

THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE,  
OR  
ENTERTAINING COMPANION  
FOR  
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED  
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1811.

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*This Number is embellished with the following Plates:*

1. The FRIENDLY OAK.
2. LONDON MORNING WALKING and EVENING DRESSES.
3. Elegant new PATTERN for a DRESS VEIL and BORDER.

LONDON:

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

## NOTICES

*"The Pleasures of Benevolence; or the History of Lady Mortimer."*—In our next publication, shall appear the first N<sup>o</sup>. of this interesting history, from the pen of a lady, whose entertaining and instructive productions we know to have heretofore been highly approved by our fair readers.

*To the Sister of a deceased Correspondent.*—We immediately forwarded the Numbers of the Lady's Magazine, agreeably to direction—ever feeling a pleasure in thus gratifying our correspondents (or, as in the present melancholy case, their surviving relatives) with copies of their productions.—The piece of poetry being unfinished, and containing some sentiments not quite consonant to the ideas of the generality of readers, we recommend that it be not published.—The accompanying prose we would with great pleasure insert, were we not convinced, that, by its insertion, we should offend a great number of respectable correspondents, to whom we have, at different times, been forced to deny a similar gratification, as utterly inconsistent with the plan of our Magazine.

*Letters returned to the Office for the Postage*—one, signed "W"—another, "*Several Ladies in the Country*"—a third, "*A constant Reader for many years.*"—Though ever cheerfully willing to pay the postage of letters containing matter worthy of insertion in our pages, we do not choose to pay for such communications as those above mentioned.

*"The Suicide's Grave."*—We cannot publish this novel, which we consider to be of dangerous and immoral tendency.—If the fair writer should send us any more of her productions, we hope they will prove much less exceptionable than this and her two preceding: otherwise we will not consent to pay heavy postage for inadmissible matter.—We did not mistake the direction.

The "*Invocation to Health*" requires revision.

In a *Completion of the Bouts-rimés*, "*Strain, Chain,*" &c. (dated November 13<sup>th</sup>) the first line requires amendment. The fifth, eleventh, and fourteenth, might also admit some improvement. By the *fifteenth of December*, an amended copy will come sufficiently early for publication at the regular time, viz. the *first of January*.

To a correspondent, who did not receive a former letter from us, we have written a second, which we hope will reach its destination.

"*Mary Jane*"'s verses came too late for insertion in our present Number, but shall appear in our next.

"*Jefferson,*" &c.—We wish a new address: and thereby hangs a tale.



400  
2  
*Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.*



*The friendly Oak.*

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THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE,  
FOR NOVEMBER, 1811.

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*The DUTCH PATRIOTS  
of the Sixteenth Century.*

*(Continued from page 461, and accompanied  
with an illustrative Plate.)*

"At this critical moment, was suddenly heard the sound of approaching troops; and a general belief prevailed through the camp, that Alva was advancing to attack us in our entrenchments—when the names of Genlis and Lanoue were echoed from rank to rank, and the two chiefs soon made their appearance in person. Through the insurgent crowd, who receded on either hand to open them a passage, they advanced to the spot where I stood in parley with the mutineers.

"Nassau!" said Genlis, "behold the succours promised to you by Coligni. Were he not surrounded on every side by numerous enemies, he would himself have come to your assistance at the head of these warriors: unable, however, to indulge his inclination in that respect, he has conferred on me the honor of conducting them; and I have been so happy as to overcome every obstacle, in order to second your valour in defending a cause, in whose support the flower of the Gallic nation are eager to unsheath their swords."

"I perceive, valiant Genlis," said I, "that Coligni has transfused into your bosom a happy portion of that zeal which he displays in depriving himself of those succours that he sends to me. If fate be not determined to frown misfortune on our arms, what brilliant success may I not anticipate from your opportune arrival!"

"Here the mutinous throng blushed, and, with downcast eyes, dispersed, and retired to their tents. The most culpable among them, Morlin, stung at once with shame and terror, sought safety in flight, and deserted our banners.

"Without a moment's delay, I convened the principal chiefs in my pavilion.—'Intrepid warriors!' said I, 'a generous band of Frenchmen are come to co-operate with us in our bold exertions: but the Belgians have suffered themselves to be disarmed; and you have yourselves witnessed the tumult excited by the refractory Germans. Meanwhile, Alva, like a lion who has summoned up all his native courage, is determined to attack us, and, with that intention, is now at length advancing from his inaccessible fastnesses. In the impending conflict, will the Germans imitate the example of our bravery? will they lend us their support?—But, if we decline the encounter, inevitable ruin awaits our cause: the Belgians will be more intimidated, the Germans more refractory; and famine alone will be sufficient to accomplish our defeat."

"There remains indeed for our choice the alternative of tearing down our recent trophies, recrossing the Meuse, and tarnishing the glory we have already acquired.—No doubt, the Belgians, whom a single victory would rescue from bondage, will impute to us the shame and disgrace which such a step must reflect on the whole nation: Egmont and Horn will remain loaded with



their chains: but the nations of Europe will listen to our apology; and perhaps Philip, softened by clemency to which his heart has hitherto been a stranger, will feel his proud vindictive soul sufficiently gratified by our flight—will throw open the doors of the dungeon where those heroes lie confined—and adopt a milder system toward our defenceless countrymen, whom we shall have thus delivered into his hands!"

"No!" exclaimed Luney—"thou canst not mean to propose to us an inglorious flight: thy words are only calculated to sound our courage: if thou wishest to behold a convincing proof of it, lead us instantly to the battle!"

"All the chiefs echoed the same sentiment.

"Followed by those warriors, I hasted forth from my pavilion; and already we descried Alva advancing. I exhorted the Germans to efface from our minds the remembrance of their late misery:—"Valiant strangers!" said I to the French, "you will here fight, as in your own cause:"—to the Batavians I cried (and the words inflamed them with tenfold courage) "Let us burst the chains which gall the necks of our countrymen!"

"Shall I describe to you the combat that ensued? shall I relate how Alva directed his principal attack against the Germans, with whose mutinous disposition he was acquainted, and who did not long resist his efforts? In vain I essayed to rally them: they gave way: they threw down their arms, and surrendered themselves prisoners—or sought their safety in disgraceful flight. Already Alva thought himself sure of victory; when, taking my stand in front of a forest, where the battle was only now beginning, I checked his progress with the sole

assistance of the French and Batavians, whose numbers were indeed small, but who fought with undaunted bravery. Lewis, Adolphus, and the other chiefs, each displayed a courage and vigor worthy of Mars himself: each warrior of inferior grade proved himself a hero.

"Alva was inflamed with rage to behold his victorious legions checked in their career by such a handful of opponents. I was covered with the mingled blood of Spaniards and Batavians; and every individual in my little army seemed ambitious to meet death under my eye. In the heat of the conflict, I received the last sigh of Hoogstraten, whom I loved with fraternal affection: but, while I was absorbed in the indulgence of my regret for his fate, my courser was struck to the ground: my blood flowed in copious torrent; and I fell amid the heaps of slain.

"At sight of my disaster, the French and Batavians express their grief in doleful cries: and Alva, taking advantage of their consternation, presses their ranks, throws them into disorder, and forces them to recoil. Even the chiefs are hurried away by the retreating crowd.

"On rising from the ground, I found myself single and unsupported:—with a loud voice I pronounced the name of my country: but that sacred name is not heard by my friends. At that moment the shades of night were beginning to spread over the earth: exhausted with fatigue and loss of blood, I entered into the forest, and fell at the foot of a tree.

"Perceiving, however, that Alva's men were in pursuit of me, with pain and difficulty I penetrated into the deep recesses of the woods, where the closely interwoven boughs of the trees formed a covering impenetrable to the human eye. In



the midst of the spot, rose an aged oak, whose wrinkled trunk had been hollowed by the hand of Time. Surrounded as I was by dangers on every side, and enfeebled by the effects of my wound, the oak seemed to present its hospitable bosom for my reception—inviting me to take advantage of the sole asylum which now remained for me, and there to enjoy a temporary respite from my toils. I gladly entered the solitary recess—the only shelter known to primeval man—a shelter, to which, even in modern days, we are sometimes obliged to have recourse, when pursued by misfortune, and urged by the disorganisation of the laws of society.

“There engrossed by various thoughts which alternately strove for the mastery of my soul—‘Biederode!’ I exclaimed—‘thou, whose fate has called forth my bitter tears!—ye heroes, who gallantly resigned your breath in the field of honor!—how happy your lot, compared to mine! And you, my friends, whose chains I wished to burst, you have not seen the laurel snatched from your grasp within view of the goal: your glory is yet unsullied. . . . .

Unfortunate Nassau! you have lived as long as you thought your life useful to the cause of liberty: you would still consent to protract your existence, where you but allowed an opportunity of employing your sword in defence of your country’s rights. Will you once more renew your solicitations to the states of Germany? Vanquished, disarmed, will you again exhibit yourself to their view, for the purpose of rescuing the Belgian from those chains whose weight has overwhelmed and crushed his courage—and in the fond hope that your countrymen, who did not open their gates to us when plumed with victory, will now dare to appear in

arms under our banners, notwithstanding our recent defeat—a defeat, however, equally glorious with our former triumphs?—But, the sworn enemy of tyranny, can you ever consent to make peace with tyrants? can you brook to stand a passive spectator of the insolence of the despot and the meanness of the slave, and be ranked as an accomplice with the one or the other? No! the all-mighty and all-just ruler of the universe has not ordained that we should in no case burst our way from the prison in which our soul languishes:—no!—the despot, who greedily gorges himself with copious draughts of human blood, and draws the veil of death over a whole generation of mankind, is not viewed by the all-seeing eye in the same light as the man who, giving way to the poignancy of his grief for the disappointment of his efforts to rescue a few victims from the hand of despotism, opens a single solitary grave for his own reception, and hurries away from this earth, the fruitful theatre of every crime.—O friendly oak! thou shalt be the tomb of Nassau! obscure but happy repository, thou shalt preserve my ashes: inclosed in thy womb, they shall escape the rage of insulting tyrants. . . . Lewis! Adolphus! ye Batavians! ye Gallic warriors! whom I have seen display such valour in the field—have your gallant bands all fallen a sacrifice under the swords of Spain?”

“A still and awful silence ensued—when I heard, or fancied I heard, these words—‘To thy former victories add one yet more brilliant: let thy courage triumph over misfortune! The Batavians are not yet subdued.’

“Already the shades of night began to flee before approaching morn; when—feeling my exhausted strength recruited, and having, by such expe-



dients as my situation afforded, stopped the issue of blood from my wound—I was preparing to quit my retreat in the hollow of the tree. At that moment I perceived a band of warriors, who now advanced toward the place of my concealment, now retired from it, but still returned to the same spot. No longer doubting that Alva had sent them in search of me, and indignant at the idea of lurking from view, I obeyed the sudden impulse of my courage, which I was unable to controul, and, with my sword uplifted in my hand, rushed forth from the bosom of the oak.

“Instead of enemies, however, I found myself surrounded by my brethren—by Frenchmen and Batavians. The latter, after the chiefs had given vent to the transports of their joy, crowded around me, and, in the tumultuous emotions of their delight, clasped me to their bosoms, unanimously exclaiming, that, since they were thus again united, and once more enjoyed the happiness of beholding me alive, they would soon cause their late defeat to be buried in oblivion.

“Lewis then with grief informed me, that, from the intelligence brought by a deserter, he had learned that Alva was preparing to send new re-inforcements to the Guises, to enable them to crush Henry, Coligni, and their army.

“Let us,” said I, “display our friendship and our gratitude by hastening to the assistance of those heroes. In aiding them, let us exercise our swords against the Spaniards—against Philip. Without granting him any respite, let us again appear in arms to oppose and frustrate his designs; and let our exploits rouse the Belgion from his present torpor. The valour of the Batavian sufficiently announces that he will brave every danger to achieve his emancipation:

and shall we not devote to them our swords, which have ever been employed against tyrants?”

“This proposal inflamed the minds of my hearers; and with one voice they all demanded that we should instantly commence our march. Hereupon, turning toward the oak, ‘Thou hospitable tree!’ said I—‘father of the surrounding shade! may’st thou in thy old age still flourish with verdant honors! may thy existence be prolonged, to afford an asylum to hapless mortals, who, persecuted by their fellow men, shall seek refuge in this forest!—O Liberty! bless and fertilise the spot which bears this friendly tree; and may its offspring be one day decorated with thy most memorable trophies!’—Several of the Batavians pluck twigs from its boughs, to preserve them in remembrance of the aged oak which had sheltered me in its bosom, and covered us with its shade. To their eyes it appears as venerable as were formerly held those sacred oaks which were thought to be the habitation of Dryads, and which seemed to impress even the savage animals of the forest with awe and respect, as they passed near them.

“We now quitted our sylvan retreat—Alva in vain harassed us on our march—and you already know how, on our arrival, fortune immediately conducted us into the arms of friendship, and, by holding forth to our view a more serene day at the conclusion of a stormy night, seemed disposed to alleviate our misfortunes, and promise us a more happy futurity.”

Thus the hero concluded—the eyes of the whole assembly continued long fixed on him, as if he were still speaking—at length the Gallic warriors testified to him how powerful had been the influence of his recital in kindling noble senti-

ments in their souls—and the Bata-vians derived resolution, hope, and courage, from his words.

(To be continued.)

*The BROTHERS; a Moral Tale.*

(Continued from page 454.)

CHAP. IV.

'Tis but a peevish boy: yet he talks well.  
But what care I for words? Yet words  
do well,

When he that speaks them, pleases those  
that hear.—

It is a pretty youth: but sure he's proud;  
And yet his pride becomes him.

*Shakespeare.*

It has been before remarked, that the remotest idea of matrimonial projects had never occurred to Saint-Villiers. He was now in an astonishment to which no words can do justice: but a cursory view of his own situation aided the earl's advice. The possession of a fine woman, a large property, with all the concomitant rights and privileges, would certainly be an improvement in his condition; and the carrying off such a prize, without trouble or difficulty, from all his competitors, was an oblique assurance of his own attractions, which by no means required to be pointed out.—He also reflected a moment upon the lady herself. He had always approved her: her present choice gave her new charms in his eyes; and he doubted not of making her happy: for, inconsiderate as Frederic Saint-Villiers was, it was not in his nature to repay attachment with neglect; and, had he not liked Lady Rossford, as many millions as she possessed thousands, would not have bribed him to the connexion.

He therefore, upon ten minutes' reflexion, determined on offering himself to her acceptance: and he did it with characteristic *nonchalance*—neither affecting the raptures of love, nor portraying those romantic

anticipations of felicity, by which the unsuspecting ingenuousness of female tenderness is too frequently beguiled.

Her ladyship's prepossession, however, smoothed his path: whatever he said was right; and this unstudied address seemed another proof of an honest undesigning heart. She ventured to reflect on what that heart would be, when no longer warped by the dissipated follies to which it had hitherto yielded: and she flattered herself with reclaiming from his errors, and presenting to society, a youth, whose future life should justify her penetration.

Thus deluded by the cheering visions of fallacious expectation, Lady Rossford determined on accepting the man of her choice, without consulting her friends, or plaguing herself by unnecessary references. Frederic, on the other hand, though perfectly satisfied with what he regarded as the fate allotted to him, neither felt nor expressed any of that rapturous emotion which the consent of a beloved object is calculated to excite—but jocularly said, "Well! now, my sovereign judge and arbiter! as sentence is passed, let me advise that execution be speedy; or your prisoner may still escape." He then, however, in a tone of more seriousness and affection than he had before assumed, informed her of the predicament in which he stood with his father; that, in regard to settlement, he would implicitly subscribe to whatever she thought proper, and only entreated its speedy arrangement.

They at length agreed to request that Lord Blenheim would adjust every thing in conjunction with Sir Everard Reevesmore. The earl readily consented, and promptly undertook the business. He liked to evince his own importance, and



thought the affair of too much consequence to his young friend to hazard delay, as he always professed the most disinterested regard for him. In his own son, he had a perpetual source of mortification. He saw his indolence and rusticity daily increase: and an inclination, which Lord Thackwood began to show for some very low-lived companions, determined his father on carrying him with him to England, where he was to be committed, for a time, to the charge of his mother's connexions, in hopes, that, amid different scenes and societies, he might conquer his present degrading turn.

As the intended alliance began to be whispered abroad, Envy, the invariable attendant of success, busied herself in attempting to defeat it. Anonymous letters—those constant resources of the cowardly defamer—showered in upon poor Lady Rossford. Every irregularity, either at home or abroad, of which Frederic Saint-Villiers had been guilty, and many of which he was wholly innocent, were detailed to her. He was represented as a drinker, a gambler, a debauchee in every sense of the word, and only connecting himself with her, to acquire the means of extending his profligate career.

The same infamous engines were also used to prepossess Sir Everard Reevesmore, as his influence over his niece was well known; and he had scarcely been apprised of the business by Lord Blenmore, before he received such intelligence relative to the gentleman in question, as he felt it incumbent upon him to investigate more fully. He had Lady Rossford's happiness so truly at heart, that he determined to speak openly to her on the business, before he did any thing towards its completion; and therefore, informing Lord Blenmore that it was necessary for

him personally to consult his late ward upon many points before he undertook to adjust them, he set off for Castle Rossford, as soon as a fit of the gout, from which he was but just recovering, would permit his traveling.

