

# THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR  
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR  
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED  
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

For JUNE, 1811.

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*This Number is embellished with the following Plates :*

1. The HYMN.
2. LONDON FASHIONABLE MORNING and EVENING DRESSES.
3. New and elegant PATTERN for the ENDS of a LADY'S SCARF, &c.

LONDON :

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

Where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

## NOTICES.

*In our present Number, we give eight additional pages, devoted to the description of the Regent's Fête.*

*In our Number for August, we intend to give an elegant and accurate likeness of His Majesty, engraved by Mr. Heath, from an original picture by Sir. W. Beechey.*

To the author of a *Novel* lately sent to us, we have to apologise for unforeseen and un-avoidable delay : but we shall soon endeavour to expedite matters, and give satisfaction.



*Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.*



*The Hymn.*



THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE,  
FOR JUNE, 1811.

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SAPPHO; an Historic Romance.

(Continued from page 218, and accompanied with an Illustrative Plate.)

BUT Rhodopè, the favorite slave of Sappho, and who had been entrusted with the care of her in her childhood, approached the door of her apartment; and, gently tapping, called to her with a voice expressive of the most tender sensibility and affection. Sappho, bathed in tears and overwhelmed with grief, did not hear her faithful slave. She called more loudly, "Sappho! Sappho!" striking the door at the same time. "Go your way, troublesome creature!" said Sappho, "and leave me in peace."—"Suffer me, at least," said the affectionate slave, "to arrange your pillows, to spread the carpets under you, or to sprinkle you with perfume." Overcome by the tender and re-iterated instances of her affection, Sappho at length opened the door; which she did not effect without difficulty, as the bar had been forced down tight by the violence she had used in shutting it. "What can I do that will be agreeable to you?" said Rhodopè—"Why did you thus quit the table? and, what is still more cruel, why do you conceal the cause of your grief? for our tender interest would find some remedy, if we did but know it."

Sappho remained silent—her head reclined on her hands, her elbows on her knees:—her agitation is expressed in sighs and groans, while her tears fall in torrents on her breast, and drench her virgin zone.

Deeply affected by this distressing sight, the faithful slave said, "What

can have changed into sources of tears those eyes which but so lately were expressive of joy alone? What injustice or what dire vengeance of the Gods has plunged you into such unmerited affliction? Remember that these arms have supported you in your infancy: then still continue to deposit your secrets in my breast." This discourse seemed only to increase Sappho's grief; for she arose in despair, and then threw herself violently on a carpet—her face against the ground.

The slave, seeing that her words, instead of appeasing, only irritated her mistress's grief, sat down in silence beside her—ready to attend to her commands on the first intimation, and patiently awaiting the moment when she should become more tranquil.

Presently, Sappho, on her part, raising her eyes expressive of the deepest affliction, seemed to implore compassion. Rhodopè, animated by the hope of affording relief, said—

"The afflictions of the mind are softened by confiding them to the bosom of a sympathising friend: her counsels may abate the violence of grief, which, if obstinately shut up in the heart, torments without relief. Alas! perhaps, enlightened by the sad experience of years, I have already penetrated into the recesses of your heart, and guess its secrets! Beloved by your parents and esteemed by your friends, what can disturb the serenity of your existence, but one of those sudden shafts of love received from charming eyes, and which strike deeper than we ima-



gine? If your distress has no other origin, how numerous are the means of remedying the disease! But, in the first place, you must be cheerful, if you wish to please. The most delicate graces fade under sadness; and the freshest flowers wither in the shade." Thus spoke the eloquent slave, anxious to insinuate herself into the confidence of Sappho. Her secret obtained, she embraced her with smiles.

Sappho, hurt to see her smile, recoiled from her embrace: but the artful and patient Rhodopè continued—"Forgive my smiling at the dread of an imaginary evil, which begins with the most alarming symptoms, and terminates in the most pleasing result. Hymen offers the only safe and legitimate remedy: and his favor is never refused to those who devoutly implore his aid."

Sappho continued silent.—in the cold counsels of Rhodopè, she could only perceive a doubtful and distant hope, to alleviate a present and certain evil. The distress of the moment spread a veil over her mind, through which she could not penetrate.

Her parents now came to her apartment.—On their approach, she endeavoured to arrange her dress, and compose her appearance: she concealed her secret afflictions, and succeeded in persuading them that she had only felt a momentary indisposition.

After a tender and affectionate conversation, Scamandronymus retired. Dorilla came, and, seeing her sister risen, expressed her congratulations on her recovery, inviting her to resume her wonted employments. Sappho, who had resolved to conceal her secret from all except her faithful slave, accepted the invitation of Dorilla, and followed her to the room set apart for their daily occupations.

Scamandronymus had engraved the following sentence to be engraven on the door of the apartment: "Occupation brings peace of mind, as exercise produces strength of body." When Sappho beheld this inscription which she had often seen before, she was for a moment pensive and melancholy, and said, "Alas! if occupation could soften my distress, the most laborious slave should not toil more than myself."—Immersed in these reflexions, she entered the apartment.

Dorilla was seated before a fine web which was considerably advanced, and, with a light hand, dexterously threw the shuttle, singing a hymn of A-cæus to Diana.—Rhodopè, retired in a corner, was occupied with her distaff and spindle—her eyes fixed steadfastly on Sappho— anxious to discover some trace of returning tranquillity on her countenance.

Sappho placed herself before a frame, and, with her needle, rivaling the artist's pencil, created the most beautiful flowers. Near her stood a transparent alabaster vase filled with the choicest flowers—exactly such as composed the present, which, to her eternal regret, she had given to the conqueror, and which now graced the bosom of a favored rival. At this recollection, she seized the odious flowers in a transport of passion, and flung them out of the apartment. Dorilla instantly suspended her song, and inquired with timidity, whether the same cause, which had ruffled her temper at dinner, was now returned.

The spindle fell from the hands of Rhodopè, who ran forward to her mistress. But Sappho, checked in her passionate emotion by the presence of her sister, and anxious to conceal the violence of her feelings, said to her slave—"Bring me some



"These are withered." —  
 The tranquil and unsuspecting Dorilla  
 immediately resumed her song  
 and her occupation.

Rhodopè quitted the apartment  
 to obey the orders of her mistress,  
 who, with her head reclined on her  
 hand, was plunged in profound  
 melancholy. Dorilla, who only per-  
 ceived in her attitude the expression  
 of anxious expectation, continued  
 without interruption to fill the apart-  
 ment with her melodious voice.

Sappho, who, before this fatal  
 day, felt the greatest pleasure in  
 hearing her sister's voice, which she  
 frequently accompanied with her lyre,  
 was now importuned by it, as the  
 wearied peasant is saddened by the  
 monotonous and continued cry of  
 the babbling grasshopper during the  
 long days of summer.

Rhodopè soon returned with fresh  
 flowers, which she placed in the vase  
 before Sappho, who, after having  
 examined them, chose an amaranth,  
 and began to copy its contour.—  
 But this flower, which had formerly  
 been her favorite, could no longer  
 excite her admiration; and, choo-  
 sing another subject, she embroidered  
 a ribbon with different colors—an  
 occupation requiring less attention,  
 and which did not disturb the medi-  
 tations of her mind.

Two pearl bracelets amused her  
 for a moment: but, soon fatigued  
 with these objects, she arose, and  
 placed herself by Dorilla. Her  
 sister, alarmed at her agitation, said,  
 "How comes it, that to you, who  
 lately were so industrious, that the  
 day appeared but a moment, a  
 moment now seems an age?"—  
 "Happy, are they" replied Sappho,  
 "to whom the gods have granted un-  
 alterable serenity! How can such  
 insipid occupations have any charm  
 for you?" Dorilla replied with her  
 usual composure, "They appear

insipid and fatiguing to you to-day:  
 and I am ignorant of the cause.  
 Will it be more agreeable to you to  
 accompany me on the lyre?" and,  
 instantly quitting her work, her  
 hands placed on her knees, and her  
 eyes raised towards heaven, she  
 melodiously chanted a sacred hymn  
 —the Prayer of Orpheus on his  
 entrance into the infernal regions  
 in search of Eurydice; and such  
 was the influence of her charming  
 voice, that, though it was not the  
 echo of a heart under the power of  
 love, she nevertheless expressed  
 with infinite sweetness all the effects  
 of a passion which she did not feel.

While Sappho accompanied her  
 song, her tears involuntarily fell on  
 her lyre; she fancied she heard the  
 lamentations of Orpheus separated  
 by a cruel decree from the object of  
 his affection.—Her faithful slave  
 perceived her tears with pain; but  
 Dorilla, neither observing the distress  
 of Rhodopè nor the agitation of  
 Sappho, continued to sing.

The sun was now on the decline:  
 there was not day-light sufficient  
 for the continuance of their occu-  
 pations:—Dorilla returned to her  
 mother; and Sappho, with her faith-  
 ful slave, to avoid interruption, re-  
 tired to the garden.

(To be continued.)

Anecdotes of Mrs. BENDYSH.

Grand-daughter of

OLIVER CROMWELL;

collected from different Authors.

Mrs. Bridget Bendysh was the  
 daughter of Oliver's son-in-law, Ire-  
 ton—a lady, who, as she exactly  
 resembled the best picture of Oliver  
 which I have ever seen\*, and which  
 is now at Rose-hall, in the posses-  
 sion of Sir Rob. Rich, so she seems

\* This part is quoted from Mr. Say,  
 a dissenting minister, who was perso-  
 nally acquainted with her.



also exactly to resemble him in the cast of her mind. A person of great presence and majesty, heroic courage, and indefatigable industry; and with something in her countenance and manner, that at once attracts and commands respect the moment she appears in company; accustomed to turn her hands to the meanest offices, and even drudgeries of life\*, among her workmen from the earliest morning to the decline of day; insensible to all the calls and necessities of nature, and in habit and appearance beneath the meanest of them, and neither suiting her character nor sex: and then immediately, after having eaten and drank almost to excess, of whatever is before her, without choice or distinction, to throw herself down upon the next couch or bed that offers, in the profoundest sleep; to rise from it with new life and vigor; to dress herself in all the riches and grandeur of appearance, that her present circumstances or the remains of better times will allow her; and about the close of evening, to ride in her chaise, or on her pad, to a neighbouring port†, and there shine in conversation, and to receive the place and precedence in all company, as a lady who once expected, at this time, to have been one of the first persons in Europe; to make innumerable visits of ceremony, business, or charity; and dispatch the greatest affairs with the utmost ease and address, appearing every where as the common friend, advocate, and patroness of all the poor, and the miserable in any kind; in whose cause she will receive no denial from the great and rich; rather demanding than requesting them to perform their duty; and who is generally received and regarded by those who knew

her best, as a person of great *cerity*, piety, generosity, and profusion of charity: and yet, possessed of all these virtues, and possessed of them in a degree above the ordinary race, a person of no truth, justice, or common honesty (I am tempted to say), who never broke her promise in her life, and yet, on whose word no man can prudently depend, nor safely report the least circumstance after her: of great and most fervent devotion towards God, and love to her fellow-creatures and fellow-Christians; and yet there is scarcely an instance of impiety, or cruelty, of which she is not capable: fawning, suspicious, mistrustful, and jealous without end, of all her servants, and even of her friends, at the same time that she is ready to do them all the service that lies in her power, affecting all mankind equally, and not according to the services they are able to do her, but according to the service their necessities and miseries demand from her; to the relieving of which neither the wickedness of their characters, nor the injuries they may have done herself in particular, are the least exception, but rather a peculiar recommendation.

The old lady\* was a very singular character, and there was something in her person when she was dressed, and in company, that could not fail of attracting at once the notice and respect of any strangers that entered the room wherever she was, though the company were never so numerous, and though many of them might be more splendid in their appearance. Splendid, indeed, she never was, her highest dress being a plain silk, but it was usually of the richest sort; though, as far as I can remember, of what is

\* Salt-works. † Yarmouth.

\* This part is from Dr. Brooke, who was also personally acquainted with her.



called a quaker's color; and she wore besides a kind of black silk hood, or scarf, that I rarely, if ever, observed to be worn by ladies of her time; and though hoops were in fashion long before her death, nothing, I suppose, could have induced her to wear one. I can so far recollect her countenance, as to confirm what is observed by Mr. Say, of her likeness to the best pictures of Oliver; and she no less resembled him in the qualities of enterprise, resolution, courage, and enthusiasm. She looked upon him as the first and greatest of mankind, and also as the best; in talking of herself, on the mention of any good quality, she would say she learned it of her grandfather, and would add, if she had any thing valuable, she learned it all from him. She must certainly have had an engaging and entertaining turn of conversation, or she could not have fixed the attention of myself, when a boy of twelve or fourteen, and of another still younger, and as volatile; and have made us often happy in listening to her discourse, whether it concerned the history of herself and her own times, or whether it consisted of advice and instruction to us, or was a mixture of both. It is impossible to say what figure she might not have made in the world, had she been placed in an elevated station, and been honored with the confidence of a prince or minister; and I believe there is no station to which her spirit would have been unequal. In the circumstances, therefore, in which she was left, with an income, I think, of 2, or 300*l.* a year, it was natural that sometimes as far, or rather further than her fortune would admit, she engaged in projects of business of different kinds, by which, I have been told, she was much oftener a loser than a gainer.

One into which she entered, was the grazing of cattle; her going to fairs to buy them, in the only equipage she had, a one-horse chaise, afforded exercise at once for her courage and enthusiasm: travelling in the night was to her the same as in the day; and in the worst roads and dangers, in which it would be too little to say she was perfectly fearless; it comes nearer to her character to say, which she would most enjoy. I have heard her say, that when, in the darkest night, on a wild open heath, with the roads of which she was quite unacquainted, she has had to encounter the most dreadful thunder-storm, she has then been happy, has sung this or that psalm, and doubted not that angels surrounded her chaise, and protected her. She was as little fearful of encountering other dangers; in particular, she delivered a relation from imprisonment for high-treason, on account of the Rye-house plot, by a bold and well-concerted stratagem, though perfectly sensible of the vindictive spirit of the king and duke, and that her own life must have paid the price of his escape, had she been detected. I have heard that she was privy to this plot when it was hatching; and you know it never came to more. I have also heard from herself, and it was confirmed by my father, and others, from good authority, that she was in the secret of the revolution; that she would go into shops in different parts of the town, under a pretence of cheapening silks and other goods, and, in going out to her coach, would take the opportunity to drop bundles of papers, to prepare the minds of the people for that happy event; for she might safely be trusted with any secret, were it never so important. This art of secret-keeping, I have heard her say, she learned from her



grandfather; for that, when she was only six years of age, she has sat between his knees when he has held a cabinet-council, and on very important affairs; and on some of them objecting to her being there, he has said, "there was no secret he would trust with any of them, that he would not trust with that infant." And to prove that he was not mistaken, he has told her something as in confidence, and under the charge of secrecy, and then urged her mother and grandmother to extort it from her by promises, caresses, and bribes, and these failing, by threatenings and severe whippings; but she held steady against all with amazing dispassionate firmness, expressing her duty to her mother, but her greater duty to keep her promise of secrecy to her grandfather, and the confidence he had reposed in her. I have heard both my father and Mr. Say, and others, mention this; and I know they had no doubt of the truth of it: I recollect too, that archbishop Tillotson introduced her to Q. Mary, in order that a pension might be settled upon her, to support her in some degree of dignity to what she had known in the beginning of her days; but the death of that excellent prelate following soon after, and the Queen's the month succeeding to it, all hope was defeated. Happening to travel in a London stage, in company with two gentlemen who had swords on, she informed them of her descent from Oliver, and, as usual, was extolling him with all that rapture to which her idolising him to enthusiasm led her; when one of her fellow-travellers descended so much below the man, though his appearance was that of a gentleman, as to treat his memory with gross indignity and abuse, she answered it with all the spirit that was inherent in

her, till the coach stopped, and they got out; on which she instantly drew the other gentleman's sword, called this a poltroon and a coward, for behaving as he had done to a woman, and now challenged him to show himself a man, told him she was prepared to treat him as he might expect from his insolence, were she a man; and insisted, if he would act like such, on his not taking shelter under a pretence of her sex.—In a violent fever, being thought past recovery, and insensible to any thing that might be said, her aunt, lady Fauconberg, and other company being in the room, and her ladyship, though Oliver's daughter, giving too much way to things said in dishonor of his memory by some present, to the astonishment of all, she raised herself up, and with great spirit said, "if she did not believe her grandmother to have been one of the most virtuous women in the world, she should conclude her ladyship to be a bastard; wondering how it could be possible that the daughter of the greatest and best man that ever lived could be so degenerate, as not only to sit with patience to hear his memory so ill-treated, but to seem herself to assent to it." I have often heard her say, that, "next to the twelve apostles, he was the first saint in heaven, and was placed next to them." On evenings that she has spent at my father's, she has seemed to be in enthusiastic raptures, when religion made part of the subject of conversation; and seldom would leave the room, though it were twelve at night, or later, without singing a psalm.

Mrs. Bendysh\* had as much of

\* This, and all that follows, is from Mr. Hewling Luson, who had often seen her at his father's house, where she frequently visited.



Cromwell's courage as a female constitution could receive, which was often expressed with more ardor than the rules of female decorum could excuse. That enthusiasm, in which Cromwell was generally but an actor, in her was sincere and original; she had not merely the courage to face danger, but she had also that perfect undisturbed possession of her faculties, which left her free to contrive the best means to repel or to avoid it. Mrs. Bendysh lived through, what the dissenters but too justly called "the troublesome times," by which they meant the times when the penal laws against conventicles were strained to their utmost rigor: the preaching of this sect was then held in the closest concealment, whilst the preachers were in momentary danger of being dragged out by spies and informers to heavy fines and severe imprisonments. With these spies and informers she maintained a perpetual war. This kind of bustle was, in all respects, in the true taste of her spirit; I have heard many stories of her dealings with these ungracious people; sometimes she circumvented and outwitted them, and sometimes she bullied them; and the event generally was, that she got the poor parson out of their clutches. Upon these occasions, and upon all others, when they could express their attachment to her, Mrs. Bendysh was sure of the common people; she was, as she deserved to be, very dear to them; when she had money, she gave it freely to such as wanted; and when she had none, which was pretty often the case, they were sure of receiving civility and commiseration: she was not barely charitable; she practised an exalted humanity; if, in the meanest sick room, she found the sufferer insufficiently or improperly attended, she turned at-

tendant herself, and would sit hours in the poorest chamber to administer support or consolation to the afflicted: in this noble employment she passed much of her time. As Mrs. Bendysh was thus beloved by the poor, to whom she was beneficent, she was respected by the richer sort of all parties, to whom, when she kept clear of her enthusiastic freaks, she was highly entertaining. She had strong and masculine sense, a free and spirited elocution, much knowledge of the world, great dignity in her manner, and a most engaging address. The place of her residence was called the Salt-Pans, whilst the salt-works were carried on there; but the proper name is South-Town, i. e. south of Yarmouth: in this place, which is quite open to the road, I have very often seen her in the morning, stumping about with an old straw hat on her head, her hair about her ears, without stays, and, when it was cold, an old blanket about her shoulders, and a staff in her hand; in a word, exactly accoutred to mount the stage as a witch in Macbeth; yet if, at such a time, she was accosted by any person of rank or breeding, that dignity of her manner, and politeness of her style, which nothing could efface, would instantly break through the veil of debasement, which concealed her native grandeur; and a stranger to her customs might become astonished to find himself addressed by a princess, while he was looking at a mumper.

It happened in a stage coach, where she was not known, Mrs. Bendysh fell into a violent dispute in behalf of the Protector: the opponent was as hot and as violent as the lady; and if, towards the end of the stage, their anger subsided, it was not for want of wrath, or of words to keep it up, but for want



of breath to give it utterance. After they went out of the coach and had taken some refreshment, the old lady very calmly and respectfully desired to speak apart with the gentleman who had been her opponent in the dispute. When she had him alone, she told him with great composure, "he had, in the grossest manner, belied and abused the most pious man that ever lived; that Cromwell's blood, that flowed in her veins, would not allow her to pass over the indignities cast on his memory in her presence; that she could not handle a sword, but could fire a pistol as well as he, and that she demanded immediate satisfaction to the injured honor of her family." The gentleman was exceedingly amazed at the oddness of this address; but, as he happened to carry about him good sense enough to teach him how to act upon the spot, he immediately told her, "there were many great qualities in Oliver, which he honored as much as she could; that, if he had known or suspected her relation to him, he would not have said a word on the subject to give her offence; and that he sincerely asked her pardon." This submission completely satisfied her, and they finished their journey with much pleasure and good-humour; but saint Oliver was not again brought upon the tapis. The truth of this story I never heard questioned.

