar emphasis—"Yes! there is a wide distinction between virtue and vice! Martha has fulfilled all the moral duties which were imposed upon a person in her situation; while I—Oh God! I have been the slave of every vice! But," continued he, deepening the tones of his expressive voice, "sometimes, Lady Mortimer, the wicked prosper; and that has been my case. With the property of my lawful wife, I became merchant and speculator; and, as I was desirous of acquiring riches, I was indefatigable in pursuing the means.—I am wealthy, Madam, as an eastern potentate, but a perfect mendicant in inward peace. My wife is dead: my children, one after the other, followed her; and I feel isolated in the world—a world, which, to me, presents nought but a dreary waste!"

Abandoned as had been the conduct of this unhappy being, the amiable Lady Mortimer could not avoid pitying his fate; and represented the happiness he might anticipate from the society of Adolphus, who possessed every virtue that could adorn the human mind.

"It is those very virtues, Madam,

which will prove the bane of my tranquillity!" exclaimed he, in a more elevated accent. "He must detest and despise the wretch who could destroy innocence like his mother's!"—"But, never suspecting the destroyer," said Lady Mortimer, "he will only love and respect his new-found parent."—Lady Mortimer then informed him, that Adolphus had been taught to believe his father had died even before he was born; and that grief for the loss of an affectionate husband had brought his mother to an early tomb.

"Oh! what a load of grief you have removed from this long-laboring bosom!" exclaimed F**d: "what enlivening hopes have been conveyed to this agitated heart! Oh! Madam! complete your work of benevolence! let me behold this long-neglected son!"

"Previous to that gratification," said Lady Mortimer, "it will be necessary to account for your long absence from England. To a mind like your son's, there must be no apparent ambiguity: all must appear clear and undisguised."—Struck with the justness of the observation, Mr. F**d relapsed into a state of agitation; when Lady Mortimer, having remained thoughtful for some minutes, said, "Suppose we say, you were made prisoner, when the report arrived of your death; and that, from a mistake on the part of the correspondent who announced the death of Martha's amiable mistress, you had been taught to believe your child had shared its mother's tomb; but that, upon returning to England, you had discovered the joyful truth."

"How can I thank you? how express the sense I entertain of your goodness?" said the again relieved F**d, respectfully taking Lady Mortimer's hand.—"By becoming wor-

thy of that son, whom Heaven in mercy has restored to you," rejoined her ladyship, perfectly overcome by the idea of being separated from him.

"I trust, Madam, I now see the enormity of my past conduct in a proper point of view; and, if my son will sometimes condescend to deprive himself of your society, that will be all I shall ever wish or want.—I am not the selfish wretch, Lady Mortimer, that you may reasonably suppose me; not for worlds would I wish to deprive Adolphus of your more valuable society.—Had I, at his age, had the good fortune to meet with such a monitress, I should never have felt the pangs of a wounded conscience!—But, introduced at that period into the society of the gay and profligate, and never having, during childhood, been taught to control my passions, I was hurried into the vortex of dissipation, and unhesitatingly followed vicious example.—But," continued he, "have I not much to fear from Martha? will she be likely to corroborate an untruth?"—"I will converse with her upon the subject," replied her ladyship; and immediately rang the bell in a manner which summoned her down.

"You have now lived with me near fifteen years, Martha," said her ladyship in an impressive tone of voice, "and, during that period, I believe you have never known me to sanction deception of any kind."—"No, my lady; and, if I was to live with you fifteen more, I am certain I never should," rejoined Martha, without permitting her ladyship to proceed.—"There are few circumstances in life where deception is allowable; yet there are some few where it becomes pardonable: for instance, it is necessary to conceal the failings of a father, lest the son should think

himself at liberty to follow the example.—With respect to my dear Adolphus, I have thought it prudent to deceive him. You know I represented his father as dead, when I believed him to be in existence. That father is now returned, to claim his affection, and to bestow upon him a princely fortune.”—“God bless him for that, however!” exclaimed Martha, interrupting Lady Mortimer, who, unmindful of the exclamation, thus proceeded—“Mr. F**d, Martha, has lost his wife, and all the children he had by her.”—“’Tis a ill wind,” said Martha, “that blows no one any good: and I wish from my heart, though I owe no ill-will to the poor lady, that she had died twenty years ago.”

(To be continued.) *10-30 346*

The Eye; a Fragment.

“Magic, wonder, beaming eye!
In thy narrow circle lie
All our varied hopes and fears.”

Wonderful is the eye! all the feelings of the soul display themselves in its magic sphere. It is the throne of love: there passion is read in all the purity of nature’s language: there the lover learns his doom; nor are words wanted to explain it. It is an index of all that works within us:—if wit flows from the tongue, the eye gives energy to its meaning: if pleasure fills the heart, the eye gleams with rapture: if sorrow sets her seal upon man, the eye pours forth its lucid tear, and tells a tale of woe unutterable: if anger fires, the eye flashes forth vengeance: if pity moves, the eye still records the genuine feeling of the soul.—Wonderful then is the eye!

J. M. L.

Anecdote of the Czar Iwan.

THE Czar Iwan, who reigned about the middle of the sixteenth century, made a practice of fre-

quently perambulating the streets of Moscow in disguise, not only for the purpose of discovering the opinion which his subjects entertained of his administration, but for the noble purpose of redressing the grievances of those who were oppressed.—Having, one day, extended his walk to a small village not far distant from the capital, he implored relief from several of its inhabitants, but implored it in vain; for neither the abject state of his apparel, nor the tale of distress which he had fabricated, produced any emotion of pity in their minds.—Indignant at this want of humanity, the emperor was in the act of quitting the village in disgust, when he observed a small cottage, whose humble appearance seemed to proclaim that its inhabitants were in want of support.

Iwan, however, drew near it, and, knocking at the door, implored shelter and assistance, declaring that he was alike suffering from hunger and cold.—“Can you afford me a lodging for one night?” said the emperor, admirably feigning an appearance of fatigue.—“Alas!” replied the peasant, “you will have but poor fare here; for you are come at an unlucky time.—My wife is in labor; and I fear you will be disturbed: but come in! come in! you will at least be sheltered from the cold; and to such as we have, you shall be heartily welcome.”

The czar entered the humble, yet hospitable dwelling: in a cradle he beheld two sleeping infants; while a third, about three years old, was peacefully reposing upon a skin near the cradle.—Her two sisters, the one apparently about five, and the other seven years of age, were on their knees, offering up prayers for their suffering parent.—“Stay here a few moments,”

said the peasant; "and I will get something for your supper, my friend;"—and, quitting the room, he returned, in a short time, with eggs, honey, and black bread.—"You see all I can give you," said the peasant: "partake of it with my children: at present I cannot eat; my heart is too full."

"Your charity and hospitality," replied the emperor, "must bring down blessings upon your family; and God will reward you for it."

"Pray to God that my wife may be preserved to me, my friend," said the affectionate husband; "and that is all I wish for."—"And is that all you wish to make you happy?" demanded Iwan.—"Happy!" repeated the peasant in an emphatic tone of voice—"Judge for yourself. I have five fine children—a wife that loves me—a father and mother both in good health; and my labor is sufficient to maintain them all."—"Do your father and mother live with you?" inquired the emperor.—"Certainly," replied the man. "My mother is in the next room."—"But your cottage is very small, my friend."—"It is large enough to hold us all, and to give us peace and content."

In a few minutes, this contented mortal was summoned into the adjoining room; and in a transport of joy he approached the emperor with the new-born babe in his arms—"Look!" exclaimed he—"this is the sixth she has brought me! See what a fine hearty child he is! May God preserve him, as he has done the rest!"—The czar, evidently affected by this parental mark of tenderness, took the infant, and, looking steadfastly upon his countenance, said, "From the features of this child, I am persuaded he will be fortunate, and arrive at great preferment."—The peasant smiled at

this prediction, and, as a proof of his disbelief, gave a significant shake of the head.

The peasant, exhausted by the fatigue of his daily employment, and the agitation his mind had undergone, stretched himself upon a bed of straw, and invited his guest to repose himself.—In a few moments, toil and anxiety were both buried in oblivion:—the happy father of this humble family was soon in a sound sleep:—but the emperor, unaccustomed to a sight so interesting, raised himself from his recumbent posture, to gaze upon the domestic scene.—"What a happy calm! what delightful tranquillity!" said Iwan—"Avarice and ambition never enter here! How sweet is the sleep of innocence! how refreshing must be the repose of such a man!"

The peasant, from habit, awoke at the break of day, to return to his accustomed laborious employment; and the emperor, after taking leave of him, and thanking him for his hospitality, said, "I am acquainted with a very benevolent man at Moscow, to whom I shall make a point of mentioning your friendly and kind treatment; I will persuade him to stand godfather to your new-born infant: therefore promise not to have it christened * until I return; which shall be within the space of three hours."

Though the peasant promised to wait the appointed period, he placed little dependence on the declaration of his guest: in short, it appeared very improbable that a man in so destitute a condition should possess any powerful friend.—His word, however, had been passed, and he waited the appointed time: but, as neither the stranger nor his friend ar-

* It is a practice in the Russian dominions to have the children baptised soon after they are born.

rived, he desired his mother to carry the child to the sacred sanctuary, that it might receive the baptismal rite.

