

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

APPROPRIATED  
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR MAY, 1807.

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS,

1 The Unexpected Declaration,	231	15 Colonel Vassall and Captain Kent,	268
2 Solitary Walks in a Country Church- yard,	283	16 The Stroller,	270
3 Letter to J. M. L.	235	17 Anecdote of Signora Tesi,	271
4 Signor Naldi,	236	18 POETICAL ESSAYS—The Spaniel's Petition—Address to a Blackbird —Stanzas on the cutting down of a favourite Elm—The old Cat's Pe- tition—Jemima—Acrostics— Hand-bill of a Scotch Innkeeper— To Miss T. Y.—Song, 'Cathleen Nolan'—Sonnet—Ode on the Ap- proach of Spring—Stanzas	272—276
5 Miscellaneous Observations,	236	19 Foreign News,	277
6 Harriet Vernon; or, Characters from real Life,	237	20 Home News,	280
7 A Night Walk in May,	246	21 Births,	283
8 Alphonso and Almira,	249	22 Marriages,	283
9 Letters to a young Lady,	253	23 Deaths,	284
10 Account of the new Opera, called 'Peter the Great;' or, 'Wooden- Walls,'	255		
11 The Elville Family Secrets,	256		
12 London Fashions,	261		
13 Parisian Fashions,	261		
14 On the Progress of Society and Manners in Scotland,	261		

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

- 1 THE UNEXPECTED DECLARATION.
- 2 PORTRAIT OF SIGNOR NALDI.
- 3 LONDON FASHIONABLE EVENING FULL DRESS.
- 4 An elegant new PATTERN for the BORDER of a VEIL.

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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WE are much obliged to W. M. T. for his communications: we have no doubt that the long Poem he speaks of may be inserted, perhaps at once, at any rate at twice, and shall be very happy to receive it.

We hope S. Y. will not overlook the notice annexed to one of his pieces in the poetical department.

Belinda's Essay is intended for our next.

R. P's. pieces were received, but require revision.

We entertain a very favourable opinion of C. D.'s specimen, and hope we shall hear again from him.



THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE.

FOR MAY, 1897

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THE UNEXPECTED DECLARATION.

A TALE.

*(With an elegant Engraving.)*

THE first temptations and inclinations to swerve from the paths of honour and propriety of conduct ought to be carefully guarded against, and firmly resisted, as otherwise we may insensibly be led into the most reprehensible errors, the effects of which may prove fatal to all our future peace and happiness.

Charles Euston and Frederic Barlow, having been educated in the same public seminary, had contracted an intimacy with each other which increased every day into the closest connection, and with their ripening years produced the warmest and most enthusiastic friendship. In their youthful sports they were inseparable, and they seemed to possess their little property in common. Neither could want any thing that belonged to the other, for the moment his wish was discovered by his companion it was at his disposal. In their business in the school, each aided the other to the utmost of his ability; and in any little dispute with their com-

panions, they invariably took part with each other. When they had attained to more mature years, the same disinterested friendship continued between them; and though they were now sometimes separated from each other for considerable intervals, an epistolary correspondence maintained their inviolable connection; and their temporary separations seemed only to render their attachment to each other still more close and strong.

When a few years had thus passed on, a more tender and more forcible passion than that of friendship arose in the breast of Mr. Euston. He had seen Amelia Warton. He saw, and he admired; he admired, and he loved; he loved, and he sought her approbation of his passion. This his sincere and natural expression of his ardent affection soon obtained; or Amelia was no coquette, and a stranger to affectation. With a most delicate modesty, and in a language which the heart well understands,



she gave her consent that he should love her; and Mr. Euston felt a happiness utterly unknown to him before. He seemed as it were to be born into a new world, a new world of transcendent felicity.

In his next letter to his friend Frederic, he communicated to him his happiness. He described his lovely Amelia in the most glowing and rapturous language. He expatiated on the delicacy of her manners, the gentleness of her disposition, and the benign goodness of her heart. In short, she formed almost the only subject of his letter; for as he could think of nothing else, so of nothing else could he write.

A short time after Mr. Barlow made a visit to his friend Euston, and was by him introduced to the idol of his heart, the charming Amelia. Fatal, alas! was the introduction to all the parties. Mr. Barlow had smiled at the panegyric of his friend George, on the beauties and admirable qualities of his mistress; he had taken it for merely the rhapsody of a lover who had been blinded to defects by his passion: but when he beheld Amelia, he was so struck at the first sight of her, that all the eulogiums of his friend appeared to him poor and barren in comparison with her excellence. The more he gazed, and the more he conversed with her, the more he admired her; and this admiration soon became a most violent passion, which might be called love, could that name be given to what is contrary to every obligation of honour, to every claim of friendship. Though the solemn union of hands had not absolutely taken place between Mr. Euston and Amelia, Mr. Barlow knew well that their hearts were pledged to each other: and his conscience could not but tell him that it was base and even criminal in no small degree to attempt to break such a bond, espe-

cially when it could only be done by acting in the most treacherous manner towards the man with whom he had always lived in habits of the strictest and most ardent friendship.

But Mr. Barlow did not attempt to restrain his reprehensible passion, but suffered it to increase upon him till he formed the perfidious design to supplant, if possible, his friend. He found some opportunities of being with Amelia when Mr. Euston was not present, for the generous disposition of the latter prevented his perceiving or even suspecting the designs of his now treacherous friend. On these occasions he always spoke to her very slightly of Mr. Euston, and endeavoured to insinuate that he was by no means the man he appeared to be either in character, disposition, or property. When he hoped that by these suggestions he had made some impression on her, he took an opportunity, when they were alone in a park near the residence of Mr. Euston, to throw himself in a suppliant posture, and make a most vehement declaration of his passion. Amelia was thunder-struck, and stood like one almost deprived of sense. When she had recovered herself a little from the first shock, she endeavoured to get from him: but he forcibly detained her, and behaved as if frantic; while she trembled in the utmost agitation, and cried out aloud for assistance, under the strongest impressions of fear for her person.

It chanced that at this very time Mr. Euston had unexpectedly returned home, and was come into the park in quest of his dear Amelia and his friend. He heard her cries with equal astonishment and alarm, and hastily rushing forwards to the spot, found that his bosom friend, in whom he never could have conceived the existence of treachery, was the author of the assault. Rage and indignation on the part of Mr. Euston, surprise



and shame on the part of the perfidious assailant, and confusion and terror on that of Amelia, rendered them all three for some moments silent. At length, the injured lover having enquired of Amelia what had passed, and been imperfectly informed by her, as well as the extreme agitation she suffered would permit, burst forth in a torrent of the bitterest reproaches on the base attempter to supplant him in the affections of her he held dearer than his life. Barlow, enraged at the detection, and the contemptible situation in which he was placed, answered with equal vehemence and asperity, and from mutual invectives they passed, not indeed to immediate blows, but to a challenge to decide their fatal dispute with pistols. In despite of all the entreaties, of all the adjurations of the agonised Amelia, they met, according to appointment, a few hours afterwards. At the first fire each wounded his antagonist. Mr. Euston received the ball in his body, and Mr. Barlow in the upper part of the arm. Mr. Euston's wound appeared at first the most serious; but the bone of Mr. Barlow's arm being shattered, and a mortification beginning to make its appearance, he was obliged to suffer amputation. The ball was extracted from Mr. Euston's wound, and he seemed to be in no danger, but in a few months it appeared that some internal part of consequence had been so much injured as to produce a rapid decline, to which he fell a victim in less than a twelve-month. Amelia, from the shock she had experienced, and the effect of immoderate grief for his loss, survived him but a little more than a year; and the bitter remorse which rent the heart of the suffering Barlow, when he recollected the mischief he had occasioned, rendered

him, perhaps, more to be pitied than those who had ended their sorrows by death.

Such was the scene of misery occasioned by not restraining the violence of an improper and dishonourable passion on its first appearance.

## SOLITARY WALKS

IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

BY JOHN WEBB.

### WALK I.

'The man how wise, who, sick of gaudy scenes,

Is led by choice to take his favourite walk  
Beneath death's gloomy, silent cypress shades,  
Unpierc'd by vanity's fantastic ray!  
To read his monuments, to weigh his dust,  
Visit his vaults, and dwell among his tombs!"

YOUNG.

GAIRISH day had given place to sober evening: Sol had terminated his diurnal career, and garnished the west with purple and gold, when I began a solitary walk; not to climb the verdant hill, and view the sylvan scenery of nature, nor to visit my favourite grove, to hear the soft descant of the nightingale; but to enter a scene big with solemnity and replete with awe: and to ruminate over the relics of deceased relatives and departed fellow mortals.

A solemn stillness pervaded the dreary recess; no sounds assailed the listening ear, save the nocturnal dirge of the owl, and the barkings of a watch-dog at a distant farm. The bird of night, on hearing the foot of an intruder, winged his slow flight to some other solitude; and at length sleep and silence closed the eyes and sealed up the tongue of the noisy cur.

A mind less tinctured with a be-



lief in apparitions would, perhaps, have felt a tremor while traversing this depository of the dead. / To have felt no emotion, he must have been possessed of stronger nerves than I can boast of.

\* This was the spot where superstitious fear Believes that white-clad spectres oft appear; Where injur'd ghosts arise, and grimly glide To haunt the house where perjurd swains reside;

To fill the guilty mind with awful dread, And shake the curtains of the murd'rer's bed. Weak superstitious dream! while there I walk'd,

No disembodied shade before me stalk'd; Chas'd by bright reason's clear refulgent ray, These wild chimeras vanish all away.

*Author's Manuscript Poem.*

As I traversed the gloomy domain 'where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,' the grave of a young friend drew my attention; and retrospection exhibited to view the early period of life, when with the tenant of this humble tomb I ranged through nature's fairest scenes, rambled through her groves, mounted her hills, and descended into her vales, to find the blackbird's mud-walled tenement, or to purloin the linnet of her speckled brood.

Dear departed youth! those pastimes and recreations I enjoyed with thee (how unlike the amusement of riper years!)

\* Left no foul stain upon the wing of Time.'

Crossing the church path-way, I beheld the tomb of a respectable old man, who was, in the truest sense of the word, a village philosopher. Let my rustic muse sketch his character.

\* Near where I trod reclin'd respected age. I knew him well—a venerable sage; Who travell'd thro' this world serenely mild, And Providence upon his journey smil'd: Religion's radiant path he wisely trod, And studied with delight the book of God; From that blest source the best of knowledge drew, And (pleasing thought!) he practis'd what he knew.

Oft on his words my fixt attention hung, While wisdom flow'd from his persuasive tongue:

Fond of admonishing unguarded youth, He pointed out to me the road of truth Advice when given in language soft and kind, How grateful to a young enquiring mind.

Thou friend of peace! it was thy constant aim To calm life's storm and quench fierce discord's flame;

Till thy mild spirit, ripe for scenes of bliss, Dropp'd its clay robe, and soar'd to realms of peace.

Oh how unlike the man of martial fame, Who rush to arms to gain a glorious name; Who, goaded by ambition's mad desire, To gain renown would set the globe on fire; Would wade thro' seas of blood his wish to obtain,

And climb to empire over hills of slain!

Edmund, farewell! Thy philanthropic mind No longer seeks the good of human kind; No more thy feeling, amicable breast Dilates with joy, to see thy neighbour blest: Thy soul, from earth's contentious clime remov'd,

Enjoys that sweet serenity it lov'd.'

In the course of my meditations I was led to reflect upon the inattention with which the humble, the useful, and pious man is treated by the bustling world.

\* The world o'erlooks him, in her busy search

Of objects more illustrious in her view; And occupied as earnestly as she,

Though more sublimely, he o'erlooks the world.

She scorns his pleasures, for she knows them not;

He seeks not hers, for he has prov'd 'em vain.

He cannot skim the ground, like summer birds

Pursuing gilded flies; and such he deems Her honours, her emoluments, and joys.

Not slothful he, though seeming unemploy'd, And censur'd oft as useless. Still streams

Oft water fairest meadows, and the bird That flutters least is longest on the wing.

Perhaps the self-approving haughty world, That, as shesweeps him with her whistling silks,

Scarce deigns to notice him, or if she see, Deems him a cypher in the works of God,

Receives advantage from his noiseless hours Of which she little dreams. Perhaps she owes

Her sunshine and her rain; her blooming spring

And plenteous harvest, to the prayer he makes,

When, Isaac-like, the solitary saint



Walks forth to meditate at eventide,  
And think on her, who thinks not for  
herself.'

COWPER.

Gentle reader of this solitary walk! whoever thou art, whether a stately dome be thy residence, or a clay cottage thine abode; whether thou reclinest on the downy pillow of affluence, or reposest on the hard pallet of poverty; whether the emanations of genius irradiate thy mind, or thy intellectual faculties impart but a feeble ray; whether knowledge opes to thee her storehouse of scientific treasures, or ignorance denies thee access to the gate of learning, and with her clouds hides from thy ken all the inviting walks of literature; whatever be thy situation, character, or sentiments, methinks, upon a review of the account of this worthy old man, thou wilt exclaim with me 'Let my last end be like his!'

Having meditated among the silent relics of mortality till darkness drew her ebon curtain o'er the gay canopy of heaven, and the green scenery, of earth, I sought the region of repose, where I was soon rocked into a state of insensibility by 'Nature's soft nurse.'

*Haverhill.*

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To J. M. L.

SIR,

IN your Night Walk for February, I observe that you complain of being a 'solitary bachelor,' and regret the absence of those tender felicities that are the almost constant concomitants of the nuptial state. Permit then, sir, a brother scribbler, though not a brother bachelor, to expostulate with you for remaining, as Sterne says, 'cheerless and alone, without a breast to

recline your head, or trust your cares to;' while doubtless many an engaging feminine would be happy to twine with you the gordian knot of matrimony, and range through all the delectable groves of Hymen.

How pleasing you would find an agreeable companion of the softer sex, to attend you in your nocturnal rambles, or to be ready to welcome you to a scene of domestic enjoyment, to dry your wet raiment, and to administer a refreshing cordial, rendered doubly palatable by her kind officiousness and fond attention!

Having myself experienced many of the cares and comforts of matrimony, I think myself qualified to become an advocate for the connubial tie.

'For fourteen years I wore old Hymen's yoke,  
And never wish'd the chequer'd bondage  
broke:

Seven blooming prattlers crowd my humble  
board,

And make their father happier than a lord:  
Their sports and fond endearments can im-  
part

An exquisite sensation to my heart.'

*Author's Manuscript Poem.*

I recollect that Dr. Franklin, somewhere in his works, speaking of a bachelor, compares him to an odd volume of a set of books, worth but little—or (what is more degrading) to the half of a pair of scissors, which cannot cut any thing, but may possibly serve to scrape a trencher with.

Can you read the character of Solus in the play\*, and not execrate the idea of being an old bachelor? Can you hear him exclaim, 'I wish I had been married thirty years ago; I wish a wife and half a score children would now start up around me, and

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\* 'Every one has his Fault,' by Mrs. Inchbald.



bring with them all that affection which we should have had for each other by being earlier acquainted; without feeling a deep conviction of the necessity of a speedy metamorphosis? I think you cannot.

But if, in spite of what poets or prosemen may sing or say, you still remain inexorable,

'For You no tender mate with anxious fear  
Will dew her cheek with Nature's loveliest  
tear;

For You no prattling babes, in sweet employ,

Will wake the raptures of paternal joy.  
Unwept you'll fall; for your unnotic'd bier  
Will not be moisten'd with one heart-felt  
tear.'

JOHN WEBB.

Haverhill, April 11, 1837.

## SIGNOR NALDI.

(With a Portrait.)

AS we gave in our last an elegantly engraved portrait of that astonishing singer Madame Catalani, we this month present our readers with a whole length sketch of the celebrated performer, who so often appears on the stage with her, signor Naldi, in the character of *Roberto il Assassino*, or Robert the Assassin, an operatic character similar to that of Rugantino on the English stage.

Signor Naldi is from Lisbon, and made his first appearance at the King's theatre, in the Haymarket, on Tuesday the fifteenth of April of last year, in the opera of *Le Due Nozze e un Sol Marito*, (Two Marriages and only one Husband), the music of which is by Guglielmi, and abounds in beauties. His voice is a tenor of great compass and brilliancy. The ease, grace, delicacy, and rapidity of his modulation, afford a treat to which English amateurs have been long unaccustomed. His debut was crowned with great

and deserved success. To the powerful attraction of his style of singing he adds a very uncommon share of good acting and comic humour.

At his first benefit, which he had on Thursday, the nineteenth of June, 1836, he presented the public with Meyer's comic opera, entitled *Il Fannicoper Musica*, which he has greatly improved and enriched, since its first appearance in Italy, by the insertion of several new pieces. *Le Musicien Enragé* of signor Naldi was a fine piece of that style of acting called *caricato*, or *chargé jusqu'a l'excès*. Mrs. Billington sung the delightful song *che tenu mio cor*, accompanied by signor Naldi on the violoncello, and herself on the pianoforte, and produced the most pleasing effect.

## MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS.

THE most necessary virtue to woman, and that which gives her the greatest degree of power, is modesty. This amiable quality influences the features, the air, the mind, in such a manner, that every thing shocks us where it is wanting.

We must allow that there are some virtues which, though one would be glad to have *within call*, one wishes never may be called for. Patience is one of them. She is an excellent physician to a diseased mind; but would any body desire to be sick for the sake of having a doctor, even though it were the infallible Esculapius himself?

There is but one test of friendship, a test by which no one would wish to try the genuineness of it—and that is, necessity: and yet without that it is not easy to know whether the professions of our friends flow from the heart, or only stream from the lips.



HARRIET VERNON ;  
OR,  
CHARACTERS FROM REAL LIFE.

A NOVEL,  
*In a Series of Letters.*

BY A LADY.  
(Continued from p. 189.)

LETTER XVI.

*Miss H. Vernon to Miss West.*

ACCORDING to promise, I sit down to inform my dear friend of our visit to the colonel and his sister. Brother put on a new black bob, his best coat, and a new pair of striped stockings. He joined us in the parlour at three o'clock : the colonel was to dine at four. We were dressed in our best ; and Dorcas, who assisted, declared she thought as how there were not such pretty-looking young ladies in all London.

'Come,' said brother, 'you have been a long time dressing, I think : it's time to set out.'

'Dorcas then may call a coach,' said Maria.

'A coach!' repeated my brother, with a look of astonishment.

'Yes,' said Maria ; 'it's impossible for us to walk so far this hot day.'

'You are likely to walk so far, or stay at home, I promise you. Pray how did you walk on Tuesday?'

'We were not dressed in our best then. Why, only consider, brother ; here is Maria and me in our new white chip bonnets, which nothing injures so soon as the sun : only look on us, brother, and say if it be fit we walk all through the city dressed as we are.'—'I might as well have talked to a post ; for, walking up and down the room, he paid not the least attention.'—'A pretty pass,

muttered he to himself ; the women are come to now a-days : formerly a woman could walk from one end of the city to the other with pattens, and a cloth cloak over her shoulders, rain or hail ; and now two young girls cannot walk half a dozen streets in a fine summer day.'

'Indeed,' said Maria, 'I cannot undertake the walk. I do not feel perfectly well to-day.'

'Then stay at home ; for I swear by Change-alley, there shall no coach be called to my door this day.'

Now this is an oath he never violates ; so the debate ended, and we were going to take off our cloaks, when looking through the window—'Joy, joy!' said I ; 'here is the colonel's chariot come to fetch us.'

'As sure as sixpence,' said brother ; 'so I hope you'll be pleased.'

