

*Lisajaja Regd 1823*

THE

*Lady's Magazine;*  
OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

*for the*

FAIR SEX,

Appropriated solely to their

USE and AMUSEMENT.

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Vol. XXXVIII for the YEAR 1807.

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L O N D O N.

Printed for G. ROBINSON,

Nº 25, Paternoster Row.



# THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

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FOR JANUARY, 1807.

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*This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates :*

- 1 An elegant FRONTISPIECE.
- 2 PORTRAIT of the Right Honourable WILLIAM PITT.
- 3 Fashionable AFTERNOON and MORNING DRESS.
- 4 A new PATTERN for the CROWN of a CAP.

LONDON :

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

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.



## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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WE are much obliged to J. M. L. for the new series of WALKS which he has promised us, and of which we have inserted the first in the present Number: we hope he will favour us with other communications.

We, in like manner, hope that Mr. J. WEBB will continue to honour us with his very ingenious contributions.

Miss Yeames' pieces, which are in hand, are intended for insertion occasionally.

S. Y.'s communication, accompanied with a sketch, is not forgotten.

Enigmas should be always accompanied by their solutions; for however sagacious we may be in divining their meaning, we may be mistaken, and thus fail to perceive the merit of the composition.—We should be obliged to a very ingenious correspondent to send the solution to that she has favoured us with.

C. M.'s request shall be attended to, and, if possible, complied with.



# ADDRESS

## TO THE PUBLIC.

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ANOTHER year having revolved, it becomes our pleasing duty to express our most grateful acknowledgments to the public in general, and our fair patronesses in particular, for the very liberal and constantly increasing encouragement with which our Miscellany is honoured. Our exertions for its improvement have been unremitted, and with the greatest pleasure and gratitude we avow that we are sufficiently convinced they have not been in vain.

The original plan of the LADY'S MAGAZINE has been uniformly adhered to since its first establishment. It was intended to be, and we trust has been, a repository for the fugitive productions and first essays of genius, especially female genius, and pleasing and instructive selections from the most approved and entertaining publications of the times; at once avoiding what might be dry and abstruse, and what might be frivolous and trifling, amusement and improvement being equally its object. The utmost care has been at all times taken to exclude from its pages every thing in the least degree tending to indelicacy or licentiousness; it has ever been devoted to the promotion of morality, virtue, and religion.

To our Correspondents, to whose invaluable assistance much of the praise we have received is certainly due, we owe the most sincere and grateful acknowledgments. We earnestly solicit the continuance of their numerous favours.



And here we cannot but repeat what we have observed in some former addresses to them, that if we are sometimes under the necessity of suppressing some of the contributions of the younger and less experienced among them, to give them an opportunity to revise and reproduce them in a more correct form, that ought rather to stimulate them to make new exertions for improvement than to discourage them from future attempts. Our readers will at the same time perceive that we have lately been favoured with several truly valuable communications, especially of the novel class, from Correspondents of superior abilities. We are possessed, likewise, of several others, which have not been begun, but which will be given in the course of the present year.

We now enter on the THIRTY-EIGHTH VOLUME of the LADY'S MAGAZINE, inspired with gratitude for past favours, and ardour to merit their continuance; confidently trusting that our attention and exertions will be found to merit the same flattering approbation and encouragement which we have experienced from a candid public, and our amiable and generous patronesses, during a period of seven-and-thirty years.



THE  
- LADY'S MAGAZINE.

FOR JANUARY, 1807.

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MEMOIRS of the LIFE of the late Right Honourable WILLIAM PITT.

*(With his Portrait, elegantly engraved.)*

WILLIAM PITT was the youngest son of the illustrious earl of Chatham, and was born on the twenty-eighth of May 1759, when his father's glory was at its zenith; and when, in consequence of the wisdom of his counsels and the vigour and promptitude of his decisions, British valour was triumphant in every part of the globe. On the accession of his present majesty, that great statesman retired from the situation which he had so honourably filled; and consigning his two eldest sons to the care of others, devoted the whole of his time to the education of William, on a strong, and, as the event shewed, a well-founded persuasion, that, to use his own words, 'he would one day increase the splendour of the name of Pitt.'

His classical knowledge Mr. Pitt acquired under the care of a private tutor at Burton-Pynsent, the seat of his father; and the earl took great pleasure in teaching him while yet a youth to argue with logical precision, and to speak with elegance and force. He himself frequently entered into disputations with him, and encouraged him to converse with others upon subjects far above what could be expected from his years. In the management of these arguments his father would never

cease to press him with difficulties, nor would he permit him to stop till the subject of contention was completely exhausted. By being inured to this method, the son acquired that quality which is of the first consequence in public life—a sufficient degree of firmness and presence of mind, as well as a ready delivery, in which he was wonderfully aided by nature.

At between fourteen and fifteen years of age, he was placed under the care of a very worthy and enlightened clergyman. Mr. (now Dr.) Wilson, and sent to Pembroke college, Cambridge; where he was admitted under the tuition of Messrs. Turner and Prettyman (the former now Dr. Turner, dean of Norwich; the latter bishop of Lincoln). These able men seconded to the utmost of their power the intentions of his father. In Cambridge he became a model to the young nobility and fellow-commoners; and it was not doubted that if the privileges of his rank had not exempted him from the usual exercises for his bachelor's degree, he would have been found among the first competitors for academical honours. On his admission, according to custom, to his master's degree, the public orator found it needless to search into genealogy,



or even to dwell on the great qualities of his father; for the eyes of the university were fixed on the youth, the enraptured audience assented to every encomium, and every breast was filled with the liveliest presages of his future greatness.

Mr. Pitt was afterwards entered a student of Lincoln's-Inn, and made such a rapid progress in his legal studies as to be soon called to the bar with every prospect of success. He went once or twice upon the western circuit, and appeared as junior counsel in several causes. He was, however, destined to fill a more important station in the government of his country than is usually obtained through the channel of the law.

In the year 1781 he was returned a member of the house of commons for the borough of Appleby. Some of his friends at Cambridge had proposed that he should stand a candidate for representing that university; but he declined the honour, except it were unanimously offered to him. His first speech in parliament was delivered on Mr. Burke's motion for financial reform, and in the division on that question he voted with the minority. In fact, he might be considered, though he spoke and voted independently, as having joined the party which had opposed the minister lord North and the American war, and who regarded him with a degree of veneration, recognising in his person the genius of his illustrious father revived, and as it were acting in him.

When lord North was succeeded by the marquis of Rockingham in 1782, Mr. Pitt did not form any connection with the new administration. He was then assiduously occupied in the study of political philosophy, and in investigating the history, detail, and spirit of the British

constitution. He saw that, notwithstanding the excellence of the system, various corruptions had arisen, and many abuses introduced, which it was of high importance to correct, and which he conceived to emanate from a want of equipoise of the component estates, and a consequent derangement of the balance.

Like other young men of lofty genius and grand conceptions, accustomed to generalisation, and not yet acquainted with the practise of affairs, he formed theories at that time which experience taught him afterwards to renounce. He brought forward a motion for a committee to enquire into the state of representation in parliament; and to report their sentiments; in which he was supported by Messrs. Fox and Sheridan.

On the death of the marquis of Rockingham, lord Shelburne was appointed to succeed him as first lord of the treasury; and Mr. Pitt accepted the office of chancellor of the exchequer, the duties of which he performed with great merit and distinction, but without taking any very active interest in the party politics of the time.

He resigned his office on the thirty-first of March 1783, when a coalition formed by Mr. Fox with lords North and Thurlow forced lord Shelburne to retire, to make way for his opponents. On the seventh of May of that year, he again brought forward a motion for a reform in parliament, in a less general form than he had done in the preceding year. Instead of moving for a committee of inquiry, he proposed specific propositions, the object of which was to prevent bribery at elections, to disfranchise a borough which should be convicted of gross corruption, and to augment the national representation by the election of one hundred additional members.



The motion was negatived by a large majority.

The next occasion which Mr. Pitt had of displaying his knowledge was on the introduction of Mr. Fox's India bill, which he attacked with much force of language and splendour of eloquence, as 'annihilating chartered rights, and creating a new and immense body of influence unknown to the British constitution.'

Notwithstanding his opposition, in which he was powerfully supported by Mr. Dundas, the measure was carried through the house of commons with a very large majority. The efforts which he had made on this occasion were not, however, fruitless. Petitions were sent in from all quarters against the bill, and on the motion for its commitment in the house of peers it was finally thrown out; in consequence of which the coalition ministry was dissolved by the king, who was always understood to have been hostile to the measure in his individual capacity.

On this event the places of chancellor of the exchequer and first lord of the treasury were immediately conferred on Mr. Pitt. Raised to this elevated situation at the early age of twenty-five years, he had new and unprecedented difficulties to combat. Mr. Fox, his opponent, had still a large majority in the house of commons, without the support of which no ministry can be of long duration. Mr. Pitt had no family influence; no extended political association, no one of those adventitious props which often supply the place of real advantages; he rested solely upon his own abilities, aided by those whose admiration and confidence his intellectual and moral character had secured, without any means of extending his influence and increasing his friends but those to be found in his own head and heart. If talents and conduct could not create a ge-

neral confidence and support, he had no other means of standing secure against attacks of his adversaries. Instead, in these circumstances, of shrinking from the assaults of his opponents, he attacked them on their own ground, and on January the fourteenth, 1784, introduced a bill into parliament for the better management and regulation of the affairs of the East India company. The leading difference between this and Mr. Fox's plan was, that Mr. Pitt left the charter of the company untouched, and the commercial concerns of this corporation of merchants under the sole management of the proprietors themselves, and directors of their choice; whereas Mr. Fox had wished to make an entire transfer of the company's affairs to commissioners nominated in parliament, with a duration of authority for the term of four years. This bill, which resembled in many particulars that which had proved the ruin of Mr. Fox, laid the foundation of the permanence of Mr. Pitt's administration. Parties, however, continued to run so high, that a number of impartial and independent men employed themselves in endeavours to bring about a coalition, with a view of forming an administration from the two contending sides, of which Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox were to be the pillars. A meeting was held at the St. Alban's tavern, on the twenty-six of January 1784, in which an address was signed by fifty-three members of the house of commons, recommending a union to this effect, which was presented to the duke of Portland and Mr. Pitt. The latter expressed a willingness to enter into the views of the committee; but the duke of Portland insisting, that, as a preliminary, he should resign his place, the negociation was suspended. The duke was afterwards invited to a



conference with Mr. Pitt, at the express desire of the king, for the purpose of forming a new administration on equal terms, which never took place, from Mr. Pitt refusing to come to an explanation of the word equal; and here the negotiation was finally terminated.

This parliament, which had witnessed more changes in the executive power of the country than perhaps any parliament before or since, was dissolved on the twenty-fourth of March. On the sixteenth of May following the new parliament met, and from that period may be dated the commencement of Mr. Pitt's efficient administration.

*(To be continued.)*

### ON IDLENESS.

IDLENESS, says lord Monboddoo, is the source of almost every vice and folly; for a man who does not know what to do will do any thing rather than nothing: and I maintain, that the richest man who is haunted by that foul fiend (as it may be called) is a much more unhappy man than the day-labourer who earns his daily bread by the sweat of his brow, and who therefore only submits to the sentence pronounced upon our first parents after their fall, and which, if it be understood (as I think it ought to be) of the labour of the mind as well as the body, we must all submit to, or be miserable if we do not. And accordingly those who have nothing to do endeavour to fly from themselves; and many fly from the country, and go abroad, for no other reason.

### ANECDOTE.

TO prove the coxcombish garrulity of some of our modern juvenile travellers, we are enabled to state

the following fact:—A young man, some short time back, arrived at a certain inn, and after alighting from his horse, went into the traveller's room, where he walked backwards and forwards for some minutes, displaying the utmost self-importance. At length he rang the bell, and upon the waiter's appearance gave him an order nearly as follows:—'Waiter!' the waiter replied, 'Yes, sir.'—'I am a man of few words, and don't like to be continually ringing the bell and disturbing the house; I'll thank you to pay attention to what I say.' The waiter again replied, 'Yes, sir.'—'In the first place, bring me a glass of brandy and water, cold, with a little sugar, and also a tea-spoon; wipe down this table, throw some coals on the fire, and sweep up the hearth; bring me in a couple of candles, pen, ink, and paper, some wafers, a little sealing wax, and let me know what time the post goes out.—Tell the ostler to take care of my horse, dress him well, stop his feet, and let me know when he is ready to feed. Order the chamber-maid to prepare me a good bed, take care that the sheets is well aired, a clean nightcap, and a glass of water in the room. Send the boots, with a pair of slippers that I can walk to the stable in; tell him I must have my boots cleaned and brought into this room to-night, and that I shall want to be called at five o'clock in the morning.—Ask your mistress what I can have for supper; tell her I should like a roast duck, or something of that sort: desire your master to step in; I want to ask him a few questions about the drapers of this town.'—The waiter answered, 'Yes, sir;' and then went to the landlord, and told him a gentleman in the parlour wanted a great many things, and amongst the rest he wanted him; and that was all he could collect,



*Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.*



*Heath. Sculp.*

Right Hon<sup>ble</sup>: W<sup>m</sup>: PITT.

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## FAMILY ANECDOTES.

By SOPHIA TROUGHTON.

*(Continued from Vol. XXXVII.  
p. 707.)*

## CHAP. XIII.

*Tro.* ——— But be not tempted.*Cro.* Do not think I will.*Tro.* No, but something may be done that we will not:And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,  
When we attempt the frailty of our powers,  
Presuming on their changeful potency.

TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

IT was something less than two years from the tragical death of Gayton when Gordon led his lovely daughter to the altar. They continued three months at the white cottage, as Gordon did not wish too hastily to separate the mother and the daughter, especially as he found it impossible to draw the former from her retirement. Indeed, so much in love was he with that tranquil spot, that, had it been equally agreeable to his bride, he could have been well content to have passed the remainder of his life in its neighbourhood. But Mary sighed to see the metropolis; to be introduced to her husband's family, and ride through the gay streets of London in her own carriage. Gordon thought this curiosity extremely natural in so young a person, and cheerfully acquiesced; not doubting, but she would soon be more eager to return to her mother and those calm joys which are ever to be found in the domestic circle, and to which she was accustomed.

The latter end of October was fixed for the commencement of their journey. This time was looked forward to with joy, nearly bordering on rapture, by Mary; but her mother beheld its approach with sorrow,

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and even terror. At length, the day so much wished for by the one and feared by the other arrived, and for almost the first time the spirits of Mary were subdued. Her mother, availing herself of a moment of tenderness, led her daughter to the tomb of Mrs. Benson, and seating her on a flowery bank, cultivated by her own hand, spoke thus: 'My child on this sacred spot has been wont to listen to the precepts of her mother, and oh! may the instructions you have received in this place never be obliterated from your memory, never effaced from your heart! they were the axioms of experience, of virtue, of religion, and if followed they will lead you to comfort in this world, and to happiness in another. 'You are going, my daughter, to new scenes—to appear in a new character: the disadvantages you labour under are numerous. Uneducated, unpolished, unadorned by a single accomplishment so necessary to the woman of high fortune, and the mistress of a gentleman's family, I fear, my love, you will bear your blushing honours but awkwardly.

'But would to God these were the only difficulties, for study and observation might in some measure overcome these; but your appearance in fashionable life will revive the almost forgotten story of the obscure, the mysterious birth of your mother, and the too, too flagrant death of your father. Some envious persons will affect to treat my innocent Mary as the child of infamy, the offspring of treason; but by the humbleness of your deportment, the rectitude of your conduct, disarm their malice, nor seek by recrimination to revenge yourself on them.

'On the other hand, my dear girl, in every place of fashionable resort there are a set of men who buzz around the unsuspecting stranger—who praise but to injure—who de-



stroy what they extol. A fresh face is their centre of attraction; and she who lends a willing ear to their airy nothings, their subtle adulations, stands on a precipice of sinking sand. The appearance of my inexperienced Mary will excite their attention. Young, blooming, and sprightly as she is, they will not doubt that she is actuated by a large share of vanity. Form no acquaintance without the full approbation of Gordon; in the choice of your friends trust wholly to his judgment, and fear more to slight the councils or vex the heart of your husband than to be thought obsolete, or called unfashionable by the world. Be attentive to his wishes: he merits all your tenderness and obedience. Remember, in your highest enjoyments, that you owe all to his love and generosity. Be moderate in your expences, and bear constantly in mind that the purest, the most exquisite terrestrial enjoyment is the approbation of a self-approving conscience, arising from the reflection of having performed our duty, of having cheered the heart of the desolate, and of having directed the steps of the wanderer from the paths of error and vice to those of virtue and religion. These will be acts of your life on which you will look back with satisfaction when the agonies of death shake your frame to dissolution, and on which the pure spirits in heaven look down with joyful approbation.

Gaming is a vice so odious and of so destructive a nature, that I hope I need not caution you against it. You carry not a single shilling to your husband's fortune; you add no splendid connections to his family; but take with you a docile mind, an affectionate disposition, a humble opinion of yourself, with a pure heart, and then it may be said with truth, "Though Gordon fail-

ed to receive a fortune with the hand of his wife, he possesses an inestimable treasure in her; for the price of a good woman is far above rubies, the heart of her husband shall trust in her: her children shall call her blessed, her own works shall praise her, and she shall rejoice in time to come."

Mary assured her mother that she would treasure in her memory all she had said, and affectionately kissing her cheek, led her to the house, where they found Gordon, with whom Mrs. Gayton requested a few moments conversation, and leading him to the library where he had first beheld Mary, and looking on him with tenderness, she said—"May this spot, my son, be ever remembered by you with pleasure; may no after events give you reason to regret the hour which introduced my daughter to your knowledge! Your election of a wife has been free: you have chosen a child of nature, from among the daughters of simplicity; in more brilliant circles be not ashamed of your choice. The young rustic cannot be expected to *shine* in polished society; her ignorance of polite manners may sometimes tinge your cheek with a blush, but never, I trust, will you blush for the depravity of her heart. I feel a presentiment that we are parting to meet no more in this world: if it should prove true, consider this conversation as my dying words. Be kind to my Mary when her mother's eyes are closed in death. Excuse the trifling petulances of a heart at ease; pardon small errors; be the patient guide of her youth, the affectionate mentor, the faithful friend; view her failings with an indulgent eye, remembering that you removed her from a sphere the humble duties of which she was better qualified to perform than the more arduous ones to which you have exalted her. And,



Oh! may you be able ten or twenty years hence to repair to this spot and say, "My mother, I have fulfilled your injunctions: I have endeavoured to render your Mary happy in this life; I have endeavoured to prepare her for a better world." As you act by her, the blessing of the dying, the benediction of the happy, be upon you; for be assured, it would add to my felicity in a future state to be allowed to watch over and be the guardian angel of you and Mary.'

Gordon was melted to tears by the solemnity of Mrs. Gayton's manner, the expression of her fine countenance, and the probability her form would be mouldering in the cold tomb ere the following spring, when he had promised to bring Mary down. She had hinted this herself; and while he gazed on her fragile appearance, he trembled at the too probable conjecture. He therefore earnestly and solemnly assured her, that his endeavours to render her Mary's felicity permanent should be unremitting. 'Her happiness,' added he, 'shall not be dearer to the anxious heart of her mother than to mine; and I hope that beloved mother doubts not my honour—my tenderness—my'—

'O no, my son: pardon the too ardent affection of her whose only treasures are her children, and who knows not which she loves most, her son or her daughter.'