—As the family were in the act of quitting the cottage, for the purpose of repairing to the church; the father of the family perceived a train of carriages approaching, accompanied by the emperor's guards. Standing at his door, and having summoned his children to behold the splendid cavalcade which was evidently advancing toward his hut, what a mixture of sensations were excited by perceiving the guards draw up, and the state coach stop!

The czar instantly alighted, and, approaching the agitated and astonished peasant, said, "I promised you a godfather; and I am come to fulfill that sacred engagement. Give me the child, whose birth I almost witnessed; and follow me to church."

Joy, exultation, and astonishment, deprived the happy parent of the power of speech; for, in the costly robes which adorned the person of the emperor, how could he recognise the mendicant, whom he had lodged the preceding night?

The emperor for some moments silently beheld his perplexity; then, addressing him in the most conciliating accents, said, "Yesterday, you performed the duties of hospitality toward me: to-day, I am come to discharge the most delightful duty of a sovereign, that of recompensing the virtue of humanity.—I shall not remove you from a situation, where, even in poverty, you have enjoyed happiness: but you shall have numerous flocks, and rich pastures, and be enabled to perform all the active duties of benevolence. Your new-born infant shall be under my immediate protection; for you must remember that I prophesied he would be fortunate."

Petrified with joy—unable to ar-

ticulate from astonishment—the benevolent peasant was, for some moments, incapable of expressing either his gratitude or his delight:—at length, seising the child, he pressed him to his bosom, and respectfully laid him at the emperor's feet.—The czar, having entered into the sacred contract, declared his resolution of not depriving its mother of the satisfaction of nurturing her child:—"but," said he, "as soon as he is old enough to receive the advantages of education, he shall have masters of every description under my own eye."—This amiable sovereign faithfully fulfilled his promise:—the boy did credit to the pains bestowed upon him; while his worthy parents, to the end of their existence, received proofs of the emperor's esteem and munificence.

Anecdote of CHARLES XII. of Sweden.

THAT the basis of the human mind is discoverable at an early period, an attentive observer of the propensities of childhood will readily allow; and, whenever pusillanimity is displayed during the early part of existence, I should be inclined to fear that cowardice would disgrace the character of the man.

In the history of the celebrated Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, the correctness of this opinion is strikingly exemplified; for his biographer informs us, that, when dining with the queen his mother, before he had attained the seventh year of his age, a spaniel, to which he was attached, in receiving a piece of bread from him, bit the hand that was kindly offering him sustenance. The wound was deep, and of course extremely painful; but the heroic boy, instead of crying, concealed his hand under the table, to prevent any punishment being inflicted upon this favorite dog; and the accident would

not have been discovered, but for the blood which streamed from the wound.

The Poet GRAY, and the Duchess of NORTHUMBERLAND.

PREVIOUS to the celebrated Mr. Gray's promotion to the professorship of modern history in the university of Cambridge, the confined state of his finances prevented him from gratifying his taste for literature, or purchasing valuable books.—At this period he accompanied a friend to the sale of a valuable collection of the most admired authors' works, which, having been the property of a deceased man of fortune, were destined to be sold in lots.—Among the number of these was an elegant book-case, containing the best editions of the French classics handsomely bound; and the price affixed to it was a hundred guineas.—Gray expressed to the friend who accompanied him, the refined gratification he should experience, if his fortune would permit him to purchase the lot, and lamented his inability, in terms which reached the ear of the late Duchess of Northumberland.—As Her Grace was acquainted with Mr. Gray's companion, she inquired the name of the gentleman who had expressed so eager a desire for the books; and, being made acquainted with it, she purchased them, and sent the case and its contents to Mr. Gray's lodgings, with the following note—“The Duchess of Northumberland is ashamed of sending Mr. Gray so small an acknowledgement for the infinite pleasure she has derived from perusing his justly admired *Elegy in a Country Church-yard.*”

On SEDUCTION.

..... Vice,
Though well perfum'd, and elegantly
dress'd, [flow'rs,
Like an unburied carcase trick'd with

Is but a garnish'd nuisance, fitter far
For cleanly riddance, than for fair attire.
Cato per.

SEDUCTION is an old theme; and little, that has novelty to recommend it, can be said respecting it. But it is a theme which should often be tried: it is a subject that should be written on by every man who *can* write, and who has a heart to feel, or one female that is dear to him by the ties of consanguinity or love.

Caution should be perpetually inculcated, and the love of virtue never be suffered to slumber in the breast of woman; for the destroyer is abroad:—no place, however sacred, is free from his unhallowed footsteps: the church, as well as the theatre, is sought by him—and that, for a purpose which should make his blood recoil, and his heart forget to beat.

The deliberate seducer is a pest to society: he is unworthy the name of man, though he bears about his shape. Fiercer and more unnatural than the tiger's, is his heart: no generous feeling, no gentle impulse that makes our nature noble, resides in his bosom: treachery and fraud there triumph in all their blackest malignity. He steals upon his unsuspecting victim, arrayed in the disguise of honorable intention: he pursues his hateful course, undismayed by obstacles, unchecked by the recollection that he is about to consign to infamy an amiable female, to give her up to despair, and to plant in the breasts of a wide and respectable connexion the unceasing pang of regret. The seducer thus follows his undermining way, till too often his fair victim falls an easy conquest. Ruin—deep and lasting ruin—comes in the unalarming shape of love, guided by treachery artfully robed in the garb of mutual tenderness.

Such a man is worse than the

robber, who boldly claps a weapon to your breast, tells you at once his necessity, and risks his life for an uncertain gain. This man lays himself open to the laws; and death, if discovered, will be his portion: but the seducer, after having plundered the dearest thing on earth, a woman's virtuous name, is liable to no punishment, except, if it can be called one, a trifling fine; when he must be left to the bravery of the father or brother of his victim; and here he must be treated like an *honorable man*—must be challenged to fair and open combat, and a valuable life staked, on equal terms, against that of a villain, who is unfit longer to contaminate society with his presence.

Let every female take this to her bosom: let it be her morning remembrance; and be her evening prayer put up to Heaven to avert a fate so dreadful.—And, that she may the more readily do so, let her look at the awful picture of a daughter torn, at first by the arts I have described, from the home of her parents, led abroad by her seducer till all the best feelings of her heart are alienated—till she becomes indifferent about a return to virtue, if indeed it were possible. Then look at her deserted by the man she trusted, thrown from him, and, no doubt, hated by him for the very vice he had been the means of bringing her to. See her become the inmate of some brothel: mark her youth and her beauty fading away before the touch of disease and wretchedness, till at last she perishes at an untimely age, probably in the very streets *!

* For an impressive illustration of this remark, see, in the poetic department of our present Number, an affecting picture of the "*Victim of Seduction*," from the elegant pen of Laura Sophia Temple.

EDITOR.

Oh! woman! dearest solace of our lives, when virtuous! how hateful must such a picture be to you! But, oh! while you shudder in detestation of a fallen sister's vices, let pity for her fate have a place in your breast; let your hate and your detestation go united against the unprincipled seducer; for, did every female, when she knew a man to bear this character, shun his society, as she would a pestilence, seduction would not be so common: but, as it is, they are allowed to mix with the world, as if they were unsullied members of it—as if the crime they had committed were very venial; and thus they are, in effect, encouraged to go on and prosper in their villany!

J. M. LACEY.

Biographic Sketch of Mr. PERCEVAL.
(With a correct Likeness.)

THE Right Honorable Spencer Perceval, whose awful and untimely end has excited so strong a sensation among all descriptions of persons in every part of the United Kingdom, was descended from an ancient and respectable family, whose nobility is traced with certainty to the period of the Norman conquest. His father was John, late Earl of Egmont of the kingdom of Ireland, and Baron Lovel and Holland in England. His Lordship having been twice married, the fruit of his first union was John James, the present Earl of Egmont, Mr. Perceval's half-brother: and, from his second marriage—with Catharine Compton, Baroness Arden, sister to Spencer, late Earl of Northampton—he had, besides other issue living and dead, the present Lord Arden, and his younger brother Mr. Perceval, who, from his uncle, received the name of Spencer.

He was born at his father's house in Audley-square, November 1st, 1762, and brought up at the family

seat at Charlton in Kent, where he chiefly spent those portions of his early life that were not devoted to the prosecution of his studies at the different seats of learning;—a circumstance, to which he subsequently became indebted for above one-and-twenty years of conjugal felicity; his family having here contracted an intimacy with that of the late General Sir Thomas Wilson, baronet, with which they afterward formed a two-fold matrimonial alliance, as will appear in the sequel.

Having received the first rudiments of learning at Charlton, young Spencer Perceval was, at an early age, sent to Harrow school, and thence, in due time, removed to Trinity college, Cambridge, where he had, for his tutor, Dr. William Lort Mansell, the present Bishop of Bristol. Here he pursued his studies with industry and success—became an accomplished classical scholar*—and obtained the degree of M. A. in the year 1781.

