

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

APPROPRIATED  
 SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR AUGUST, 1807.

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

- 1 BOTANY, Plate XV.
- 2 NARBAL and SELINA.
- 3 LONDON Fashionable FULL DRESSES.
- 4 An elegant new PATTERN for a HALF HANDKERCHIEF, or VEIL.

LONDON :

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

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.



## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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THE continuation of *Sketches from Nature* in our next.

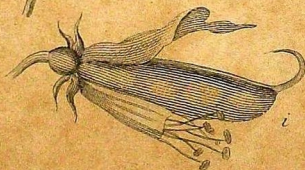
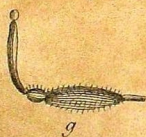
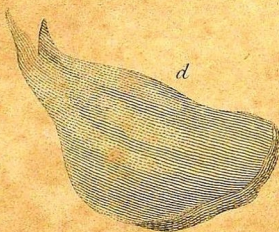
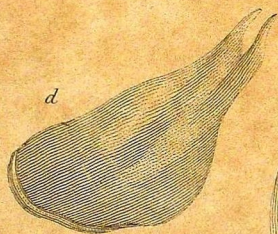
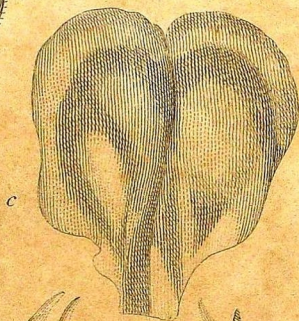
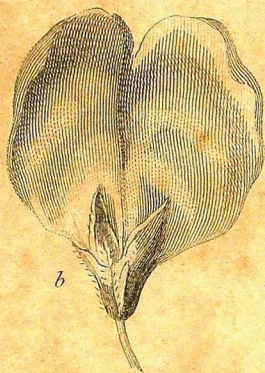
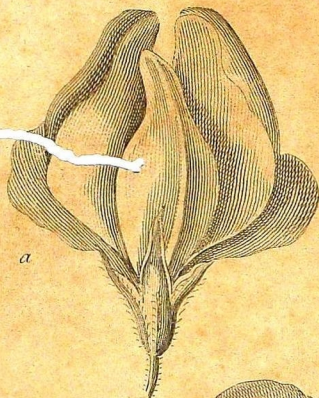
M. S. will observe, that we have several constant contributors of *Walks*: with some slight alterations her communication might be received.

The *Address to Twilight*, and *Songs by Cotagena*, are received, and intended for insertion.

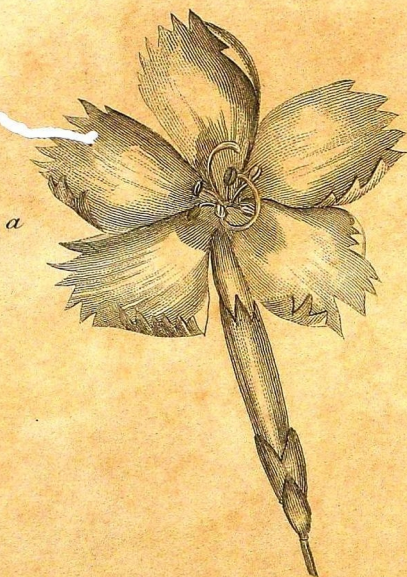
*The Sword*, a Fragment, is received, and shall appear.

Our fair correspondent who wishes a solution to the *Enigma* in the last Supplement we hope will exert her ingenuity, and send us one: if she will, we shall insert it with thanks.