Gordon kissed her hand, kneeling. 'May the son you honour with your love,' said he, 'never do any thing to forfeit your good opinion!'

He arose, and, with graceful emotion, conducted her to her daughters, who arm in arm had come to seek and inform them that the carriage was arrived. Mrs. Gayton's countenance changed, and once more pressing her Mary to her heart, her streaming eyes raised to Heaven,

she silently invoked the blessing of that Heaven on her children. She presented Mary's hand to Gordon, and emphatically said—'Remember!'—She then hastened from them, and retired to her chamber, which she did not quit the remainder of the day.

Sabina attended her brother and sister to the chaise. At the outer gate stood poor Martha, drowned in tears. Mary kissed her withered cheek. 'Ah, my dear young lady! said she, 'may you be as happy as poor old Martha wishes you!'—Gordon approached, and putting a ten-pound note in her hand, said, 'Take care of your lady and yourself, my good Martha: it shall be my study to render our dear Mary's life happy.' He then handed his wife into the chaise, and stepping in himself, it drove off. The white cottage and the weeping Sabina were soon out of sight, as was the cascade, and the enchanting scenes familiar to the eye of Mary, who, as the hills of Creden disappeared and new scenes opened to view, abated her tears, and by the time they entered London had forgotten all her sorrows, and was in high health and spirits.

#### CHAP. XIV.

'While every hope whose smiling mien,  
Bedeck'd by love, was wont to cheer,  
Departing leaves life's future scene  
A desert, desolate and drear!'

SCHOEN.

A HOUSE in St. James's-street had been taken for the new-married people, and elegantly furnished under the direction of Gordon's sister. This lady, a woman of much fashion and fine sense, was waiting their arrival. She was charmed with the beauty and vivacity of the elegant rustic, to whose improvement in the fashionable accomplishments she devoted much of her leisure; so that by the



time the families came to town for the winter, Mary was no longer ignorant of polite forms. Lady Facwett introduced her to several genteel families, who received her with respect and admiration. Mary remembered her father, and some few spoke of her mother with affection and pity. If Gordon had been pleased with Mary's quick progress in fashionable manners, he was absolutely astonished at the avidity with which she entered into the dissipations of the town. He experienced the tenderest anxiety, as he observed the late hours she kept began to affect her health: her complexion faded, her appetite decreased. Yet the lassitude of the morning was sure to be succeeded by the evening ball, or the midnight masquerade. Gordon looked forward to spring with hope and impatience. He doubted not her fulfilling her promise to her mother, and he fondly hoped in her native shades she would recover her bloom, and cheerfully return to the domestic habits and fascinating simplicity of manners which had won his heart. But when spring did arrive, his fondly cherished hopes were frustrated. Mary had discovered that though the fashionable world did leave London during the summer months, they by no means secluded themselves in solitude and shades, but passed their hours in as much gaiety, and if possible in a greater crowd than even in the metropolis. She therefore prevailed on her physician to prescribe sea-bathing. And what air so salubrious as the air of Southampton? A house was taken for the season: and here Mary became the rage; her caps, her ribbands, were the *ton*; her *bon mots* were retailed by the would-be wits; her very walk was imitated; in short, she was the undisputed arbitress of taste and fashion. At first, Gordon felt gratified at the encomiums bestowed on his admired Mary; but

experience soon convinced him that the husband of an acknowledged beauty, of a celebrated toast, was not to be envied. In the public rooms her vivacity was enchanting; on the public walks her appearance was fascinating; but, in a *déte-d-lête* with her husband she was ever complaining of vapours and low spirits. In vain poor Gordon sighed for quietness and domestic comfort. As Southampton began to thin of company, Mary discovered the air was too keen, too piercing for her constitution, and declared nothing but the Bath waters would do her any good. Her situation required indulgence, and Gordon consented to go for a few weeks. But Mary found the place so agreeable, and meeting several of her acquaintance there, she refused to return to town till her return could no longer be delayed; for a few days after their arrival in St. James's-street, she presented Gordon with a daughter. He received the little stranger with transport, not doubting but its mother would now become wholly domestic, and devote herself entirely to the pleasing, the tender task of nursing her child:—but, alas! his wishes, as usual, were too sanguine. On her convalescence she went into company more frequent than before, and seemed by her short confinement to have acquired a higher relish for dissipation, and to enter into the follies of the day with superior gusto.

Gordon often endeavoured to convince her of the impropriety of her conduct as a wife and mother; but observing the more anxious he appeared for her company in her own house the less she was in it, he at last forbore to remonstrate, fearing his incessant importunities might alienate her affections from him. He hoped that the seeds of virtue, which he knew had been implanted in her bosom by her amiable mother, would at some time not far



distant spring up spontaneous in her heart. But when the following spring arrived, and Mary still refused to visit Crediton, pleading an engagement with sir Thomas and lady Facwett to go to Brighton, he no longer had hopes of comfort from her society, and began to look abroad for that pleasure his own solitary fire-side failed to afford. He still loved his Mary with too much tenderness to think of supplying her place with a mercenary; but his heart was a social one, and he was under the necessity of attaching himself to some person, to some society where its joys and sorrows would be attended to, and where a congruence of sentiment would cement a reciprocal friendship. Unhappily, he fell in with a set of young men of splendid talents, of shining abilities, of sparkling wit, of worthy families, but of profligate manners: fascinated by their conversation, he spent whole nights in their company at a tavern, where they met regularly to spend their evenings. Their wit, their mirth, their songs, their unceasing good-humour, acted with talismanic influence on the heart of Gordon, nor was it till his health was materially affected that he discovered their frequent libations to the jolly god would ruin his constitution if persisted in; still he wanted resolution to give up their society: he had not the eye of an affectionate wife to observe the change in his countenance, which nevertheless was too obvious. Mary, wholly engaged in her preparation for Brighton, heeded not the alteration. He no longer objected to her departure; and she cared little what were his amusements, or what effect they had on his health. Lady Facwett was alarmed when she found he proposed staying in London, and hinted to Mary her wishes that she would not leave him. But Mary preemp- torily

refused to stay in London a day after her ladyship. 'Let him please himself,' said she: 'if he is fond of stupefying himself in a tavern, and sopping his hours away, I am not. I wish to give and receive pleasure, to see and be seen.'

Lady Facwett made no reply; but from that day she thought but slightly of Mary's conjugal affection, and would gladly have given up her journey to Brighton, to watch the declining health of her brother, to promote his comfort, to supply to him the loss of his wife's society, and to become wholly his nurse, his companion, and adviser; but sir Thomas was a gay man, was fond of company, and would by no means hear of her kind proposal. Gordon was therefore left to himself in London; while Mary, at Brighton, added one more to the thoughtless train, and in every gay circle was the gayest of the gay.

Far different passed the months at the white cottage. The anxious mother, the sorrowing sister, had been surprised at Mary's absence the first spring, which she had so faithfully promised to spend with them; but when the second elapsed and still she came not, they were truly miserable. It had been seldom, very seldom, Mary favoured them with a letter; but for some months they had ceased to receive any. The newspapers were the only vehicle of intelligence of what the great world were doing; and newspapers were a luxury Mrs. Gayton's small income would not afford, especially as, since the death of the worthy Westwood, she had been obliged to give up her drawing and embroidery, as the expence of the carriage to and from London so much lessened her profits, that it was no longer worth her care. A constant nervous fever, occasioned by anxiety, had greatly weakened her health and spirits; and



leisure adding to her melancholy, she was as miserable as a virtuous heart can be in this world. Poor Martha, from age and infirmity, was become helpless; and Sabina was the whole support and comfort of her singularly deserted mother and their faithful domestic.

#### CHAP. XV.

\* Ship-wreck'd upon a kingdom, where no  
pity,  
No friends, no hope! no kindred weep for  
me!  
Almost no grave allow'd me! Like the lily,  
That once was mistress of the field and  
flourish'd,  
I'll hang my head and perish.'

HENRY VIII.

IN the summer of the second year of Mary's marriage, Mrs. Gayton became so alarmingly ill that a physician's advice was necessary. The doctor frankly acknowledged that medicine in her case would be unavailing, but observed that the Bath waters, and composure of mind, would tend materially to the re-establishment of her health. She thanked him for his generous and friendly advice; but declined the Bath journey, as too expensive for finances so low as hers. He shook his head.—'It is not in the physician's power,' said he, 'to administer to a mind diseased; but change of scene is so very essential in your case, that I will not be answerable for your life if it is not adopted.'

'The sands of life are ever running, and no person can add one grain to the amount; but it is every person's duty to endeavour to preserve their course undisturbed, and not by impatience or obstinacy hasten the hour which Heaven has appointed for all men. You have a daughter whose very existence depends on you; she is amiable, and deserves your exertions.'

'Indeed, sir,' replied she eagerly, 'she does:—you have given me a motive; for her sake, I will en-

deavour to bear with resignation and patience a life which has long been a burthen to me, and of little use to society.'

Preparations were accordingly made for the journey. Sabina accompanied her mother; and poor old Martha remained at home, to keep house in their absence, which was not to exceed six weeks or two months.

Mrs. Gayton quitted her beloved cottage with regret, and often turned a tearful eye towards its humble little gate, and repeated her adieu to the faithful Martha, who leaned on it for support as she supplicated Heaven to return her dear mistress well and happy at the promised time.

Mrs. Gayton found the expences of Bath exceed her expectation, but, as she received benefit from the waters, she determined to stay the six weeks, if possible, and took a smaller lodging in the suburbs. But hers was a flattering disorder: scarcely had she taken possession of her new apartment ere the most alarming symptoms returned with fresh violence. One morning, the lassitude of her body and the depression of her spirits were so exceedingly severe, that, fearing to alarm Sabina, she sent her out for a walk. During her absence, the landlady brought her up a newspaper to amuse her. Rebecca cast her eye over the contents, and read the following distracting intelligence:

—'The fascinating Mrs. G——, so well known as the Brighton belle, has at last opened the eyes of her husband and his family to the glaring impropriety of her conduct with captain B——; but what could be expected better of a girl educated with pigs and oxen, whose mother nobody knew, and whose father was hanged for piracy? Lady F——, in whose company and under whose auspices the good-natured G——g trusted his frail rib to Brighton, has at last very properly shut her door



against the belle of Brighton, who, with uncommon spirit, slapped the porter's face, threw his wig into the square, kicked the house-dog, played a sonorous peal on the knocker, and then triumphantly step into her carriage to the captain, who was her escort in this bold adventure. It has been since whispered in the fashionable circles, that the brave captain and the spirited Mary are off together.

The paper dropped from the hand of poor Rebecca, and she fell back in the chair in a strong fit, from which she was not recovered when Sabina returned. By her frantic cries, the terrified girl brought up the landlady and her daughter; but it was long ere their united endeavours restored animation to the care-worn form of her broken-hearted mother. When she did open her eyes, she pointed to the newspaper which lay at her feet. Sabina instantly discovered the cause of her mother's illness, and, putting the fatal paper in her pocket, assisted her agitated parent to bed, from which she rose no more for seven weeks. During this time, Sabina was her nurse, her friend, her comforter.

Sabina wrote twice to her sister, but receiving no answer, unknown to her mother, she addressed a few lines to lady Facwett, conjuring her, for the love of Heaven, to honour her with one line informing her of her sister's fate. In a few days the following answer arrived:—

‘AMIALE SABINA,

‘Though personally unknown to you and your excellent mother, my brother has taught me to love you both with much affection. I therefore hasten to ease your worthy hearts of part of their distress.

‘Mrs. Gordon, though highly culpable, is not, I flatter myself, so guilty as the daily prints (ever given to calumny) have insinuated. Cap-

tain and miss Bently are persons of specious manners, but depraved principles. To miss Bently your sister became attached. I frequently warned the volatile Mary of this syren, but without effect: she was never happy but in her company. The captain (an artful coxcomb) introduced a set of wretches to his sister's house, in whose society Mrs. Gordon lost sums of money which I knew my brother's fortune was unable to pay without hurting his child. I therefore informed Mary that she must give up miss Bently, or me. The next morning she called as usual, but as I had the mortification to observe from my window the captain was in her carriage. I gave orders to be denied. I am sorry I did, for Mary's conduct was so very ridiculous on the occasion, that the affair became quite public; and hence arose the foolish paragraph which so affected Mrs. Gayton. I wrote to my brother an account of the business. He came to Brighton, and insisted Mary should accompany him to a little estate of sir Thomas's, in the north of England, where they will remain till their affairs can be adjusted, which at present are very deranged, and I hope, by their œconomy, will retrieve the large sums which have been so thoughtlessly lavished in scenes of dissipation and folly. With a thousand good wishes to yourself and mother, I am your affectionate friend and servant,

‘A. FACWETT.’

Sabina was sitting with her mother when this letter was delivered, and as she thought that a knowledge of its contents would rather tend to alleviate her suspense, she put it into hand, saying—‘My dear mother, I hope you will pardon my temerity in daring to write to lady Facwett without her knowledge, as our dear



Mary is not so guilty as we feared.' Mrs. Gayton read the letter, observing, that she was sure Sabina had done it for the best; but added, the blow was already given, and all she wished for now was to return to her own little cottage, and die at home.

Sabina in vain wished her mother to stay another month at Bath; Mrs. Gayton had that morning paid her last guinea for lodging, and she determined to return to Crediton while she was able. She sent for a jeweller, and sold the jewels which had ornamented the portrait of colonel Bomfield for one hundred pounds; and this small sum was her all, as it wanted more than five months of her annuity becoming due.

Poor Sabina commenced this journey with far different sensations from those she experienced when she set out for Bath. Then hope smiled, and promised wonders from the so much extolled waters. These waters had been tried in vain; the poor invalid was returning worse than she came, and the demon of despair occupied the place hope had hitherto held in her sanguine imagination.

They travelled by easy stages, yet, on the third day, Mrs. Gayton became so much exhausted by fatigue as to be unable to proceed. Sabina observed her countenance change, and stopped the chaise. The post-boy informed her, that a little from the high road he had an aunt, who was a very motherly, good sort of woman, and he was sure would do any thing in her power for the sick lady, and perhaps it might be better to take her there than to a public inn. Sabina acquiesced, and the chaise drove up a shady lane, and stopped before a neat house. A fresh-coloured woman came out, and learning from her nephew that a lady was ill she assisted Rebecca to alight, who, as soon as she entered the house, faint-

ed, and was carried to bed insensible.

Sabina had often heard her mother speak in terms of high commendation of the skill of sir W. H. and without considering the distance, or expence of his attendance (happening to recollect his address), she wrote, intreating his immediate presence. On the third day sir W—— arrived in a post-chaise and four. When he approached the bed, Rebecca was insensible. His countenance changed as he looked on the beautiful ruin. 'I can be of no service,' said he. 'Death has already marked her for his own. I do not even think her senses will return: if they should, keep her perfectly quiet; that is all that can be done. I will write a prescription which shall be merely a cordial, and may be given, if she is able to take it, at any time. But I rather think she will go off as she is.' He then retired to his inn, and the next morning sent in his bill of expences on the road, which amounted to twenty-five pounds; though he had humanely declined a fee, as his skill was useless. Sabina opened her mother's pocket-book, and taking a fifty pound note sent it to sir W——, who again looked in before he commenced his journey, and finding Rebecca in the same state he had left her the preceding evening, was confirmed in his opinion that her senses would not return, and departed for London.

Thus poor Sabina lessened her small store, and had the mortification to find she had lessened it for nothing but the satisfaction of knowing that every thing in her power had been done for the restoration of her beloved mother, but, alas! without effect.

That same evening Rebecca opened her eyes. She beheld her daughter with tender solicitude bending over her bed.—'My own Sabina,'



said she, and stretching out her hands to embrace her, convinced the joyful girl that her senses were restored—'Are we at home, my dear child, in our little cottage?'

'Ah! no, my dear mother; you was taken ill on the road: but we are in the house of a very worthy woman, who has watched over you with as much attention as your own Sabina. Mrs. Smith, my dear mother is sensible of your kindness. She will recover, and thank you for all your goodness.'

Mrs. Smith approached the bed, and saw that, though the senses of Rebecca were returned, the hand of death was on her. She therefore drew Sabina away, observing that the doctor had ordered quietness, and advising her to send the prescription to be made up. This was done; and it appeared to comfort the sinking spirits of the invalid. She frequently enquired for Mary, and desired Sabina to write to her, and desire her to come and receive a mother's blessing, whose days she had helped to shorten. Sabina knew not where to direct to her: lady Facwelt had not mentioned the name of the place she was at, only said it was in the north of England. She had intended to have again written to her ladyship; but sir W—— had informed her that sir Thomas had been appointed governor of Bengal, to which country he and his family were gone. But as Sabina did not think proper to inform her mother of sir W——'s visit, on account of the expence attendant on it, she could not mention those particulars; and Rebecca was kept expecting to see her beloved Mary, till the day of her death.

For three weeks the cordial draughts from the apothecary were the only nourishment Rebecca was able to take. One day, after a refreshing sleep, she awoke, and, with

much cheerfulness, said to Mrs. Smith—'I shall be at rest to-night. Call my Sabina.' When Sabina entered, she said, 'O my dear child, I shall be at peace from all my sorrows to-night. You, my good, my worthy child! have been the only tie which has long bound me to earth. Now that tie is broken. You are surrounded by difficulties, environed by poverty; yet I can leave you with confidence in the hand of Him who has promised to be a father to the fatherless. I know not what money is in my purse; but I charge you, Sabina, not to lessen it by carrying my body to Crediton. My immortal part will be happy in a noble house not made with hands, and it signifies little where the body moulders. Bury me, therefore, in the nearest church-yard to this place. Take this ring, my inestimable girl! (taking her wedding ring from her finger): keep it in remembrance of both your parents; and sometimes, when you look at it, think of your mother. Every thing at the white cottage I leave to you. Your sister has need of nothing I can give—but my good wishes and my blessing. These she has. May she live to become a credit to her husband; and may her future conduct efface, if possible, the present ill opinion the world entertains of her!—'My good Mrs. Smith, you have been a true friend to the widow and the miserable. God will bless you for it. On your death-bed, may you be as happy in a friend—may you be as calm in yourself as I am! When I am no more, have pity on my child: sooth her sorrows, direct her inexperience; and the blessing of her who was ready to perish shall be upon you.—Adieu, my Sabina, my worthy child! May angels guard you!—Adieu! I go to happiness, to glory—to receive my crown!'

D



With those words the pure suffering spirit winged its flight to the presence of its Creator and eternal felicity.

(To be continued.)

#### ON FASHIONABLE DISTINCTIONS.

*Odi profanum vulgus et arceo.* HORACE.

I hate the rabble, and despise  
Alike their virtue and their vice.

I HAVE often wondered that nature should commit such a great oversight in not establishing proper distinctive marks for the various ranks of society. If things had been so arranged that all in a certain circle, our *fashionables*, for example, should be tall, slender, handsome, and elegant, and that all who were translated from an inferior sphere to this upper region should instantly acquire these qualities, there could be little difficulty in distinguishing a person of fashion from the vulgar. But unluckily nature has neglected to make any such provision. We have the short, the squat, the crooked, the clumsy, the awkward, and the boobyish, even at Mrs. T——'s routs, and the countess of K——'s suppers. There is, indeed, a particular *air* which is said to distinguish those who move in a certain region, and to be altogether unattainable beyond its boundaries. Such, however, are the effects of imitation in the circles below, and such the unkindly nature of some of the materials which fashion has to work upon, that even the initiated are often unable to trace a brother fashionable by his air.