'I don't know,' said Maria (with a sort of sneer I never saw on her face before), if it will save anything, for I suppose the coachman will expect something to be given him.'

'Then let him expect,' said brother, 'and I will ask him if it's the first time he was disappointed.'

So saying, he led us to the door, and remarking that he saw no fun in walking when he could ride for nothing, stepped into the carriage, leaving us to follow. He then entered into a long dissertation on the growth of luxury in the increase of wheel carriages, which lasted till we reached the colonel's.—While we were getting out, 'Do you expect anything, young man?' said he to the servant.

'Sir!' said the fellow, not knowing what he meant.—'Do you expect to be paid for the job?'

'No, sir,' said the man, who now understood him ; 'my master don't allow us to take vails.'

My brother made some reply, which set the fellow laughing.—By



this time Maria and I were half up the stairs. Mrs. Ambrose received us as old acquaintance. The colonel shook my brother by the hand, and presented him to his sister as an old friend.—‘I hope I see you well, miss,’ said he. Then sitting down and turning to the colonel, ‘It was lucky,’ said he, ‘that you sent the carriage; for the girls were just taking their cloaks off, and I was setting out by myself.’

Maria and I were confused; but before we either of us could think of a proper answer, the colonel said, ‘Indeed! I could not suppose my omission of not mentioning it could have been attended with such fatal consequences; but I sent the chariot, as thinking it more agreeable than a hackney coach, if one may judge by their outsides.’

‘We have no wish for a better,’ said I: ‘but brother declared we should walk, or stay at home; and as we really felt unable to do the former, we were making up our minds to the latter.’

‘How could you,’ said Mrs. Ambrose, ‘wish the young ladies to walk such a distance such a day as this?’

‘Because, miss,’ said he, ‘I never ride in a hackney coach, and I see no reason why they should, who are twenty years younger, and have the use of their legs better than me; for I have corns, that lame me sometimes.’

There was no replying to so very absurd a speech; and my brother, thinking he had convinced her, turned himself round in the chair, and putting one arm over the back of it, sat looking out at window until dinner was announced.

‘Dinner!’ said he; ‘why I see no cloth laid yet.’ The colonel informed him it was in another room.

‘Oh! two sitting-rooms is the vogue now.’—He then followed us where a very genteel dinner was pro-

vided, when he began to reckon the dishes, one, two, three, four; egad I see no end to them. Fish a to, a plaguy dear dish!’

‘You will partake of some,’ said Mrs. Ambrose, ‘I hope.’ ‘Yes, yes; I have no objection to partake of it.’

The colonel, who was uneasy because of the footman’s presence, tried to turn it off as a joke.—‘You are merry to-day, Mr. Vernon: it’s well we don’t believe all you say.’

‘I never say what I do not mean, and I will give any man a guinea that will say he ever saw fish at my table.’

The footman, who was stifling a laugh at the side-board, in drawing out his handkerchief to stuff into his mouth, threw down a glass.

‘Is that the way,’ said my brother, ‘you use your master’s property? There goes sixpence: it’s all you livery servants are good for to waste and confound.’

‘Come,’ said the colonel, ‘we will make him useful in some other way.—Give a glass of wine round, John.’

My brother observed it was very good wine, but wasting it to drink it with good meat.

It would be endless to repeat all the uncouth things said by this odd brother of ours at dinner.

Did he not continually expose himself to ridicule, I would not subject him to yours by repeating any of them.

We retired very soon after dinner, at which the colonel looked disappointed: but my brother seemed very well pleased; he relished, he said, the colonel’s wine. We spent a most delightful afternoon with Mrs. Ambrose. You and your good mother furnished the chief of our conversation. Now do you want to know all that was said; but I will not tell you a word.

‘I hope,’ said Mrs. Ambrose, ‘to see you here very often; but you



must excuse my attending you in the city, as I am extremely fearful of riding in London streets, and am besides very averse to visiting.' We assured her we would see her in the way most agreeable to herself—'Dear obliging girls,' she called us; 'my brother purposes spending next month in a shooting party: I will then petition your brother to spare you entirely. We can then,' turning to Maria with a smile, 'enter on business.'—Maria blushed, and both of us expressed our thanks in the best manner we were able. We chatted till near seven o'clock, when we summoned the gentlemen to tea. My brother made his appearance with a pipe in his mouth, and the effects of the colonel's wine pretty visible in his face. He staggered up to Mrs. Ambrose—'Egad,' said he, 'you are a likely woman!' at the same time puffing a cloud of smoke in her face.

'How could you think, brother,' said Maria, 'of bringing your pipe here?'

'Why, the colonel told me miss did not di-like tobacco.'—Mrs. Ambrose confirmed it, but desired he would sit a little further from her. This he complied with; and Maria and I placed ourselves on each side of her, by way of guard. The colonel now entered, and introduced no less a personage than Mr. Jerry, dressed in a scarlet coat, and his hat in his hand.

'Oh! Curtis,' said my brother: 'I told him to come, if we did not come home to supper!'

'The gentleman is just arrived,' said the colonel, 'and I am glad to see him. My sister, sir,—Mrs. Ambrose.'

Jerry bowed, and immediately looked round for a pin to hang his hat. The servant offered to take it, but he insisted on not troubling him; but not knowing how to dispose of

it, was at length prevailed on, and seating himself in an arm-chair, said 'he should not have come if Mr. Vernon had not ordered him.' 'Your presence needs no apology,' said Mrs. Ambrose. She then whispered me, to know who he was.—The colonel proposed cards. Maria expressed a wish to go home before supper; but Mrs. Ambrose insisted we should stay all night, and send the gentlemen home alone. To this we had no objection, not liking the thoughts of going with our brother, who, we had reason to think, by the time supper was ended would be incapable of taking care of us. Jerry said he could play nothing but all fours; and my brother, who was extremely talkative, proposed we should tell stories. I said, he will begin, and tell you the history of his courtship. The proposal diverted all parties, and my brother began.

'I have now given over all thoughts of marrying: five years since I intended it, and took a journey of forty miles after a young woman I had taken a fancy to seven years before; she was reported to have ten thousand pounds in hard cash, independent of her father, who being a man of large property, one might reasonably expect he would give her at least five thousand more. As I had never made any overtures to the lady, and had only seen her twice in my life, I of course wanted an introduction; I accordingly packed up a basket of oranges and almonds and raisons, the best I could procure, and sent them by the waggon, carriage paid, inclosing a letter to the father, saying I would pay a visit, for a day or two, shortly. Not hearing to the contrary, I set out, and was received by the father and daughter very civilly. I took the first opportunity to explain my intentions, which I did in nearly the



following words: 'Sir,' said I, "'having conceived a very high opinion of miss, and imbibed a strong desire of exchanging a bachelor state for the more eligible one of husband, I resolved on this visit to you, in order to obtain the young lady in marriage. Now, sir, as I like to be open and above board, before I left home I took the exact statement of what I was worth, which (taking a paper from my pocket) you may see, sir, are so many pounds, shillings, and pence: now, as by this statement you find I am worth a pretty considerable sum, you cannot be surprised if I expect you will give your daughter in proportion.'" "Not a farthing!" interrupted he; "her grandfather left her independent of me, and independent she shall still remain. All my fortune shall be divided between her sisters, who were overlooked by the doting grandfather." Whilst I was thinking of a proper answer, and lamenting in my mind the hard case of the young lady, she suddenly arose, and making me a very low curtsy, 'Sir,' said she, "I am not to be sold;" and instantly left the room. It is impossible to describe the surprise and rage I felt on this treatment. The father, who burst into a fit of laughter, was going, doubtless, to insult me still further; but looking through the window, I glanced a stage coach passing for London; so snatching up my hat and stick, without saying a word, I ran out of the house, and, mounting the top of the machine, was out of sight in an instant. Thus ended my first and last courtship; for never will I again subject myself to the insult of another woman. She may, however, repent it, for I find she is married to a country gentleman, as he is called, who keeps a good deal of company; so, perhaps, he may bring her noble to

ninepence, and serve her right too, for refusing a man that would have preserved her fortune, and left her a rich widow.'

Had my brother given the history of his whole life he could not more effectually have drawn his character: this one transaction is so strongly marked with ignorance, avarice, and insensibility, that it shews at once the whole complexion of his mind; nor will in future any meanness or absurdity he may be guilty of be wondered at.

This story, being told with much circumlocution, and many interruptions from the operations of the pipe, which he continued using the whole time, lasted till supper was announced. Nothing particular passed at this meal. Jerry ate very heartily, but behaved very well: brother was in high spirits; and, when the cloth was removed, gave us an old bachelor's song, at the request of Mrs. Ambrose.—'Come,' said he, when he had done, 'you may give us an old maid's ditty.' With this polite request she instantly complied, and sung—

'In the days of my youth shall it ever be  
said  
A nymph so engaging shall die an old maid?'

She then called on her brother, who gave us 'Free from bustle, care, and strife.' The colonel called on Maria, and she sung 'For tenderness form'd;' and I thought she never sung so sweetly. The colonel seemed quite enchanted; and I happening to say 'Your good mother had instructed us in playing on the piano forte,' he whispered me he would send us one the next day, which he accordingly did.

At twelve o'clock my brother took his leave with Jerry, saying he should come again soon. After they were gone; the colonel requested an-



other song from Maria. She sung 'Old Robin Grey:' the colonel, having never heard it before, was much affected: he sighed, and was so absent, that he sat five minutes after she had finished without speaking. 'Brother,' said Mrs. Ambrose, 'we will leave you to your meditations;' and took up the candles to retire with us.

'I beg pardon,' said he; 'but this little ballad has affected me.'

'I will never sing it again,' said Maria.

'Say not so, my dear Maria: whatever you sing cannot but be pleasing to me.'

As soon as we were retired I said to Maria, 'I wish you had not sung Robin Grey.'—'I wish so too,' said she.—'And I cannot think,' said I, 'why you did it, unless it was to make the colonel think you was about to make the same sacrifice as Jenny did.'

'Sure,' said she, 'he would not suppose so. Do you think he could?'

'Nay, I don't know; but he certainly looked very grave.'

'Dear! how could I be so inconsiderate! I know not how it was, but I felt an unconquerable inclination to sing it.'

'Yes,' said I, 'and to hum it about the house all day long, when you are alone.'

She blushed; and, seeing her confused, I forbore saying more on the subject. But this little circumstance has dwelt on my mind ever since. I observe with much uneasiness the increased dejection of her spirits. There must be a cause, and I own I am persuaded a secret attachment to Charles is preying on her, and she is struggling to overcome it. Pray Heaven she may succeed, for her interest and happiness depend on it.

I was surprised the next morning to find the colonel was not to break-

fast at home; he was gone out on business, his sister informed us. Maria was very low all breakfast-time. Mrs. Ambrose rallied her on it. 'My brother,' said she, 'will be highly gratified when I inform him the alteration his absence makes in you.' She entertained us with playing on the harpsichord, of which she is complete mistress. I expected the colonel every minute: at length he arrived. I thought I discovered an air of dejection in his countenance; he however assumed the same easy cheerful manner as usual. Maria could scarcely summon resolution to look up; but he took no notice of her confusion. We took our leave about one o'clock, and the colonel insisted on our going home in the chariot. As he led us to it, he informed Maria he was going for a week on a shooting party, and should be much obliged to us if we would bear his sister company in his absence. She told him she had with pleasure consented so to do, if our brother could spare us. He looked pleased, and said he had already secured that.

I will now conclude this long letter, with a request to hear from you soon. Best respects to your mother, and am, affectionately, yours,

H. VERNON.

## LETTER XVII.

*Mrs. Ambrose to Colonel Ambrose.*

I CAN truly say this is the first time I ever took up my pen to write to my dear brother with reluctance. To communicate unpleasing intelligence to those we love, is of all employments the most irksome. But I will not make a long preface to my information, which I doubt not you have already guessed at. My dear brother must think no more of miss Vernon as a wife. These two



lovely sisters came, as they had promised, the day you left town; and, agreeable to your request, I have watched every word and action of Maria's, in order to discover if your suspicions were true in regard of her preference of another to yourself. It needed not much penetration to perceive some uneasiness sat on her mind. Too frank and ingenuous in her temper to disguise her feelings, she yet suffered them to prey on her heart, as she was convinced the disclosure would distress her sister. I often surprised her in tears, and when I asked the cause she would answer 'Nothing, dear madam, but an involuntary weakness. I know not what ails me of late; when I ought to be most cheerful I am most grave, but I will be better.'—I applied to Harriet—'What is the matter with your sister?' said I, 'Alas,' she replied, 'I do not know; and when I ask her the question, she answers me by sighs.' 'But cannot you guess?' said I. A deep blush suffused the face of Harriet. She was going to say no; but as it was the first untruth she ever attempted to utter, it died on her voice. 'Ah! Harriet,' said I, 'that countenance cannot deceive me, were you inclined it should. I know you guess the cause of your sister's dejection, and if you think me your friend you will acquaint me.'

'But you will tell the colonel, madam?'

'I will not, indeed, promise secrecy to him, for of all persons he is most interested. Your sister's depression of spirits has not escaped him; and he has particularly requested me to discover the cause, and acquaint him, that he may remove it.'

'I fear that is not in his power, if it be what I guess; but I will not be reserved to you, who have such

an undoubted right to my confidence. —Previous to our acquaintance with colonel Ambrose, I saw, or fancied I saw, a partiality on my sister's part towards Mr. Wentworth, the young gentleman you have heard us frequently mention. He is a sensible young man, agreeable in his manners, and elegant in his person: I could not discover the like partiality on his part, but the opinion I entertain of Maria's charms left me not in much doubt of it. When my sister accepted the colonel's offer, and Mr. Wentworth acceded to his proposal of going to India, I considered myself either to have been mistaken, or that an attachment in infancy was found easy to conquer on each side. But the increasing dejection of Maria has since led me to think her unfortunate passion has taken a deeper root than she at first imagined; for such is her delicacy, that I am certain she never would have consented to have given her hand to the colonel, had she been conscious of the smallest preference to another.'

I thanked Harriet for her information, and told her I thought it necessary for your peace as well as hers that the matter should be investigated. She thought so too; and we agreed that we would, that very afternoon, set about our examination of our poor prisoner.

Being seated at work, Harriet, according to agreement, began.—'I wonder,' said she, 'where Mr. Wentworth is just now.'

'Really,' replied I, 'you seem very anxious about that young man, miss Harriet. Pray, miss Vernon, is there not something more than friendship in this solicitude of your sister's?'

'Not that I know of,' replied she, blushing as she spoke.

'Was it possible,' resumed I, 'that a young man of sensibility



should reside in the same house with my two charming friends, and not have a predilection for one of them ?

Maria took not her eyes from her work.—‘What say you, Harriet, to this?’ said she.

‘What do you say, Maria?’

‘I protest I have no other partiality for Charles than as a friend, nor have I ever conceived he entertained any other for me.’

‘Come,’ said I, ‘we will not dwell on the subject in this way: I consider you both as frank and ingenuous; don’t on this occasion give me reason to doubt it. I have long observed, with deep regret, the melancholy of my dear Maria: it is natural I should search in my own ideas for a cause. This young man is, by all accounts, extremely amiable: what if I should say his merit has made an impression on—’

‘Oh! stop, madam,’ interrupted Maria: ‘have I not engaged myself to your worthy brother, and can I prove ungrateful for his kind partiality to me?’

‘Who,’ resumed I, ‘can command their affections? It is no fault to prefer one object to another; but it is a fault to give your hand without your heart.’

The dear girl caught my hand, and agitated beyond description.—‘No, my dear madam,’ said she, ‘I will have no reserves to you. But I do not deserve your kind solicitude. I have been guilty of an error in the highest degree reprehensible. I have promised to become the wife of colonel Ambrose, and—’

‘You have given your heart to Charles Wentworth,’ interrupted I.

‘May I endeavour at an extenuation of my fault? I knew not half my affection until he quitted England. His absence I then found almost insupportable. One moment I resolved to lay before you and your brother my weakness, and the next

resolved to conquer that weakness. Alas! I know not what to do: to be ungrateful to your brother, and forfeit my promise, I cannot bear the thought of; but to give him my hand under such circumstances is impossible.’

‘Nor would he accept it,’ said I. ‘He has long suspected the cause of your anxiety, and it is by his desire I entered on the conversation. Do not, my dear girl, distress yourself: my brother is generous and candid.’

‘I know he is,’ replied the weeping Maria, ‘but he will despise me; he will cease to be my friend.—Then turning to Harriet—‘My sister too will despise me. I have set her a pattern of duplicity.’

‘Impossible!’ said she, and embraced her. ‘My Maria is my pattern in every thing.’

It would be endless to repeat all that passed between us on this occasion. I promised to write to you by the next day’s post. I endeavoured to argue Maria out of her passion for this young man, which really appears to me an unfortunate one; but it seems to have taken a lasting root in her heart. She is only anxious at present to acquit herself in your eyes of ingratitude and caprice.—‘He retains, and ever will retain,’ said she, ‘the second place in my heart; would I could bestow on him the first!’

I am not at a loss to guess what your determination will be; but I hope, in parting with Maria, you will not part with your peace of mind. You are past the romantic age. Give me your advice how to act in regard to the brother, for to acquaint him with all the truth must not be. His narrow soul is totally incapable of comprehending such refined delicacy as Maria’s; and were he acquainted with it she would be subject to his anger, and perhaps resentment.—Adieu, my dear brother! Be assured I most tenderly



sympathise in your distress, and am ready to contribute all in my power for its alleviation.

Yours most affectionately,

LUCY AMBROSE.

### LETTER XVIII.

*Colonel Ambrose, in answer.*

WHAT an interesting letter is my dear Lucy's? I found it impossible to reply to it yesterday, and indeed feel almost incapable for the task this morning, but I will summon all my resolution so to do.—My fears are then realised: I do not possess Maria's heart, and she must no longer possess mine. But I may yet be allowed to admire her, to be her friend, and to partake with you of her company. To give her up as my wife has cost me a pang beyond my power to describe; but reason and the consideration of her happiness require it, and it is done. I thank you for all the particulars you favoured me with: it is impossible I can answer to them; the subject affects me too much to permit me to dwell on it. I observe you do not say if Wentworth has an equal partiality to her. Pray Heaven she may not become the victim of an hopeless passion! I should in that case feel more distressed than I do at present. I have revolved several schemes in my mind as to acquainting the brother of the change that unhappily has taken place, and I can think of nothing better than for Harriet to tell him, in general terms, the affair is broken off. I have never myself entered with him on the subject, but if he should now do so with me, I have answers that will acquit Maria in his eyes; and as I am not solicitous what such a man as he may say, I doubt not this affair will be managed without difficulty.

If I can make Maria easy, and

continue to possess her friendship, I care for little else. I have almost heroism enough to say I shall be happy to see her the wife of Charles Wentworth, if his fortune and merit should, a few years hence, make him worthy her preference. I purpose staying here the remainder of the month, though I own I receive no great pleasure in the company of those country sportsmen, vulgar in their manners and dissolute in their conduct; but I think a short absence will tend to confirm my resolution in regard to my future conduct towards Maria. The advice and approbation of my dear sister will ever be anxiously sought for and desired by her affectionate brother,

CHARLES AMBROSE.