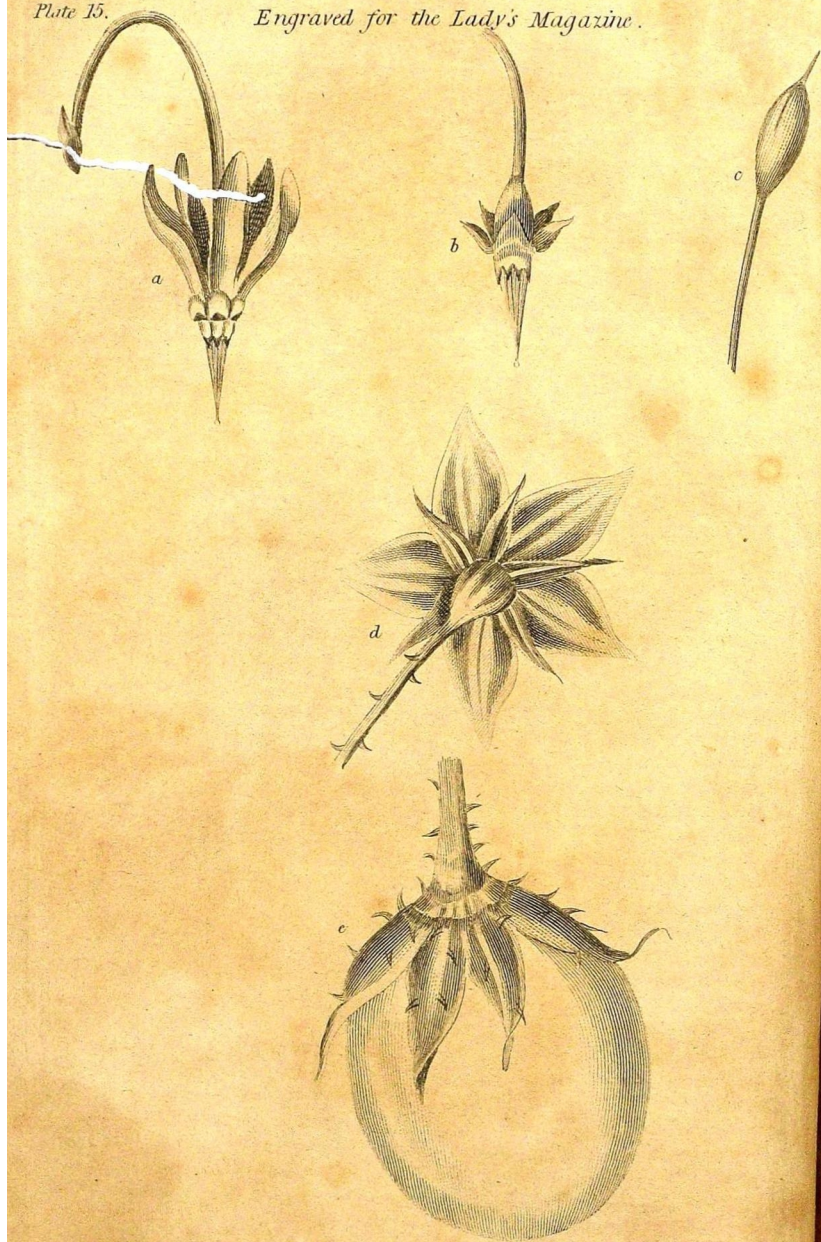












Henderson del.

London, Published as the Act directs, June 1<sup>st</sup> 1807, by G. Robinson, Paternoster Row.



THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE.

FOR AUGUST, 1807.

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BOTANY FOR LADIES.

By Dr. Thornton.

TENTH LESSON.

MY fair reader has been hitherto fatigued by the explanation of botanical terms.

Every science has its peculiar language.

Music has also its gamut, treble, bass, flats, sharps, naturals, common and triple time, semibreve, minim, crochet, quaver, semiquaver, demi-semiquaver, major and minor keys, &c. &c. the meaning of which are to be understood, before the player can have the satisfaction to delight a circle by the varied and exquisite charms of music.

So it is with botany.

The ancients invented a fable to illustrate this necessary union.

They represented Vulcan as married to Venus, the Goddess of Beauty to the God of Deformity.

The rugged path of science must

be first trod, before we arrive at the pleasant.

The fair reader will by this time feel anxious to know the uses of the parts of flowers.

The calyx is intended for the protection of the flower at its first opening.

Hence it is *caducous*, from the Latin word *cadere*, to fall, dropping sometimes immediately upon the expansion of the *corolla*, as with the *poppy*.

Usually it rolls back its leaves, or segments, as in the *Meadia*, vide plate 15. *l. b.* and often again closes them upon the fruit for its protection, as is seen in the *same flower*, vide pl. 15. *l. c.*; and then not unfrequently increases to a considerable size, as in the *Egg-plant*, vide pl. 15. *l. d* and *e.*



## HAPPINESS.

## A FRAGMENT.

By S. F.