As the whole of Mrs. Bendysh's personal oeconomy was not of the common form, her hours of visiting went generally out of the common season. She would very frequently come and visit at my father's at nine or ten at night, and sometimes later, if the doors were not shut up. On such visits she generally staid till about one in the morning. Such late visits, in those sober times, were considered by her friends as

highly inconvenient, yet nobody complained of them to her. The respect she universally commanded gave her a licence in this, and many other irregularities. She would, on her visits, drink wine in great plenty; and the wine used to put her tongue into very brisk motion: but I do not remember that she was ever disgracefully exposed by it. There was an old mare, which had been the faithful companion of Mrs. Bendysh's adventures during many years. The old mare and her manœuvres were as well known at Yarmouth as the old lady. On this mare she was generally mounted; but, towards the end of her life, the mare was prevailed with to draw a chaise, in which Mrs. Bendysh often seated herself. Mrs. Bendysh would never suffer a servant to attend her in these night visits: "God," she said, "was her guard, and she would have no other." Her dress on these visits, though it was in a taste of her own, was always grave and handsome. At about one in the morning (for she never finished her round of visits sooner) she used to put herself on the top of the mare, or into the chaise, and set off on her return. When the mare began to move, Mrs. Bendysh began to sing a psalm, or one of Watts's hymns, in a very loud, but not a very harmonious key. This I have often heard: and thus the two old souls, the mare and her mistress, one gently trotting, and the other loudly singing, jogged on the length of a short mile from Yarmouth, which brought them home.

Mrs. Bendysh died in 1727, or 1728.

*The DUTCH PATRIOTS  
of the Sixteenth Century.*

(Continued from page 206.)

"THE earlier days of Philip's reign," resumed Nassau, "were



prosperous and happy. Nevertheless he remained as invisible as the deserts of Asia; and, if any of his subjects were allowed access to him, he carefully concealed from them the secret sentiments of his heart: while his bosom was inwardly agitated by a tempest of turbid passions, his countenance wore the appearance of placid serenity, like the surface of a calm, unruffled lake. Never for a moment would he deign to divest himself of the pride and pomp of royalty, or, by exhibiting to his subjects the man instead of the monarch, relieve himself from the cumbrous burden of greatness and majesty.

"There are some nations, whose desires are limited to the enjoyment of tranquillity under a regal government. But the Flemings, who had been accustomed to popular chiefs, and whose disposition prompts them to unite the testimonies of their love with those of their respect, felt no relish for a felicity in which the heart had no share.—War soon broke out between France and Spain, for the interests of the two monarchs, who inherited the ambition and rivalry of their fathers. The gold of Belgium—the valour of her warlike sons—and especially your exploits, virtuous Egmont, magnanimous Horn, who are now loaded with chains—my own perils, too, if I may venture to mention them after your trophies—and the subsequent peace, which was my work—gained for Philip that pompous appellation in which his pride delights—the appellation of *The Invincible*.

"The Belgians, prolonging the rejoicings by which they hailed the return of peace, were still employed in the erection of trophies and triumphal arcs, when the storm, which from doubtful presages their anticipative foresight had already

prognosticated, was now heard rumbling at a distance, and began gradually to approach our plains. Philip made his appearance among us: but, still swolen and elevated by the victories which he had gained through the valour of his generals, his native pride degenerated into tyranny. Surrounded by Spanish ministers, he removed the Flemings from all the high offices of honor and trust:—his favorites, less guarded by dissimulation than their master, were openly heard to drop expressions too plainly predictive of sinister designs; and what confirmed these presages, was his introduction of Spanish troops into our provinces.

"The assembly of the states, duly convened, represented to him our rights:—he replied to their remonstrances by unmeaning promises, while he carefully concealed his resentment in the impenetrable recesses of his own bosom. Liberty pours forth her energetic and tremendous accents: Philip is incensed at the sound,—calls it the insolent clamor of rebellion, and declares that it is from Madrid he will henceforth issue the mandates of his sovereign will.

"Preparations are immediately made for his departure.—He summoned me to his presence, and, instead of his late resentment, now wore the appearance of calm serenity. 'Nassau!' said he, 'I am unwilling to suspect you of encouraging the rebellious spirit of my subjects. Cherished as you have been by my father, you certainly will not betray my interests. I intend to appoint a vicegerent, who shall here represent my person, and guide the reins of government. Your services, those of your ancestors, and the wishes of Charles, all concur in pointing *you* out as the fittest person to fill that honorable station.'—At



these words he darted on me a scrutinising glance, as if he wished to penetrate into the most secret folds of my heart, and there detect whether ambition was my predominant passion.—I, on the other hand, preserved the most profound silence.

“Revolt,” continued he, “and Calvinism, have dared to rear their menacing crest in defiance of my authority. Let them by a single blow be leveled in the dust! In your tender years you abjured that detested sect. These people, who defend certain imaginary rights founded on the tombs of their ancestors, would be less rash and presumptuous, if they were not countenanced by powerful chiefs intoxicated with the fame of their own exploits. To their valour, they say, I am solely indebted for the title of Invincible; and, unsupported by them, the sceptre would fall from my hand.... To the proud Egmont I allude—to the audacious Horn:—they are my worst enemies:—hatred and discord subsist between you and them:—they must be sacrificed.”

“Seised with indignation and horror at these words,—‘Let your vengeance,’ said I, ‘find executioners among the vile herd of courtly sycophants: but never shall you stain the character of Nassau by the perpetration of so infamous a deed. What! shall I purchase preferment by the effusion of innocent blood? sacrifice my dearest friends?—for, such I fear not to call Egmont and Horn.—The generous rivalry that subsists between them and me, is unalloyed by the base admixture of jealous enmity: the love of our common country, which equally glows in the bosom of each, supercedes all subordinate difference of sentiment between us; while glory and virtue twine the bands which unite us in opposition to injustice

and ignominious oppression.’

“Confounded and incensed by this un-expected declaration, he immediately put an end to the conference.

“I was, however, obliged to accompany the exasperated tyrant as far as Flushing.—The roads, as he passed along, were lined by countless multitudes of people, who were delighted to witness his departure, and un-able to repress the transports of their joy. Philip could not but observe the pleasure which pervaded the crowds of spectators; and, as a parting adieu, he darted on them terrific frowns, sure presages of his approaching vengeance.

“Margaret was vested with the appearance of power; while, in her name, the reins of government were managed by that minister worthy of Philip—that purpled minion of Rome, whose zeal is a devouring flame—whose idol is ambition—whose soul, equally mean and tyrannic, can stoop to the basest submission before the throne, and exert the most arbitrary despotism over the subjects—in short, by Granvelle, whom Philip dared not openly to appoint chief governor of our provinces, but whose blood-stained hand secretly guided, as from behind a curtain, the arm which ostensibly actuated the machine of government.

“The citizens soon perceived, why, notwithstanding the loud, imperious voice of the laws, the Spanish troops were not withdrawn.—While, under the influence of commerce, her ports and gates lay open for the admission of all nations, Flanders had received the seeds of Calvinism. The human heart cannot be governed by constraint; nor was religion intended by heaven as a chain to be grasped by the hand of a despot. Philip, however,—



determined to ensure the subversion of our laws and the spoil of our property—to enslave even our very souls—and to shroud the bright star of liberty in darkness so impenetrable that it should never more dart forth a single ray to illumine the eyes of a nation immersed in eternal thralldom—Philip ordered Margaret to introduce the inquisition into our country.

“The inquisition thus bequeathed to us at his departure!—thus left as the representative of his person among a nation accustomed to see kindness and affection beaming on the countenances of their chiefs!—the inquisition, that most diabolical of all the institutions ever devised by tyranny and fanaticism!—that tribunal, worthy of the infernal fiends, suddenly erected in the happy plains of Belgium, where liberty was not yet wholly extinct!—As soon as the alarming news was spread abroad, all our cities echoed with the loud accents of grief and indignation.—The ministers of that dire tribunal soon arrived—published their sanguinary edicts—erected scaffolds, and lighted up the fires of persecution.

“Surrounded on every side by the flaming pyres of the inquisition, I nevertheless openly embraced the reformed religion, from which I had been snatched in my infancy. The thick mist of error still darkens the eyes of mankind: but the new mode of worship, by its superior simplicity, seemed, in my apprehension, to approach nearer to that pure worship of an almighty self-existent being, to which the voice of nature so energetically invites us; and in the reformation I contemplated the first step made by the inhabitants of Europe toward the acquisition of liberty.

“At this period, four hundred

warriors—a lively representation of an armed people—solemnly marching in pairs, and with the steady regularity of an embattled army—advance to the palace of the regent. As an emblem of the unanimity of their sentiments, their dress is uniform: their arms are our laws, and the steel consecrated to defend them. Their appearance alone suffices to stop the effusion of blood, and extinguishes the fires of the inquisition. Marching in silence, and with majestic step, they at length arrive at the palace of Margaret, where—as if the laws themselves had assumed the human shape—the chief of the band, with calm dignified intrepidity, and without uttering a single word, deposits in her hand the venerable code.—Margaret is forcibly struck with this sublime language of liberty: but Granvelle, who thought he had annihilated our laws, is fired with indignation on seeing them once more appear in existence.—Philip, however, recalled that odious minister; and the Belgians again began to breathe the air of liberty.

(To be continued.)

#### Notices of the ARABIANS under the CALIPHS.

(From Bigland's “Geographical and Historical View of the World.”)

“In every point of view, the history of the Arabians forms a distinguished feature in that of mankind. Impelled by the daring views of one extraordinary man, they emerged from their obscure deserts, where from ages immemorial they had remained unnoticed, and almost unknown. Bursting on the world like a meteor, advancing in every direction with incredible velocity, discipline and tactics were unable to resist their enthusiastic valour. The lapse of a single century produced a total change in their national character



They could no longer be considered as a distinct people. Like the Romans after the time of the republic, their blood was mixed with that of their captives and subjects; and the Saracens were only a heterogeneous mass, composed of all the nations which they had conquered. Greeks, Persians, Syrians, Egyptians, and the various tribes of Northern Africa; all, in fine, who had embraced Islamism, and ranged themselves under the banners of the prophet, were confounded in one common appellation. The vast empire of the caliphs was, about the middle of the eighth century, split into three separate and independent monarchies. The age of barbarism, of rapine and conquest, was terminated: the age of civilization and science succeeded, and the savages of the desert, after having astonished the world by their valour, enlightened it by their studies. The lives and manners of the first caliphs were remarkable for their simplicity. Their dress was coarse and plain, their fare homely, and what modern luxury would call poor. It consisted chiefly of bread and fruits, with little animal food; and water was their wholesome beverage. The frugal meal was sanctified by prayer; and accompanied with religious exhortations when the courtiers and officers were present. The mighty Omar, when he went from Medina to Jerusalem, to sign the capitulation and receive the surrender of that city, was mounted on a camel, and carried with him a bag of corn and another of dates, with a wooden dish, and a leathern bottle full of water. Such was the humble equipage and simple provision of the most powerful monarch at that time upon earth. Such was the manner in which the first caliphs showed their contempt for the pomp and pageantry of Persia and Constantinople, and their disre-

gard of the things of this world. The simplicity of the court of Medina, however, was in a great measure laid aside in the palace of Damascus. But after the accession of the Abbasides, the imperial residence of Bagdad rivalled the ancient splendor of Persia, and equalled all that has been recorded of oriental magnificence. Opulence and splendor were accompanied with arts, commerce, and letters. These, as well as oriental pomp, were, about the time of the building of Bagdad, A. D. 762, introduced by Almansor, and promoted with ardor by Harun Al Raschid, Almamun, and successive caliphs. The Omniades of Spain vied with the Abbasides on the banks of the Tigris in their advancement of learning, and their taste for magnificence. The age of Arabian literature commenced about the middle of the eighth, and continued till about the middle of the thirteenth century, co-inciding with the darkest period of European ignorance. The sciences of medicine, chemistry, astronomy, logic, and algebra, are those in which the Arabians chiefly excelled, and to them Europe is indebted for the invention, or at least introduction of the cyphers now used in arithmetic, and so excellently calculated to facilitate its operations. Ancient history seems not to have greatly excited their curiosity. They suffered the heroes of Greece and Rome to rest in oblivion. General and partial histories of their own nation and age were produced in abundance by the Arabian writers; but their historians paid little attention to the affairs of the world, which had been transacted previous to the time of Mahomet. Under the despotic government of the caliphate, rhetoric was useless. The poets of Greece and Rome would naturally excite the abhorrence of the Arabians; and it could scarcely be



expected that the commanders of the faithful should encourage, or the followers of the prophet should cultivate, the study of their profane mythology. Their architecture was remarkable for expensive and splendid magnificence, rather than just proportion and elegant symmetry. Sculpture and painting were condemned by the Koran, and could not flourish in the empire of the caliphs. A variety of circumstances concur to form the genius and character of nations. The Arabians, though scarcely known in the annals of warfare, were far from being destitute of personal courage. Like other semi-barbarians, their valour had been constantly exercised in the mutual and unceasing hostilities of their distinct tribes. Concord alone was wanted to render them formidable to foreigners. Their union was at last effected by the sagacious policy of their prophet. Religion was the political and social bond which united the Arabians. Enthusiasm was their stimulus to great enterprises and extraordinary acts of valour. The debilitated state of the two great empires of Constantinople and Persia, afforded, to that sudden and extraordinary impulse a favorable opportunity of exertion. The first caliphs and their lieutenants, formed by the instructions, and animated by the views of the prophet, kept up among the people the same enthusiasm which he had inspired. The caliphs, assuming and supporting the character of successors and representatives of Mahomet, kept alive, by their public exhortations, the zeal and enthusiasm of their subjects. As the first ministers of religion and commanders of the faithful, they united in their own persons all spiritual and temporal power; and an unbounded veneration for their high character and dignity, for some time, main-

tained in one compact system the vast extent of the Arabian empire. But when the caliphate was split into different divisions; when the throne of Mahomet became the prize of contention and the seat of usurpation, the persons of the caliphs became less venerable, and their authority less respected. The empire of the Arabians, though divided into three distinct caliphates of Asia, Egypt, and Spain, continued some time to display an extraordinary splendor, and to flourish in commerce, in letters, and science. But the political and religious system was followed by a long train of insubordination, which undermined the foundations of this immense empire, and caused it gradually to moulder away, and sink under the assaults of the Turks, the Mamalukes, and the Spaniards. The power, the wealth, the magnificence, and the learning of the Arabians, at last totally disappeared. No nation ever rose so rapidly to eminence, and none ever sunk so completely into its primitive obscurity.

#### DEFENCE of WOMEN.

(Continued from page 213.)

#### CHAP. XVIII.

ITALY does not yield to France in the multitude of her learned women, though the same reason which induced me to mention a small number of French women, obliges me to be concise with respect to the Italians.

*Dorothea Bucca*, a native of Bologna, having been from her infancy destined to the study of letters, made such gigantic strides in the path allotted to her, that the celebrated university of Bologna conferred on her a doctor's degree — an honor which had never before been awarded to any of her sex. She was for many years a professor in that uni-



versity, and flourished in the fifteenth century.

*Isotta Nogarola*, of Verona, was the oracle of her age, since, besides being very learned in philosophy and theology, she possessed the ornament of various languages, was well read in the works of the Fathers, and we are assured, that, in rhetoric, she was not inferior to the greatest orators of that time. The trials of her eloquence were not trivial, since she harangued several times in the presence of the popes Nicolas V. and Pius II. and in the council of Mantua, which Pius II. had convened for the purpose of uniting all the Christian princes against the Turk. That illustrious patron of letters, Cardinal Bessarion, having met with some of Isotta's writings, conceived so high an opinion of her genius, that he took a journey from Rome to Verona, merely to see her.—She died in the 38th year of her age, A. D. 1466.

*Laura Cereti*, a Brescian, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, taught philosophy publicly and with universal applause, at the age of eighteen.

*Cassandra Fidele*, a Venetian, was so celebrated for her great knowledge of the Greek language and of philosophy, theology, and history, that there was scarcely a prince in her time who did not give her a public testimony of his esteem; and, among her patrons and admirers, were the Popes Julius II. and Leo Xth.—Louis XIV. of France, and our Catholic sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella. Cassandra wrote several books, and died in 1567, at the age of a hundred and two.

*Catalina de Cibo*, duchess of Camerino, in the March of Ancona, understood the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages, was profoundly learned in philosophy and theology;

and her virtue gave additional splendor to her science. She directed the first convent for Capuchins, and died in 1557.

*Martha Marchina*, a Neapolitan of low birth, but of such elevated genius, that, surmounting the impediments incident to her humble fortune, she learned with surprising facility several languages, and was no contemptible poetess. These acquirements, however, were not capable of raising her from the sphere in which she was born; and it is known, that, having removed to Rome, she maintained herself and her family by making soap. But, if, with a mind of such energy, she had possessed the opportunities for study which other women have had, Martha Marchina would have been eminent, not only among her own sex, but among men.—She died at the age of 46, in 1646.

*Lucretia Helena Cornaro* was of the illustrious family of Cornaro at Venice; and, though she be placed last in this catalogue of learned Italian women, because she flourished latest, we may, without injustice to any, distinguish her as the foremost in worth and in knowledge. This lady, destined to raise the honor of her sex, was born in the year 1646. From her early childhood, she discovered a passionate attachment to literature, with which her rapid and astonishing progress fully corresponded. She not only instructed herself with singular facility in the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew tongues, but learned almost all the living European languages. She became so eminent in philosophy, mathematics and theology, that the university of Padua resolved to give her the degree of doctor in divinity; which would have been performed if they had not met with opposition from Cardinal Barbarigo, the bishop of the city,



whose scruples arose from the precept of St. Paul which forbids women to teach in churches; and therefore, that they might avoid a violation of the Apostolic injunction, and at the same time pay due honor to the talents of Helena, it was agreed to make her a doctor of philosophy. Her learning having been thus eminent, it could only be surpassed by her singular piety. At the age of twelve years, she took a vow of virginity; and, though a German prince afterwards solicited her hand, and was supported by the offer of a dispensation from the Pope, he could not overcome her scruples: and, to deliver herself at once from the importunities of her numerous admirers, she earnestly desired to become a Benedictine nun. This being opposed by her father, she did all that was in her power, by solemnly ratifying her promise of perpetual virginity, and adding to it the other religious vows.

This sacrifice of her liberty was succeeded by so exemplary a life under her father's roof, that the most rigid recluse might have despaired of imitating it. Her love of solitude, and her reluctance to meet the public gaze, were so great, that, though she consented to appear in public at the desire of her father, the painfulness of the effort is thought to have shortened her life. She passed to a better world at the age of thirty-eight, to the joy of angels and to the grief of men; and she left many works which will eternise her name. The authors who have panegyrised this excellent woman are numerous; and, among others, Gregorio Leti, in his "Historical Collections," gives her the epithets of "The Heroine of Literature," and "The Prodigy of Learning," calling her also an angel in beauty and in meekness of spirit.

VOL. XLII.

CHAP. XIX.

GERMANY, on whose elevated soil Apollo possesses more influence in animating the mental faculties than in dissolving the congelations of winter, presents us also with a woman whose mind sparkled with a solar ray. This was the celebrated *Anna Maria Schurman*, the boast of Germany and of the Low Countries, since she was born at Cologne, and her parents were natives of the Netherlands. A more universal capacity than she possessed has never been known in either sex; and the sciences and the arts acknowledged the dominion of her genius with emulative obedience. At the age of six years, without instruction, she cut in paper the most precious and delicate figures; at eight, she learned in a few days to paint flowers, which were highly esteemed; and, at ten, it only cost her three hours of application to learn the art of embroidering with elegance. But her talents for higher attainments did not develop themselves till her twelfth year, when they were discovered on the following occasion.—Her brothers were studying in the apartment where she sat; and it was observed, that, whenever their memories failed in the recital of their lessons, the little girl prompted them without any previous knowledge of their tasks, except that which she had gained in hearing the boys con them over. This incident, together with the other proofs she had given of her extraordinary facility, determined her father to consult the bent of her inclination in the studies she should follow; and from that time, with the velocity of aerial flight, she traversed the vast regions of sacred and profane learning, and at last arrived at the possession of all human sciences, together with a profound knowledge of divinity and of the holy scrip-



tures. She perfectly understood the German, Low Dutch, English, French, Italian, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, Chaldean, Arabic, and Ethiopian languages, and was also endued with the poetic fire, and produced some fine compositions in verse. Her knowledge of the liberal arts gained her equal applause with the sciences and languages: she understood music scientifically, and played on several instruments with great skill; and she excelled in painting, sculpture, and modelling. It is said, that, having executed her own portrait in wax with the help of a mirror, some pearls, which served to adorn the image, stood out so naturally, that no one would believe they were wax, till they made the experiment of piercing them with a needle. Her letters were not only valuable for the elegance of their style but also for the beauty of their characters, which were judged to be inimitable; insomuch that every stroke of her pen was sought after as a cabinet curiosity. All the great men who were contemporary with her, solicited her correspondence; and the illustrious Queen of Poland, Louisa Maria Gonzaga, in her journey to that kingdom, after she had been affianced at Paris to King Ladislaus by proxy, deigned to visit Maria Schurman in her own house.

Maria never chose to marry, though she had many suitors of distinction. and, among others, Monsr. Catec, Grand Pensionary of Holland and a celebrated poet, who had composed verses in her praise when she was only fourteen years old.

This woman, so deserving of immortality, died in 1678, in the seventy-first year of her age.