Its fair inhabitant, meanwhile, was far from happy: she equally wanted power to confute, or confidence wholly to disbelieve, the accusations which she received against her husband elect. She could not but feel that he was far from treating her with that affectionate distinction, with which she regarded him: but, when she recollected his open undesigning manner, and that he had never professed any of the rapturous attachment with which some other of her lovers had sought to win her to their wishes, she acquitted him of blame in that respect: "For," (reasoned she) "had his proposals been the result of a regular-laid scheme, his behaviour to me at least would be more guarded and obsequious." Therefore, of whatever other errors he might have been guilty, her heart—that partial advocate—wholly acquitted him from all imputation of deceit.

During this interval, Lord Saint-Villiers had been in London, and (though with considerable trouble and expense) removed some members of his establishment, whom he did not think it decorous that his future bride should see. In fact, his whole household was new-modeled, his affairs arranged, and he returned to Dublin with his proposals completely settled, and elate with a thousand flattering expectations. The letters he addressed to her ladyship on the subject of the commissions which he had undertaken for her, were answered with that obliging attention which she evinced towards every one: and, while a regard for

Frederic Saint-Villiers peculiarly prompted it towards those with whom he was connected, a correspondence, which she considered as perfectly inconsequential, with a man old enough to be her father, increased the delusion, under which he acted.

In stepping from the vessel which brought him back to Dublin, Lord Saint-Villiers unluckily sprained a knee, and dislocated an ankle, and was of course obliged to submit to a fortnight's confinement at his house in Stephen's Green. His vanity, however incredible it may seem, induced him to soften this delay, and amuse his confinement, by speaking of his hopes, as certainties, to one or two persons who visited him; and they were either too civil, or too little acquainted with the better-founded expectations of his son, to contradict him.

Mr. Saint-Villiers had continued to make Blenheim his principal abode, notwithstanding the absence of its master; though no lover-like assiduities to his fair neighbour prevented his attending every public meeting, or convivial party that assembled within a circuit of sixty or seventy miles.

A friendly affectionate temper, with a marked attention to all her connexions, were leading traits in Lady Rossford's disposition. She was hurt at perceiving that they had no share in that of her intended husband; and she frequently employed all her rhetoric to inspire him with similar sentiments on these topics. In their debates on the subject, he used to vindicate himself by adverting to his own isolated situation, without a mother, brother, or sister, to have awakened those affections, while his father had never seemed to harbour the love of a parent towards him, and had, during child-

hood, secluded him from the notice of those who might have strengthened the ties of a distant consanguinity, by the stronger ones of friendship: and he would then assure her, that the tenderness of heart, which had hitherto slumbered, was all reserved to be lavished on his wife and children.—Lady Rossford had been always hurt by the irritation with which he named his father, and would gently blame him for not endeavouring more sedulously to convert prejudice into affection. Accordingly, when she heard of Lord Saint-Villiers's accident, she pleaded so forcibly on the propriety of his son's going to see him, that at length, in compliance with her advice, Frederic set out for Dublin.

(To be continued.)

#### THE HIGHLAND HERMITAGE.

(Continued from page 457.)

“THE blood circulated more quickly than usual in Beville's face: he arose from his seat: he pressed my father's hand, and spoke to him with energy in his voice and manner. ‘Trust me, my dear sir, I would not deceive you, to be master of the world's wealth. I love your daughter, sir—passionately love her: but believe me, when I assure you, that, much as my heart has been agitated with this passion, it is the first time the discovery has ever passed my lips. I have not been insensible of the impropriety of indulging such an attachment: yet I have not found reason powerful enough to silence the soft voice of love.—It is true, my father's family is large—his fortune small: and the estate, with the title, goes to my elder brother. I believe his lordship intends me for the army, and that I shall then be left to my own industry to advance my future fortune. I cannot, therefore, expect My Lord's consent to a



match of inclination.—All these considerations, weighty as they are, have no power with me, when put in competition with my attachment for your daughter. I feel that I cannot be happy without her.—If the calls of ambition have no charms for me, they can have still less for your Amelia, brought up, as she has been, in innocence and solitude. Suffer me then, sir, to endeavour to gain her affections: and, if I am so fortunate, do not oppose a union that will make us both happy. As happiness is the universal aim of mankind, you would not wish to make miserable the darling of your heart, with the man who reveres and loves you equally with the author of his existence. My pay, together with the presents I shall receive from my father, will enable me to provide for my Amelia, if not so well as I could wish, at least decently.

“No one but those who have been as much attached as I was, can have any idea of the satisfaction that diffused itself around my heart, to find myself thus tenderly, thus disinterestedly beloved. But all my lover’s eloquence had not power to prevail on my father to agree to his request. He was inflexible—‘I find you are a rash young man, Mr. Beville, entirely under the influence of passion. You may possibly find Amelia inclined to listen to your delusive arguments: but I trust she will not so far deviate from the principles in which she has been educated, as to dispose of her hand without my consent.’

“My father now arose, and walked towards the house, leaving poor Beville with his arms folded, and his eyes fixed pensively on the ground.—I quitted my hiding-place, and entered a walk which led to the bench where my lover was seated. He saw me, and advanced to meet

me. My eyes were swollen with weeping; he looked at me with extreme tenderness, and, taking hold of my hand, ‘Your father, my sweet Amelia, has forbidden my future visits here; he has almost, forbidden me to see you. Good Heaven! to quit you for ever! is it possible? Can you join with your father in so cruel a request? do you wish to banish a man, whose soul is entirely attached to you?’

“Trembling and unable to speak, it was easy to read in every feature of my glowing face, that my sentiments were not in unison with those of my father.—Beville’s eyes sparkled with rapture.—Softened as I was, he easily drew from me a confession that he was infinitely dear to me.—He was eloquent in his arguments to persuade me to consent to a private marriage, till a proper opportunity should occur to declare it to both our parents: and, as Lord K\*\*\* was fond of him, he had no doubt, that, in time, he should obtain his pardon. But here I was firm: I told him, that no consideration should tempt me to a step so utterly repugnant to my ideas of duty, and to the real regard I felt for him;—that, when he was absent, I would hear from him, and sometimes see him; which was more perhaps than I ought to do: but I entreated him never to talk to me of marriage, till fortune was likely to smile more favorably on such a union.

“Beville saw that I was resolute, and therefore ceased to importune me on the subject. His visits were less frequent: but, as my father really loved him, he could not absolutely forbid him his house: he was still often with us; and my father saw with regret, that, in spite of all his remonstrances, our attachment increased. He therefore determined to put in execution a

scheme which he had formed—the only one likely to be efficacious in putting a stop to so inauspicious a connexion. He wrote to Lord K\*\*\*, acquainting him with his son's attachment to his daughter, and with the arguments he had used to prevent it, and which had not been successful. He advised his lordship by all means to withdraw his son from the university, and to place him immediately in the army; as, in all probability, absence, and the busy scenes of life in which he would then be engaged, would soon totally obliterate from the mind of so young a man all traces of an attachment so imprudent.

"His lordship returned my father a most polite letter: his son received one in a sharper style, peremptorily commanding him to repair immediately to town.—Beville dared not disobey.—Our separation was a painful one.—On his arrival in town, I received a letter from him, acquainting me that Lord K\*\*\* was at first haughty and severe in his remonstrances, afterwards more gentle and condescending. But, as he found it utterly impossible to relinquish his hopes of being one day united to me, yet fearful of irritating his father, he said but very little to him. He added, that a commission was immediately procured for him in the guards.

"This correspondence was long continued; nay we frequently met by the assistance of my cousin in Oxford. Yet I was not happy: I could not bear the thoughts of deceiving so good a parent: I therefore acquainted him with what passed between Beville and me; assuring him that I never would enter into any engagements without his consent, but at the same time telling him, I was afraid I had not sufficient strength of mind to give up all thoughts of Beville.

"My poor father, finding it in vain to contend with two persons so headstrong, winked at what he could not prevent. Thus more than a year elapsed; till age and infirmities began to press heavy on my father: he declined rapidly, and his mind was oppressed with the thoughts of leaving me entangled in a connexion so dangerous. It was with extreme anguish that I perceived the swift decay of a parent so dear to me: his anxiety on my account pierced me to the heart. My love, my lover, all was disregarded at this sad moment. I flung myself at his feet, and solemnly vowed, if it would make him easy, that I would never see, never hear from Beville again; that, dear as he was to me, the peace of mind of a beloved parent was still dearer.

"I know," replied he, "that you are good and virtuous, my Amelia; but your heart is too tender to be left to its own guidance. I cannot die in peace, and leave you unprotected: my tenderness for you will make me promote a union which my reason cannot approve.—Tell Beville I am dying: tell him I wish to see him, ere I close my eyes for ever."

"With a heart oppressed with grief, I wrote a letter fully expressive of the anguish of my mind.—Beville flew, on the wings of love and respect, to an abode once the seat of happiness. He was visibly affected at the great alteration which he saw in my father; and, as he pressed his hand, a falling tear moistened it.—My father was affected at this proof of my lover's sensibility:—"I am dying, Mr. Beville," said he: "the pangs of death are embittered by the thoughts of leaving this poor girl defenceless and alone, to struggle against the efforts of a passion which I have in vain endeavoured to suppress. You once said you loved my daughter, sir:



you would fain have married her. Do you still hold in the same mind? Can you readily give up the splendor and affluence which a man of your rank and accomplishments may expect to enjoy, for the sake of a simple country maid, who can bring you no other dowry than a tender and virtuous heart? Oh! reflect, before you answer me, that the impetuosity of passion will not always last: you may one day behold my poor child with disgust, and may possibly curse the hour in which you shackled yourself in the chains of matrimony.

"Beville could hear no more: he dropped on one knee; and, laying his hand on his heart, he replied with an impressive solemnity of voice, 'May that almighty being, who alone knows the sincerity of my heart, deal with me as my future conduct to your daughter deserves! My attachment to my Amelia is fixed on too firm a basis, to be easily shaken. I esteemed and admired her un-affected gentleness of manners and goodness of heart—qualities, without which I could not be happy in a wife. Give me then, my dear and respectable friend, a legal right to be the protector of your Amelia: and long may you live to be a witness of our felicity!'

"A gleam of joy shone faintly in the heavy eyes of my languid parent. Then you will marry my daughter, Beville? Take her then, my son; and may heaven shower its choicest blessings on your heads. For your sake, this marriage must be a private one: treat my Amelia kindly, Beville."

"But why do I dwell on this important period of my life? Because the impression it has made on my mind, time never can efface.—I gave my hand to Beville in the presence of two friends of his and mine, on whose fidelity we could depend.

But joy shone not on my bridal morn:—my father did not long survive the ceremony which gave me to the man I loved.—My husband, tender and considerate, when the first transports of my grief were a little abated, removed me from a habitation once so dear to me, but which now only fed my sorrow for the loss of a tender and indulgent parent.

"Beville had provided convenient lodgings for me, in a pleasant but retired village, not far distant from London. This situation he chose, as, from its vicinity to town, he could be often with me. The affection and assiduity of a beloved and amiable husband now constituted all my felicity. I saw no company; for those who were willing to associate with me, were such as I did not wish to form an intimacy with; and the more respectable part of my neighbourhood viewed me with a jealous suspicion, to which my way of life naturally gave birth. The private manner in which I came to this village, and the frequent visits I received from Mr. Beville, were circumstances certainly very injurious to my character, and proved a bar to any acquaintance between them and me: but their unsociable conduct toward me cost me not a sigh: I had been born and educated in solitude, and was attached to it. Nor did the censure which I knew was liberally cast on me, affect me. Conscious of my own innocence, I could cheerfully suffer my character for a time to remain under a cloud. It was a sacrifice which I thought it my duty to make to a man who had given up so much for me. Beville, whose love was delicate and refined, was more uneasy on this account than I. He could not bear that the fame of his Amelia should be sullied by sus-

picion. But he could not at this time declare our marriage, as Lord K\*\*\* had promised to purchase him preferment on the first vacancy; and my husband was afraid that his lordship might be so far displeased on the first discovery of his marriage, as to neglect his interest. It was therefore deferred till a more favorable opportunity.

"At this time my son was born—a circumstance that seemed to increase the attachment of his parents, and made Mr. Beville more than ever anxious to acknowledge me for his wife, and to introduce me to his family. But a variety of circumstances prevented this *éclaircissement* taking place, till my little Frederic was above a year old. At this period, Beville, dotingly fond of his child, determined to try his influence with his grand-father; for he flattered himself that the sight of him would procure for him his lordship's forgiveness.

"With these hopes my husband and son waited on Lord K\*\*\*. The anxiety of my mind during the interval of their absence you may better conceive than I can possibly describe. On their return, the first glance of Mr. Beville's eyes told me he had been successful: we flew into each other's arms; and such a tide of joy flowed over our spirits, as for some moments took from us the power of words. 'My Amelia! my ever beloved, my now acknowledged wife!' cried my fond husband—'Lord K\*\*\* is impatient to see you, to thank you for having made his son happy. My father, on my acquainting him with my marriage, at first looked a little coldly on me. 'You have ruined yourself Frederic, and will one day bitterly repent the imprudent step you have taken'.—'Impossible, my lord!' replied I, interrupting him; and,

taking my boy in my arms, I presented him to his lordship,' saying, 'Can I ever repent of having made an amiable and virtuous woman mine? Can I ever cease to feel a father's tenderness for this dear infant? Oh! forgive me then, my lord, for having preferred the pure joys of a union founded on reciprocal affection, to a more splendid, yet far less happy connexion, of which interest alone, on my side, could have been the motive.' My lord was softened, and, embracing his little grand-son, hoped he would turn out a more prudent man than his father had done. He desired me to bring you to him immediately. Come then, my Amelia! My Lord will receive you as my wife, and his daughter.'

"I dreaded this interview exceedingly; and it was with difficulty the kind soothing of my husband, could keep up my spirits till we came to Lord K\*\*\*'s.

(To be continued.)

### The TRIAL of LOVE.

(Continued from page 451.)

With cautious steps, they silently advanced through the middle passage: but scarcely had they reached half way, when they heard, "Louis!" pronounced twice in a low whisper. They stopped, and exchanged anxious looks.—Thinking they were mistaken, the knight prepared to move forward, when his name was once more repeated, "Hush!" said he, catching hold of his squire's arm: "was not that a voice?"—"I plainly heard your name."—"I thought so," resumed Echenloe.—They then carefully examined the walls by the light of the tapers: but, to their utter amazement and dismay, they could not perceive the smallest aperture, not even a chink,



through which sounds might be conveyed.

The name of Louis was again thrice pronounced more distinctly, followed by a deep groan. He drew back; and his squire earnestly conjured him to desist.—“*Louis!*” said the voice more audibly, “you are conducted hither by fate: go forward: your attendant may accompany you to the end of this gallery.” The solemn accents were succeeded by a silence still more awful. “We must advance,” said Louis.—“*Yes, you must advance!*”—echoed the voice in a tremulous tone.

Now a reddish glare, like the terrific gleam from a house on fire, repaced the deep gloom in which they had hitherto been involved: they tremblingly proceeded to the end of the gallery, where the most brilliant scene burst on their astonished sight. They found themselves in a spacious hexagon hall, into which six porticoes of white marble gave entrance; while innumerable lights, reflected on their polished surface, shed a dazzling lustre around. The knight and his companion, motionless with surprise, felt as if surrounded by invisible beings, and, filled with religious awe, forbore to interrupt the hallowed silence of these bright regions, by giving utterance to their emotions.

However, the light gradually inspired them with courage: Louis’s imagination was fired: his cheeks glowed with enthusiasm, as he firmly exclaimed, “I will fulfill my destiny! wait my return here.”

Scarcely had he uttered these words, when a plaintive melody issued from one of the porticoes, and the most fragrant odors filled the hall. Louis rushed toward the corridor whence the celestial strains seemed to proceed. The music

paused at intervals; and a voice softly whispered, “Fear not, noble knight! go, see, and listen!”

He advanced through the passage: lambent flames spread a pale light over its walls: it grew fainter as he advanced, and at last entirely disappeared.—Pursuing his way in total obscurity, he arrived at the mystic sepulchre. Under a dome supported by three rows of black marble columns, rose the tomb of Armgard’s great-grand-mother. A glimmering lamp, on the steps of the mausoleum, discovered to the knight the effigy of the deceased baroness in a reclining posture. Louis was preparing to pass under the columns to the left, when he perceived the figure of a woman, seated at the foot of the monument. A chilling horror ran through his veins, as he saw it slowly rise, and recognised Armgard’s great-grand-mother, such as she was represented on the tomb.

The spectre moved towards Louis:—overpowered with terror, his knees trembled violently: his hair stood on end: animation was almost suspended; and he fell breathless on a marble seat. The phantom beckoned him to follow.

Collecting his scattered senses, he started up: his mysterious conductor led him under the colonnade, and, sighing deeply, pointed to a coffin in one of the recesses, on which was written in letters of fire, “*Armgard.*”—Within it he beheld, with unspeakable anguish, the inanimate, but still beautiful form of his adored Armgard—Armgard, pale as the spotless lily.—“Oh! merciful heaven!” cried the knight—“Armgard! my Armgard!”

“Do not arraign the decrees of the Omnipotent,” said the spectre in a voice hollow like the murmuring of the wind through the bending corn.—“Merciful heaven!” repeat-

ed the knight—"my beloved Armgard!"—The phantom put its finger on its lips, to command silence, and, after three lamentable shrieks, uttered these dreadful words, "Three days longer, and Armgard shall be no more: on Sunday her eyes will close for ever."