MARY resides in a pleasant rural vale, upon the verge of a winding river: I had once the felicity to visit the virtuous maid. Her circumstances are truly respectable. Her lowly yet happy cot is overspread with a canopy of jessamine; a circlet of honey-suckles decks the door; a goldfinch and a canary are the happy, cheerful occupiers of this silvan arch.

‘In shadier bower,  
More sacred and sequester’d, though but  
feign’d,  
Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor nymph  
Nor Faunus haunted.’

She reigns the beauty of the villa; by all beloved, by all respected; too kind to injure, too good to distress, ready to alleviate, and willing to oblige. Her form boasts the image of loveliness, and all the elegance of cleanliness; her temper mild and pleasing. Mary is adorned with every grace that renders lovely woman truly amiable.

‘Graceful she moves, with more than mortal  
mein,  
In form an angel.’

When Milton speaks of Paradise, and describes Eve, and the impression Adam felt when he first beheld her, that impression was not more forcible than were my feelings at the first interview I had with Mary. The friendship I conceived for her might soon have been converted into love, had I not known a gentle swain pleaded his addresses. I saw him—I congratulated him, and with a frankness worthy of him, he put his Mary under my care, and we set out for a walk.

‘Pale eve with many a crimson streak,  
Soft fading, tip’d the lime-invested hill;  
And through blue steams emerging from the  
lake  
Rolls curling on, and hovers o’er the rill;  
The smoke that slow evolves its pillar’d form  
From yonder straw-roof’d cottage, sweetly  
throw’d  
O’er my hush’d bosom a superior charm.’

As I walked with Mary, my ideas were awakened; and I recollected past pleasures, methought not unlike the present. The heart-rending thought threw a damp upon my spirits, and I endeavoured to forget them, and with a sigh I began a conversation. Mary was not inattentive to my situation; she bade me yet hope the time would come when my sincerity would be rewarded. We walked gently on.

‘Enamour’d walk, where odorous scents  
disclose  
The hidden jessamine, eglantine, and rose;  
Here whisper’d love, and breath’d the rap-  
tur’d sigh,  
And stole a kiss unseen by vulgar eye.’

As we sat under the shade of a willow, I stole from her finger the golden pledge. As I viewed its glittering form, my aching bosom swelled and recoiled with a sigh: I could have wished I might be allowed to return another to Mary—return a promise of connubial bliss; but I dared not entertain the hope. Happy and blest (exclaimed I) is the fortunate youth that claims you as his own!

‘Oh! were it mine to win this maiden’s  
heart,  
Mary, whose enlighten’d soul is pure  
And spotless, as her form is beautiful;  
Then, heavenly Love, thee would I celebrate,  
In numbers not unworthy of the theme:  
From stormy passions, rage, ambition, free,  
The whirlwind and the tempest of the soul;  
Free from the fury passions, and serene  
As this blest season’s mildness, we would rove  
Through Nature’s wilds romantic, hills, vales,  
woods,  
And marking to each other as we stray’d  
The grace peculiar of the rural scenes,  
Thus joining voices, raptur’d sing of thee.’



**A pensive RAMBLE on the BANKS  
of OUSE.**

BY RICHARD.

‘What scenes of sorrow wake the soul to  
pain,  
What floods of anguish cloud the sick’ning  
eye!  
O sons of pity! pour the melting strain;  
O sons of pity! heave the plaintive sigh!  
For cold is he, the youth of graceful frame,  
Whose deeds of mercy spoke the feeling  
mind;  
To whose warm breast were friendship’s hal-  
low’d flame,  
The Bard’s wild fancy and his fire assign’d:  
Say, gentle spirit, whither art thou fled,  
To what pale region of the silent dead?  
Yet why inquire? where some sweet season  
blows,  
Sure Grief shall smile, and Friendship breathe  
her vows;  
Despair grow mild—Distraction cease to  
rave,  
And Love once more shall clasp the form he  
gave.

DRAKE.