*(To be continued.)*

LUCINDA and HONORIA, or the  
altered BELLE.

*By the Author of the "Exemplary Mother."*

How little are we aware wherein our real interest and happiness consists, when we presume to dictate to Omniscience! Ought we, in an act of devotion, which is an acknowledgement of our dependence on the Being we adore; to prescribe rules to him "who knowest whereof we are made?" Shall we, amid the profusion of blessings which Providence has heaped around us, presume to murmur, because a different path of happiness is marked out for our neighbour? Shall we dare to wish we had escaped a suffering which may be intended as our ordeal for eternity?

Lucinda had the entire possession of an affluent fortune, without the enjoyment of one real delight. A discontented mind rendered her insensible to the peculiar advantages of her situation, and ungrateful to the source from whence every blessing flows. Honoria, her most intimate friend, had often unsuccessfully inquired into the cause of her melancholy. She was ashamed of confessing her weakness; but one day Honoria surprising her in tears, insisted on knowing the cause that gave rise to them. "For what," said she, "can Lucinda weep? Has she not many motives for gratitude to Providence—wealth, rank, friends, an agreeable person?"

"Agreeable!" interrupted Lucinda, with a visible emotion: "can I be satisfied with being agreeable, while Leonora is enchanting? Alas!" exclaimed she, "what avail the privileges of wealth and rank? How poor is the triumph of dazzling the eyes with splendor, compared with that of commanding the heart by loveliness of form! Willingly would I exchange with Leonora all the ad-



vantages of riches for her sovereignty in beauty."

"Is it possible," returned Honoria, "that my friend can indulge such a blamable weakness? Is it not more desirable to enjoy the means of alleviating distress, than the power of exciting envy, or awakening an attachment which we cannot return? Observe how Leonora abuses the favors of nature—and can you wish for so dangerous a pre-eminence? Does not affectation often distort her natural symmetry of feature? Has not a modish confidence banished from her cheek the bloom of modesty? Has not the artificial lure of coquetry supplanted the genuine smile of complacency? It is for the sake of my friend that I venture to express an opinion, which I should otherwise consider it as my duty to conceal. But I would guard her from envying one in whom selfishness has extinguished the glow of attachment, and the desire of universal conquest has stifled all the finer emotions of the soul."

"But," answered Lucinda, "are these dispositions the necessary companions of beauty?"

"I do not say that they are the necessary companions, but they are too frequently its baneful associates," replied Honoria.—"For a contrast to Leonora, observe your friend Theodosia! The charms she received from nature are heightened by no other adventitious aids than those of neatness and simplicity: her manners are as pure and un-affected as her heart is guileless: she preferred the love and esteem of one man of real merit, to the deceitful adulation of a train of idle admirers. She never descended to the meanness of artifice; for she indulged no sentiments which it was not her glory to avow: she contrived no unnecessary delays, to trifle with that heart which

she considered as the counter-part of her own. Since she became a wife, she has as sedulously studied the art of pleasing, as the most finished coquette—not with a design to ensnare and deceive the reason, but to secure and gratify the heart. She knew that the votaries of passion discern objects with the eyes of the imagination, rather than with those of reason, and that it is less difficult to excite than to preserve love. Such is still the character of Theodosia. Perhaps, to superficial observers, her charms will appear less attractive than those of Leonora; but the judicious admirers of beauty will prefer features animated with the glow of delicate sensibility, and eyes sparkling with mental intelligence, to mere outward symmetry of form, and the language of affected softness. Leonora has finer features: Theodosia has the informing soul of beauty; she blends self-approbation with Christian humility; cheerfulness, the offspring of content, is resident in her breast; piety and universal benevolence, the actuating principles of her soul, irradiate its corporeal mansion. Were her mind less amiable, her person would be less attractive. Cease, my dear friend, to sigh for the fading graces of Leonora; but aspire to emulate the attainable and ever-blooming charms of Theodosia."

Lucinda listened to the discourse of Honoria, without feeling the force of conviction. "Believe me," added the latter, "Leonora may be awhile the object of general admiration; but, with her disposition, it is impossible she should enjoy happiness, or excite esteem. Inquire into the state of her mind; and, if she be ingenuous, she will confess herself to be one of the most miserable of beings. I grieve it is her fault, rather than her misfortune, that she is not happy; but who could answer for herself,



that, with the temptations of Leonora, she could preserve the fortitude of Theodosia? Surely, my dear Lucinda, not she who from a desire of possessing a higher degree of personal beauty, undervalues the advantages of nature and fortune, and perverts the intended blessings of heaven."

Lucinda sat, for some time, thoughtful and silent; at length she replied, "Surely you are greatly mistaken in thinking that Leonora is not happy! Her face is always dressed in smiles; and how can it be otherwise, when she is the idol of every beholder?"

"Indeed, my dear," answered Honoria, "the face is generally I believe, a faithful transcript of the mind; and, though smiles are frequently assumed to disguise rather than to express the sentiments of the heart, yet the artificial are easily distinguished from the natural, unless, by a long habit of constraint, the features have contracted the deceitfulness of the heart; and then the copy deludes us by exact conformity to the manners of the original. Believe me, Leonora's vanity may be often gratified; but her mind is never contented. I see," pursued she, after a pause, "that you are inaccessible to conviction. Let me refer you, then, to this envied beauty for a lesson of experience."

Lucinda, determined to convince Honoria of the fallacy of her opinion by the testimony of Leonora, called the next day at the house of that lady, but was told she was ill, and could see no company. On repeating her visit a few days after, she learned that Leonora's disorder was the small pox; that it was of the confluent sort, and that she was supposed to be in great danger. This distemper, so often fatal to beauty, spared the life, but entirely ravaged the charms, of this celebrated fair one; and the

person who had been the object of Lucinda's envy, soon became the inspirer of her compassion. As she had intended Leonora a visit in the sunshine of her prosperity, she thought it the office of humanity to console her in what she considered as the season of humiliation. She waited till the disorder had spent its force, and Leonora was sufficiently recovered to receive her friends, and then, with an anxious heart, drove to her house, and was immediately admitted.

If any latent spark of envy still harboured in Lucinda's breast, it was instantly extinguished at the sight of Leonora. Never had she beheld so total a destruction of beauty. She observed however no appearance of melancholy or confusion. On the contrary, that lady smiled at Lucinda's apparent surprise and embarrassment, and, preventing her intended address, "You see, Madam," said she, "the devastation made on my person; but you are ignorant of the change that is effected in my mind. I have not only lost the power, but even the desire, of attracting admiration; I own I have dropped some natural tears on resigning the empire of beauty: but, with thankfulness to Heaven, I wiped them soon; and am now only humbled by the reflexion that my past behaviour has forfeited my claim to esteem. Could I regain the beauty I once possessed, I assure you, I should prefer to it the dispositions I have now acquired. I know that these dispositions were excited by despair; but they are confirmed by reason, and invigorated by religion."

"Indeed, Madam," interrupted Lucinda, blushing, "I always esteemed you one of the happiest of your sex, from your superiority in beauty, and envied you the admiration it inspired."



"Oh! Lucinda!" answered Leonora, "how deceived have you and the world been, in the ideas you have formed of my happiness! My mind has been a prey to various passions. Vanity, indeed, has been its ruling principles: but the attainment of one conquest only suggested the desire of another; and, though I considered my beauty as undisputed, yet I was far from being gratified, unless I possessed a superiority over the rest of my sex, in every quality which excites admiration. Had you known the inquietudes I felt at the thoughts of meeting rivals in dress and accomplishments (inquietudes which even an inordinate vanity could not enable me to subdue, though it taught me to dissemble) I should not have been the object of your envy, but of your compassion or contempt. I may truly say, I never felt peace or satisfaction till since I lost the power of inspiring pleasure. I am now brought to a true sense of my folly and worthlessness. The clergyman who has attended me in the illness which I considered as the extinction of every hope, has awakened hopes of a higher kind—has opened my eyes to the charms of virtue, to the graces of religion. I now despise myself, and earnestly pray, through the merits of my Redeemer, that the chastening I have endured, may be admitted as some atonement for the faults of which I have been guilty. You find, Lucinda, you must not judge of the enjoyments of others, from their apparent advantages. The disposition of the mind constitutes our real happiness or misery."

"Indeed, Madam," answered Lucinda, "your example, and the lesson you have now given me, shall teach me acquiescence in the appointments of Heaven."

A lively sense of gratitude to Providence now animated the breast of Lucinda. She resigned all solicitude about superiority in personal beauty, and determined to be only sedulous for the improvement of her mind. She acquired all the knowledge which gives eminence and lustre to the conversation of the other sex, and was desirous of communicating instruction to her own. She was become almost as much the umpire of wit, as Leonora had been the paragon of beauty, when Honoria, who had for a considerable time been absent, returned to town, and, solicitous to inquire into the state of Lucinda's mind, requested an interview at a time when, to every other but a particular friend, she was inaccessible.

"Well, my dear," said Honoria, "may I congratulate you now on the possession of content? You are admired and revered by all your acquaintance for your superior wisdom and virtue; and the object of universal esteem ought to derive from the applauses of her own mind, as well as the approbation of the world, the most rational delight. I returned with all the eagerness of friendship to enjoy the admiration you excite, to share the pleasure of your society, and to improve my own mind by a more strict intercourse with yours. How judicious is your choice!"

"Refrain, my dear," interrupted Lucinda, "refrain from your praises and congratulations. I am not happy."

"What!" answered Honoria—"can any thing discompose the serenity of a soul devoted to its own improvement and that of others?"

"Alas!" replied Lucinda, "have you not often observed, that fame gives birth to envy, and that the admiration we gain by superior talents is more than counterbalanced by the dislike we inspire in others? Envy



is the parent of calumny; and all her venomous brood."

"But, surely," said Honoria, "envy should have no power to disturb the innocent."

"And is it possible, then," rejoined Lucinda, "to repress our indignant feelings, when improper motives are assigned to our best actions—when every little foible is exaggerated, and malice borrows the aid of invention, when deprived of its gratification in searching the records of truth?"

"It is certainly painful," replied Honoria; "and we are told, that

"Envy will Merit as its shade pursue,

"And, like the shadow, proves the substance true."

"Yet I cannot help thinking that a superior degree of patience in sustaining injuries, and a constant perseverance in doing good to those who persecute us, will overcome the most inveterate malice. These are the arms with which Christianity supplies us; and I believe they are generally invincible. Who can be an enemy to the friend of human kind, whose philanthropy is the source of that active beneficence which promotes and increases the happiness of others? The compliances of such a person are circumscribed only by the bounds of duty. They who ridicule the obligations of religion, attempt to loosen the firmest bond of friendship, to weaken the strongest tie of benevolence. It is the temporal and eternal interest of every one to extend the dominion of virtue."

"My dear Honoria," said Lucinda, embracing her, "you are indeed a friend; permit me now in private to explore the latent propensities of my soul; and to-morrow they shall be disclosed to you with as much sincerity as if I were called upon to render an account to Heaven."

Honoria immediately withdrew; and, on her return the following day, Lucinda received her with the most lively expressions of gratitude and delight. "My dear Honoria," said she, "your congratulations will now be adapted to the state of my mind. I have traced all the mazes of my misguided heart; and I am really ashamed to find, that, with all my researches after wisdom, I have till now been a stranger to the most important science—self-knowledge. I am convinced that the reports which gave me uneasiness, were more my fault than my misfortune; that they were less the invention of malice than of revenge. One consequence of the cultivation of my own understanding was contempt for the inferiority of others. In attempting to conquer error, I am now sensible that I was rather the dupe of self-conceit, than the advocate of truth; and prejudice often counteracted the operations of reason. While I condemned my own sex for their insipidity, their indelicacy, ill-nature, &c. I insensibly became more fond of ridicule and censure than of pity or advice. How heinous do those faults appear, to which we are not addicted by nature, and which we have not acquired by habit! how trivial those errors to which we are prompted by inclination, and familiarised by custom! and how often do we secretly nourish in our own breasts, the very dispositions we condemn as destructive to others! We are blind to our own advantages and imperfections, while we magnify the enjoyments and infirmities of others. My behaviour was calculated rather to inspire dislike than to attract love. You were in the right, my dear Honoria: the truly respectable character will generally be respected; or, if the envenomed sting of envy should attempt to pierce the breast of virtue,



it is rendered impenetrable by the shield of innocence. I am determined to use my best endeavours, from henceforth, to overcome the delusions by which I have been led astray, and to consider that I am living for eternity. I will not be solicitous to *obtain*, but to *deserve*, the appellation of *good*. Should I have no reward on earth, except the consciousness of right intention, yet my reward will be greater in heaven, if I indulge no wishes that would supersede the designs of Providence, and expect no happiness but from the performance of every allotted duty."

#### MIDDLE-MEN OF IRELAND.

(From Sir Jonah Barrington's "*Historic Anecdotes of the Legislative Union between Great-Britain and Ireland*")

THE term *middle-men* is applied, in Ireland, to the numerous intermediate tenants intervening between the head landlord and the occupier of the land. This system of under-letting has long been one of the most deplorable grievances of Ireland. The head landlord lets a large tract of ground to his immediate tenant at a very moderate rent: this immediate tenant divides and re-lets it in divisions at a considerable profit: in like manner his tenantssubdivide and re-let; and thus, after a number of subdivisions and re-lettings (each with their respective profits), the land at length comes down to the actual occupier in very small portions, at an enormous rent, —sometimes eight pounds, or perhaps more, per acre, for that which the immediate tenant rents at *one*.

This practice, however, is somewhat declining; and the resident gentlemen of Ireland are beginning to see its mischiefs, and to act upon a principle much more advantageous to themselves, as well as to the pen-

santry. While it continued, it certainly gave rise to occasional disturbances in Ireland, which have been dignified, in the British Parliament, by the title of *insurrections*: but these were in fact very partial outrages, occasioned solely by the oppression of tithe-proctors and middle-men, but unconnected with any extensive system or admixture of politics whatsoever.

#### JEALOUSY.

(Continued from page 199.)

WHILE Ruhlberg and Helmina yielded to the resistless passion which inspired them, and preserved a conduct perfectly blameless, the dreadful demon of jealousy was hovering over their heads, and preparing a storm for their destruction. The Countess Mulhausen harboured a deadly resentment against Ruhlberg, for having slighted a heart which she was willing to bestow; and, on the very day that he quitted her house, she vowed the ruin of her rival. An adept in the artifices of dissimulation, she slowly and secretly prepared her vengeance; and the unhappy lovers remained unconscious of its approach, until, like thunder preceded by a calm, it burst impetuous upon their heads.

A report soon prevailed in Sleswick, that Mr. Ruhlberg was in love with Mrs. Patterson, and that he had purchased the estate at Leit-mankor for no other purpose than that of living amid such scenes as should most strongly remind him of the object of his passion. In this case, slander certainly spoke in unison with truth: but it was the Countess only who had been able to discover this truth; and it was she alone who had artfully contrived to spread it among her neighbours. By degrees, the attachment between Ruhlberg and Helmina was freely



spoken of in every company at Sleswick; and scandal busied herself in adding a thousand unfounded circumstances to the real fact.

Madame Mulhausen, however, made a parade of discouraging this subject at her own house: she would reprove those who accused "the innocent Helmina," as she called her: yet she defended her cause in such a manner as rather tended to bespeak the lenity of others towards Helmina's failings, than to announce her own belief that she was free from them. This species of perfidy is not rare; and, unfortunately, it succeeds but too well.

It was the Countess who had caused Helmina to be insulted at the ball, by pointing her out to some young men as an abandoned creature who ought not to have been admitted there. When these young men acquainted her with the mistake which she had influenced them to commit, she affected the utmost astonishment, and enjoined profound secrecy upon what had passed; of the propriety of which they were as fully persuaded as herself. The next day, however, a story was circulated at Sleswick, which, though varying in many particulars, according to the dispositions of the relators, was uniform in the principal circumstance—namely, that Mrs. Patterson had been seen in the arms of Mr. Ruhlberg; that she had despised the advice given by two of her husband's friends, who were dressed in dominoes; and that a quarrel was near ensuing between Ruhlberg and those gentlemen, which, had it taken place, must have been ruinous to the reputation of Helmina.

At the ball too, the Countess, under the figure of Calypso, had rallied Mr. Patterson upon his wife's long absence from him, and, at the same time, insinuated that he alone was

ignorant of the motive which tempted her to this absence. When Ruhlberg brought Helmina to her party, he must inevitably have observed how ungraciously Mr. Patterson thanked him for his attentions, had he not been wholly absorbed in the sensations of his own heart.

The effects of calumny are terrible!—In less than a fortnight, the unhappy Helmina perceived that her husband treated her with a settled contempt. Hitherto, he had shown only tyranny in his behaviour towards her; and, from this, she took refuge in the proud consciousness of dignity and worth. In general society also, Helmina observed that she was no longer received with the same respect to which she had been accustomed; that she was no longer defended from the improper notice of a few by the esteem of the many. The licence which young men particularly showed in their behaviour towards her, at first overwhelmed her with astonishment, and afterwards with affliction. Helmina, conscious of perfect innocence, still felt, from the universal change of manners towards herself, a sort of undefined dread that she might have done something to merit censure. It is thus that wickedness gains a triumph over virtue: its attacks are so vague and so hidden, as to leave no path open to appeal, no decided subject for resentment. Poor Helmina furnished a melancholy example of this truth.

Fate, not satisfied with pointing against this blameless creature the deadly arrows of jealousy, wounded her also through the means of a foolish woman, who had always felt towards her a perfect good will. Mr. Patterson having given orders that Ruhlberg should never be admitted to his house, the indignation of his sister was vehemently excited; dis-



putes ran high between them, and ended in Miss Patterson's quitting the family. She became the laughing-stock of all Sleswick; for it was universally believed that she established herself in a house of her own for no other purpose than to receive Mr. Ruhlberg there, and to marry him. Many likewise were so charitable as to say, that this poor woman was the complete dupe of her sister-in-law, who encouraged her in her foolish passion, in order that she herself might obtain a freer intercourse with her seducer.

Mr. Patterson had always depended upon being the heir of his sister, as his sister had depended upon being his. Vexed and enraged therefore at her quitting his house, it was a relief to his mind to throw the blame of it upon his wife; and he accused her of having occasioned a rupture, which it would have delighted her to have been able to prevent. Every sentiment of anger and disappointment which hung upon this man's mind, now exhaled itself in bitter reproaches to the person who was most under his influence; so that, in a short time, the unfortunate Helmina had not one hour of peace or repose.

Common fame brought the knowledge of all this to Ruhlberg: yet what could he do, what could he say, to alleviate the sufferings of a woman whom he loved more than himself? If he were silent, he would give a kind of assent to the scandalous reports which were circulated:—he found himself unequal to contradict them with cool serenity; and to contradict with eagerness, was to confirm them still further, by displaying his own deep interest on the subject.—O Ruhlberg! Ruhlberg! must thou then leave Helmina to be crushed under the weight of her misfortunes? Thou seest her

descending to the tomb; and darest thou do nothing to avert her destiny? Days and weeks wear away; and Helmina still fades like a blighted flower: she dies! she dies! and thou, Ruhlberg, art her destroyer!

Our hero had never quitted Sleswick from the time when those reports were circulated there, in which he was so deeply concerned. He wished to be on the spot, in order to hear every thing; and every thing that he heard, did but increase his misery. His residing constantly at Sleswick, instead of dividing his time, as he had been used to do, between that place and Leitmankor, excited the comments of tattling tongues; and those were all to the disadvantage of Helmina. Ruhlberg saw things as they were, and was convinced that he owed it to the object of his love to quit a place where his presence might be still further injurious to her reputation than it had been already. The sacrifice was indeed painful; but he was desirous of making it, in the hope that his absence might silence those malicious rumors—which the innocence of Helmina had hitherto failed to do.

To strengthen himself, however, in so laudable a resolution, he wished for the sanction and approbation of her who had inspired it; and he felt, that, could he obtain these, he should carry with him some comfort into banishment. After forming a thousand schemes for getting at the knowledge of Helmina's wishes, he at length ventured to address to her the following lines—

“If you send me back the inclosed ring, I shall believe that my sentiments have remained unknown to you: if you send me another ring in exchange, thus shall I interpret the gift: ‘Depart, Ruhlberg: our thoughts have been in unison; our destinies are similar.’”



Poor Mrs. Patterson had been unable to support those insults and afflictions which she had suffered during the last month. Her health failed, without her being able to complain of any decided malady. The sickness of the soul is seldom ranked among our diseases, and seldome by men, who have generally but an inadequate comprehension of it. Those calumnies, of which her reputation had been the victim, at length revealed to her the real situation of her heart, and the nature of those sentiments which she had fostered there. At first she was shocked and astonished at the discovery; but, afterwards, the injustice which continually pursued her, inclined her to take refuge among the ideas which this new discovery furnished; and it then became her sole occupation to think of Røhlberg, and her sole comfort to suffer for his sake. Despair will be pardoned for such errors as these, among such as have felt what it is to be really miserable.

(To be continued.)

#### ON CONTENTMENT.

(From the Reformer.)