Aroused, by this tremendous prediction, from the stupor into which affright and sorrow had plunged him, Louis, falling on his knees, exclaimed, "Mercy! mercy!—oh! take away my life: but spare that of my Armgard!"—"It is in your power to save her," said the spectre. "Behold this cup: it contains Armgard's fate and yours. If you drink the liquor, she will live; and your death will prevent hers, which otherwise is irrevocable:—the choice is yours."—"Give it to me," answered the knight, stretching forth his hand.—"Forbear!" resumed the spectre: "it is not yet time: you will find it in Armgard's closet."

A delicious perfume exhaled from the cup; and, on its edge, was engraved "*Safety*."—Louis was considering the fatal vase, when a loud clap of thunder shook the sepulchre; and the phantom vanished amid flashes of lightning. He returned precipitately to the hexagon hall, where his squire waited for him in fearful expectation. As they hastily recrossed the passages, the voice murmured again, "Think on Armgard."—They rapidly traversed the hall of the knights, and the apartments leading to the great entrance; and found themselves at length in the court. "God be praised!" ejaculated the squire. Louis sighed, and fell back into his arms; but, the air having soon revived him, they hurried back to the habitable part of the castle.

Just as they were ascending the grand staircase, a carriage was heard

on the draw-bridge. It was Gertrude and Armgard, who, joining the knight, gave him a sprightly account of their airing.—Thoughtful and dejected, Louis looked compassionately on Armgard, who had never appeared more lovely and blooming. Hardly able to support himself, he handed her to the top of the stairs, and tottered to his own room, to conceal his agitation.

It is now necessary to account for the wonders of the castle of Hardeburg. The vaults had been built in the earliest days of chivalry: the arched galleries were so artfully constructed, that a whisper quickly circulated from one extremity to the other. Three days had sufficed to make every preparation; spirits of wine and phosphorus supplied the magical illumination and the lighting. It was Armgard herself, whose death-like appearance had deceived Echenloe in the sepulchre: Gertrude personated the baroness, while Armgard's women had executed the music, and imitated the thunder. They were introduced into the vaults by a secret door, through which they speedily withdrew as soon as Louis had retired; and the two friends, getting into their carriage, reached the castle at the same time with him.

It is not so easy to describe what passed now in the minds of Armgard and Louis. These words, "Take away my life, but spare that of my Armgard," had inexpressibly touched her; and the hopes of a more complete triumph had alone prevented her from abandoning her funeral couch, to rush into the arms of her lover; and even, had he not quitted her so abruptly on her return to the castle, she would have revealed the whole mystery, in full assurance that he would drink the trying cup. During the rest of the evening, con-



tent and cheerfulness beamed on her countenance.

It was far otherwise with Louis. Retired to his solitary chamber, he threw himself on his bed, a prey to the most agonising feelings. His situation during the night was dreadful in the extreme. "If you empty the cup of fate, Armgard is safe: if not, she must die." These appalling words shone forth in characters of fire, wherever he cast his eyes. Distracted with apprehension at Armgard's danger, he swore to drink the fatal beverage to the last drop: but, the next moment, the sweets of existence, and the unconquerable horror of an untimely death, rushing with double force on his disordered imagination, obliterated every other thought, and reigned triumphant in his breast. Toward morning, he fell into broken slumbers, which, far from calming his harassed spirits, increased his perturbation almost to madness.

Early the next day he went to Armgard's closet:—the terrible cup stood on a kind of altar. On beholding it, Louis shuddered, but at the same time carried it to his lips. Armgard's heart palpitated with rapture, as she observed him through the curtain that concealed her:—but the knight, replacing the cup on the altar with a trembling hand, hurried out of the closet; while the arms of the disappointed Armgard, already extended to press to her bosom the generous youth, fell languidly by her side, as she saw him depart.

Various and confused ideas now rose in her mind: mingled hope and fear agitated her soul: she deplored her whimsical experiment, and the rash curiosity which had given rise to it.—The baron and Louis entered her apartment: a deadly paleness overspread the countenance of the latter, when he heard Armgard com-

plain of a head-ache. Her father made light of her indisposition: but Louis vehemently exclaimed, "She is ill, seriously ill--and" added he in a lower tone, "alas! without hopes of recovery."—He then quitted the room, the picture of despair. "Without hopes of recovery!" repeated Armgard bitterly; and at that moment she really felt herself so unwell, that she was forced to retire to her bed.

In the mean time, a restlessness, bordering on distraction, tormented the unfortunate Echenloe, and drove him from place to place. He flew to the garden: but scarcely had he walked a few steps, when he returned to his own room, threw himself on one chair, then on another. He went next to the drawing-room, where he began an unconnected conversation; interrupting himself abruptly, he stared on Gertrude, then leaning his head on the chaplain's shoulder, mournfully exclaimed, "O heaven! have mercy upon me!" He repaired to Armgard's closet, and, with desperate looks, contemplated the dreadful vase: he seized it in his hand: but no sooner had it touched his lips, than he let it escape again.

For two days did he endure all the unhappy sensations of a murderer: his anxiety and despair hourly increased: from every one he inquired about Armgard's health, and turned away his head despondently, when told her illness was but trifling.

The much-dreaded Sunday arrived. He quitted his apartment with the dawn, but dared not approach that of Armgard: walking backwards and forwards in the corridor which led to it, he attentively listened to every sound:—at length the door opened; and Gertrude appeared.

*(To be continued.)*



SAPPHO ; *an Historic Romance.*

(Continued from page 448.)

SAPPHO listened with an attentive ear to the oracle, which the Pythia pronounced with a loud and powerful voice, whose accents were re-echoed in the resounding cavities of the grotto. She paid less attention to the poetry, than to the meaning of these extemporary verses. "O divine prophetess!" she exclaimed—"you know the full extent of my misery;—regard then with an eye of pity a wound which I can neither support nor cure."—She no longer fled from the Pythia, but entreated her compassion with the most plaintive voice and suppliant gesture.

"O my daughter!" said Stratonice, "my inclination inspires me with the wish to serve you: I am ready to grant your request, and I propose to you two ways: the one will kindle in the heart of the indifferent Phaon the passion of love; the other will extinguish it in your own. Which do you choose?"

"What!" exclaimed Sappho—"do you propose the accomplishment of my wishes, or the oblivion of my misfortunes? Undoubtedly I ought to prefer the latter: but why should I conceal from you the inmost recesses of my heart? Alas! Yes, I prefer, even at the certainty of the most lasting misery, one single moment of happiness."

"Oh deep-rooted infatuation!" said Stratonice—"excess of delirium, which reveals the full extent of your unfortunate passion!—Let us endeavour to soften a heart which has resisted such tender eyes—eyes bathed in constant tears:—but I must first discover the intentions of the gods." She immediately drew from a corner of the grotto an urn of crystal, presented it to the nymph of the fountain which flow-

ed at the bottom of the cave, and placed it, filled with sparkling water, on the yet smoking altar. She poured the liquor on the fire, which was immediately extinguished; then filling it afresh, she replaced it on the altar, and, with a severe and commanding voice, as if she spoke in the name of the divinity, she said, "Plunge your hand into the vase."

Sappho, hesitating between fear and submission, first extended, and then drew back her hand.—The irritated prophetess in a peremptory tone exclaimed, "Rash girl! you have profaned this sacred grotto with your presence!—Your will was free: but, having once entered its sacred walls, you are under the power of the divinity:—Impious—obey!"

Terrified at these dreadful expressions, supported and encouraged by Rhodopé, she obeyed the orders of the Pythia. The water bubbled, and became instantly agitated, like that in which the Cyclops tinge the glowing steel. She screamed aloud, not from pain, but through fear. With a severe accent, Stratonice said, "I now perceive how deep is the wound which rankles in thy heart.—Implacable Venus! what can have excited thy direful vengeance? Unfortunate girl! finish thy narration: in thy case, my art is useless; for my power does not extend to the thoughts of the gods."

Sappho then related the liberation of the doves intended for the altars of Venus; and the recital of her misfortunes, and of the wrath of heaven, opens again the source of her eternal tears.

The gloomy priestess, assuming an awful and commanding countenance, her eyes bent to the ground, said, "This dreadful effect of celestial vengeance can only be counteracted by divine protection. I can at pleasure excite or calm the pas-



sions which arise naturally in the human breast: but, when they are inspired from above—when they are produced by a divinity—another divinity must put an end to them.—Endeavour to obtain the compassion of another deity in your favor.”

“Alas!” said Sappho, “what power in heaven can oppose her who reigns over all nature?”—“What!” replied Stratonice, “is not the empire of Virtue universal? ’Tis she who enchains seduction and desire: ’tis she who triumphs over Venus; and this triumph has its sweets: the reward is more certain, more independent, and more glorious”—“Yet,” said Sappho, “Venus having subdued mankind, are not the gods themselves under subjection to her? Pardon my weakness and ignorance; and let me not seek the habitation of that divinity who offers, you say, the purest pleasures attached to human existence.”

“That divinity is more powerful than you imagine,” replied the Pythia: “but she is only to be found in Olympus.—When the gods weighed in the same balance virtue and pleasure, one of the scales instantly sunk to the earth, and the other mounted to heaven.”—In uttering these words, the prophetess seemed to rise above herself; and it appeared as if a superior power had obliged her to reveal those profound mysteries which are concealed from the knowledge of the profane.

Sappho, anxious to penetrate the obscurity of the Pythia’s expressions, exclaimed: “Dispel my ignorance; and deign to bend to the capacity of a simple mortal;” and, to express still further her devotion, she embraced the knees of the prophetess.

Softened by this religious attitude, Stratonice replied, “Arise, my daughter, worthy of a better fate and wiser counsels. If your heart burns

with the love of virtue, whose pure and eternal joys are greatly preferable to the deceitful pleasures offered by her enemy, summon your courage to sustain fresh trials.—Perhaps heaven will again loosen my tongue to declare its dictates.”

Sappho stood reclined against one of the crystal columns; and, covered with her mantle, she fixed her eyes steadfastly on the Pythia, who bends toward the altar.—The faithful Rhodope, who had continued present at these mysteries, remained near her mistress in a religious posture, her hands across her breast, and her eyes raised to heaven.

Sappho was placed in the most distressing perplexity, between the fear of contending against the will of the gods, and the alluring hope of alleviation to her misery. The prophetess for a while stood silent and collected. As the wind before a tempest, which seems to sleep and collect its strength, soon bursts forth with impetuous and overwhelming fury; so Stratonice passed in an instant from the most profound tranquillity to violent delirium—her hair and her garments flying about in the wildest confusion. With a powerful hand, she seized the wand so fruitful in prodigies, and, after having whirled it round her head with the rapidity of lightning, she drew with its point a circle on the ground; and, placing herself in the centre, she muttered in a dismal voice her magic incantations. The earth trembled: a hissing noise was heard in the air; and the altar, where the sacred fire had been extinguished, was suddenly inflamed.—In the midst of a thick volume of smoke, appeared a transparent spectre, which resembled a young man with wings, of an agreeable but severe aspect, and which increased in size as the shadows that surrounded it became more vivid.



Sappho, charmed by the beauty of his features, rather than frightened at the prodigy, bent forward to invoke the spectre, when it instantly dissolved into smoke, and appeared in the form of a horrid monster, with a lion's head, the tail of a serpent, and the body of a goat, vomiting flames of fire from its triple mouth.—Sappho and Rhodopè screamed with horror; their hearts were congealed with fear.

An object less terrifying now attracted their attention: the monster disappeared, and gave place to a winged horseman, mounted on a courser of fantastic form, and covered with plates of shining steel. From his helmet was suspended a long and flowing mane, which floated like the green summit of the pine waving before the breath of the tempest. The phantom rushed forward, and cleared the entrance of the cave. Sappho and Rhodopè followed his course with watchful eyes; they imagine that they still hear the sound of the horses' hoofs, and the voice of the cavalier: but he has already vanished from their sight, swifter than the cloud scattered by the rays of the summer's sun.

Their attention was forcibly attracted towards the altar by the sound of a dreadful trumpet: a horrible dragon, covered with shining scales, blew a thundering blast: his horrid breath filled it with flames, which were scattered on all sides, and fell in torrents from his extended nostrils.—Sappho screamed aloud with horror, and covered her head with her veil; when the Pythia struck the trumpet with her wand, which fell, and was consumed on the altar.—At the same instant the monster was metamorphosed into a most lovely girl, crowned with myrtle; her exquisite charms shone through a transparent tunic, which

was fastened below the breast by a black girdle. Sappho thought she beheld the powerful Hecatè, and was going to prostrate herself, when the vision disappeared. The fire on the altar was extinguished: dismal and confused voices were heard, which seemed to retire; and the cave again resumed its wonted order and profound silence.

"What dreadful prodigies!" exclaimed Sappho, who still clung to the garments of Rhodopè: "Cease, O wise magician! to exhibit these terrible apparitions, which neither my eyes nor my heart can sustain."

"Weak mortal!" replied Stratonice, "I have softened the horror of this scene, by mingling the mildest objects with the most terrific. I would not unfold to thee those dreadful visions which would create fear in the breasts of the most intrepid heroes. If I had suddenly opened the profound abyss—if I had conjured from the shades of hell the Furies destined for the everlasting torment of the damned".....

"Oh!" interrupted Sappho, "why terrify a heart which seeks compassion and relief?"—"To penetrate thee with confidence in the power of the divinity," replied Stratonice. Then, spreading her black mantle over her head, she placed on the ashes of the altar a mysterious book, where unknown characters were traced; and muttering magical phrases, she raised her wand in the air, and, striking the ground and the book, she turned towards Sappho, exclaiming in a voice above human power—the inspiration of a divinity—"Unfortunate maid!..... inextinguishable flame!.... The waves of the sea!.... Leucatè!..... Consult the sacred priest of Apollo:—a superior power seals my lips: 'tis enough! depart from the cave: thou must not interrogate me fur-



ther, nor ever see me more." So saying, she vanished from their sight, and left Sappho without other consolation than these obscure words, which redoubled her fears.

The mariner, who has suffered shipwreck, and is thrown on a desert shore, is not more uncertain respecting his fate, than the unhappy Sappho after the declaration of the Pythia.—She recovered herself by degrees, and retired by the same road, accompanied by her faithful slave. When they quitted the dark cave, the light was painful to their eyes; but soon the serenity of the heavens, the purity of the air, and the beauty of the country which re-echoed with the songs of a thousand birds, insensibly moderated the excess of their anguish.—They return, more pensive, than when they set out from the house of Scamandronymus.

There is no remedy for the torments of love:—even philosophy, the comforter of the mind, is un-availing. Oh love! thou makest children of old men: thou degradest to the meanest occupation heroes and demi-gods; witness Hercules and Achilles.—Can we, then, be surprised, that a weak girl, hurried along by an irresistible passion, should have recourse to the doubtful and supernatural agency of sorcery?

When she returned to the paternal mansion, she heard a fresh subject for affliction: Scamandronymus informed her of the departure of Phaon for Sicily, to finish his commercial affairs there, that he might speedily return to celebrate his nuptials with Cleonicè.—Scamandronymus, in the fullness of paternal kindness, exhorted his daughter to drive from her heart a passion which was not mutual, and to place her affections on a more worthy object, where she would meet a kind

return.—But true love has neither the desire nor the power to change.

Sappho listened in silence to the advice of her father: but her grief soon sought relief in the disclosure of her anguish.—Passions, whose source are in the heart soon overflow.—Their conversation was prolonged until the moon, in the meridian of her course, seemed to invite the influence of balmy sleep. Sappho felt a melancholy pleasure in expressing her afflictions: and Scamandronymus listened with affectionate compassion. After a sorrowful repast, they retire to their respective apartments—but thou wilt not taste the blessings of sleep, unfortunate Sappho! Thy cup of misery is full!—The illusion which the hapless maid had cherished of seeing Phaon while his marriage was still delayed, was now vanished; and, scorning all the counsels of reason and prudence, she formed a resolution suggested by despair.

Among other wild projects which she had proposed to Scamandronymus during their conversation, she had even dared to demand his permission to follow Phaon to Sicily; but the old man, treating the idea as the offspring of a distempered brain, opposed it with all the force of paternal authority.—Finding her prayers and entreaties of no avail against the determination of Scamandronymus, she practised dissimulation, contrary to her usual character, and concealed from his knowledge her conversation with the Pythia, and the obscure oracle which promised at Leucaté a termination to her misery.

Sappho called her faithful slave Rhodopè, and said, "Flight is now my only resource." She then concealed her face in her hands:—but, when her determination was fixed, she collected all the money she had re-



ceived from the liberality of her parents, whose presents had increased since she had become a prey to affliction; and to these she added all her jewels. Rhodopè endeavoured in vain to dissuade her mistress from her desperate resolution: but, finding her representations fruitless, she determined to follow her destiny.—She awaked a slave particularly attached to Sappho: and, as if their departure had received the consent of Scamandronymus, she ordered the slave to harness the horses. He instantly obeyed the command of his mistress:—the soft ray of Phœbè gave them light: covered with her silver veil, the goddess dispelled the clouds of darkness.—They drew the car into the garden, where they harnessed the horses, pretending that this precaution was necessary, that they might not disturb the repose of the family. ---Sappho, with her treasure, placed herself in the car:---Rhodopè and another slave bear her company. The car flies---its traces are left on the sand of the garden, which will soon reveal their disgraceful flight. Unfortunate Scamandronymus! thou art now in profound repose: but when, at the rising of Aurora, thou shalt repair hither to respire the morning Zephyr, thou wilt read thy misfortune, and that of thy daughter, alas! more to be pitied than thyself.