In December, 1782, he was admitted a member of Lincoln's Inn, of which he subsequently became a bencher; and, after a close and attentive study of the law, was called to the bar in Hilary term, in the year 1786.

He commenced his professional career in the court of King's Bench, and accompanied the judges on the midland circuit; in which tour, he displayed his talents to considerable advantage, as he afterward did in Westminster Hall and the court of Chancery. In the court of King's Bench, however, his practice was never very extensive; the ground

* The writer of this article has in his possession a MS. copy of Latin verses by Mr. Perceval, which, though written almost extempore, amid the distractions of legal and parliamentary business in the year 1803, would be far from discreditable to the pen of a *professed* scholar.

being already occupied by powerful competitors, of established and well-merited reputation, over whom no junior practician, however great his talents, could hope to gain precedence.

In August, 1790, after the example of his brother, Lord Arden, who, four years before, had married General Wilson's eldest daughter, Mr. Perceval wedded her sister Jane, who, besides bringing him an ample dowry, brought him a rich store of comfort and happiness, such as is rarely enjoyed in the matrimonial state—and has since, during the uninterrupted tenor of nearly twenty-two years, uniformly proved herself one of the most affectionate of wives, and most exemplary of mothers.

In the year 1791, he published a pamphlet, which may justly be deemed the remote cause of his subsequent elevation to the ministry, and of his tragic and untimely end, as connected with his official situation: for it was that publication which first recommended him to the notice of Mr. Pitt, with whom he had before been either not at all or very slightly acquainted—and which laid the foundation of his intimate friendship with that statesman, and his consequent connexion with Government.—The object of the pamphlet in question was, to prove that an impeachment by the House of Commons does not abate in consequence of a dissolution of parliament.

Hitherto he had had no opportunity of displaying his talents in the senate: but at length the death of his maternal uncle, the late Earl of Northampton, opened the door for his admission into the House of Commons: for, his cousin, Lord Compton, member for Northampton, having vacated his seat by succeeding to his father's earldom,

Mr. Perceval—already deputy recorder of that borough, of which his cousin above mentioned had been nominated recorder—was, through the family interest, chosen to fill his place, which he continued to occupy in that and the two succeeding parliaments. On the 2d of June, 1797, he delivered his maiden speech, in support of Mr. Pitt's bill for suppressing the nautical commotions at The Nore.

Having, on this and other occasions, zealously supported Mr. Pitt's measures, he naturally gained the good-will of the ruling powers; and, accordingly, in 1799, he was honored with a silk gown, and became the leading counsel on the midland circuit. About the same period, too, he was appointed counsel to the Board of Admiralty; and the University of Cambridge likewise nominated him one of their two counsel.

In 1801, he was raised to the office of Solicitor General, in the room of Sir William Grant, the present Master of the Rolls; and, in 1802, he succeeded Sir Edward Law (now Lord Ellenborough) as Attorney General; which employment he continued to hold until Mr. Fox and Lord Grenville came into the ministry in 1806, on the death of Mr. Pitt. Upon this change in the administration, he became a member of the Opposition, and as strenuously opposed the measures of the new ministers, as he had supported those of their predecessor.

On his appointment to the office of Solicitor General, Mr. Perceval totally withdrew himself from the court of King's Bench, and thenceforward confined his professional exertions to the court of Chancery, where he met with considerable success, soon acquired an extensive and lucrative practice, and was considered as the most powerful antagonist to Sir Samuel Romilly, who, at that

period, stood pre-eminent as a Chancery practitioner.

On the dismissal of Mr. Fox and his colleagues from the ministry in April, 1807, Mr. Perceval was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer; to the emoluments of which office, were likewise added those of the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster—something more than £2,000 a year—as a compensation for the loss to be incurred by the dereliction of his professional practice at the bar.

On the death of the Duke of Portland, in 1809, Mr. Perceval was appointed to succeed him, as first Lord of the Treasury, and Prime Minister; which offices he continued to hold until the hand of an assassin suddenly terminated his earthly career on the 11th of last May, as already related in our Magazine for that month.

Of the liberal provision made for his family by parliament, we have there likewise taken notice:—it here remains to add, that, besides the addresses from both Houses to the Regent on occasion of his death, numerous others were presented from various public bodies, panegyrising the deceased minister, and expressing deep regret for his loss.

His funeral was honorably attended: and the procession would have been much more numerous, had not the members of both Houses of Parliament been previously apprised by circular letters, that it was the particular wish of his family to have the ceremony conducted as privately as possible. A party, however, of the City Light Horse—of which corps, at the time of his death, Mr. Perceval was a member and treasurer—escorted his remains from Newington Butts to the church at Charlton, where the body was deposited in the family vault of the Earls of Egmont.

In his person, Mr. Perceval was

of a thin spare habit of body, occasioned as well by his habitual temperance, as by his practice of early rising, and close attention to his legal and parliamentary business. He was about the middle stature—perhaps rather below than above it.—His features, though not impressed with the stamp of beauty, were rendered pleasing and prepossessing, by the mild sun-shine of good-humour and benevolence which habitually beamed from his countenance.

In the intercourse of private life, he was affable, mild, gentle, condescending, modest, unassuming—remarkably patient of contradiction or interruption in his discourse, even from an inferior—rarely interrupting the discourse of others, but attentively listening to whatever they had to say—humane, benevolent, charitable, generous—delicate in the mode of conferring favors—a most affectionate husband—a fond, attentive parent—a kind, indulgent master.

Of his public character we forbear to speak, as the subject would lead us into political and religious discussions, which we wish to avoid. Suffice it therefore to say, that he was a warm admirer of Mr. Pitt, whose measures and maxims he first zealously supported by his oratory and his vote, and afterward imitated in his own ministerial career—that he was a strenuous defender of the existing establishments in church and state—and, of course, adverse to parliamentary reform, or the grant of indulgences to those denominations of Christians whose creed accords not with that of the national church. We cannot, however, avoid noticing the laudable zeal with which he promoted the abolition of the slave-trade, or the pains he took to enforce the residence of the clergy among their parishioners, and to

meliorate the condition of the officiating curates.

VOLCANIC ERUPTION in the Isle of ST. VINCENT.

THE eruption of the Soufrier mountain in St. Vincent's, on the 30th of April, after the lapse of nearly a century, was preceded, on the 27th at noon, by a dreadful crash, with a severe concussion of the earth, a tremulous noise in the air, and a vast column of thick, black, rosy smoke, which, mounting to the sky, showered down sand, with gritty calcined particles of earth and favilla mixed, on all below. At night, a very considerable degree of ignition was observed on the lips of the crater. The same awful scene presented itself on Tuesday the 28th; the fall of favilla and calcined pebbles still increasing, and the column from the crater rising perpendicularly to an immense height, with a noise, at intervals, like the muttering of distant thunder. On Wednesday the 29th, the column shot up with quicker motion, dilating, as it rose, like a balloon. At length, on Thursday the 30th in the afternoon, the noise became incessant, and resembled the approach of thunder still nearer and nearer, with a vibration that affected the feelings and hearing. The Caribs, settled at Morne Ronde, at the foot of the Soufrier, abandoned their houses, with their live stock and every thing they possessed, and fled precipitately toward town. The negroes became confused, forsook their work, looked up to the mountain, and, as it shook, trembled, with the dread of what they could neither understand nor describe—the birds fell to the ground, overpowered with showers of favilla, unable to keep themselves on the wing—the cattle were starving for want of food, as not a blade of grass or a leaf was now to be found—the sea was much discolored, but in no wise uncommonly agitated. About four o'clock P. M. the noise became more alarming; and, just before sun-set, the clouds reflected a bright copper-color, suffused with fire. Scarcely had the day closed, when the flame burst at length pyramidically from the crater, through the mass of smoke; the rolling of the thunder became more awful and deafening: loud claps quickly succeeded, attended with electric flashes—some forked, and playing zig-zag across the perpendicular column from the crater—others shooting upward from the mouth, like rockets of the most

dazzling lustre—others like shells with their trailing fuses lying in different parabolas. Shortly after seven P. M. the ebullition of lava broke out on the N. W. side. This immediately after boiling over the orifice, and flowing a short way, was opposed by the acclivity of a higher point of land, over which it was impelled by the immense tide of liquefied fire that drove it on, forming the figure V in grand illumination. Sometimes, when the ebullition slackened, or was insufficient to urge it over the obstructing hill, it recoiled, and then again rushed forward, impelled by fresh supplies, and scaling every obstacle, carried rocks and woods together in its course down the slope of the mountain, until it precipitated itself down a vast ravine. Vast globular bodies of fire were seen projected from the fiery furnace, and, bursting, fell back into it, or over it, on the surrounding bushes, which were instantly set in flames. About four hours from the lava boiling over the crater, it reached the sea. About half past one, another stream of lava was seen descending to the eastward toward Rabbacca. At this time the first earthquake was felt: this was followed by showers of cinders, that fell with the hissing noise of hail during two hours. At three o'clock, a rolling on the roofs of the houses indicated a fall of stones, which soon thick-

ened, and at length descended in a rain of intermingled fire:—the miserable negroes flying from their huts were knocked down, or wounded, and many killed in the open air. Several houses were set on fire. Had the stones that fell been proportionably heavy to their size, not a living creature could have escaped without death: but, having undergone a thorough fusion, they were divested of their natural gravity, and fell almost as light as pumex, though in some places as large as a man's head. This dreadful rain of stones and fire lasted upwards of an hour, and was again succeeded by cinders from three till six o'clock in the morning. Earthquake followed earthquake almost momentarily; or rather the whole of this part of the island was in a state of continued oscillation—not agitated by shocks, vertical or horizontal; but undulating like water shaken in a bowl.