AMONG the variety of human events, which come under the observation of every man of common experience in life, many instances must occur to his memory of the false opinions he had formed of good and evil fortune. Things, which we lament as the most unhappy occurrences, and the severest dispensations of Providence, frequently turn out to have been vouchsafements of a contrary sort; whilst our prosperity and success, which, for a time, delight and dazzle us with gleams of pleasure and visions of ambition, turn against us in the end of life, and sow the bed of death with thorns, that goad us in those

awful moments, when the vanities of this world lose their value, and the mind of man, being on its last departure, takes a melancholy review of time mis-spent and blessings misapplied.

Though it is part of every good man's religion to resign himself to God's will, yet an example upon the worldly wisdom of that duty will be of use to every one, who suffers under the immediate pressure of affliction. I shall quote an example, which may prove very beneficial.—A short time before Lord Sackville expired, the Rev. Mr. Sackville Bayle, his worthy parish-priest and ever-faithful friend, administered the solemn offices of the sacrament to him, reading, at his request, the prayers for a communicant at the point of death. He had ordered all his bed-curtains to be opened, and the window-sashes thrown open, that he might have air and space to assist him in his efforts. What they were, with what devotion he joined in those solemn prayers that warn the parting spirit to dismiss all hopes that centre in this world, that reverend friend can witness. I also was a witness and a partaker; and no other person was present at that holy ceremony.

A short time before he expired, I came, by his desire, to his bed-side, where, when taking my hand and pressing it between his, he addressed me, for the last time, in the following words: "You see me now in those moments when no disguise will avail, and when the spirit of a man must be proved. I have a mind perfectly resigned, and at peace with itself. I have done with this world; and what I have done in it, I have done for the best: I hope and trust I am prepared for the next. Tell me not of all that passes in health and pride of heart; these are



moments, in which a man must be searched; and remember that I die content."—I know that I am correct in these expressions, which were transcribed a few days after his death, and dated Sept. 13, 1785.

How often do we hear people exclaim, How happy should I be, if I were in possession of such a sum of money! and, having a ticket in the lottery, who knows but that I may obtain a ten thousand pound prize? We are all apt to rely upon that, or some other equally uncertain future prospect, and become really expensive, while we are only rich in prospective. We live up to our expectations, not to our possessions, and make a figure proportionable to what we may be, not what we are. We live beyond our present income, as not doubting to disburse ourselves out of the profits of some future place, project, or reversion, we have in view. It is through this temper of mind, which is so common among us, that we see tradesmen become bankrupts, who have met with no misfortunes in their business; and men of estates reduced to poverty, who have never suffered from losses or repairs, tenants, taxes, or law-suits. In short, it is this foolish, sanguine temper, this depending upon contingent futurities, that occasions romantic generosity, chimerical grandeur, senseless ostentation, and generally ends in beggary and ruin. The man who will live above his present circumstances, is in great danger of living in a little time much beneath them; or, as the Italian proverb says, "The man who lives by hope, will die by hunger."

It should be an indispensable rule in life, to contract our desires to our present condition; and, whatever may be our expectations, to live within the compass of what we ac-

tually possess. It will be time enough to enjoy an estate when it comes into our hands; but if we anticipate our good fortune, we shall lose the pleasure of it when it arrives, and may possibly never possess what we have so foolishly counted upon.

I shall now point out the method by which every man may contrive to live, and that contentedly, without an increase of riches; by contracting his desires, and reducing them to the level of his present situation. When Socrates was asked, "which of mortal men was to be accounted nearest to the gods in happiness," he answered, "That man who is in want of the fewest things."

In this answer, Socrates left it to be guessed by his auditors, whether, by the exemption from want, which was to constitute happiness, he meant amplitude of possessions, or contraction of desire. And, indeed, there is so little difference between them, that Alexander the Great confessed the inhabitant of a tub the next man to the master of the world; and left a declaration to future ages, that, if he was not Alexander, he should wish to be Diogenes.

These two states, however, though they resemble each other in their consequence, differ widely with respect to the facility with which they may be attained. To make great acquisitions, can happen to very few; and, in the uncertainty of human affairs, to many it will be incident to labor without reward, and to lose what they already possess by endeavours to make it more: some will always want abilities, and others opportunities, to accumulate wealth. It is therefore happy, that Nature has allowed us a more certain and easy road to plenty; for every man may grow rich by contracting his



wishes; and by quiet acquiescence in what has been given him, supply the absence of more.

Yet so far is almost every man from emulating the happiness of the gods, by any other means than grasping at their power, that it seems to be the great business of life to create wants as fast as they are satisfied. It has been long observed by moralists, that every man squanders or loses a great part of that life, of which every man knows and deplors the shortness; and it may be remarked with equal justice, that, though every man laments his own insufficiency to his happiness, and knows himself a necessitous and precarious being, incessantly soliciting the assistance of others, and feeling wants which his own art or strength cannot supply, yet there is no man, who does not, by the superaddition of unnatural cares, render himself still more dependent; who does not create an artificial poverty, and suffer himself to feel pain for the want of that, of which, when it is gained, he can have no enjoyment.

It must, indeed, be allowed, that, as we lose part of our time, because it steals away silent and invisible, and many an hour is passed, before we recollect that it is passing; so, unnatural desires insinuate themselves un-observed into the mind, and we do not perceive that they are gaining upon us, till the pain which they give us awakens us to notice. No man is sufficiently vigilant to take account of every minute of his life, or to watch every motion of his heart. Much of our time is also sacrificed to custom: we trifle, because we see others trifle: in the same manner, we catch from example the contagion of desire; we see all about us busied in pursuit of imaginary good, and begin to bustle in the same chase, lest greater activity should triumph over us.

It is true, that, to man, as a member of society, many things become necessary, which perhaps, in a state of nature, are superfluous; and that many things, not absolutely necessary, are yet so useful and convenient, that they cannot easily be spared. I make a still more ample and liberal concession. In opulent states and regular governments, the temptations to wealth and rank, and to the distinctions that follow them, are such as no force of understanding finds it easy to resist.

If, therefore, I saw the quiet of life disturbed only by endeavours after wealth and honor; by solicitude, which the world, whether justly or not, considered as important; I should scarcely have had courage to inculcate any precepts of moderation and forbearance. He that is engaged in a pursuit, in which all mankind profess to be his rivals, is supported by the authority of all mankind in the prosecution of his design; and will, therefore, scarcely stop to hear the lectures of a solitary philosopher. Nor am I certain, that the accumulation of honest gain ought to be hindered, or the ambition of just honors repressed. Whatever can enable the possessor to confer benefits upon others, may be desired upon virtuous principles; and we ought not too rashly to accuse any man of intending to confine the influence of his acquisitions to himself.

But, if we look around upon mankind, whom shall we find, among those that fortune permits to form their own manners, that is not tormenting himself with a wish for something, of which all the pleasure and all the benefit will cease at the moment of enjoyment? One man is beggaring his posterity to build a house, which, when finished, he will never inhabit; another levelling mountains, to open a prospect, which, when he has once enjoy-



ed it, he can enjoy no more; another is painting ciellings, carving wainscot, and filling his apartments with costly furniture, only that some neighbouring house may not be richer and finer than his own. That splendor and elegance are not desirable, I am not so abstracted from life as to inculcate; but, if we inquire closely into the reason for which they are esteemed, we shall find them valued principally as evidences of wealth. Nothing, therefore, can show greater depravity of understanding, than to delight in the show when the reality is wanting; or voluntarily become poor, that strangers may, for a time, imagine us to be rich.

But there are yet minuter objects, and more trifling anxieties. Men may be found, who are kept from sleep by the want of a shell particularly variegated; who are wasting their lives in stratagems to obtain a book in a language they do not understand; who pine with envy at the flowers of another man's parterre; who hover like vultures round the owner of a fossil, in hopes to plunder his cabinet at his death; and who would not much regret to see a street in flames, if a box of medals might be scattered in the tumult.

He that imagines me to speak of these sages in terms exaggerated or hyperbolic, has conversed but little with the race of virtuosi. A slight acquaintance with their studies, and a few visits to their assemblies, would inform him, that nothing is so worthless, but that prejudice and caprice can give it value; nor any thing of so little use, but that, by indulging an idle competition or unreasonable pride, a man may make it to himself one of the necessities of life.

Desires like these, I may surely,

without incurring the censure of moroseness, advise every man to repel when they invade his mind; or, if he admit them, never to allow them any greater influence than is necessary to give petty employments the power of pleasing, and diversify the day with slight amusements.

An ardent wish, whatever be its object, will always be able to interrupt tranquillity. What we believe ourselves to want, torments us; not in proportion to its real value, but according to the estimation by which we have rated it in our own minds: in some diseases, the patient has been observed to long for food, which scarce any extremity of hunger would in health have compelled him to swallow; but, while his organs were thus depraved, the craving was irresistible, nor could any rest be obtained till it was appeased by gratification. Of the same nature are the irregular appetites of the mind; though they are often excited by trifles, they are equally disquieting with real wants; the Roman, who wept at the death of his lamprey, felt the same degree of sorrow that extorts tears on other occasions.

Inordinate desires, of whatever kind, ought to be repressed upon a still higher consideration; they must be considered as enemies, not only to happiness, but to virtue. There are men among those commonly reckoned the learned and the wise, who spare no stratagems to remove a competitor at an auction, who will sink the price of a rarity at the expense of truth, and whom it is not safe to trust alone in a library or cabinet. These are faults, which the fraternity seem to look upon as jocular mischiefs, or to think excused by the violence of the temptation: but I shall always fear, that he who accustoms himself to fraud in little



things, wants only opportunity to practise it in greater. "He that has hardened himself by killing a sheep," says Pythagoras, "will with less reluctance shed the blood of a man."

To prize every thing according to its real value, ought to be the aim of a rational being. There are few things which can much conduce to happiness, and, therefore, few things to be ardently desired. He that looks upon the business and bustle of the world with the philosophy with which Socrates surveyed the fair at Athens, will turn away at last with his exclamation, "How many things are he : which I do not want !"

*For the Lady's Magazine.*

*A pleasant Theatrical Misery.*

BEING a little man of tolerably equal feelings, upon going to see one of Shakspeare's best tragedies, to find yourself placed in the pit precisely behind a colossus of a countryman, who, in all the deep parts, blunders so prodigiously as to make you feel more inclined to laugh at him, than to cry at the tragedy—at least, at what you can hear of it: for his noise nearly prevents your hearing, and his size quite prevents your seeing. As an agreeable supplement, when the farce (a broad one, of course) begins, the same man—whose passions, as well as size, are all in the extreme—laughs as immoderately as he had before wept, making you, by the same rule of *vice versa*, more inclined to cry than to laugh.

J. M. L.

*Anecdote of Dr. PALEY.*

(From Mr. Meadley's "Memoirs of W. Paley, D. D.")

WHEN the manuscript [of his *Moral Philosophy*] was ready for the press, it was offered to Mr. Faulder, of Bond-street, when dining at Rose Castle, for one hundred guineas ;

but he declined the risk of publishing it on his own account. After the success of the work was in some measure ascertained, Mr. Paley would again have sold it to him for three hundred pounds; but he refused to give more than two hundred and fifty. Whilst this treaty was pending, a bookseller from Carlisle, happening to call on an eminent publisher in Paternoster-row, was commissioned by him to offer Mr. Paley one thousand pounds for a copy-right of his work. The bookseller, on his return to Carlisle, duly executed the commission, which was communicated without delay to the Bishop of Clonfert, who, being at that time at London, had undertaken the management of the affair. "Never did I suffer so much anxious fear," said Mr. Paley, in relating the circumstance, "as on this occasion, lest my friend should have concluded the bargain with Mr. Faulder, before my letter could reach him." Luckily he had not, but, on receiving the letter, went immediately into Bond-street, and made this new demand. Mr. Faulder, though in no small degree surprised and astonished at the advance, agreed for the sum required before the bishop left the house. "Little did I think," said Mr. Paley, in allusion to this affair, "that I should ever make a thousand pounds by any book of mine:" a strong proof of un-assuming merit; but, after the offer above-mentioned, he was authorised to have asked a still larger sum.

*Russian Honor.*

(From Sir Robert Wilson's "Campaigns in Poland.")

A PARTY of Russian officers, who had been taken at Landsberg, were marching to Prague on parole; but under the charge of some French officers; a corps of [Russian] marauders surprised them, and after



some violence, the Russian soldiers were indiscriminately proceeding to dispatch the French, when the Russian officers interfered, and endeavoured to explain, that, as these French were but an amicable escort to them, who had given their *parole*, their lives must not only be preserved; but, that honor obliged the Russian officers to refuse the opportunity of release, and bound them to proceed as prisoners of war, until regularly exchanged. The marauder captain stepped forward—"Will you," addressing himself to the Russian officers, "join and command us, and conduct us to our country? If so, we are bound to obey you; but, with this annexed condition, that you do not interfere with our intention of putting to death the French who are in your company."—"No, we cannot," was the answer; and arguments were urged to justify the propriety of their decision. The marauders then assembled as a court-martial; and, after some deliberation, the captain re-advanced, and delivered its sanguinary decree. "The French, for their atrocious conduct to Russian prisoners on every occasion, have merited death.—Execute the sentence." Obedience was immediate, and the victims were successively shot. This lawless assassination completed, silence was again ordered, and the leader resumed his harangue—"Now, degenerate Russians! receive your reward; you, forgetting that you were born so, that your country has a prescriptive right to your allegiance, and that you have voluntarily renewed it to your sovereign, have entered into new engagements with their most hated enemies; and you have dared to advance in your defence, that your word must be binding in their service, when you violate the oath you have sworn against them. You

are therefore our worst enemies; more unnatural, more wicked than those we have slain, and you have less claim upon our mercy. We have unanimously doomed you to death, and instant death awaits you." The signal was immediate, and fourteen officers were thus massacred for a persevering virtue, of which history does not record a more affecting and honorable trait. The lifeless Colonel Arsinoef, of the imperial guards, was supposed dead, the ball of the musket having entered just above the throat. He was stripped, and the body abandoned on the frozen and freezing snow. Towards night, after several hours' torpor, sense returned; and whilst he was contemplating the horror of the past and present scene, identified, not only by his own condition, but still more painfully by the surrounding corpses of his mangled friends, and momentarily becoming more terrific, from the apprehension of a horrible and unmitigable death; he perceived a light, towards which he staggered with joyous expectation; but, when he approached the hut, a clamor of voices alarmed his attention. He listened, and recognised his carousing murderers! He withdrew from imminent destruction, to a fate, as he then supposed, not less certain, but less rude and revolting. He had still sufficient strength to gain the borders of a no very distant wood, where he passed the night without any covering on his body, or any application to his open wounds. The glow of a latent hope, the preserved animation; his fortune did not abandon him. His extraordinary protection was continued; and, as the day broke, he perceived a passing peasant girl, who gave him some milk, fully sheltered him, and obtained surgical relief. He recovered, and went to Petersburg.



The emperor ordered him to pass the regiments in review, that he might designate the offenders. He declined to do so, observing, that "he thought it unadvisable to seek an occasion for correcting such a notion of indefeasible allegiance; that it was better to bury in oblivion a catastrophe that could not be alleviated, than, by an exemplary punishment, hazard the introduction of a mediocrity of manners, which, by nationalising the Russian, prepared him for foreign conquest; that Russia was menaced by an enemy who could only triumph by the introduction of new theories, generating new habits; and, although he had suffered from an effort of more liberal philanthropy and respect for the laws of war, he would not, at such a moment, be accessory to innovations which removed some of the most impregnable barriers to the designs of France."

#### *Anecdote of a Cossaque.*

*(From the same work.)*

When a British officer was observing the retreat of Marshal Ney, from Guttstadt, his dress and telescope attracted the attention of the enemy, who directed some cannon at him: the first ball struck the moist earth under his horse, and covered the animal and rider with the sods;—a second ball was fired with similar accuracy, when the attendant Cossaque rushed up to him with resentment in his features, and pointing at his helmet, desired him to charge it with his cap; and, on the officer's refusal, he attempted to snatch it from his head, and substitute his own; but, during this contest, a shower of musket balls rendered the horses wild, and they flew apart. When the Cossaque was afterwards asked by the Attaman, with feigned anger, for his own ex-

planation of such disrespectful conduct, he replied, "I saw that the enemy directed their fire at the English officer on account of his casque and plume—I was appointed by you to protect him—I knew you had marched with many Cossagues, but only one stranger; it was therefore my duty to avert mischief from him by attracting it to myself; and, by so doing, preventing the sorrow you and every Cossaque would feel at the loss of a guest perishing in your service."

#### *Chinese mode of propagating FRUIT-TREES.*

*(From the Transactions of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c.)*

THEY select a tree of that species which they wish to propagate, and fix upon such a branch as will least hurt or disfigure the tree by its removal.

Round this branch, and as near as they can conveniently to its junction with the trunk, they wind a rope, made of straw, besmeared with cow-dung, until a ball is formed, five or six times the diameter of the branch. This is intended as a bed, into which the young roots may shoot. Having performed this part of the operation, they, immediately under the ball, divide the bark down to the wood, for nearly two-thirds of the circumference of the branch. A cocoa-nut shell or small pot is then hung over the ball, with a hole in its bottom, so small, that water put therein will only fall in drops; by this the rope is constantly kept moist, a circumstance necessary to the easy admission of the young roots, and to the supply of nourishment to the branch from this new channel.

During three succeeding weeks, nothing further is required, except supplying the vessels with water. At the expiration of that period, one



third of the remaining bark is cut, and the former incision is carried considerably deeper into the wood, as by this time it is expected that some roots have struck into the rope, and are giving their assistance in support of the branch.

After a similar period, the same operation is repeated; and, in about two months from the commencement of the process, the roots may generally be seen intersecting each other on the surface of the ball, which is a sign that they are sufficiently advanced to admit of the separation of the branch from the tree. This is best done by sawing it off at the incision, care being taken that the rope, which by this time is nearly rotten, is not shaken off by the motion. The branch is then planted as a young tree.

It appears probable, that, to succeed with this operation in Europe, a longer period would be necessary; vegetation being much slower in Europe than in India, the chief field of my experiments. I am, however, of opinion, from some trials which I have lately made on cherry-trees, that an additional month would be adequate to make up for the deficiency of climate.

\*Dr James Harrison, the writer of the letter from which this extract is taken.

*Biographic Sketch*  
of the R. Hon. Arthur Wellesley,  
VISCOUNT WELLINGTON.

(Continued from page 8 of our present Volume.)

IN our preceding notice of Sir Arthur Wellesley (now Viscount Wellington), we left him enjoying the honors justly due to his transcendent courage and skill in the persevering prosecution and happy termination of an alarming and arduous war; though we omitted to mention a circumstance highly creditable to

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his military character—that, besides the magnificent sword presented to him by the inhabitants of Calcutta, as already noticed, his merit was further honored by a present from his brother officers, of a superb golden vase worth two thousand guineas, as a mark of their esteem and regard, and a lasting memorial of the brilliant victories to which he had led them.—We postponed, from month to month, the continuation of our memoir, in expectation of certain documents which would have enabled us to give a more satisfactory account of a hero who has rendered such important services to his country, and to the cause of general liberty, which he so ably supports against the oppressor of Europe: but, after repeated disappointments, finding it vain to wait any longer, we at length proceed to execute the remainder of our pleasing task from such scanty materials as we have been able to procure.

The profound peace, which reigned throughout India after the extinction of the Mahratta war, leaving him no further opportunity of displaying his martial talents in the regions of the East, he returned to England early in 1805, was soon after placed on the staff, and appointed to the command of a brigade under Lord Cathcart, in the expedition to Hanover in the same year.

He likewise obtained a seat in parliament for an Irish borough, and took an active and conspicuous part in every important debate relative to the affairs of India, on which he was eminently qualified to speak from his own personal knowledge and experience on the spot.

On the death of marquis Cornwallis, colonel of the 33d, Sir Arthur was appointed to succeed him in the command of that regiment, of which he had been thirteen years lieutenant colonel, not merely in title and

2 N



pay, but in actual service, as he had, during the chief part of that time, been personally present with the corps, and engaged with it in the toils and perils of busy warfare.

On the accession of the present ministry in 1807, and the nomination of the duke of Richmond to be lord lieutenant of Ireland, Sir Arthur was appointed chief secretary to the vice-roy, whom he accompanied, in that honorable capacity, to the seat of his government. This appointment, however, he did not accept without a special proviso that it should not prove a bar to him in his professional career. But the ministry were as little willing as himself that his pre-eminent military talents should lie buried in the rust of inactivity: and, in August of the same year (1807), he was sent out under Lord Cathcart on the expedition against Copenhagen. On this occasion, he advantageously displayed both his courage as a soldier in a bold attack upon the enemy, and his skill and promptitude as a negotiator, in speedily settling the terms for the capitulation of the Danish capital, which were signed on the 7th of September. His admirable conduct in both capacities deservedly gained for him the unanimous applause of the whole army.