The members of the *haut ton* have, therefore, been obliged to supply the defects of nature by their own ingenuity; and hence arises the numerous refined contrivances which

are daily invented, to separate the pure region of fashion from the gross atmosphere that hovers round it. Dress and equipage were formerly considerable badges of distinction; but the rich citizens, incited by a laudable ambition, soon broke through their old restraints of economy and deference to their betters; and Mrs. Flounder having transferred her residence from Cornhill to Cavendish-square, it was no longer possible to discover her origin, either from her jewels or her liveries. This barrier being thus broken down, an immense gap was left in the fences of the fashionable world, through which multitudes from Change-alley, and even Pudding-lane, are daily forcing an entrance.

Rich dresses were now given up: and it was resolved that the intruders, by being deprived of ornament, should be exposed to derision in their native vulgarity. A rapid succession of whimsical fashions, and something new for every day, now distinguish the ladies of the *ton*. The industrious directresses of the *Magazines des Modes*, however, rendered all these measures abortive: for the *no-bodies* were never above a day behind in their imitations, and the very waiting-maids were apt to be mistaken for their mistresses. The ladies of the first fashion, indeed, some time since made a bold effort, in which they thought none of the little could have the assurance to follow them; and, in order to set all competition at defiance, actually appeared in public somewhat more than *half naked*. The enterprise, however, was not attended with that success which its boldness merited; for instantly the whole necks, arms, shoulders, and bosoms, in the kingdom, were thrown open to the eye of the gazer. It is but yesterday that I cheapened a pair of gloves



With a little damsel, who, in point of nakedness, might have vied with any duchess in the land.

The male fashionables have, indeed, adopted a more vigorous mode of revenge, for the encroachments made upon their dignity in the way of dress. They have begun by direct acts of retaliation; and, as their valets and grooms had most impudently aspired to their dress and manners, they have, in their turn, usurped the garb and habits of these gentlemen. It is not to be doubted that this vigorous measure will have its due effect; for a groom must be exceedingly mortified to find so little gratification to his vanity in rising to his master's level.

But it is in their amusements that the fashionables have made the most strenuous efforts to preserve their circle inviolate; and their zeal has at length been rewarded with success. As long as the theatres, or Astley's, or the Circus, or Sadler's Wells, or, in short, any place which offers the least entertainment is to be found, there is no danger that the fashionables will be followed by the crowd to the Opera-house. There they may in perfect security enjoy their tête-à-têtes and their scandal, and perhaps listen at a few intervals to the queens and kings who are torturing their vocal organs in wonderful modes, to draw down an inspiring *bravo! bravissimo!*

Other methods of distinction have been devised with equal zeal and ingenuity. The fashionables, perceiving that the vulgar were contented to have the stage and orchestra filled with professional people, determined to make this a ground of distinction, and thenceforward to play and fiddle for themselves, with the addition of a Pic-nic supper. The crowd, however, who were scrupulously shut out, could not endure that heroes and heroines should be stabbed and

poisoned in the ordinary way without themselves having any part in the amusement. The hue and cry was therefore set up with such fury, that the fashionables were obliged to put an end to their mysteries, lest they should be actually violated by profane hands. The other resource, of amateur concerts, is by far more adviseable, and will be found perfectly secure. The crowd cannot be prevailed upon, even by their desire of appearing fashionable, to listen whole nights to the enchanting *Squallanté*, uttering unknown words and unknown sounds; and surely it is far less to be apprehended that they will be seized with any irresistible inclination to drink up the melodies of *Lady Louisa Thrum*, and the honourable Mr. *Hum*.

To do justice to the taste and ingenuity of the great, there is something in all their pleasures which distinguishes them from those of the little. The form, indeed, is soon copied by the latter; and there are routes and card-parties found in every quarter, as idle and insipid as any in Portman-square. The little, however, on those occasions, pay some attention to the convenience of their guests, and make some calculation of the size of their rooms before they issue their cards. The great, on the contrary, invite *all the world*; and the hostess is rendered the happiest creature in the universe if there is not a single corner in her rooms where a living creature can sit, stand, or walk with comfort. A squeeze certainly formed a very agreeable variety amidst the languor of a rout; but since the accompaniment of hot suppers has been introduced, it has not been found altogether so pleasant. Every one has heard of the affair in ——— street, where two hundred fashionables were pent up in the corners of the supper-room, and had nothing to do but to



look on, and make wry faces, while their fellow guests made away with the chickens, and swept off the green pease without mercy. On talking of the affair to a young lady who was present, she said, with much emphasis, that she had *seen* all the delicacies of the season there.

Great revolutions may be expected to arise in the fashionable world from these circumstances; it is whispered that the ladies *en bon point* will be quickly out of all repute, and the price of vinegar and salad is in consequence about to experience an extravagant rise. A very fashionable lady, who has as much money as she can spend, and consequently many more guests than she can well accommodate, has devised a very pretty method of preventing inconvenience, by introducing a fresh supper, and a fresh set of guests at certain intervals, till the whole have partaken of the pleasures of the supper-room. It is said that this lady, who has discovered such a tasteful method of prolonging a party, has resolved to improve still farther on the idea; and is to have such a crowd of fashionables, that the supper-rooms shall be replenished with new guests and delicacies every two hours, and yet the entertainment extend through the whole four-and-twenty.

Such a plan is truly grand, and there is no danger of its being imitated by the little. It is only to be regretted that it must necessarily give rise to a number of *eclipses*. An eclipse in the fashionable world is a temporary obscurity in which those, who have no perennial mints in Lombard-street, find it convenient to shroud themselves. When all the old woods have disappeared, when tradespeople become importunate, and the Jewssaucy, and when therefore it is no longer practicable to

see one's friends by hundreds, a fashionable retirement is the resource. The little in these circumstances would begin to retrench, and think of only having ten guests where they had twenty before. But this is out of all rule in the circle of fashion; one must never seem less than he has once been. It is, indeed, a very easy affair to disappear out of the fashionable world; as no one thinks more of the matter, till the absentees find it convenient again to emerge in all their glory. Whoever thought of the charming Mrs. —, during her last eclipse? And yet what parties are more frequented than hers, since she re-appeared? Her spirit, indeed, deserves the highest commendation; for it is well known that she mortified two whole years in an old castle, in order to enjoy her present blaze; and it is allowed her parties yield to none either in numbers or splendour, although the flash of this season must immediately be followed by another eclipse. Fashionable happiness is indeed something quite beyond the comprehension of the vulgar.

But of all the means by which the great set the little at a distance, there are none so effectual as trampling with contempt on certain restrictions, which the little are compelled to observe with reverence. Those old erabbed fellows, the *Laws*, indeed, in this age and nation, are extremely unpropitious to the distinctions of high life; a lord and his tradesman are quite on a level in Westminster-Hall, nor have the surly jurors civilisation enough to acquit a person on the plea of his being a man of fashion. But in spite of these untoward circumstances, there is still a sufficient degree of respect paid to morals and religion among the *no-bodies*, to afford considerable distinction by breaking



through all their restraints; and a man of high fashion may be profligate and profane far beyond what his inferiors can openly venture. The vulgar, indeed, advance with rapid strides in the footsteps of their betters; they have also their affairs at Doctors' Commons, their E. O. table, and their Sunday gambols: but things must with them be done in as private a way as possible, for they know that *the Society for the Suppression of Vice* is every where at their heels.

R. T.

ON THE FOLLY OF FASHIONABLE  
OSTENTATION in the MIDDLE  
CLASSES of LIFE.

(From Mrs. West's Letters to a Young Lady.)

WOULD to heaven our sex could be vindicated from the heavy censure that must fall upon those who to purchase the *éclat* of a few years, not the *happiness* of an hour, involve themselves and families in destruction! An impartial review of living manners compels me to confess, that we are on this point often more culpable than our weakly indulgent partners. It is Eve who again entreats Adam to eat the forbidden fruit; he takes it, and is undone. Men in this rank of life have generally less *taste* than women; they are amused by their business through the day, and at its weary close they would generally be contented with the relaxation which their own families afforded, if those families were social, domestic, cheerful, and desirous to promote their amusement. But since the potent decree of fashion determined it to be unfit for the wife of a man in reputable circumstances to employ herself in domestic ar-

rangements or useful needle-work, time has proved a severe burden to people who are destitute of inclination for literature. To relieve themselves from a load, the weight of which they are too proud to acknowledge, they have felt obliged to mingle with what is called the world. Did any of these adventurous dames consider the heavy services which this association requires; did they fairly rate the fatigue, the perplexity, the slavery of being *very genteel* upon a *limited* scale; they would think it better to prefer a plain system of social comfort, even at the expence of that ridicule, which, I lament to say, such a deviation from refinement would incur. Yet, when there is no house-keeper in the spice-room, nor butler at the side-board, an elegant entertainment occasions more labour and perplexity to the mistress of the house than she would undergo by a regular performance of services highly beneficial and praiseworthy. What anxiety is there that every part of the splendid repast should be properly selected, well-dressed, and served up in style! What care to keep the every day garb of family economies out of sight, and to convince the guests that this is the usual style of living; though, if they credit the report, it must only confirm their suspicion that their hostess is actually insane! What blushing confusion do these *demi-fashionists* discover, if detected in any employment that seems to indicate a little remaining regard for prudence and economy! What irregularity and inconvenience must the family experience during the days immediately preceding the gala! What irritation of temper, what neglect of children, what disregard of religious and social offices! And for what is all this sacrifice? To procure the honour of being talked



of; for happiness, or even comfort, are rarely expected at such entertainments. Notwithstanding all due preparations, something goes wrong, either in the dinner or the company. The face of the inviter displays mortification instead of exultation, and the invited disguise the sneer of ridicule, under the fixed *smile* of affected politeness. Nor let the giver of the feast complain of disappointment. She aimed not to please, but to dazzle; not to gratify her guests, by the cheerful hilarity of her table, but to announce her own superiority in taste or in expence. When the hospitable hostess spreads her plain but plentiful board for friendship and kindred, for those whom she loves or respects, those whom she seeks to oblige, or those to whom she wishes to acknowledge obligation, where vanity and self are kept out of sight, and real generosity seeks no higher praise than that of giving a sufficient and comfortable repast with a pleasant welcome, a fastidious observance of any accidental mistake, or trivial error, might be justly called ill-nature, or ingratitude; but when ostentation summons her myrmidons to behold the triumph, let ridicule join the party, and proclaim the defeat.

But this insatiable monster, a rage for distinction, is not content with spoiling the comforts of the cheerful regale: luxury has invented a prodigious number of accommodations in the department of moveables; and the mistress of a tiny villa at Hackney, or a still more tiny drawing-room in Crutched Friars, only waits to know if her grace has placed them in her baronial residence, to pronounce that they are comforts without which no soul can exist. Hence it becomes an undertaking of no little skill to conduct

one's person through an apartment twelve feet square, furnished in *style* by a lady of *taste*, without any injury to ourselves, or to the *fantenils*, *candelabras*, *consoletables*, *jardiniers*, *chiffoniers*, &c. Should we, at entering the apartment, escape the work-boxes, foot-stools, and cushions for lap-dogs, our *début* may still be celebrated by the overthrow of half a dozen top-gallant screens, as many perfume jars, or even by the total demolition of a glass cabinet stuck full of stuffed monsters. By an inadvertent remove of our chair backwards, we may thrust it through the paper frame of the book-stand, or the pyramidal flower-basket, and our nearer approach to the fire is barricaded by nodding mandarines and branching lustres. It is well if the height of the apartment permits us to glide secure under the impending danger of crystal lamps, chandeliers, and gilt bird-cages, inhabited by screaming canaries. An attempt to walk would be too presumptuous amid the opposition of a host of working-tables, sophas, rout-chairs, and ottomans. To return from a visit of this kind without having committed or suffered any depredation, is an event almost similar to the famous expedition of the argonauts. The fair mistress, indeed, generally officiates as pilot, and by observing how she folds or unfurls her redundant train, and enlarges or contracts the waving of her plumes, one may practise the dilating or diminishing graces according to the most exact rules of geometrical proportion; happy if we can steal a moment from the circumspection that our arduous situation requires to admire the quantity of pretty things which are collected together, and enquire if they are really of any use.



A NIGHT WALK

IN JANUARY.

By J. M. L.

'I love to stroll when others sleep,  
A truant from my pillow.'

*Author's MSS.*

METHINKS I hear the fair perusers of the *Lady's Magazine*, as they start at the title of my essay, exclaim—'A Night Walk! who ever heard of such a thing?' To this I reply, 'Lovely friends, at some time or other, all of us, either from choice or necessity, are led forth in the gloom of night: at one time, we pace the crowded pavements of the metropolis; at another, we stroll beneath the bowered walks of the country. In either of these situations, why may not the moral pen pourtray the feelings of the moral mind with as much propriety as when the walk is taken beneath the influence of a 'Noontide beam?'

I had spent a day in January about four miles from home; the weather was clear and frosty, and consequently the paths perfectly clean. I supped with my friend; and as I quitted the hospitable door, the house clock told out 'ten.' The bright beam of a full moon guided me in my way, and made my walk particularly pleasant. I could not help exclaiming—

'Hail! fairest Luna! queen of night!  
Oh! shed on me thy mildest beam!  
Oh! soothe my soul to soft delight,  
And lull my mind with pleasure's dream!'

The wind was extremely cold, but my wintry friend, a good great coat, with the help of exercise, set it at defiance: for I am not one of those feeble sons of excess whose fragile forms shrink from the northern breeze, like the sensitive plant from the rude hand of an intrusive man: but when health is permitted by the all-

omniscient Power to pervade my frame, I prefer a walk in the rude gale of winter to lingering by the fire-side of indolence. Here I do not wish to be understood as being an enemy to 'an Englishman's fire-side,' for certainly it has many charms, and when shared with a social friend, its influence expands the heart, and adds a zest to enjoyment. For various reasons, January, I love thee;

'Though Winter is pre-eminently thine,  
And gives his snows and storms at thy command,  
With fearful gloom forbids the sun to shine,  
And binds the lucid lake in icy band.'

Suddenly the moon became obscured by snow-charged clouds, and presently the feathery flakes began to fall, till the air was loaded with them. I buttoned up closer, and increased my pace, the snow pitilessly pelting in my face as I walked. I had not proceeded in this way far, when I heard, in some distant fields on my right, a voice, apparently proceeding from a boy of eight or nine years old, screaming in the most exquisite distress imaginable. I conjectured, from the tone, that it was the cry of a lost child; and I soon after inarticulately heard, 'I can't find—' the wind bore away the rest of the sentence: I was now almost convinced, but made a discretionary pause as I crossed the road to follow the sound. I had heard of children being set to scream, that the traveller might leave the road, influenced by the divinest impulse of his nature—humanity; and when he arrived at the spot of supposed distress, to fall a prey to robbers. Spurning the thought, I proceeded, and soon saw a lanthorn gleaming through the night, evidently going towards the same spot that I was in search of. Presently the cry of despair ceased, and I observed the light coming towards me. I waited, and found that it was a benighted



boy, about the age I had conjectured, who, in returning home, had unconsciously lost his way, owing to the fields being covered with snow; when, impressed with terror at the forlornness of his situation, he had screamed in the way I have described, and a benevolent cottager, who lived hard by, had gone in quest of him with his lanthorn, and rescued him from his perilous prospect.

And how soon, poor wanderer! might you not have perished, had no such benevolent-minded man been near, to preserve you from inevitable destruction! This brought to my recollection some lines I had long since written during such a night, and the following extract occurred more forcibly to my mind than any other part of them.

\* In such a night, by sad misfortune led,  
Where shall the houseless wanderer hide his head?

No gladsome taper gleams upon his way,  
Nor moon nor stars emit one friendly ray:  
He wanders o'er some wide and dreary moor,  
Perchance, where foot of man ne'er trod before;

Gloomy resort of all the reptile race,  
Each bird of terror there has found its place.  
Before him still, as on he cautious goes,  
Some dreadful bog imagination shews;  
Each step he takes may lead him to its side,  
May plunge him in its vortex long and wide;  
Or else some pit profound may stop his way:  
In either, death before him seems to lay.  
He dares not move, by terrors circled round;  
Seiz'd by despair, he drops upon the ground;  
There, clasp'd by death, he lays him down at last,

"Stretch'd out and bleaching in the northern blast."

In such a night, some hapless village child,  
Who lost his way upon the gloomy wild,  
His long'd-for home in vain essays to find,  
And all the pleasing joys he left behind.  
In vain he asks his mother's helping aid;  
He only answering hears the echoing glade.  
Turn to his home: the parent's pang there view;

Forth from her cot the mother wildly flew,  
From door to door, with anguish see her run,  
Of all her neighbours asks her wand'ring son.  
No tidings heard, she back returns again,  
And feels a mother's fears, a mother's pain:  
Meantime the infant rambler, worn with toil,  
Exhausted sinks upon th' unconscious soil:

His way quite lost, he spends his breath in cries;  
He falls a victim to the cold, and dies!"

Again the clouds disappeared, and the moon, seemingly with renovated lustre, burst in splendour upon the world. I remembered having recently read, in an anonymous author, some lines applicable to the present scene. 'Behold, the rage of the tempest is spent, and evening leads on more tranquil hours; her solitary star scarce has shed her silver twilight than millions of distant suns slowly rise before our sight, and crowd the plains of space. How pure the breath of night! how grand and solemn are her scenes! It is a torrent of snow that has suddenly deluged the heavens. Lo! now it rolls like a sea of blood, and sports harmless above our heads. Hail, northern lights! awful, mysterious fires! Can the ingenuity of man imitate your dazzling glory? No: to him whose soul, untainted by the prejudices of blind mortals, defies the clamours of the world, and despises the weakness of its inhabitants, the wonders of Nature alone will appear worthy of his admiration.' At this moment, and often before, I have regretted my limited knowledge of astronomy. Noble science! that leads the mind through the immensity of space, to mark the motions of the multiplied worlds that sublimely roll in order and regularity; and from them guides the wandering idea to that Great Being, whose arm controuls and regulates the whole. The astronomer may exclaim—

'My steps ascend, and, on the wing of hope,  
I sail resistless through the ambient air.  
Around the stars of heav'n their orbs expand:

I see, fair Venus, thy relucient hills;  
I hear, wild Jupiter, the roaring deep  
Of thy loud, boist'rous waves; I tread thy vales,  
Cold Saturn, and explore thy mystic ring.



From sphere to sphere, from world to world,  
I rush;  
And, soaring far beyond Creation's fields,  
Amid his depths of light behold, adore,  
The mighty Father of a thousand worlds."

My humbler untaught mind can  
but gaze in admiration and astonish-  
ment; inwardly ejaculating,

"These are thy glorious works, Parent of  
good."

I began to approach my home. A  
distant church clock struck eleven  
as I was passing a few scattered cot-  
tages, whose tenants my mind pic-  
tured as enjoying the sweetest repose  
that can attend on mankind.

"While oppression's gloomy slave,  
Though on bed of down reclin'd,  
Feels the horrors of the grave  
Creeping o'er his guilty mind;

"Here, unmix'd with earthly woes,  
Jocund visions light as air,  
Joyous thoughts and calm repose,  
Innocence and candour share."

My humble home now met my  
sight; I entered it, and in a few  
minutes resigned myself, after a  
short prayer to the Fountain of all  
happiness, into the arms of sleep,

"Whose mandates can controul  
The bitter throes,  
The goading woes,  
That rend the writhing soul."