### LETTER XIX.

*Colonel Ambrose to Miss Maria Vernon.*

Dearest Madam,

A LETTER yesterday received from my sister has informed me of the particulars of a conversation that passed a few days since between you, your sister, and herself.—To see you happy is the first wish of my heart, and to endeavour to make you so shall be my constant effort. What proof can I give you that those are really my sentiments equal to the one I am now about to give? I am going, my dearest Maria, to release you from all engagements to myself but those of friendship. Yes, painful as the resignation is, I will resign you to another, if by so doing I can see you happy; and I will relinquish all my hopes as your lover, if I may possess that place in your affections you would bestow on a brother. If I may be allowed the pleasure of your company, be honoured with your confidence, and permitted to call you my friend, my



sister, I shall feel as much happiness as a person who once aspired to the title of your husband can possibly experience. I refer you to a letter I have by this post written to my sister, for more of my sentiments. It is painful to me to dwell on the subject; I will, therefore, at present only request the favour of a line from you to confirm the hopes I entertain and have expressed in these few lines, and am your obedient friend and servant,

C, AMBROSE.

LETTER XX.

*Miss Vernon to Colonel Ambrose, in answer.*

Dear Sir,

THE inability I feel to answer as I ought—such a letter as you have honoured me with, can only be equalled by the generosity and disinterested friendship therein evinced: for that generosity and friendship I beg leave to offer my grateful acknowledgements, and, at the same time, to assure you that no consideration but the one of still possessing your esteem could give me ease under the consciousness of having wounded your peace of mind. Suffer me then to request that you will ascribe my present conduct to my weakness, not to my capriciousness. Believe me, sir, independent of consideration respecting my own happiness, I have a far greater regard for yours than to risque it by bestowing my hand without my heart.—I have now only to regret the absurdity of my conduct, in not before discovering that I had not a heart to bestow. Your kind consideration for me in regard to my brother I am highly sensible of; but, although his good opinion may not be material, I cannot suffer him to be deceived in so essential a

VOL. XXXVIII.

point as the honour of my best friend. It is impossible that I can refuse the request you make for my future friendship, and if my company can contribute to your satisfaction it is equally at your command; but Mrs. Ambrose joins me in opinion, that a few months' absence will be more desirable. My sister and myself have received an invitation to spend the winter with a distant relation in Wiltshire. We have thoughts of accepting it, but in this I will be guided by your wishes: did I not make them my first consideration I should be unworthy your generous concern. I remain, sir, with the highest esteem and gratitude, your ever obliged and obedient servant,

MARIA VERNON.

LETTER XXI.

*Colonel Ambrose to Mr. Vernon.*

Sir,

You will be surprised at the contents of this letter, which is to inform you that I have altered my mind in regard to marrying your sister, or, in short, marrying at all. It is my intention to follow your example, and continue a bachelor. Now I hope you will not take amiss this alteration in my sentiments, and I flatter myself that we shall not be worse friends than before. I have written to the young lady, and she declares herself perfectly satisfied in the matter. As that is the case, and she is the principal person concerned, I see not why the affair should be talked of. I hope to have the pleasure of meeting you and your sisters when I come to town as old friends; in the mean time I remain your friend and servant,

CHARLES AMBROSE.

(To be continued.)

K k



## A NIGHT WALK

IN MAY.

By J. M. L.

'Silence and Darkness! Solemn sisters!  
twins  
From ancient Night, who nurse the tender  
thought  
To reason, and on reason build resolve,  
Assist me!'

YOUNG.

THE lovely month of May, with  
all her train of bloom-bedecked at-  
tendants, had appeared, to bless the  
growing year.

'Soft as the slumb'ring infant's sigh'

was her balmy breath: all nature  
felt its genial influence; the birds  
warbled their grateful thanks to Na-  
ture's God for his beneficence; and  
delighted man might exclaim—

'How soft is now the gently-passing breeze;  
How sweet the cowslip that bedecks the  
vale;  
How pure the green that decorates the trees;  
How full of melody the wood-bird's tale;  
How rich the landscape bursts upon the sight;  
How still the streamlet wanders on its way!  
No more we find dull Winter's length'ning  
night,  
But hail the softest hour of Spring's bright  
day.'

*Author's Manuscript Poems.*

Bloomfield, in his 'Farmer's Boy,'  
has displayed the rustic occupations  
of spring with great beauty; among  
the rest, the description of Spring  
and her attendants, with Giles's em-  
ployment as a shepherd, are particu-  
larly pleasing.

'Neglected now the early daisy lies;  
Nor thou, pale primrose, bloom'st the only  
prize:  
Advancing SPRING profusely spreads abroad  
Flow'rs of all hues, with sweetest fragrance  
stor'd;  
Where'er she treads, LOVE gladdens ev'ry  
plain,  
Delight on tiptoe bears her lucid train;  
Sweet Hope, with conscious brow, before her  
flies,  
Anticipating wealth from Summer skies;

All Nature feels her renovating sway;  
The sheep-fed pasture, and the meadow gay;  
And trees, and shrubs, no longer budding  
seen,

Display the new-grown branch of lighter  
green;

On airy downs the shepherd idling lies,  
And sees *to-morrow* in the marbled skies.

Here then, my soul, thy darling theme pur-  
sue,

For ev'ry day was Giles a shepherd too.

Small was his charge: no wilds had they  
to roam;

But bright enclosures circling round their  
home.

Nor yellow-blossom'd furze, nor stubborn  
thorn,

The heath's rough produce, had their fleeces  
torn:

Yet ever roving, ever seeking thee,

Enchanting spirit, dear Variety!

O happy tenants, prisoners of a day!

Releas'd to ease, to pleasure, and to play;

Indulg'd through ev'ry field by turns to range,  
And taste them all in one continual change.

For though luxuriant their grassy food,

Sheep long confin'd but loathe the present  
good;

Bleating around the homeward gate they  
meet,

And starve and pine, with plenty at their  
feet.

Loos'd from the winding lane, a joyful throng,  
See, o'er yon pasture, how they prur along.

Giles round their boundaries takes his usual  
stroll;

Sees ev'ry pass secur'd, and fences whole;

High fences, proud to charm the gazing eye,

Where many a nestling first essays to fly;

Where blows the woodbine faintly streak'd  
with red,

And rests on every bough its tender head;

Round the young ash its twining branches  
meet,

Or crown the hawthorn with its odours  
sweet.

Say, ye that know, ye who have felt and seen  
Spring's morning smiles, and soul-enliv'ning  
green;

Say, did you give the thrilling transport way?  
Did your eye brighten, when young lambs at  
play

Leap'd o'er your path with animated pride,  
Or gaz'd in merry clusters by your side?

Ye who can smile, to wisdom no disgrace,  
At the arch meaning of a kitten's face;

If spotless innocence, and infant mirth,

Excites to praise, or gives reflection birth;

In shades like these pursue your fav'rite joy,  
Midst Nature's revels, sports that never  
cloy.'

Such was the season, and such  
had been the day preceding my pre-  
sent walk. The fragrant sweetness of  
the air, loaded with the essence of a



thousand blossoms; the still serenity of the sky, without a cloud to darken its star-crown'd glory; the plaintive song of night's peculiar bird, and the distant cadence of a well-known 'waterfall, were all circumstances congenial to the moment, and to the state of my mind. A year, a little year, had elapsed, since a father, my only remaining parent, had sought the 'bourne from whence no traveller returns.'—And shall twelve trifling months make me forget him?—forbid it, every grateful feeling of my soul!—Never can I forget him; never can I cease to remember his unceasing goodness to me. It may, perhaps, not be fashionable to seem to possess any feeling, or to remember any kindness that a parent has shewn towards his neglectful offspring: apathy *may* rule the votaries of fashion, but shall not be numbered amongst my catalogue of frailties—for frail is every child of man, weak as the reed that trembles in the storm!

My steps were pointed to the silent depositary of the dead: there, undisturbed, I could vent the still murmurs of my pensive breast; there I could call to recollection, uninterrupted by the voice of man, my parent's every act of affection; I could, with fancy's soothing aid, picture his form as it was when health shed her influence over it; and thus live over again, as it were, my better moments of existence. But, ah! fancy too, with fickle mind, pictures his hours of pain, pitilessly pictures his departing moments. Heaven knows, I dread not the remembrance; no scream of agonising conscience fraught the dreadful hour with horror; no bitter recollection of studied sin disturbed his dying thoughts; no pang but that of bodily pain was felt. Oh! 'twas an awful moment! but it was a very

satisfactory one. To see a parent die most assuredly is a painful task; but to see him die happy, to feel confident that his sainted spirit will be so, is consolatory in the highest degree. I know not a greater satisfaction than the recollection of having soothed my parent's last hour on earth, of having knelt by his bedside when nature yielded up her trust, and in a long, last sigh, his soul sought its heavenward course.

'For e'en the bed where life expiring lies,  
So fraught with terror to the feeble mind,  
Causes no fear when there a *good man* dies,  
Who fixes hope on heav'n, to death resign'd.

'So have I seen my life's best friend expire  
Without a murmur at each pang of pain.  
Fall fast my tears; embalm an honour'd sire,  
Whose spirit fled without one sinful stain.

'Father of ev'ry good that here we know!  
Lord of all space! Omniscient King of  
Heav'n!

Mercy's great God!—best friend of human  
woe!

To whom eternal honour should be giv'n!

'Grant all the griefs that press upon my soul  
May teach it humbleness to thy commands;

Teach it to bend to Mercy's just controul,  
And bless the chastening of thy holy hands!

'And when the feebly-beating pulse of life  
Shall point the path to Nature's op'ning  
tomb,

May blest Religion banish sinful strife,  
And like my parent may I meet my doom!

*Author's Poems.*

Having ended my melancholy visit to the grave of my father, I returned home; for I did not feel inclined, after such a course of thought, to extend my ramble, or let my loftier tone of mind sink to more unworthy objects than those on which it was fixed. But ere I wooed the goddess of repose, I gave my late sensations the following elegiac form:

'Silence has clos'd the scene of noisy day;  
Soft-breathing Eve approaches, meek and  
slow;

Whilst I, a lonely being, seek my way,  
To pour on Night's still ear the plaint of  
woe.



- 'The glare of day may suit the son of pride,  
But unto sorrow's eye its beam gives pain;  
The mournful stillness of the ev'ning tide  
Affords an hour when woe may safe complain.
- 'And such an hour is this; for on the breeze  
No sound is borne to strike the timid ear,  
Save the soft zephyr sweeping through the trees,  
Whispering its wild solemnity of fear.
- 'And that is pleasing to the ear of grief,  
For trifles oft o'er misery have controul;  
It darts one feeble ray of soft relief,  
It seems to speak of peace, and soothes the soul.
- 'In yonder grove the rooks are hush'd to rest,  
Within their nests, the topmost boughs among;  
The light-wing'd Lark his lowly bed has prest,  
The glossy Blackbird has forgot his song.
- 'The distant glimm'ring from the cottage door,  
Where chinks betray the taper's trembling light,  
Now disappears; its gleam is seen no more,  
And sleep serene awaits the rustic's night.
- 'The baying yard-dog ceases now his cry,  
In calm security he sinks to rest;  
And many a child of woe neglects to sigh;  
While unsought slumber lulls his troubled breast.
- 'My footsteps bear me where the moss-grown pile  
Sheds in the moon-beam softer tints of shade;  
Where grandeur sleeps beneath the gloomy aisle,  
The crimson'd coffin low in splendour laid.
- 'There the tall tomb uprears its pompous head,  
With verse high-sounding, and with praise spread o'er;  
As though the fulsome theme could please the dead,  
Or soothe them on Eternity's vast shore.
- 'But Time will mock the artist's feeble pow'r,  
Will make the tell-tale marble's surface plain;  
And with the silent, slowly-moving hour,  
Will into ruin rock e'en yon proud fane!
- 'Round the lone walls is many a humbler grave,  
Where rest as quiet from the world's worst storm  
The village matron, or the great man's slave;  
Wrapt in their turf-bound tombs, they sleep as warm.
- 'What matters now the mighty man's lost pow'r?  
Or what the troubles that the swain once bore?  
Lost is the grandeur of the festal hour;  
The poor man feels his heaviest griefs no more.
- 'The lab'rer who has toil'd here finds a bed  
Of soft repose from ev'ry ill of life;  
No more he meets the coming day with dread,  
No more he fears the bitter pang of strife.
- 'The blust'ring son of Mars, whose trade was war,  
Here sleeps as mildly as the simplest swain,  
Whose bloodless battles never left a scar,  
Whose wars were only with the bending grain.
- 'The soldier sweeps with devastating hand,  
And leaves destruction where he found delight;—  
The rustic's toil bedecks a smiling land,  
And leads the corn-blade into life and light.
- 'Which the most useful of these fellow men?  
I scarcely need enquire, for all will say,  
Him, surely, who can teach the barren glen  
To teem with life, and bless the toil-fraught day.
- 'Here, quite adjacent, lie the miser mean  
And spendthrift, prodigal of all his joys;  
Who, though in life together ne'er were seen,  
Here huddled close, escape from all its noise.
- 'And here the sorrowing son of anguish sleeps,  
Freed from the pang that stole his bosom's peace;  
Now from his couch no more he starts and weeps,  
But all his woes and all his sorrows cease.
- 'And here I come to shed the tender tear,  
That falls in mem'ry of a father's love;  
For here I linger'd o'er his mournful bier,  
And here the luxury of grief can prove.
- 'While night-airs murmur in my pensive ear,  
I call to mind his venerated form;  
Nor find, while thus employ'd, a timid fear,  
Nor heed the loud approaches of the storm.
- 'For 'tis a debt to gratitude I owe,  
A debt that gives a pleasure as I pay;  
It leads the mind its inmost thoughts to know,  
And points to Heav'n's eternal happy day.
- 'No sculptur'd stone, 'tis true, points out the place,  
Where rest his ashes; but affection's eye  
The honour'd spot with greater care will trace  
Than if the praise-encumber'd tomb was nigh.



'Yet, if an epitaph had mark'd the spot  
That now contains the form so late held  
dear,  
This only should have told his former lot,  
This only should have drawn sweet friend-  
ship's tear.

EPITAPH.

'Here lies entomb'd a friend, a father  
true;

Who, as this pensive vale of tears he trod,  
This one short maxim ever kept in view—

"An honest man's the noblest work of  
God."

*Author's Manuscript Poems.*

ALPHONSO AND ALMIRA;

OR,

THE NOBLE FORESTER.

A

SARDINIAN TALE.

*By a Lady.*

(Continued from p. 189.)

CHAP. III.

*Almira relates to Alphonso her meeting with Rinaldo—Further conversation between Rinaldo and Almira—Rinaldo is introduced to Alphonso, and agrees to accompany him to Sardinia.*

THE morning had scarcely began to dawn before Almira sought her father, whom she found busily employed in the little garden he had formed and cultivated. She accosted Alphonso in her usual strain of filial tenderness; but her faltering voice, and fluttered spirits, too plainly indicated that something more than common lurked in her mind. Alphonso, therefore, threw aside his spade, and enjoined his daughter to unburthen herself without any restraint or fear. Almira accordingly took courage, and made her father acquainted with the meeting she had had with Rinaldo, which made a too visible impression on him not to be observed.

'I hope I have done nothing,' exclaimed Almira, 'to displease my father.'

'Oh! Almira,' said he, 'I know you are good and virtuous. Innoxious are your thoughts—pure and unsullied. Your charms too justify you in the first of expectations, and will warrant you in thinking the love of every man sincere. But to be poor is not always to be unhappy. There may shortly come a time, my dear Almira, when we may burst forth from the cloud of adversity that at present obscures us: when prosperity may shine upon us—when you, my best of daughters, may sit upon a throne. I would, therefore, have your affections perfectly disengaged; so that, if ever we should obtain our right, you may be left at liberty to place them on an object suited to your rank.'

'And yet,' replied Almira, who had heard her father with every mark of attention and respect, 'if the youth I chanced to meet should be formed to move the tenderest passions, and make a maiden happy, and possess with these accomplishments a high sense of honour, surely, my dear father, there could be no harm in my listening to him.'

Alphonso, who plainly perceived that her breast laboured with something she did not care to utter, requested her to proceed, and unbosomed herself to him without reserve; assuring her, that whatever might remain undiscovered should meet with every kind of tenderness and consideration.

Almira, thus encouraged, confessed that the generous youth had made an impression on her heart she had never known before.

'What is this I hear?' exclaimed Alphonso. 'Beware, Almira, of a father's anger. Remember the solemn caution I give you, not to suffer an attachment for any one in



this situation; and if any accident should throw you again in the way of the stranger, on no account give him your conversation, or entertain him with a single word.'

'Not speak to him!' cried Almira.

'I have said it,' cried Alphonso, 'and expect to be obeyed!' and immediately left her to herself.

'Good Heavens!' reflected Almira, 'what cause of anger can I have given to my father! Surely there can be no harm in the stranger's love for me, or in mine for him. He surely has too much generosity to deceive me, and can have nothing more in view than my good. At least it would be cruel in me not to love him, since that alone, he says, would make him happy.'

Such were the reflections that filled Almira's mind. The appearance and language of Rinaldo had worked most powerfully on her, and established an interest equal to his wishes. In this situation her distress may easily be imagined. Her father had imposed on her an injunction against holding any further discourse with Rinaldo, should chance again throw him in her way, and it was impossible for her to muster up resolution enough to make a discovery of his being at that very time concealed near the hut. Rinaldo's presence, however, suddenly put an end to all further reflections.

'I have sought you, lovely maid!' cried Rinaldo, 'unable any longer to forbear your presence; for be assured it will never be possible for me to endure your absence. The impression your beauty has made on me can never be effaced. My heart is yours. I live but in your smiles, and pant for an opportunity of making your father acquainted with it.'

'Alas!' replied Almira, 'that cannot be. He must not know you are here.'

'Not know I am here!' exclaimed Rinaldo. 'Did you inform him of the declaration I had made you of my love?—I will go this instant and seek him. But first, my dear Almira, let me know who and what you are; for though I have found you and your father obscured here in this humble hut, a thousand things conspire to convince me that you are not what you seem, and that while adversity appears to surround you resplendent hope breaks in, and cheers you with the expectation of better days.'

Almira for a while resisted his curiosity, but, importuned, she at length revealed every circumstance of her history necessary for him to know.

'Good Heavens!' exclaimed Rinaldo, 'is it possible that Alphonso can still be living? I know his story well, and often have heard his fate lamented. All Sardinia is in his favour, and would gladly place the prince on the throne whose supposed death they so generously mourn.'

Rinaldo now insisted upon seeing Almira's father. But it was in vain that he urged her to consent.—'I entreat not,' said he, 'an interview for my own happiness, but to make myself known to him, and concert the best measures that can be taken for restoring to him his long-lost dignity. For however I may wish to make you mine, every hope of it is now no more! Your birth places you, my dear Almira, too high for an untitled individual, as I am, to look up to.—'Heavens!' exclaimed Rinaldo, 'what situation can possibly be too great for virtue and merit like yours? You declared you loved me when interest could have no share in it; and if fortune should ever place me on a throne, the only reason I shall have to rejoice at it will be on account of the opportunity it will afford me of evincing the sincerity of my love.'



During this interview, Alphonso having accidentally gone to the apartment in which Rinaldo slept, was alarmed at finding a man's cloak, richly embroidered with lace. It is impossible to conceive the thoughts that rushed into his mind, and tortured his imagination, upon a discovery of so novel and unexpected a nature. How to account for it, or what to think, he knew not. The freshness of the dress plainly proved that it could not have been there any length of time, and the value of it at once denoted it to have been worn by a person of some distinction. The account given him by Almira of her meeting with Rinaldo came to his recollection. He instantly went to the hut, and found Almira from home. A variety of conjectures now distracted him. Almira's virtue would not suffer him to think for a single moment that she could have done any thing that could dishonour her; but he thought there was too much reason to apprehend that she had been thrown again in Rinaldo's way, and his imagination suggested to him the worst of consequences; sometimes fearing that she might have been prevailed upon to quit the place under his protection; and sometimes dreading, lest she might have been dragged away by force, and that he should never see her again.