In the following year (1808), our government having formed the plan of an expedition for the relief of Portugal, and being taught by his past exploits to believe that they could not possibly find a general better qualified in every respect to conduct the enterprise to a happy issue, appointed him to the command. He embarked without delay, and landed his troops in Mondego Bay on the 1st, 2d, and 3d of August. Here he was not long inactive, but soon gave fresh proofs of his valour; for, after having, on

the 17th, gallantly forced the strong pass of Roleia, which was as gallantly defended by the French general Laborde with every advantage of ground in his favor, he gained, on the 21st, a splendid victory over the enemy at Vimeira—a victory, which would have been still more splendid and decisive, if his eager troops had only been permitted to follow up the advantage which their prowess had gained, and to crown their success by pursuing the discomfited foe. But, unfortunately, at the very critical moment when the French were fleeing in every direction before their conquerors, Sir Harry Burrard (who had been sent out to take the command of the British force) arrived on the field, and gave peremptory orders for discontinuing the pursuit.

This luckless command was necessarily obeyed; and all the advantages of a hard-earned and glorious victory were afterwards lost through the convention of Cintra, signed by Sir Hew Dalrymple on the 31st of August, allowing the French to escape from that destruction which would otherwise have speedily overtaken them, and engaging to have them conveyed to France in British transports, with their arms, artillery, horses, and baggage.

Soon afterwards, Sir Arthur was recalled home, to attend a court of inquiry, appointed to investigate that extraordinary transaction—having previously been presented with two superb pieces of plate, each of the value of a thousand guineas—the one from the general officers of his army, the other from the field officers—as testimonials of the high esteem in which they held him as a man, and of the unbounded confidence which they placed in him as an officer.”

His return to Portugal, and his



subsequent exploits there, with his elevation to the peerage—all fresh in the recollection of our readers—we for the present postpone—with the intention, however, of resuming the subject at some future day, when we shall be able to extend our narrative to events which the intermediate time may bring forth—among which, we hope to have the heart-felt pleasure of recording the complete discomfiture of the Gallic invaders, and their total expulsion from the peninsula.

#### HINDOO MARRIAGES.

(from Mr. Moor's "*Hindu Infanticide*." )

Among many sects of Hindus, among most of them, indeed, the practice of very early marriage has obtained. The parties are perhaps but five or six years old, and they return for some years to their respective families. On the occasion of marriage, the Hindus, habitually avaricious, are generally more prodigal than on any other: and it is not unusual to see this propensity indulged, by the rich as well as by the poor, to a very interesting degree. Feasting, music, dancing, alms, and presents, especially to temples and Brahmans, constitute the item on which the chief expenditure turns. It is so very essential to the reputation of any family to marry off the daughters, that an exception is very rarely met with; and it excites no small surprise in natives little acquainted with European modes and fashions, to find so many of our men and women unmarried. So universal is marriage among the Hindus, that it would be a difficult thing to find an unmarried female of a respectable family arrived at puberty, that is, of the age of ten or eleven years. In point, I may instance a fact that came within my own notice. Nanna Fir-

naveese, the prime minister of the Mahratta empire, the Pitt of India, lost his wife in 1796, when he was rather an old man; and, as he was infirm withal, it was not expedient that he should marry, as is usual, a mere infant; and his Brahmanical brethren sought far and near, and for a long time sought in vain, for an unmarried marriageable Brahmany of a respectable family. At length one was found, remote from the metropolis, at Kolapore, near Goa; and he married her. So little was this success calculated on, that a reason was expected, and given, for it; it appeared that this lady, in her infancy, had been afflicted with some personal debility, that had prevented her early betrothment; this had suddenly been removed, about the time of Nanna's predicament, and he was deemed fortunate in finding a damsel under such suitable circumstances. Nanna had had several wives, but no male issue.

To the Editor of the *Lady's Magazine*.

SIR,

To many of your fair readers, who pay pretty high prices for *stove-powders*, it will, no doubt, be agreeable to learn a simple recipe for a very cheap, but very excellent, powder, which will preserve their bright stoves and fire-irons free from rust, and in high polish—and which, in fact, is the very same that they so dearly purchase in many instances, though sometimes a little disguised in color, for the sake of concealing its simplicity and original cheapness. It is nothing more than common *lime*; and its preparation is very easy, viz. Take a piece of good mellow quicklime: gently and gradually pour on it a few *drops* of boiling water, until it begin to crack; and then leave it to perform the remainder of the



operation by itself. It will soon crumble into powder; and this powder alone, without any foreign admixture, will completely answer every good purpose that can be expected from the very best stove-powders that are sold. For the sake, however, of guarding against any gritty particles which might happen to be in the lime, it may not be amiss to pass it through a fine sieve.

When polished fire-irons, &c. are to be laid by, the application of this powder will preserve them from rust. They must be first well greased, and then powdered all over with the lime sprinkled on them. For greasing them, *hog's lard* (if free from salt) is preferable to oil: otherwise *suet* may be used. As to oil, I have heard many complaints that steel and iron articles, well anointed with it, and carefully laid by, have nevertheless contracted rust: and this accident may arise from two causes—first, olive-oil, as I am informed, (though I do not vouch for the truth of the assertion) has salt put into it, for the purpose of clarifying and preserving it: but, whether this be the case or not, 2dly, the oil, being in itself very slippery, and lying besides on a smooth surface, glides away from many parts of it, and leaves them naked and exposed to the action of air, of which rust is the inevitable consequence.—Lard or suet is not liable to this inconvenience.—I am, Sir, yours, &c. W. M.

*For the Lady's Magazine.*

*The moving SKULL.*

(From the "Journal des Dames.")

A GRAVE-DIGGER, one day, while engaged in the labor of his vocation in a country church-yard, penetrated to an old coffin, which immediately fell to pieces under his stroke.

Within it he discovered, as usual, a mouldering skeleton, of which he tossed out the loose bones with his spade: but, when he was preparing to throw out the skull after them, he was surprised to see it in motion. At a sight so novel and unaccountable, his terror was great beyond description.—However, after recovering a little from his fright, he again ventured to look at the skull, to ascertain whether his eyes had not, in the first instance, deceived him. Again he observes it to move, without any visible cause.—Naturally astonished at such a prodigy, he called some of the neighbouring peasantry, who, seeing the skull move as before, were no less astonished than the grave-digger. At length, having borrowed an apron from one of the female spectators, he wrapped up the skull in it, and, followed by the admiring crowd, carried it to the clergyman of the parish, to whom he related what he had seen.

The clergyman, surprised at the tale, unfolds the apron, sees the skull again in motion, and is utterly at a loss to account for so strange a phenomenon. But his perplexity was not of long duration; for, while he and his visitors were staring at the automatus skull, they saw suddenly starting from it a mole, which had probably been alarmed in his subterraneous abode by the strokes of the grave-digger's spade, and taken refuge in the cavity of the skull at the approach of the enemy.

*Remains of VOLTAIRE.*

(Continued from page 229.)

IN the verses that compose *The Garland of Julia*, there are none so agreeable as those of Desmaret's on the violet:

*Modeste en ma couleur, modeste en mon séjour,  
Libre d'ambition, je me cache sous l'herbe;*



Mais si sur votre front je puis me voir un  
jour, [perbe.

La plus humble des fleurs sera la plus su-  
The modest hue is mine, the meek re-  
treat; [hide:

I shun ambition's lure; in shades I  
Blest, Julia, were your brow my envied  
seat, [scious pride.

Modest no more, I'd swell with con-  
This Desmartes was, notwithstanding, a wretched poet. He is like  
Rosinante, who galloped once in  
his life.

A countryman came to Versailles:  
he saw Lewis XIV walking in his  
gardens: "I have seen," said he,  
"this great king; and he walked  
just like one of ourselves."

(To be continued.)

### London Morning and Evening DRESSES.

1. *Morning dress.*—A short cloak  
richly trimmed with lace, and lace let  
in a little way from the edge:—it  
may be of any very fine worked mus-  
lin, and to reach a short way below  
the elbows. Bonnet of white satin;  
trimming at the edge of the same  
in the form of shells, and termi-  
nated by narrow lace.

2. *Evening dress.*—This is made  
of the finest India muslin: the body,  
which forms the appearance of a  
jacket, is composed of squares, alter-  
nately of the same muslin finely  
plained, and lace and work joined in  
stripes; the edge above and below  
trimmed with lace; the sleeves of the  
same.—Cap of white satin with the  
Prince Regent's plume.

### ROUTS-RIMÉS,

*or Ends of Verses, to be completed in  
any metre, and on any subject, at the  
writer's option—to be employed either  
in the same order as here given, or in  
any other that may be found more  
convenient—and with or without any  
additional rhimes of the writer's own  
choice.*

June, Soon—Day, Lay—Muse,  
Views—Verse, Rehearse—Blest,  
Rest—Stream, Dream—Life, Strife  
—Name, Fame.

*Any approved completions, that  
may have reached us by the fifteenth  
of August, shall appear in our Ma-  
gazine for that month.*

### POETRY.

#### BEAUTY, an Ode,

*intended for the second Edition of Miss  
MITFORD's Miscellaneous Poems now  
in the Press.*

Who hath not, kneeling at thy shrine,  
Vow'd fealty and duty,  
Own'd thy mild pow'r and sway divine,  
O never-dying beauty?  
That shrine still wears fair woman's form,  
Still garlanded with blushes warm,  
Still lighted by her eye:  
But diff'rent form and diff'rent face,  
Varying in tint, in shape, and grace,  
Rises under ev'ry sky.

Nor breathes there one who knows to tell  
Where most the Goddess loves to dwell.

In Indian girl, in Negro maid,  
In the fair flow'r of northern shade,  
Men trace the varying spell. [zone?—  
Where is bright Beauty's witching  
All nations claim it for their own,

And deem, that, in their land alone,  
Is Beauty's coral cell.

The artist views her in that piece  
Which might immortalise thee, Greece!  
Had time, destroying all thy glory,  
Left only that to tell thy story;—  
The lover in his mistress' eye,  
The poet in his fantasy.

'Tis now the magic of the face;  
'Tis now the form's surpassing grace;  
'Tis now a glance bright, kind, and clear;  
'Tis now a smile, and now a tear;  
And, shrouded oft by fancy's veil,  
From melody her spells arise,  
As blindmen deem the nightingale  
The fairest bird that flies.

Doth she not dwell in yon bright maid  
With tresses like the raven's wing;  
Whose cheek might bid the roses fade,  
To mark their brilliant coloring?  
With tow'ring form erect and high,



With head uprais'd and lifted eye,  
 She treads in unblench'd majesty.  
 She treads, nor looks upon the earth :  
 But that dark eye's commanding ray  
 Calls ev'ry man of mortal birth  
 To bow to beauty's sway.

O lovely in her very pride !  
 As calm, as pure, as dignified,  
 As the chaste orb who rules the night,  
 Extinguishing each planet light  
 She passes on her way.

Doth she not dwell in yonder form  
 That seems inskied and sainted ?  
 Th' Anemone, fair child of storm,  
 Less delicately painted !  
 Her form is of such airy lightness,  
 That, but for its celestial brightness,  
 'Twould seem a shadow resting :  
 Her neck of such a dazzling whiteness,  
 As swans the rude stream breasting ;

Whilst her fair cheek's effulgent blush  
 Seems like the ev'ning's rosy flush,  
 On Alpine snows reflected ;  
 And the bright tresses of her hair,  
 Like sun-beams, round her forehead fair  
 By the light gale directed,  
 Form round her face a glory proud,  
 And play around that mild blue eye,  
 Like fragment of the noon-day sky,  
 Seen through a fleecy cloud.

Seest thou yon girl quick dancing by,  
 Chasing the painted butterfly,  
 Unconscious of her pow'r ?  
 Little she reck's of lover's sigh,  
 But sports away the hour.

Dwells beauty in that frolic grace,  
 That airy bound, that playful race ?  
 In look how saucy and how meek,  
 In modesty's soft blushing cheek ;  
 Now graceful woman coy and mild,  
 Now all that charms us in the child !

Her hazle eye, unfix'd and bright,  
 Dazzles with ever-changing light,  
 Like flames toss'd by the wind ;  
 Now swimming in quick-passing sadness,  
 Now laughing in her soul's pure gladness,  
 The mirror of her mind.

Her lips !—the smiles, those lips that curl,  
 Twin cherries seem to sever ;  
 And those two rows of living pearl  
 Has Ceylon rival'd never.

She shakes her head, to clear the hair  
 That clusters o'er her brow so fair ;  
 And the quick motion wakes the grace  
 That dimples o'er that playful face :  
 Her light'ning glance, her blush, her smile,  
 Would force old age to gaze awhile,  
 Would mis'ry's sigh repress :  
 None can define the witching spell :

If it be beauty, none can tell :  
 All feel 'tis loveliness.—  
 And what is beauty, but the pow'r  
 To steal the soul away ?  
 And what so fair as beauty's flow'r,  
 Lit, Genius, by thy ray ?

#### SERENADE to ANNA.

*From the original Irish, by Miss BALFOUR.*

THE blush of morn at length appears ;  
 The hawthorn weeps in dewy tears ;  
 Emerging from the shades of night,  
 The distant hills are tipp'd with light ;  
 The swelling breeze, with balmy breath,  
 Wafts fragrance from the purple heath ;  
 And warbling wood-larks seem to say,  
 " Sweet Anna ! 'tis the dawn of day !"

Ah ! didst thou love's soft anguish feel,  
 No sleep thy weary eye would seal :  
 But to the bank thou would'st repair,  
 Secure to meet thy true love there.  
 In pity to my pangs, awake !  
 Unwilling, I thy slumbers break :  
 But longer absence would betray,  
 I met thee at the dawn of day.

Yet, though our parents now may frown,  
 Some pitying pow'r our vows shall crown.  
 Be constancy and truth but thine, [mine :  
 While youth, and health, and love, are  
 Then shall our hearts united glow  
 With all that fondness can bestow ;  
 And love extend his gentle sway  
 O'er close of eve, and dawn of day.

#### CHARLES I. in Captivity.

*(From Miss Holford's Poems.)*

'Twas the dull and dusky twilight hour,  
 When, close to his window grate,  
 Catching the breath of an April show'r,  
 The captive sovereign sate :

A tear glisten'd bright in Stuart's eye,  
 And his cheek was deadly pale,  
 And his bosom answer'd ev'ry sigh  
 Heav'd by the evening gale.

His cheek was pale, and his princely eye  
 Was fill'd with memory's tears,  
 As he ponder'd on the destiny  
 Which flatter'd his early years ;

He thought on the friends for him who  
 died :

Yet was not that pang the worst.

He thought on friends who had left his  
 side,

And felt as his heart would burst !

But he shudder'd, as, in looking back  
 On the days for ever lost,  
 Reflexion, 'mid the shadowy track,  
 Met Strafford's headless ghost !

What armour can that breast defend  
 From memory's home-struck blows ?



*Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.*



*London Fashionable Morning & Evening Dress.*

*Nº 6. 1811.*



The shade of one deserted friend  
Out-frowns a thousand foes!

It plagues us in the silent hour,  
It haunts us as we sleep,  
It stays the heart-relieving show'r,  
And macks us as we weep!

The crown from off his sacred head  
By rebels rudely torn,  
An exil'd wife, and children fled,  
The Christian king had borne!

But when to heaven he look'd and pray'd  
To heal his agony,  
Still murmur'd in his ear the shade—  
"Thus did I hope in thee!"

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

Kind hearts, free from anguish your sym-  
pathy lend!

To my tle fraught with woe, ye blest  
swains, now attend!

My Clarinda's cut off in her life's gayest  
prime, [explor'd cline.]

And her soul takes its flight to that "un-  
You know she was lovely, though lowly

her sphere, [ly appear.

And, blooming with health did so late-  
Now (sad for poor Colin!) inclos'd in the

ground [did abound.

Is that form, in which ev'ry soft charm  
How transient is pleasure! as transient

it seems [beams.

As the dew of the morn before Sol's risin,  
By my side, would she list to the birds

on the spray, [as they'd play:

Or charm, with her pipe, my poor sheep  
And, when love was the theme, then she'd

blush, as the rose, [ties disclose.

When Zephyr's warm gales its first beau-  
But, alas! she's no more! now my plea-  
sures how few! [review.

Till in heav'n his Clarinda poor Colin  
N. Petherton. ANONYMOUS.

\* We request our friend ANONYMOUS to  
favor us with his address.

Another Completion by J. M. L.  
If Nature's charms thou wouldst review,

And mark the sweets her pow'rs disclose,  
Among the bright and blooming few,

Observe the odor-breathing rose.  
Round it the early Zephyrs play,

When Sol first gives his morning beams,  
When music sounds from ev'ry spray,

When almost heav'nly, nature seems.  
In such an hour what joys abound!

What scenes of beauty then appear?  
Loveliness decks the grassy ground,  
And smiles in heav'n's exalted sphere.

Not always such is nature's cline;  
And pensive sighs the thought attend;

Winter will wither nature's prime!—

No more\* the muse her aid can lend.

\* We regret that the paucity of our proposed  
rhimes should check our ingenious corre-  
spondent's Muse in her career. On future  
occasions, we hope she will not suffer herself  
to be confined to our small number, but add  
as many more, of her own choice, as she may  
find convenient, without fear that either we  
or our readers shall think them too many.

IMPROMPTU.—By J. M. L.

Poets of old, in allegoric diction,

Lamented oft some virgin's breast of  
steel:—

Bring them to life: they'll find 'tis now  
no fiction: [striction;

Those tender forms are kept in close re-  
And iron-zan'd Clarissas cease to feel.

Imitation of the French Epitaph (given in  
our Magazine for April) on JOHN LAW,  
the Projector of the Mississippi Scheme.

By J. C.

Here lies—by France remember'd still—  
John Law, renown'd for calculation,

Whose peerless algebraic skill  
Sent to the work-house half the nation.

HARVEST HOME.  
(From "Pleasures of Possession," by Mr.  
VERRAL.)

Hark! the glad fields with shouts  
triumphant ring; [ward bring.

Their last rich load the reapers home-  
Loud shout the peasants, loud the female

train

Shout, as they ride upon the loaded wain;  
And, as the slow procession moves along,

The village children, shouting, swell the  
throng; [store,

Till the full barn receives the precious  
And the last labors of the year are o'er.

Now let the south collect the potent  
blast, [o'er cast;

And with black clouds the face of heav'n  
Now let the rain in torrents pour around,

And lightnings flash, and thunders rock  
the ground; [roar:

Unmov'd the farmer views the wild up-  
His corn secur'd, he heeds the storm no

more. [stores,

And now, ye masters! spread your genial  
And open wide your hospitable doors;

And all that labor'd in your fields regale  
With nutrient food, and cheering draughts

of ale. [friends to find

And should you chance among your  
Some gentle soul, some lover of mankind,



One whose warm heart can feel what  
 others feel, [to heal,  
 Who loves their joys to share, their woes  
 Let him be welcom'd to your friendly  
 dome, [home.  
 To share the pleasures of your harvest  
 He with delight will join the lowly  
 throng, [song;  
 And find sweet music in their simplest  
 Wild though it strays from all the rules  
 of art,  
 By joy attun'd, it vibrates on his heart,  
 Which bounds with rapture, while his  
 sparkling eyes [rise;  
 See in each face the smile of gladness  
 Still blest the more, the more he sees them  
 blest, [jest.  
 He shares the laughter and provokes the  
 Now pleas'd he listens while the gentle  
 swain,  
 In secret whispers, pours the tender strain,  
 Whose eager gaze his ardent love be-  
 speaks, [checks;  
 And bids new blushes deck the maiden's  
 Or while some vet'ran sits recounting o'er  
 The lusty labors of the days of yore,  
 How blithe he danc'd when daily toil  
 was done, [won.  
 Or how the heart of black-ey'd Nell he  
 And Oh! ye wealthy tenants of the  
 soil, [toil,  
 Who build your fortunes on the peasant's  
 Let not this night of mirth and plenteous  
 cheer  
 Be the sole solace of the lab'rer's year!  
 He guides your ploughs, he scatters in  
 your seed, [waving mead:  
 Reaps your ripe corn, and mows your  
 He braves for you the summer's scorch-  
 ing ray,  
 And the wild horrors of the winter's day;  
 For you he daily quits his early bed,  
 Ere the young morning tints the east  
 with red, [sant flail,  
 And wields the spade, or plies th' inces-  
 Till ev'ning shadows spread along the  
 vale; [ply,  
 Be it yours in turn his comforts to sup-  
 And watch his wants with e'en a father's  
 eye. [warm,  
 Let his close cottage, neatly drest and  
 Laugh at the blustering of the wintry  
 storm;  
 Give him, the waste of labor to repair,  
 A meal of plenteous tho' of homely fare;  
 Bid your rich woods a bounteous load  
 bestow, [glow;  
 To give his ev'ning hearth a brighter  
 Let his lov'd children, clad in clean at-  
 tire, [sire;  
 Smile in the presence of their smiling

To crown the picture, let his days of rest  
 Be doubly cheerful; and be doubly blest;  
 Let daintier food his Sunday's group re-  
 gale, [ling ale.  
 And crown his Christmas cup with spark.

*The falling LEAF.*

(From "Faulconstein Forest.")