THE rosy clouds skirted the top  
of the distant hills, and reflected the  
beams of the drooping sun; the green  
carpet, which was spread around, gave  
Nature a beautiful appearance, when  
I strayed alone with a book in my  
hand, and enjoyed the luxurious treat  
which the prospect afforded:—thus I  
endeavoured to forget my own cares,  
and the cares of others. I directed  
my steps to a retired walk, where a  
short time since my departed asso-  
ciate and friend L—— and myself  
used to repair, and pass the happy  
moments in unreserved conversation.  
His soul was filled with honour and  
social virtue: falsehood, deceit, and  
pride, were not inmates there; a  
friend of integrity and candour, to  
every one mild and affable, all who  
knew him loved and respected him.  
Here, fair and gentle reader, was a  
youth with promises of happiness;  
but in the midst of hope the unseen  
hand of death snatched his gentle  
life, to dwell in realms of never-fading  
bliss. As I contemplated on the un-

certainty of human life, the follow-  
ing lines of Gray pressed on my me-  
mory.

‘Haply some hoary-headed swain might say,  
Of late we seen him, at the peep of dawn,  
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,  
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn;  
There at the foot of yonder nodding beach,  
That wreaths its old fantastic root so high,  
His listless length at noon-tide would he  
stretch,

And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

\*\*\*\*\*

One morn I miss’d him on the custom’d hill,  
Along the heath, and near his fav’rite tree;  
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,  
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he!  
The next, with dirges dire, in sad array,  
Slow thro’ the church-way path we saw him  
borne:

Approach and read (for thou canst read) the  
lay

Gray’d on yon stone beneath yon aged thorn.’

‘How sweet, how consoling it is,  
(says a favourite author) in the tran-  
quillity of retirement, to call to re-  
membrance our absent friends! Ah!  
this remembrance alone makes us  
taste again in solitude all the plea-  
sures we have enjoyed in their so-  
ciety.’ I cannot help quoting the  
following lines which I recently be-  
came possessed of, but from whence  
I know not.

‘Still is the lark, that, how’ring o’er yon spray,  
With jocund carol usher’d in the morn;  
And mute the nightingale, whose tender lay  
Melted the feeling mind with sounds forlorn:  
More sweet, dear L——, was thy plaintive  
strain!

That strain is o’er, but mem’ry ne’er shall  
fade,

When erst it cheer’d grey twilight’s dreary  
shade,  
And charm’d the sorrow-stricken soul from  
pain.’

I travelled on with my mind load-  
ed with reflection, till each tumultu-  
ous care and important agitation had  
vanished with ‘the gairish eye of  
day:’ every noise was soothed into  
serenity and peace; there was no ob-  
ject but seemed to be at rest,

‘Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tow’r,  
The moping owl does to the moon complain  
Of such as, wand’ring near her secret bow’r,  
Molest her ancient solitary reign.’

GRAY.



The far-distant moon peeped from behind the neighbouring woods, as I journeyed on by the side of the winding Ouse, and soon enlightened the silver stream with her pale rays: the scene, indeed, was calculated to inspire sublimity of thought. In this still, pensive moment, I imbibed as it were the universal repose of nature. I will not here urge those sentiments of devotion, those grand and august conceptions, which this subject has a tendency to inspire. I sincerely regretted the loss of my departed L——. I gained sight of my abode; and soon I repaired, after a prayer to the good, benevolent Omnipotent, to rest.

‘O sacred rest,  
Sweet pleasing Sleep, of all the powers the  
best!  
Whose balms renew the limbs to labours of  
the day:  
Care shuns the soft approach, and sullen  
flees away.’

DRYDEN.

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## NARBAL AND SELINA;

OR,

FEROCIOUS PASSION its own PUNISHMENT.

A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

IN the torrid regions of the east, where the sultry beams of the sun, which parch the surface of the earth, exalt to a kind of fury the human passions, when unrestrained by reason and reflection, lived Narbal the Arab, the chief of a wandering tribe, who subsisted by rapine and devastation. His form was athletic, his eye fierce, his anger terrible; yet was he not destitute of a kind of barbarous generosity, which sometimes held the

place of virtue; as all his passions, whether good or ill, were in the extreme.

In one of his predatory excursions, at the head of his rapacious followers, he attacked a small caravan of merchants going to Damascus. The Arabs plundered it of every thing valuable, and murdered most of the merchants, only a few being able to make their escape. Among those who fell was a Greek, who was taking his daughter Selina, a beautiful girl of about ten years of age, with him to Damascus, where he intended to fix his residence in future. Amid the scene of horror, Narbal seized Selina as his prize; he was struck with her beauty, and he pitied her extreme affliction. His heart seemed as it were for the first time softened into humanity, and he employed every attention to alleviate the sorrows and soothe the melancholy of the lovely Selina.