## HARRIET VERNON;

OR,

CHARACTERS FROM REAL LIFE.

A NOVEL,

*In a Series of Letters.*

BY A LADY.

### LETTER I.

*Miss Harriet Vernon to Miss Susan  
West.*

*London.*

IT is a long time since I wrote to  
my dear Susan; but as want of sub-  
ject has been the only cause for my  
Vol. XXXVIII.

silence, I trust I shall find forgive-  
ness for an omission that has not  
deprived you of entertainment. You  
country ladies are apt to imagine  
that we London ones must always  
have a vast stock of news and anec-  
dotes, and that it is in our power,  
whenever we please, to entertain a  
whole village with town wonders;  
whilst, in return, you promise to give  
us descriptions of purling streams,  
shady groves, and pastoral lovers.

Take the following account of the  
manner my sister and I have spent  
the last winter, and then candidly  
judge if I have been to blame in not  
committing the account to paper for  
the criticism of you country girls.  
In January last we removed from a  
very inconvenient house in Moor-  
fields to the one we now occupy in  
Lombard-street. This street, famed  
for its wealthy inhabitants, is situ-  
ated in the heart of the city, and,  
from its vicinity to the Royal Ex-  
change, is peculiarly convenient to  
our brother, who is what they call a  
stock-broker, a line of business I by  
no means comprehend, nor is it ma-  
terial that I should: sufficient for us  
is it, that he supports us in all the  
necessaries of life; but the strong  
tincture of avarice and parsimony  
that marks his character cannot but  
tend to abate that esteem and grate-  
ful affection we should otherwise en-  
tertain for him. A difference nearly  
of twenty years in our ages pre-  
cludes, in some degree, that pleasing  
freedom and familiarity that should  
mark the fraternal conduct. I be-  
lieve he loves us better than any thing  
on earth, his darling money excepted:  
that he regards that in a super-  
lative degree is a notorious fact, and  
were you to witness our manner of  
living, you would consider us as  
labouring under the inconveniences  
of a narrow income; but the world  
speaks him a man of very large for-  
tune, and he does not contradict the



report but by his actions, which though in general the criterion to judge by, must in this instance be excepted. We have only one servant, and the old worthy Dorcas, whom you have frequently heard me speak of with esteem and affection; she nursed my sister and me; and has lived in the family more than thirty years. I believe our brother looks on her as a fixture, which it has never entered his head as yet to part with. As company is expensive, we never receive any visits, but live as recluse in this great city as if we were a hundred miles out of it. I petitioned last year to attend the lord mayor's ball, but it would not do. I have subscribed to a circulating library, and have set myself down to study novels. This was much against the approbation of Maria, whose superior prudence I have ever acknowledged. From this kind of reading I have imbibed a romantic idea of love; and unless a swain will die for me, I believe I shall never think him worthy my concern. I know nothing of the world, or of love; but if the descriptions given in these books are just it must be the most charming thing in nature to see the world, and obtain admirers. I think I will read no more of them, for I begin to be very discontented with my lot. I look forward to the next winter with a good degree of pleasure, as we are permitted to invite you. Brother says, you are a good sort of girl, as girls go; and your mother is a notable woman, that knows what's what: he means, I suppose, that she has a saving knowledge of the cash, for that knowledge alone does he (poor soul!) hold in any estimation.

But I intended to give you a brief account of our passing our time; and in the transactions of one day you may read a hundred, with very little

variation, I assure you. We breakfast about eight, dine at four, sup at nine, and fill up our time in working and reading: about six o'clock brother goes to his club; Charles Wentworth leaves the counting-house and joins us, reads to us whilst we work, or entertains us with his conversation, which is always agreeable. At nine brother arrives, when we sit down to supper on simple bread and cheese; after which brother and I generally play cribbage for a penny a game, when if he wins, he goes to bed in very good humour at eleven o'clock.

Having mentioned Charles Wentworth, I am tempted to entrust you with a secret I think I have lately discovered, which is an attachment to him on Maria's part; but, with all my penetration, I cannot determine whether she holds an equal place in his affections. He behaves to us both with that easy polite attention which, whilst it pleases both, distinguishes neither. I sometimes think it impossible that a young man of the least sensibility can live an inmate with Maria, and not feel the effects of her charms; but my partiality to my sister, added to my ignorance of the other sex as to the charms that usually attract them, may mislead my judgment on this subject.

You may depend on my writing as often as any thing occurs worth your notice, and I know the kind interest you take in our affairs will induce you to peruse with pleasure the most trivial transactions, wholly unentertaining to any one else. With most affectionate respects to your good mother, and love to all the village girls of our acquaintance, in which Maria joins, I remain, dear Susan, your sincere and affectionate friend,

HARRIET VERNON.



LETTER II.

*Colonel Ambrose to George Vernon,  
Esq.*

DEAR SIR, *Portsmouth.*

IT is impossible to express the sensations of a man who having been absent from his native country twenty years, returns to it impressed with the same warm sentiments of affection to all those he left behind as he felt on quitting it. In proportion to the pleasure he took in these connections is the pain he experiences on being informed that some of them are dissolved by death, and others lost to his friendship by a train of incidents tedious to enumerate, and painful to recollect. In this situation is your friend Ambrose, whom you parted from twenty-one years since, a lieutenant in the army, embarking for the East Indies. Fired with a youthful ambition, I distinguished myself in the service, and was raised to the rank of a colonel, which I now hold. I was not, however, to be satisfied with honour alone; I formed some considerable connexions with the commercial men of the country, and have been so far successful, as to find myself in possession of wealth sufficient to satisfy my utmost wishes. The desire I always entertained of ending my days in my native country redoubled. I found no difficulty in closing my affairs in India, and embarked for old England, where I have been arrived ten days. I am at an inn in this place, the master of which I well knew previous to my departure; but he is dead, and a son of his, who was then a chubby-faced lad, has now succeeded to the same inn. Finding my host very intelligent, I made enquiries after some of my old acquaintance who were known to his father; and amongst the rest I men-

tioned you. He informed me that you was a wealthy stock-broker in the city of London, and he believed a bachelor. I immediately sat down to write to you; and having thus briefly informed you of the state of my affairs, will defer particulars till I have the pleasure of an interview, which I hope to enjoy as soon as you can appoint a convenient time when I may spend a week at your house. You see by my proposal I have presumed on a continuance of your friendship: if I am mistaken, a line from you will undeceive me; but, at all events, I hope the favour of an answer to this letter: and in the full confidence I shall not meet an old friend with a new face, I subscribe myself yours most sincerely,

CHARLES AMBROSE

LETTER III.

*George Vernon (in answer) to Colonel Ambrose.*

DEAR SIR, *London.*

I RECEIVED yours dated the 27th ultimo, which should have replied to before, but waited the opportunity of a free conveyance, not being willing to put you to the expence of postage. Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves, is a maxim I have always abided by, and I have found my account in it too. Your letter gave me more pleasure than any event that could have happened, except the rise of stocks, or the fall of lottery tickets: the former have been very low some time, and the latter so high, that I have given over all thoughts of purchasing. But to proceed—I shall be very glad to see you at my house in Lombard-street; but I must premise that you bring no servant with you, and that I



never give any thing more for dinner than one plain joint of meat and a pudding. You will excuse this freedom; it is fit we should understand one another, you know, and you India gentlemen cannot sometimes relish plain food. I have two sisters by my father's side, who live with me. He left them very young: a foolish man, to marry so late in life, unless he could have provided for them! They are quite dependant on me. I had thoughts of apprenticing them to milliners or mantua-makers; but they ask such high premiums, and I must have found them in clothes the time, so I e'en determined to keep them at home, as perhaps they might get husbands, as they are likely young women to look at, and; as the world goes, very prudent. But I begin to think I was out in my conjectures; for, as the old song says, 'There is no body comes to woo!' As I seldom write letters, and have much business on my hands, I hope you'll excuse more at present. I shall be glad, as I before said, to see you when you please, if you can conform to my rules. In the mean time rest your friend and humble servant,

GEORGE VERNON.

#### LETTER IV.

*Miss Harriet Vernon to Miss Susan West.*

I AM, my dear Susan, quite out of my wits for joy. Would you believe it, we are going to have a visitor at our house! a colonel too! I will not anticipate, but inform you the particulars of this important incident.

You must know, then, that yesterday morning, as Maria and I were sitting at work, there was a loud knock at the door; when up come Dorcas. — 'Miss,' said she,

'here is a man with a carpet, which he says master has ordered for the front parlour, and that he is to put it down directly.' 'Friend,' said Maria to the man, 'I think you must be mistaken in the name.' The man persisting he was right, she permitted him to lay it down. When it was done, and we were talking over the circumstance, another man brought a stove-grate, with the same message, that he was to fix it to the chimney. Maria made less scruple to receive this, as it was evidently a second-hand one. It, however, fitted very well; and we were glad to see the room so far furnished. We sat ourselves to conjecture the meaning of these strange events.

'He is going to bring home a wife,' said I.

'Alas! what then will become of us?' replied Maria.

'You conclude then,' said I, 'that she must be as strange a being as himself; now I will not view every thing in the worst light. She may be a worthy good creature, and if so, it may be the best thing that can happen; as she may either make our present situation more comfortable, or prevail on him to put us in some way to do comfortably for ourselves.'

'You are right, Harriet,' said she; 'and I am very wrong to look only on the dark side.'

Whilst we were thus conversing, our brother came in to dinner, accompanied by Charles Wentworth. — 'Very right,' said he, as he entered the room. 'The men have been, I see. How do you like my new carpet, Charles?' — Charles replied, 'Very well, sir; but you should ask the ladies.'

Without waiting to be asked, I exclaimed — 'I am quite charmed with the carpet and grate; but how in the world, sir, came you to have what you so often declared you



never would? I mean the carpet, for the stove is a necessary article.'

'Cannot you guess?' said he.

'She has been guessing,' says Maria, 'that you are going to give us a sister.'

'No, no; I know better: but I am going to have a visitor.'

My curiosity was now wound to the highest pitch.—'Dear sir,' said I, 'pray tell us all about it.'

'Why then my visitor is a man of large fortune, just returned from India; an old friend of mine, and, for ought I know, may fall in love with one of you.'

The dinner coming in, put an end to the discourse: but not a morsel could I eat; the latter part of my brother's speech had taken my appetite away. As for Maria, she was as composed as ever, and I verily believe would be so, if the gentleman were actually to make good my brother's words.

After dinner I began to make further enquiries, and then learned that the expected visitor was a colonel.

'A still greater recommendation,' observed Mr. Wentworth. 'You cannot resist the attractions of a red coat, miss Harriet. Pray is his coat red or blue, Mr. Vernon?'

Mr. Vernon had now leaned back in his chair, and was in a profound doze; so that the important question could not be resolved.

Maria and Charles then went into a serious dissertation on the influence the military men are supposed to have over the ladies; while I was conning in my mind the contents of my wardrobe, and determined to ask my brother, when he awoke, for a new beaver hat. So totally lost was I in this reverie, that it was some time before I discovered Charles and my sister were laughing at my expence.—'Really,' observed the latter, 'if the sight of this colonel take the same effect as the thought

of him, I shall wish him in India again.' Half ashamed at the ridiculous figure I cut, I left the room to scribble to you. As the colonel is expected every day, I will not send this till I can accompany it with my opinion of him.

(In continuation.)

Well, my dear, the colonel is arrived, and I know you like particulars: I will describe him minutely. About twelve o'clock this day a very handsome chariot stopped at the door.—'Here he is!' cried I, running as fast as possible down stairs to Maria, who was in the parlour.—'For goodness sake,' said she, 'don't be so agitated: one would think, to look at you, the king himself was at the door.'

'Well, I am a fool; but I can't help it: however, you, with all your composure, have a most charming glow on your face.'

By this time my brother and the colonel were congeeing in the hall, and in a moment both entered.—'My two sisters,' said my brother, 'I mentioned in my letter.' We made our curtsies, I thought, with a very good grace: the colonel took a hand of each, and put them to his lips in a very gallant manner. 'I hope,' said he, 'in a short time to entitle myself to this freedom by an intimate acquaintance.'

But before I proceed, I must give you a description of his person; the most material part, you know, of a naval hero. I shall not particularise his features, but inform you that he is a tall genteel man, about forty-five, with a countenance very prepossessing, though much sun-burnt. He wears his hair very becoming, and a blue uniform turned up with white. His air and manner are extremely elegant, and there is an animation and softness in his ad-



dress I never saw equalled. The contrast between him and my brother is so striking, that I fear one house will not hold them long; and I think we shall be sorry to part with our new visitor.

'I received your letter, sir,' said he to my brother, 'just as I was stepping into my carriage for London, where I purposed taking lodgings till such time I could fix on a country residence. Having given over all thoughts of hearing from you, I concluded you would have answered my letter immediately, if my intended visit had been agreeable. I was surprised, and I own my surprise was not lessened when I found the reason of the delay. What shall I say to the man who would risque the losing a friend for the sake of saving a shilling?'

As this was spoken in a laughing easy way, my brother could not be offended. 'Aye, aye, colonel,' said he, 'I see you have yet to learn that a penny saved is a penny gained.'

I cannot give you the particulars of what passed before dinner. Maria and I said little; but the flattering attention the colonel paid to that little highly exhilarated our spirits, and I thought gave Maria a dignity and grace in her manner that greatly became her. Mr. Wentworth came in, as usual, about a quarter of an hour before dinner. My brother, who is very inattentive to all decorums, did not introduce him. Charles made a genteel bow, which the colonel returned. Maria, resolved he should not be overlooked, said, 'Mr. Wentworth, sir.' My brother then recollected himself, and added, 'My clerk;' and then in a whisper all in the room might hear, 'I give him thirty pounds a year and his board, and he is not contented.' To describe the confusion of poor Charles is impossible. Maria's face was suffused with the deepest

crimson, and, I believe, mine was of the same hue.

'I am happy, sir,' said the colonel, 'to be introduced to a gentleman you so highly recommend: Mr. Wentworth, I hope to be better acquainted with you;' and shook him most cordially by the hand.—This ready turn set us all right, and the arrival of dinner turned the conversation. My brother had informed us we should make no alteration in our manner of living on account of our visitor; and we found, by what passed at table, he had settled that point by letter. In half an hour after the cloth was removed, we left the room. The first question to each other was how we liked him. Both concurred in sentiment, and I then sat me down to finish my letter to you. I will write again soon, but not till I hear from you. Maria joins me in love, and respects where due. I remain, as usual, yours sincerely,

H. VERNON.

(*To be continued.*)

ACCOUNT of the new COMIC OPERA, called 'FALSE ALARMS; or, MY COUSIN,' performed for the first Time at the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane, on Monday, January 12.

THE characters were thus represented:

Sir Damon Gayland,	-	Mr. Wroughton.
Edgar Gayland,	-	Mr. Braham.
Tom Surfeit,	-	Mr. Bannister.
Lieutenant McLary,	-	Mr. Johnstone.
Pled,	-	Mr. Matthews.
Gabriel,	-	Mr. Penley.
Grinvell,	-	Mr. Wewitzer.
Bumper,	-	Mr. Dignum.

Waiters, Servants, &c.

Lady Gayland,	-	Mrs. Mountain.
Caroline Sedley,	-	Miss Duncan.
Emily,	-	Mrs. Bland.
Miss Umbrage,	-	Miss Pope.
Susan,	-	Mad. Storage.



## THE FABLE.

*Sir Damon Gayland*, who has recently taken *Lady Gayland* for his second wife, and for whom he really has more regard than he is aware of, is infatuated with the silly pride of exciting his wife's jealousy, and of acquiring the character of a man of gallantry. It appears that he has been in habits of correspondence with an *incognita*, with whom he became acquainted at a private masquerade, but to whose person he has been kept a stranger.—The jealous apprehensions of *Lady Gayland* are relieved by the unexpected arrival of *Caroline Sedley*, an old friend and school-fellow.

*Caroline* declares herself to be the cause of *Sir Damon's* alienation ; relates their meeting at the masquerade, and that, accidentally discovering in the person of her gallant the husband of her friend, she had been induced to humour the intrigue, in the hope of avenging the wrongs of *Lady Gayland*, and effecting *Sir Damon's* reformation.

To promote this design, she has obtained a letter of introduction to *Sir Damon*, under the assumed disguise and character of *Capt. Bronze* ; and in this character she affects such an easy impudent freedom with *Sir Damon's* house, his servants, and, above all, his wife, that the man of gallantry is confounded, his indignation is roused, his jealousy is alarmed, and, under pretence of sudden indisposition, he determines immediately to hurry away his wife from so dangerous an intruder. This is the signal for *Lady Gayland* ; she refuses to accompany him ; accuses *Sir Damon* of infidelity ; abuses him by producing the correspondence with this *incognita*, and peremptorily insists upon a separation.

To increase *Sir Damon's* confusion,

a billet arrives from the fictitious *Rosalinda*, stating that she is at hand, and can no longer endure the suspense of their mutual passion. The false Captain, to whom *Lady Gayland* appeals, affects to recognise the hand-writing of the fair *Rosalinda* to be that of his cousin, and demands instant satisfaction from *Sir Damon* for the indignity offered to his family. *Sir Damon* is overpowered with shame and penitence, and pleads for forgiveness.

In the mean time, *Edgar*, the son of *Sir Damon*, has arrived in pursuit of *Emily*, the ward of *Old Plod*, to whom he is attached, contrary to the views of his father. After some of the usual difficulties in these cases, in which his jealousy has been needlessly alarmed, he succeeds in eloping with the object of his wishes ; and *Sir Damon's* consent is extorted by *Lady Gayland*, as a condition of their reconciliation.

A further interest arises out of the characters of *Tom Surfeit* and *Lieutenant M'Lary*, who are rival candidates for the hand of *Caroline*. The former, as an apology for doing nothing, has assumed the character of a Temple student ; but despising the slow returns of half-guinea motions as inadequate to his fashionable pursuits, he conceives designs upon the superior fortune of *Plod's* ward. His attempt, however, is frustrated, and his vanity exposed in all quarters ; whilst the mirthful *Caroline* finds a deserving and successful suitor in the brave and honest *M'Lary*.

In the developement of this story there are several whimsical and striking situations, and the characters are supported with much humour. Indeed, it is not often that so much is done for the dramatic part of the entertainment, in pieces that are to be so powerfully recommended by the charms of music and song. But, independent of this, the dramatic



part is highly respectable. In the vocal department the whole strength of the house is combined. The music is the composition of M. P. King: but Braham has composed his own songs, together with Storace's song in the first act, and the duet between her and Mrs. Mountain, in the second. The music, in general, possesses great merit, and was much applauded. The song which Braham sung, accompanying upon the piano forte, produced the most powerful effect, and was rapturously received. Miss Duncan appeared to great advantage: and Mrs. Mountain and Mrs. Bland sung with their usual sweetness. Johnstone's Irish character and airs gave him an opportunity of shewing himself in a way in which he always excels.—The piece was very favourably received.

### LONDON FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.)

1.—FASHIONABLE AFTERNOON AND DANCING DRESS.—A short round dress of yellow muslin or crape over a white sarsenet petticoat; the dress trimmed round the bottom with a broad lace, and made much shorter than the petticoat: the bodies full, and trimmed with a coloured trimming, which crosses in the front, and is made to correspond at the back: sleeves laid in crossways over white sarsenet. Head-dress, a half turban of coloured velvet, ornamented with small pearl beads, the hair seen at the back. White shoes and gloves.