WHY steals o'er my Hermit so pensive a  
 gloom, [in the glade?  
 As the leaves of the poplar are strewn  
 Do they warn thee, fair mourner, that  
 youth's brightest bloom,  
 Like them, in the blast of the autumn  
 must fade?  
 Cease, lovely enthusiast: the light sunny  
 hair, [ver'd by age:  
 That floats o'er thy neck, may be sil-  
 Yet still shall the softness, that breathes  
 through thine air, [gaze.  
 The homage of taste and of feeling en-  
 With tender devotion I oft shall repeat  
 The vows that in life's vernal morning  
 were given,  
 And turn from the gay and the haughty,  
 to meet [zure of heaven!  
 Those glances that beam with the a-

*Lines Written by a Lady on a Window.*

THE pow'r of Love shall never wound my  
 heart,  
 Though he assail me with his fiercest dart.

*Written underneath by a Gentleman.*

THE Lady has her resolution spoke,  
 Yet writes on glass, in hopes it may be  
 broke!

*La NOUVEAUTÉ.*

AUX lieux où règne la Folie  
 Un jour la Nouveauté parut.  
 Aussitôt chacun accourut:  
 Chacun disait, "Qu'elle est jolie!"  
 "Ah! Madame la Nouveauté,  
 Demeurez dans notre patrie:  
 Plus que l'esprit et la beauté  
 Vous y fûtes toujours chérie."  
 Lors la déesse à tous ces foux  
 Répondit, "Messieurs, j'y demeure,"  
 Et leur donna le rendez-vous  
 Le lendemain à la même heure.  
 Le jour vint: elle se moutra  
 Aussi brillante que la veille.  
 Le premier qui la rencontra,  
 S'écria, "Dieux! comme elle est vieille!"

\*\*\* Any approved translation or imitation,  
 that may have reached us by the fifteenth of  
 August, shall appear in our Magazine for  
 that month.



## FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

On the 22d of February, four French frigates, under Commodore Requebert, bound for the Isle of France, with 1500 troops on board, fell in with the American ship *Endeavour* from Lisbon to Marble-Head, borrowed 10,000 dollars from her, and sunk the vessel, putting the crew on board another American ship to find their way home.

*Buenos Ayres, March 23.*—Brigadier Elio, who pretends to be Viceroy, arrived at Monte Video some time ago, and has anew declared Buenos Ayres and this coast in a state of blockade against every intercourse inwardly and outwardly, from the 15th of this month. The consequence of this hostile act has been a general insurrection of all the eastern country of the Rio de la Plata against Monte Video.

A new Junta has been formed in Lagaira, at the head of which is placed General Miranda. On the installation of this body, a manifesto has been issued, breathing sentiments of conciliation and liberty.

On the 27th of March, Christophe was pompously proclaimed King of the North, under the title of Henry the First.

*Malta, April 11.*—Last November a mercantile house here shipped a quantity of goods on board a Maltese vessel, with an Austrian supercargo, bound for Durazzo. The goods were to be forwarded through Albania and Bosnia into the Austrian provinces. On the arrival of the vessel, J. Leard, Esq. the British Consul, applied to the Captain Pacha for permission to land and forward the goods on paying the usual duties. This was granted; but when the Austrian supercargo was on the point of setting out, the goods were sequestered, and the supercargo put in prison. Mr. Leard was also arrested and confined. A few days afterwards a party of Janissaries came to demand, within 24 hours, 8,800 sequins, as an indemnification for expenses incurred in the vice-admiralty court of Malta by claiming some Albanian vessels detained by Maltese privateers. Mr. Leard was finally obliged to deliver to the Pacha's officers a quantity of merchandise, estimated by themselves at 7,000*l*, but which was much under the value of the goods, and was also forced to give a certificate that he had voluntarily consigned the goods to the Pacha. Another demand was then made for 4,600 sequins on Mr. Lampel, the British vice-consul, who

was sent to prison, and threatened with being put in irons, if the money was not paid in six days. In the interval, the *Belle Poale*, Captain Brisbane, appeared off the port, and demanded the British property and subjects. This demand was, however, disregarded, and the consul and vice-consul were forced to make another consignment, and sign certificates that they had voluntarily sold and delivered the goods.

*April 9th.*—An order was issued to the Catalonians, to give no quarter to any individual whatever of the French army, who may be apprehended within or in the vicinity of any town that has been sacked, set on fire, or in which any assassination has been committed, and informing the guerillas, that every individual shall be punished, who may spare the life of any prisoner taken under the aforesaid circumstances.

A letter from Savannah, dated April 15, states that the British vessels which had arrived there after the 2d of February, and also many American vessels with British goods, had been condemned under the Non-Intercourse Act.

*Preshburg, April 24.*—Early in the morning of the 16th inst. the Danube, without any previous warning, suddenly overflowed its banks, below Pest, and inundated the adjacent country thirty miles. By this accident twenty-four villages, for the most part extremely populous, were swept away, with the greater part of their inhabitants. It is computed that between three and four thousand persons have lost their lives.

*April 25.*—In working a coal-mine at Liege, the inflammable air took fire, and a terrible explosion was the consequence, by which 35 men were killed on the spot, and 18 more or less dangerously wounded.

*New York, April 27.*—The differences, which appeared to have been composed between Pétion and Rigaud, in the island of St. Domingo, have burst into a fresh flame. A gentleman lately from Port-au-Prince relates, that strong symptoms of a contest between the Mulattoes and Negroes were visible; the former were numerous in the district of Aux Cayes, the seat and centre of Rigaud's power. There is little security in that afflicted island for the lives or property of strangers.

*May 7.*—An article, dated from the frontiers of Hungary, states that the negotiations for peace between the Turks and Russians were not broken off, but



were, on the contrary, proceeding with great activity.

*Algeria.*—A little after midnight of the 10th of May, the French garrison blew up the fortifications, abandoned the place, and made their escape.

*May 15.*—A meteor was seen at Lausanne, at half past eight in the evening, in the shape of a lozenge, and of a whitish color, which, after remaining stationary about ten minutes, turned at one end in a serpentine form, then took the shape of a horse-shoe, and disappeared in about eight minutes afterwards.

*May 16.*—The French general Soult, with about 22,000 men, attacked the allied army of about 25,000 under general Ebersford, near Albuera. After an obstinate and sanguinary conflict of about seven hours, the French were completely defeated, and driven to flight, with the loss of above 2,000 killed, about 1,000 prisoners, and 7 or 8,000 wounded, of whom about 2,000 were abandoned helpless on the field, and 4,000 more are said to have been overtaken by the Spaniards, and massacred.—Soult himself was wounded, and narrowly escaped being taken.—The loss of the British amounts to near 900 killed, 2702 wounded, and 544 missing.—The Portuguese and Spaniards behaved with very great gallantry. Of the latter, a body of 4,000 were surrounded and entirely cut to pieces—having refused quarter, and made great slaughter of their assailants.

*May 16.*—An engagement took place, near the entrance of the Chesapeake, between the American frigate the President (commodore Rogers) and the British sloop of war Little Belt (capt Bingham). American seamen had been impressed by British vessels. Commodore Rogers being sent to obtain their release, met the Little Belt, hailed her, but received no answer. A shot was fired, and a battle ensued which continued for fifteen minutes; when the sloop ceased to fire.—The next morning commodore Rogers sent an officer on board, to offer any assistance they might require; and to express his regret at the circumstance that had occurred the preceding evening. The sloop of war proved to be the Little Belt, capt. Bingham, who apologised; and gave as a reason for firing into the frigate, that he supposed her to be a Frenchman; and politely declined any assistance, as he believed he would be able to reach a port in safety.—The Little Belt lost, in killed and wounded, 30 men, and was very

much injured, having had nearly all her masts and spars shot away, besides several shots in her hull.—The President received some trifling damage in her rigging, and had one boy slightly wounded.—It is not yet ascertained which party fired the first shot.

King Joseph arrived at Paris on the 16th.

*Vienna, May 19.*—The last news from Bucharest and Constantinople agrees in stating that the negotiations between Russia and the Porte are continued with much activity.

We learn from Belgrade, that an insurrection has broken out on the southern frontiers of Servia, which threatens to become extremely formidable: the insurgents are 12,000 in number. The senate is without authority or means to quell it: Czerny Petrowets, the general, is extremely dissatisfied.

Official letter from the new French minister Bassano, to the American agent at Paris:—"Sir, By a decision of the Emperor, the American ships and their cargoes, which have arrived in the French ports since the 2d November, are set at liberty."

Dutch papers of the 28th inform us that the exchange at Amsterdam must be shut by three o'clock—the streets leading to it must be immediately evacuated; and all who shall be found in them afterwards, are to be treated as disturbers of the public peace.—Not more than three persons are permitted to stop and talk in the streets.

*London, May 29.*—The island of Trinidad is in a state of agitation. The inhabitants have often petitioned for the establishment of British laws and the British constitution, but without success.—In 1808, Mr. G. Smith was sent out, with an appointment to three distinct offices, equivalent to those (in England) of Lord Chancellor, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and Attorney General.—The Spanish laws, by which the island is governed, forbid the holding of more judicial situations than one. The governor, therefore, in conjunction with the council and cabildo, on the 16th of March, issued a proclamation, suspending Mr. Smith from the exercise of those various judicial functions.—Mr. Smith protested against their proceedings, and is returned to England.

*Gottenburg, May 30.*—Bernadotte has rendered himself extremely popular.—In every Swedish port, orders have been issued



ed to take all Danish vessels, to burn all their privateers, and make their crews prisoners. The Danes have more than 400 privateers.

*Carlsrona, June 2.*—The state of Prussia and Germany is miserable; and, to the eastward of Memel, no ships are allowed to sail at all from any harbour.

A letter from Heligoland, dated June 2, says—This day, after a forenoon of remarkably fine weather, some dark and gloomy clouds were perceived about four o'clock to arise from the south, at the extremity of the horizon, and continued to collect till about half past four, when the gloom was so great as almost to equal nocturnal darkness. On a sudden a white foam was perceived on the surface of the sea, drifting along with astonishing rapidity; and, on its approach, it blew such a hurricane of wind as has scarcely been witnessed by the oldest inhabitant on this island. In a moment every light article on the ground was carried into the air; for about half an hour the sea appeared one mass of foam, when a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning ensued, followed by a heavy pouring of rain.—This calmed the wind.

*Heligoland, June 5*—The measures adopted by the enemy to prevent all intercourse with this island are becoming more and more rigorous.—The governor of Wangeroff, with several persons on that island, have been put under arrest, and marched off, in consequence of being suspected of holding intercourse with persons from this island.

By a late arrangement every vessel or boat leaving the coast on any pretence, and not returning in eleven days from the date of departure, is liable to be confiscated or destroyed, and the owner runs the risk of being condemned to death as a traitor, and the property seized.

A professor of surgery gives an account in the *Moniteur* of the Two Sicilies, of assisting at a very difficult and extraordinary *accouchement*, the result of which

was, that thirteen small children were produced, six males, and seven females. He adds, that these children, although of microscopic dimensions, were as perfectly formed as children born of a usual size.

*Paris, June 10.*—The ceremony of the baptism of the King of Rome, and the fêtes accompanying it, were celebrated with the pomp suitable to their object.

The art of rising and moving in the air by means of wings continues to engage the attention of a number of persons in Germany. At Vienna, the watchmaker Degen, aided by a liberal subscription, is occupied in perfecting his discovery. He has recently taken several public flights. At Berlin, Claudius, a manufacturer of oil-cloth, is engaged in like pursuits: he rises in the air without difficulty, and can move in a direct line at the rate of four miles an hour; but his wings are unwieldy, and he cannot turn round in them.—At Ulm, a tailor, named Berblinger, announced on the 24th April, that he had, after great sacrifice of money, labor, and time, invented a machine in which he would, on the 12th of May, rise in the air, and fly twelve miles.

*London, June 12.*—There is a schism in the Gallican church.—Some time since, the formula of an excommunication against Napoleon was printed, but not published, at Rome. It is asserted that a part, or the whole, of this formula was read by the Archbishop of Paris at the cathedral, and, in consequence, the metropolitan was removed from his see. On this occasion, another ecclesiastic was translated to this high dignity, but whom the pope has refused to confirm; and, on account of this want of confirmation, the prelates and other dignitaries within the metropolitan see have declined canonical obedience to the new archbishop.

*London, June 15*—Not less than seven vessels, all English, have been sent to Calais, with gold, of the current coin of this country.

## DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

*His Majesty.*

TOWARD the end of May, his Majesty's indisposition was considerably increased.—On the 29th, the Queen's council authorised a more strict regimen; and three of Dr. Willis's assistants were em-

ployed. On the 31st, the disorder took a much more unfavorable turn; and two more of Doctor Willis's assistants became necessary.—On the 1st June, the Queen's council met at Windsor, to examine the physicians; and the result was so far



from satisfactory, that there appeared little hope of his ever being able to resume the regal functions.—He is now entirely under the care of Dr. Willis: the pages have been removed; and Doctor Willis's men perform the whole duty of attending on his Majesty's person.—The other physicians are only consulted in regard to medical prescriptions, when thought necessary: but, as the king's bodily health is good, medicine has not been deemed requisite.—Since this new course of treatment, evident signs of improvement have appeared; the swelling in the legs is not considered as immediately dangerous; and the fear of dropsy is considerably abated, as the symptoms are slight, and may, it is hoped, be overcome.—On the 24th, His Majesty walked twice on the Terrace, accompanied by Dr. Willis.

*Irish Catholics.*—May 28, at the levee, their petition, respecting the recent conduct of the Irish government toward their body, was presented to the Regent by the Earls of Shrewsbury and Fingal, attended by Viscount Southwell, Viscount Castlereagh, Sir Edward Bellew, Sir H. O'Reilly, Sir Francis Goold, General O Farrell, Lieut. Col. Burke, Mr. Burke, Captain Bryan, Mr. O'Reilly, Mr. McDonald, and Mr. Owen O'Connor.—May 31, in the House of Commons, Mr. Grattan moved that the petition to that house, from the Aggregate Meeting of Catholics, should be referred to a committee of the whole. The question was negatived by a majority of 146 to 83.—June 18, in the House of Lords, the Earl of Donoughmore moved that the Catholic petitions should be referred to a committee of the whole House. The question was negatived by a majority of 121 to 62.—On this occasion, the Bishop of Norwich warmly advocated the claims of the Catholics.

*Rate of Bread.*—Quarter when wheat was thirteen pence three farthings.—June 6, fourteen pence.—June 13, thirteen pence, farthing.—June 20, and 27, the same.

May 12.—About five o'clock in the afternoon, a destructive phenomenon appeared at Bonsall, in the Peak of Derbyshire. A singular motion was observed in a cloud of a serpentine form, which moved in a circular direction, from S. by W. to N. extending itself to the ground. It began its operations near Hopton, and continued its course about five or six

miles in length, and about 4 or 500 yards in breadth, tearing up plantations, leveling barns, walls, and miners' cots. It tore up large ash trees, carrying them from 20 to 30 yards: and twisted the tops from the trunks, conveying them 50 to 100 yards distance. Cows were lifted from one field to another, and injured by the fall; miners' buddle-tubs, wash-vats, and other materials, carried to a considerable distance, and forced into the ground. This was attended with a most tremendous hail-storm; stones and lumps of ice were measured from 9 to 12 inches in circumference, breaking windows, injuring cattle, &c. &c.

*Labels.*—May 24, in the court of K. B. Mr. Drakard (for a libel, noticed in our Number for March, page 141) was sentenced to pay a fine of 200l. to be imprisoned in the castle of Lincoln for 12 months, and, at the expiry of that period, to enter into recognisances to keep the peace for three years; himself in 400l. and two sureties in 200l. each.

For three opera nights past, several gentlemen have lost their pocket-books, snuff-boxes, &c. by having their pockets cut in the pit.

May 27. The greatest flood and storm in the memory of the inhabitants were experienced in several parts of Shropshire. Nine persons perished at Pontesford, and three at Minsterley. Upwards of 3,000 acres were covered by the deluge, and, in some places, the course of the Severn was actually changed.

A letter from Dover states, that as the workmen were digging and removing the Cliff adjoining Moate's Bulwark (which fell into the Ordnance Yard in the month of December, and killed the wife and six children of Mr. Pool, the overseer of the works) on Thursday evening, they, on removing three or four large pieces of rock, discovered the hog-stye, which was excavated in the cliff, and in it, to the astonishment of every one, the hog alive, which had been buried under the ruins for five months and nine days!

On Saturday evening, as a boy was taking home several articles from a dress-maker's, he was met by a man in Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, who asked him if he had not a parcel for No. 54, in that street; the boy replied in the affirmative; the man said the lady was waiting for the pelisse, and desired to have the parcel to take to her. The boy imprudently gave it to him. After the boy had



delivered his other parcels, a suspicion arose in his mind that he had not done right; he went to No. 54, Great Russell-street, to inquire if the parcel had been received, and learned the whole was a deception.

*May 28.*—In the court of King's Bench, a verdict was given against a mechanic for a penalty-incurred by employing, as journeyman, a person who had not served a seven years' apprenticeship.—The penalty is forty shillings per month.

The Bishop of London has increased the revenues of the metropolitan see more than 4,000*l.* per annum, by a renewal of leases that were nearly expiring.

*Old Bailey.*—*May 29.* W. Thacker, and W. Thompson, excise-officers, were found guilty of stealing a quantity of coffee.

It is reported, that large sums in specie have been lately remitted from France, for the purchase of goods in England—in single and double Napoleons.

*May 30.*—The report of a committee of the House of Lords states that there are now pending before them two hundred and ninety-six appeals, and forty-two writs of error.

The public are cautioned against an elderly woman, of genteel appearance and good address, who is generally accompanied by a neatly dressed young female, about nineteen years of age, in a blue-bodied chariot, attended by an elderly footman, several depredations on tradespeople having been committed by the party.—On ordering goods at a shop, the first thing the aged swindler does, is to inquire for some lady of consequence, who is known to deal there, and on being informed she is not there, the swindler affects great surprise, orders goods, takes part of them away, and leaves cards for the lady inquired for, if she calls. At other shops goods have been obtained by the party, by false cheques. This system of robbery has been carried on to a considerable extent within the last three weeks.

*May 31, Plymouth.*—Between four and five o'clock this morning, although it was then a perfect calm, the sea on a sudden became much agitated, and a boar or wane came into the harbour, which caused the tide to run with amazing velocity; and the water, in the space of a few minutes, flowed from seven to eight feet perpendicular, and as quickly receded, which continued for a considerable

time; nor did the great agitation of the sea subside until several hours after. Some damage has been done to vessels in the harbour. (*See June 8.*)

*Old Bailey.*—*June 1.* \*\*\* Thomas, and Richard Armitage, received sentence of death, for having forged and uttered divided warrants, and thereby defrauded the bank.

*Court of King's Bench.*—*June 1,* George Manners, esq. editor of the "Satirist," was found guilty of publishing, in that miscellany, a libel on W. Hallett, esq.

*Mungo Parke.*—The *Merced* arrived a few days ago at Plymouth, has brought accounts from Africa, which completely put an end to all hopes of the existence of Mungo Parke, the eastern-sing traveller. The search that had been made after him tended fully to confirm the accounts previously received of his dissolution. It seems the immediate cause of his death was a fever, brought on by the hardships he endured. He drew his last breath in the hovel of an old negro woman. Not a vestige of his papers has been discovered.

*June 4.*—In the drawing of the state lottery, the contractors had, among the unsold tickets, capital prizes to the amount of one hundred and two thousand pounds, besides their full proportion of lesser prizes of 100*l.* & *infra.* But, on the other hand, they did not sell more than 10,200 tickets, out of 20,000.

The gibbet near Drinsey Nook, between Gainsborough and Lincoln, upon which Thomas Otter, *alias* Temporell, was hanged in chains, pursuant to his sentence, for the murder of his wife, five years ago, presents at this time a most extraordinary sight. Under the jaw-bone of the skeleton a small bird called the featherpoke, has built her nest, which extends downwards nearly as far as the ribs; and in that situation she has performed her incubation, and hatched a nest-ful of young ones.

*June 7.*—The House of Commons, in Committee of Supply, voted 100,000, to augment the livings of the poorer clergy.

*Plymouth, June 8.*—About four in the morning, the tide again (*See May 31*) flowed and ebbed several feet in a few minutes which continued at intervals for the space of four or five hours, during which, the immense swell, commonly called a Boar, drove into the harbour of Sutton Pool and Catwater, at the rate of four knots an hour, subjecting the vessels



at anchor there to great danger.—During the operation of the Boar, it thundered and lighted excessively.

June 9.—The Russian prisoners set sail from Portsmouth in several vessels; they are to be landed at Revel.

June 10.—The Regent had a grand review on Wimbledon Common, of between twenty and thirty thousand men. The concourse of spectators was immense; and some serious accidents happened.—On the 14th, he reviewed, on the same ground, three thousand cavalry.

The *Morning Chronicle*, of June 10, has the following paragraph.—Of all the stratagems to evade a prosecution for the purchase of guineas, the following one is the most ingenious:  
—“LOST, EIGHT GUINEAS.—Whoever may have found the same, and will bring them to Mr. —, shall receive ten pounds reward.