As years passed on, Selina increased in stature and beauty, and acquired not only the good-will and friendship of Narbal, but inspired him with a most ardent affection. Convinced of his sincerity, and yielding and gentle in her nature, she returned his affection; she even at length embraced his religion, and became his wife. She bore him a son, whom he named Ali; and for several years they lived in a state of as much happiness and content as was compatible with the rude and predatory state of life in which they existed.

Yet the wild fits of passion to which Narbal was frequently subject often alarmed and terrified the gentle Selina; but as he violently loved her, there was no very real cause for her fears. At length, however, the demon jealousy entered his head, and he thought that he could perceive a growing partiality in the breast of Selina for a handsome youth, the son of a chief of a neighbouring



tribe; and it was indeed true that the youth had seen and admired Selina, and that he would gladly have engaged in an amour with her; but it was not true that he was at all encouraged by Selina, who had, indeed, scarcely noticed that he was in the least attentive to her. But the suspicions of Narbal, once excited, could not be soon appeased. He was perpetually on the watch, and perpetually fancied that he discovered something to increase his own torment. His own life was become wretched, and he rendered Selina's the same, by his unjust suspicions, and the violence of his infuriated passions.

It chanced one evening that Selina and her son Ali left their tent to enjoy the cool of the evening, after the heat of a sultry day. Invited by the shade of a wood which they saw at a distance, they entered it, and soon so lost their way, that they did not find it so easy to get out as to enter it, and were overtaken by the night. Narbal returning at the same time, and finding Selina had walked out, was immediately haunted with his usual jealous suspicions. He went out immediately in quest of her, expecting now to make great discoveries. A fatal chance directed his steps in the way she had taken; and he saw her and Ali near the skirts of the wood. Alive to all the fears with which she had latterly been impressed by his presence, she uttered a slight scream at the sight of him. As he knew the voice well, he was certain it was her; but the darkness of the evening prevented him from immediately recognising his son. His passion and jealousy would not suffer him to doubt that this was her paramour. He instantly advanced, and, furious with rage, plunged his sabre in his breast, and laid him dead at his feet. Selina at the same mo-

ment, overpowered with horror, sunk lifeless on his arm. He raised the reeking blade to deprive her also of life, but a momentary return of affection held his hand. When the violent storm of passion had subsided, and he was able to look on what he had done, he saw his son dead at his feet, and his wife, his beloved Selina, breathless in his arms. Nor could any attention or art restore her to life; the horror of the scene had taken too powerful an effect on her delicate and feeble frame: she revived but for a moment, uttered two or three convulsive sighs, and then expired.

Narbal stood for a time, changed, as it were, to congealed stone. Dreadful were his feelings. At length, reason forsook the man who had not known to exert it in curbing the violence of his passions. He became furiously insane, and in this miserable state survived several years, a wretched example how, by not restraining brutal passions, human nature may be reduced to the verge of absolute brutality.

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### THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

IN the church-yard of East Bourne I was resting myself on a gravestone, from a walk rather longer than usual. It happened to be about the time when the bell was drawing towards a conclusion, which soon brings the rustic from his white-washed parlour to his pew. There is not in life a more pleasing scene. To see the rosy maid on whose cheek sits health, smiling in full meridian, dimpled by the pleasure she enjoys in being attended by a favourite youth, on whose sunburnt forehead



reigns content. Oh happy rustic, how I envy thee!