2. A dress of white sarsenet or satin, with a long train: sleeves made rather full, and trimmed with a rich lace; body quite plain: lace tucker

and gloves: cap of lace intermixed with fawn-coloured velvet or satin, and trimmed with ribbon to match: white cornelian or pearl necklace.

### PARISIAN FASHIONS.

BESIDES *capotes*, which lose nothing in depth, our fashionable ladies wear large yellow *pamela* hats, in undress. These *pamelas* are of very fine straw; but except two ends of ribbon, by which they are fastened under the chin, all kind of ornament is excluded. The number of caps *à la paysanne* is not considerable, but they are worn by ladies of the most elegant taste.

The waists are still very short, and the robes in general round. For full dress, they are frequently of striped gauze, and trimmed with satin ribbons; the trimming usually representing a foliage.

### THE

### ELVILLE FAMILY SECRETS.

A NOVEL.

(Continued from Vol. XXXVII. p. 594.)

IT was no spectre that thus interrupted her, but lord Holden himself, saying, in a significant manner, that the conduct of Burns had been such as to gain him the hatred of every person who paid the slightest regard to morality and virtue. How then must the generous disposition of a person like her recoil from such infamy as he had been guilty of! Exalted as her understanding was, she must behold it in the most glaring colours possible.



*Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.*



*Fashionable Afternoon & Morning Dress.*



Here he seized her hand, which she had not power to withdraw. Seeing her anxious to leave him, he assumed a softness in his voice and manner he was an utter stranger to; yet, courtier-like, when he had a point to carry, he could cringe and bow in the most obsequious way imaginable.

'Why, Matilda,' said he, with some warmth, 'do you thus wish to avoid one who would die to merit your good opinion? The friendly terms I have been long on with the earl your father must convince you, that he has too favourable an opinion of me to suppose my addresses other than honourable. You have trifled with me a long time. I have borne all your contempt, even insults I may venture to say, without a murmur. I attributed your want of penetration to your youth and inexperience; you must now alter your behaviour. Your father is determined that you shall be countess of Holden. Consider the sounding title, the precedence above so many of your acquaintance. It is rumoured that the gay, the lovely Katharine of France will shortly yield to the solicitations of our gallant young monarch: Harry will give his people a queen from among the flowers of the French nation. You must be one among the chosen train of ladies to welcome her to England, and add by your presence a fresh lustre to the court you were born to adorn, not thus to waste your bloom in solitude, to breathe such sweetness to the desert air.'

Unable to reply, she forcibly escaped from his ardent grasp, and flew to her father, who, seeing her face flushed with crimson at the late rencontre, disregarded the confusion she was in, and congratulated her on the amendment in her looks: at the same time saying, 'My dear Matilda, I think you cannot with

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propriety name a very distant day for the completion of my wishes: you have now no excuse. Remember the reduced state of my constitution: my intellectual faculties too are in some degree impaired, and all by your disobedience. If you persist in opposing what I require, you will again precipitate me to the brink of the grave, if you do not entirely consign me to those dreary regions. There is now no obstacle to your union with my valued friend. He has patiently submitted to your childish vagaries long enough. The first peer of the realm to be treated thus, by a mere thoughtless girl, is abominable indeed! but he is so kind hearted, so considerate a man, I feel for him from my heart; so tender, so assiduous: (I don't mean to say he is entirely exempted from the frailties of human nature; we are all in some degree fallible.) Therefore, as a solemn contract has long been entered into between himself and me, to marry one of my daughters; in case of failure on either side a great forfeit is depending, which shall not be allotted to my charge, I am resolved. Already is the time expired; therefore you can have no objection to solemnise your nuptials this day week!'

Matilda shuddered, but uttered not a syllable. The earl of Holden that moment entered the room; and observing her agitation, demanded the cause of it. 'Oh, nothing at all,' replied her father; 'she has only been this instant consenting to take you very shortly for her partner for life, and naturally feels a little embarrassed, a little girlish intimidation. She is young: the idea of so much honour being conferred on her almost overpowers her senses. Matilda, summon all your fortitude; act with a serenity and dignity becoming your rank: retire, and give the necessary orders for apparel, and other

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preparations proper on such a grand occasion. I will see your sister for the same purpose: she is better acquainted with such affairs, and is more tenacious of her character.'

With difficulty Matilda crossed the anti-chamber, where she met the countess, who already knew what the disconcerted countenance of Matilda would have informed her. She was delighted beyond measure, congratulated her on the splendour she would so soon shine in, and begged her to leave the orders for dress and preparations to her: which Matilda most readily consented to; as her bosom was too much agonised to attend to such inconsiderable things, in her opinion, as magnificence in attendance and dress. She knew that she had no alternative; yet sometimes she was half inclined to brave her family's vengeance, and vow not to give the earl her hand, though conscious that she must then be more wretched even than she was at that time. Besides, all filial affection was not entirely banished from her breast: she feared an absolute refusal of their meditated match would be too much for her father to support. Once she fondly thought that she had such a friend in her brother no circumstances nor time could alter; but he had deserted her, and the idol of her soul had proved faithless. What would she not have given to have poured out her uneasiness on the breast of her much-loved sister Elfrida? but that consolation was denied her; neither could she write to her, as all letters directed to her were intercepted: neither could she write to any one, so closely was she watched by the creatures of her father. She feared being sent to her brother Edward at Morden castle, for she knew his cruel disposition, and she had more to dread from his barbarity than any one of her family. Many a suffering wretch in his

dungeons most bitterly lamented ever controuling his wishes. — 'It will be a union of hands,' it is true, exclaimed Matilda, as she threw herself on the seat in her favourite apartment, which overlooked the ocean, rendered dear to her by many a former remembrance; 'but no one congenial sentiment will there be to render such a union ought but discord and hatred, instead of that harmony and love which must exist where sympathizing hearts are united; who abstracted from the gay, the glittering, yet detestable scenes of life, could find comfort, even happiness, in the society of each other, without pomp and grandeur, which awaits that situation I am about to fill. What a contrast would an alliance with the once-amiable Burns have exhibited! but he is now no more; therefore why should I repine? Too generous, too tender hearted, and good for this wicked world, the almighty Disposer of events called him hence to another and a better. Then throwing her eyes around her, on the mighty expanse of waters, unruffled by a single breeze — 'How unlike,' said she, 'is your calm surface to my agitated bosom, where such a conflict of contending passions alternately reigns! how differently should I have approached the altar had it been so ordained, and plighted my faith to that once-loved youth, amiable as I knew him; for yet I believe him unblameable, the victim of calumny and infamous misrepresentation; but Providence disposes of me according to the great decree of Heaven, considering it not proper for me to be united to a congenial disposition, who, far from the vanities of life, could find happiness! The riches of the universe are not equal to a sacred intercourse of souls rich in sensibility and virtue; for I am endowed by nature with every



qualification to render the object of my choice happy, strictly disposed to the observance of every duty required of me. Even Holden shall have no reason to complain; if I marry him I will endeavour to make him as comfortable as a person with an irrecoverable heart can possibly do. He knows every circumstance of my prior attachment, and he knows, likewise, that my heart is cold and indifferent, buried with the corpse of the invaluable Burns; therefore what can he expect more than forced civility and attention?

In the mean time, Burns, instead of being dead as represented to her, was reduced to the most miserable state possible; her brother likewise was almost driven to despair, to think the only person he ever thought the model of perfection should prove so unworthy the good opinion he had entertained of her. In her last letter she desired them to think no more of her, as her sentiments had undergone an entire alteration since their departure: she was no longer the artless inexperienced girl, but was speedily to become the dignified countess of Holden; as she was determined to give her hand where her father thought proper to bestow it, conscious a person of his family could never solicit it. It may be imagined that Burns was almost distracted.—‘She is faithless,’ exclaimed he; ‘never shall I think there is any fidelity in any of her sex!’—In vain her brother endeavoured to console him; no suspicion entered their minds of deception, not once imagining that her hand-writing could be so closely counterfeited; if so, they would immediately have returned to England, and sought an explanation. Burns, however, said he must, at all events,

if he were doomed to be wretched, hear his sentence from her own lips, and be convinced it was no compulsion, but her own inclination.

‘You cannot,’ replied his invaluable friend, ‘with propriety, leave the army at this critical moment, when your presence is more than ever necessary. What excuse can you make to your sovereign for your absence?’

This reply aroused him; and he consented to stay a few days more till a long-expected engagement had taken place, when they might both with propriety obtain a few days leave of absence, and be convinced that in marrying the earl of Holden Matilda made no sacrifice, as it was almost impossible to imagine a person could be so changed in so short a time.

Notwithstanding all Sydney’s arguments, Burns had conceived a plan, and was on the point of carrying it into execution, when the enemy removed the main body of their army, and assembled on a large plain in order of battle. This the gallant Henry considered as a signal for an attack, and made known to his officers his determination to wait no longer for reinforcements, but with his little army, trusting in the great God of battles, to commence an attack on the gasconading yet mighty host of the enemy. Immediately the true spirit of a soldier pervaded every individual. Burns was, as if by instinct, arrested in his meditated scheme. The moment he relinquished it, he informed Sydney that were not an engagement so soon likely to take place he should have been in England, and thrown himself at the feet of the earl his father, acknowledged his whole proceedings, name, and country, and solicited the hand of Matilda in marriage; but if she



preferred another, he would leave the country never more to return, become an exile in some foreign land, that he might never injure her happiness by a sight of his misery.

‘Fortunately indeed for you,’ exclaimed Sydney, ‘has Providence prevented such a scheme from taking place; you would have added another victim to the numbers in my brother’s dungeons.’—Here he paused. Burns shuddered: he was no stranger to the crimes the earl had been guilty of; he shuddered to think of his thus meditating his own destruction: but even death was preferable to the misery he endured, and as they had agreed, let what would be the consequence, to defer their intended journey till the termination of the campaign, he must now support himself under his troubles with fortitude. But as life was of no value to him without he could pass it with Matilda, of which there now seemed no probability, he became courageous even to desperation. No numbers nor strength were proof against his destructive sword: wherever he appeared, victory followed his steps. His sovereign knighted him and admitted him to his presence, in preference to many much his seniors in the army. Though he sought death as a friend, a terminator of all his troubles, he came not yet; he was spared by Providence for yet greater trials.—Go on, brave youth! although thou art calumniated by those who could not injure thee otherwise than by branding thy hitherto unspotted character with infamy, still persist in thy love of glory and virtue; and though thou mayest be destined to many heart-rending pangs here below, immortal happiness awaits thee in realms where sublunary uneasiness can never reach thee more. The little tri-

umph the wicked enjoy in this world over the objects of their persecution is poor satisfaction when put in competition with eternity.

But to return to poor Matilda.—The week preceding her marriage, her situation was truly pitiable; the earl, her father, saw no diminution in the grief which had enveloped her whole soul since the supposed death of Burns was made known to her: yet in his presence she endeavoured to appear cheerful; but so ill did she feign, that any one might easily see the true state of her feelings. The world to her seemed one void, one wilderness; nothing could afford her one minute’s pleasure, since the only person she wished to live for was no more. She had once, in the anguish of her heart, intreated her father to permit her to retire to a convent in France, and devote the remainder of her days to cherishing the loved memory of Burns, and religious solitude; but this he refused harshly, replying, he had rather follow her to her grave than see her immured in a convent. Finding all hopes of escaping the detestable match over, that her doom was inevitably fixed, she endeavoured to reconcile herself to it. She prayed with fervency to Heaven to aid and support her.

The fatal day arrived; her bridal dress, which was elegance itself, finished under the directions of the haughty countess her sister, was put on her; and thus arrayed, the sad and almost heart-broken Matilda, leaning on the arm of her father, entered the room, where was a brilliant assemblage of nobility to witness the grand event. The fine glow of beauty was fled from her cheek, yet she looked more interesting than ever.

*(To be continued.)*



LADIES' DRESSES on her MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

*Her Majesty*—AS usual on her own birth-day, was extremely neat. The dress was composed of brown velvet, beautifully embroidered with scarlet and white silk. Draperies and bottom trimmed with rich point lace, tied up with silk cords and tassels. The mantle to correspond. The neatness of her majesty's dress was much admired.

*Her Royal Highness Princess Augusta*—Brown velvet petticoat, beautifully embroidered with silver; a large drapery on the right side, with a most brilliant border, with damask and Provence roses intermixed; a small drapery on the left side, tied up with a very rich bouquet, and bordered with Italian chains. The whole had a very fine effect. Train of brown and silver tissue.

*Princess Elizabeth*—A magnificent dress of green velvet, superbly embroidered with gold, the right side of the dress composed of a large matching drapery, elegantly striped with gold spangles, and finished at bottom with a massy border of a mosaic pattern intermixed with vine leaves, richly embroidered in dead and bright gold foil, bullion, &c. the contour of which was strikingly elegant; smaller draperies in shell work, with rich borders; the whole finished with a massy border at bottom of foil and bullion, and looped up with superb cord and tassels. Her royal highness wore a robe of green and gold tissue, sleeves ornamented with gold and green tiaras, and trimmed with point lace and gold.

*Princess Mary*—The same as her royal highness princess Elizabeth, only in scarlet and gold.

*Her royal highness Princess Amelia*—A bottle-green velvet petticoat, with a rich etruscan border, and a drapery richly embroidered with

stripes of spangles and mosaic, and trimmed with gold rollo; on the right side a beautiful drapery formed of bullion chain; a body and train of green and gold velvet tissue. Her royal highness wore in the evening a dark green velvet dress, ornamented with diamonds.

*Princess Sophia of Gloucester*—Gave universal pleasure in making her appearance again at the drawing-room. Her royal highness's dress was purple velvet, with an elegant drapery embroidered with silver; purple velvet train, superbly embroidered with silver, to correspond.

*Her royal highness the duchess of York*—A most splendid dress, petticoat of white crape, intermixed with blue velvet; the ground most beautifully embroidered with gold spangles in scales; border, wreaths of oak and acorns; on the right side a drapery showered with spangles and groups of acorns richly worked in gold, and fastened up with diamonds, gold cord, and tassels; the pocket-holes most tastefully trimmed with an entire new fancy gold trimming, intermixed with diamonds; a train of blue velvet, body and sleeves trimmed with diamonds, and diamond girdle; head-dress white feathers and a profusion of diamonds.

*Princess Castelcicula*—An elegant dress of white crape, with draperies of patent net, ornamented with white satin and beads, and looped up with handsome bead tassels; train, purple velvet trimmed with point lace and beads.

*Duchess of Northumberland*—A rich blue satin petticoat, with a drapery of blue satin trimmed with rich sable; mantua, black satin.

*Marchioness of Lansdowne*—A splendid dress of white crape and satin, richly embroidered in shells of silver and white velvet; the draperies looped up with chains of matted silver, and fastened with arrows; body



and train of steel-coloured velvet, embroidered with silver in shells; head-dress, feather and diamonds.

*Marchioness of Salisbury*—A green dress, covered with point lace, and ornamented with gold.

*Marchioness of Downshire*—A bottle-green velvet petticoat, superbly embroidered in gold, with a gold tissue drapery, *en echappe*, the train of the same velvet; an embroidery, forming a rich and elegant drapery on the left; pocket-holes trimmed with gold and velvet; and head dress white ostrich feathers, with a profusion of diamonds.

*Marchioness of Sligo*—In light blue, trimmed and ornamented with gold; head-dress, a wreath of diamonds, diamond star and turban.

*The marchioness of Donnegal*—Was dressed in plain white satin, with white ostrich feathers and rosette of diamonds.

*Dowager marchioness of Bath*—Petticoat and draperies of rich white satin, embroidered in wreaths and mosaic of silver rings and spangles; the drapery was looped up with tapestry trimming, and cord and tassels.

*The right hon. countess of Uxbridge*—A beautiful white crape embroidered dress in drapery, with a wreath of green ivy leaves, and rich gold sprigs; the draperies edged with sable and point lace. Body and train of green satin, to correspond.

*The right hon. the countess of Cardigan*—A most magnificent embroidered brown velvet petticoat, in draperies, composed of beautiful shaded roses, with rich vandyke border on the left side; rich gold chains, cords, and tassels. The sleeves, body, and train, were all correspondent.

*The right hon. the countess of St. Vincent*—A white crape petticoat, richly embroidered with gold, black velvet, and swansdown green, satin body and train, trimmed with swansdown and gold.

*Countess of Buckinghamshire*—A lavender satin petticoat, most richly embroidered in gold, with a superb border and drapery, intermixed with velvet of the same colour; a train of lavender satin, elegantly trimmed with a velvet border, tastefully embroidered in gold; body and sleeves trimmed with beautiful point lace; bandeau of diamonds, and plume of lavender ostrich feathers.

*Countess Albina of Buckinghamshire*—White satin petticoat, fancifully looped up with white crape drapery; festooned body and train of fine figured queen's brown, coloured satin body and sleeves, trimmed with elegant point lace; head-dress, white feathers, and a wreath of large diamonds, with diamond star and earrings.

*Countess of Harcourt*—Petticoat and train scarlet satin, with drapery of gold tissue and sable fur, with wreaths of flowers in gold; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

*Countess Fitzwilliam*—A white crape petticoat grounded entirely over in mosaic pattern, richly worked in gold spangles; a double drapery, bordered in a rich Grecian pattern, fastened with gold cord and tassels, pocket-holes superbly trimmed with gold; a train of brown satin, trimmed round with gold fringe; body and sleeves ornamented with point lace and diamonds; head-dress of diamonds, necklace and ear-rings to correspond.

*Countess of Mansfield*—Train of purple crape, trimmed with point lace, and a rich gold border; petticoat to correspond, with Grecian sash, forming a drapery at the bottom; a rich gold foil-work border.

*Countess of Carlisle*—A white crape dress, most elegantly embroidered in silver and green foil, forming wreaths of grapes and vine leaves; the drapery of crape and brown velvet, tied up with a profusion of silver and green tassels and cords; a



brown velvet robe, trimmed with silver and point lace to suit the petticoat.

*The countess of Derby*—A white crape dress, superbly embroidered in rich stripes and spangled, with a magnificent Grecian border; the whole of the draperies trimmed with a beautiful ring chain, looped with bullion, and tied up with very large gold tassels and cord, the draperies formed of spangled crape and uncommonly large gold zephyr; train of purple velvet, trimmed with a ring chain, to correspond with the petticoat; head-dress, a profusion of diamonds and feathers.

*Countess Cowper*—Wore a petticoat of blue velvet and white satin, embroidered with silver draperies in waves of silver spangles, with a fringe of matted silver ornaments; body and train of blue velvet embroidered with silver; coronet head-dress of white feathers and diamonds.

*Countess Temple*—A superb dress of azure blue velvet, embroidered with showers of silver spangles; the drapery edged with bunches of matted silver, and festooned with chains of matted silver, with a profusion of diamonds.

*Countess of Clonmell*—A very handsome dress of white and gold, the drapery richly embroidered with embossed gold, and edged with ermine; the body and train embroidered with gold, and trimmed with point; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

*Countess of Pembroke*—Lilac satin petticoat, ornamented with black lace; lilac satin train, trimmed to correspond; head-dress lilac and gold, with a profusion of diamonds.

*Countess St. Martin des Front*—A dress of white crape appliqued with lilac and gold, and ornamented with rich gold cord and tassels; robe of black velvet, trimmed with elegant point lace and ornamented with gold fringe.

*Countess Delaware*—A white satin petticoat, with a rich gold embroidered drapery; train purple velvet.