Darkness was only visible at eight o'clock in the morning: a chaotic gloom enveloped the mountain, and an impenetrable haze hung over the sea, with black sluggish clouds of a sulphureous cast. The whole island was covered with scilla, cinders, scoria, and broken masses of volcanic matter. It was not until the afternoon that the muttering noise of the mountain sunk gradually into a solemn but suspicious silence.

POETRY.

On the DEATH of an accomplished Youth.
By Mr. JOHN WEBB, Author of "*Haverhill*," and other Poems.

WHEN blooming innocence resigns its
breath, [of death,
And youth's fair blossoms feel the blast
What sympathetic bosom can forbear
To heave a sigh?—what eye to drop a
tear?

The youth I mourn was deck'd with ev'ry
grace; [face;
And with her roses Health adorn'd his
Till fell disease, that baffled human art,
Invited the pale fiend to pierce his heart.

So blooms the wild rose in the sunny
vale, [gale;
And opens its crimson bosom to each
Till some destructive insect's noxious
pow'r [flow'r.

Of life and fragrance robs the blushing
Could early worth prolong the fleeting
breath, [Death,
Or rip'ning talent charm remorseless

Dear youth! thou hadst not fall'n in
life's young bloom;
Nor had parental sorrow dew'd thy tomb.

Fond parents! though wise Heav'n your
prospects blight,
Still rest assur'd, "whatever is, is right."
Though this dark cloud your hemisphere
o'erspreads, [heads.
Perhaps 'twill burst in blessings on your

That Being, whom created worlds obey,
In mercy gives, in mercy takes away;
Supremely wise and just his sovereign will;
And finite man should tremble, and be
still.

Address to MUSIC,
occasioned by hearing a young Lady play,
who was an excellent Performer on the
Piano-forte.

By J. M. LACEY.

SCIENCE divine! oh! soul-dissolving
pow'r!
Music! to thee my votive lay I bring,

When female talent aids thy happiest
hour, [passion'd string.

And strikes, as now, thy bold, im-

First, by *Andante* movements, we are told
The soft'ning tale of love, in pensive
strain,

Where ev'ry melting tone proclaims, how
cold [pain.

All other feelings are, to love's keen

Next *Allegro*, in lighter, livelier tone,
Gives pleasure to the bosom dull be-
fore; [flown,

While brighten'd eyes bespeak all sorrow
And fancy whispers, 'twill return no
more.

But sad *Adagio's* mournful notes arise:
Plaintive they steal upon the feeling
soul, [eyes,
And force pure tears from Beauty's azure
Proclaiming Music's wonderful control.

Next *Maestoso* pours his martial air:
Majestic in sublimity it flows,
Bids ev'ry swelling chord its grandeur
share,

And seeks in energetic burst its close:

Then *Agitato's* changeful strain begins,
Alternately depicting hope and fear.
Now Hope approaching in *piano* wins;
Now Fear in wild *fortissimo* we hear.

Largo next comes, with awful-pausing
tone, [of woe;

Painting, in sound, the very depth of
Or, wafting hymns of praise to Heav'n's
high throne,

Fills ev'ry bosom with religion's glow.

Last *Presto's* sprightly jig, with merry
sound,

Sets ev'ry head and foot in motion gay;
Bids the light heart with ecstacy rebound,
And leads the dance in fanciful array.

Thus, science sweet! our ev'ry feeling's
thine! [the lyre!

All hail, then, magic influence of the
For thee a simple wreath of verse I twine,
But, ah! without thy harmony or fire!

Thoughts, at a MOTHER'S GRAVE.

Hus'd is the deep-ton'd bell, whose
iron tongue

In accents solemn call'd to her long home
A tender, aged mother!—Such a scene,
Replete with all that interests the mind,
So 'big with knowledge, worthy being
known, [heart,

Might ope the sluices of th' obdurate
And melt it into sympathy.

Here mine eye [bier,
May drop soft Nature's offering on her

Nor fear the ridicule of thoughtless man.
Oh! 'tis a pang severe, to part from one
I've known so long, whose fond officious
care

Dandled me on affection's downy lap!

Though all with me is sad, creation
smiles, [scene.

And vernal blossoms grace the laughing
The sun descending shoots a golden ray,
And May's sweet flow'ers scent each
vagrant breeze: [dust,

And, while the sexton crumbles dust on
I hear the blackbird tune his ev'ning
song.— [form'd—

'Tis o'er!—the awful service is per-
One ling'ring look; and then a long
adieu!—

The crowd dismiss the sanctimonious air,
And ev'ry aspect brightens. Some retire
To tavern near, and in the rosy bowl

Drown ev'ry serious thought, while
others seek [of joy.

Green haunts of pleasure, and gay bow'rs
But he, who loves to pore o'er Nature's
works,

Hastes to still scenes of flow'ry solitude,
The nurse of deep reflexion: there his
mind [dark,

May, soaring upwards, pass th' aspiring
(Though the blithe chorister "at heav'n's
gate sings")

And pay his mite of genuine gratitude
To the grand source, whence all his bless-
ings flow. [mood,

But thou, my heart, indulge thy pensive
And taste the luxury of filial grief.

Haverhill, May 24, 1812. JOHN WEBB.

The Song of the RED-BREAST, on the Departure of Miss ***** from her Residence at K*****.

By J. M. LACEY.

SHE is gone! and the Robin must pine,
Must pine for his tenderest friend.
Her hand forbade want to be mine:
But her bounties must now have an end.

No more will her fingers, so fair,
My meal from yon window bestow.
I sang her a song for her care:
But my song must now warble of woe!

She is gone to the tumult-fill'd town,
Where to follow I never can dare:—
Stern man on a red breast would frown:
His smile I must not hope to share.

But, for her who has foster'd my form,
Who has fed me in winter's cold day,
May she never feel sorrow's rude storm,
But pleasure still wait on her way.

She is gone to the bosoms of those
 Who esteem ev'ry wish of her heart,
 Whose friendship is sweet as the rose,
 With no thorn its sharp anguish to dart.
 The red-breast finds joy e'en in this—
 The red-breast now mournful and poor:
 But the Pow'r that sends sorrow and bliss,
 Will direct me to mild Mercy's door!

*Verses written during an INDISPOSITION
 in Spring.*

From Albion's cliffs grim winter flies,
 And seeks the northern strand;
 While spring, with primrose chaplets
 Descends to bless the land. [crown'd,
 Creation's cheer'd: bright Sol pours forth
 His vivifying beam; [grove,
 Glads the gay tribes that haunt the
 And gambol in the stream.

Behold, how earth's green carpet's deck'd
 With Flora's various dyes!
 She waves her wand—when, lo! her race
 In flow'ry millions rise.

But, ah! while epidemic ails
 On this frail fabric seize,
 Suns shine unfelt, and blooming scenes
 Possess no charm to please.

While rosy Health, celestial nymph,
 Eludes these out-stretch'd arms,
 The sprightly page, the songful muse,
 Have lost their wonted charms.

Descend, bright form, ere summer wake
 Her golden-footed hours: [queen—
 Come, while sweet May—that sylvan
 Reclines in jess'mine bow'rs.

Then will I string my self-taught lyre,
 And pay the thanks I owe
 To Him, great source of ev'ry bliss,
 Whence all thy blessings flow.

Haverhill. JOHN WEBB.

Lines from the Album at GILSLAND SPA.

DAME Nature with Art once an argu-
 ment held, [cell'd.
 Which as yet, in creation, had chiefly ex-
 Art instead of her statues of Rome and of
 Greece, [crease;
 Whose fame ev'ry century help'd to in-
 While Nature's best models so soon died
 away, [droop'd in decay.
 That they scarcely were known, ere they
 "But," Nature reply'd, "don't you copy
 from me?" [tures I see.

For, in all your chef-d'œuvres, my fea-
 You may talk of your Studley, your
 Chatsworth, and Stowe, [owe:—
 Which to Ptolemy and you their celebrity
 But view Gilsland—the place I so proud-
 ly call mine;

And all claim, to the palm we contest,
 you'll resign."

Then together they went o'er all parts
 of the ground, [around—
 Which Art, with attention, examin'd
 View'd the rocks, wood, and water—and
 own'd, with despair, [there.
 No effort of hers could add any thing

*Completion of the BOUTS-RIMES proposed
 in our Magazine for May.*

By J. M. L.

MAN feels a pleasure stealing through
 his soul, [vious way,
 When from the town he takes his de-
 And sees, o'er heav'n's blue vault, the
 mist-clouds roll, [day.