Rinaldo having used many arguments with Almira, why he should be permitted to have an interview with Alphonso, at length prevailed upon her to introduce him; an opportunity for doing which offered itself at this very juncture of time. Nothing could exceed the surprise of Alphonso, or the suspicion with which he viewed Rinaldo.

An angry eye at first darted his resentment against Almira for her apparent disobedience; but the generous youth, having obtained an op-

portunity, addressed himself with such address, as not only to convince him of the honour and sincerity of his love for Almira, but to gain his confidence so far as to obtain his promise to accompany him to Sardinia, for the purpose of restoring him to his long-lost father, from whom he had been severed by his cruel and ambitious uncle, whose life a short fit of sickness, Rinaldo informed him, had just put an end to, hated and despised by the generality of the people, since through his art and villany they had long suspected the infant prince, Alphonso, had been deposed.

#### CHAP. IV.

*Alphonso prepares to quit the forest—Almira relates a disagreeable dream—Antonio, Rinaldo's uncle, discovers Almira, of whom he becomes enamoured—Consequences of his meeting with her.*

EARLY the next morning Rinaldo awakened Alphonso and Almira, in order to prepare for their intended journey. No bride, surely, ever felt so great a pleasure on the day of marriage, as both the father and daughter experienced in his visit, made for the purpose of conducting them, as it were, to a new world.

And here let me ask those who can best read the human heart what must have been the state of Alphonso's mind, called by an angel, as it were, to life and prosperity, to wield, perhaps, a sceptre, and emerge from a state of indigence and obscurity to that of wealth and fame. As to Almira, she knew not what to think, or what idea to form of the station she was likely to fill, from the account she had received of it from Rinaldo. Every distinction in life Almira was taught to expect, and she was too sensible of her personal



charms not to conceive the lustre they would derive from the aid of dress, and those thousand ornaments that serve to captivate and ensnare.

'Come,' said Rinaldo, 'this day shall restore to the world one of the best of men, and one of the fairest maids that love and fancy ever formed.'

'Generous youth!' cried Alphonso, 'what but Heaven could have directed you hither? A life of gratitude can but poorly repay your kindness. As to Almira, you know her sentiments too well not to be convinced that her affections must be eternally fixed on you as her deliverer.'

'Hold,' exclaimed Rinaldo, interrupting him; 'it was impossible to look on Almira without feeling a more than common degree of pleasure and delight. I owned, too, that I loved her; but to be moved in your behalf by any other impulse than that of friendship would be to dishonour and reproach my name. No, good Alphonso, my life and fortune, such as it is, shall be at your service; and if, after I have procured you justice, you should think me deserving of Almira's hand, I shall think it a reward infinitely beyond any thing I can possibly have a right to claim.'

'Oh!' cried Almira, 'you are all goodness, and Providence surely designed you for my happiness; but I have had a dream to-night—a dream that fills me with the worst of apprehensions. I thought I was in the midst of the forest, alone, and unprotected; and that a wild beast, of a most ferocious nature and hideous form, came suddenly upon me, and seized hold of me with his teeth. A stream of blood appeared to gush out at his nostrils, and lifting my feeble arm to strike the monster, his horrid groan instantly roused me out of my sleep.'

Alphonso could not help shewing how much he was disconcerted at her relation; but Rinaldo endeavoured to explain the dream to have been occasioned by her over anxiety for their safety, and entreated her to consider it as wholly undeserving her serious attention.

There is a fatality, however, in dreams, that frequently baffles every endeavour to disregard or despise them. From whatever cause they arise, the effects are too well known to be disputed; and idle and superstitious as those may be thought who give them any sort of regard, events have been, perhaps, accidentally preceded by them, which, though not exactly the same, yet in some shape or other so much resemble them as to recal them to our memory and reflection,

Thus it happened with Almira. Little respect was paid to her dream; but it was in vain that care was used to avert what it predicted, and turn aside an incident that for a while delayed their intended journey.

Antonio, the uncle of Rinaldo, it seems, had been thrown out of the hunt just after his nephew, and wandering about the forest in search of some refreshment, happened to come near the hut, at the very moment Rinaldo and Almira were discoursing together near the grotto. The sight of his nephew was so wholly unlooked for, that it was impossible for him not to be struck with astonishment the moment he saw him; but a still greater degree of surprise seized him, upon perceiving him in company with the most accomplished beauty his eyes had ever beheld.

Antonio, who gazed with wonder and admiration, was for a while at a loss to determine whether to accost his nephew, and make himself known to him, or watch for an opportunity of addressing Almira alone.



While he was thus deliberating within himself, Rinaldo left his fair companion for a conversation with her father. The moment, at once the most favourable to his wishes, was too precious to lose. He immediately alighted from his horse, and presented himself before her.

Almira screamed with alarm, demanded whence he came and who he was, and entreated him to forbear offering any violence. But Antonio, wholly disregarding her admonition, proceeded to salute her, declaring that nothing should ever dispossess him of a woman so fair and lovely. At this instant Rinaldo returned! He returned, but who can describe his feelings? It would have been enough to have struck him motionless to have found her with a man; but to behold his dear Almira rudely folded in the arms of another was death itself. Fired with too much rage for reflection, he immediately drew his sword, and running up to Antonio, was upon the point of plunging it into his heart, when he perceived it to be his uncle. 'Heavens!' exclaimed Rinaldo, 'is it possible that my eyes can see right, or do they not deceive me, when they present to my view one of the worst of ruffians, in the person of my uncle Antonio?' Antonio, instead of offering any excuse for the insult he had given, used the grossest language to Rinaldo, and loaded Almira with the foulest abuse, telling her that his power was not to be resisted, and that no protection should shelter her from his intentions. So saying, he turned abruptly away, and, after remounting his horse, vowed he would presently return with a force too powerful for them to think of opposition.

Rinaldo requested Almira to be composed, and to fear no hurt. There was more reason, however,  
VOL. XXXVIII.

for her to be alarmed than he was aware of; for Antonio quickly appeared again with three attendants, and demanded admission at the hut, in which Alphonso had, for the present, advised Rinaldo to secure Almira.

Every argument was used in vain to dissuade Antonio from proceeding any farther in his views against Almira. Every assurance of opposition was treated with contempt, and he only became more irritated when he was informed, that, whatever her present appearance might be, she would in a very short time move in a sphere of life as much above him in rank, as she was superior to him in every accomplishment of the mind. Antonio, notwithstanding, still persisted in his resolution to possess himself of Almira, for whom he assured Alphonso he had imbibed the most inviolable regard. Rinaldo, he said, was no stranger to his title and riches, both of which he was ready to lay at Almira's feet, however above what she could have any right to expect; but that if she was still denied to his wishes, she should nevertheless be his.

Antonio, having expressed himself to this effect, immediately left the hut, bidding Alphonso and his nephew beware of provoking his resentment.

(To be continued.)

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## LETTERS TO A YOUNG LADY.

### LETTER I.

Dear Betsey,

I RECEIVED yours, in which I find nothing to complain of but a little false spelling, which is generally to be expected in letters from young persons unused to epistolary correspondence. It is not the ca-



capacity of spelling with correctness with the tongue that is always attended with the certainty of writing with the same correctness with the pen. The *eye* must be taught as well as the *ear*; and here, perhaps, the means of instruction may be considered of a twofold nature. The habit of knowing correct orthography by sight must be acquired. Spelling rightly is sometimes gained by reading the thoughts of others; but it is oftener obtained by writing our own.

I much question, could you spell all the words of the English language by rote, as they occur in the dictionary, if you have not been accustomed to see them as they are arranged in the manner they are used in compositions, whether it would be possible for you, in many hours, to write correctly one single line.

You are therefore, if for no other purpose but to improve yourself in orthography, to accustom yourself very frequently to be giving your thoughts to paper, upon one subject or other; which are then to be carefully examined by the helps to be obtained from your dictionary, with a view to correct the errors you have made.

It matters not what you write, so that you write as good sense as you can: by this means you will soon perceive that you will make considerable improvement; for every error you detect by these means is more likely to be impressed on your mind, than if you had been told of them by another person.

But there is another advantage in this practice: by habituating your mind to produce matter to be expressed with your pen, you will soon find no difficulty when you sit down to write to your friend, or for your own private perusal, to fill up your paper with facility and pleasure; or

at least the essays thus produced will give you more satisfaction in the course of a few months than you can really imagine. And in the next place, reading different authors will very much contribute to help you forward in spelling, and for this reason, because the words most in use, by occurring the most frequently, become the more familiar to the mind, and the true manner of spelling them is by this means the more likely to be seen and remembered.

But still inditing your own compositions has very much the advantage of reading the productions of others, to aid you in the accomplishment of the art I am speaking of. The eye becomes familiar to the word as it is written, and when a word correctly spelt has occurred to your eye frequently, it makes an impression on the mind peculiar to itself; by which the same word improperly spelt creates a kind of disgust, which is principally the reason why false spelling is so extremely disgraceful to the writer and offensive to the reader.

You would little suppose it, but I can fully assure you that by frequently exercising yourself in this way, you, in a very little time, would be able to detect any error in spelling, almost the moment you fix your eye upon the paper, or letter you have to read; by a single glance from the top to the bottom of the page. I will venture to say, you will be enabled to discover any incorrect spelling in it, though, perhaps, there is but one single mistake. Any disproportion in a word, any little error would appear obviously to your sight at once; so astonishingly correct is the faculty of seeing, in discovering by a certain rule it has attained any thing that does not correspond with that rule. You will be able now, my dear Betsey, to take the few errors you have made in your letter



into serious consideration.—Let not my remarks discourage you: had you made ten times more, you would soon be able, by attending to the directions I have given you, to avoid them in future.

I wish you much to make the most of your mind: the thinking and reasoning faculty which God has given you is a great blessing; but, like other of his blessings, it must be improved and cultivated, or it comes to nothing.

The whole creation is one continued display of motion and industry. All beings that have any wants must be brought to exercise, to answer those wants: this is the law of nature.

The creature that is given up to idleness and sloth must degenerate, if not die, without the supply of others; and with this supply what is the life of such a creature? born for activity, it becomes the sink of diseases, stupidity, and sorrow. Seek then to improve all the faculties of your mind; now especially, while you are young.

Any wisdom now gained is of tenfold worth: what is gained in the decline of life serves us but a little time; but the wisdom of our mind that guides our earliest years grows with our growth, and increases in value as we advance towards old age.

Watch well your hours: each hour is your friend, or it is your enemy; it has something good to bestow, or something valuable to take away.

I am not, however, an advocate for intense application. Tasks that are too severe and injudicious do the mind more harm than good; they cramp all its energies: the faculties must not be hastened, nor burthened too soon. Thousands are ruined by being made to appear early prodigies. The child is often thus sacrificed to the vanity of the

parent: early intense mental application as well as early intense labour, are both injurious. The colt of every ignorant farmer is managed better, that its strength and growth may not be checked. And shall the intelligent child whose mind looks forward to heaven, formed for the noblest flights, not have time to allow its pinions to gather strength and nerve, that it may stretch, and expand itself, in the noblest atmosphere—in the sublime regions of Genius, because it was forced too far at first, before the mind was qualified to receive the nourishment of the element to which it is carried, and which it is calculated to convey?

In my next I shall endeavour to give you some instructions concerning grammar; that is, the proper placing of words in the construction of sentences; which will probably be followed, as I have leisure, by other subjects that I may judge most useful in assisting you to open your mind, regulate your conduct, and guard against those pernicious weeds of error, which will arise and flourish where there is not due cultivation. I am your very affectionate uncle,

VESPER.

April 22, 1807.

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ACCOUNT of the new Opera, called 'PETER THE GREAT; or, WOODEN WALLS,' performed for the first Time at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden, on Friday, May 8.

THE CHARACTERS.

Peter the Great,	-	Mr. C. Kemble.
Le Fort,	-	Mr. Bellamy.
Count Menzikoff,	-	Mr. Pope.
Mauritz,	-	Mr. Munden.
Sparrowitz,	-	Mr. Simmons.



Olmutz, - - -	Mr. Waddy.
Old Petrowitz, -	Mr. Murray.
Michael Petrowitz, -	Mr. Inledon.
Paulina, - - -	Miss Bolton.
Genevieve, - - -	Mrs. Davenport.
Catharine, - - -	Mrs. C. Kemble.

## FABLE.

*PETER the Great*, and his minister *Le Fort*, after having visited and worked as ship-carpenters in England, France, &c. under the disguised names of *Pedro* and *Alexis*, are returned to Muscovy, and still continue their labours in one of the northern ports, under *Mauritz*, a ship-wright; who, acknowledging the obligations he owes to the industry and skill of *Pedro*, conceives the highest opinion of him, and is resolved to marry him to his daughter *Paulina*, and make him his successor; but *Pedro*, already acquainted with the mutual loves of *Michael* (a young soldier) and *Paulina*, declines the promised favour of his employer, and avows his passion for *Catharine*, the niece of *Mauritz*. Disappointed, but not displeased, *Mauritz* gives his consent, and, through the intercession of *Pedro*, promises to ratify the marriage of *Michael* and *Paulina*. In deviation from the historic facts, *Catharine* is here represented, not as the follower of a camp, but, as far as her means extend, the general advocate and benefactress of the village; and, according to an ancient custom, is presented with the rural crown, annually bestowed on the most deserving female. During the absence of *Peter*, the reins of government are placed in the hands of *Menzikoff*, who alone is acquainted with the place of the emperor's retreat; when the *Boyards*, impatient of their master's absence, and suspecting some foul play on the part of *Menzikoff*, order him to immediate trial, and sentence him to death, unless in six

days the emperor returns to Moscow. Under a strong escort, *Menzikoff* is permitted to go in search of his royal master; and arrives just at the moment when *Peter* is about to espouse *Catharine*.—The emperor (still unknown to *Catharine* but as the humble *Pedro*) hurries to the escort, declares himself, and gives freedom to *Menzikoff*; leaving *Catharine* in the utmost despair.—*Menzikoff* returns, relieves the anxiety of *Catharine*, announces the emperor, and claims her as the bride of his royal master.—*Peter* now appears in all his splendour; when *Catharine*, yielding to the dictates of love rather than to those of ambition, gives her hand to the emperor, who bestows that of *Paulina* upon *Michael*.—The under-plot is sustained by *Olmutz*, *Sparrowitz*, *Old Petrowitz*, *Michael*, *Mauritz*, *Paulina*, *Genevieve*, &c. and the piece concludes with a civil and military spectacle.

This piece is the production of Mr. CHERRY, and was very well received.—It has considerable merit.—The story is well told, and the characters are judiciously drawn. All the performers acquitted themselves with the greatest commendation; and it was announced for a second representation, with the loudest plaudits.

## THE

## ELVILLE FAMILY SECRETS.

## A NOVEL.

(Continued from p. 36.)

THE earl, Matilda's father, taking her a little aside, said it gave him inexpressible pleasure to see her so cheerfully obey his injunctions, and congratulated her on the



splendour she would that day be mistress of. She heaved a heavy sigh, and, in spite of her utmost efforts, a tear rolled down her cheek. But she uttered not a syllable; receiving the compliments of the nobility with a dignified politeness peculiar to herself alone. Heaven only knows how little she participated in the joy which illumined every countenance but her own. Her father soon presented her to the earl, whose dress at once convinced her of the narrowness of his mind, as it was evident that he supposed the frippery glitter of apparel would carry great weight, and recommend him more strongly than any virtuous trait in his character. Poor Matilda! what a hopeless situation! But she was conscious she had gone too far to recede; yet a certain monitor in her own heart informed her, that from the hour she gave her hand to the earl she was doomed to wear out a life of wretchedness! Ill-fated, unfortunate victim of a parent's ambition! Had she known the real state of the case, nature would have shrunk from the dire contest; her gentle spirit could not have supported it, but must have taken its flight from the fragile casket which contained it for ever.

Her father said, as he gave her hand to her intended lord, 'I give you this day my darling child; endeavour, by kind usage, to reclaim her from that path of error in which she has long strayed: you will, I hope, be able to disperse the gloom which pervades her beautiful countenance. Her disposition is no common one. Her good opinion must be won by unremitting assiduity and tenderness. She has been a dutiful daughter, and I have no doubt but she will prove an obedient wife. In one instance only has she ever deviated from the paths of filial duty; but her guilt has been sufficiently expiated by sincere repentance, and

that, my lord, you are well aware of. I need give you no advice on the important crisis of your life you this day enter on: you require none; you are every thing I could wish as a husband for my daughter.'

With this eulogium he resigned the unhappy trembling, almost fainting, Matilda; who, after pausing a few minutes to collect her scattered senses, said, in faltering accents—'I hope, my lord, you will excuse my feeble efforts to be gay on a day when such high honour is conferred upon me. I hope your goodness will consider what I have of late encountered. You know I have already informed you that you never could possess my affection. You said you were content with possessing my person. My father insists on a union of hands this day taking place. I am compelled to become the countess of Holden, without one spark of affection for the person whom I must call by the endearing name of husband. Therefore pity and forgive an unfortunate wretch, who cannot so far disguise her feelings as to conduct herself as she ought.'—Then, turning her eyes towards her father, she faintly uttered—'To your will I sacrifice myself; never can I know peace more!'—A stern look silenced her. She lowly ejaculated, 'Gracious Heaven, send me aid, and support me through the trying ceremony; or, if it please thee in thy goodness, take me to those realms where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest!'

The procession at length commenced with great formality. Matilda was the only person sad. When she came before the never-to-be-forgotten altar, a livid paleness overspread her fine features, and she sank into the arms of her father. After a few minutes she recovered, and went through the ceremony with tolerable composure. She attended the procession back, but in the se-



cond antichamber leading to the groundsaloon, fitted up most superbly for their reception, her eyes met her brother's picture. She thought he assumed an unusually reproachful look, which pierced her soul. 'Perhaps,' thought she, 'I have been deceived: if I am thus a dupe to credulity, I never can see him more.'

She feigned indisposition purposely to retire to her own apartment to meditate alone, and by that means avoid the festivities of the day. She prevailed on the earl, her husband, to take her to his own residence as soon as he possibly could, thinking change of scene might in some degree obliterate former remembrance, now of no avail only to make her more wretched than she would otherwise be, conscious should she discover that Burns yet lived it would be death to her. He consented, but not till Matilda had satisfied herself that there had been every art tried to alienate her affections from the gallant Burns, who had in vain sought the object of his love, during the residence at the castle.

We will now leave her paternal residence, and follow her to that of the earl her husband; who, instead of introducing her into that sphere of life which she was born to adorn, selected the most retired place he could possibly think of, to immure her within its shades, in case she should ever meet with any one who might disclose the sad secret of her brother and Burns.

The mansion was large and irregular, situated at the foot of an almost perpendicular mountain in North Wales, surrounded on all sides by a barren heath, in some seasons of the year impassable from the dangerous bogs which were on all sides. Scarcely a tree or single shrub was standing to direct the traveller on his way. This was a place convenient

to such a character as the earl, as few who entered those walls ever again returned. An old friar was his only confidant, a hoary headed monster of iniquity, capable of any crime the vicious disposition of his employer suggested. He had but to say the word, and the deed was done with promptness and secrecy. Two or three domestics, ignorant, low-bred beings, easily imposed on and deceived by his art, comprised his household; many miles from any habitual dwelling, except a few labourers' miserable huts, dispersed here and there near the mountains.