*Dowager countess of Esser*—Petticoat purple satin, with lace drapery, tastefully trimmed with flowers; train, purple satin.

*The countess of Ely*—Wore a petticoat and robe of leopard satin, with sable trimming, and handsome black lace drapery; head-dress, superb sable leopard feathers, lace, and diamonds.

*Countess of Mexborough*—A dress of peach blossom velvet, embroidered with gold, and fastened with gold chains; body and train of velvet, embroidered with gold.

*Lady Grenville*—A white satin crape petticoat, elegantly trimmed with crimson cut velvet; body and train of crimson velvet to correspond, interwoven with showers of silver spangles.

*The right hon. the lady Mayoress*—White crape petticoat embroidered with gold, tied up in draperies, with rich cords and tassels; white satin body and train, with a border to correspond with the draperies.

*Lady Georgiana Birchley*—Black velvet petticoat, richly embroidered in gold, of a rich Grecian pattern, double drapery trimmed with most superb balloon fringe, fastened up with gold cord and tassels; the pocket-holes richly ornamented in gold; train of black velvet, richly embroidered to correspond with the petticoat; head-dress, a plume of fine ostrich feathers, with gold ornaments: the whole had a most beautiful effect, and was much admired.

*Lady Walpole*—A gold petticoat, richly embroidered with a most superb border of oak leaves and acorns fastened with large gold cord and tassels; brown velvet train trimmed with gold and point lace, fastened with diamonds.



*Lady Stewart*—A leopard satin petticoat, elegantly trimmed with black lace, cord and tassels; black velvet train, trimmed with lace.

*Lady Radstock*—Wore a petticoat of amber coloured crape, with rich embroidered draperies of silver spangles representing a bouquet of flowers; the border at the bottom of the petticoat particularly nouvelle for its neatness and simplicity, it was la garniture a la chine, done in velvet; train black velvet, trimmed with fine point lace; head-dress black velvet, superbly ornamented with diamonds and feathers.

*Lady William Russell*—White satin petticoat, with a deep silver tassel, fringed round the bottom; full white satin draperies, richly studded with demi-silver beads, and bordered with a most superb silver tassel fringe. The drapery fastened up with an unique snake rope and tassels of silver. Train, white satin, trimmed all round with silver tassel fringe. Body richly embroidered in silver. This dress was much admired for its delicate brilliancy. Head-dress, a fine plume of feathers and diamonds.

*Lady Bontien*—Her ladyship was as usual most tastefully attired in a very rich satin petticoat most superbly embroidered with a very deep wreath of gold and purple hyacinths, the lower part in rich stripes to correspond; the draperies were formed of a most superbly embroidered crape trimmed with a magnificent suit of point lace, and tied up with a profusion of gold tassels and cord, the bottom of the petticoat with a broad gold fringe placed on purple velvet, a purple velvet robe to suit, richly trimmed with point, and gold cuffs; head-dress a bandeau of purple velvet with feathers and diamonds.

*Lady Margaret Walpole*—Petticoat of white crape richly embroi-

dered, silver, and interlined with amber sarsnet, tastefully ornamented with rose lilies; train and body of rich white satin ornamented, point and silver, trimmed swans-down; head-dress of ostrich feathers and diamonds.

*Lady Auckland*—Body and train of black velvet trimmed with point lace; petticoat of purple satin, richly embroidered in gold; draperies of black velvet, tastefully tied up with cords and tassels.

*Lady Anne Culling Smith*—Petticoat of French pink crape, embroidered in broad wreaths of tulips in French pearls; draperies the same, looped up with strings of plaited pearls; train of rich French pink satin, embroidered in pearls, to correspond with the petticoat. Her ladyship wore a queen Elizabeth's ruff, which had a new effect, made in Brussels lace; head-dress, bandeau of knotted pearls, high plume of pale pink feathers, mounted in the military style.

*Lady Abdy*—Petticoat of white crape, embroidered in the real oriental silver lamé; border very broad, of silver tulips in lamé, draperies of white hops, with a rich mosaic of China leaves, and a broad border of silver palm leaves and bunches of seeds, the whole in oriental lamé; train of rich white satin, embroidered, to correspond with the petticoat. Head-dress, casque of black velvet, with a large wreath of diamonds; beautiful plume of white ostrich feathers.

*Lady Borringdon*—A brown crape petticoat, elegantly ornamented with wreaths and branches of variegated holly, painted in velvet; a brown velvet train, trimmed with Brussels lace; head-dress of diamonds and feathers, scarlet and brown.

*Hon. Mrs. Henry Erskine*—A beautiful dress of violet velvet and white crape, embroidered with silver



draperies of violet velvet, covered with showers of spangles, and edged with vandyke border, and matted silver; body and train to correspond, of velvet and silver.

### A SINGULAR STORY.

*From Madame du Montier's Letters.*

'WHILE I was in the country last year,' says madame du Montier, 'I chanced to fall into company with a good friar, eighty years of age, who told me the following story.

'About forty years ago, he was sent for to a highwayman, to prepare him for death. They shut him up in a small chapel with the malefactor, and while he was making every effort to excite him to repentance, he perceived that the man was absorbed in thought, and hardly attended to his discourse. "My dear friend," said he, "do you reflect that in a few hours you must appear before a more awful tribunal than that which has lately condemned you? What can divert your attention from what is of such infinite importance?" "True, father," returned the malefactor; "but I cannot divest myself of the idea that it is in your power to save my life." "How can I possibly effect that?" said the friar; "and even supposing I could, should I venture to do it, and thereby give you an opportunity, perhaps, of committing many more crimes?" "If that be all that prevents you," replied the malefactor, "you may rely on my word; I have beheld my fate too near again to expose myself to what I have felt."

'The friar acted as you and I should have done:—he yielded to the impulse of compassion, and it only remained to contrive the means of the man's escape. The chapel in which they were was lighted by one

small window near the top, fifteen feet from the ground. "You have only," said the criminal to the friar, "to set your chair on the altar, which we can remove to the foot of the wall, and, if you will get upon it, I can reach the window by the help of your shoulders." The friar consented to this manœuvre, and having replaced the altar, which was portable, seated himself quietly in his chair. About three hours after, the executioner, who began to grow impatient, knocked at the door, and asked the friar what was become of the criminal. "He must have been an angel," replied he coolly; "for, by the faith of a priest, he went through the window." The executioner, who found himself a loser by this account, enquired if he were laughing at him, and ran to inform the judges. They repaired to the chapel where this good man was sitting, who, pointing to the window, assured them, upon his conscience, that the malefactor flew out at it; and that, supposing him an angel, he was going to recommend himself to his protection; that, moreover, if he were a criminal, which he could not suspect after what he had seen, he was not obliged to be his guardian. The magistrates could not preserve their gravity at this good man's *sang froid*, and, after wishing a pleasant journey to the culprit, went away.

'Twenty years afterwards, this friar, travelling over the Ardennes, lost his way; when, just as the day was closing, a kind of peasant accosted him, and, after examining him very attentively, asked him whither he was going, and told him the road he was travelling was a very dangerous one. "If you will follow me," he added, "I will conduct you to a farm at no great distance, where you may pass the night in safety." The friar was much embarrassed;



the curiosity visible in the man's countenance excited his suspicions; but considering that if he had a bad design towards him it was impossible to escape, he followed him with trembling steps. His fear was not of long duration; he soon perceived the farm which the peasant had mentioned, and as they entered, the man, who was the proprietor of it, told his wife to kill a capon, with some of the finest chickens in the poultry yard, and to welcome his guest with the best cheer. While supper was preparing the countryman re-entered, followed by eight children, whom he thus addressed:—"My children, pour forth your grateful thanks to this good friar. Had it not been for him you would not have been here, nor I either: he saved my life." The friar instantly recollected the features of the speaker, and recognised the thief whose escape he had favoured. The whole family loaded him with caresses and kindness; and, when he was alone with the man, he inquired how he came to be so well provided for. "I kept my word with you," said the thief, "and, resolving to lead a good life in future, I begged my way hither, which is my native country, and engaged in the service of the master of this farm. Gaining his favour by my fidelity and attachment to his interest, he gave me his only daughter in marriage. God has blessed my endeavours. I have amassed a little wealth, and I beg that you will dispose of me and all that belongs to me. I shall now die content, since I have been able to see and testify my gratitude towards my deliverer." The friar told him he was well repaid for the service he had rendered him by the use to which he devoted the life he had preserved. He would not accept of any thing as a recompence; but could not refuse to stay some days with

the countryman, who treated him like a prince. This good man then obliged him to make use at least of one of his horses to finish his journey, and never quitted him till he had traversed the dangerous roads that abound in those parts.'

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ANECDOTES OF SIR EDWARD HERBERT, English Ambassador in France in the Reign of JAMES I.

SIR Edward Herbert being sent ambassador from king James I. to Louis XIII. was instructed to mediate a peace for the protestants in France. De Luines, the French prime minister, haughtily asked him what the king of England had to do in that affair. The ambassador replied 'It is not to you the king my master owes an account of his actions, and for me it is enough that I obey him. At the same time I must maintain that my master hath more reason to do what he doth than you to ask why he doth it. Nevertheless, if you civilly desire me, I shall acquaint you further.'

Upon this de Luines, bowing a little, said 'Very well.' Sir Edward answered, that "it was not on this occasion only that the king of Great Britain had desired the peace and prosperity of France, but upon all other occasions, whenever any war was raised in that country; and this was his first reason. The second was, that, because a peace being settled in his own dominions, the king of France might be better disposed and able to assist the palatinate in the present broils of Germany." The French minister said, "We will have none of your advices." The Briton, replied, that 'he took that for an answer, and was sorry only that the amicable interposition



of his master was not duly understood; but since it was so abruptly rejected, he could do no less than say that the king knew well enough what to do.' De Luines answered—'We are not afraid of you.' Sir Edward, smiling a little, replied, 'If you had said you had not loved us I should have believed you, and should have given you another answer; in the mean time, all that I will tell you more is, that we know very well what we have to do.' De Luines, upon this, starting from his seat, said, 'By G—, if you were not monsieur l'ambassadeur I know very well how I would use you.' Sir Edward, also rising from his chair, said, 'that as he was the king of Great Britain's ambassador, so he was also a gentleman, and that his sword (on which he clapped his hand) should give him instant satisfaction, if he was pleased to take any offence.' To this the Frenchman made no reply; and Sir Edward walked towards the door, to which De Luines seeming to accompany him, Sir Edward said that, 'after such language there was no occasion to use such ceremony;' and so departed, expecting to hear further from him.

He had afterwards a gracious audience of the French king; after which a court lord telling him, that, after having offended the constable De Luines, he was not in a place of safety, he gallantly answered, that 'he always considered himself in a place of safety wherever his sword went with him.'

The vindictive De Luines procured his brother with a train of officers (of whom there was not one, as he told king James, that had not killed his man) to go as ambassador extraordinary to England, who so misrepresented the affair, that sir Edward was recalled; but on his return cleared up the affair to his honour. He however

fell on his knees to the king, beseeching him that a herald might be sent to the French ambassador from him, bearing an accusation of falsity, and a challenge for satisfaction; but James, being of a quiet pacific disposition, only made answer, 'that he would think of it.' De Luines died soon after, and sir Edward Herbert was again sent ambassador to France.

## MARRIAGE SETTLEMENTS.

JOHN marquis of Tweedale, who was the last secretary of state for Scotland, before that place was annexed to the secretaryship for the home department, espoused lady Frances Carteret, daughter of lord Carteret, afterwards earl of Granville, several years lord lieutenant of Ireland, and once president of the English privy council.

This marriage was preceded by the following singular circumstance. It happened that these two noblemen met together at Florence, when on their respective tours through Europe. Lord Carteret was then a married man. One day being in familiar conversation with each other, lord Carteret took occasion to expatiate on the comforts of matrimony, which he forcibly contrasted with the joyless state of a bachelor. The marquis assented to the truth of his observations, but owned that he had never as yet seriously thought of taking to himself a wife. Lord Carteret then told him, that though he had then no child, he bespoke him for a son-in-law. Whether he meant this declaration as jocular or otherwise, certain it is that the first child his lady brought him after his return to England was the very daughter whom the marquis married about twenty years afterward.

As the whole of lord Tweedale's real estate lay in Scotland, the marriage



articles between him and his lady were drawn up by his solicitor in Edinburgh, under the inspection of his lawyers there. The rough draft of the deed was transmitted to London, for the perusal of lord Granville. Among other usual clauses, there was a stipulation for pin-money to the lady during marriage, and a blank left for the specific sum to be filled up at his lordship's dis-

cretion. When he had cast his eyes on that clause he instantly drew his pen across it, and wrote upon the opposite margin these words: 'Not a shilling! I have seen enough of the consequences of wives being independent of their husbands ever to consent to my daughter's having a right to demand pin-money. Let her depend upon her lord, as every wife ought to do.'

## POETICAL ESSAYS.

### ODE for the NEW YEAR, 1807.

By H. J. PYE, Esq. P. L.

#### I.

WHEN loud and drear the tempests roar,  
When high the billowy mountains rise,  
And headlong 'gainst the rocky shore,  
Driven by the blast, the giddy vessel flies;  
Unguided, by the wild waves borne,  
Her rudder broke, her tackling torn;  
Say, does the seaman's daring mind  
Shrink from the angry frown of fate?  
Does he, to abject fear resign'd,  
Th' impending stroke in silence wait?  
No—while he pours the fervent pray'r  
To Him whose will can punish or can spare,  
Cool and intrepid 'mid the sound  
Of winds and waves that rage around,  
The pow'rs that skill and strength impart,  
The nervous arm, th' undaunted heart,  
Collecting,—firm he fronts the threat'ning  
storm,  
And braves, with fearless breast, fell Death's  
terrific form.

#### II.

So, though around our sea-encircled reign  
The dreadful tempests seem to lour,  
Dismay'd do Britain's hardy train  
Await in doubt the threat'ning hour?—  
Lo! to his sons, with cheering voice,  
Albion's bold Genius calls aloud;  
Around him valiant myriads crowd,  
Or death or victory their choice:  
From ev'ry port astonish'd Europe sees  
Britannia's white sails swelling with the  
breeze;  
Not her imperial barks alone  
Awe the proud foe on ev'ry side,  
Commerce her vessels launches on the tide,  
And her indignant sons awhile  
Seceding from their wonted toil,  
Turn from the arts of peace their care,  
Hurl from each deck the bolts of war,

To sweep th' injurious boasters from the  
main,  
Who dare to circumscribe Britannia's naval  
reign.

#### III.

And see with emulative zeal  
Our hosts congenial ardour feel;  
The ardent spirit that of yore  
Flam'd high on Gallia's vanquish'd  
shore;  
Or burn'd by Danube's distant flood,  
When flow'd his current ting'd with Gal-  
lic blood;  
Or shone on Lincelles' later fight;  
Or fir'd by Acre's tow'rs the Christian  
Knight;  
Or taught on Maida's fields the Gaul to  
feel,  
Urg'd by the Briton's arm, the British  
steel.  
Now in each breast with heat redoubled glows,  
And gleams dismay and death on Europe's  
ruthless foes.

#### IV.

Not to Ambition's specious charm,  
Not to th' ensanguin'd Despot's hand,  
Is conquest bound—a Mightier Arm  
Than Earth's proud Tyrants can with-  
stand,  
The balance holds of human fate,  
Raises the low and sinks the great.  
Exerting then in Europe's cause  
Each energy of arm and mind,  
All that from force or skill the warrior  
draws,  
Yet to th' Almighty Pow'r resign'd,  
Whose high behest all nature's movements  
guides,  
Controls the battle's and the ocean's tides;  
Britain still hopes that Heav'n her vows will  
hear,  
While Mercy rears her shield and Justice  
points her spear.



## VERSES

ADDRESSED TO

DR. THORNTON,

On the Completion of his *Temple of Flora*, or  
*Garden of Nature*.

OH! Bards of Athens! for your classic  
rage,  
Or Rubens' fire, to warm the kindling page;  
Then like those vivid tints my Song should  
glow,  
And THORNTON'S praise in noblest num-  
bers flow;  
Fervent as *his* should roll the breathing line,  
The radiant colouring, and the rich design.

From *orient regions* where the *tropic ray*  
Lights beauty's beams, and pours the glowing  
day,

To where th' *eternal snows* of *winter* spread,  
And ice-clad mountains rear their lofty head,  
Thy daring hand hath cull'd the loveliest  
flow'rs

To deck delighted *Albion's* happier bow'rs;  
On each proud page in varied radiance bright,  
The *MUSE* exulting feasts her raptur'd sight;  
For ever fresh those flow'rs; for ever fair!  
The rage of *Envy* and of *Time* shall dare.

Around *thy* couch their branching tendrils  
wave,  
And cast their fragrant shadows o'er *thy*  
grave.

Beneath the *Pleiads*, taught by *thee* to  
bloom,  
While *Fancy* fondly drinks their rich per-  
fume,

A second *PARADISE* our senses greets,  
And *Asia* wafts us all her world of sweets.

To THORNTON loudly strike th' *applaudive*  
string,  
'Mid desert wastes who bids an *EDEN* spring,  
On canvass bids the glowing landscape rise,  
Each plant fair blooming 'mid its native skies;  
Whether dark clouds the angry heav'ns de-  
form

Where round the *Cape* loud howls th' *inces-*  
sant storm;

Or *Genius* waving high her magic wand,  
Bids all *Arabia's* purple blooms expand;  
Or pours the *Ganges* thro' the wide-spread  
plain,

In foaming torrents rushing to the main.  
By *thee* transported from the *farthest pole*  
Where the slow *Bears* their frozen circuit  
roll

We tread the *region* parch'd by *Sirius'* ray,  
Where the bright *Lotos* basks in floods of day;  
Or pensive wander by *Columbian* streams,  
Where everlasting summer pours its beams;  
Along her vast but rich *savannas* rove,  
Or trace the mazes of the boundless grove,  
Where thousand birds their painted plumes  
unfold,

And crests that blaze with azure and with  
gold:

Where *Nature's* pencil lights her brightest  
dies,  
And all *Brazilia* flames before our eyes.

Though o'er her head the southern whirl-  
wind rave,  
Secure, behold! superb *Strelitzia* wave;  
While amidst barren rocks and arctic snows  
Fair *Kalmia* in refulgent beauty glows:—  
Lo! *Cereus*, faithful to th' appointed hour,  
With glory's beams illumines the midnight  
hour;

Ah fleeting beams! ere *Phœbus* darts its rays,  
Wither'd thy beauty, and extinct its blaze!  
Not so yon *Aloe*, on whose tow'ring head  
An hundred years their fost'ring dews have  
shed;

Not so the *Glorier* that these leaves illumine,  
Whose splendid tints for centuries shall  
bloom!

Fain would the *MUSE* each beauteous Plant  
rehearse,

And sing their glories in immortal verse;  
But who shall paint them with a pow'r like  
*thine*,

'Tis in *thy* page those glories brightest shine!—  
So lovely in their form, so bright their hue,  
And in such dazzling groups they charm the  
view!

The *MUSE* astonish'd drops her feeble *lyre*,  
And baffled *Art* gives way to *Nature's* fire;—  
That fire is *thine*—in every leaf it burns,  
And imitation's noblest efforts spurns.

The mighty *Work* complete, through *ALBI-*  
*ON's* bounds

*Thy* name is echoed, and *thy* fame resounds;  
Exulting *Science* weaves the deathless bays,  
And rival *Monarchs* swell the note of Praise.