When first Aurora paints the new-born
 It is an hour that leads the ardent mind
 Far from the track by worldly beings
 trod;

It is an hour that bids us rapture find,
 "And look, through Nature, up to
 Nature's God!"

Who, let me ask, would on a down-bed
 wait, [hill and plain?

While morn's bright beauties deck each
 Who, but would quit his couch, and seek
 them straight, [chain?

If sickness did not bind with galling
 Then does the lark his earliest warblings
 send, [flight,

As up to w'rd heav'n he takes his loftiest
 While each glad bird a grateful lay doth
 lend, [light.

To swell the song that hails the hour of
 All that the eye with new delight can see,
 Conveys an unbought pleasure to the
 breast.— [glee,

Show me the wordly sight gives half the
 Unless 'tis Pity soothing Woe to rest!

See the young rustic to his labors take

A heart as happy as the summer hours!
 Ah! who can doubt, that 'tis for love's
 sweet sake, [pow'rs?

He thus with joy exerts his manly
 For love can lighter make the laborer's
 load, [of care,

Can sooth the mind beneath a weight
 Can point to bliss the sweet and flow'ry
 road,

And bid our bosoms ev'ry rapture share.

While health shall let me hail bright
 morning's beam, [spite—

I'll heed not wordly minds, nor wordly
 Convinced that life's, at best, a transient
 dream;

And to be happy, must be surely right!

Another.—To ENVY.

AVAUNT, thou base enslaver of the soul!
Aghast, I view thy horrid eye-balls roll.
Nor love can charm, nor friendship sooth
the mind, [find,
Where thy dread form can facile entrance
What, though kind Heav'n the gifts of
fortune send, [honors, lend!
Though health her sweets, and fame her
In vain, to charm, unnumber'd blessings
tear. [straight
Peace flies affrighted at thy frown;—and
The Fury passion's rise.—Then take, oh!
take [sake
Thy hideous form from me!—Not for the
Of all that misers prize, or hope can see,
Would I thy whispers list—thou foe to
glee,
To innocence, to all that makes the load
Of human woes seem light—and cheers
the road
Mark'd out by Providence, from whence
thy spite [pers "all is right."
Would chase the angel guide, who whis-
JOANNA SQUIRE.

New BOUTS-RIMES proposed.

Man, spau; Care, despair; Trace, place;
Tell, spell; Fate, state; Ground, pro-
found; Child, mild; Obey, stray.

The MUSIC of the GROVES.

(From Mr. G. DYER'S "Poetics," lately
published.)

CLARA and I, the other day, [gay,
Walk'd out: the birds were blithe and
As striving all to please their loves.
So great a stir the warblers made
In their orchestra over head,
There seem'd a concert of the groves.

Clara and I sat down together, [feather,
Like two young birds of the same
Yet grave as two old Quaker preach-
ers.—

Quoth I, "Clara, you have read Gay*,
And well know what these warblers say;
For they have often been your teachers.

"Of all these birds that seem so blest,
Pray, tell me which you like the best,
And why by you they are preferr'd."—
Quoth Clara, "That I'll freely do:
But, after, I must hear from you,
As freely, what's your fav'rite bird.

"I love the bird that hails the morn,
The linnet trilling on the thorn,
The blackbird's clear loud song:
But most I love the melting tale,
That's warbled by the nightingale—
So sweetly warbled all night long.

* Gay's Fables.

"That lark has taught me when to rise—
Those other warblers, how to prize
The cheerful song of day.

I love to sooth affliction's pain;
And I have learn'd the soothing strain
From Philomela's ev'ning lay."

Then I—"Clara, you oft have seen
A little bird on yonder green,
In varied colors gaily dress'd:—
To me it pours a pensive song,
Yet sweet—and neither loud nor long:—
That is my bird, Robin red-breast.

"It sings no better than it teaches:
And thus, methinks, the warbler preach-
Clara, it surely speaks to you— [es—
"One day I listen'd at the door,
'And heard you sing, an hour or more,
'A song, I thought, to nature true.

"Those birds, which there so gaily sing—
'They do but hail the flaunting spring,
'And gaudy summer's golden hours:
'I sing, when sombre autumn comes:
'I love to cheer the winter glooms;
'And may my song, sweet girl, be
yours!

"They droop at the departing year,
'While I still all the village cheer.—
'May you your spring-time gaily fill,
'But cheer, when spring-time shall decay,
'Your friends with your autumnal lay,
'And be their winter warbler still!"

Valedictory Address to the Public, delivered
by Mrs. SIDDONS, at Covent Garden
Theatre, on her final Retirement from the
Stage, June 29, 1812.

(Written by HORACE TWISS, Esq.)

Who has not felt, how growing use en-
dears [years?
The fond remembrance of our former
Who has not sigh'd, when doom'd to leave
at last [past,
The hopes of youth, the habits of the
The thousand ties and int'rests, that
impart

A second nature to the human heart,
And, wreathing round it close, like ten-
drils, climb,
Blooming in age, and sanctified by time?
Yes! at this moment crowd upon my
mind

Scenes of bright days for-ever left behind,
Bewild'ring visions of enraptur'd youth,
When hope and fancy wore the hues of
truth, [seem
And long forgotten years, that almost
The faded traces of a morning dream!
Sweet are those mournful thoughts: for
they renew

The pleasing sense of all I owe to you,

For each inspiring smile, and sooth-
ing tear— [career,
For those full honors of my long }
That cheer'd my earliest hope, and }
That cheer'd my latest fear!

And though, for me, those tears shall
flow no more,
And the warm sunshine of your smile is
o'er— [away,

Though the bright beams are fading fast
That shone unclouded through my sum-
mer-day— [light

Yet grateful mem'ry shall reflect their
O'er the dim shadows of the coming night,
And lend to later life a softer tone,
A moonlight tint, a lustre of her own.

Judges and friends! to whom the tra-
gic strain

Of Nature's feeling never spoke in vain,
Perhaps your hearts, when years have
glided by,

And past emotions wake a fleeting sigh,
May think on her, whose lips have pour'd
so long [speare's song:—

The charmed sorrows of your Shak-
On her, who, parting to return no more,
Is now the mourner she but seem'd be-
fore— [spell,

Herself subdued, resigns the melting
And breathes, with swelling heart, her
long, her last farewell!

Extract from

THE VICTIM OF SEDUCTION.

By LAURA SOPHIA TEMPLE.

[See the Remarks "on Seduction," in our
present Number, page 324.]

LOUD howl'd the tempest of a winter's
night, [light:

And dying lamps dispens'd a twinkling
No friendly star illum'd the vault of
heav'n; [driv'n.

But, o'er its face, big clouds were wildly
Mute silence reign'd in each deserted
street, [ing sleet,

Save, where the rushing blast, or pelt-
Was heard to whistle, or to rudely beat.]

'Twas then, that, on a flinty step reclin'd,
To all the pow'r of wretchedness resign'd,
Grief on her cheek, and famine in her
eye,

A child of misery was seen to lie.
Rough blew the wind around her shi-
v'ring form; [storm.

Lost were her sighs amid the rattling
Uncover'd was her bosom, once so fair,
Now the cold residence of dark despair.
Loose down her back her matted tresses
lay,

Those lovely locks, once deck'd in colors
gay:

VOL. 42.

Damp were her temples with the dews of
death, [gling breath,
And slowly drawn her thick and strug-
Life's quiv'ring taper hastens to an end:
On Death she calls—to her a welcome
friend.

I mark'd the closing of her stormy day:
I saw her ling'ring graces steal away—

Heard the last accents tremble on her
lips, [eclipse.

While Nature sigh'd at beauty's dire

On hearing it remarked that a certain Wit's
"Fire was extinct."

No! no!—his fire he still retains,
Whate'er you may suppose.

Its lustre has but left his brains,
And settled in his nose!

Le MEDISANT adroit.

"Croyez nous," disait-on à Cléon l'hy-
pocrite— [en public

"Vengez-vous de Damis: tous les jours
On le voit, déchirant vos mœurs, votre
conduite. [pic."—

Il n'est rien à l'abri de sa langue d'as-
"Amis," reprit Cléon, "la justice céleste

A proscriit sagement la vengeance au
Chrétien. [teste,

Loin d'imiter Damis, hélas! je vous pro-
Que je voudrais pouvoir n'en dire que du
bien."

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

London Fashionable WALKING- DRESSES.

1. A gypsy hat, composed of
white chip and heliotrope ribbon—
white ostrich plume drooping on
the left side.—A clear muslin dress,
trimmed with the same in festoons
fastened up with straps and buttons.
—A scarf shawl of double-twilled
heliotrope-color silk, with a deep ball
silk fringe.—Shoes to match.

2. A chip and satin Parisian bon-
net, with high crown, and plume of
green feathers from the top, shading
one side of the head-dress.—Spotted
muslin dress, with three frills round
the bottom, and two rows of lace
let in—the edges of the two upper
frills exactly at the head of the lace.

A military Spencer of green twilled
sarsenet, with rich gimp and frogs, to

clasp across the bosom on one side, and button over to the other.