Thus was the unhappy Matilda secluded from all society, all intercourse with any one, as no letters were permitted to go from her hands without the inspection of the earl her husband. She saw all this precaution unmoved. The fond hopes of her heart had been disappointed; it was now immaterial where, and how, she dragged on a miserable existence, become hateful. She packed up some valuable remembrances of her dearly loved brother, and the no less valued Burns, putting them in a private cabinet, determining, if she could not forget them, not to deviate so far in her duty as to cherish the thought of them (not even leaving out the favourite ring), conscious it was now criminal to regard them as she had hitherto done; not wishing to injure herself in the eyes of her lord, who had provided very splendid apartments entirely appropriated to her use, and fitted up in the most superb manner, plainly shewing if grandeur could have procured peace of mind she would have had no occasion to have been uneasy; the liberal profusion displayed all around must have been effectual. But pomp, and all the pageantry of greatness, could afford a mind like hers no delight; she despised alike his wealth and the unbounded extravagance



with which he lavished it, to gain her good opinion, as a substitute for a feeling and generous heart, which she possessed in that of her former lover. How did she wish it had been her destiny to have moved in a lower sphere of life; then would she never have known the pangs which rent her heart. 'Ah!' sighed she, as the labourer plodded along to his peaceable cottage, 'how I envy you those tranquil retreats, ye who toil for your daily bread! No care nor ambition ever haunts your breast: so as your subsistence is earned by your own hands, ye have nothing more to fear; while I, hapless mortal! am wretched, surrounded by every luxury the world can afford.'

Months thus passed over her unhappy head. Her lord seldom deigned to visit her: when he did, it was in that careless indifferent manner, that plainly evinced if he ever had any affection for her it was now entirely vanished. She could support his unkindness no longer without mentioning it; conscious she had, on his account, estranged herself from the world, from all she held dear, and had become quite an exile. She entreated him to give her some explanation, as she once thought that she was certain of his affection, and might so far overcome all former recollections as in time to make him a tolerable good wife, had he continued to behave as he did when first they met. His answer was with a frown, and such a voice that alarmed her—'Madam, do not disturb my repose by seeking any explanation of my conduct. I shall grant none, farther than that you never did please me: it was merely to oblige your father that I condescended to marry you, fearing you might dishonour his family by your connection with that stripling Burns.'

With these unfeeling words he abruptly left her. Confident that

she had now no hope of enjoyment of this life, every ray of consolation was entirely destroyed; and during the day another circumstance added to her uneasiness. She accidentally overheard the old friar say exultingly to one of the domestics—'She has no occasion to carry herself so high; our walls have been graced with as handsome faces as hers before now. She will be served no better than those who have preceded her, although she thinks so much of herself.' These dark expressions alarmed her: she knew not to what they could allude.

Time thus passed heavily on. No father, no sister, ever came near to pay their respects to the wretched bride. She wrote to her sister Elfrida, but no answer did she obtain; indeed she hardly expected one, as she found she was to be denied all intercourse with any person, and for what reason she could not conceive. Day after day she sat disconsolate and sad, deserted by all the world, looking wistfully over the wide extended plains, to see if perchance any human being, more compassionate than the rest, directed his steps towards her solitary habitation. But no one ever met her eye. Her lord scarcely ever came; and when he did he gave her the strictest orders, under pain of his severe displeasure, not to leave the house, and likewise to see no strangers. He knew that Burns, whom they had reported to be dead, was returned to England, and that her brother accompanied him, and he feared they might seek some means of seeing her, to be satisfied that her marriage was by her own wish; and he dreaded the vindictive spirit of these young soldiers, conscious of his own baseness in thus forming an alliance with so amiable a person, and then treating her in such a villainous manner.

A year after her seclusion from



the world, she became a mother. She hoped that this event would soften the manners of her unkind husband; but even the speechless eloquence of the beautiful little innocent made no impression on his obdurate heart. He once deigned to look on it, but that in so indifferent a manner as to testify still farther his brutal disposition. Her only comfort now was to watch over the dear little Martha, for that was her name; as her cruel father said he detested Matilda, the name of her mother, it had become so familiar to his ears. For some months her life was despaired of. The cruelty and unfeeling conduct of all her relatives nearly overpowered her delicate constitution: yet, for the sake of her darling daughter, she invoked Heaven to spare her. Her prayers were heard: she recovered, and devoted her whole time in attendance on the sweet little cherub, who possessed the fragile form and tender constitution of her mother. Many a wearisome night did she sit by its sick couch, while its hard-hearted father slept undisturbed by its moanings, scarcely ever enquiring after it.

No intelligence whatever reached Matilda of her brother. She one day ventured to enquire of the old friar what success the army met with in France, and whether the king and his brave followers were returned; but his answer was, in a stern manner, his lord had forbid his answering any questions, and he should firmly adhere to his commands.

In the mean time her unhappy lover and brother had returned. A very plausible tale was invented, that she was married by her own choice, and despised her brother for imposing on her, by introducing Burns under a fictitious name; that in consequence she had united herself to the man of her heart, and had retired into the walks of private life, deter-

mining to see neither of them any more. Sydney, scarce giving credit to this, wrote a pathetic letter, reproaching his sister for so much duplicity in thus wounding his friend's peace of mind for ever, and much injuring him in his esteem, as he had placed such unbounded confidence in all he had said when he represented her as the very model of perfection; concluding by wishing her all the happiness she deserved.

This reproach stung her very soul. For the first time she was convinced that Burns yet lived, as her brother never so much as once mentioned his death. This letter, as usual, was intercepted by her husband, who, seeing the contents, purposely to favour his views, let her see it; and, answering it as if from her, wrote a very cold distant letter, saying, she hoped they would no more intrude on her time by their nonsense, as she was perfectly happy, and despised all their endeavours to make her otherwise, by reminding her of a circumstance in her life which she now was perfectly ashamed of.

Thus were Burns and Sydney persuaded that what she had done was her own act. Burns was distracted. To see her would not alleviate his distress. Since she treated him so disrespectfully, he vowed never more to trust her sex, since she had proved faithless. He resolved to live a life of celibacy, and in some foreign land; a life now become hateful, since the only person for whom he wished to live had deserted him, and that for a man who bore the basest character, who had no one qualification to recommend him but wealth and power, which had dazzled her eyes, and made her faithless to the most sacred vows.

He went to his mother in Scotland, who could afford him no consolation. Elfrida too, what could



*Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.*



*London Fashionable Evening Full Dress.*



she say? how could she account for her conduct, who had so sweet a disposition in her childhood? She endeavoured to pour into his bosom the balm of comfort, but in vain: he wandered from place to place as an outcast from society, a victim to hopeless love.

*(To be continued.)*

### LONDON FASHIONABLE FULL DRESS.

*(With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.)*

1. DRESS of white satin or sarsenet, made strait and close over the bosom, enriched with lace and work; in the centre a sapphire or topaz brooch, set with pearls; the waist confined with a silk cord and tassels, tied in a knot on the left side, and reaching to the knee: sleeves full plaited crosswise, and trimmed with lace; and the bottom of the dress ornamented with a rich border of flowers: cap of lace intermixed with white satin, and ornamented with flowers. Persian scarf shawl. White kid gloves and shoes.

2. Child's vest of cambric muslin, enriched with a worked Grecian border, and several narrow tucks; trowsers of the same, tucked and frilled to correspond. Necklace of blue beads; and blue kid shoes.

### PARISIAN FASHIONS.

ROUND dresses of Italian crape, or Indian muslin, are much worn, with short full sleeves: the bosom round and cut low, with sometimes round it a deep fall of Mechlin lace. Turban hats, and conversation bonnets of chip, frequently trimmed

with lilac ribands, are in much request. The hair is worn curled on the forehead, and often in ringlets on the shoulders. Long Angola shawls of a bright amber colour, with rich and variegated borders, are much worn.

### On the PROGRESS of SOCIETY and MANNERS in SCOTLAND.

*(From Stark's 'Picture of Edinburgh'.)*

IN the beginning of the eighteenth century, public amusements began to be introduced into Edinburgh in greater variety than formerly. Of these, music, dancing, and the theatre, were the chief; and perhaps had no small effect in the improvement of manners. Science also now began to dawn in the Scottish capital with a distinguished lustre; and industry and commerce, by the introduction of luxury, almost entirely changed the habits of the inhabitants. Still, however, the gloom with which rigid presbyterianism shaded all transactions till the middle of the eighteenth century was remarkably conspicuous in their aversion to stage performances, and other amusements.

A paper published by Mr. William Creech, in the statistical account of Scotland, throws considerable light on the manners of this period. From this account it appears that in 1463 people of fashion dined at two o'clock, or a little after it, and business was attended to in the afternoon. It was a common practice at that time for merchants to shut their shops at one o'clock, and to open them again, after dinner, at two. Wine at this time was seldom seen, or in a small quantity, at the tables of the middle rank of people. It was the fashion for gentlemen to

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attend the drawing-rooms of the ladies in the afternoons, to drink tea, and to mix in the agreeable society and conversation of the women. People at this period, too, were interested about religion, and it was fashionable to go to church. Sunday was strictly observed by all ranks as a day of devotion, and few were seen strolling about the streets during the time of public worship. Families attended church with their children and servants, and family worship at home was not unfrequent. The collections made at the church-doors for the poor amounted, at this time, to 1500*l.* and upwards yearly.

In 1763, according to Mr. Creech, masters took charge of the moral conduct of their apprentices, and generally kept them under their eye, in their own houses. The clergy visited, catechised, and instructed the families within their respective parishes in the principles of morality, christianity, and the relative duties of life. The breach of the seventh commandment was punished by fine and church-censure. Any instance of conjugal infidelity in a woman would have banished her irretrievably from society, and her company would have been rejected even by men who paid any regard to their character. The number of abandoned females was very small. House-breaking and robbery were extremely rare, and many people thought it unnecessary to lock their doors at night. The execution of criminals in Edinburgh for capital crimes was rare; and three annually were reckoned the average for the whole kingdom of Scotland. For many years in Edinburgh there was no execution.

In the year 1763, there was no such amusement as public cock-fighting, the establishments of this kind which were in the city before having been given up. A young

man was termed a *fine fellow* who to a well-informed and accomplished mind added elegance of manners, and a conduct guided by principle; one who would not have injured the rights of the meanest individual; who contracted no debts that he could not pay; who thought every breach of morality unbecoming the character of a gentleman; and who studied to be useful to society, so far as his opportunities or abilities enabled him. At this time, in the best families in town, the education of daughters was fitted not only to embellish and improve their minds, but to accomplish them in the useful arts of domestic economy. The sewing-school, the pastry-school, were the essential branches of female education; nor was a young lady of the best family ashamed to go to market with her mother. At this time, too, young ladies, even by themselves, might have walked through the streets of the city in perfect safety at any hour, and no person would have presumed to speak to or interrupt them.

The weekly concert in 1763 began at six o'clock, and the performance was over at an early hour. The morality of stage plays was at this time much agitated, and several of the clergy were censured for attending the theatre. By those who attended this amusement without scruple, Saturday night was thought the most improper in the week for going to the play. Every thing improper, either in sentiment or decorum, would have been hissed at with indignation, at this period. In the dancing assembly-rooms in 1763, strict regularity with respect to dress and decorum, and great dignity of manners, were observed. The profits of this assembly went to the charity workhouse. The company at the public assemblies met at five o'clock in the afternoon, and



the dancing began at six, and ended at eleven, by public orders of the manager, which were never transgressed.

In the year 1763 the accommodation of the inhabitants of Edinburgh was mean compared to what it now is. The city at that time was almost confined within the walls, and the suburbs were of small extent. With respect to lodging, the houses which, in 1763, were possessed by the first families, were twenty years after inhabited by tradesmen, or by people in humble life. Lord justice Clerk's house was possessed by a French teacher; lord president Craigue's house, by a rousing wife (saleswoman of old furniture); and lord Drummorie's house was left by a chair-man, for want of accommodation. In 1763 there were only two stage-coaches to the town of Leith; and the only other in the Scottish capital was one to London, which set off once a month, and was from twelve to sixteen days on the road. The hackney-coaches at this time were few in number, and, perhaps, the worst of the kind in Britain. But the want of these was less severely felt at this period from the great quantity of sedan-chairs, which were to be had at a very moderate price. In 1763 few coaches were made in Edinburgh, and the nobility and gentry in general brought their carriages from London. Perfumers' shops were not at this time known, and there was no such profession as a haberdasher. Hairdressers were numerous, but were hardly permitted to exercise their profession on Sundays, and many of them voluntarily declined it. There was no such thing known or used as an umbrella. The wages to maid-servants at this period were from three pounds to four pounds a year. They dressed decently in blue or red cloaks, or plaids, suitable to their

stations. Few families had men servants. The wages were from six pounds to ten pounds per annum. A stranger coming to Edinburgh was obliged to put up at a dirty uncomfortable inn, or to remove to private lodgings. There was no such place as a hotel; the word, indeed, was not known, or was only intelligible to persons acquainted with the French.

The chief characteristic feature of the times we are speaking of seems to have been a formality, which those who recollect the period call decorum; an affected gravity, which has been called dignity; and a sanctimonious preciseness and regularity, the last remains of fanaticism, which has been named prudence and propriety. It is natural for those who spent the best part of their life about the time we have mentioned to look back with partiality to that period; and, when comparing it with the present, to look with less complacency upon that freedom of manners, unshackled with affected gravity or distant reserve, which marks the present age; but we do not choose to rank among those common-place declaimers, who think every succeeding age to be worse than the former.

The gentleman from whose notes we have chiefly extracted the preceding state of the manners of the inhabitants of Edinburgh in 1763, has fortunately also given a statement of facts relating to the same subject in 1783. If this statement be correct (which we have no reason to doubt), luxury and licentiousness, rapine and robbery, had, in the short space of twenty years, made a remarkable progress indeed. Happily, however, the current of vice has not increased with the same rapidity since that time, or we should by this time have been totally overwhelmed in it.

In 1783, people of fashion and of  
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middle rank dined at four or five o'clock; no business was done in the afternoon, dinner of itself having become a very serious matter. Every tradesman in decent circumstances presented wine after dinner, and many in plenty and variety. At this time the drawing-rooms were totally deserted; invitations to tea in the afternoon were given up; and the only opportunity gentlemen had of being in the company of the ladies, was when they happened to *mess* together at dinner or supper, and even then an impatience was sometimes shewn till the ladies retired. Card-parties after a long dinner, and also after a late supper, were frequent. Attendance on church, too, at this period, was greatly neglected, and particularly by the men; Sunday was by many made a day of relaxation; and young people were allowed to stroll about at all hours. Families thought it ungenteel to take their domestics to church with them; the streets were far from being void of people in the time of public worship, and in the evenings were frequently loose and riotous; particularly owing to bands of apprentice boys and young lads. Family worship was almost disused. The weekly collections at the church doors for the poor had greatly decreased in amount.

In 1783 (says Mr. Creech), few masters would receive apprentices to lodge in their houses. If they attended their hours of business, masters took no further charge. The rest of their time *might be* passed, as too frequently happens, in vice and debauchery; hence they become idle, insolent, and dishonest. The wages to journeymen in every profession were greatly raised since 1763, and disturbances frequently happened or a still further increase: yet many of them riot on Sunday, are idle on Monday, and can afford

to do this on five days labour. Visiting and catechising by the clergy were disused (except by a very few); and if people do not choose to go to church, they may remain as ignorant as Hottentots, and the ten commandments be as little known as obsolete acts of parliament. At this time, likewise, although the law punishing adultery with death was unrepealed, church censure was disused, and separations and divorces were become frequent. Even the women who were rendered infamous by public divorce had been, by some people of fashion, again received into society. Every quarter of the city and suburbs were infested with multitudes of females abandoned to vice; and street-robbery, house-breaking, and theft, were astonishingly frequent. At one time, at this period, there was no less than six criminals under sentence of death in Edinburgh prison in one week; and upon the autumn circuit of this year (1783), no less than thirty-seven capital indictments were issued.

In 1783 there were many public cock-fighting matches, or *mains*, as they are technically termed, and a regular cock-pit was built for this school of cruelty. A young man at this time was termed a *fine fellow*, who could drink three bottles of wine; who discharged all debts of *honour* (game debts and tavern bills), and evaded payment of every other; who swore immoderately, and before ladies, and talked of his *word of honour*; who ridiculed religion and morality as folly and hypocrisy (but without argument); who was very jolly at the table of his friend, and would lose no opportunity of seducing his wife, or of debauching his daughter; but, on the mention of such a thing being attempted to his own connections, would have cut the throat or blown out the brains



of his dearest companion offering such an insult; who was forward in all the fashionable follies of the time; who disregarded the interests of society, or the good of mankind, if they interfered with his own vicious selfish pursuits and pleasures. At this period, the daughters of many tradesman consumed their mornings at the toilette, or in strolling from shop to shop, &c. Many of them would have blushed to have been seen in a market. The cares of the family were devolved upon a housekeeper, and a young lady employed those heavy hours when she was disengaged from public or private amusements in improving her mind from the precious stores of a circulating library; and all, whether they had taste for it or not, were taught music. Such was the danger at this time to which unprotected females were exposed, that the mistresses of boarding-schools found it necessary to advertise that their young ladies were not permitted to go abroad without proper attendants.

In 1783 the weekly concert began at seven o'clock; but it was not, in general, well attended. The morality of stage plays, or their effects on society, were never thought of, and the most crowded houses were always on Saturday night. The boxes for the Saturday night plays were generally taken for the season, and strangers on that night could seldom procure a place. The galleries never failed to applaud what they formerly would have hissed as improper in sentiment or decorum. The public assemblies met at eight and nine o'clock, and the lady directress sometimes did not make her appearance till ten. The young masters and misses, who would have been mortified not to have seen out the ball, thus returned home at three or four in the morning, and yawned, and

gaped, and complained of headaches all the next day.

In 1783 the accommodation of the inhabitants of Edinburgh was splendid, and the houses in the New Town unrivalled in elegance. The city had extended so much, that it covered twice the extent of ground it formerly did. The stage-coaches to Leith and other parts were tripled, and no less than fifteen every week set out for London, and reached it in sixty hours. The hackney coaches at this time were the handsomest in Britain. Coaches and chaises were constructed as elegantly in Edinburgh as any where in Europe; and many were annually exported to St. Petersburg, and the cities on the Baltic. The profession of a haberdasher, which was not known in 1763, was now nearly the most common in town. (This profession includes many trades, the mercer, the milliner, the linen-draper, the hatter, the hosier, the glover, and many others.) Perfumers had now splendid shops in every principal street; and some of them advertised the keeping of bears, to kill occasionally, for greasing ladies and gentlemen's hair, as superior to any other animal fat. Hair-dressers were more than tripled in number, and their busiest day was Sunday. An eminent surgeon, who had occasion to walk a great deal in the course of his business, first used an umbrella in Edinburgh, in the year 1780; and in 1783 they were much used. Maid-servants dressed now as fine as their mistresses did in 1763. Almost every genteel family had a man-servant; and the wages were from ten pounds to twenty pounds a year. In 1783, also, a stranger might have been accommodated not only comfortably, but elegantly, at many public hotels; and the person who, in 1763, was obliged to put up with accommodation little better than that of a wag-



goner or carrier, may now be lodged like a prince, and command every luxury of life.

Such are, according to Mr. Creech, the features of the times in 1783. Less rigid, morose, and affected than those of 1763; an ease of manner seems to have been by this time introduced, which characterises an improvement in manners. Of morals, this period, from the foregoing facts concerning the decay of religious principle, the multiplication of the women of the town, of robberies, and the late hours which fashion had introduced, presents not such a pleasing picture.