MAURICE

## ADDRESS TO A ROBIN,

On hearing it sing, October 30, 1895.

ROBIN, thy soft autumnal song  
How grateful to mine ear!  
Domestic bird, 'tis kind of thee  
To cheer with rural minstrelsy,  
The dull declining year.

Mute is the lark, that soar'd aloft  
To hail the blushing dawn.  
Perch'd on a dew-impearled bush,  
No more the shrill mellifluous thrush  
With carols welcomes morn.

Why, rosy-breasted minstrel, why  
Attune the merry strain?  
Alas! thou know'st not winter drear  
In snowy vest will soon appear,  
With all his rueful train.

Yet, happy bird! the knowledge would  
Impair thy artless lay;  
The thought would mar thy present joy,  
Mix with thy bliss a base alloy,  
And cloud thy cheerful day.



Of fretful man with sad presage  
 Into the future pries:  
 O would he anxious fears dismiss,  
 And learn 'Where ignorance is bliss,  
 'Tis folly to be wise.'  
 JOHN WEBB.

*Haverhill, Nov. 4, 1806.*

### ADDRESS TO A BUTTERFLY.

HAIL, loveliest of the insect tribe!  
 How beauteous to behold!  
 Thy glitt'ring pinions charm mine eyes,  
 Starr'd with bright beauty's brilliant dyes,  
 And edg'd with beamy gold.

Gaily you rove as fancy wills  
 In summer's frolic hour;  
 Wanton in Sol's meridian ray  
 Sip nectar from each bloomy spray,  
 And gad from flower to flower.

Seek distant fields and gay parterres;  
 Far from my garden stray,  
 Lest my Horatio should espy  
 Thy gilded form with wishful eye,  
 And mark thee for his prey.

Gay insect, still pursue thy sport,  
 Be every gambol play'd;  
 For Eurus soon, with frigid mien,  
 Will sweep thee from the sunbright scene  
 To dark oblivion's shade.

Thus idly vain the gaudy fop  
 Consumes life's golden space;  
 Thoughtless he hastes from fair to fair,  
 'Till Death approach, with brow austere,  
 And ends his useless race.

*Haverhill.* JOHN WEBB.

### LINES

*Mournfully inscribed to the Memory of Miss  
 E. M. C.*

WHAT happiness once did the moments  
 soft pleasures  
 Each day as they pass'd to my bosom im-  
 part;  
 I smil'd as I gaz'd on the world and its trea-  
 sures,  
 For it held all I valued—the girl of my  
 heart.

She lov'd—I ador'd her—and gaily I cherish'd  
 A dream of felicity form'd to beguile;  
 But soon this fond bosom's felicity perish'd,  
 That doated alone on her love and her  
 smile.

For whilst the visions of hope were en-  
 joying,  
 And her hand as a pledge of affection she  
 gave;

Affliction, unkindly those visions destroying,  
 Assail'd her, and nothing could rescue or  
 save.

I mark'd the faint roses her features forsaking,  
 And convulsively caught at her bosom's  
 last sigh;  
 I mournfully view'd, with a sorrow heart-  
 breaking,  
 The last spark of lustre that beam'd in her  
 eye:

O'er her pale trembling lips while with wild  
 horror stopping,

To catch, thought distracting! my Ellen's  
 last breath,

She smil'd—then alas! like a fair lily droop-  
 ing,

Serenely she sunk on the bosom of death.

Burst, burst beating heart,—for tranquillity  
 never

Shall cheer thy sad cell, or its throbbings  
 reprove:

O why was affliction permitted to sever  
 Such souls, and to rob me of Ellen and  
 love!

When the dark gloomy shadows of eve are  
 descending,

Each night to her cold silent urn I'll repair;  
 While the winds that howl round me, my sad-  
 ness befriending,

May kindly re-echo these notes of despair.

There—there on her grass-cover'd grave will  
 I languish,

'Till in death a repose to my sorrows be  
 given;

Then the heart that now flutters, forgetting  
 its anguish,

Shall fly to the arms of my Ellen in heaven.

*Nov. 11, 1806.*

H. C.

### LINES

*Addressed by Count O—, a Polish Emigrant,  
 to his infant Son, while sleeping.*

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

SLEEP, sleep in peace, seraphic boy,  
 Thou tender pledge of love sincere!

Thy wretched parents' only joy,  
 And now their only solace here!

May happier prospects welcome thee on  
 earth

Than those, alas! have known, who gave thy  
 beauties birth!

The blushing hue and crimson glows  
 That mantle on thy ruby cheek,

Thus lullaby'd to soft repose  
 Thy soul's serenity bespeak.

No passions break thy gentle rest,

With cares thy tranquil heart distress-  
 ing;

Calm is thy little infant breast,

And innocence, sweet boy! thy bless-  
 ing;

No sad inquietude thy bliss beguiles,

For happy are thy days, and ev'ry moment  
 smiles.



If ever down thy cherub face,  
When some malignant ill appears,  
The crystal drops each other chase,  
And dim thy laughing eyes with tears;  
Thy mother then with folding arms,  
As to her lips thy cheek she presses,  
Will quickly lull thy wild alarms,  
And dry thy tears in her caresses:  
Thy little heart may ev'ry ill deride  
When to her bosom clasp'd, or cradled by her  
side.

As yet thou hast not learnt to share,  
When told thy hapless parents' tale,  
With them their ills, or with a tear  
Thy country's miseries bewail:  
No sad remembrance of the past  
Has cross'd with cruelty unkind  
Thy infant memory, to blast  
The sweetness of thy dawning mind;  
No dread of future storms thy breast annoys,  
Or with envenom'd sting its happiness destroys.

Sleep, smiling innocence! secure;  
May Heav'n's sustaining arm be near,  
And aid thee calmly to endure  
The evils which await thee here!  
O may thy heart a conscious peace acquire,  
And, happy in itself, no other bliss desire.  
*Sept. 26, 1806.* H. C.

# TO MISS A. B—G—L,

*Of the Strand.*

WHEN first, sweet girl! you touch'd the  
trembling string,  
I heard with rapture the harmonious lay;  
But when you join'd your gentle voice to sing,  
Enchanted quite, my soul dissolv'd away.  
Who could such harmony unmoved hear?  
The force divine of such melodious strains  
Would banish grief, suppress the starting tear,  
And sweetly charm away the fiercest pains.  
Ten thousand beauties play upon your cheeks,  
Your lovely eyes dart forth seraphic fire;  
While each kind glance, more sweet than  
tongue can speak,  
Fills ev'ry bosom with a soft desire.  
How in sweet slavery could I spend my days  
With you, my soul's, ador'd! and when I  
prove  
The ills of life, your charms and warbling lays  
Should fill my soul with harmony and love.  
E.

## LINES

*To the Memory of the infant Son of Mr.  
EATON, apothecary and surgeon-dentist, late  
of Highgate.*

WHAT trouble does this chequer'd life  
prepare!  
A child is gone, each parent's tender care.

Pleas'd have I oft our little babe caress'd,  
And view'd him smiling at his mother's  
breast;

But now too well is known the absent joy—  
By death depriv'd, we've lost our lovely boy.  
Sweet infant!—cause of many a painful tear,  
Though yet thy age extended not a year,  
Can we forget thy fond endearing look,  
Or what in play thy tender fingers took?  
O no! each thing reminds us now with pain;  
Our darling's gone, and all our hopes are vain.  
No more each parent sees thy sportive ways;  
No more, alas! thy little toys can please;  
All, all on earth does our poor infant leave—  
Consign'd is *Peter* to the silent grave!  
But yet, dear boy, *with innocence* shall rise  
Thy infant spirit to its native skies.

*Oct. 3, 1806.*

EDWY.

## DESCRIPTION OF A GOOD WIFE,

*From Proverbs, ch. 31, v. 10.*

MORE precious far than rubies, who can  
find

A wife embellish'd with a virtuous mind?  
In her securely, as his better part,  
Her happy husband cheerful rests his heart.  
With such a lovely partner of his toil  
His goods increase without the need of spoil.  
Bless'd in the friendship of his faithful wife,  
He steers through all vicissitudes of life.  
Well pleas'd she labours, nor disdains to cull  
The textile flax, or weave the twisted wool.  
Rich as the merchant's ships that crowd the  
strands,

She reaps the harvest of remotest lands.  
Early she rises, ere bright Phœbus shines,  
And to her damsels sep'rate tasks assigns.  
Refresh'd with food, her hinds renew their  
toil,

And cheerful haste to cultivate the soil.  
If to her farm some field contiguous lies,  
With care she views it, and with prudence  
buys:

And with the gains which Heaven to wisdom  
grants,

A vineyard of delicious grapes she plants.  
Inur'd to toils, she strength and sweetness  
joins—

Strength is the graceful girdle of her loins.  
With joy her goodly merchandise she views,  
And oft till morn her pleasing work pursues.  
The spindle twirls obedient to her tread;  
Round rolls the wheel, and spins the ductile  
thread.

Benignant, from her ever-open door,  
She feeds the hungry and relieves the poor.  
Nor frost nor snow her family molest,  
For all her household are in scarlet dress'd:  
Resplendent robes are by her husband worn,  
Her limbs fine purple and rich silks adorn.  
For wisdom fam'd, for probity renown'd,  
She sits in council with bright honour crown'd.  
To weave rich girdles is her softer care,  
Which merchants buy, and mighty monarchs  
wear.



With strength and honour she herself arrays,  
And joy will bless her in the latter days.

Wise are her words, her sense divinely strong;  
For kindness is the tenor of her tongue.

Fair rule and order in her mansion dwell:  
She eats with temperance what she earns so well.

Rich in good works, her children call her  
bless'd;

And thus her husband speaks his inmost  
breast:

\* To Eve's fair daughters various virtues fall,  
\* But thou, lov'd charmer, hast excell'd them  
all.

Smiles oft are fraudulent, beauty soon decays,  
But the good woman shall inherit praise.

To her, O grateful, sweet requital give—  
Her name, her honour, shall for ever live.

F. F.

### THE

#### MUSE'S MITE OF GRATITUDE.

MY Cooté's with nice discernment blest,  
With eloquence and ease;

And if by him my song's carest,  
It must its thousands please.

A tiny modicum of praise,  
Sincerely shed by you,  
Is balmy life to dying lays—  
An all-reviving dew.

Then pr'ythee render not the line  
That's fawning, to decoy;  
For all Olympian deem'd are thine,  
And thou the Muses' boy.

*Spalding, Sept. 13, 1806.*

STELLA.

### SONG,

*Sung by BRAHAM (accompanying himself on  
the piano-forte) in the new opera of FALSE  
ALARMS, or MY COUSIN.*

SAID a Smile to a Tear,  
On the cheek of my dear,  
And beam'd like the sun in spring weather;  
In sooth, lovely Tear,  
It strange must appear,  
That we should be both here together.

I came from the heart,  
A soft balm to impart  
To yonder sad daughter of grief—  
And I, said the Smile,  
That heart now beguile,  
Since you gave the poor mourner relief.

Oh! then, said the Tear,  
Sweet Smile, it is clear  
We are twins, and soft Pity our mother;  
And how lovely that face  
Which together we grace,  
For the woe and the bliss of another!

### TO ANNA.

LET not one pang thy breast annoy,  
Since we, alas! are doom'd to part;  
Let nothing damp thy former joy,  
Or with such terrors fright thy heart.

Absence can only for a while  
Compel the anxious breast to sigh;  
Its tears will soon become a smile,  
And every scene of sorrow fly.

What though o'er bursting waves I roll,  
And tempt the horrors of the main;  
The Power that can those waves control  
Will give me to thy arms again.

Then banish, Anna, all thy fears,  
Nor thus this parting scene deplore;  
Soon, soon again I'll dry thy tears,

And never, never leave thee more.

*Nov. 3, 1806.*

JUNIUS.

### THE PEASANT'S DEATH;

*Or, a Visit to the House of Mourning.*

THIS poor man, lifting up his death-dimm'd  
eyes,

Of those he lov'd to take a farewell view,  
And giving them, by faith, to God on high,  
Finds in his soul more satisfaction true  
Than if he saw with every wind that blew,  
Wafted for them, the wealth of Asia's shores;  
Than if he left them crowns, or rich Peru  
Were opening vast her subterranean doors,  
For them th' astonish'd world to heap with all  
her stores.

Yet still, no stoic he, with cold neglect  
To treat his own, despising nature's tie;  
Nor raving, rapt, enthusiast t' expect  
A miracle from Heaven for their supply—  
No, no; a dew that moistens either eye,  
The heavy sigh he labours to suppress,  
While stretching forth his feeble hand to  
dry  
The stream of grief that flows on every face,  
Compassion, love sincere, and deep regret,  
confess.

'My lovely stock!' he cries, 'for whom e'en  
toil  
Was sweet at morn, at noon, or twilight  
grey,

If still I found you, with complacent smile  
Around me gather'd at the close of day;  
Oft, while the silent hours have wing'd  
their way,

Each shedding soft on you its soothing power,  
Watchful have I remain'd behind to pray,  
That Heaven might long defer this trying  
hour,

And kind, upon your heads its choicest bless-  
ing pour.'



## FOREIGN NEWS.

*Milan, Dec. 1.*

HAVING been apprised of the important resolution of his majesty the emperor Napoleon to declare the British islands in a state of blockade, we have already taken our measures relative to bills of exchange, &c. Of course the sending of unwrought silk from Lombardy to England is stopped for the present. We are, however, much afraid that bills of exchange for this article will not be accepted.

*St. Petersburg, Dec. 2.* On the 28th of November field marshal count Kamenskoy set out for the army from this city.

There is a stagnation in trade, on two accounts, the interruption of the navigation, and the present state of political affairs. An Ukase of the 11th of November has been signed by his imperial majesty, which orders a levy of four recruits out of every five hundred souls all through the empire. Several conditions are annexed to this order, to render the service as easy as possible.

*Berlin, Dec. 6.* The head quarters of his majesty the emperor and king are at present at Posen, and the Prussians, who appeared in small numbers at Warsaw, must have repassed the Vistula. The news which have been circulated that the French had experienced defeats are false and unfounded.

*From the Danube, Dec. 8.* It is said that a person of high rank, who enjoys the full confidence of his majesty the emperor of Austria, will shortly set out for the French head-quarters.

The report is current, that in case of the restoration of the kingdom of Poland, Galicia will be added to it. People insist that Austria will, in that case,

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receive in return a country much more important, and which she has seen for upwards of sixty years in the hands of another power, and that with particular regret. The cession of Salzburg and the Innviertel to Bavaria is no longer insisted upon. In the mean while it is clear, that the negotiations carrying on at Vienna are of the highest importance. Couriers are continually arriving; and MM. Andreossy and Durand have very frequent conferences with count Stadion.

*Frontiers of Saxony, Dec. 9.* In the fortress of Glogau, which surrendered after a bombardment of a few hours to the Wurtemburgh troops, under general Vandamme, the French found 200 pieces of cannon; the garrison, consisting of 4000 men, are prisoners of war, and will be sent to France.

The emperor Napoleon has reviewed the corps of marshal Soult before Posen. The other corps of the French army are expected before that town, on their way to Warsaw, where the grand duke of Berg already is, with his van-guard, having entered it on the retreat of the Russians. The emperor intends to go to Warsaw as soon as the troops have taken the positions assigned to them. The army supports itself on the Vistula, and the confederate Polonese are encamped at Czeskok, so as to make part of the right wing of the army. Marshal Soult, with his corps, forms the left wing at Bionick and Naidatzin. The Russians at the date of the last accounts, were on the other side of the Vistula, and had their head quarters at Kamaniec; so that the French army was obliged to pass the river, in order to attack it. We wait with impatience for fresh intelligence. It is computed that, be-

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sides the 80,000 French troops that have gone to Poland, 50,000 more are on their march thither.

*Berlin, Dec. 11.* The last news from Poland states, that the French have occupied Praga and Thorn, and that the Russians are retiring by forced marches, in order to avoid an engagement.

*Warsaw, Dec. 21.* It is known for certain that marshal Augereau has passed the river Uratta. Marshal Soult passed the Vistula near Wysogrod.

General La Plesse has entered Plonsk, and driven away all the enemy's partisans.

Marshal Bessieres's cavalry arrived at Kikol on the 18th. The advanced guard of this corps is at Sierpe. A good number of Prussian hussars are taken, and the right side of the Vistula is entirely cleared of the enemy.

Marshal Ney entered Rypin on the 18th; he supports marshal Bessieres, and is himself supported by the corps under the prince of Ponto Corvo.

Marshal Kamenskoy, who is 75 years of age, commands the Russians. It is probably owing to the experience of this general that the Russian army has not yet committed itself by any rash undertaking.

General Michelson, it is said, entered Jassy on the 29th inst. Bender, it is said, was taken by storm, and every soul put to the sword.

*Denmark, Dec. 21.* The negotiations opened between our court and the emperor Napoleon have assumed a serious complexion; considerable preparations are making in the duchies of Sleswick and Holstein, as well as in the kingdom of Denmark. All the Danish regiments have received orders to hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice, and cannon has been mounted on the sea batteries at Copenhagen and the fortress of Cronenburg; at the former place the number of guards has been doubled, and six or seven sail of the line will, it is said, be fitted out for sea; in the mean while, our court employs every exertion to maintain its neutrality, although it is known that the French are fitting out every merchantman they find in the Prussian

ports to hinder the free trade of the Baltic, to secure which, and maintain the pass of the Sound, are the objects of the above-mentioned armaments.

Accounts from Berlin of 16th Dec. say: the hospitals of this place are full of sick and wounded French, who arrive here nightly, by waggons full, as also at Magdeburg; the doors of the hospitals are closely shut, and no one allowed to enter or come out. Contagious fevers and the white flux prevail to that degree among the French in Germany and Poland, that thousands of them have already fallen victims, and thousands more will probably share the same fate. Their troops in Mecklenburgh, Saxony, and other parts, are also affected with similar diseases; from Hamburg, Franconia, &c. a number of physicians were in requisition, in order to be sent to Poland, to attempt to stop the progress of those diseases which continue to make the most dreadful ravages. From Russia, we learn that field marshal count Kamenskoy had been invested with the chief command of the Russian army; for which purpose he has received the most extensive powers: the Russian armies on the frontiers of Poland amount to near 350,000 men, which number will be considerably enlarged by the month of January.

*Stettin, Dec. 22.* According to the latest intelligence from Koningsberg, the king continued to retire towards the north; it is certain that his equipages have set out for Memel.

*Brandenburgh, Dec. 23.* A traveller of distinction, who has just arrived from the head quarters of the emperor Napoleon, brings the news that a decisive battle was to take place to-day or to-morrow between the Russians and French: every thing was ready for this purpose; the Russians have occupied a very strong position. The emperor set out with the utmost expedition for Thorn, where almost all the French army was collected since the 14th. It is not however thought that the battle can be so near at hand.

*Sleswick, Dec. 30.* We learn that Napoleon arrived at Warsaw on the 19th inst. where prince Murat was confined to his bed with a cold and fever.



The French have rebuilt the bridge over the Vistula, and established *tetes du ponts* on the Bog, the Narew, and at Thorn, which latter place surrendered on the 7th inst. Skirmishes daily take place between the Russian and French outposts on the Narew, in which the success is alternate: the Cossacks are said to have a decided superiority over the French horse.

Five hospitals have been established at Warsaw, where Kosciuszko, who left Paris on the 13th was expected by the beginning of January, to put himself at the head of the Polish confederation.