June 11.—A meeting of the Friends of Parliamentary Reform was held at the Freemasons' Tavern, where, among other resolutions, one was passed, recommending county and other local meetings, with the view of procuring numerous petitions to Parliament for a reform in the representation of the people.

June 12.—In the House of Commons, Mr. Lockhart stated, that there were upwards of 24,000 journeymen tailors within the Bills of Mortality, and that of these there were, upon a moderate average, 4,000 in combination; that they had among them at all times a large fund of money, and all counsel they could think necessary. He stated also, that they were most active, not only in carrying their own combinations into effect, but in co-operating with and maintaining those of other trades, more especially the calico-weavers.

June 13.—The grand rehearsal took place at St. Paul's Cathedral, of the different societies in the metropolis and its environs, amounting to seventy schools, containing near 7,000 children. They were extremely perfect in all they had to sing.

June 14.—From the proceedings of the House of Commons this day, it appears that there are now in England very near fifty thousand French prisoners; and, on the 18th, it was stated that twenty thousand of the number are in Dartmoor prison.

Doctors' Commons.—June 14. A marriage was pronounced null and void, un-

der the following circumstances. The lady, being under age, had married without her father's previous consent or knowledge. The father afterwards gave his consent: but this was held of no avail; and the lady (now of full age) obtained a divorce, after having lived with her husband five years.

Madame Catalani.—Four of the first workmen in the metropolis have been employed to furnish and decorate Madame Catalani's house at Brompton, which, complete as it now is, passes for one of the most elegant in Europe.

June 16. A number of well-dressed females are employed in going into shops, purchasing articles of small value, and obtaining change for notes, pretending to be 2l. notes. “Two” is well executed; but, on minute inspection, the word “pence” is discovered, engraved following the “Two,” in very diminutive characters. They are easily detected, by not having in the paper the water-mark, “Bank of England.” (See June 24.)

Newmarket has sustained an injury by the late atrocious act of poisoning the horses, from which it is not likely speedily to recover. Most of the principal noblemen and gentlemen have refused to enter their horses for the plates; and our breed of horses must of course suffer.

Some of the late West India journals contain extravagant praises of the Alcornouque tree, the inner bark of which, infused in a glass of liquor, and taken morning and night, is said to have acquired the reputation of a specific in all complaints of the liver and lungs.

A boat on a novel construction, to sail, when complete, against wind and tide, 48 feet long by 8½ wide, was launched, a few days since, at Mr Mansell's yard, Cannon's Marsh, Bristol.

June 19.—The Prince Regent gave a grand Fête, in honor of his Majesty's birth-day—for the particulars of which, see our Appendix.—Diamonds were borrowed for the night, at the rate of eleven per cent.

Court of King's Bench.—June 19. In the long-pending cause of Sir Francis Burdett against the Serjeant at arms, for breaking open his house, and there arresting him on a warrant from the Speaker of the House of Commons, the jury returned a verdict (in effect) for the defendant, though, from the form of the declaration, there was some doubt as to the manner in which it should be entered.



*Court of King's Bench.*—June 20. The Reverend Richard Blacow was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for a libel on Mrs. Fairclough.

*Fraud.*—A man of decent appearance, with florid complexion, and about five feet eight inches, has committed several frauds on unprotected females of the better order, within the last fortnight, by assuming to be a sheriff's officer, and attacking his object with a fictitious writ. A woman of the name of Sterling, in Suffolk street, received a visit from the impostor on Saturday night, on returning from the Opera, and he obtained 7l. of her by pretending to arrest her for a debt of 35l. due to a Mr. Harrol. This money was obtained to let the business stand over for a fortnight. Another young female of the name of Summer, Norton street, also gave the fellow 5l. by instalments, not to execute a writ upon her; and several others have been defrauded. The offender is supposed to be a fellow recently out of prison for the same offence.

A pedestrian, of the name of Barden, lately walked sixty miles a day for six days, but was unable to proceed on the seventh, though a wager was at stake.

June 22.—By a decision in the Court of King's Bench this day, Methodist chapels are made chargeable with poor-rates.

June 23.—*Caution.*—There are in circulation certain notes for 5, 10, 20, and 50 pence, issued from the Fleet prison by a person in confinement there; which notes bear a great resemblance to those of the Bank of England, and purport to be issued by the *Governor and Company of the Fleet Bank in England*, with the signatures of Rd. Denton, T. Watts, and others. There are likewise in circulation, by the same person, similar notes of one and two pence. (See June 16.)

## BORN.

May 27. Of the lady of Col. Vercker, M. P. a daughter.

May 27. Of the lady of Lieut. Col. Colquhoun Grant, of the King's hussars, a son.

May 27. Of the lady of G. Wharton Marriot, esq. Lincoln's Inn Fields, a son.

May 31. Of Viscountess Galway, a son.

May 31. Of Mrs. Henry Baring, Devonshire street, a daughter.

May 31. Of the lady of Lieut. Col. Watson, of the third dragoon guards, twins.

May 31. Of the lady of Capt. Vernon Graham, South Audley street, a son.

June 1. Of the lady of A. W. Roberts, esq. New Norfolk street, a son.

June 8. Of the lady of Lord Sinclair, a son.

June 9. Of the lady of T. A. Curtis, esq. Wanslead, Essex, a daughter.

June 15. Of the lady of John Norris, esq. Bentinck street, Manchester square, a daughter.

June 18. Of the lady of W. Bolland, esq. Adelphi terrace, a daughter.

## MARRIED.

May 14. Viscount Killcoursie, to Miss Coppin, of Cowley.

May 16. In St. George's church, Hanover square, Col. Orde, of the 99th, to Miss Beckford, sister to the Marchioness of Douglas.

May 23. John Fassett Burnett, esq. of Vauxhall, to Miss Elizabeth Barchard.

May 28. Thos. Bates Rous, esq. to Charlotte Gwen, daughter of Sir Robert Salusbury, bart.

May 28. At Bonnington, Charles Montgomery Campbell, esq. to Miss Julia Chesshyre.

May 29. The Rev. John Fellowes, to Miss Susan Lyon.

May 30. At Twickenham, Henry Belairs, esq. to Miss Dora Mackenzie.

June 2. Captain Sykes, of the navy, to Miss Earl.

June 3. Captain Wm Midwinter, of the Bengal establishment, to Miss Ann Thomas.

June 6. Charles Clement Adderly, of Ham's Hall, esq. to Anna Maria, eldest daughter of Sir Edmond Cradock Harropp, bart.

June 6. Rich Dallett, esq. of Merton, to Miss Elizabeth Harper.

June 11. The Rev. Geo. Phillips, of Manchester, to Miss Savill.

June 11. John Smallpiece, esq. of Guildford, to Miss Mary Haydon.

June 12. George Fox, esq. of Ipswich, to Miss Shergold.

## DECEASED.

May 6. Dame Joanna Watson, relict of Sir Jas. Watson.

May 15. The lady of the Rev. Dr. Nicholas, of Great Ealing.

May 21. Miss Hales, sister to Sir Edward Hales.

May 23. Aged 19, Lady Charlotte Pelham Clinton, sister to the Duke of Newcastle.

May 23. At Beverley, John Colman, esq.

May 23. Viscount Longueville, aged 76.

May 27. In his 76th year, Rich. Penn, esq. grandson of the celebrated Wm. Penn.



May 27. D. A. Mac Donnel, esq. author of several esteemed literary productions.

May 27. In Great Pulteney street, in his 82d year, Robert Bisset, esq.

May 29. At Edinburgh, Lord Melville. He had retired to rest in perfect health, and was found dead in bed the next morning.

May 31. At Caldecote hall, Warwickshire, Mary Elizabeth, wife of the Hon. Thomas Bowes.

June 2. Lady Gordon, wife of the Rev. Sir Adam Gordon, bart. rector of West Tilbury.

June 3. In his 70th year, the Earl of Carnarvon.

June 3. In Buckingham street, Fitzroy square, Mrs. Devall, aged 73.

June 4. In Old Burlington street, the Countess de Erühl.

June 8. At East-place, Lambeth, aged 60, Elizabeth, relict of the late David Schoolbrod, esq.

June 12. Earl Massarene, aged 65.

June 13. The lady of Captain Phillips, of Upper Guildford street.

June 13. In Foley-place, in his 72d year, Laurence Strange, esq.

June 16. The hon. Charles Bagenall Agar.

June 17. The Rev. Richard Dodd, rector of Cowley, Middlesex.

June 18. Wm. Priddey, esq. of Allington, Wilts.

June 23. Viscountess Sidmouth.

# APPENDIX.

## The Prince Regent's Fête.

THE history of our amusements presents no species of spectacles such as we are about to describe: it was a *chef-d'œuvre*, which, for splendor and variety, never, we believe, was equalled in any age or country.

Carlton House has been considered as the *acmé* of perfection; in interior decoration it certainly has long excelled. An acknowledged judge has represented its acquirements as follows:—"Every article of furniture is uniform in its appearance, and correct in its execution; the embellishments of the apartments are classically chaste, novel, and splendid; the ornamental decorations of the walls spirited and lively; the colors of the Grecian, Etruscan, Roman, and Chinese draperies brilliant and beautiful."

Without that *pompous pageantry* which distinguished the entertainments given

by British and other Princes in ancient times, it contained all the elements of the completest and grandest *fête* which the ingenuity of such inimitable artists, as were employed in it, could devise.

The industry of the town, which always forms the vanguard in the army of pleasure, long since gave note of preparation. For six weeks past, the whole host of weavers, tailors, mantua-makers, and milliners, have been in a state of requisition. Architects, upholsterers, painters, carpenters, cooks, and confectioners, were levied *en masse*, and other supplies raised, to an un-examined amount, for this splendid occasion.

Bond street, St. James's street, Piccadilly, and the Park, were totally deserted on Wednesday, except by a few females, hurrying in their carriages, from shop to shop, to purchase essences and ribbons.

Between nine and ten o'clock, all the fashionables in the world were in motion. The effect of such a mass of coaches and chariots, collecting from all quarters, and pouring upon the spot, may be easily conceived. The first had scarcely reached Carlton House, before the neighbouring streets, St. James's street, Bond street, and Piccadilly, presented a long and un-interrupted cavalcade. The line that descended St. James's street extended from the top the whole length of Piccadilly, three lines deep. Instructions were given the coachmen to set down and take up with the horses' heads towards the Haymarket. By this arrangement, all crossing and jostling were avoided; but, from the necessary slowness of the procession, numbers abandoned their carriages, and made their way through the immense multitude on foot. Jermyn street, Duke street, Bury street, King street, (all leading to one point, namely, St. James's square) were free of access to chairs only; they were admitted at the private eastern door in Pall-mall.

The interior of Carlton House.—Having effected the first wish (an *entrée safe* and sound into the court-yard) the company, big with expectation, and seeing what surpassed the most romantic ideas they could form, had the supreme felicity of finding every thing excel all possibility of conception. Passing underneath the portico, which bears so distinguished a feature in the architecture of the front, the visitors entered the hall of entrance, the grand hall, the octagon hall (leading to the basement of the great stairs), and great stair-case.—These are considered



as *chef d'œuvre* of the late Mr. Holland; the appropriate ornaments are bronzed, and on a pale green ground. The marble and stone floors were covered with a mixed-colored carpet; The colors in the border were scarlet and black. In the large hall were placed tables, with refreshments. The octagon communicated, in three directions, through magnificent arched door-ways; they were decorated with scarlet draperies, each having silk gold-colored lace, fringe, and tassels. The centre arched door communicated with

*The first Anti-room*.—This apartment closed the parallel line, that is to say, the extent of the central part of the house, from the north to the south, straight from the entrance door. The first object which presented itself was a most magnificent plate of English glass, 15 feet high, and broad in proportion: it was placed in the pier, and reflected the outer-hall, &c. The draperies were of apricot broad-cloth, tastefully decorated with blue and black velvet ornaments; they were continued over the glass. The seats were *Ottomans*, covered and ornamented to correspond with the curtains. In this apartment hung several portraits of public characters, particularly the late Duke of Bedford, and Earl Moira; and over the chimney-glass, in an oval frame of exquisite carving, brought from Paris, the portrait of Madame Pompadour.—Turning to the right led into

*The Bow Anti-Room*, (which communicated with the Throne Room).—This room was hung with white crimson English damask, with rich gold mouldings. The draperies around the room were of blue satin, tastefully thrown over gold ornaments. The bow windows were decorated with rich draperies to correspond with the hangings, supported by elegant gold Roman military standards, eagles, and other ornaments, richly decorated with gold fringes. In the piers were placed noble glasses, with rich marble tops, and *or-moulés*, in beautiful carved and gilt frames; and in the centre window, an immensely large china vase, on a golden tripod. The chairs and sofas richly carved, were covered with damask silk. The general style of the whole of the room may be considered as a judicious improvement upon the old English style of furnishing. In this room hung several beautiful specimens of cabinet pictures by the old masters, among them the celebrated Hay-field, by Wouvermans,

lately purchased. The chimney piece, which is of antique red marble, decorated with Chinese figures, and other ornaments, finely executed in *or-moulés*, had a striking effect. There were two tables decorated in the same manner, having placed upon them the most costly *or-moulés* branches.

*The Throne Room*.—This splendid apartment was hung with rich crimson velvet with embroidered ornaments in pure gold, and most massive gold fringes and laces. The canopy, superbly carved and gilt, was surmounted by four helmets composed of real gold, having plumes of the finest white ostrich feathers, many of them 17 inches in height. On each side the canopy were magnificent antique draperies, decorated to correspond with it, and forming back-grounds to two superb gold candelabra, after the antique, executed in the finest manner, with lions couchant, and other appropriate ornaments. Under the canopy stood a grand state chair and footstool. The compartments of the room were decorated with the richest gold ornaments on a crimson velvet ground, with draperies enriched with gold fringes *en suite*. There were two superb glasses about twelve feet high, with oriental alabaster tables, on frames, carved and gilt in the most superb style. On a chimney decorated with *or-moulés* foliage of the richest sculpture, was placed a large glass in a superb frame; and on the chimney piece and tables, were five French figure girandoles of *or-moulés*. In this room were no other seats than stools, gilt and covered with crimson velvet. Here were whole-length portraits in grand gold frames, of their Majesties, the Prince Regent, and the Duke of York. Through a door at one end of this room, a temporary staircase presented itself to view, which communicated with the conservatory; this section was intended as a private passage for the Prince Regent and his particular friends to pass down to the head of the tables, when supper was announced. Opposite to the above door, a door leading to the Throne-room being removed, and a large glass being placed in the opposite door, on the further side beyond the Throne, the whole range of candelabra, and the Throne itself were reflected in it; and a striking *coup-d'œil* was thereby produced. Keeping still to the right carried us into

*The Ball Room*.—This apartment was decorated with Arabesque ornament, and figures, painted in the finest style imaginable.



able, on gold grounds, in pannels, between pilasters richly carved and gilt. The ceiling, decorated in compartments, had a very fine effect. The windows and recesses have circular tops, and they were decorated with rich blue velvet draperies, with massive gold fringes, lace, tassels, and ropes; the latter were likewise of gold. In the recesses were magnificent French plates of looking-glass, in gold frames, having sofas under them, richly carved and covered with blue velvet; the chairs to suit. Before each pilaster was placed a rich gilt pedestal, in which was seen a superb French girandole, carrying eight wax lights, executed in *or-moulé*, in the most elegant manner. The two chimney-pieces of statuary marble were ornamented with foliage and figures in bronze and *or-moulé*, and over them were glasses in gold frames, and French candelabra, worthy of the *tout ensemble*. The last room forms the south western angle of the palace; here we turned to the north, and then entered by a fine and classically ornamented door.

Dancing commenced about twelve o'clock, in the Grand Council Chamber, in two sets, which were divided by a crimson cordon.

The Prince Regent, and the Royal Dukes of York, Clarence, Kent, Cumberland, Cambridge, and Sussex, were present at this period (half past eleven), and appeared highly gratified to see so enlivening a scene. "Strike up, musicians, my old and favourite Scottish tune," exclaimed the Prince. Mr. Gow took the hint, and "*Fa lang nae mair to yan town*," was admirably played, and equally well danced.

*The Circular Dining Room.*—The ceiling of this room forms a dome, supported by large Scalliola porphyry columns, with an entablature silvered, and decorated with imitative bronze ornaments. The compartments and doors have figures and ornaments painted in the most masterly style by Mr. Jones, in imitation of bronze, on real silver grounds; the fronts of the recesses, &c. had light blue silk draperies, of an aerial tint, with silver balls; and around the room, immediately under the entablature, was a valence in pelmets of blue puffed silk, on each of which a superb cut glass stand and silver balls appeared suspended in the intermediate spaces. In the recess, below the large window, a superb side-board was placed, supported by bronzed griffins, and vine-leaves. There were three tiers of shelves,

with plate glass backs, intended and used as a *dépôt* for a part of the Prince Regent's magnificent service of gold plate. In the recess opposite stood another side-board to correspond, on bronzed Chimæras, richly chased; the other ornaments were gilt rails, and branches for lights. Underneath was placed an uncommonly fine antique car, of inestimable value, standing upon bronze and brass wheels; this magnificent appendage served all the purposes of a wine cooler. The two fire-places, and two compartments to correspond, are decorated with real verd antique marble slabs, in silver frames, with bronze ornaments, and Chimæra supporters. On each were placed two stands for lights, supported by groupes of boys, finely done in bronze. There were four chancelleries (or wool-sacks), with Chimæras at the angles covered with blue silk, decorated with solid silver fringe. The lightness of colour and style of this apartment produced, by contrast with the splendor of the adjoining apartments, a very striking effect. The centre window being taken out, a temporary orchestra, elegantly fanciful, suddenly appeared, as if by enchantment, by the drawing up of a curtain, when the clock struck eleven. Here, by the able superintendence of Mr. Gow, a concord of sweet sounds, produced by 22 musicians, was diffused far and near. Immediately opposite the band, was a door communicating with the Anti-room, likewise appropriated for dancing, and thus answering the purpose of both rooms.

*The Dressing-room.*—at present used as a Council-room. This magnificent structure was hung with a rich bright crimson English damask, with draperies for the windows; the circular termination of the room, and the sides of the doors and chimney-glasses, were richly decorated with deep massive fringes of real gold, and crimson silk, with gold ornaments. Around the room, under the cornice, were placed ornaments of a fan shape, composed of flutes of bright crimson satin, terminating with a deep gold fringe, and gold ribbons in the intermediate spaces; and in the centre of each was an Apollo's head, with golden rays, finely carved; under this range were suspended rich draperies with the same rich fringe as the others. The two chimney-pieces in this room excel, in beauty, the others; they are composed of the purest white marble, with figures of Satyrs with infants in their arms, which they seem to



be warming. These are executed by that incomparable artist Mr. Valliamy. French plate pier chimney glasses and candelabra. The ceiling is coved, above a rich white and gold Corinthian cornice; and it is finely decorated with trophies and other well-designed ornaments, executed in the best style. All the rooms we have already described had each a cut-glass lustre. Here were suspended five chandeliers of unrivalled beauty: the largest was by Perry and Parker; the others by Hancock, Shepherd, and Rixon. The chairs and sofas were massive and finely executed, having black ornaments on gold grounds, covered with damask, decorated with black velvet, and rich silk fringes, golden tripods with cranes, and other ornaments, after the antique; French figure girandoles and *or-moulu* branches. This last apartment terminates the range from south to north: and, turning eastwards, the company entered

*The West Anti-room.*—This room communicated with the hall of entrance: it was decorated with superfine scarlet cloth, with draperies and black velvet ornaments, fringes, and gold cornices. Ottoman seats, sofas, and chairs, covered with scarlet, and supported by golden paws of griffins. Under a large pier glass was a mosaic table.—The walls were covered with flock paper of a drab ground, with rich gold mouldings, forming a very judicious ground for the pictures. Over the chimney was a whole-length portrait of Louis XV. in a superb French frame: on one side was a whole-length of the late Duke of Cumberland; and on the other, of the Duke of Clarence. At one end of the room was a portrait of the great Duke of Cumberland; on the other side, that of the late Duke of Rutland. Over the doors were oval portraits of George II. and Queen Caroline. The floor of this room, as well as that of the large Drawing-room adjoining, was most tastefully decorated with painted ornaments for the dancing.

*The East Anti-room.*—This apartment was fitted up in a style similar to the last; but it being understood to be Colonel M'Mahon's room, it was not intruded on.