'In no respect,' says Mr. Creech, 'were the manners of 1763 and 1783 more remarkable, than in the decency, dignity, and delicacy of the one period, compared with the looseness, dissipation, and licentiousness of the other.—Many people ceased to blush at what would formerly have been reckoned a crime.'—'The behaviour of the last age (says Dr. Gregory) was very reserved and stately. It would now be reckoned still and formal. Whatever it was, it had certainly the effect of making them more respected.'

Of the leading traits of the manners since that period, the following is a short sketch. The luxury of the table, and the late hours of dinner and amusements, have much increased since 1783. By the more opulent tradesmen and merchants business is little attended to in the afternoon; and the variety of delicacies at their table is, perhaps, equal to what the first cities had in 1763. The company of the ladies is also, as in 1783, much neglected; and the bottle is preferred to the amusements of the drawing-room. Attendance at church, however, was in 1790 fashionable, and a universal interest was excited with regard to

religion. The large building of the Circus, which had been erected in 1788 for equestrian performances, and in 1792 converted into a play-house, was now occupied as a place of worship; and considerable sums of money were subscribed for sending missionaries to convert the heathen in foreign lands. At this time religious zeal was so universal, that even some of the *servants of Satan*, the players themselves, became ministers of the gospel\*. Sunday, however, was not so rigidly observed as in 1763, and is still continued by many to be held as a day of relaxation. Whether family-worship was much attended to in the period we are speaking of we have not ascertained, but public prayers were more frequent than before. Religious societies were also formed for propagating the gospel at home; places of worship, called tabernacles, were built; the Scottish capital was inundated with different preachers from England; and from it, as a centre, missionaries were issued to every part of the country. One of the most elegant amusements of the metropolis, the concerts at St. Cecilia's Hall, was at this time given up; and the hall itself was, and is still, occupied as a place of worship.

Visiting and catechising their parishioners is by the clergy at this time (1805) almost entirely given up, excepting among the dissenters; and these, too, do not officially visit so often as formerly. People of fashion do not frequent the church as often as a few years ago. The wages of journeymen, since 1783, has been much increased, and nearly doubled since that time. Housebreakings and robberies at present are rare;

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\* Vide Edinburgh Missionary Magazine, Vol. I.



and the execution of criminals seldom occurs in Edinburgh. If the terror of ecclesiastical punishments, the *repenting stool*, and *public satisfaction to the kirk*, did not precipitate unfortunate women into the unnatural crime of child-murder, perhaps a series of years might be mentioned in which there was no capital offence committed in Scotland.

Public cock-fighting matches are now nearly given up in the city; and this barbarous amusement, it is hoped, will soon be laid aside for ever. Of the *fine fellow* of 1805, it is difficult to strike the peculiar likeness. Less accomplished than those of 1763, and without many of the vices of those of 1783, the *fine fellow* of the present day is rather an object of laughter than censure, of pity rather than approbation. He can drive a coach full of ladies equal to the most experienced coachman, does not often overturn the carriage, and very seldom rides down old people or children. As a genealogist he equals the Highlander or Welshman; can trace the pedigree of Goldfinder through a hundred descents, and enumerate all the dams, grand-dams, and great-grand-dams, with the most fluent accuracy. He is a skilful physiognomist; can tell the good or bad qualities of a horse at first sight; and in the refined employments of the stable can vie with the most expert groom or stable-boy. With regard to religion, unless he acquires it in the Racers' Kalendar, or Taplin's Farriery, he has no opportunity of knowing any thing about it. But in other parts of education he is not deficient: he excels in those tropes or figures of speech which the vulgar call swearing; and his method of arguing is much more simple and convincing than the analytic or synthetic modes of the schools. By this mode (bet-

ting) he could argue with a philosopher, and come off victorious, unless the philosopher were richer than he. As for the fair sex, the elegant society of the stable is preferable, in his estimation, to that of the drawing-room; and the lounge among brother *fine fellows* in the coffee-house, or tavern, is superior to the company of the ladies, in whose conversation his accomplishments do not enable him to bear a part. He pays his debts of honour much in the same manner as the *fine fellow* of 1783, can drink three bottles of wine, can kick the waiter, and knock down watchmen with a good grace. In short, the *fine fellow* of the present day is neither calculated to add much to virtue by his good qualities, nor to increase vice by his bad ones.

Balls and concerts are conducted much in the same manner as in 1783, except that, perhaps, later hours become more fashionable. In the theatre, though loose expressions may still be applauded by the upper gallery, yet by the other parts of the audience they are always reprobated. Of the present manners of the female sex, the improvement is certainly striking. Though the young ladies are seldom to be seen at market, or, perhaps, do not interest themselves much in the management of household affairs, yet we may pronounce them superior to those of 1763, or 1783. Music, dancing, and a grammatical knowledge of their own, and of the French and Italian languages, are essential parts of modern female education; and though the making of pastry, jellies, and gooseberry wine, are not held of so much importance as they appear to have been in the first of these periods, yet they are not even now totally neglected. As domestic conveniences, the ladies of 1805 may possibly be inferior to those of 1763; but as accomplished



companions they are certainly far their superiors.

The accommodation, in every respect, is better now than at any former period. The Edinburgh inns and hotels equal those of any city in elegance and ready service; and if the manners of the people are not so perfect as might be wished, they are at least as good as could be expected in a city where wealth and luxury give so many temptations to corruption and vice.

The gentleman of 1763 seems to have been so much under the restraint of rules, which regulated all his periods of amusement, as to leave him very little exercise of thought, or allow him little liberty of consulting his own ease. In 1783 this stiffness was thrown off, ease and familiarity occupied its place, but vice and folly seem to have predominated. In 1805 this ease and freedom of manner continues; but, to the honour of the times, vice is not so prevalent as it is related to have been in 1783. The ladies have also much changed since 1763, but that change has been for the better. At that period they were good housewives and nurses, and, perhaps, nothing else; but in 1783 and 1785, if they have lost something of these qualities, they have made it sufficiently up by improving themselves in all that can be expected or wished in an interesting agreeable companion.

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## COLONEL VASSALL AND CAPTAIN KENT,

OF THE MARINES.

AS we would wish to contribute our share of national gratitude, which brave men who nobly sacrifice their lives in the defence of their country

so richly merit, and as we are certain that our fair Readers will ever bestow their admiration, and, in the event of their fall, the tenderest commiseration, on their gallant defenders, we here insert some brief notices of two spirited and able officers, who have lately fallen heroically in the service of their king and country.

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Colonel Vassall, the gallant hero who so gloriously fell at the assault on Monte Video, leading on the brave thirty-eighth, was one of the younger sons of the late American loyalist of that name, who remained in America to the last moment that he could assist the royal cause.—When a further struggle for his king would have been ineffectual, he sought an asylum in England, supporting an honourable independence upon a West India property, which alone remained to him from the revolution. Notwithstanding he had a numerous family, and had suffered great personal losses by his adherence to the mother country, his high and noble spirit would not permit him to receive any remuneration for the sacrifices which he had made, contenting himself with receiving back from government the advances which he had made for them whilst in America. On being earnestly pressed by lord George Germain to bring back forward his claims, he modestly answered, 'It shall never be said that I emigrated from my own country to become a burthen to this.'—So ardent was his attachment to the best of kings, that his family motto being of the republican form, he would never use it. Such was the father, such the bright example of the gallant colonel Vassall, who has just added another name to the long list of British patriots and British heroes, who have fought and died for their country. This brave officer commenced his mili-



tary career in the year 1779, at twelve years of age, and served in the fifty-ninth regiment of foot at the siege of Gibraltar. He was singularly unfortunate in not obtaining promotion commensurate to his undisputed abilities, although he purchased 'step by step;' and it was not until early in 1800 that he obtained a lieutenant-colonelcy, and in 1801 he took the command of the thirty-eighth regiment, and went with it to Ireland, to receive 1000 drafts from the British militia: so active, indefatigable, and zealous was he to render this regiment worthy of himself, that although fresh recruited, in the space of a few months it was ordered by sir William Meadows on Dublin duty. —The general was pleased to declare publicly, that the thirty-eighth was not excelled by any regiment in the service; and from that time to its sailing for the Cape it was considered the 'Crack Regiment' of Ireland. —The soldiers, their wives and children, looked up to colonel Vassall as their father. In return for this affectionate confidence, his highest felicity, next to that of serving his country, was in attending to their wants and adding to their comforts, or in relieving their necessities.

Colonel Vassall was in the West-Indies, and on every expedition (Egypt alone excepted) either with his regiment or on the staff, the two last wars. He was field-officer of the night, on the memorable twenty-third of July, in Dublin. His cool determined conduct on that occasion gained him the thanks of the Irish government, and the applause of the general officers employed. His firmness on that night preserved his life for a short time longer, to bless his family, and do honour to his country. Colonel Vassall had the honour of serving

under the separate command of several distinguished generals, among whom were the late marquis Cornwallis, sir Ralph Abercrombie, Beresford, &c. &c. who knew and justly appreciated his merits.

His private life was adorned with all the virtues, all the charities. His public life was one unbroken series of devotion to his sovereign and his country. He loved his family; for he was the best of husbands, the best of parents. —He loved his king, his kindred, his country, and his God. If he had one failing, it was a too great diffidence of his own transcendent abilities. In him the country has lost one of its brightest ornaments, the army one of its choicest flowers. But the loss of his disconsolate widow and the dear pledges of their mutual undivided love is irreparable.

#### CAPTAIN KENT of the MARINES.

CAPTAIN Rodolphus Kent, of the royal marines, belonging to his majesty's ship the *Canopus*, was the son of Sober Kent, esq. late mayor of Cork. From his earliest youth he evinced a brave and enterprising disposition, and when he was about fourteen entered into the corps of marines, in which he served with honour to himself for the space of six-and-twenty years, till he gloriously fell on the evening of the twenty-seventh of February last, in a gallant but unsuccessful attack on the Turks, on the island of Prota, near Constantinople.

At the commencement of the former part of the arduous contest in which we have so long been engaged with France, he served on board the *Pomona*, under sir John Borlase Warren, and was with him on the expedition to Quiberon. He was afterwards appointed adjutant to the Portsmouth division of marines, in



which situation he continued to serve, till the treaty of Amiens for a short time suspended hostilities.

After the renewal of the war, he was appointed captain of marines, on board the *Venerable* of seventy-four guns, commanded by captain John Hunter, and was shipwrecked in her in the night of the twenty-fourth of November 1804, on the rocks in Torbay. During that dreadful night he never quitted his commander, but stood by his side with the sea breaking over them till the whole of the crew were saved. They had continued with the ship till the last moment it was possible; for immediately after they had quitted it, the part on which they had stood was separated from the remainder of the wreck, buried in the furious waves, and never seen more.

He afterwards was ordered to Ireland on the recruiting service, and on his return was embarked as captain of marines on board the *Canopus*.

This ship was one of the squadron of admiral Duckworth, in the late unsuccessful attempt upon Constantinople. After the fleet had passed the Dardanelles, a landing was made upon the island of Prota. Captain Kent advanced with his party towards an old monastery, of which the Turks had taken possession. It was at first supposed that the enemy were but few in number, but this appeared to be a mistake; for when captain Kent reached the foot of the hill on which it stood, he received a very heavy fire from all parts of the building, through the windows, loop-holes, and every place from which a musket could be discharged. Several of his company fell; but with that undaunted courage for which this spirited officer and the corps to which he belonged have ever been distinguished, he rushed up the hill at the head of his brave companions, and set fire to

the gate of the monastery. His force, however, he found was very inferior to that of the enemy he had to encounter, and he directed a signal to be made for assistance. He continued animating his men to continue the desperate contest until he received a ball through his head, which instantly terminated his life.

Thus gloriously fell in the cause of his country this truly brave and meritorious officer, in the fortieth year of his age, possessed of all the social virtues which could endear him to mankind. His loss will long be regretted by the corps in which he served, and long will he be lamented by all those relatives and friends who were more intimately acquainted with the excellent dispositions of his heart and the mildness of his manners.

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## THE STROLLER.

By D. T.

—‘ Tell how Richard strayed from post to post,  
What towns he din’d in, and what bridges  
    cross’d;  
How many *puppies* by the way were seen,  
How many *asses* graz’d along the green.’  
*Heroic epistle to Twiss.*

IN saying thus much I do not mean to infer that I am a traveller. —No; I am only the *humble, honest, gentle, good and sweet-natured-stroller*, who generally roves upon his *own* legs, and seldom troubles those of a *horse*.—The late warm weather has produced a multitude of *butterflies* of various denominations, colour, and shapes. The *human butterfly* has particularly attracted my notice; I mean those *imitators* of the *beau-monde* you cannot walk out to enjoy a quiet walk in the evening, but you are sure to be pester’d with: *shopmen, clerks, tailors’ apprentices, &c.* some perched on horseback,



others in gigs, or fashionable vehicles—dressed in the *first* style, and *assuming the gentleman!* and I know from good authority, they often astonish the *feeble minds* of rustics and villagers, when they take their fashionable excursions. They talk *loud!* swear by their *honour!* bluster and strut like crows in a gutter! smoak and take snuff! and run into every extreme of fashionable folly.—Really, I often pity them; and you, my fair readers, I am confident cannot approve such absurdities: they cannot have any just claim to the smiles of the *beauteous*, and the amiable approbation of the fair sex.

‘Let the spruce beau,  
That beau, sweet-scented, and palav’rous fool,  
Who talks of honour and his sword, and  
plucks  
The man that dares advise him by the nose;  
That puny thing, that hardly crawls about,  
Yet drinks on,  
And vapours loudly o’er his glass, resolv’d  
To tell a tale of nothing, and out-swear  
The northern tempest; let that fool, I say,  
Look for a wife in vain, and liv’d despis’d.’

Those lines I extract from ‘the Village Curate,’ and flatter myself they accord with the wish of every sensible fair-one, who *condescends* to emit a smile upon the *well-meaning Stroller*—You must know, my sweets, I have a *profound*, a *sincere regard* for your sex; and I must (in confidence) tell you, I have a *particular regard* for ONE. I found her in my strolling; she is not of those

‘Who twirl a fan, to please some empty  
beau,  
And sing an idle song—the most they know!’

I should be sorry to depreciate; but there are good and good for nothing of all sorts, and allow me to say, this fair creature of mine is one of the *good sort*. If she sees this (as no doubt but she will), she has got too much sense to deem it flattery.

‘I do not wish to see the female eye  
Waste all its lustre at the midnight lamp;  
I do not wish to see the female cheek  
Grow pale with application. Let their care  
Be to preserve their beauty; that secur’d,  
Improve their judgment, that the loving fair  
May have an eye to know the man of worth,  
And keep secure the jewel of her charms  
From him that ill deserves.’

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## ANECDOTE

### OF SIGNORA TESI.

THE following anecdote is related of this celebrated singer by Dr. Burney.

She was connected with a certain count, a man of great quality and distinction, whose fondness increased by possession to such a degree as to determine him to marry her: a much more uncommon resolution in a person of high birth on the continent than in England. She tried to dissuade him, enumerated all the bad consequences of such an alliance; but he would listen to no reasoning, nor take any denial. Finding all remonstrances vain, she left him one morning, went into a neighbouring street, and addressing herself to a poor labouring man, a journeyman baker, said she would give him fifty ducats if he would marry her, not with a view to their cohabiting together, but to serve a present purpose. The poor man readily consented to become her nominal husband; accordingly they were formally married, and when the count renewed his solicitations, she told him it was now utterly impossible to grant his request, for she was already the wife of another, a sacrifice which she had made to his fame and family.



## POETICAL ESSAYS.

## THE SPANIEL'S PETITION.

BY JOHN WEBB.

'THE well-taught philosophic mind,  
To all compassion gives;  
Casts round the world an equal eye,  
And feels for all that lives.'

MRS. BARBAULD.

PITY the suff'rings of an harmless brute,  
(While your kind hearts to man compassion  
gives);

View Nature's tribes with philosophic eye,  
And nobly feel for me—for all that lives.

Our race may justly man's protection claim;  
Their useful virtue challenges respect:  
O how can man, a debtor to our kind,  
Repay such faithful service with neglect?

Come retrospection, paint departed scenes,  
Scenes big with comfort, and replete with  
glee;

When Zephyretta, fairest of the fair,  
Profusely lavish'd her regards on me.

With her I rang'd thro' many a sylvan vale,  
Frisk'd at her feet, and gamboll'd by her  
side;

Despairing beaux beheld with envious eye:  
Could envy kill, they had of envy died.

Frail is the flower that scents the breeze of  
morn,

Transient the gleams that gild an April day:  
So frail the hope of those who trust the sex;  
So transient are their smiles, which oft be-  
tray.

Too soon another favourite gain'd my place,  
And I was to a worthless stranger giv'n;  
'Till, starv'd and persecuted, hapless me  
From his inhospitable roof was driv'n.

Misfortune prowls around this nether sphere,  
And views with eye askance his destin'd  
prey:

Disease and death assail both man and beast,  
And drive them from the cheerful face of  
day.

When winter reign'd, and I was turn'd  
adrift,

The hydrophobia rag'd amongst my race:  
Pleas'd with th' excuse to torture innocence,  
Mischievous urchins soon began the chase.

They saw, and quickly mark'd me for their  
game;

With clubs and stones they dealt full many  
a blow.

O how I wish'd some gen'rous Erskine\*  
near,

To snatch me from the bloody-minded foe!

I could recount, but brevity forbids,

Like brave Othello, all my hair-breadth'd  
scapes;

How cheering Hope withdrew his radiant  
beam,

And Death was hov'ring in a thousand  
shapes.

Tho' wounded, still I urg'd my rapid flight,  
As chance directed, to a river's side;

Breathless and faint I plung'd amid the  
stream,

And stem'd with active foot the reflux  
tide.

Elate of heart I climb'd the steepy bank,  
Shook my dishevell'd coat, and bark'd for  
joy;

Borne on the gale I heard the miscreant's  
curse,

Sore vex'd his cruel arm could not destroy.

Advancing Evening drew its curtain brown,  
And screen'd me from my persecutor's  
sight:

O how I hail'd the intervening gloom  
That banish'd fear, and check'd my hasty  
flight!

\* A short time since, as Lord Erskine was passing through Holborn, he observed some boys beating a little dog with sticks, under the idea of its being mad: his lordship, with great humanity, observing not the least symptoms of madness, rushed into the crowd and rescued the poor animal from the hands of its destroyers, and carried it some distance, and hired a boy to carry it to his house in Lincoln-lin fields.



The gloom of night, that conjures up to view  
Of coward man an host of guilty fears,  
To me more grateful far than gairish Sol,  
When his broad eye Spring's budding  
scenery cheers.

I sought a neighb'ring grove, where downy  
sleep

Buried in sweet oblivion all my cares:  
Waking, I shunn'd the savage haunt of men,  
And since have liv'd on leverets and hares.

Yet still my heart some social feelings own:  
Yes, still, (perhaps to my own interest  
blind)

I wish to mingle in domestic scenes,  
And pay my 'suit and service' to man-  
kind

O could I find some man of generous mind,  
With him fair freedom's blessings I'd  
forego;

By day attend him with unwearied feet,  
And nightly guard him from the plundering  
foe.

Pity the sorrows of a harmless brute;  
To a poor sufferer's plaintive tale attend;  
Invite me to your roof, and cheaply gain  
A faithful servant, and a constant friend.

*Haverhill, April 20, 1867.*

#### ADDRESS TO A BLACKBIRD;

*On rescuing it from an idle Boy, and giving it  
Liberty.*

FLY, jetty warbler, to thy favourite haunts,  
And, perch'd on lemon-pippin's topmost  
twig,

Chaunt the glad hymn to freedom and to  
me,

'Till Echo, starting from her mossy cell,  
Catch the soft sounds, and waft them down  
the vale.