General Benningsen, with 73,000 men, retreating before the French to the Narew, destroys all the provisions, and takes with him all those Poles who are able to serve in the army; so that the whole country between Praga and Pultusk, on the Narew, is made a desolate waste; in the hospitals at Warsaw, great numbers of soldiers and officers are dying daily of the flux and other diseases, one of which is accompanied with a general leprosy and fetid effluvia from all parts of the body, and incurable.

*Tonningen, Dec. 30.* All private letters from the neighbourhood of the French armies agree in representing the scarcity and sickness which prevail amongst them to be extreme. The empress Josephine and the queen of Holland have fled from the contagion.

General Benningsen, with 80,000 men, is near Warsaw, harassing the French, whose misery and distress give them no stomach for fighting. In truth, we are assured from all quarters that the affairs of Napoleon are desperate.

*Denmark, Dec. 30.* Since yesterday and to day various reports have been in circulation of an action having been fought between the Russian and French armies in Poland, in which some state the loss of the French at nearly thirty thousand men, while others estimate that of the Russians at nearly fifty thousand; but the latest accounts from Berlin, which came down to the 28th inst. do not confirm any intelligence of this kind; on the contrary, the French army in Poland is represented as having suffered so much from epidemic and contagious disorders, aggravated by the

constant fall of rain, as not to be capable of undertaking any offensive operations with safety.

*Allona, Jan. 2.* We are without any certain intelligence from Poland, and all the news which reaches us is founded on reports; the latest accounts from Warsaw assert that nearly one-fifth of the French army is infected by contagious disorders; they had crossed the small rivers between the Vistula and the Bug, and taken a new position. The Russian army increases daily and is already immense, some statements carry it as high as 500,000 men in Poland and on the way to join them.

Field-marshal Kamenskoy is said to have given orders if any attack is made on Russian Poland not to give any quarter. The greater part of the French troops in Silesia have been recalled, in order to strengthen their army in Poland.

The accounts which have reached us from the Turkish Provinces in Europe, state that the Russians have occupied not only Choczim and Jassy, but also Bender, Bucharest, and Widdon, and are approaching the frontiers of Dalmatia.

The last letters from Vienna announce the arrival of an adjutant of Napoleon, who has, it is said, demanded of the emperor of Austria an explanation of his views, and insisted on his declaring either for France or for Russia and her ally, as in no case will he allow Austria to remain neutral. General St. Vincent has been dispatched to the French head-quarters with the determination of the emperor.

In Hamburg, the members of the British factory are now without a guard; the British property registered in the protocol of the French minister is confiscated, and will be sent off to Mentz to-morrow.

On the 28th inst. a violent hurricane came on at Cronenburg, near Elsinour, accompanied by a very high flood, which entirely destroyed the batteries, bastions, and ramparts of that fortress. The damage is estimated at three millions of marks currency, and it will require three years before the works can be replaced.



## HOME NEWS.

*Dublin, Dec. 24.*

AN Athlone correspondent informs, that a notice was posted on Sunday last upon Dysart church, ordering that the tithes should not be raised, and that any person doing so should be thrashed.

Some time ago, a party of thrashers called at the house of a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Edgeworthstown, who, on being summoned, went out to them: they were very numerous, partly mounted, and accompanied by a piper. The gentleman was requested to ask for a tune, which he wished to decline, but they insisted he should: he told them the tune he would ask for he was afraid would not please them, and called for 'God Save the King,' which was very cheerfully given. They then said he should have their tune, and they immediately struck up 'Sa Vourneen Deelish.' When it was finished they tendered him the oath, which he having declined taking, he was then solicited to promise that he would not pay tithes: this he also declined, and they suffered him to expostulate with them for some time; and on parting he was told they would give him a week to consider of it.—He was then desired to ask for another tune, when he repeated his demand for 'God Save the King,' which was played as before: they then wished him a good night.

*Portsmouth, Dec. 29.* Arrived the Revenge, of 74 guns, sir John Gore, from commodore Keat's squadron, off Rochefort. The squadron was greatly injured in the late dreadful gales; the Dragon was nearly lost; a providential current of wind caught her courses when she was within five minutes sail of the rocks; and the Foudroyant had all her head knees loosened; the Kent also suffered the severity of the gale.

The Revenge left the rest of the squadron on Tuesday last. Admiral Murray put back to St. Helen's this afternoon; several of the ships are disabled.

*Deal, Dec. 30.* The Spitfire sloop of war has sent into the Downs a retaken brig, and a French lugger privateer.

An abstract from the Hutton's (of Lynn) logbook, William Garland, master, from Lynn, bound to Portsmouth, lying in the Downs:

*Dec. 27.* At five *a. m.* saw a brig of war in the east of us; fore-sail up, and main-topsail to the mast, having a large sloop brought to under his stern. We were at this time going about five knots through the water, wind about W. by N. the North Foreland-light W.S.W. of us. At half past six *a. m.* saw two sail in the S.E. which I did not like, of course kept the ship to the N.W. At this time the North Foreland-light bore of me W.N.W. about four or five leagues, wind about S.W. by W. As soon as the sails were trimmed, I made out very plain the one to be a lugger boarding a brig; I immediately began firing guns, and making the signal common for an enemy being near. When it was good day-light we might be about two miles from him; he was then very busy in capturing and sending off the sternmost and leewardmost ships, and continued this as long as I could see him, which was till nine o'clock, *a. m.* he was then boarding a brig, and going off, the rest steering for a port in France. It is my firm opinion that he took as many as he could man: for after I had been under the North Foreland some time, two brigs came up within hail, they informed me that they were close by him when he went off with the last vessel, myself and others kept our signals for an enemy, top-



gallant sheets flying and close under the land the most part of the day. I plainly saw the ships in the Downs; also a brig of war riding open of the Queen's Channel; but no notice whatever was taken of our signals: a great pity indeed, for if either of them had, the merchantmen might have been retaken, and very likely the privateer brought into an English port. Out of about 70 sail only 26 came in; those which were not captured must have gone back to Yarmouth Roads.

(Signed) 'Wm. Garland.'

*Liverpool, Dec. 31.* The Hillsborough, captain Lundy, is arrived here from Nevis. She sailed from Tortola on the 19th November, with a fleet, under convoy of his majesty's ships Merlin and La Seine, and parted from them the 22d.

Dessalines the emperor of Hayti is dead. He was killed in a general insurrection. Christophe is his successor, and has published a proclamation inviting all nations to trade with St. Domingo.

*London, Jan. 2.* The following communication was this day made to the merchants:

'Downing-Street, Jan. 1. 1807.

'I have the honour of acquainting you for the information of the merchants concerned in the trade with America, that the treaty of amity, navigation, and commerce, between his majesty and the United States, was yesterday signed by the commissioners respectively appointed for that purpose by both governments. The treaty will be immediately transmitted to America; but until the ratifications on both sides shall be exchanged, it cannot be made public.

'I have the honour, &c.

'Howick.

'Philip Sansom, esq. chairman to the committee of American merchants.'

*Jan. 3.* A middle aged man of respectability, who resided in Orange-street, Leicester-square, put a period to his existence a few days since, under circumstances which rendered the act truly extraordinary. He had for a length of time paid his addresses to a female of very respectable connections, and the

wedding day was agreed on. He had been with his intended bride the night preceding the day appointed for the marriage ceremony; the hour was fixed, and every preparation was made for the event. The intended bride repaired to St. Martin's church with her friends at the hour appointed, and after waiting for the intended bridegroom until the time approached when the ceremony could not be performed, the lady with her friends repaired to the house of her lover, and she was informed that he had not been seen that day. On going into his apartment, the wretched man was discovered with his throat cut, so as to sever the windpipe, quite dead. An inquisition has been taken on the body before A. Gell, esq. and the jury returned a verdict of *Lunacy*. It has not been ascertained what was the cause of the fatal deed.

*Plymouth, Jan. 7.* The captain and supercargo of the Spanish polacre (taken by the Colpoys, the Phoenix 44, in sight off Ferrol, some days since, bound from Monte Video to Old Spain, with a cargo of sundries, and which arrived here on Sunday) have been examined this day before the prize commissioners of the court of admiralty at this port, and particularly with respect to the reports circulated of Buenos Ayres being in our possession when they left Monte Video, and of being recaptured by the Spaniards. The captain and supercargo declared, on being questioned, that they heard at Monte Video, previous to their sailing on the 17th September, that Buenos Ayres was retaken (but did not know in what manner) on the 12th of August last; at least such account had been brought to Monte Video.

They further state, that sir H. Popham was cruising off Monte Video with three ships, and that this polacre or schooner escaped them in the night, and steered directly for Europe. This is the principal part of their evidence on the above interesting subject, and we hope without any real foundation as to the recapture of Buenos Ayres.

*London, Jan. 8.* Yesterday the princess Charlotte of Wales completed the 11th year of her age. In the evening she paid her respects to her royal father,



who congratulated her most cordially upon the occasion. After leaving Carlisle-house, her royal highness had a concert at Warwick house, to which, however, none but the persons entrusted with the different branches of her education were invited. At night Mr. Gilbert, the silversmith, of Cockspur-street, and the other tradesmen employed by her royal highness, had their houses illuminated in honour of the event.

The princess of Wales has been for several days past confined to her chamber with the measles, at her house at Blackheath; the pustules have filled up, and are now on the turn. Her royal highness at present is in a fair way of recovery.

*Jan. 9.* At the Westminster sessions, Daniel Turner was indicted for uttering seditious expressions. The defendant, who, it appears, is an artist, residing in Westminster, was taken into custody at the Lemon Tree, in the Haymarket. Several witnesses proved that the prisoner came into the parlour, and uttered disloyal expressions, and spoke in high terms of panegyric on Bonaparte, and drank success to his armies. There did not appear, however, to have been any meaning attached to the words of the defendant, and he was acquitted.

*Leith, Jan. 9.* This night's north mail has brought accounts of the crews of three French privateers having made a landing in Orkney, and the Thurso volunteers were embarking in fishing smacks to expel them.

Other letters from Leith of the 10th give a different account; they state that ships are mustering to sail in the course of the day for the Orkneys, where a French ship has been cast ashore, the crew of which had landed their guns and fortified themselves.

*Edinburgh, Jan. 12.* It is reported, that the same storm which dismasted the *Atlas* of Leith, in Orkney, drove a French ship of war on shore, and that the people who were saved had landed

and fortified themselves. Whether this report is true or false we cannot pretend to say, but we understand some of the king's ships sailed from the roads yesterday to the northward.

*London, Jan. 12.* The following distressing account of the colony at New South Wales is extracted from a letter received from an officer, dated Sullivan's Cove, new colony, August 4, 1806:—'The Ocean brings you this.—Our situation is very bad, under many sufferings: we have had no rations served lately, nor none to serve. We have not a drop of spirits in the colony; and are very destitute of meat, bread, clothing, farming, and building utensils; in fact of every thing, even to a sheet of paper. The lieutenant-governor of this colony is reduced to an allowance of two pounds of rotten pork and one pound of flour per week: even at this rate we have not a sufficient supply for one month.'—The captain of the *Océan* says, that he saw a merchantman going up the river when he was coming down; and he hopes she had supplies for the colony.

*Kirkwall, Jan. 17.* On Christmas night we were informed, by an express, that the crew of a French privateer, wrecked in Flotta, had fortified themselves there, and were committing depredations on the defenceless inhabitants, intending to seize some vessel in St. Margaret's Hope, and make their escape. Twenty fishing smacks were scuttled in St. Margaret's Hope in consequence of the alarm, and the crews offered to dislodge the Frenchmen if provided with arms and ammunition from Kirkwall. A meeting was scarcely called in the town-house of Kirkwall, to consider the offer, and provide for the safety of the town, when we were informed, by a letter from Stromness, that the whole was without foundation; and it has since been found to have originated in an idle story, told to the crew of a smack by a boatman from Flotta.



**BIRTHS.**

*December 23.* At Maxton, near Dover, the right hon. lady Forbes, of a son.

At his house in Holles-street, Cavendish-square, the lady of John Larking, esq. of Clare-house, Kent, of a daughter.

30. At Tatton park, Cheshire, the lady of Wilbraham Egerton, esq. of a son and heir.

At Winchester-house, Chelsea, the lady of the rev. William Garnier, of a daughter.

31. At Southampton, the wife of capt. Foote, of the royal navy, of a daughter.

*January 4.* At Cheltenham, the lady of Charles Shaw Lefevre, esq. M. P. for Reading, of a still-born child.

7. At the parsonage-house, Great Witchingham, in the county of Norfolk, the lady of col. the hon. William Fitzroy, of a son.

10. The lady of brigadier-general the hon. Alexander Hope, of a son.

At Knowle, in Sussex, the lady of lieut. colonel Alexander Beatson, of a son.

11. At Hatfield, in Yorkshire, the lady of capt. George Eyre, of the navy, of a daughter.

13. In Upper Grosvenor-street, the lady of George Dering, esq. of a daughter.

15. At Wonham, Surry, the hon. viscountess Templetown, of a son.

**MARRIAGES.**

*December 24.* At Camberwell, Mr. Thomas Payne, of Upper Thames-street, to Henrietta, second daughter of William Orme, esq. of Dulwich common.

26. At St. Mary Redcliff church, Bristol, R. S. Walker, esq. of that city, to Eliza Julia, fifth daughter of lieut. colonel Walton, of Charfield, Gloucestershire, late of the first regiment of life guards.

At St. Paul's, Covent-garden, the rev. Edmund Watts, of Southampton-street, to miss Reeve, daughter of the late Andrews Reeve, esq. of Reading, Berks.

27. At Mary-la-bonne church, T.

A. Harvey, esq. to miss E. Dodd, daughter of R. Dodd, esq. marine painter, Parliament-street.

At the Collegiate church, Manchester, William Warner, esq. of Uttoxeter, to miss Norris, daughter of the late William Norris, esq. of Manchester.

29. By the rev. John Gilpin, at Bolder church in the New Forest, John Wilson, esq. of the island of St. Christopher, to miss Irwin, eldest daughter of the late James Irwin, esq. of Hajeleigh-hall, Essex, and one of the East-India directors.

*January 1.* At Edinburgh, Thomas Hodgson, esq. of the hon. East-India company's service (Madras establishment), to Isabella, youngest daughter of the late Dr. Alexander Hamilton, physician in Edinburgh.

3. At Morpeth, James Downing, esq. of Church-house, Merton, Surry, capt. in the 81st regiment, to miss Isabella Tylor, youngest daughter of the late James Tylor, of Whotton, in the county of Northumberland.

At Mary-la-bonne church, lieut. colonel J. Conway, late of the 53d regiment, to miss Elisabeth M'Arthur, only daughter of John M'Arthur, esq. of York-place, Portman-square.

6. At St. Michael's church, in the city of Coventry, by the rev. Thomas Cox, rector of Baghorn, the rev. Robert Simson, LL.B. vicar of St. Michael's and chaplain to the right hon. lord Lardley, to miss Tandy, daughter of D. Tandy, esq. of London.

8. At Gisbrough, by the very rev. the dean of York, Marmaduke Constable, esq. to miss Octavia Hale, of the Plantation, eighth daughter of the late general Hale, of that place.

14. Anthony Galwey, esq. of Carrick on Suir, to miss Costello, of Wellbeck-street.

19. At Mary-la-bonne church, Samuel Otto Baijer, esq. of the island of Antigua, to miss Edwards, eldest daughter of the late F. B. Edwards, esq. of Jamaica.

**DEATHS.**

*December 24.* In his 72d year, Mr. Thomas Wilkinson, of Kennington.

At Perthshire, in Worcestershire,



Charles Selwood Marriot, esq. in the 31st year of his age.

25. At Chester, Arabella Rawdon, heiress of the late sir John Cheshire, of Hallwood, in Cheshire, and aunt to the earl of Moira.

26. At his house in Craven-street, Hoxton-square, of an inflammation of the brain, John Dutton, esq. clerk of the northern ports in his majesty's customs.

27. At Brecon, in the 72d year of her age, Mrs. Bold, wife of Hugh Bold the elder, esq. and one of the co-heiresses of the late John Phillips, esq. of Tregar, Breconshire.

29. At his seat at Godwood, in Sussex, his grace the duke of Richmond, in the 73d year of his age, being born on the 22d of February, 1734. His grace was of royal extraction, being descended from Charles Lennox, natural son of king Charles II. by lady Louisa Renne de Penencourt, a French lady, who came to England with the duchess of Orleans, the king's sister; and whom his majesty not only created duchess of Portsmouth, countess of Farnham, and baroness of Petersfield, in England, but prevailed on Lewis XIV. to confer on her the title of duchess of Aubigny in France. The late duke was the third in succession, and possessed the titles conferred on his grandfather in the reign of Charles II. viz. duke of Richmond in England, duke of Aubigny in France, (confirmed and registered by the parliament of Paris), duke of Lennox in Scotland, earl of March in England, and Darnley in Scotland, baron of Settingham in England, and Turbolton and Methuen in Scotland: besides which he was created by his present majesty a knight of the garter. He was also a field-marshal of Great Britain, and a colonel of the royal regiment of horse guards blue. He bore the arms of king Charles II.; and his motto was 'En la rose je fleuris.'—In the rose I flourish. He married April 1, 1757, Mary, eldest daughter and co-heiress to the late earl of Aylesbury.

Lately in a deep decline, in his 21st year, universally and most deservedly beloved and regretted, lieut. William Charles Billingham, R.M. only son of the late highly respected and worthy

George Billingham, esq. R. N. (nephew of the late admiral Brodericks) and grandson of the late William Billingham, esq. of Mytchen-hall, in the county of Surry. Before he had attained his 16th year he was in the battle off Copenhagen, on board the *Defiance*, where his brave conduct gained him the high approbation of his friend sir T. Graves and all his brother officers. He was interred with every mark of military honour and respect in the governor's chapel, Portsmouth.

January 1. Mr. John Thomas, solicitor, of Fen-court, Fenchurch-street.

2. At Woodstock, Joseph Brooks, esq. aged 71, many years an alderman of that borough.

3. The rev. William Gilbank, rector of St. Ethelburgh, London, and chaplain to his royal highness the duke of Gloucester.

4. At Weymouth, Sarah, wife of J. Palmer, esq. one of the representatives in parliament for Bath.

At Mrs. Vassal's, at Clifton, in the 29th year of her age, of a rapid decline, Mrs. Archer, wife of J. G. Archer, esq. of Barbadoes, and daughter of the late John Vassal, esq. of the Crescent, Bath.

At Exminster, near Exeter, in the 86th year of his age, Henry Sawbridge, esq. of East Haddon, in the county of Northampton.

5. In the 45th year of her age, Mrs. Smith, wife of Mr. Smith, auctioneer, Windsor, Berks.

At his chambers in Staples inn, Isaac Reed, esq. eminently distinguished for his extensive knowledge of ancient English authors, and for his judicious and learned annotations on Shakespeare.

8. Jane, the wife of Clement Wintersley, esq. vice-lieutenant for the county of Leicester; she was eldest daughter to sir Thomas Parkins, of Bunny, in the county of Nottingham, and sister to the late lord Ranelagh.

15. At Knightsbridge, Mrs. Nevill, wife of Richard Nevill, esq. of Furnice, in Ireland, aged 50 years.

Of a typhus fever, at her house in Eltham, Kent, madame Grant.

17. Francis Gould, esq. one of the proprietors and the manager of the Opera-house.