The prevailing colors are, green, red-lilac or heliotrope, buff, pink, and blue—all of the very palest shades. In the morning, Spencers of the above colors in figured sarsenets over white cambric dresses, made with high collars and very short skirts, trimmed with two or three frills, or vandyked trimmings.—Some ladies wear the dress of muslin or linen, of the same shade as the Spencer, and trimmed with three rows of narrow ribbon.—Half boots to lace behind.—Round hats with flat crowns are still worn. A flower under the brim is a prevailing ornament, with a ribbon simply tied round the crown.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

[*London, June 23*] *Palermo, May 5.*—Through the mediation of Rear-Admiral Freemantle, an armistice has been agreed upon between the Sicilian and Tunisian governments: 390 Sicilians, slaves at Tunis, have been redeemed, at the rate of 320 dollars each.—Corn is at about £15 sterling the quarter, at Palermo.

[24] Bonaparté, before he determined on commencing hostilities against Sweden, wrote to the Crown Prince, offering to restore Pomerania, Finland, and the estates of Bernadotte in France and Italy, on condition that the latter would co-operate with him in accomplishing his designs in the North.—Bernadotte rejected the offer.

[25] *Madrid, May 8.*—An address, from the magistracy of Madrid to King Joseph, states, that "the hospitals, poor-houses, houses of correction, and similar establishments, contain no fewer than 8000 individuals, who receive their daily aliment through the hands of the municipality. This excessive number, however, constitutes but a small fraction, compared with those who languish and suffer in private houses, in streets, and in chambers, which resound with their doleful clamors, and which menace the most dreadful political convulsions, while a numerous army consumes all the scanty produce of an exhausted country."

[26] *Dantzic, May 16.*—In Poland, provisions become more and more scarce for both armies; and the continued requisitions made for them have deprived the inhabitants of their last morsel of bread. Forage is still more scarce; and hay is not to be had. The horses are fed on rye-meal, and straw which has been used for thatch, in consequence of which they die in great numbers. A Polish officer, lately arrived from Warsaw, states, that, in the country through which he passed, all the houses were without thatching,

and that, in many houses, large holes were dug in the ground for the children's shelter.

[26] *Petersburg, May 22.*—The government has allowed to be introduced into the ports of Liebau, Riga, and Petersburg, and to be deposited in the royal magazines, as well as those of individuals, coffee, sugar, spices, and other colonial products, without paying duties, and even to withdraw from these warehouses a third of such colonial merchandise, without their being subject to any duty; but if they remain warehouses more than a year and a day, they will be sold by public auction, and the ordinary duties paid out of the proceeds of the sale.

[27] Ships with colonial produce are admitted into any of the Prussian ports, provided they are half laden with rice, and only pay half the continental duties.

[*July 2*] *Algieris, June 3.*—An action took place on the 1st instant, in the environs of Bornos. General Ballaster attacked General Curros, for the purpose of dislodging him from his position, and at first actually obtained some advantage; but having been charged by a numerous body of cavalry, he was driven back with the loss of three pieces of cannon, and 1000 men killed, wounded, or taken.

[6] The late Paris papers contain a trial of a female for adultery. She was sentenced to a twelvemonth's imprisonment, and her paramour, who was tried with her, to one month's imprisonment.

[6] June 15, a large quantity of confiscated British merchandise was publicly burned at Genoa.

[6] Letters from Bordeaux hold out the prospect of an uncommonly abundant harvest.

[8] Preliminaries of peace between Russia and Turkey were signed about the 10th of June.

[8] A treaty of defensive alliance, be-

tween France and Prussia, was ratified at Berlin, March 5.

[9] By order of Bonaparté, several valuable pictures from the Museum have been distributed to the parish churches of Paris.

[9] The civil list, for the Prince Royal of Sweden, is fixed at 100,000 crowns.

[10] Advices from Portugal, of June 22, state, that Lord Wellington had established his head quarters at Salamanca, from which city the French had withdrawn.

[11] A treaty of alliance between France and Austria was concluded at Paris, on the 14th of March, by which either party is bound to furnish the other with 30,000 men, if attacked or menaced.

[12] A treaty of peace and alliance, offensive and defensive, has been signed by the Russian and Turkish plenipotentiaries, but not yet ratified by the sovereign on either side. [See July 27.]

[13] The Russians have begun to act upon their defensive system. The produce on the frontiers of Lithuania, in several situations, has been destroyed, so that the enemy, if he advance, must be encumbered with all the necessary means for his subsistence. Other precautions have been resorted to in Courland; and the grain, and effects of the like description, which were deposited at Liebau and Riga, have been removed to Livonia, beyond the reach of the invaders.

[13] Advices from Mexico and Vera Cruz, the former to the 15th of April, the latter to the 1st of May, state, that the influence of the revolutionary party had been so powerful in both, that the restrictions on trade in favor of the parent state have been abrogated, and commerce is thrown open to all nations.

[15] The American legislature has passed an act for admitting the state of Louisiana into the Union.

[14] A letter from an officer of His Majesty's ship America, dated Gulf of Venice, May 12, 1812, states, that, on the 10th, the boats of the America and Leviathan, covered by L'Eclair brig, were towed in shore, and landed 200 marines, under the command of Captains Rea and Owen, at Linguilla and Alciaa. They instantly marched forward to the attack of the batteries, of which they at length obtained possession, spiked the guns, and then brought out sixteen sail of vessels of different descriptions; seven of which, laden with salt, they scuttled; the other

nine, laden with wine, brandy, leather, glass, broad cloth, &c. were sent to Malta.

[15] May 26, a small body of Spaniards, under Gen. Lacey, attacked a superior force of 3,500 French stationed at the bridge and neighbouring points of Molino del Rey, and drove them from their positions, with the loss of 700 men in killed, wounded, and prisoners.

[15] Advices from Spain, of June 21, state, that, at Tarragona, two ships had obtained licences from the French governor to be admitted into the port with cargoes of colonial produce, but were both seized and confiscated, on entering the harbour;—that, at Cadiz, the French have succeeded in throwingsome shells into the market-place, where one or two persons were killed, and several wounded;—and that a decree has been published for assembling the new Cortes Ordinarias on the 1st October, 1813.

[17] On the 22d June, Bonaparté declared war against Russia; and the French army soon after invaded the Russian territories, by crossing the Niemen, at Kowno, about 50 miles from Wina, the capital of Lithuania. On the 23d, they threw three bridges across the river in less than two hours; and, on the 24th and 25th, effected their passage without opposition.

[18] Fifteen hundred Prussians, with 82 officers, lately deserted in a body from the French quarters, and safely reached the Russian camp.

[18] Advices from the continent state, that the Russians strictly adhere to their preconceived plan of bearing off every description of portable property, and destroying every thing, not capable of removal, that can directly or indirectly contribute to the shelter or subsistence of the French armies.—At Liebau, the private effects had been carried off, and the public property had been thrown into the sea. The whole of Courland had been converted into a waste; and most of the inhabitants had abandoned their dwellings, and sought refuge in Livonia.

[20] July 6, a gallant exploit was achieved on the coast of Norway, by Captain Stewart, of the Dictator, who, aided by two sloops and a gun-brig, attacked a Danish frigate, three large sloops of war, and 25 gun-boats, which weresheltered within the rocks of Mardoe, and supported by numerous batteries. The frigate was totally destroyed—the three sloops completely disabled—and several of the gun-boats sunk.

[90] Fire-engines are attached to every corps in the French service in Poland. They are employed to convey water with more expedition than by manual labor, to the troops, through pipes, extending sometimes a mile in length.

[20] So great a scarcity prevails in Zealand, that a barrel of rye [four bushels] was lately sold at Elsinour for sixty two rix-dollars—£12. 8s. sterling.

[20] The inhabitants of Poland are in a state of starvation, owing to the number of troops quartered in their country. The French military have agreed to subscribe, in the following proportions, to their relief:—Generals 36 florins per month, Generals of Brigade 18, Colonels 12, inferior officers 6.

[20] Advices from the Baltic state, that the vanguard of the French army was in possession of Wilna, which the Russians had previously evacuated. A conflagration took place in the city on the day of the entrance of the French; but whether it was occasioned by the advancing or retreating army, has not, we believe, been ascertained.

[20] The French minister of commerce and manufactures, in a circular of the 19th ult. communicates to the prefects of the departments an improved process for the extraction of sugar from beet-root, invented by one Boumation. It is calculated, that the produce of 100,000 acres of beet-root will yield a quantity of sugar adequate to the

total consumption of France; and very near this extent, it is said, has been planted in the course of the present year.

[21] Advices from New York, of June 23, state, that, on the 17th, the Senate adopted the resolution of the other House for declaring war against Great Britain, and that the military commander at New York had, on the 20th, publicly announced, in general orders, that war was actually declared.

[21] The French evacuated Oviedo on the 15th of June.

[21] Letters from Badajoz say that the French cut and destroy all the corn which they cannot carry off.

[21] *Cadiz, June 29.*—The desertion from the French army is very considerable, particularly in Germans and juramentados.