To me thy welfare and thy song is dear;  
I rescu'd thee from slavery and death,  
And with a pleasure tyrants never feel  
Bade thee to taste the bliss of liberty,  
And flit as fancy wills thro' wilds of air.

Go, jetty minstrel, seek thy favourite haunts,  
And, tell the feather'd partner of thy choice,  
In language only known to plummy lovers,  
The reason of thy absence, thy confinement  
In wicker prison, of thy liberation,  
By hand humane; and for my kind attention  
Chaunt thy deliverer many a thankful song,  
And leave ingratitude to thankless man.

When radiant morn, array'd in saffron ves-  
ture,

Awaits the entrance of imperial Sol  
Bedeck'd with royal splendors, tune thy lay,  
'To hail him welcome to my rural scene:

And when he sinks, replete with purple gran-  
deur,

And paints the golden scenery of the west,  
Pour from thy pipe a soft mellifluous carol,  
And add new transport to mine evening walk.

Go, jetty bird, and with thy faithful mate  
Seek some fit spot, and rear a clay-built home;  
And with parental fond solicitude  
Protect and feed, and teach your young to  
fly:

And when the devastative blast of death  
Shall sweep you to oblivion's dusky cave,  
Then shall your progeny (while future  
springs

Clothe nature's vegetable sons in green)  
Cheer with their matins Burton's rural  
vale.

JOHN WEBB.

*Haverhill, April 25, 1867.*

#### STANZAS

*On the cutting down of a favourite Elm.*

THE Elm is laid prostrate, beneath whose  
broad shade,  
In childhood's blithe day, I have gamboll'd and  
play'd,  
Pluckt the violet so fragrant, the primrose so  
fair,  
And plunder'd a redbreast that built her nest  
there.

The Elm is laid prostrate, whose favourite  
form  
Long shelter'd my cot from the winter's rude  
storm;  
From the fervours of Phœbus it prov'd a kind  
screen,  
When summer's bright splendors illumin'd  
my scene.

No more shall the wryneck, those branches  
among,  
In April's glad era attune his plain song;  
Nor the blackbird, secure in the shady re-  
treat,  
Shall cheer Burton-Vale with his carols so  
sweet.

No more on its boughs the gay thrushes shall  
sing,  
Nor goldfinches hail the commencement of  
spring:  
Depriv'd of their perches, the musical choir,  
Replete with regret, to the thickets retire.

The solemn-fac'd owl, who in midnight's still  
reign,  
Embower'd in its leaves, did to Cynthia com-  
plain,  
Expell'd from his haunt, to yon steeple must  
fly,  
And hoot his drear song to the ghosts that  
glide by.



Tho' the grave bird of night, and the gay birds  
 of day,  
 To scenes more congenial are hast'ning  
 away;  
 Yet still the lov'd muse with her lyre shall  
 attend,  
 And prove thro' life's course my companion  
 and friend.

Her presence shall cheer me tho' Fortune  
 depart,  
 Tho' sickness should taint the pure stream of  
 my heart;  
 In death's sable period she'll ne'er me dis-  
 own,  
 But mount with my spirit to regions un-  
 known.

JOHN WEBB.

*Harverhill, March 3, 1807.*

## THE OLD CAT'S PETITION.

By S. Y.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old cat,  
 Whose feeble limbs scarce keep her on the  
 ground;

Whose aged eyes can scarcely see a rat;  
 Oh! I am lame and wretchedly unsound.

My skin was once the sleekest of the kind,  
 And dappled o'er with many a handsome spot;  
 In peace I liv'd, nor did expect to find  
 My useful deeds by ev'ry one forgot.

A mother's care my tender years did guard,  
 And fondly watch'd my ev'ry waking hour,  
 Whene'er I rambled in the little yard,  
 Or climb'd amidst the circling woodbine  
 bower.

I often too, upon the carpet laid,  
 Along with Buff\* have snor'd the hours away,  
 And with him oft have to the orchard stray'd,  
 And basked there, upon the new-mown hay.

When ev'ning came, upon the watch was I,  
 In ev'ry corner 'bout the spacious house:  
 I ween I was for all the rats too sly,  
 And rare it was that any saw a mouse.

A kitten once, the pleasure of my days,  
 'Till it grew up—Oh! shall I tell the tale?—  
 To thieving took, and wicked were her ways:  
 At length some school-boys did her life assail.

They tore her from me on one summer's  
 morn,

With dogs and sticks, ah! shocking to relate:  
 Then at a stake the dogs her body torn;  
 She fell, alas! a victim to their hate.

At length, alas! arriv'd that luckless morn,  
 My master from this cot was forc'd away;  
 With him took Buff, and left poor me for-  
 lorn,

To die with hunger on this wintry day.

\* My mistress's lap-dog.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old cat,  
 And give me shelter from the piercing cold  
 Within those walls where happily I've sat;  
 Oh! I shall die! then you my fate unfold.

## JEMIMA.

WHO dwells in yonder little cot,  
 And envies not the rich one's lot;  
 Who ne'er will be by me forgot?

Jemima.

The loveliest of the village throng  
 At eve's approach she is among,  
 And warbles sweet her dulcet song,

Jemima.

The fairest of the fair is she;  
 Her diligence is like the bee;  
 And often she has smil'd on me,

Jemima.

Who me once with a smile receiv'd,  
 And plighted vows which I believ'd,  
 And then, alas! my truth deceiv'd?

Jemima.

Who, when my heart was sunk in grief,  
 And I approach'd to claim relief,  
 Shunn'd me, as if I were a thief?

Jemima.

Yet still I love you, cruel maid,  
 And must 'till in the earth I'm laid,  
 And soon I shall, I am afraid,

Jemima.

S. Y.

*By the Banks of the Lee,  
 May 8, 1807.*

## TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Sir,

Will you have the kindness to insert the  
 following in your respected repository, the  
 Lady's Magazine.—I he attention will oblige  
 S. Y.

## ACROSTIC.

SINCE I'm consign'd to give my friend a prize,  
 Prepare the way, ye sylphs in Cupid's care;  
 And with the bliss that in your power lies,  
 Reign in their hearts, and bless the happy  
 pair:

Keep them from harm, ye guardian sylphs, I  
 crave,  
 Safe here below, and bless'd when in the  
 grave

*May, 1805.*

S. Y.

+ S. Y. is particularly requested to send to  
 the publisher's an address, by which a com-  
 munication it is wished to make to him may  
 reach him.







And sparkles in the sun's last beams;  
 Whilst tripping o'er its summit, seems  
     Lovely as this, my Cathlien Nolan.  
 Her forehead to the dazzled sight  
 Shines as the native pearl; as bright  
 Her spiral locks as burnish'd gold:  
 Would to her charms my breast were cold,  
 And I'd forgot sweet Cathlien Nolan!

## H.

When, as the bounding doe, she trips  
 The green-wood o'er, with airy steps,  
 Brushing away the glistening dew,  
 O then how lovely to my view  
     Seems my dear maid, my Cathlien Nolan!  
 Loose o'er her arm her mantle flies,  
 To cut the branch of flame\* she hies,  
 Whilst in her hand the axe bright gleams;—  
 I know not then which noblest seems,  
     The Saxon king†, or Cathlien Nolan.

## SONNET,

*Written on Sunday the 7th of December, 1806.*

By W. M. T.—

HOW sweet the morning! scarce a passing  
     cloud  
 Shadows heav'n's blue expanse, serenely  
     bright!  
 Nature seems lovely e'en 'midst winter's  
     blight.  
 The hedge-row birds, with merry pipe and  
     loud,  
 Hail the faint sun.—Retiring from the crowd,  
 The dull and vain, I gaze with calm de-  
     light,  
 And joy deep-felt, upon the beauteous  
     sight  
 Which glows around—and feel it, as I should.  
 O lovely morn! shining 'midst winter's  
     gloom,  
 An earnest of the spring's reviving ray!  
 Thou seem'st to me like pleasure's short-  
     lived day,  
 Bright'ning amid misfortune, to illumine  
 The child of sorrow on his weary way,  
 And bid him hope that better days will  
     come.

## ODE

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

By W. M. T.—

'TIS not that winter's mists recede  
 From green-clad hill and flow'ry mead,

\* This is literally translated: in the lan-  
 guage of prose it is fire-wood.

† The king of England is still called by the  
 common Irish 'Riagh Sasceanach.'

'Wild Irish Girl.'

'Tis not that now the daisied field,  
 The lark's shrill carol, or the cuckoo's note,  
 To Nature's votary can yield  
 A greater bliss than when, in ice-hung coat,  
 Stern Winter spread his gloom around,  
 Hail'd by the night-bird's shriek, and tem-  
     pest's dreary sound.

'Tis not for this I hail thee, Spring!  
 But that more oft my F—— I shall view:  
 Then haste thee, borne on Zephyr's wing,  
 In vest of violet's hue!  
 And when with her I fondly stray,  
 Strew with thy sweetest flow'rs our way!  
 Oft then, amid yon distant glade,  
 Beneath the spreading hawthorn's shade,  
 I'll clasp her panting in my arms;  
 And, free from envy's jaundic'd eye,  
 Or prying curiosity,  
 Hang with fond rapture o'er her glowing  
     charms.

If these the joys thou bidst me taste,  
 Hither Spring, O! hither haste!  
 For these I hail thee with my early song,  
 'And welcome thee, and wish thee long!'

## STANZAS

*Written at EVERTON\* on Sunday Morning.*

By W. M. T.—

O COULD I for life, freed from every care,  
 As pensive, as blest, as serene,  
 Nor feeling one lingering wish to be there,  
 Thus gaze on the world's joyless scene!

'Tis the morning of rest, scarce a murmur is  
     driven  
 Before the soft current of air;  
 'Tis so still that an angel might whisper from  
     heaven,  
 To soothe the cold breast of despair.

And happy is he who thus raptur'd can gaze  
 On nature's bright prospects; and view  
 With pity the bosom where guilt ever preys,  
 Or the cheek mark'd by sorrow's pale hue.

For oh! 'tis not theirs, when retir'd from  
     mankind,  
 This calmness of soul to attain;  
 For, where guilt or misfortune oppresses the  
     mind,  
 In solitude† keenest's the pain.

And not as now happy I long can remain,  
 'Tis a bliss too extatic to last;  
 And soon, mingling again with the dull and the  
     vain,  
 I'll forget the sweet moments I've pass'd!

\* An eminence overlooking the town of  
 L——.

† "O seek not, Lesbia, the sequester'd dale,  
 Or bear thou to its shades a tranquil heart."

ANNA SEWARD.

This does not altogether agree with the  
 doctrine of Lavater.



## FOREIGN NEWS.

*St. Petersburg, March 6.*

IN the room of the guards and the other troops sent to Poland, in sledges, we have only the country militia for a garrison. A number of light troops from Asia are passing through this city. Our preparations continue; all the troops that fought at Eylau are to have a largess. Medical men have been sent to the army, where the number of wounded is very great. A great many cannon are also gone from our arsenal.

Though general Bennigsen was some days since threatened with the loss of his command, and the emperor's favour, he still contrives to retain it.—He has not only what is called the Livonian party against him, supported by Buxhowden, his sworn enemy, but likewise the majority of the Russian generals, and many natives, who are displeased at seeing the greatest army the Russians ever had on foot under the command of a foreigner. General Bennigsen's first adjutant, who is more the commander than himself, is a native of Alsace. The party against Bennigsen is also supported by several of the ministers. They wished to persuade the emperor to appoint Michelson in Bennigsen's place; but the emperor, recollecting the conduct of old Kamenskoy, rejected the advice. It cannot be concealed that great discontents prevail against the government and the present war.

*Trieste, April 5.* We have still in our road Russian and English frigates, as well as cutters, which greatly annoy the navigation of neutrals, and do much mischief to our traders. As late as yesterday a notice was posted up at the exchange, that the English had stopped

four of our merchantment, which came from the Levant, and sent them to Cattaro.

*Finckenstein, April 9.* A corps of 400 Prussians, who embarked at Königsberg, and landed on the peninsula opposite Pillau, advanced towards the village of Carlsberg. M. Mainguernaud, aide-de-camp of marshal Lefebvre, marched towards that place with a few men. He manœuvred so dexterously that he took the 400 Prussians, among whom were 120 cavalry.

Several Russian regiments have entered Dantzic by sea. The polish legion of the north, and their commander, prince Michael Radzivil, have greatly distinguished themselves. They took about 40 Russian prisoners. The siege is carried on with activity. The battering train begins to arrive.

There is nothing new at the different posts of the army.

The emperor is returned from the excursion which he made to Marienwerder, and the *tête de pont* on the Vistula. He reviewed the 12th regiment of light infantry, and the orderly *gens d'armes*.

A thaw has begun in the country, and in the lakes and small rivers with which it is filled. Still there is yet no appearance of vegetation.

*Tborx, April 12.* For this week past very considerable movements have been observed among the French troops, and it is particularly remarked that their centre is greatly reinforced. The neighbourhood of Willenberg is covered with soldiers. Fresh French troops arrive here daily from the interior of Germany, where they are replaced by others from France. A convoy of heavy ar-



tillery arrived here two days ago from Silesia, and proceeded immediately to Dantzic and Graudentz. The besieging artillery employed before the latter of these places, was on the 4th removed to the corps which besieges Dantzic. The Prussian garrison in Dantzic has made sorties, with the view of driving back or harassing the Polish troops which invest that town. That which took place on the 26th of March appears to have been the most serious.

*Memel, April 14.* His imperial majesty attends to the labours of the cabinet with uninterrupted assiduity. Notwithstanding the fatigue of his journey was very great, owing to the badness of the roads and of the weather, on the morning of his arrival, his majesty was up at five, and sat down to write; this is his daily custom.

M. De Hardenberg is the only minister who accompanied the two sovereigns to Georgenburg. This esteemed cabinet minister received a private visit from the emperor, who staid with him two hours and a half.

A Russian courier arrived here on the 11th: he was the bearer of eleven tails (or Turkish standards) taken from the Turks in an engagement, in which the Russians gained the victory. Being unacquainted with the Russian language, we could not learn the name of the place where the battle was fought.

The reinforcement which arrived with the grand duke Constantine consists of thirty-two battalions, twenty-seven squadrons, and ninety-two pieces of heavy ordnance. It is to be followed immediately by thirteen battalions; a corps de reserve of 60 or 70,000 men is also on its march. The voluntary contributions for carrying on the war, already amounted, according to the last accounts, to forty-two million six hundred thousand rubles, and the lists from the distant provinces were not then come in.

Bonaparte has removed his headquarters still further back, to Rosenberg, two leagues from Marienwerder.

*Berlin, April 17.*—(From the *Telegraph*.)—The French division which formed the blockade of Stralsund having partly received another destination,

the Swedish governor availed himself of the superiority in numbers which he obtained from reinforcements arrived from Sweden, to attempt a sortie on the 1st of April. The troops intended to reinforce the blockading corps not having yet arrived, general Grandjean, who commanded the blockade, was attacked by a superior force, and thereby induced to fall back to Stettin, in order to wait for the expected reinforcements, under the guns of that fortress. This retrograde movement was made with the utmost order, and without the loss of a single gun or baggage waggon.

The regiments expected from the interior arrived a few days after, having directed their march from Berlin towards Zehdenick, and joined the division of gen. Grandjean, at Pasewalk. At the same time, marshal Mortier took with him part of the troops employed in the siege of Colberg, to Stettin; and marshal Brune marched with a considerable corps against Rostock. Marshal Mortier ordered the Swedes to be attacked on the 16th of April, at two o'clock in the morning, at Belling, Pasewalk, Ferdinandshof, and old Cossenow; they were defeated on all points. The French troops entered Anclam, mixed with the Swedes, and the contest continued for some time in the street. The French took four hundred prisoners and six pieces of cannon. The column of colonel Cardels was cut off, and forced to fall back to Ukenunde, whither they are pursued by the French. General Arnield was wounded in the arm.

*Hamburg, April 18.* This day or to-morrow we expect marshal Brune to arrive here from Ratzburg; and 8000 Dutch troops are on their way hither from Pomerania. The French, uncertain of their success, have prudently thrown two bridges over the river Elbe near Artenburg. Their fear of a British expedition is unabated, and as great as ever; and, in fact, there was never a more favourable opportunity for a British force appearing on the continent than the present one, which, if not profited by, will perhaps never offer again.

A strong doubt is entertained here, that his Swedish majesty will not ratify



the armistice.—His majesty continues to reside at Malmoe.

There is no news from Constantinople, via Vienna; but it is certain that the Russians are completely masters of the greatest part of the Turkish provinces in Europe, and only need a march of 45 leagues to reach the capital of the Ottomans.

*From the borders of the Main, April 19.* The rumours of an armistice and peace still continue. A Frankfort paper says, 'From Vienna it is stated, that an important declaration is very shortly expected on the part of that court, in which Russia and Prussia will be admonished to attend to the pacific sentiments of the monarch of France.' In a Stutgard paper we read, that the negotiations are continued at the French head-quarters, where, besides general St. Vincent, the prince of Lichtenstein has arrived with fresh proposals from the court of Vienna. The prince has five state couriers in readiness to convey the ultimatum of his negotiation to its respective destination.—In a Nuremberg paper, under the head of 'The Danube, April 10,' the following paragraph appears:—'We are generally assured that the mediation of the court of Vienna has been accepted by the belligerent powers.'

*Frankfort, April 20.* All that has been said about the approaching departure of the French troops from Brannau, and the cession of that place to the Austrians, appears unfounded. We are assured, on the contrary, that the fate of Brannau is irrevocably connected with that of the Cattaro.

*Stettin, April 20.—Order of the day.* 'According to an armistice concluded in the night of the 18th, at Schlattkow, between marshal Mortier and general Essen, the islands of Usedom and Wollen will be evacuated by the Swedes on the 20th.

'The result of the affair of the 16th was from 1000 to 1200 prisoners, and 6 pieces of cannon. A whole company of Swedish light artillery was taken prisoners.

'The Swedish army is to send no relief to Colberg and Danzig during the armistice, and to permit no foreign troops to land in Swedish Pomerania. Ten

days notice is to be given in case hostilities should re-commence.

(signed) 'Liebert,  
'General of division and governor of Pomerania.'

*Hamburg, April 21.* Yesterday morning, at four o'clock, marshal Bune sent to the senate, requiring, by seven o'clock, an escort of 40 dragoons and two trumpeters, to attend him to the Hamburg frontiers; and at eight he took the road to Ratzburgh, leaving a note addressed to the senate, recommending the French custom-house officers, whom he left behind, about 100 in number, to the especial care of the senate, the members of which he holds responsible for their safety. On Sunday the Dutch general Dumonceau, with his staff, passed through this city to join Mortier's corps. He is to be followed by 8000 Hollanders, now on their march through Hanover.—A camp is forming at Ratzburgh, to which the Dutch garrison of Lubec has been ordered to repair by forced marches.—The Swedish gun-boats, on the 11th, took Swinemunde.

*Altona, April 25.* Neither the Dutch, Copenhagen, nor Stralsund posts arrived yesterday evening. The Dutch troops at Ratzburgh are in a state of general insubordination; seven of them have been executed for their mutinous conduct, on the morning of the 18th, when leaving Hamburg. The lights at the mouth of the Elbe having been discontinued, the captain of the British frigate on that station threatened to fire on Cuxhaven if they were not regularly lighted, which has, in consequence of this threat, been done.