*(To be continued.)*

*For the Lady's Magazine.*

ON EDUCATION

and DOMESTIC ATTACHMENTS.

We are all members of one great body; and Tenderness, Justice, and Equity, ought to be the foundation that supports it.

*Seneca.*

It is impossible to peruse this beautiful sentiment, without deploring the slight impression it has made

upon the generality of mankind; for, in our intercourse with the world, we often find that even the ties of nature are not sufficiently strong to secure the social affections, or bind the silken chain of domestic concord.

To what cause, it may be asked, are we to attribute an evil which produces such a deplorable effect upon human happiness? Does it arise from mankind daily becoming more vicious? or does it proceed from too relaxed a system of education? As there is no reasonable cause to be assigned for the increased degeneracy of human nature, it of course follows, that the want of unity in society at large, and more particularly in private families, proceeds, in great measure, from a mistaken mode of education.

If the mind during childhood resembles the osier, is it not the parent's duty to give it the proper bend? to carefully sow the seeds of universal philanthropy, and point out the gratification which arises from the practice of kindness, and benevolence?—These, as moral virtues, convey to their possessor a secret source of satisfaction and delight; but, when considered as precepts laid down by the divine author of Christianity, they make a still more refined impression upon the mind — “If you love not your brother whom you have seen, how can you love God whom you have not seen?” inquired our Saviour, when endeavouring to impress the practice of universal benevolence upon his hearers' minds; a practice, which we ought not only to observe as a moral virtue, but as a duty imposed upon us by the great creator of mankind.

If society at large has a claim upon our philanthropy, how much is that claim increased by those ties which



nature implants? what filial respect and gratitude are due from the child towards its parents, and how strong ought to be the impression of fraternal and sisterly tenderness? An amiable and united family may not unaptly be compared to a well-regulated commonwealth: each member of it evinces a desire of promoting the others' interest, and is anxious to augment the portion of their happiness.

As virtue and vice, like light and shade in a picture, display the characters with more striking effects, I shall conclude these remarks by describing two different families, whom, during the last summer, I alternately visited.

Though, during a long residence at Eton College, George D\*\*\* and myself were intimate friends, yet, from the period of our separation, twenty-one years had elapsed: still, as we had kept up an occasional epistolary intercourse, I anticipated the liveliest gratification from a personal meeting.—At school my friend was distinguished by the appellation of *Pliant George*: yet this extreme easiness of temper was sometimes carried too far.—From the recollection of past circumstances, I pictured to myself a family united in the sweet bonds of tenderness and regard, each member of it influenced by the example of my quondam friend George.

As I had never visited the part of England in which Mr. D\*\*\* resided, I was desirous of gratifying my taste for drawing by taking some sketches of beautiful scenery which adorned his neighbourhood; and so intently was my mind fixed upon the occupation, that I totally forgot the dining-hour; and, though I had promised to be there by three o'clock, it was half past seven when I reached \*\*\* Hall.—Though the external part

of the house carried a degree of grandeur with it, yet there was a slovenly appearance in the grounds; and I could not avoid mentally saying, "Ah! George! that easiness of temper, so striking in a school-boy, I perceive, produces, an influence upon your dependents."

My friend had formed what was considered an injudicious connexion upon first going to Oxford, and actually married before he had completed his first year; and, at the time of my arrival, his eldest son was near nineteen.—Seven children composed his family, three girls, and four boys, the two youngest of whom were twins, and only four years of age—I was received by Mr. D\*\*\* with the warmest expressions of pleasure, and introduced to his lady and children, as the dearest companion of his youth: yet he dwelt with more satisfaction upon the happiness of *that* period, than seemed to be quite agreeable to his wife.—His eldest son also observed, that, as he had enjoyed *so much* felicity, he ought to endeavour to promote it in his children, and not to make a favor of what they had a right to expect.—"You must know, sir," continued this hopeful heir of the family (addressing me with as much freedom as if I had been his most intimate friend) "my father and I had a strong altercation this morning about what he calls unnecessary expense; but which I think actually necessary to the situation in which I am destined to move."

"Well, George," said his father, "you know I have complied with your request; and I beg you will not trouble Mr. W\*\*\* with any family disagreements."—"I have no doubt," rejoined the young man, interrupting his father, "but Mr. W\*\*\* will allow you had a just right so to do, when he knows that



I have fifteen hundred a year independent of you, the moment I arrive at the age of twenty-one."

"The style of your language, young gentleman," (I observed) "is so entirely novel to a man accustomed to be treated with the most marked deference by his sons, that I fear astonishment would weaken the power of judgement, had your father requested me to become umpire in the dispute. I shall therefore merely say, I conceive every parental indulgence ought to be received as a favor, not claimed as a right."

It is doubtful whether the independent youth distinctly heard this opinion; for the two younger boys were making such a vociferous noise in the room, that, without reflecting upon the impropriety of it, I commanded silence in an authoritative tone.—Unaccustomed to the imperative mood, they for a moment stared with astonishment, and then ran screaming towards their mother, each attempting to hide his face with the shawl which was thrown over her shoulders, and desiring her to turn the naughty man out of the room.—Two girls, the one about sixteen, and the other a year younger, at that moment entered, followed by a servant with the tea-equipage. The want of politeness in their address was peculiarly striking, as I had been told they had just left what was termed a finishing school.—Scarcely was the form of introduction over, when a sort of whispering altercation took place between the accomplished young ladies, when at length the elder declared in an audible accent that it was her sister's turn, and she would *not* make the tea.—This assertion was as strongly denied by Miss Eliza, who called upon both parents to declare whether she did not make it the pre-

ceding evening. My friend readily concurred in the assertion: but unfortunately his wife was of a different opinion; and I began to fear I was doomed to a fate somewhat similar to that of Tantalus: but the dispute was happily terminated by the mother undertaking to make it.

Scarcely were the tea-things removed, when a carriage stopped at the door, and I was informed by my friend it had brought his second son, and daughter Emma, both of whom went every Monday to a dancing-school in the neighbouring town.—Ere they entered the 'drawing-room, I heard Miss Emma declare in a vociferous accent she certainly would tell her mother.—"Who cares for that?" replied the dancing-master's hopeful pupil, at the same time rudely pushing before his sister, as she was attempting to enter.—The sight of a stranger gave a momentary check to the roughness of his manners; and he honored me with what I conceive he thought a perfect Chesterfield bow: but poor Emma's mind was too much occupied by the recent calamity to allow her to display the slightest mark of politeness or respect.

"See, mamma, how he has torn my beautiful silver muslin!" said she, displaying an enormous rent.—"It served you right," replied this attached brother. "Why did you not keep your frock away from my feet?"—"Ah! you spiteful creature! how I wish you were gone to India!" rejoined the young lady.—"Do, mamma, tell Captain Crawford of him: let me tell you, sir, if you show your airs when you are on board the Hindostan, the captain will tie you to the mast-head."

Though this mixture of impoliteness and ill-nature produced very little effect upon either of the parents, I fancy my countenance tes-



tified rather stronger feelings; for my friend, who had hitherto sat like an un-observing spectator, commanded both to be silent.—"Law, papa, why one must not speak now, I suppose," (said Miss Emma) "even if one's clothes are torn off one's back."---"I am sure I don't want to talk to such a disagreeable creature," muttered Charles, in a sullen accent.

This slight specimen of the manners of this disinherited family will be sufficient to convince my readers that I sincerely wished I had not formed the resolution of paying them a visit. But if the commencement of the evening excited this wish in my bosom, the conclusion of it determined me to shorten it; for such a scene took place at the card-table, as it would be difficult for the power of language to describe.---I retired to rest, fatigued, shocked, and disgusted, puzzling what excuse I could invent for shortening my stay; and, before I had determined, I dropped into a profound sleep.---From this, however, I was roused about five o'clock in the morning, by the rattling of a child's carriage and the squalling of a cat; and, upon inquiry, I found the two younger children had put the poor animal into harness, and, by whipping her with violence, compelled her to drag the chaise up and down a long gallery for their amusement.

Anticipating the dreadful consequences which must arise from such culpable indulgence, and shocked at having so many proofs of imbecillity in a man whom I had once regarded as a friend, I determined to endeavour to divert my mind from the unpleasing subject which occupied it, by surveying part of my friend's extensive domain.---As I was walking through the park, my

attention was attracted by the conversation of two men on the other side the pales, one of whom, with a mixture of sorrow and indignation, was describing the sufferings of his little boy.---From what passed, I discovered that the young squire (as he termed him) was the terror of all the children in the neighbourhood, as there was scarcely one amongst them, who had not felt the lash of his whip; and the poor fellow, whom he had beaten so unmercifully, had run away, instead of obeying his call to open a gate.---The friend to whom he was relating every particular of the inhuman transaction, strongly advised him to state the circumstance to a justice of the peace. "It is as much as my life is worth," replied the father. "Why, Jack, I should immediately be turned out of my house, and mayhap all my work be taken from me; and then my poor wife and children must starve."

"Well, then, why don't you go and complain to his father?" inquired his companion.---"Complain to his father, indeed! Why, man, the squire is afraid to say his soul is his own; and has no more power over his sons than I have over them there deer in the park."

Various were the instances of wanton cruelty which he related, as practised by the eldest and second sons; yet, from the extensive landed property their father possessed in the neighbourhood, all the laboring poor were fearful of complaining, lest, by offending Mr. D\*\*\*, they should be discarded from an employment which enabled them to support their families.---Scarcely could I credit the evidence of my senses, as I silently kept pace with the two poor men, concealed from their observation by the park railing.---What a transition had a few



hours made in my feelings! I no longer experienced either affection or esteem for my former friend; for, though neither of the men attributed cruelty or oppression to *him*, yet, by not checking the practice of it in his children, he might be said to tolerate it.

After a walk of two hours, I returned to the hall to breakfast, where I found the female part of the family assembled in the library, busily engaged in examining a box of millinery just arrived from London.---Pleasure and vexation were alternately displayed upon the countenances of the young ladies, as they viewed the different articles of finery; each fancying she discovered greater beauty in her sister's ornaments than she did in those she was destined to possess.---In the midst of the altercation Mr. D\*\*\* made his appearance, and observing the costly materials of which each article was composed, said, in a mild accent, he thought them too expensive for girls.---"Too expensive indeed!" repeated their lady mother. "I desire, Mr. D\*\*\*, you will not interfere with their dress, but allow me to be the best judge of what is proper for my own children."

"Oh! it is always the way with papa, if we even buy a yard of ribbon," said the eldest of the young ladies. "I believe he would be glad to see us attired like our grandmother Eve."---"That he would," rejoined the pert Eliza; "and I do not know whether he would not even grudge us a few leaves."

These pretensions to wit were received by the mother with a loud laugh, while my feelings were so shocked by this total want of all filial obedience, that my countenance must have expressed a mixture of indignation and contempt.---At that moment the butler entered

with a packet of letters; and I was heartily rejoiced at seeing one addressed to me, as I had predetermined that the first which arrived should afford me an excuse for taking a hasty leave.

I quitted this abode of anarchy and disorder, with a greater degree of pleasure than I can possibly describe---confirmed in the opinion, that from an erroneous mode of education proceed most of the miseries which embitter human life.---From an indolence of mind and pliancy of temper carried to an excess of weakness, my former friend had suffered himself to sink into a mere cipher, and, instead of being universally respected, had become an object of contempt. What important duties has he neglected! what misery and discomfort has he brought upon himself! but what must be his feelings at that awful moment when the sins of omission will excite as much apprehension, as those we have actually committed?

Mortified and disappointed, I traveled the first stage of my journey, undetermined whether I should pay my second visit: but, as Mr. Clifford's residence did not lie five miles out of the road I must necessarily travel, I at length conquered my ill-humour, and resolved to adopt my original plan.---D\*\*\* had been a school, and Clifford a college acquaintance; and nearly the same number of years had elapsed since I had seen either of them. The latter had spent greater part of that time in the East Indies, where, upon his first going over, he married a young lady of fortune.

As the East Indians in general are allowed to be ostentatious, and we are too apt to imbibe the opinions of those we associate with, I expected to see him surrounded with as much magnificence as an eastern



prince.---Upon stopping at an inn about three miles from the Abbey which had formerly been the seat of his great grand-father, I inquired of the landlord, whilst my horses were being watered, if the roads to Clifford Abbey were passable."---"Passable, sir!" repeated the man in a tone of astonishment: "why, they are as smooth, and as even, as a cricket-ground; or I might have said, if you like a simile, as smooth as the squire's conscience."

"The squire has contrived to smooth your tongue, my friend," I replied smiling: "I suppose he makes a point of recommending the George."---"He makes a point of doing all the good he can, sir, to every man in his neighbourhood; and, before you will find his equal, you may travel round the world."---There was an ardency in my host's mode of expression which delighted me; and I asked him several questions respecting my friend, all of which he answered in such an enthusiastic strain of gratitude, that I felt impatient to introduce myself to this phoenix of a man.

As I had apprised Clifford of my intention of being in that part of the country, the moment he saw the carriage drive round the lawn which environed his house, he flew to the door, and expressed the secret satisfaction he experienced in having an opportunity of renewing the friendship of his youth.---Two lovely children were sportively playing upon the verdant plat before us, the elder of whom came running up to his father, exclaiming, "Oh! papa! is that gentleman, you are so glad to see, my uncle, just come from Bengal?"---"No, my dear fellow," replied the father: "It is Mr. W\*\*\*, an old friend, whom I have not seen a great many years; and, if you are a good boy, and always behave kind-

ly to poor Frederic, you will experience as much pleasure when you are a man."---"It would be very wicked not to be kind to him, papa, mamma tells me; because he has no father or mother to be fond of him."---"Have you, sir, a father and mother?" inquired the sweet boy, looking wistfully in my face.

"Here," thought I, "is the true system of education; an impressive lesson inculcated from the incidents which daily occur; the pleasure arising from the practice of social affection forcibly pressed upon the imagination, at a moment when the feelings are all genuine, susceptible, and warm."---Having answered the little inquirer in the affirmative, my friend passed his hand through my arm. "I am impatient," said he, "to introduce you to my wife and daughters. From the former you will receive a cordial welcome, unshackled by ceremony, and unrestrained by form."

Though inanimate objects seldom draw forth my attention when animate ones are present, yet scarcely could I avoid directing my eyes, during the introduction, upon a long table which extended from the top to the bottom of the 'drawing-room, which was as completely covered with fire-screens, work-bags, reticules, &c. &c. as the most famous shop for the sale of these articles.

"You must be astonished at the display we are making of our various employments, sir," said Mrs. Clifford: "but the fair, at which they are to be exhibited, takes place to-morrow; and my girls were taking an inventory of each article, and affixing the selling price."

"Do not suppose, my friend, that my wife and daughters are become hucksters," rejoined Clifford, perceiving, I suppose, some degree of astonishment marked upon my face:



"for the articles you see before you, are not only specimens of taste and application; but emblems of beneficence and charity; for a booth at the ensuing fair is to be erected for the sale of them, and the produce given towards the support of nine orphan children.---The tale of their misfortune is simple and affecting: their father was one of my daily laborers; and, in driving home a team, one of the horses became restiff, which the poor fellow for some time in vain endeavoured to move; but at length it reared, made a plunge at him, and too successfully knocked him down: the wheel of the waggon went over his body, and killed him upon the spot.---The unfortunate wife, who was near her confinement, witnessed this appalling sight, and, in less than twelve hours, became a mother, and lost her valuable life."

I need not describe the effect of this distressing narrative, as every susceptible mind will easily conceive it; and directing my eye towards a box with a slit cut in the top of it, I saw the following words written in large letters over it, "For the reception of contributions for the benevolent purpose of supporting nine orphans," and under it, "Let every man do according as he is disposed in his heart; not grudgingly, or of necessity; for God loveth a cheerful giver."

With secret satisfaction did I contribute towards a plan so benevolent; and joyfully could I have pressed the institutor of it to my heart. What a contrast did it present to the man I had so recently quitted! and how doubly deserving did my friend appear by the comparison!-----In the evening, an addition was made to this amiable family, by the arrival of its elder branch, a fine young man about eighteen, who had just arrived from Cambridge.

"I did not expect to have had the pleasure of seeing you these ten days,

my dear Henry," said his father, after the first salutation.---"It is by the indulgence of my tutor, sir, that I have the gratification of quitting college sooner than I intended," replied the young man with some degree of embarrassment.---The anxious eye of paternal solicitude instantly perceived the animating glow which overspread his intelligent face. "I trust that you merit that indulgence, Henry: yet surely some mystery is connected with your unlooked-for arrival."

"It is a mystery which has its foundation in friendship, my dear father," rejoined Henry: "yet, as I perceive it excites some unpleasant sensations, do me the favor of walking into another room, as I am no less impatient to relieve your mind from all apprehension, than to become acquainted with my worthy friend's doom."