[21] Dispatches from Lord Wellington, of June 30, state, that he was then at Fuente La Pena, nearly fifty miles in advance from Salamanca, on the road towards Valladolid;—that his advanced guard had daily skirmishes with the rear of Marmont's army, which was in full retreat;—that the Portuguese had been generally in front with the British, and on all occasions had behaved most nobly;—that the loss of the allied army in the several skirmishes had been very slight; and that they took a considerable number of prisoners.

[27] The Ottoman emperor has refused to ratify the treaty of peace with Russia, signed by his plenipotentiaries.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

His Majesty.

During the last fortnight of June, His Majesty suffered a high degree of agitation: but he was somewhat better on the 27th, when the Queen's Privy Council met to make their quarterly report.—In the afternoon of that day, the paroxysm increased to a degree of violence, such as he had not experienced since December, 1810. It lasted, without abatement, between 50 and 60 hours; and on the 29th, he became, for a few minutes, speechless.—The interruption to speech, however, lasted only a few minutes; and the habitual course of rapid and inarticulate speaking returned, till nine in the evening, when His Majesty fell asleep, and had between four and five hours of quiet rest. He awoke very composed.—After this, he continued to improve, though with slight occasional variations

from better to worse; and the last accounts represent him as daily advancing in health—taking his meals regularly—and enjoying uninterrupted repose. They add that his mental symptoms have lately been very favorable—approaching, at times, to nearly lucid intervals. [July 23.]

Price of Bread.—Quartern Wheat: Loaf, July 2, twenty pence—July 9 and 16, the same—July 23, the same.

[London, June 22] On Tuesday, at Blandford in Dorsetshire, William Reynolds, a man of 83, who had been more than twenty years preacher to a Methodist society, hanged himself.

[24] In a thunder-storm in Essex, last Sunday, the lightning struck the spire of Rayleigh church, and completely stripped off the lead. It also descended a cottage chimney near the spot, and melted

an iron pot suspended over the fire. At the same time, a shower of uncommonly large hail did considerable damage in the gardens and fields.

[24] By a proclamation dated yesterday, the Regent has revoked, or rather provisionally suspended for a time, the orders in council, of January 7, 1807, and April 26, 1809, so far as they regarded American commerce, and has thus allowed a renewal of the trade with the American United States.

[24] In the House of Commons, last night, Mr. Parnell, advertent to the injury done in Ireland by the tithe-proctors, and the extent to which litigation was carried in enforcing the payment of tithes, stated that no less than 1421 actions had been tried in the space of one year within the jurisdiction of six counties only;—and the defendants in these actions were the poorest and the most miserable part of the peasantry.

[26] At the late sale of the Roxburgh library, a private gentleman gave £478 for the Old Bailey Trials, from the humane motive of placing them in the hands of a literary man, to make an abridgement of them, for the purpose of demonstrating the necessity of revising the code of our criminal laws, and diminishing the number of felonies, to which there is now adjudged the penalty of death.

[29] In the court of Exchequer, on Saturday, Thomas Bratt, collector of assessed taxes in Bristol, and William Skerrett, collector at Sandbach in Cheshire, were found guilty of fraudulently obtaining sums not charged in the commissioners' assessments, and were amerced £600 each.—On the same day, a verdict was given against a housekeeper for having refused to permit the surveyor to pass through his house for the purpose of ascertaining the number of windows in the rear.

[29] Potatoes have this year been planted to an unusual extent throughout the country.

[30] Mr. White's subscription.—Amount this day advertised, upwards of one thousand and fifty pounds.

[30] The intelligence from the manufacturing districts shows the immediate activity produced by the abrogation of the orders in council. On Saturday, at Leeds market, a greater quantity of cloth was purchased, than has been known to have been bought in one day at any former period. At Liverpool, one and a half

millions of yards of bounty goods have been shipped within the last week, worth £125,000: and it is said, that two and a half millions of yards more are in progress of embarkation. Within the same interval of a week, £12,000, convoy duty, at 4 per cent. has been paid, indicating further shipments to the amount of £300,000 at the same port. It is added, that the wages of the Lancashire manufacturers have been raised about 2s. 3d. per week.

[July 1] On Wednesday last, an experiment was made with a machine at Leeds, under the direction of Mr. John Blenkinsop, the patentee, for the purpose of substituting the agency of steam for the use of horses, in the conveyance of coals on the iron rail-way, from the mines at Middleton, to Leeds.—This machine is, in fact, a steam-engine of four horses' power, which, with the assistance of cranks turning a cog-wheel, and iron cogs placed at one side of the rail-way, is capable of moving at the rate of ten miles an hour.

[1] An eel was caught on Saturday se'nnight at Whitehaven, which measured five feet and a half in length, was about 18 inches in girth, and weighed twenty-seven pounds.

[2] On Monday last, at Manchester, Mr. Sadler, the celebrated aeronaut, made his twenty third ascent, and alighted at Oakwood, about six miles from Sheffield. He made the passage in about 48 minutes, so that he must have travelled at the rate of a mile in a minute.

[3] Association for the relief of the manufacturing Poor.—Amount of subscriptions this day advertised, upwards of £7,300; of which the Regent subscribed 200—Lord Rivers, 100—Messrs. Child and Co. 100—L. M. N. 100.

[4] Yesterday, Thomas Bowler was tried at the Old Bailey for the murder of Mr. Burrowes, noticed in our last Number. Although it was clearly proved that he had antecedently been insane, yet, as it appeared on the other hand, that, about and at the time of the murder, he was cool, collected, and rational, he was found Guilty.

[4] The diocesan returns, printed by order of the House of Lords, state that four millions of persons in England have not the means of attending church, there being that number more than all the churches can contain:—that the places of worship of the established church in England are 2533—and those of dissen-

ters, 3454.—These numbers do not include Scotland.

[7] The provincial papers already attest the happy effects of the suspension of the orders in council; trade every where beginning to revive, and the discontents and disturbances to subside.

[8] The sale of the Roxburgh library concluded on Saturday.—The total produce was above £28,000. The library cost the late Duke under £5000.

[8] On Saturday, a partial explosion took place in one of the powder-mills at Hounslow, by which two men were so severely burned, that they died the same evening.

[9] Yesterday morning, a little before one o'clock, a boy, lying off the Custom-house quay, was boarded by a gang of robbers, who seized the Custom-house officers, bound their hands and feet, presented a blunderbuss to them, and threatened instant death if they made any noise or resistance. They then robbed the vessel of silk, to the amount of £3000, and made off clear with it by half past one o'clock.

[9] July 6, at Newtown near Plymouth, a Mr. Hine, a respectable flour-merchant and corn-factor, without any apparent cause, murdered his two children and himself—having likewise fired a pistol-ball through the breast of his wife, who was found alive, but in a dying state.

[9] Yesterday, Mr. Cobbett, after paying the fine of £1000, was discharged from prison, on the expiration of his two years' confinement, for the remarks published in his paper on the practice of flogging in the army and navy.

[11] From an examination at Marlborough-street office yesterday, it appears that a mother, through pure mistake, gave arsenic to four of her children, instead of cream of tartar. Two of them have died in consequence.—[*We recollect to have heard, some years since, the suggestion of a law, to prohibit the sale or possession of arsenic or tartar emetic, without the addition of some remarkable coloring, to distinguish them.*]

[13] A fine boy, five years old, walking on Kennington Common with his father and mother, on Friday last, was struck on the breast by a cricket-ball, several yards from the bat, and killed on the spot.—[*Notwithstanding the imminent danger of such accidents, it is common to see boys, and men too, playing at cricket in the public roads and foot paths round London, and even in the very streets, in some parts of*

the outlets! The writer of this remark has often, in his walks, seen passengers severely hurt with cricket-balls.]

[13] On Thursday, twenty-three houses were consumed by a conflagration, at Gamlingay in Cambridgeshire.

[13] At the late Winchester assises, John James, an apprentice, aged nineteen, was convicted of the murder of his master's wife at Shalfleet, near Yarmouth. He had given her three deep wounds with a hatchet in the head and face, and cut her throat. He confessed the deed, but without alleging any motive; and, when interrogated, only referred the interrogants to the 3d chapter of Job.

[13] The cowardly crime of suicide has of late become remarkably frequent. The "Morning Chronicle" of this date records five recent instances of it, exclusive of the case of a Captain Young, who, on Sunday morning, in a fit of insanity, threw himself from a window, in Southampton-street, Covent-garden, and was killed on the spot.

[14] From the documents laid before the Association for the relief of the manufacturing Poor—quoted, last night, by Mr. Brougham in the House of Commons—it appears, that, at Bolton-le-Moer in Lancashire, (in the neighbourhood of which place the late disturbances in that county originated) the population was seventeen thousand, of whom three thousand were reduced to the condition of parish paupers, besides a large number who were driven from their houses as wanderers throughout the country, and a yet larger number receiving relief from the opulent and humane.—It further appeared, that, at Walton, near Prescott, in the same county, the population was 5000, of whom 1300 were receiving eleemosynary aid, while earning, on an average, less than three shillings a week; and that, at Huddersfield, (famous in the history of the late riots) the manufacturers were earning, on an average, less than one shilling a week. Equal distress prevailed among the laboring poor in many other places; and, to watch the motions of their hungry desperation, the magistrates had found it necessary to employ numerous spies, at thirty shillings a week, besides their expenses.