*Berlin, April 25.* We are assured, that some days before the death of the empress of Austria, count Stadion, the minister of foreign affairs, delivered a circular note to the accredited envoys of the belligerent powers, in which he made an offer of the mediation of his sovereign, and invited them to a congress, to be holden at any place within the circuit of the Austrian territory.

The senators Abövile and Ferino, appointed military governors of the ports of Brast and Antwerp, have already repaired to their respective destinations.



## HOME NEWS.

*London, April 27.*

THIS day, about a quarter past three o'clock, the black rod was in attendance in the lobby of the house of commons, and soon after the speaker entered in state. Prayers being read, the black rod entered the house with the usual ceremonies, announced the royal assent to two bills, and desired its attendance in the house of lords, to hear the king's speech from the throne previous to proroguing parliament.

Parliament was afterwards prorogued.

*Jersey, April 27.* We have here witnessed a most distressing scene, which has excited sensations that no language can describe. Some soldiers belonging to the 34th regiment having committed some depredations here, were brought to trial, and two of them condemned to suffer death. Only one of them, however, was left for execution, named *Hales*. Saturday last was the day fixed on for his execution. When he had hung about a minute and a half, the executioner taking hold of his convulsed body, suspended himself on it, by whose additional weight the rope gave way in such a manner, that the miserable sufferer's feet touched the ground. The executioner then pulled him sideways in order to strangle him; and being unable to effect it in this way, got upon his shoulders. To the great surprise of all who witnessed this dreadful scene, the poor criminal rose straight upon his feet with the hangman on his shoulders, and immediately loosened the rope from his throat with his fingers. No language can describe the sensations which were excited among the by-

standers by this shocking scene. The sheriff ordered another rope to be prepared, but the spectators interfered, and the sheriff, distressed beyond description by the shocking spectacle, agreed that, before proceeding to the execution of the sentence, he would wait till the will of the magistracy should be known. The civil magistrate not being in town, orders were sent by the commander in chief to carry the man back to gaol. By the time this order arrived the poor fellow had recovered his senses. Capt. Nicolls and another gentleman took him under the arms to conduct him, and by their assistance he was able to walk back to prison. The court has decided, that the whole matter shall be transmitted to the king; and the execution of the sentence, in consequence, is suspended till his majesty's pleasure be known.

*London, April 29.* The proclamation for the dissolution of parliament was signed by his majesty this day. The new parliament is to meet for the dispatch of business on the 22d June, and will sit for about six weeks.

*Plymouth, May 2.* Arrived captain Blackwood, with dispatches from vice-admiral sir J. T. Duckworth, K. B. for government, in *L'Esper*, 18 guns. She has brought several letters from the ships of the squadron, by which is learnt that (as has already been stated) our squadron passed up through the Dardanelles, under a tremendous fire from the batteries, which they silenced, and spiked the guns. One of the shot fired fell on board the Windsor Castle, 93 guns, which weighed near 700 pounds, killed five men, wounded 20, and set



the rigging of the main mast on fire, which was soon extinguished, without much damage. Our fleet destroyed a Turkish 64 gun ship, and several frigates. Owing to baffling winds our ships could not get nearer Constantinople than six miles, and, after staying there some days, they returned again through the Dardanelles, under a more dreadful fire than before, as a great number of new batteries had been constructed and guns mounted on them, it is supposed by the assistance of the French.—Vice admiral Duckworth then arrived safe at Tenedos, but whether he accomplished his mission is not mentioned. The Turkish fleet are said to be 14 sail of the line, 20 frigates, and a host of large gun boats.

*London, May 2.* A duel was fought near Combe Wood, between sir Francis Burrell and Mr. Paull. On the first fire neither of the balls took effect. Mr. Paull was asked whether he was satisfied, but he declared he was not unless he received an apology, and this being refused, they fired, when Mr. Paull was severely wounded in the leg, and sir Francis shot through the upper part of the thigh; Mr. Paull's wound is considered the most dangerous.

6. In consequence of information received by government, above thirty warrants, according to a morning paper, have been issued against French and Italian emigrants, most of them of title.—The warrants were issued on Thursday; since which time all the messengers belonging to the alien-office, and several assistants, have been employed in executing them. They succeeded last week in apprehending ten of the persons of whom they were sent in pursuit. On Saturday morning four of them were sent off in custody of three messengers for Harwich, where a vessel was in readiness to receive them; and on the same night they sailed for Tonningen. On Sunday morning early, the aid-de-camp and secretary of a general was apprehended by two messengers, and lodged in the house of correction, in Coldbath Fields. We do not believe that he has yet undergone an examination. His papers, which are very voluminous, have been

seized. A Frenchman, a companion, was lodged in the same prison, on the same day, under similar circumstances. They are confined in separate apartments, and none but the officers of the prison are suffered to see or speak to them. The remaining four have undergone several examinations, and are in the custody of messengers.

Another morning paper states, that a French general of high rank is reported to have been brought to town on Monday evening by a king's messenger. His aid-de-camp, with two more emigrants, are at this moment in Coldbath Fields prison, and two foreign counts have been taken into custody by a messenger. A French baron was taken at his lodging on Monday.

6. The election for the city of London commenced, when a show of hands was had for the five following candidates:

Alderman sir W. Curtis,  
Alderman H. C. Combe,  
Alderman sir C. Price,  
Alderman James Shaw; and  
Alderman J. P. Hankey.

The sheriffs declared the shew to be in favour of the four last mentioned gentlemen.

A poll was then demanded, which continued until a quarter past four, when the numbers were:

For Sir C. Price	171
Sir W. Curtis	167
Alderman Hankey	154
Alderman Shaw	148
Alderman Combe	121

This election, which threatened as severe a contest as had ever been known, has found a termination as awful as it was unexpected. Mr. Alderman Hankey, one of the candidates, at the moment when he might be supposed to be flushed with the hopes of success, and when the fairest promises of it were before him, has been called away from all the concerns of human life. He died of an inflammation in the bowels yesterday afternoon, at a quarter before six o'clock. The first symptoms of his complaint appeared about eight on the preceding evening, when he complained of great fatigue and an extreme thirst. He preferred wine and water to tea,



which had been recommended to him, and felt himself so refreshed for the moment that he actually proposed to proceed on his canvass in the neighbourhood; but that was only a momentary design, which he soon found himself unable to execute. His disorder now increased with an uncommon rapidity. At an early period of yesterday afternoon his approaching fate was announced to him, when he called for his four children, the eldest of whom is about nine years of age, and took an affectionate farewell of them.

7. This morning the election for Westminster commenced. The candidates put in nomination, and for whom a show of hands was taken, were

Lord Cochrane,  
Mr. Elliott, and  
Mr. Sheridan.

The high bailiff declared the shew of hands to be in favour of lord Cochrane and Mr. Elliott.—A poll was then demanded for Mr. Sheridan and sir Francis Burdett.—The populace cried out for the shew of hands to be taken in Mr. Paull's name, but the high bailiff said that gentleman had been withdrawn from the list of candidates.

8. To-day Mr. Paull's name was added to the list of candidates at Westminster, and at the close of the poll the numbers were

Cochrane	102
Elliott	83
Burdett	52
Sheridan	11
Paull	9

The following bulletin was received by the lord mayor:—

*Admiralty-office, May 9.*

By dispatches received this morning from vice-admiral lord Collingwood, dated 27th April, enclosing a letter from captain Hallowell, of the *Tigre*, dated off Alexandria, 24th March, it appears that the transports containing his majesty's land forces under command of major-general M. Fraser, appeared off that place on the 17th, and a partial landing was effected, and a summons sent to the governor; and that upon a junction of the remainder of the troops on the 20th, a capitulation was entered

into, by which the city and fortresses, with two frigates and a corvette in the harbour, were surrendered to his majesty's arms.

*Plymouth, May 11.* This morning sailed with dispatches and a large quantity of ordnance and naval stores for Monte Video and the Rio de la Plata, the *Woolwich* store ship, of 44 guns, capt. White.—Letters from an officer in general Crauford's expedition, dated in the beginning of February, state that the object of this expedition was an attack on Lima, and they expected shortly to go round Cape Horn for that purpose.

*Penzance, May 12.* Arrived this morning the Portuguese brig *St. Anna*, from Madeira in eleven days, bound to St. Petersburg: one of the passengers that landed from her states, that on the 28th ult. his majesty's ship *Sybilie* arrived at Madeira, the captain of which informed him that he had spoke with sir Samuel Hood, cruising off the Canaries, by whom he was informed that Buenos Ayres was re-captured by our troops.

*London, May 23.* The contest for Westminster terminated in favour of sir Francis Burdett and lord Cochrane.—When the poll closed, the numbers stood thus:

Burdett	5131
Cochrane	3708
Sheridan	2615
Elliott	2137

*Exeter, May 25.* The town of Chudleigh, in Devonshire, has been destroyed by fire. The dreadful conflagration began on Friday morning, at ten o'clock. It is supposed that it commenced at a bakehouse, and the greater number of the buildings in the town being thatched, the flames spread from house to house, from tenement to tenement, with astonishing rapidity. The terrified inhabitants had, ere night, the dismal prospect of every habitation enveloped in flames; they were left without shelter—almost without food and raiment; and on Saturday the whole scite of the town, with the exception of one or two detached buildings, was a heap of smoking ruins. The road was impassable, and the Mercury stage coach made a circuit of two miles in



consequence. As one alleviation of this dreadful visitation, we hear that no lives were lost; and every exertion will doubtless be immediately made by the neighbouring gentlemen to procure necessities for the sufferers.

## BIRTHS.

*April 18.* At Exmouth, the lady of Colin Makenzie, esq. of Dortmore, of a son.

20. The lady of John Finch Simpson, esq. of Launde Abbey, Leicestershire, of a daughter.

Mrs. D. Walker, of Gloucester-street, Portman-square, of a daughter.

26. At Twickenham, the lady of John Dean Paul, esq. of 2 daughter.

*May 4.* At Gloucester-place, Marylebone, the lady of H. J. Hardacre, esq. of the royal navy, of a daughter, being the eighth in succession.

5. At Genaed's Cross, the lady of Edward Thomas Hussey, esq. of Galhem, in the kingdom of Ireland, was safely delivered of a son and heir.

In Grosvenor-square, lady Anne Ashley Cooper, of a son.

9. At his house in Queen Ann-street, west, the lady of Wm. Drummond Delap, esq. of a daughter.

The lady of capt. Walker, of his majesty's navy, was safely delivered of a daughter, at Hill Lodge, near Southampton.

## MARRIAGES.

*April 20.* At Greta Green, William Green, esq. proctor, Doctors Commons, to miss Mary Brewster, eldest daughter of John Brewster, esq. of Brandon, Suffolk.

At Long Benton, near Newcastle upon Tyne, on the 25th ult. Ralph Fenwick, esq. of Streatham, Surrey, to miss Brown, daughter of William Brown, of the former place.

21. John Byng Wilkinson, esq. of Red Lion-square, to the youngest daughter of the rev. J. Thoroton, of Bottesford, Lincolnshire.

At Bath, John Christian, esq. eldest son of Christian Curwen, esq. M. P. of Workington Hall, in the county of Cumberland, to miss Allen, only daughter of Lewis Robert Allen, esq. of Bath.

*May 2.* At St. George's church, Hanover-square, Mr. R. Y. Cummins, of Plymouth citadel, to miss Lawrence, daughter of Mr. W. Lawrence, builder, Richmond, Surrey.

At Little Missendon, the rev. Frederick Anson, rector of Sudbury, in the county of Derby, brother to viscount Anson, to miss Levett, only daughter of the late rev. Richard Levett, of Milford, in the county of Stafford.

At St. George's church, by the hon. and right rev. the lord bishop of Bristol, George Warwick Bampfylde, esq. only son of sir Charles W. Bampfylde, bart. to miss Sneyd, only daughter of the rev. Ralph Sneyd, domestic chaplain to his royal highness the prince of Wales, precentor of St. Asaph, &c. The married couple immediately left town for the family seat at Pultemore, in Devonshire.

6. Capt. John Croft, of the royal navy, to miss Buckworth, daughter of the late Thomas Buckworth, esq. of Finsbury-square.

At St. George's church, Hanover-square, the hon. colonel Crewe, only son of lord Crewe, to miss Hungerford, of Cavendish-square, and of Calne, in Wiltshire.

9. At St. Margaret's, Westminster, Mr. Walter Barratt, of Brighthelmstone, surgeon, to miss Sayer, of Parliament-street.

James Benjamin Coles, esq. of Trowbridge, Wilts, to miss Mary Weeks, of Taunton, Somersetshire.

Edward Ellis, of Dancer's-hill, South Mims, to Mary Ann, daughter of Henry Heyman, esq. Queen's-square.

At St. Mary's church, Brecon, major David Price, of the hon. East-India company's service, to miss Meredith, only daughter of Thomas Meredith, esq. of Brecon.



10. At Walcot church, Bath, Henry Boulton, esq. of Cottingham, Northamptonshire, to miss Durell, eldest daughter of the late lieut. colonel Durell, deputy commissary general on the continent.

On Saturday last, at St. George's church, Hanover-square, captain John Alexander Paul Mac Gregor, of the Bengal infantry, to miss Jane Ness, of Baker-street, Portman-square.

At St. George's, Bloomsbury, by the rev. E. Ravenshaw, Wm. Dickson, esq. of Prospect-place, Southampton, to miss Dickson, niece of major-general Dickson, of the same place.

12. At St. George's-church, Hanover-square, by the rev. Mr. Orme, one of his majesty's chaplains, lord Chartley, eldest son of the earl of Leicester, to miss Gardner, daughter of W. D. Gardner, esq. of Lower Grosvenor-street. There were present at the ceremony—

The duke and duchess of Leeds, the marchioness of Townshend, the ladies Townshend, and the misses Elliker, general and lady Elizabeth Loftus, the hon. Charles Veres Townshend, and Mr. and Mrs. Gardner.

The bride was elegantly dressed in white satin, richly trimmed with point lace.

## DEATHS.

Lately of a rapid decline, in the 23d year of her age, Sarah, wife of George Yeeles, esq. of Bathford, Somersetshire. Uniting a blameless conduct in all the duties of social life, she was distinguished for pleasantness, and an innocent candour of manners, which captivated the good will even of strangers, and quickened to a high degree of tenderness the affection of her friends. She exhibited an example of piety during life, and of resignation at the awful crisis of death, which must be a consoling balm to the affliction of her relatives and friends.

April 19. Robert Bushby, esq. of Arundel, Sussex, banker.

25. At Clifton, near Bristol, lady Elizabeth Maginis, daughter of the late earl of Enniskillen.

In her 46th year, Mrs. Reddington, wife of Mr. Wm. Reddington, Windsor.

27. At Iver, near Uxbridge, in sudden and unsuccessful labour with twins, the wife of the rev. George C. L. Young.

At Clay Hall, Herts, Wm. Gosling, esq. merchant, of London.

29. At North Mims, Hertfordshire, Mrs. Jane Gould, youngest and only remaining sister of the late hon. Mr. Justice Gould.

At Bath, sir H. Dillon Massey.

30. At Manchester, Henry Barton, jun. esq. of the highly respectable commercial house of Messrs. Henry and John Barton and Co. of that place.

May 3. At his house in Berner-street, John Buller, esq. member of parliament for East Looe, in Cornwall.

At his house in Norfolk-street, Strand, Matthew Chessall esq. in the 74th year of his age.

On Saturday last, at Kenelworth, near Coventry, John Hallifax, esq. at the advanced age of 90 years.

At Cheltenham, on the 30th ult. Mrs. Ricketts, mother of captain Ricketts, of the royal navy.

4. At Bristol Hot Wells, miss Spry, eldest daughter of the late lieutenant-general William Spry, of the royal engineers.

On Saturday last, at his house in Berner's-street, Langford Millington, esq.

5. At his house at Ferham, near Rotherham, sincerely regretted, Jonathan Walker, esq. one of his majesty's justices of the peace for the west riding of the county of York.

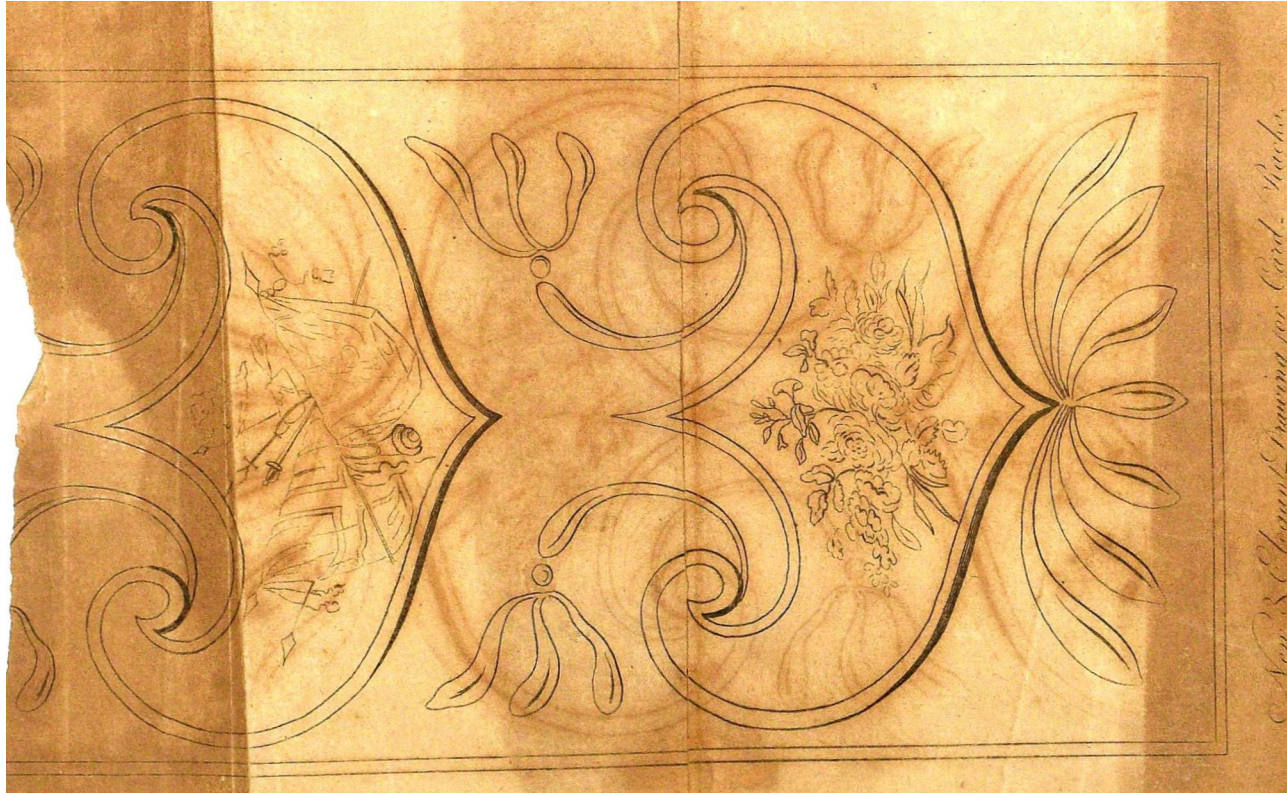
At his house, in Montague-street, Russel-square, William Day, esq.

At Ramsgate, suddenly, in the 67th year of his age, Charles Dilly, esq. formerly an eminent bookseller.

At Brooke's-place, Kennington, Mrs. Robert Buchanan.

20. In child bed, Mrs. Ebers, aged 31, wife of Mr. John Ebers, librarian and stationer, Old Bond street.





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*Eugenio and Telma.*