The father and son instantly quitted the apartment; and the former returned in about ten minutes with a benignant smile upon his countenance, and, approaching his wife, said in the softest accent, "My dearest Louisa, how blest we ought to think ourselves in having such a son! It is for the purpose of serving that excellent young man, Thornton, that Henry obtained leave to quit college so soon; as he is desirous of obtaining my permission to resign one hundred a year of his income; and, upon that sum, he can raise a sufficiency to purchase a vacant place for Mr. Thornton."

"Oh! papa! how good it is of Henry," exclaimed the blushing Selina, "to resign the means of purchasing his own gratification! You have given your consent to it, have you not, my dear sir?"

"No; I have positively forbid it, Selina," replied Clifford. The artless girl's countenance underwent a sudden change: "but, fortunately, my dear girl," continued my friend,



"there is no person likely to forbid my intention of serving Thornton; unless you should start an objection to my disposing of my money to promote his interest."

"Me, sir! me object to any measure you think proper to adopt!" stammered out the now delighted Selina, in a voice of hesitation.—At that moment the door opened, and Henry Clifford re-entered, accompanied by one of the finest figures I had ever beheld, whom he introduced to me as Mr. Thornton.—What I had before suspected, was instantly made clear to me, by the mixture of tempered joy and agitation, which the ingenuous Selina in vain endeavoured to conceal, while in the young man's countenance I read the ardent lover, concealed under the external garb of timidity and respect.

When the family retired to rest, my friend opened his whole heart to me respecting his intentions towards this too interesting young man.—"Providence," said the worthy Clifford, "has blessed me with an ample fortune: yet I feel myself but as an agent under his directing hand; and I consider it a duty imposed upon me to do all the good I can.—Thornton universally bears an unexceptionable character: my daughter is tenderly attached to him; yet, knowing the confined state of his finances, he has too much honor to avail himself of it.—It is not my intention to render him independent: that would be an act of injustice to my other children; but I mean to purchase the place Henry has mentioned, and afford him an opportunity of exerting his abilities; and, if he conducts himself in it to my satisfaction, I will reward him with my beloved Selina's hand."

To describe all the proofs I witnessed of my friend Clifford's bene-

ficence, or to paint the unity which prevailed in the family, would fill volumes, instead of occupying a few pages; I shall therefore merely say, that, after passing three delightful weeks in their society, I took my leave with a mixture of admiration and regret.

#### BENEDICT; a true History.

(Continued from page 218 of our last volume.)

THAT I had never even heard of an indisposition which required such a total change in the domestic establishment of Mrs. Talbut, struck me as extraordinary, particularly as I had left Adolphus, two months before, in the enjoyment of perfect health: and I was still more astonished at discovering that my little cousin Melville was left under the care of Mr. F\*\*\*. Though, during infancy, his mother had displayed the strongest proofs of attachment, yet, from the moment Adolphus became master of such an un-expected mine of wealth, he seemed in great measure to have superceded the child of my revered uncle, in the affection of his surviving parent.—Still, as Mrs. Talbut publicly kept up the appearance of maternal fondness, it seemed wonderful she should not have taken him to Madeira, particularly as his constitution was naturally delicate, and might have been infinitely improved by the salubrity of the air.

That this sudden voyage was in some measure connected with the letter received by Mr. Talbut on the day of his death, occurred to my imagination the moment my aunt's epistle reached my hand. Though Adolphus, by the insolence of his manner, when I requested to see that interesting letter, evidently wished to inspire me with the idea that he doubted Mr. Talbut's having received it; yet, so far from producing that effect, it confirmed me in



the opinion that both his mother and himself had some private reasons for concealing it; and, by absenting themselves from England, they of course precluded all further inquiry upon the subject.

Though I had learned from Mr. Montgomery that my fortune was affluent, yet he had never even hinted the amount of it; and I was as complete a stranger to the sum bequeathed to me by my respected father, as any person wholly unconnected with him. From the comparatively small allowance made me by Mrs. Talbut, I had learned to know the value of every shilling; and I set a double value upon riches, from knowing they extended the field of benevolence.---As nature had endowed me with a beneficent disposition, I considered fortune peculiarly desirable, as the only means of indulging it; and that Mr. Montgomery had generously bestowed those means, was evident, from what had passed between Mr. Talbut and myself:---but how to ascertain this fact, was beyond my comprehension; or how even to know the parties who were concerned in the will, was a difficulty which appeared insurmountable to a boy of sixteen. Though Pemberton was my chosen friend, and the general depository of my secrets, yet there appeared a want of delicacy in unfolding my suspicions to him; and I was withheld from disclosing them to George Delemere, by an observation of his amiable mother's, who on a former occasion had said, she thought suspicion a degrading sentiment, which ought always to be confined to the suspector's breast.

Several months had passed away without any intelligence of Mrs. Talbut or Adolphus S\*\*\*: but, as the vacation approached, I received an invitation from Mrs. Pemberton

to pass it with my young friend.---Not doubting I should receive Dr. D\*\*\*'s permission, I anticipated the liveliest satisfaction from this intended visit: but how cruelly were my hopes blighted, upon his informing me that he had received positive orders not to permit me to quit college! Warm in my passions, and ardent in my feelings, I found it impossible to restrain the latter at this un-expected disappointment; and, un-able to stifle those suspicions, which had so long lain dormant in my bosom, in the fulness of my heart I disclosed them to the doctor, imploring him to inform me whether he conceived there was a possibility of discovering who were Mr. Montgomery's executors.

How astonished was I to find that a difficulty, which to me had appeared insurmountable, could be removed by merely applying to Doctors' Commons! and so completely delighted was I at the intelligence, that I could scarcely find words sufficiently strong to express my acknowledgements to the doctor.---Though I had been so long under the care of that able instructor, yet I had never received any gratifying marks of his esteem or regard: his applause even appeared blended with a coldness, which checked the impression of pleasure it inspired.---"My dear Henry," said the enlightened man clapping me upon the shoulder, "I acknowledge myself to have acted wrong; I ought not to have been biassed by any malicious assertions: on the contrary, I ought to have investigated each report I heard: but my future conduct, I hope, will compensate for my past coldness:---from this moment I will make your interest my own."

It wanted but three days to the vacation when this confidential conversation between Dr. D\*\*\* and



myself took place; and, on the fourth morning, I accompanied my new friend to the metropolis, notwithstanding the injunction he had received.—“Justice” (said the Doctor) “forbids my adhering to the commands of a being who has made use of so much deception in your affairs; for, though she did not represent you as totally destitute of fortune, she made the smallness of it a pretence for restraining your pocket expenses; and, upon my observing that the allowance was too small for a boy of your age, she informed me it was your misfortune to have a natural propensity for expense; and, as you never could have the power of gratifying it, she considered it a duty incumbent upon her to endeavour to check it.”

On the morning after our arrival in London, the Doctor and myself went to the Commons for the purpose of obtaining a copy of Mr. Montgomery's will; but I will not attempt to describe the various emotions which agitated my bosom, while listening to the last testament of my deceased friend, by which I found myself master of immense landed property, both in England and the East Indies.—Though Dr. D\*\*\* was an entire stranger to the gentlemen who were nominated as trustees to the will, the proctor, who was a friend of my master's, professed himself intimately acquainted with one of them; and, upon the Doctor's saying he was certain there had been some treacherous proceedings, replied, “he was convinced Mr. Clavering was unacquainted with them; for” (continued he) “I know no man of higher honor and integrity in his profession, though, from possessing an independent fortune, he is not sufficiently attentive to his business.”

It was decreed that we should all

immediately proceed to Mr. Clavering's chambers, for the purpose of inquiring the reason of my remaining so long ignorant of Mr. Montgomery's bequest: and, if a mixture of undefinable sensations were excited by the liberality of that worthy character towards me, how were they increased by the account of the treacherous conduct of my pretended friends!—Mr. Clavering informed us, that, immediately after the death of Mr. Montgomery, the gentleman who was united in the trust with him was taken alarmingly ill; in consequence of which, his whole time and thoughts were so much occupied, that he actually forgot to make Mr. Talbut acquainted with the bequest: but, the moment his friend was so far recovered as to be able to undertake a voyage to Madeira, he had done it:—“but that young gentleman,” continued Mr. Clavering, addressing himself to the Doctor, and gazing upon me with a look of astonishment, “cannot surely be the Henry mentioned in Mr. Montgomery's will!”—“Why cannot, my good Sir?” demanded the Doctor, in a tone of still greater astonishment.—“Because,” replied Mr. Clavering, “I have been informed by two of his relatives, that he has the misfortune to labor under an imbecillity of intellect; and Mrs. Talbut and her son are actually gone to Madeira for the purpose of consulting with Mr. Hervey, how to act in the business; though, when I say they are gone on purpose, I believe I go too far, as I understood they had some idea of visiting that island, before they knew my coadjutor was there.”

Astonishment and indignation marked the Doctor's countenance while listening to Mr. Clavering's account of Mrs. Talbut's treacherous manœuvres.—“Execrable wo-



man!" he exclaimed: "but thank God, sir, there are witnesses enough to prove her statement false; and, so far from that young gentleman's intellects being imbecile, I assure you on my honor, he is one of the finest scholars in my school."

We spent the greater part of the morning in Mr. Clavering's chambers, consulting upon the proper mode of conduct to pursue, to get me entirely out of the power of my treacherous relative, and for the purpose of defeating her iniquitous views. The plan proposed by that gentleman was, that a statement of every circumstance should be laid before the Lord Chancellor, accompanied by a petition to his lordship, to take me under his peculiar care. The worthy Doctor D\*\*\* was so indefatigable in his exertions, that the petition was both presented, and granted, in less than three weeks; during which time we remained at the house of a Mr. Collier, a merchant of large fortune, in Finsbury Square.—By one of those singular co-incidences of circumstances which sometimes happen, I accidentally discovered that Mr. Collier was a relation of Mrs. Delemere's; and from him I learned that her amiable son was in a very declining state, occasioned by the breaking of a blood vessel.—In addition to this intelligence, he likewise informed me, that the whole family were gone either to Lisbon or Madeira.

Mrs. Talbot's sudden resolution of letting Belmont, and undertaking a voyage to one or both of those places, was instantly accounted for; and I was likewise convinced her son's disease (if he labored under any) proceeded only from his passion for the amiable Louisa.—The intelligence which I received from Mr. Collier, occasioned me much greater solicitude than that which Mr. Clavering

imparted; for I was well aware that the insidious Adolphus would leave no plan untried to accomplish his wishes.—The serious indisposition of a young man so truly deserving as George Delemere was likewise a circumstance to inspire me with the liveliest regret; and fortune, which had once appeared so desirable an acquisition, lost the greater part of the charm I had fancied it would possess.—I became impatient to return to Winchester, as it was at Christmas that Mrs. Delemere had been in the habit of sending a donation to the Maurices, and I indulged the hope of obtaining some intelligence from those worthy people, of the being whom I loved to the greatest excess.

The gift had been received, and a short letter with it, merely inquiring after those worthy people's health, and giving them the pleasing intelligence that my friend had derived benefit from the change of climate; but no hints was given of their intended return to England; neither was my name mentioned.—Though I derived much gratification from the account of my friend's amendment, yet I felt sensibly mortified at not having been noticed by the too charming Louisa. Ten thousand agonising apprehensions agitated my bosom, when I reflected upon the opportunities Adolphus would have of injuring me in her opinion. So completely was my mind occupied by these apprehensions, that it was with the greatest difficulty I could pay attention to my scholastic duties; and I was rejoiced when Dr. D\*\*\* pronounced me fit for the University; flattering myself that change of scene would produce an effect upon my spirits.—But, alas! the same apprehensions continued to haunt my imagination. I incessantly beheld, in idea, the insidious Adolphus pouring forth a tale of love into the ear



of the only being whom I thought capable of administering to my happiness.—It was in vain my friend Pemberton endeavoured to rally my spirits, by remarking the little pleasure Louisa had always testified from Adolphus's attentions; for my life was so completely embittered by apprehension, that even the voice of friendship lost its charm.

Near eighteen months elapsed in this painful state of anxiety; during which period, I had never received any intelligence of my aunt; in fact, all intercourse ceased between us from the moment the Lord Chancellor had formally acknowledged me as his ward.—At the expiration of eighteen months, however, I received a letter from the worthy Doctor, informing me that Mrs. Talbot and her son were returned; that both had been to Winchester, and had called at his house, but that he had thought proper to be denied to them; “and I would advise you, my dear Henry,” (added my revered protector) “if they make any overtures to you, to adopt a similar plan.”—During the period I have described, I had written two letters to George Delemere, to neither of which had I received any answer—a circumstance which increased my agitation, and added to my chagrin.

That Adolphus should, a second time, have the power of injuring me in the opinion of persons of a disposition so unlikely to be prejudiced by mere report, was a circumstance so completely extraordinary, that I could scarcely credit its truth: yet that he had done so, was evident, from the conduct they pursued.

From the period of my residing at Cambridge, I had alternately passed my vacation with Dr. D\*\*\* and my friend Pemberton, whose attachment towards me increased with years.—His mother's conduct was

no less flattering: in short she seemed to make no distinction between me and her son; and the blooming Marianne appeared to experience for me a similar regard to that which she felt for her brother.—In this united family it might have been supposed I must have enjoyed happiness: yet to that sentiment, alas! my bosom was a stranger; for happiness was so intimately connected with the image of Louisa, that it was impossible to taste it, when I had no longer an opportunity of enjoying the sight of her.

An event likewise occurred, which, to some young men, might have appeared flattering, but which, to me, was a source of indescribable uneasiness; for that sisterly regard, which the artless Mariannedisplayed upon our first acquaintance, had evidently ripened into a warmer sentiment.—That engaging vivacity, which had diffused cheerfulness around her, was succeeded by a dejection that it was impossible to witness without participating in it, for, to use the words of an admired author,

“Ev'n grief became her!  
Grief reign'd with silent pleasure in her face,  
As if delighted to be dress'd in beauty.\*”

To the practice of flirting, as it is termed, which at present is so fashionable, I had never felt the slightest inclination: in short, that early attachment which I had formed for the incomparable Louisa Delemere, rendered me in some degree insensible to the charms of every other female.—Had my heart been disengaged, that bewitching *naïveté* of manners which Marianne Pemberton in so eminent a degree possessed, could not have failed to attract its warmest emotions, particularly as I had so many opportunities of perceiving that it was united to the most amiable propensities:—yet, in

\* Martyn's Imoleen.



my Louisa, there was a dignity of soul, and a refinement of sentiment, which excited a mixture of admiration and esteem, while the gentleness of her manners, and the sweetness of her disposition, were calculated to inspire love's most ardent flame.

As, from a boy, I had always been passionately fond of music, I had been indefatigable in my endeavours to become master of the science; in short, all my leisure hours were devoted to an accomplishment, in which Louisa Delemere likewise excelled.—Upon my arrival at the lodge, (which was the appellation given to Mrs. Pemberton's elegant villa) she requested me to undertake the office of instructor to her daughter; and, as my friend was likewise musical, we every evening formed a domestic trio.—I soon, however, observed, that, in every song which portrayed the tender passion, the harmonious voice of the fair songstress agitatingly faltered; and, if my inquiring eye happened to rest upon her, the liveliest carnation overspread her countenance.—Mrs. Pemberton, who was more attached to ancient, than modern music, one evening requested her daughter to sing

"When first I saw thee graceful move," &c. with which request, with a mixture of hesitation and embarrassment, the blushing girl complied; but, when she came to

"Say, soft confusion, art thou love?" her agitation was so violent, that she could not proceed; and, complaining of sudden indisposition, she quitted the instrument, and hurried out of the room.—The alarmed parent instantly followed the object of her affection: Pemberton and myself were consequently left *tête-à-tête*: both for some moments observed a total silence; but at length

he exclaimed, "Dear, ill-fated girl!"

An embarrassment, greater than I had ever before experienced, seized me:—I felt as if I had been treacherously seducing the lovely girl's affections, without being able to make a return; and, as my eyes met the steadfast gaze of her brother, mine were, by an involuntary impulse, cast down; and I felt my whole frame suffused by that crimson current, which was so rapidly passing through my veins.

"The guilty only ought to blush, dear Henry!" said Pemberton, throwing aside his flute, and clapping me affectionately upon the shoulder. "I have long suspected, but I now have proof of, Marianne's attachment: yet, selfish wretch that I was, I derived so much gratification from your society, that, to retain it, I hazarded a beloved sister's peace!—But you must leave us, my friend:—and I—inhospitable as I am—implore it."

There was something so truly touching in the tone and manner of this attached brother, as he said this, that I actually felt my eyes fill with tears; and so completely was I distressed and mortified by the scene I had witnessed, that I found myself totally at a loss for words.—With Pemberton I had never had the slightest secret: he was the depository of my every thought; and too well he knew how completely the image of Louisa had entwined itself around my heart.—To obliterate the impression, he knew, would be as impossible, as to efface engraven characters by the touch of a finger: yet, clasping his hands together, he exclaimed emphatically, "Would to heaven you had never seen that bewitching Louisa!"

In this wish it was impossible for me to join him, though she had been the innocent cause of exquisite self



citude: yet I perfectly agreed with him as to the necessity of my immediately quitting the lodge.—To invent a plausible excuse to Mrs. Pemberton, who, her son assured me, had not the slightest suspicion of the state of her daughter's heart, then became the subject of discussion; and we agreed that the first letter I received, I should pretend it contained a summons from Winchester.