[14] On Saturday se'nnight, while the surrounding air was perfectly calm, a quantity of hay, supposed to be two hundred weight, was suddenly caught up by a whirlwind from a field near Blagdon, and carried high above the clouds over

Mendip Hill. A number of rocks and swallows immediately collected together, and, darting up with much clamor among the scattered hay, were seen pursuing it in circles through the air.

[15] On Tuesday, by the explosion of a powder-mill near Rossin in Scotland, two men were killed, and a third blown about two hundred yards through the air; when, though much hurt, he had the good fortune to fall into the mill-dam. The explosion was heard at above six miles' distance.

[16] The small-pox is at present very prevalent in London, especially in the suburbs, inhabited by the poorer classes, and has occasioned numerous deaths of late, particularly of children; although these ravages might so easily be prevented by the vaccine inoculation, performed gratis at above twenty stations in different parts of the metropolis.

[17] At Spilsby, Robert Moggit, aged 24, swallowed a quantity of corrosive sublimate, on Thursday last, and died the next day, without assigning any reason for this deliberate suicide.

[17] On Monday, at Mr. Atkinson's distillery, St. George's Fields, a man descended into a large vat, to clean it. When near the bottom, he fell down insensible. Another man, going down to his assistance, fell in like manner: and oth were suffocated by the foul air below.

[17] Yesterday, a respectable tradesman in Mary-le bone road cut his throat, while at breakfast.

[17] *Curious Fraud*.—A man of respectable appearance lately called at the house of Lord Besborough, as an agent commissioned to inform him of the arrival of certain packages expected from Ireland. Next day, some weighty boxes were delivered; and the said agent received £6 for the carriage; but, on examination, they were found to contain nothing but bricks and rubbish.—In attempting a similar trick at the Marquis of Waterford's yesterday, the impostor was apprehended.

[18] Last night, in the House of Lords, Lord Holland stated, that, from a list which he had obtained, it appeared that the number of *ex-officio* informations, which had been filed from the year 1800 to 1807, was fifteen—and, in the three years, 1808, 9, 10, the number was forty-two, of which more than one half had not been prosecuted to trial.

[19] A letter from Shropshire, of July 13, describes very promising crops of

grain and potatoes—good humour all around—and corn at 26s. the bushel of 38 quarts.

[18] A late Boston paper says—"It gives us great pleasure to state, that the town and the county of Nottingham were never more tranquil than they are at present. The frame-workers are now busy at work there, and throughout Leicestershire; and the combs and shuttles of Yorkshire, the smithy engines of Warwickshire, and the spindles and looms of Lancashire, are likewise all in motion."

[18] *Child-stealing*.—A boy, three years and a half old, was decoyed from his mother's door, in Frogmore-rents, Mary-le-bone, on Thursday evening, by two women, who stripped and left him in the watchman's beat in the course of the night, covered with a filthy rug.

[20] We hear, from the principal corn counties, that the late fine weather has produced a most striking effect on the growing crops, and there is the most promising appearance of a good harvest.

[21] Memorials to the members of the House of Commons are daily arriving from the "disturbed districts," signed by the most respectable inhabitants of all sects and parties, assuring the House, that they are now in a state of complete tranquillity, which they have every reason to hope will continue, as the condition of the distressed poor is already much bettered by the opening of the trade with America.

Three physicians have lately died at advanced ages.—See *Deaths*.

BORN.

[June 24] On the 18th, of the lady of J. Ireland Blackburn, esq, M. P. a daughter.

[29] On Saturday, of the lady of W. Curtis, esq. Portland-place, a son.

[July 1] On Wednesday, of lady Holland, a daughter, who survived only a few minutes.

[3] June 29, of the lady of the Rev. Jonathan Tyers Barrett, Leatherhead, a daughter.

[4] Wednesday, of the lady of the R. Hon. Reginald Pole Carew, a daughter.

[5] Yesterday, of the lady of Lieut. Col. Wheatley, of the 1st reg. of Guards, a daughter.

[9] Yesterday, of the Duchess of Bedford, a daughter.

[11] Wednesday, of the lady of Sir Edward Syngé, bart. a son.

[16] On the 13th, of Lady Jerningham, a son.

[17] Thursday, of the lady of C. Raymond Barker, esq. Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, a son.

[20] Lately, of the Hon. Mrs. Cavendish, near Clapham, a son.

[21] Thursday, of Lady Gertrude Sloane, a son.

MARRIED.

[June 28] On Tuesday, the Rev. Townshend Selwyn, to Charlotte Sophia Murray, daughter of the late Bishop of St. David's.

[25] Lately, Viscount Ashbrook, to Emily Theophila, daughter of Sir Theophilus Metcalf, bart.

[26] Tuesday, Major Adolphus John Delrymple, of the 19th Light Dragoons, to Anne, daughter of Sir James Graham, bart.

[July 4] Lately, W. Powell Lorymer, esq. of Perthyre, Monmouthshire, to Miss Cæcilia Addis.

[8] On the 3d, Lieut. Col. Wardlaw, of the 76th, to the Hon. Anne Lake, daughter of the late Viscount Lake.

[9] Sunday, James Weld, esq. of Cowfield house, Wilts, to the Hon. Julia, daughter of the late Lord Petre.

[13] June 26, the Earl of Euston, to the youngest daughter of Admiral Berkeley.

[18] Saturday, Viscount Mountjoy, to the relict of the late Major W. Brown.

[16] Saturday, G. Nelson, esq. of Chaddlesworth-house, Berks, to Miss Charlotte Halletts, of Denford.

[15] Lately, at Eskgrove, Captain Charles Peter Hay, to Helen, daughter of Sir David Rae, bart.

[17] Saturday, James Harding, esq. of Upper Gower-street, Bedford-square, to Miss Pym.

[21] Lately, the Rev. Mr. Bradford, to Martha, daughter of Edward Wilmot, esq. of Clifton.

DECEASED.

[June 24] On Tuesday, Samuel Manesty, esq. late ambassador to Persia.

Yesterday, in his 23d year, deservedly esteemed and deeply regretted by all his acquaintance, Mr. John Ayers, of North Petherton, to whom our Magazine is indebted for a variety of original productions, under the signature of "*Anonymous, N. P.*"

[27] June 16, Henrietta, Lady of Sir John Morris, bart.

[29] Monday, Richard Kirwan, esq. President of the Royal Irish Academy.

[29] Thursday, aged 84, the relict of the Rev. Giles Templeman, Dorsetshire.

[29] Saturday, aged 82, Elizabeth, relict of the Rev. Dr. Ramsden.

[30] Friday, Philip Mallet, esq. au-

thor and editor of several valuable publications.

[July 1] Lately, Lord Massey.

[2] Lately, aged 77, Sir Joseph Peacocke, bart.

[4] June 25, Lady Harrington, mother of Sir John Harrington, bart.

[11] Wednesday, Matilda, daughter of Sir Edmund Cradock Hartopp, bart.

[18] Thursday, Abraham Goldsmid, junior, esq.

[15] June 26, Ch. Siedman, esq. author of the "*History of the American War.*"

[15] Thursday, James Mingay, esq. senior King's counsel, &c.

[15] Saturday, the Rev. G. Coventry Lichfield, of King's college, Cambridge.

[17] Sunday, aged 90, Mrs. Foxcroft, of Halsteads, Yorkshire.

[20] Saturday, at Coventry, while visiting a patient, David Ratray, M. D. aged 74.

[21] Saturday, aged 80, David Mor-ton, M. D. Warren-street, Fitzroy-square.

[23] Saturday, aged 83, Mrs. Anne Tillet, Knightsbridge.

[23] Monday, Lady de Crespigny.

[24] Tuesday, aged 81, Joseph Denman, M. D. Chester-place, Vauxhall-road.

APPENDIX.

Cock-roaches and Hedge hogs.—A gentleman in Bath thus writes—"I lately procured one of those little animals" [*hedge-hogs*] "for the purpose of destroying cock-roaches, with which I was greatly annoyed, and have the satisfaction of finding my expectations more than answered, as he pursues them in all directions, and devours them with the utmost avidity. In a domestic state, the hedge-hog is perfectly innoxious, requires no care, is satisfied with very little food, which should be fresh meat, raw or dressed, and drinks either milk (of which he is very fond) or simple water."

Amount of all the stamped Dollars and silver Tokens, issued by the Bank of England, from the 19th of Feb. 1811, (being the date of the last Return to the House of Commons) to the 13th of April, 1812, inclusive.

424,584 stamped dollars, at 5s. each	£106,146 0 0
21,340 Do. at 5s. 6d. each	5,868 10 0
7,222,446 silver tokens of 3s. each (first issued 9th July, 1811)	1,083,366 18 0
3,361,171 Do. of 1s. 6d. each	252,087 16 6

Total, £1,447,469 4 6