In returning to the First Anti-room, the company had again to pass through the Hall of Entrance, the Great and the Octagon Halls. From that room a door on the left conveyed us into the following suite:—

1st—*The blue Velvet Room.*—This apartment has an enriched gold cornice of singular perfection; in the cove, by Smirke, are very beautiful paintings, in compartments, with rich gold ornaments; and from the skied ceiling is suspended a superb Grecian lustre enriched with *or-moulu*. On the walls were pannels, hung with dark blue velvet and gold mouldings. Here were first-rate paintings by old masters, and, among others, the invaluable Rembrandt, lately purchased for five thousand guineas; these pictures were suspended by rich silk gold-coloured lines and gold tassels. On a chimney-piece highly enriched, was placed a large glass, reflecting candelabra, *or-moulu*, and china ornaments placed on the mantle shelf. At each end of the room were *Buhl* cabinets. The chairs and sofas were covered with blue satin and gold. In addition to other cabinets, were two *encointeres*, placed on grand figure girandoles; tripod stands, bearing lights, added to brilliancy, they being equally costly and handsome. Over the windows and piers were grand draperies suspended by swans and other richly-carved ornaments, with golden *fleurs-de-lis*. The fringes and lace were of gold colored silk, underneath which were suspended white silk curtains, decorated with gold and tassels.

2d—*The small Blue Velvet Room*—in every respect the same as the preceding. The two next, which conclude the whole story, were:

*The two temporary Rooms* at the South-eastern end.—These were solely for refreshments of tea, coffee, &c. for the accommodation exclusively of the Ladies.

*The Basement Story.*—The whole range of the Basement Story, and the Gothic Conservatory, were appropriated to supper-rooms, into which the company descended by the lower division of the Grand Staircase, into an Octagon Sub-hall, most tastefully arranged as an arbour, with oak and laurel leaves in the back ground; added to the foliage, were a vast variety of beautiful natural flowers and plants, the whole judiciously illuminated. This passage led to

*The first Anti-room* of the lower apartments. In one was a large side-board, furnished with a baron of English roast beef, and other substantial proofs of genuine hospitality. Behind was placed a large glass, which, reflecting the arbour, produced an enchanting effect.



Turning to the left from this Anti-room, we entered a spacious Gothic library, adorned with handsome book-cases, filled with choice and tastefully bound books. In this room was placed a large table, laid with 60 covers, and a splendid glass plateau in the centre, decorated with French biscuit ornaments, and costly articles of plate. Beyond this room, are two spacious rooms; they were handsomely fitted up for the occasion, and adorned with valuable paintings, having tables, with covers, for the accommodation of one hundred persons, most elegantly arranged.—At the end of the furthest of these rooms, a mirror, reflecting the whole range, terminating with the Gothic Conservatory illuminated, produced a wonderful spectacle of splendor and brilliancy. On returning from these rooms through the first Anti-room, we entered the Bow-room, from the windows of which, the communications to the temporary rooms were made. This apartment had a large plate of looking-glass over the chimney (opposite the Bow room) in a rich frame of gold, reflecting the grand vista of the temporary rooms; and, at the end of the *allée-verte*, another glass (which we have before described) reflected every object *ad infinitum*. In the Bow-room, large enamels, executed by that distinguished artist, Mr. Bone, after celebrated paintings, in beautiful frames, presented such a proof of magnificence and judiciously splendid taste, as does honor to the arts. From this apartment we entered the Lower Drawing room, which was tastefully fitted up, and enlivened by two glasses placed opposite to each other. In this apartment were hung several well-chosen cabinet pictures; and among others, a curious view of Greenwich park, in which are introduced portraits of Charles I. his Queen, and Courtiers, by Vandyke. The next room, the Lower Dining-room, being long in proportion, had, at proper distances, two screens of Porphyry columns, with enriched capitals in gold. The cornice of the room was highly ornamented with gold. The glasses here reached from the ceiling to the floor, and handsome golden tripods carried vase lights. The end of this apartment communicated with the

Grand Gothic Conservatory.—By removing the spacious windows, a range of tables, extending the whole length of the Conservatory and lower Dining room, appeared, with 140 covers for the recep-

tion of the Prince Regent, and his particular party. The centre of this table was decorated by a rivalet of running water, in which were live gold and silver fish, meandering over banks of broken ground, with appropriate ornaments arranged in the happiest manner, and having Chinese bridges, pagodas, and other objects connected with the scenery. At the upper end of this table, forming a circle of larger diameter than the long table, presided the Prince Regent, assisted by his Royal brothers; and from thence his Royal Highness commanded a range of rooms, not less than 640 feet, occupied by supper-tables. At the upper end of the Conservatory, a side-board was constructed, covered with scarlet cloth, with muslin antique draperies, fringed, for the reception of the most splendid service of gilt plate, perhaps, in Europe. These beautiful and costly subjects being tastefully arranged, and a large glass being placed behind the Prince, reflecting every object in the whole extent, the effect may be more easily conceived than described; it was magnificent beyond all conception. The Conservatory is a unique building, of the richest specimen of the florid Gothic, correctly executed in imitative stone, and admitting the sun to shine through the glass interstices. The exquisite symmetry and lightness of this beautiful building at once surprised and delighted the eye. The whole range communicating with this Conservatory were decorated with scarlet cloth draperies, enriched with black velvet ornaments, and gold-coloured silk fringes: the walls were covered with plain scarlet flock paper, with gold mouldings. The whole of the supper-tables were furnished with complete sets of silver plates, dishes, and plateaux.

The supper and refreshments were of the most exquisite description.

The bells rang merry peals throughout the day, and at night the houses of several of the nobility were illuminated.

The first grand ceremonial of the evening was the introduction of the several branches of the illustrious house of Bourbon to the Prince Regent. Her Royal Highness the Duchess d'Angoulême was, on this occasion, presented by her Royal Highness the Duchess of York.

This splendid entertainment originated with his Royal Highness, from a desire to show every possible respect and filial affection to his royal father's birth day, it



not being convenient for the Queen to hold a drawing-room at St. James's Palace on the 4th of June. His Royal Highness, to prevent its passing without being observed as a national festival, determined on giving a grand Fête, which should not only be observed as a day of rejoicing by the higher orders, but that with it should be combined the encouragement of the arts and manufactures of the country, many of them having experienced great depression, who principally depend upon Court dresses, and all the *et-cæteras*, in consequence of her Majesty not having held any Courts this season. His Royal Highness, with that consideration, and a due regard to the welfare of his country, in his cards of invitation, had expressed a strong desire that every person should come dressed in articles of British manufacture only. This operated as a double advantage to trade; as, had some of the ladies been inclined to go in dresses they had worn before, this request of his Royal Highness would have entirely prevented it, as it is very rare that ladies are full-dressed without having articles of foreign manufacture of various sorts on; the result has been, the whole of the Court-dress-makers have been busily employed from the time the Fête, had been first determined on. Nearly the whole of the state-rooms and lower apartments in Carlton House have been diverted from any use to the Prince Regent for several weeks past, to the necessary temporary arrangements. A guard of soldiers was stationed, for several days past, at the temporary buildings, to protect them, as well as the valuable property there. Among those invited, great alarm had been excited lest they should not be able to gain admittance till a very late hour, when numbers would be returning, the hour announced for the company beginning to assemble being nine o'clock, fearing lest their carriages would not be able to get up—These fears, however, were dispelled in a great measure, by a hint being given them for as many to come in a carriage as could conveniently, which was complied with, and four, five, and six, were in the carriages generally that came. The company began to assemble at nine o'clock, and continued without intermission setting down till eleven. The elegant carriages, new liveries, beautiful and elegant females, all in new dresses of English manufacture, principally white satins, silks, lace, crape, and muslins ornamented with silver, together

with the gentlemen in Court-dresses, military and naval uniforms, heightened by the illuminations of the walls of the Court-yard, together with the trees in the gardens, and the full bands of the three Regiments of Foot Guards, and the Prince Regent's band, in their full state uniforms, playing alternately the most delightful marches and martial pieces; and the company actually marched into the princely mansion to the music in grand procession, his Royal Highness's Equerries taking their cards of invitation as they entered, to prevent the admission of improper persons. They all appeared struck with surprise and astonishment as they entered the grand Grecian Hall, which, in addition to its usual splendid appearance, was ornamented with a variety of shrubs, of potent lamps, and elegant lanterns of vast dimensions. The grand effect of a line of the Yeomen of the Guards, together with a large assemblage of the Prince Regent's, the King's, the Queen's and all the Royal Dukes' servants, in their state liveries, rendered the appearance beyond description; but by those who are acquainted with the rich dresses and liveries, it is easier conceived than described. Two of the Yeomen of the Guards were also stationed at each of the entrances to the Octagon Saloon, the fitting up of which, for this occasion, was particularly splendid; the drapery was scarlet cloth trimmed with gold-coloured silk, lace cords and fringe.

In the Grecian Hall were also assembled, to receive the company, Colonel McMahon, Generals Keppel and Turner, Colonels Bloomfield, Thomas, and Tyrwhit, together with Earl Moira, Lords Dundas, Keith, Heathfield, Mount Edgcumbe, and Yarmouth. The latter has been indefatigable in his exertions to assist his Royal Highness in his arrangements for this splendid entertainment in honour of his Royal Father's birth-day, and continued his exertions to Wednesday night in acting as a regulator of the business.

The Prince Regent entered his state apartments about a quarter past nine, dressed in a scarlet coat, most richly and elegantly ornamented, in a very novel style, with gold lace, and a brilliant star of the Order of the Carter. The Duke of York wore a similar coat; the pattern and ornamental part was said to be like one worn by that great warrior, the Duke of Cumberland. His Royal Highness



the Prince Regent came into his state apartments just at the time the French King and Princess arrived; he received them most graciously. His Royal Highness afterwards, during the night, passed from one room to the other without any attendants or ceremony, conversing in the most affable manner, for which he is so highly distinguished, with his numerous guests. The company found an abundance of amusement in perambulating this celebrated mansion.

The Earl of Yarmouth, and Colonel Bloomfield, announced, about a quarter past two o'clock, that supper was ready. The company proceeded, with the greatest order and satisfaction to themselves, down the staircase into the basement story, and thence to the tables, either in the grand range of rooms connected with the conservatory, or those in the Chinese temporary rooms. At the end of the conservatory, in addition to the ornamental decorations before mentioned, was a most magnificent allegorical transparency, with G. R. III. a crown, and other devices. This was the terminating object of the whole range, and particularly designating the great feature of the fête, namely—a complimentary tribute of filial gratitude and love, shown by the Prince Regent to our revered Sovereign. The banquet, we need only add, was the most costly and admirable in all its arrangements; it did infinite credit to Mr. Watier, and all the other officers of the household. The Prince Regent, with that urbanity which has ever been his distinguished characteristic, had a table placed contiguous to his own, for the foreign ministers and nobility who were of the party.

The Royal Dukes assisted the Prince Regent in doing the honors of the table. It was really the most interesting sight imaginable, to see at least 500 persons, the greater proportion ladies, in one continued line, the latter dressed in white satin, silks, or muslins, embroidered or spangled with silver, having each a plume of ostrich feathers, from 8 to 14 in number, and these waving on their heads, and reflected in the serpentine brook before them; it was really a silver flood, and these were its tributary streams. The short Grecian waist was again revived, and in it the beautiful contour, finished by the hand of nature, was perfectly visible through the drapery thrown over by art.

The *allée-verte* was rendered peculiarly grateful by the freshness of the air, and

the odor of the ground; it was a happy retreat to all, who in the course of the night could gain access to it. Here were many supper-tables, and the chairs appeared from one view, to be arched over with a garland of roses; and, indeed, the whole area appeared, in profile, like an avenue of rose-trees. The ball-room, after supper, was surrounded by a gradation of conversation-stools, for the accommodation of those who chose to be calm spectators of the scene.

The Duchess of York, Princess Sophia of Gloucester, and all the Royal Dukes attended the above splendid Fête.

Upon no previous occasion, and at no court in Europe, was ever the experiment made to set down 3,000 of the principal Nobility and Gentry of a Kingdom to a regular supper, as was the case at the Prince Regent's Fête. The largest entertainment, at the most brilliant period of the French Monarchy, was that given by the Prince of Condé, at Chantilly, to the King of Sweden, when 400 covers were laid. Here covers were laid for 1,600 under canvass, and for 400 in the house.

#### LADIES' DRESSES.

*Dowager Duchess of Rutland*.—A white satin dress, with superb Roman scroll border, formed with concave and Algerine spangles; body richly embroidered in waves of real silver spangles; Spanish sleeves, with diamond armlets, fastened with silver tags, studded with diamonds; a most beautiful and splendid drapery of crape, embroidered in waves of silver spangles, with a border of singular beauty, composed of foil-stones and silver bullion; forming vine-leaves, grapes, and silver shells, each corner ornamented with the Prince's feathers, beautifully embroidered. Head-dress—diamonds and ostrich-feathers.

*Duchess Dowager of Leeds*.—A lilac satin dress, with border richly embroidered in silver and concave spangles; a superb tunic of white crape, spangled over in diamonds, with a beautiful border embroidered in real silver, each corner encircling the Prince's feathers; Spanish sleeves, fastened with silver tags, and brilliant armlets. Head dress—diamonds and ostrich feathers.

*Her Grace the duchess of Gordon*.—A splendid dress embroidered in white and silver.

*Marchioness of Downshire*.—Among the many splendid dresses worn at the grand fête there was none which so much attracted our attention as that



worn by the Marchioness of Downshire, The petticoat was of white satin, trimmed at bottom with a Spanish net of embossed silver, over which was a tunic of the most beautiful silver stuff of Irish manufacture, on which was delicately woven the shamrock; over the shoulders were superb epaulettes of embossed Spanish silver. The tunique was laced with diamond chains, and fastened in front with large diamond brooches. Her ladyship's ear-rings were the largest diamonds at the fête, to which there was a corresponding necklace, and a profusion of diamond ornaments.

*Marchioness of Sligo.*—A dress of white satin, with a superb border of brilliant embroidery round the train; a robe richly embroidered in silver shamrock, round which was an elegant and brilliant border, to correspond with the dress; diamond stomacher, armlets, necklace, and brooches. Head-dress—diamonds and ostrich feathers.

*Marchioness of Tavistock.*—Splendid dress, embroidered in white and gold.

*Marchioness of Hertford.*—White satin dress, embroidered in white and gold.

*Marchioness of Stafford.*—Violet satin dress, richly embroidered in gold.

*Marchioness of Exeter.*—White satin, embroidered in gold.

*Marchioness Cornwallis.*—White satin dress, richly embroidered with amethysts.

*Marchioness Waterford.*—White satin dress, richly embroidered with silver.

*Countess of Cavan.*—A dress of white and silver tissue, with a superb border of prominent silver jonquils; body and sleeves splendidly ornamented with diamonds. Head-dress—diamonds and ostrich feathers.

*Countess of Paucomberg.*—A dress of white satin, with an elegant border of embroidered silver; a tunic of white crape, with a superb Roman scroll border, entwined with silver plumes, the ground-work waves of silver spangles; body and sleeves profusely ornamented with diamonds. Head dress—diamonds and ostrich feathers.

*Countess of Clare.*—A white satin dress, with a border richly embroidered; a superb body, ornamented round the bosom with diamond stars, and sleeves fastened up with diamond brooches and armlets; the drapery was richly spangled in silver shamrock, with a beautiful and simple border to correspond: at each corner were embroidered the Prince's feathers. Head-dress—diamonds and ostrich feathers.

*Countess Selkirk.*—A white satin round dress, with elegant silver embroidery at the bottom, waist, and sleeves; an evening primrose and silver tissue robe and drapery, trimmed with rich scalloped fringe, rope, and tassels. Head-dress—a very full plume of white feathers, and superb coronet of diamonds; diamond ear-rings and necklace, &c.

*The Dowager Countess of Guildford* wore a white satin, richly embroidered in silver roses and silver leaves; a train embroidered round; long sleeves, with Spanish slashes, and a robe of transparent silk net, embroidered with rings of small spangles, and sprigs of silver cord, open on the front and showing the dress to great advantage. The robe was fastened in front with a superb emerald set with diamonds, and round it a small wreath of silver roses and leaves to match the dress. On the head, a large plume of beautiful feathers, fastened with a diamond tiara; diamond necklace and ear-rings.

*Countess of Banbury.*—A dress of white satin richly embroidered round the train with a superb border, and silver fringe; a tunic of white crape, richly embroidered in silver-spangled clover, with an elegant embroidered border in silver: the front of the tunic was richly showered with spangles, and fastened with many brilliant chains; the body and sleeves richly spangled and confined by silver ties. Head-dress, a superb nouvelle plume of ostrich feathers and diamonds.

*Countess of Mornington.*—A white and silver tissue robe, lined with green, made in the court style, with ruffles.

*Countess of Westmoreland.*—A white satin slip, bordered with raised silver hyacinths, over it a purple net petticoat drapery, with wreaths of hyacinths, looped up on the left side with branches of the same; sleeves of Houston Brussels worked in silver; body of purple and silver, and a diamond girdle; the whole had a singularly elegant effect. Head-dress—a superb plume of feathers, with a profusion of diamonds and sapphire on the neck and arms.

*Countess of Craven.*—A rich white satin slip, edged with a broad dead silver fringe, over it a petticoat drapery of white net, beautifully embroidered with a border of bunches of flowers and grass, fastened on the left with diamonds, a white satin train embroidered to correspond, looped on the right with bullion cord, and six silver tassels; sleeves embroidered and trimmed



with Honiton Brussels; body richly worked, stomacher fastened with emeralds. Head-dress—plume of twelve feathers, three in front forming the Prince's plume, silver bandeau of exquisite workmanship, with a profusion of diamonds and pearls; her ladyship's dress was magnificent.

*Countess of Antrim*.—A most splendid dress richly embroidered in rubies and silver.

*Countess of Meathorough*.—White satin richly embroidered in silver amethysts.

*Countess of Charlemont*.—Beautiful dress in white and gold.

*Countess Clonmell*.—Beautiful dress of yellow and silver.

*Countess of Conyngham*.—A most splendid dress of blue and gold.

*Countess of Spencer*.—A most splendid dress of gold, studded with rubies.

*Countess Temple*.—Splendid dress of pink and silver, studded with rubies.

*Countess of Limerick*.—White satin dress, embroidered in silver.

*Countess of Mountnorris*.—White satin richly embroidered in gold.

*Countess of Errol*.—Beautiful dress of yellow and silver.

*Countess of Oxford*.—A dress of white satin, over which a Grecian tunic richly embroidered in bronze. The grace and beauty of the wearer, and striking novelty of this dress, was not exceeded.

*Countess of Llandaff*.—A rich white satin dress, elegantly embroidered with dead gold, in the Grecian style.

*Viscountess Dudley and Ward*.—A dress of emerald green, with a superb border richly embroidered in silver, a tunic of lace, with the ground work of silver spangles, and an elegant and brilliant border, with raised roses of floss silk, foil stones, and concave spangles, which had a most beautiful effect; body and sleeves trimmed with Honiton point, confined with silver tags, and ornamented with diamonds. Head-dress—diamonds and ostrich feathers.

*Lady Glynn*.—A dress of silver satin, richly embroidered round the train with concave spangles and silver fringe, a superb tunic of lace splendidly embroidered in clouds of spangles; the border, which was new and elegant, was beautifully embroidered in silver and concave spangles, with links of brilliant chains, which had the appearance of diamonds; body spangled, and ornamented with amethysts; Spanish sleeves fastened with silver tag studded with diamonds; and armlets and necklace of amethysts and diamonds. Head dress—diamonds and feathers.

*Lady Charles Bentinck*, wore a white net train dress over satin, which, with her ladyships' usual taste and elegance, was most superbly embroidered with massive Turkish borders of real silver, and thickly covered with spangles. Body and sleeves of white satin, most splendidly decorated in the Spanish style, and richly ornamented with silver tassels. Head-dress—of feathers and diamonds.

*Lady Eliot*.—A yellow crape train dress, richly embroidered with silver spangles: a loose drapery of yellowish satin, tastefully ornamented with silver tassels.

*Lady Lemon*.—A rich silver tissue train dress, body and sleeves trimmed with an elegant border of real silver.

*Lady Charlotte Cholmondeley*.—A white net round dress over satin, embroidered with lamie silver and pearl beads; a blush-colored satin body and sleeves, embroidered to correspond with the petticoat, and a sash of the same, trimmed with superb silver Spanish fringe. Head-dress—a plume of rich white ostrich feathers.

*Lady Jane Hurley*.—A dress of primrose satin, richly embroidered in silver, tunic of embroidered British lace. Her ladyship's appearance was strikingly graceful and elegant.

*Lady Mary Lindsey Crawford*, appeared in a dress of striking brilliancy—a petticoat of rich primrose satin, covered with a tunic, magnificently embroidered in massive gold, in the Grecian style, and trimmed with fringes of a peculiar rich and singular appearance.

*Lady Charlotte Hood*.—A dress of embroidered British lace, over which a primrose satin robe, richly embroidered in silver.

*Lady Francis Osborne*.—A dress of white satin richly embroidered with a border of silver, a tunic of white crape, with superb nouvelle border, embroidered in silver, and richly covered with leaves of embroidered silver, confined by splendid chains and tassels. Head-dress—diamonds and ostrich feathers.

*Lady Wilmington*. A rich dress of white satin, superbly embroidered in silver, with a lace tunic splendidly embroidered with silver spangles, and encircled by a border of elegant floss silk roses, and silver embossed leaves, confined with brilliant silver chains. Head-dress—a superb plume of ostrich feathers and diamonds.

*Want of room obliges us to omit many others.*