(To be continued.) / page 543

### MEDLEY

of Scraps, Anecdotes, Gleanings, &c.

*The evil Eye.*—The superstitious doctrine of the *evil eye*—as we learn from Mr. Vaughan, in his “View of the present State of Sicily”—is universally believed through the country; and perhaps more than elsewhere, at Palermo itself. It is a fancy or apprehension that the look or the presence of some particularly ill-omened person brings ill-luck wherever it appears;—that person is called a *Gettatore*, literally a *thrower* (alluding to the eye.) As a guard against the threatening misfortune of the presence of the *Gettatore*, they carry a little charm called “*Bona Fortuna*,” which is a small crooked piece of coral, generally like the horn of an animal, and pointed at the end: it is worn by the gentlemen at their watch-chains, and by the ladies as an ornament; these they point at the unlucky object upon his appearance, to qualify the Evil Eye. The king himself wears the *Bona Fortuna*; and several English can attest the fact of having seen him point, when at cards, at a particular duke, well known at Palermo, who is supposed generally to be a *Gettatore*.

*The evil Air, or Mal-aria.*—The same work presents us with the following notice of the *Mal-aria*, or

*noxious air.*—The *mal-aria* is very prevalent in many parts of Sicily (and Calabria) particularly in autumn. It is hitherto little better explained than unwholesome air, arising from stagnant water left by the torrents in the summer, or from exhalations, in certain parts, from the earth; this last is the more credited, since it is known that in certain houses the *mal-aria* shows itself on one side (even within the house) and not on the other. We have many instances of this in the barracks and quarters of our soldiers, where one side has been healthy, while the other has been sickly, and the men died rapidly. Of two companies of the 21st regiment, quartered at Venitico, in the same barracks, in 1808, forty in one of the companies were taken ill, of whom ten or eleven died; and the other company (although they entered by one door) in the other division, remained healthy; a proof, among others, of the extraordinary and deadly consequences of the *mal-aria*, since, if care and attention could have saved these men, the indefatigable zeal of their most excellent commanding officer, Lieut. Colonel Adam, would have effected it. The same phenomena are to be observed frequently at Rome.

*A Sicilian Inn.*—In England, we are too apt, in traveling, to complain of the want of certain little comforts and accommodations at inns: but what would the fastidious English traveler say to an inn, such as described in the following passage from Mr. Vaughan's work above quoted?—At Fiume di Nisi, “the muleteer informed me there was an excellent inn. It consists of an immense range of open stalls for the mules, and wretched lofts above, they call rooms. The supper-room you are shown into, is a division of the stable; with a fire on the ground, or



rather, bare earth,—a bed for the family—some casks of wine—a pig lately killed, swinging from the rafters—and a table and bench. Upon the ashes they toast you a slice from the pig—with two or three eggs, and a bottle of wine: and that forms your supper; while the muleteer stalks in with a satisfied air from having told you the truth. The chamber for sleeping is a wretched-looking garret, with a mattress, *en suite*; shutters for windows; and a door that won't shut. Were an English lady's maid shown into such a place, at the worst inn on the road, she would immediately swoon. And take this for a picture of every *locanda* in Sicily, except in great towns, or the immediate beaten track from one English post to another."

*Telemachus*.—The historic romance of "Telemachus," as is well known to all our readers, was written by Archbishop Fénelon for the instruction of his royal pupil, the dauphin, grandson of Louis XIV, and heir apparent to the Gallic throne; and never was a work more admirably calculated to improve the heart and the head of a young prince. But it is matter of astonishment to many of his readers, that Fénelon, living under a despotic government, should have dared to write a book so pointedly and openly condemnatory of all the most prominent and glaring foibles and vices of the reigning monarch, who had chosen him as preceptor to his grandson, and whose nod could in a moment have consigned him to perpetual chains and darkness in the dungeons of the Bastile. Those who are acquainted with the history of Louis XIV, cannot fail to recognise, at first sight, the strong likenesses which he draws of him in various parts of the work; and those who are not, may find the passages

quoted and applied in Madame de Genlis' "*Histoire des Femmes Françaises*."—The wonder, however, will cease, when it is recollected, that the worthy archbishop wrote the book in secret, wholly unknown to Louis, and did not immediately print it, but kept it close in manuscript, for the exclusive perusal of his young pupil. Thus, for a time, he avoided the displeasure of his despot patron, and might have continued to enjoy his favor during the remainder of their joint lives, had not envy and avarice conspired to effect his ruin. A *valet de chambre* surreptitiously took a copy of the manuscript, which thus reached the eye of Louis. The *Grand Monarque* read it with astonishment and indignation, forbade it to be printed, dismissed the good prelate from his preceptorial office, and banished him to his distant diocese.—It was not till after the tyrant's death, that the invaluable work was printed.

*Conversion by Proxy*.—Col. Kirkpatrick, in his "Account of the kingdom of Nepaul," relates, that, a Christian missionary having offered to instruct the regent of that kingdom in the most useful branches of mineralogy and metallurgy (respecting which this prince is very curious), provided he would embrace the Christian faith, the regent coolly replied, that his rank in the state made it inconvenient for him to accede to the proposed terms, but that he was ready to substitute two or three men, who should make as good proselytes as himself. The missionary rejecting this expedient, and the regent not comprehending, or affecting not to comprehend, why three souls should be of less estimation than one, very gravely inferred, that the holy father could only be prevented from accepting so fair a proposal, by the desire of



concealing his ignorance of the arts which he had professed himself qualified to teach.

*Preservation of dead Bodies.*---

Among the discoveries made in the ruins of Pompeii, was one of a singular and remarkable kind---a deep subterraneous vault, nearly full of ice, and, in the centre of it, a marble sarcophagus containing a human body in perfect preservation, fresh and unfaded, as was likewise the dress, consisting of a linen undergarment, a tunic of fine white wool-len cloth bordered with two purple stripes, and short half-boots of black leather. The body must have lain there upwards of seventeen hundred years.---On being removed into the open air, the arms, legs, and throat, exhibited those convulsive motions which are observable in bodies subjected to the Galvanic shock.

*Causes of Madness.*---In a "Dissertation on Insanity," lately published by Dr. Black, is a table of the causes of madness, drawn up from the observations made by the late Mr. Gozna, apothecary of Bedlam, from the year 1772 to 1787. Of the number of cases which fell under his cognisance, nearly one fourth were caused by misfortunes---nearly one eighth by religion and methodism---rather more than the same number by fever---and about the same proportion by hereditary taint.---On these tables, a writer in the Monthly Review has the following remark: "We have reason to believe, that, at present, a much greater proportion of insane patients derive their malady from the second of these causes."

*New-formed Lakes and Springs.*---

A new lake has, within a short period, gradually formed itself in Jamaica. It is now reported to cover three thousand acres of land, and to be at the supposed rate of

about an inch every week.---All the trees within its compass are dead. Its water is uncommonly soft; and a gentleman, who had swam in it, says that he "could not swim one third part so far in this water, as in the sea or in a river."---Besides this, some hundred acres of land are now covered with water, in another part of the island, where, in some years, the negroes and cattle have been obliged to go fifteen miles to drink; and a number of springs have burst forth, where there never before had been the slightest appearance of any.

*Swallows.*---A writer in a late French journal mentions that a pair of swallows entered an inhabited room, and built their nest on the curtain-rod of the window, notwithstanding the presence of cats, dogs, and human creatures.---Such materials as they were seen to employ in the construction of their nest---as horse-hair, straw, and earth---were laid in the room for them, as likewise water: but they would not use any of them.---Their nest finished, and the eggs laid, they hatched them, and reared their young, four in number---incessantly flying out for or returning with food for them.---If the opening of the window was at any time delayed in the morning, they importunately solicited their liberty by a continued twittering, which always commenced about day-break.---When the young were sufficiently grown to seek their own food, they regularly accompanied their parents, and returned with them at night.---The writer adds, that, during the early period of their existence, the dam would suffer her little ones to be handled, and would perch on the hand which held them.---In addition to these interesting particulars of the swallow, we learn from one of our domestic publications, that, in the neighbourhood of

Bo'ness, a pair of those birds having built their nest in the corner of a window, part of it afterwards gave way, and left its unfledged inhabitants in great danger of falling: but, in a few hours, about a dozen swallows came to the assistance of the owners of the ruinous mansion, and completely repaired it in the course of the day.

*Sassafras Nut.*—Mr. Wilson, of the Strand, has (in no fewer than four of the last monthly publications) strongly recommended the use of the sassafras nut for breakfast. He represents it as superior to cocoa or

chocolate for recruiting exhausted strength---as useful in weakness of the stomach, indigestion, cutaneous foulness, consumption, asthma, scrofula--in short, in almost every disease, especially those of a chronic nature. ---It may be proper to add, that, by advertisement in the newspapers, he has since announced that he himself has the article for sale.

*Incendiaries.*—In Prussia, the hand of justice has lately seized above thirty incendiaries, supposed to be only a part of a confederate band dispersed over the whole continent of Europe, but acting in concert.

## POETRY.

### BOUTS-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 rhymes of the writer's own choice.*

Run, Shun—Turn, Burn—Close,  
Rose—Thorn, Warn—Grass, Pass  
—Cloy, Joy—Wake, Take—Leave,  
Grieve.

*Any approved Completions, which may have reached us by the fifteenth of January, shall appear on the first of February.*

### Hymn to HEALTH.

*Written on recovery from Sickness.*

*By Mr. HERSEE, Author of "Poems rural and domestic."*

O HEALTH! superior gift of heav'n!  
Great source of every human joy!  
For all thy blessings, richly giv'n,  
What ardent words can I employ?

Must polish'd language speak, to show  
The gratitude I would impart?

Oh! no!—the tides of nature flow  
In artless raptures from the heart.

Prostrate before thy heav'nly shrine  
I kneel, with glowing thankful soul;  
I bless thy pow'r, as I recline  
Where sickness lately bore controul.

The pale usurper now is gone,  
With ev'ry agonising pain,—  
O Health! how lovely was thy dawn!  
How welcome is thy perfect reign!

For thy sweet hours of nightly rest,  
Thy cheerful days of joy and peace,  
While I of reason am possess'd,  
My gratitude shall never cease.

O Health! superior gift of heav'n!  
Great source of ev'ry human joy!  
For these thy blessings, richly giv'n,  
No equal thanks can I employ.

*Extempore to a WEDDING-RING,  
intended for a Friend of the Author.*

*By Mr. HERSEE.*

Oh! speed, thou little smiling toy,  
To the dear hand thou soon shalt press!  
Be thou the source of ev'ry joy,  
That e'er on earth can charm or bless!  
Give to the pair, each passing hour,  
For many and many a peaceful year,  
Fresh proofs that Love's celestial pow'r  
Unites in lasting bliss two hearts sincere,  
And binds by thee, to make them doubly

*Address to PEACE.*

*By ANONYMOUS, N. Petherton.*

O THOU, who—when stern ruthless War  
Came thund'ring in his blood-stain'd car,  
By mad ambition driv'n—  
Sear'd at the fiercely gath'ring storm,  
Withdrew'st thy mild cherubic form,  
And fled'st again to heav'n!



How long for thy last transient smile,  
That gladden'd Britain's sea-girt isle,  
Must we thy absence mourn?

O bright Celestial! when once more  
Shall joy resound from shore to shore,  
To hail thy lov'd return?

Britannia weeps war's sanguine reign,  
Weeps for herself and injur'd Spain,  
And num'rous heroes dead!  
Fair Commerce feels her pow'rs decrease,  
And sighs for sweet restoring Peace,  
To raise her languid head.

Then, from thy blest abode on high,  
Let radiance beam along the sky,  
And with thy doves descend;  
From olive-boughs, that grace thy hand,  
Let fall a sprig on ev'ry land,  
And bid fell discord end.

Bid Gallia's vengeance cease to burn,  
Invet'rate foes to friends return,  
And sheathe the reeking sword.  
But hither guide, O maid divine!  
Thy beamy car; here fix thy shrine;  
By Britons be ador'd!

How would exulting myriads rise,  
To hail thee from thy native skies,  
With rapture-thrilling voice!  
Grey, wrinkled Age, with cheerful brow,  
Would bow in adoration low,  
And Poverty rejoice.

O come then with thy lovely train,  
And bless our sov'reign's lengthen'd reign,  
Ere yet his sun go down!  
Let Britons shout with heartfelt glee,  
And conscious pride, "Peace, Liberty,  
And Commerce all our own!"

#### WINTER.

By Miss RICHARDSON, *Hinderwell*.

THE pleasures of spring and of summer  
are past;

And autumn's delights are withdrawn:  
The gay pleasing seasons no longer shall  
last: [blast,

See! Winter appears, with his horrible  
And Nature looks wild and forlorn.

Yon trees, under which I so lately have  
stray'd,

As a shelter from Sol's burning beams,  
Are all stripp'd of their leaves: on the  
ground they are laid:

And the place which ere while so much  
beauty display'd, [seems

Now deform'd, a drear wilderness  
Confin'd by the cold, we no longer can  
rove: [stray:

Through the fields we no longer can  
Eat the joys of sweet friendship: & home  
we can prove,

And converse by the fire with those that  
we love,  
To pass the dull ev'nings away—

In hope soon to hail the return of the  
spring,

To welcome the beauties of May,  
When the birds on each branch shall har-  
moniously sing, [us shall ring,  
And the woods and the valleys around  
And all Nature look happy and gay.

#### THE FAREWELL.

By Miss ELIZA BAXTER, *Newington*.

I LEAVE thee, my Emily—leave thee  
once more,

To join the bold troops beyond sea:  
Again must I quit this my dear native  
shore,  
And bid a sad farewell to thee.

My King and my Country command me  
abroad;

And willingly them I obey;  
'Tis Liberty, Emily, points out the road,  
And bids me to battle away.

'Tis Glory that calls me: I hasten to earn  
The laurels her bounty bestows.

I hear the drum beat! and with ardor I  
burn,

To attack all Britannia's foes.

And Oh! if my Emily's blessing attend  
Her Lucius across the wide main,  
Inspir'd with fresh vigor, with Hope for  
his friend,  
Exulting his post he'll maintain.

Should Providence guide him, and grant  
him success,

Ere long he'll return to this shore:  
Then deign with thy smiles thy fond Lu-  
cius to bless;

And let him no longer implore.

Completion of the DOITS-RIMES proposed  
in our Magazine for August.

ON WOMAN.—By C. L.

WOMAN's sweet voice can fill with  
heav'nly fire

The soul of man, and ev'ry joy inspire.  
She can produce the most harmonious lays

That ever grac'd th' admiring poet's bays.  
Enchanted is my soul's vibrating string:

And thus in lovely woman's praise I sing,  
While, led by their angelic minds to soar,  
I seem to rise, the heavens to explore.

Their bright example, in the earliest page,  
Delighted wond'ring man, in ev'ry age.

May heav'n protect their virtues free  
from flight, [blight!

And guard the happiness from ev'ry  
Oh! who will dare deny that they were  
born



The life of man, and wedlock to adorn—  
To smoothe his passage to the silent tomb,  
And teach him resignation to his doom?

Another, by E. C.

BENYOWSKI.

Oh! for a spark of bright Mæonian fire,  
My breast to kindle, and my Muse in-  
spire,

While no debas'd, no prostituted lays

Wind round Benyowski's brows the  
wreath of days. [to soar

Great spirit, form'd midst toils and death  
O'er grov'ling fears, and tracts unknown  
explore! [page,

I hang admiring o'er thy soul-stamp'd  
And, while I bless thy projects, loathe  
the age, [Night,

Excuse thy fair one's half-reluctant  
Sigh for her hapless love, and wail its  
blight. [born,

O born to raise the weak! O vainly  
That crown\* thy genius gain'd thee to  
adorn!

A friend of Afric weeps upon thy tomb,  
And mourns her prospects, while he  
mourns thy doom.

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

By J. M. L.

THE early blush of morn is sweet,

\* When infant day appears:

I love its hour of peace to greet,

Devoid of chilling fear.

In nature's charms, to me sublime,

An unbought joy I find;

And still, though varied be the *clime*,

No change attends my mind.

Beauty may fade, her charms decay,

And Age his snows may send;

The monarch soon must sink to clay,

And all his glories end:

But nature, ever young and fair

In charms that constant glow,

Feels not the bitter pangs of care:—

Such pangs she cannot know.

The man whom malice follows sore,

May weep in anxious woe;

The man from whom each joy she tore,

Can scarce a comfort know.

But still, to ease his hateful load,

Here nature's charms arise;

While heav'n invites to its abode

Beyond the azure skies.

\* He was made king of Madagascar  
by the natives; but his eventual object  
appears to have been the regeneration  
of Africa.—See his *Memoirs*, printed in  
London, in 1799.

Such feelings brighten ev'ry scene,  
And calm each troublous thought;  
Can bid the mind become serene,  
Though deep with sorrow fraught.

Grant I may still possess a taste

For feelings true as these:

The mind of man by such is grac'd:

They, more than riot, please.

Soft as is music to the ear,

We own their wondrous pow'r:

We feel their charnful influence cheer,

And hail the happy hour.

Another, by ANONYMOUS, N. Petherton.

On! life, that I could rid me of thy  
load, [scene!

And quit this woe-fraught, sublunary

For happiness has fled my lone abode,

The dwelling once of peace and joy  
serene!

Clarinda's dead! No more her form  
shall greet [elicit;

These dotting eyes, nor this fond bosom

No more her voice (than Philomel's  
more sweet) [ear!

Shall feed with rapture Colin's listening

Sure never wretch misfortune press'd  
so sore!

Scarcely allow'd connubial bliss to taste,

When Death, relentless tyrant! from  
me tore

The peerless fair, with ev'ry virtue grac'd!

Ah me! how soon does earth-born joy  
decay! [clime,

None e'er is lasting, but in that pure

Where now Clarinda, freed from cum-  
brous clay, [time!

An angel moves, in height of bliss sub-

VIRTUE; an Imitation of the French Epi-  
gram in our Magazine for August.

By ANONYMOUS, N. Petherton.

WE Virtue treat just like a queen, [mien,

Whose winning mildness, grace, and

Our admiration raise:

But then her rank inspires such awe,

When near th' illustrious dame we'd draw,

We falter, pause, and gaze.

HOPE; an Imitation of the French Epi-  
gram in our Magazine for September.

By ANONYMOUS, N. Petherton.

THOUGH mortals e'er of life complain,

And destiny each day arraign,

As cruelly unjust;

Yet in Hope's glass they gaze; and there

To-morrow seems still bright, still fair:

Again they fondly trust,



And true the vision deem.  
Thus months and years flit by, while they  
For Hope's to-morrows live each day,  
Till death dissolves the dream.

Another, by W. E. junior.

MAN ever is complaining,  
And ever Fate arranging;  
But, though each day with care perplex'd,  
Hope bids him still live for the next.

Imitation of the Lines left on the Toilette  
of NINON LENCLOS by a jealous Lover.

(Lady's Magazine for October)

By W. E. junior.

UNWORTHY of my flame, my tears!  
Unmov'd I brave thy feeble charms.  
No more the lover's hopes and fears  
Shall wake my breast to fond alarms.  
Not thine those charms which once my  
bosom rent;  
For they were only by my passion lent.

NINON's Answer.

Unmindful of thy love's alarms,  
I view thee brave my feeble charms.  
But, if the passion beauty lends,  
How is't, no charm on thee attends?

Another, by ANONYMOUS, N. Petherton.

UNWORTHY of my tears and pains!  
With ease I break thy feeble chains.  
My love did thee with charms invest,  
With which, false maid, thou ne'er wast  
blest.

The Answer.

Unmov'd by all thy tears and pains,  
I see thee break my feeble chains:  
But if, that love lends charms, be true,  
Thou shouldst have borrow'd, sir, a few.

How to write LOVE-LETTERS.

Imitation from the French in our last  
Number, page 474.

By ANONYMOUS, N. Petherton.

No! love sincere is not express'd in  
rhime: [rules of art:  
Th' impassion'd soul ill brooks dull  
The labor'd measure, and the artful  
chime, [the heart.

May show the wit: but prose unveils  
Another, by W. E. junior.

No! 'tis not in verse that true love can  
be trac'd: [shall say;  
It ought not to muse to find what it  
And, by measure and rhyme with deep  
study plac'd, [ta'en away.  
What is given to wit, from the heart's

Solutions of the Charade and Enigma  
proposed in our last Number.

By ANONYMOUS, N. Petherton.

Hence read the charade, and cried, "Con-  
found it!"

Then read it o'er again, and "Nothing"  
found it.

I read th' Enigma—saw Queen Bess,  
Who whisper'd, "'Tis the letter S."

MIDNIGHT.

By the late Mr. WORGAN.

'Tis midnight, and the ruthless win-  
try blast [founder'd bark!  
Howls o'er the fragments of the  
See! the swain corpses on the strand are  
cast, [and hark!  
Hurld by the warring elements;  
'Tis the wreck'd mariner's expiring shriek,  
Who grasp'd th' overhanging cliff, with  
desperate force, [seek,  
Yet, while his feet some nook of shelter  
Is buried in the wild wave's reluctant  
course. [tale  
Mourners! who frame the fond lamenting  
O'er fancied evils,—look on real woe;  
What are the cares that prompt your  
tender wail, [others know?  
What, to the rending pangs that  
With grief like yours, the sufferers  
would be blest, [mults rest.  
And deem your sorrows bliss, your tu-

The SITE of EDEN.—By H. G.

WHEN, from the bow'r where pleasures  
grew,  
The angel Adam drove,  
His beauteous partner quitted too,  
Content with him to rove.

And since—all travelers have said,  
No trace they can explore.  
They're right—when lovely woman fled,  
'Twas Paradise no more.

To a Lady, in a THUNDER-STORM.

WELL may'st thou dread, in this rude hour,  
The lightning's livid flash to feel,  
When, to each strong attracting pow'r,  
You add, fair maid, a heart of steel.

FOR-EVER.

FOR-ever!—what a volume lies  
Within those simple words alone!  
How we regret, how dearly prize,  
What once was trifling in our eyes,  
When 'tis for-ever flown!

L'AMITIÉ.

"L'AMITIÉ n'est qu'un mot!"—Je suis  
de votre avis: [à connaître  
Mais, avant de vous plaindre, apprenez  
Pourquoi, mon cher Philinte, on voit si  
peu d'amis: [ne veut l'être.  
Chacun veut qu'on le soit; personne  
\* \* \* A Translation or Imitation is requested,  
for our next or any future Number.

*Picture Dress.*

*Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.*



*London Morning Walking & Evening Dress.*

*Nº 11. 1811.*



London Morning and Evening  
DRESSES.

1. *Morning walking dress.*—A pelisse of plain silk trimmed with fur. Bonnet, of white satin trimmed with plaid.

2. *Evening dress.*—Of gold-colored satin or velvet trimmed with swan's-down. A cap of lace with ribbon of same color as the dress; white gloves and shoes.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

DURING the last year, the increase of American shipping at Canton, China, has been nearly one half, and about 13,000 tons of tea imported to the United States, a part of which will no doubt find its way to Europe.

An establishment for Vaccination has been formed at Canton, which has most beneficially extended the new practice through a great part of the Chinese empire.—Some idea of its advantages may be estimated, when it is known, that, on a moderate computation, one-tenth of the children in China heretofore died annually of the small-pox.

*Teapest.*—May 2, a storm raged at Madras, which tore up trees by the roots, burst many doors from their hinges, and destroyed a hundred and twelve ships and vessels of various descriptions.

*Spanish America.*—July 16, all the deputies of Venezuela subscribed the act of absolute independence passed on the 5th.—July 20, the superior junta of Santa Fé sent to the general Congress of Venezuela, for the support of the revolutionary cause, 250,000 dollars, raised chiefly from the voluntary contributions of private individuals.—August 13, the city of New Valencia, after two days of successive assaults, surrendered at discretion to the revolutionary forces under general Miranda.—Accounts from Jamaica state, that, on entering the city, after its surrender, when the troops composing the garrison were willing to lay down their arms, General Miranda ordered his army to put them to the sword, and some thousands are said to have perished. Regular possession having been given to the army of Caraccas, the inhabitants of Valencia, irritated by repeated cruelties, rose upon their oppressors. They were, however, unsuccessful, and many public executions were the consequence.

*Messina, Aug. 1.*—We are in daily expectation here of a revolution: things seem instantly coming to a crisis; the

hatred towards the English discovers itself more and more, and a peace with France is almost assured, but by no means doubted; the people are gathering in crowds, and exclaiming for want of bread; almost all our friends of consequence in the island are sent in exile to Parignano; and this day the *Gazetta Britannica* was suppressed, and the printer put in confinement.—In the space of four days, the inhabitants of that city experienced 13 shocks of earthquakes, and one more severe than has been known for a long time, which alarmed the whole neighbourhood to so great a degree, that many of the inhabitants quitted their beds, and escaped into the streets without their clothes.

*Palermo, Aug. 14.*—The news from Naples represent that city and kingdom in a most wretched state. The landed proprietors pay upwards of £80 per cent. of the produce of their estates to the Government. The large palaces of the nobility are rapidly falling to ruin; the streets unpaved, every appearance of a city sacked by its enemies.

It has been publicly announced in the *St. Vincent's Gazette* of Aug. 17, that Dr. Anderson had succeeded this year in preserving a quantity of clove-seed fit for the propagation of that valuable spice, and that persons inclined to cultivate it would be furnished with some.

*Bank-Robbery.*—September 1. The treasure, stolen from the Charleston bank (*See our last No. p. 481*) was, with the exception of a few hundred dollars, all recovered. A Mr. Benjamin Gray, a man of great mechanical talents, having been taken up on suspicion, his negro, who had assisted him in the robbery, and who was also arrested, confessed the fact, and pointed out the spot, in Mr. Gray's ground, where the money lay deposited, together with the false keys used in procuring it.

*Turks and Russians.*—In the night of September 2, the Turkish army, under

the grand Vizier, crossed the Danube in great force, a little above Rudschuck. During the following day, the Russians made several attacks upon them, but were uniformly repulsed with considerable loss. These engagements lasted from morning till night: and it is said that several French officers were serving under the grand Vizier.

Six million eight hundred hales of cotton have arrived from Turkey at Cortanizza in the months of July and August. They have been transported to Italy and France.

Letters from Palermo to the 27th of September state, that his Sicilian Majesty had of late evinced a more conciliatory disposition towards the British; and had even expressed his disapprobation of some intrigues which had recently come to light.—The apoplectic fit which had attacked the queen, had almost unfitted her for any public business; in consequence of which, the government in a great degree devolved upon General Maitland, the British commander.

*Bankruptcies.*—*New York, Sept. 28.* About twenty capital failures have lately taken place at Philadelphia, and as many more of inferior magnitude.—Our condition here, and in the other commercial towns on the coast, is truly deplorable; all classes of men daily stopping payment.

An American paper, of Octob. 5, mentions a message from the Chickasaw Indians to the American government, stating, that, "propositions have been made to the Chickasaw Indians by the British, through the northern Indians, to join in a war against the United States."

Several persons have been arrested in Jamaica, on whom were found proclamations and letters from Christophe, the black emperor of Hayti, or St. Domingo.

The American United States have taken possession of the territory on the river Mobile. The fort of Mobile, and about eight miles circuit of country, are all that remains in the possession of the Spaniards.

*British Army in Portugal.*—*Lisbon, Oct. 20.*—Our hospitals, which were a fortnight ago extremely full, are now fast discharging the sick. According to the last medical returns I have seen, there are not more than 13,500 sick, instead of between 18 and 19,000, which there were. The disorder was not very fatal, and consequently carried off only a few.

—Our army is gone into cantonments, and amounts in British force to about 35,000.

Letters from *Hamburg*, of Octob. 26, state that the French agents had of late been extremely strict with regard to all correspondence. They had not only opened the commercial letters, but had taken out the bills, and endeavoured to procure the acceptance of them, to apply the proceeds to their own purposes.

*British Victory.*—On the 28th of October, General Hill surprised the French General Girard at Arroyo dos Molinos, killed a thousand men, and captured two hundred, among whom are two generals, viz. the Prince d'Arenberg and general Bron.—General Girard, badly wounded, escaped to the mountains with about 300 men.—The loss, on our part, is said not to have exceeded forty men killed and wounded.

*Russia.*—*Novem. 2.* The Russians are continuing to fortify the frontier towns, have raised a new levy of 25,000 men to enforce an independent system with respect to commerce the next season.

*Gottenburg, November 8.*—Accounts from Stockholm positively state that the old king will resign his crown to Bernadotte, who has long held the reins of government; and that a diet will be held early next year, to sanction the transfer.

*Royal Family of Spain.*—A gentleman, who has lately seen them, states, that the allowance they receive from Bonaparte, is £100,000 sterling per annum;—that their household is very numerous, consisting of upwards of two hundred persons, principally Spaniards; every thing wears the splendor of a court, balls, concerts, &c; and though not on a grand scale, yet with as much ceremony and pomp as if they were still seated on the throne of Spain.—The people esteem the king very highly, pity his misfortunes, and whenever he appears in public (which often occurs, unattended, and without the least appearance of state), the greatest attention and respect is observed towards him.—The queen, who is now neither young nor handsome, but enjoys a good state of health, has lately discarded her old favorite, the Prince of the Peace, and has appointed to his situation a young officer of the Spanish guards, who, it is said, does not relish this appointment, which he is obliged to fill.—The hatred of the queen against her former subjects is inconceivable, and, if it was not well authenticated, could not



be believed: so great is her deep-rooted resentment.—The Prince of the Peace, however, still retains the influence he ever possessed over the mind of the weak and unfortunate king.—With respect to Ferdinand (whose residence is at Tours, and whose allowance from the government is said to be double that paid to his father), since the attempt which was made to effect his escape, he has been most rigorously watched, and all his Spanish friends and attendants have been removed, and replaced by French substitutes.

*London, Novem. 9.*—Intelligence from Philadelphia states that the increase of the American manufactures is astonishing, and that the introduction of Spanish sheep is of incalculable advantage to the country.

*London, Novem. 12.*—The harvest in France has been so very deficient, that ship bread lately cost 31s. 6d. per cwt. in a French sea-port, where, a few months since, it cost only 13s. 6d. The police of Paris, however, to prevent discontents, have forbidden the bakers to raise the price of bread in the capital.

An American gentleman, just arrived from the French coast, states that boats, with gold and silver from England, were continually arriving; that money was in great plenty at Paris, and no paper in circulation.

*Spain and America.*—The Regency at Cadiz has ordered a force of 4000 men, with a large supply of ammunition and stores, to be sent to Vera Cruz, and placed at the disposal of General Vanegas, viceroy of Mexico.

Accounts, received from France, state, that Bonaparté had ordered (without trial) the Abbot of La Trappe to be instantly shot.

Our squadron in the Adriatic has, as usual, been extremely active. The boats of the Acheron lately captured 18 vessels laden with grain and provisions, burned ten others, and also took three gun-boats by which they were conveyed, without the loss of a man.

The experiment of applying earthen pipes for the conveyance of water, instead of those of wood or iron, is announced in a Connecticut paper, to have succeeded to the utmost expectations of the projector.

*Catalonia.*—Suchet had no sooner withdrawn his forces to proceed in the direction of Valencia, than the Catalonians in every convenient situation rose en masse, and 20,000 of them appeared in arms to resume active and vindictive hostility.

A splendid theatre has lately been erected at Barbadoes.

A gentleman, lately arrived from Hamburg, states that Bonaparté, during his visit to Holland, had granted many licences for the export of corn from that country, including Embden, where wheat could be purchased for 30s. per quarter. The release of one gentleman, who had been arrested under a French order at Hamburg, for holding intercourse with England, had been purchased for a sum equal to £2000. and a reward, the amount of which is not mentioned, had been offered to any one who would either produce to the municipality or assassinate another person who was charged with the same offence, and who had escaped the vigilance of the guard.

It appears by the official reports lately published at St. Petersburg, that, from the year 1803 to 1811, the number of peasants that have been enfranchised in Russia by special agreement with their lords, amounts to 13,575.

Veins of lead are said to have been recently discovered at Heligoland, of a quality much superior to that procured from the north of Sweden.

Some of the letters from the British prisoners in France give the following as the average prices of provisions at the depôts—Veal and mutton 3½d. per lb.; beef 2½d. two fowls 1s. 10d. two ducks 1s. 2d. eggs 2½d. per dozen, bread 2d. per lb. butter 8d. cheese 4d. and milk a halfpenny per quart.

At a late sale of Merino rams and ewes, at Hotech, in Moravia, a patrimonial estate of the Emperor of Austria, Count Esterhazy paid for a ram 30,000 florins; Count Fries paid for another 26,000; and a rich cultivator paid for a third 16,000 florins!

A dreadful fire has taken place at Posen, in Poland, which nearly destroyed the whole city.

A most magnificent palace is building for the young King of Rome, on the banks of the Seine.

## DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

*His Majesty.*

It would be an unpleasant task to us, and little satisfactory to our readers, to notice the minute vicissitudes of his Majesty's malady since the date of our last publication. Suffice it, therefore, to observe, in general, that his bodily health is, at the present date (*November 25*) materially improved—That he takes his meals regularly, and occasionally walks through his suite of apartments—but that his mental recovery appears now to be considered as wholly desperate.

*The Regent.*—At a ball at Outlands, on the 13th of November, His R. Highness, in leading off the dance with his daughter the Princess Charlotte, struck his foot against the leg of a chair or sofa; by which accident he sprained his ancle, and broke two tendons of the foot. Though in a promising train of recovery, he is still confined to his bed at the present date, *Novem. 25*.

*Irish Catholics.*—In addition to the five Catholic gentlemen already under prosecution, new informations have since been filed *ex officio* by the Attorney General against the Earl of Fingall for having presided at two catholic meetings—against four Honorable gentlemen of the name of Barnewall, for having assisted at one of those meetings—and against the proprietors of the "*Freeman's Journal*" and the "*Correspondent*," for having published the Catholic proceedings on the 1st of August.—On the 21st of *Novemb.* one of the former five was brought to trial at Dublin, and found *Not Guilty*.—The city was illuminated at night.—The five gentlemen, heretofore arrested, have commenced actions against Chief Justice Downes, for having issued the warrants against them.

*Price of Bread.*—Quatern wheaten loaf, *October 31*, seventeen pence.—*Nov. 7*, the same.—*Nov. 14*, seventeen pence, farthing.—*Nov. 21*, eighteen pence.

At a census taken on the 27th of May last, of the University of Oxford, the number of members actually resident amounted to 1015.

*October 16.* A society was instituted, having the Archbishop of Canterbury for president, and the archbishop of York, with the whole bench of bishops and ten lay peers for vice-presidents—

whose object is expressed in the following resolution—"That the sole object of this Society shall be to instruct and educate the poor in suitable learning, works of industry, and the principles of the Christian religion, according to the established church."—The University of Oxford have since voted to this society £500 from the University chest.

*October 23.*—The take of hearings on the coast in the neighbourhood of Yarmouth has been greater in the course of last week than has been known in the memory of the oldest inhabitant of that district; but, owing to the uncommon warmth of the weather, a very great portion of them were lost.

Yesterday, a man was convicted at Bow-street office, in the penalty of £40 for hawking goods for sale without a licence, as a hawker and pedlar; and not being able to pay the money, he was committed to the House of Correction for three months.

A patent has been obtained by a gentleman of Liverpool, for improvements in the casting of iron roofs for houses.

*October 30.*—The produce of a single potatoe, planted in the garden of Mr. Peckham, of Steyning, was last week dug up, and measured three bushels and one peck; and many of the potatoes weighed from two pounds to two pounds and a half each. And a cabbage was lately raised by the same gentleman, in his chalk-pit, which measured over its top, every way, six feet four inches, and weighed 55lbs.

*November 1.*—By an Act of last sessions, no person can, from this day, be arrested for a debt under £15. unless the same is due upon a promissory note or bill of exchange.

*Libel.*—In the court of K. B. *Novemb. 1*, Mr. Henry White, proprietor and printer of "*The Independent Whig*," was tried on a charge of libel, for an article inserted in that paper without his knowledge, and while he was confined in Dorchester jail. The article in question was construed as tending to excite discontent in the British soldiery.—The jury, after about five hours' consultation, returned a verdict, finding the defendant guilty of the libel; but, on account of his absence from town, and the necessity of intrust-



ing an agent with the management of the publication, they recommended him to mercy; which verdict Mr. Lowten, in the absence of Lord Ellenborough, having refused to receive, they again retired, and shortly after returned a verdict of—Not Guilty.

A very poor man named Tuck, living in the almshouse at Penzance, found a bag, on Monday s'ennight, containing a great number of guineas, which had been lost by a rich farmer of that neighbourhood. A reward of ten of the guineas was soon proclaimed for their recovery, and the honest fellow restored them without hesitation.

*The Mock-Reverend Carter Tuck*, or *Tucker*—the sham parson, noticed in page 391 of our present volume—was, on the 2d of November, convicted, at the Westminster sessions, on two charges of fraud, and sentenced to seven years' transportation. There were other indictments against him, which it was thought unnecessary to try.

*Mysterious Death*.—November 5, Mr. Brown, of York Street, Commercial Road, was seen in good health by several neighbours at half past three o'clock. Before four, he was found dead, with his head hanging over the foot of his bed, and his extremities cold. He was reported to have died in a fit: but, from an impression on the neck, as if occasioned by a cord, the coroner's jury brought in a verdict of "Murdered by some person or persons unknown."

Tuesday, Mr. Thomas Jones was fined at Brecon, in the mitigated penalty of 40s. for neglecting to furnish a waggon and horses for the conveyance of the baggage of a detachment of the Worcester militia, on their march from Milford to Bristol, after notice had been given him by the constable so to do.

*Child-Stealing*.—A boy, four years old, the son of Mrs. Duval, George-place, Tottenham-court road, was stolen from the door of his parent at dusk, on Friday evening; and the tortured feelings of the mother were not relieved until Saturday afternoon, when the child was brought home in a naked state, with the exception of a rug, by a tradesman of Titchfield-street, who found him in the valley in Fitzroy-square.

A few days since, the youngest son of Crang-a-low, King of Easter Island, was baptised at Rotherhithe Church, by the name of Henry Easter, after the island. This prince came to England about six years ago, in the ship *Adventure*, Cap-

tain Page, South-whaler, who touched there to refresh the crew, they having the scurvy. When he departed, King Crang-a-low was supposed to be 125 years old, scarcely able to walk, and his hair as white as milk, and father of 23 children, all of whom were alive. This young prince is about 22 years of age.

*Roman Coins*.—On Saturday s'ennight a man who was employed in getting stone out of a quarry at Cleve Prior, near Evesham, discovered two large earthen pots, which, on examination, he found contained a considerable quantity of coin. They prove to be gold and silver coins of several Roman emperors.

*Fire-Works*.—On the 5th of November, a squib or rocket, falling on a barn at Andover, caused a conflagration, which destroyed a number of buildings.—On the 18th, a man was condemned, at the Bow-street office, to pay a fine of five pounds for having sold six squibs to a boy on the 5th.

*Sacrilege*.—Early on Sunday morning the Parish Church of St. Giles, Camberwell, was broken into and robbed of several crimson damask curtains. The thieves also stripped the pews of the brass ornaments, and took away with them a large bunch of keys belonging to the church. It is supposed that they were alarmed, as none of the communion plate was stolen.

About two years ago, a bull, belonging to J. T. Sandemans, Esq. of Sokeley Hall, near Truro, was lost. On the 26th of September last, Mr. S.'s steward having received directions to examine a coal-pit which had not been worked for several years on account of a spring having issued from an elevated part of the mine, went there with some assistants; and having descended to the bottom of the pit, found that the water had nearly gone away; and, on further prosecuting his search, found the very bull which had been so long lost, standing as if in the act of drinking. The beast had become a most striking instance of petrification; every feature and muscle were as perfect as when he was living, except that the hair on his hide was changed into a beautiful mossy substance, which still retained the original color of the animal, and extended in curls all over it, in a manner not to be described. Mr. S. has made several attempts to have the bull removed; but he has now given up the idea, as the moss is of so brittle a nature as to break with the slightest touch.

The late rains have occasioned the



spring tides in the Thames to rise considerably higher than usual, and the kitchens and cellars contiguous to the river were on Sunday and Monday laid under water. The inhabitants of Westminster, in many instances, have suffered severely by the inundation.

The inundation from the sea last November is supposed to have caused the wonderful crops of mushrooms which the lands near Boston, in Lincolnshire, flooded at that time, have this year produced. It is imagined that there are in that neighbourhood ten times as many mushrooms this season as any body can recollect to have seen before.

*Novem. 7.* The entire roof of a house in Charlotte street, Portland-place, was carried by the force of the wind into the street.

*Nov. 11.* *New Scent in hunting.*—A few days ago, at Ansty, near Cuckfield, the hounds of a neighbouring gentleman, while engaged in hunting, allured by the smell of roast beef, suddenly entered the house of the turnpike gate-keeper, and seized a piece which was hanging on a spit, which they carried off, and devoured.

Last week, as some workmen were pulling down an old saw-mill belonging to Mr. Osborne, of Hull, which had not been used for several years, they discovered a considerable depôt of swallows, which had evidently taken up their abode for the winter.—Some of them flew away to other places of repose, but many after a short flight fell down, and became a prey to the by-standers.

A countryman, a few miles north of Lincoln, having lately had some fir-joists stolen from him, applied to a reputed conjurer, known by the name of the "Wise-man," of Spridlington Heath, to direct him where to find them, who told him to examine, at a particular time, the premises of one of his neighbours, whom he pointed out. On his going thither, and mentioning on what authority he came to search for them, the honest cottager exclaimed, "That fellow is a great rascal. I should not wonder if he has got them himself on his own premises; come along with me, and we will see." They went, and, to the astonishment of the deluded countryman, after no very great search, the stolen joists were found, as the other had suggested.

On Friday last, the keeper of a respectable eating-house was convicted before William Fielding, Esq. at Queen's-square, of the offence of selling beer without a

licence. It was proved that the beer was brought from a licensed publican, and sold (without any advance on the usual price) to the customers who took their meals at the eating-house. In consideration of the high reputation of the offender's shop, and his accepting the offer of a beer licence then made him by the magistrate, thereby rendering himself answerable to victuallers' regulations, the penalty was mitigated to £10; the penalty incurred being £20 for each offence. —Near two hundred informations have since been laid against other keepers of eating-houses and cook-shops, for the same practice.

*Edinburg, Nov. 11.*—Yesterday the new Exchequer Court and Offices, situated on the south side of the Parliament-square, were entirely burned down. This was a very elegant building, only lately finished, and a great ornament to the city of Edinburg.

*Divorces.*—We are assured that the number of married couples who have left, or are leaving England, to domiciliate in Scotland for the purpose of procuring divorces, is most alarming, and appears almost incredible.

*Awful Visitation.*—On Thursday last, one Moody, a poor man who conveyed turf from the fens to Mildenhall, in Suffolk, fell from his boat into the river, and was drowned before any assistance could reach him.—On the body being conveyed to a public-house near the waterside, in Mildenhall, the landlord of which was standing at the door, he peremptorily refused with many horrid oaths to receive the body into the house; but scarcely had he uttered them, when he was seized with a paralytic stroke, that deprived him of speech and the use of one side, and in that state he still continues.

*French Prisoners.*—On a trial in the Court of K. B. *Novem. 14.* the Attorney General declared to the court, that, of the French officers, prisoners of war in this country on their parole, one fourth had effected their escape; and that one condition on which alone smugglers from this country were permitted to land their goods in France was, the bringing over with them a French prisoner.

*Frauds on the Revenue.*—Last week, it was discovered, by commissioners appointed, that the excise duties on beer had, for some years past, been evaded, at Plymouth and in its neighbourhood, to the amount of above £55,000.

The following instance of great pro-



sence of mind occurred lately at Bargarvie, Fife. As a gentleman of that place was walking through his fields, he was attacked by a bull of his own, which would inevitably have killed him, had he not had the singular presence of mind when the bull was in pursuit and just making a push at him, to spring to one side, by which the bull ran past him a few paces; and at that instant the gentleman seized him by the tail, and, while he held firmly with one hand, laid on most furiously with a stick which he held in the other, until he so completely tired the animal, that it lay down on the grass quite worn out.

*Novemb. 16.* There is now standing on Mr. Mann's ground, near York House, Palmer's Village Westminster, a pear tree with a second crop, in a fine thriving state, near three inches long, and two and a half in circumference, with a quantity of blossoms.

*Elections.*—A public intimation has been given at Grantham, that the Duke of Rutland has yielded his political influence in that borough to Sir Wm. Manners; so that it is not now expected there will be any opposition at the next election. The condition of the surrender of the duke's interest is understood to be, that he shall have liberty to hunt over the estate of Sir Wm. Manners, and that no advantage shall be taken of the late verdicts for trespasses.

*Novemb. 18.* Last Monday or Tuesday night, Battersea chapel was broken open and robbed of all the books and other articles of property; the robbers also did considerable damage to the chapel. St. James's church, Long-acre-chapel, Orange-street chapel, and Greenwich church have also been robbed. The latter was robbed by a man, who called on the woman who kept the key, under a pretence that he wanted to make some alteration in a pew he had lately taken, and obtained the key.

Saturday night, a gentleman from Liverpool, in his sleep, leaped out of his bed-room window, at a coffee-house near the Temple. He unfortunately alighted on the iron rails below, and was desperately injured.

The *Carlisle Journal* says—"A fish, with feathers growing from its back, was lately caught near Mary-port, and is now in Mr. Matthew Brougham's museum at that place."

*Persian Princes.*—Two young Persian princes are now in London for their edu-

cation. They were brought over by Sir Harford Jones, to whose care they were entrusted. They are the sons of the Prime Minister to the King of Persia; they are fine grown sensible youths, the eldest about eighteen, and his brother sixteen years of age. They are accompanied by an Indian preceptor. Our government have taken for them the house in Half-Moon-street, that was occupied by the late General Fox, and have directed that every respect and attention be paid to these young and illustrious foreigners.

*Novemb. 25.*—*Child burned.*—At a house in St. Martin's Lane, a mother lately went from the second floor to the kitchen to fetch water. During her short absence, her child, about two years old, set his clothes on fire, and was so severely burned, that he died the next day.

*Riots at Nottingham.*—The pressure of the times having reduced the journey-men hosiers and lace-makers of Nottingham to a state of starvation—and their discontents being heightened by the introduction of a new frame which reduces the number of hands employed—a considerable body of these distressed mechanics lately assembled, and, during several successive days, committed, in open day-light, various outrages in Nottingham and its vicinity—destroying the new-invented frames, and even several of the ordinary construction.—The military, however, and the local militia, having been called out, the rioters were at length quelled.

*Warning or Wages.*—It was lately decided in the Court of Requests at Westminster, that servants, although they may have agreed for a month's warning or a month's wages, are, in case of misbehaviour, not entitled to either.

#### BORN.

*Octob. 21.* Of the lady of J. Archer Hooblon, M.P. a daughter.

*Octob. 23.* Of the lady of the Bishop of Derry, a daughter.

*Octob. 27.* Of Lady Kinward, a son.

*Octob. 28.* Of the lady of Sir John Leicester, a son and heir.

*Octob. 29.* Of the Hon. Mrs. Gerrard Vannick, a son and heir.

*Octob. 30.* Of the lady of the Hon. W. Henry Gardner, a daughter.

*November 1.* Of the Hon. Lady Levinge, a son and heir.

*Novemb. 2.* Of Lady Mordaunt, a daughter.

Novemb. 4. Of Lady Charlotte Lemon, a son.

Novemb. 8. Of Viscountess Hinchinbrook, a son and heir.

Novemb. 8. Of Lady St. John, a son and heir.

Novemb. 13. Of the lady of G. Henry Rose, M. P. a son.

Novemb. 19. Of Viscountess Glentworth, a daughter.

#### MARRIED.

October 25. Robt. Crawford, esq. of Leatherhead, to Miss Elvy.

Octob. 24. Warner Wright, M. D. to Harriet, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Prettyman.

Octob. 24. W. Jones Burdett, esq. to Miss Brent.

Octob. 25. The Marquis of Downshire, to Lady Maria Windsor.

Octob. 26. The Rev. Francis Mills, to Catharine, daughter of the late Sir John Mordaunt, bart.

Octob. 29. M. Hawker, esq. of Catstisfield, Hants, to Mrs. Poore.

Octob. 29. Thos. Gisborne, esq. of Yoxhall Lodge, to Miss Elizabeth Fysche Palmer.

November 5. Lieut. Col. Smyth, son of the R. Hon. John Smyth, to Miss Wilson, of Dallam Tower, Westmoreland.

Novemb. 5. John Golding, esq. of Bridport, to Miss Eliza Forbes, of Camberwell.

Novemb. 6. James Potter Lockhart, esq. to Miss Windle, of John Street, Bedford Row.

Novemb. 6. Were re-married the Viscount and Lady Mary Deerhurst, who had previously been married in Scotland.

Novemb. 7. The Hon. Pleydell Bouverie, to Miss Maria A'Court.

Novemb. 12. The Rev. G. J. Tavel, to Lady Augusta Fitzroy.

#### DECEASED.

October 10. Lady Louisa Hartley.

Octob. 24. The Rev. Mr. Phillips, of Manchester.

Octob. 27. At Pendenny Castle, Lieut. governor Melvill.

Octob. 27. In his 66th year, John Krueller, esq. York place, Portman-square.

Octob. 20. Lewis Teissier, esq. Woodcote Park, Surrey, aged 75.

Octob. 30. Mrs. Harward, relict of the late Dean of Exeter.

Octob. 30. Mr. Hughan, M. P.

Octob. 31. Vice Admiral Thos. Wells. Lately, Chas. Brandon Trye, esq.

F. R. S.

November 5. The Hon. Sarah Murra Aust.

Novemb. 5. The Hon. and Rev. Richard Byron, aged 87.

Novemb. 6. Major gen. Thewles.

Novemb. 6. The lady of W. Burton, esq. of Turnham Hall, Yorkshire.

Novemb. 6. Miss Smith, sister of Sir J. W. Smith, bart.

Novemb. 11. Thos. Dowdeswell, esq. of Bull Court, Worcestershire.

Novemb. 13. The Hon. Mrs. Dalrymple, relict of Lieut. Col. Dalrymple.

Lately. Lieut. Col. Waterhouse, aged 70.

Novemb. 16. General Lawrence Wilson, aged 74.

Novemb. 18. The lady of Dr. Clough, of Berner's street.

Lately, at Edinburg, David Duthrie, aged 95. He had been blind for many years previous to his death, but perfectly recovered his sight on the day preceding his decease.

#### APPENDIX.

*Rice Bread.*—As the article of bread is now a serious object in house-keeping, it may be an acceptable piece of information to the public to learn, that many families have adopted the use of rice in making bread, in the proportion of one fourth. The rice is previously boiled for ten or twelve minutes, in three times its weight of water, which is put to it cold. Thus ten pounds and a half of flour, the quantity used in three quartern loaves, when made into dough, with one pound and a half of what the bakers call sponge, will knead up with three pounds and a half of whole rice so prepared, and the produce will be six loaves, instead of three.—Hereby a saving will be made of twopence in the quartern loaf, valuing the rice at sixpence per lb. after paying the baker amply for his trouble, and the consumption of the corn will be reduced nearly one half. The bread is very palatable, and lighter and whiter than wheaten bread.

Dr. Lettsom has recently recommended to many persons who had been for years afflicted with tape-worms, 5½ drachms of *oleum terebinthina rectificatum* [rectified oil of turpentine.] two doses of which immediately expel them.