From these reflections I was abruptly aroused by the swelling notes of a trumpet, which I found announced that the remains of a dragoon were escorting by his comrades to his last quarters. Slow and solemn were their steps, and their whole demeanour truly spoke their hearts were interested. I understood from one of the spectators, that the deceased belonged to a regiment just returned from foreign service. 'Poor fellow!' I ejaculated, 'thou hadst escaped the fatigues and hardships of a foreign clime; met danger, and death, in every breeze; yet had that insatiable monster not received his commission; but as if weary of his lenity, or to make the stroke more painful, when, perhaps, thou hadst thought to have met the fond smiles of an aged parent, the endearing embraces of a loving wife, or the inexpressible joy of pressing thy children to thy breast, then did he smite thee, and that to the quick. The accoutrements of the soldier were laid upon his coffin, to him no longer of use; and his horse, which had been his faithful companion during many a weary march, as if perfectly sensible of the dissolution of his master, with mournful steps followed his remains. A few comrades from the troop to which he belonged, with arms reversed, brought up the rear. Never in my life did I feel so much affected by so common a circumstance. I have been the foot-ball of fortune from my youth up; adversity and I have long shook hands together; but there is a pleasure in misfortune, with which the sons of prosperity are little acquainted. Providence, in pity to our state, strews now and then a flower in our path well worth the gather-

ing—and though a tear, as a glistening dew-drop, trembles upon its bud, it only adds to its fragrance and beauty.

I now felt the full force of this; for, as I lifted up my hand to my hat to shade off the sun, I detected a straggling tear gliding down my cheek. But I freely let it fall; it was nature's innocent offering on the altar of sensibility, and I am confident it was a sacrifice indulgent Heaven would not disdain, for it was accompanied with sensations that princes might have envied.

I looked on, while the comrades of the old soldier performed their last sad duty over him: his horse was led, or, as I fancied, dragged reluctantly from his grave. After the procession had departed, I observed one of the party still loitering near the grave until he saw it filled up, when, taking the spade from the sexton, he carefully selected as many sods as covered it.—Worthy fellow! may the spot where thou shalt sleep never want a covering!—It will not; some generous soul like thyself will be the last to leave it—if not, Nature, ever true to her task, will plant over thee a verdure that shall never decay, and which none shall dare to disturb!—He cast a mournful look at the place, as if to mark its situation, and slowly left the spot. Honest fellow, fare thee well! thou possessest a heart that would do honour to an higher station.—I myself, poor as I am, will erect a stone in memory of thy friend, that whenever it is thy fate or mine, in our journey through life, to pass this way, memory may not fail to recall the scene, or sensibility to pay her briny tribute.

J. BAGNETT.

*East-Bourne Barracks.*



HARRIET VERNON;

OR,

CHARACTERS FROM REAL LIFE.

A NOVEL,

*In a Series of Letters.*

BY A LADY.

(Continued from p. 356.)

LETTER XXVIII.

*Mr. Wentworth to Mr. Johnson.*

Bengal.

I LOSE no time to inform my dear friend of my safe arrival in this place, after a most expeditious and pleasant voyage. I am perfectly well and in excellent spirits, which, when I have told you my adventures, you will not be surprised to hear. I wrote a few lines to you and colonel Ambrose by the Besborough: but a few days after her sailing a change took place in my affairs of a most wonderful nature, which, not to keep you in suspense, I will now begin to relate.

I was received by Mr. Winstansley, the gentleman to whom I was recommended by colonel Ambrose, with great politeness; he is a fine old gentleman turned of seventy, very infirm, and totally incapacitated for business.—‘I have,’ said he, ‘made my fortune in this place, and although I am an Englishman, am determined to end my days here. I have no connection (and he sighed as he spoke) but one daughter, who is my care, would I could say she was my comfort!’

I was affected with his words and manner: you are to understand I had been with him three weeks, and was become perfectly acquainted. I ex-

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pressed a surprise that I had not seen the young lady; he informed me that she was seldom at home, being fond of any society rather than his. ‘She is now,’ said he, ‘on a visit to a family of character and fortune, about seven miles from this place. They are fond of her to excess: I cannot disapprove of the acquaintance otherwise than because they are zealous catholics, and have persuaded my daughter to become of their religion.’

The old gentleman seemed pleased with my conversation and company: I felt a respect and concern for him, which induced me to be more than commonly assiduous to please him. I found I could manage his business with great ease; and, in short, every day made me more and more pleased with my situation. I felt a great curiosity to see the daughter, but avoided mentioning her, because I observed the subject was shunned by the father, and evidently gave him pain.

One day, when we were conversing as usual, he looked with uncommon earnestness in my face, and asked me if I had parents living.—I replied, that I had lost them both when young; that I did not remember my father, but did my mother perfectly, as I was fourteen when she died.

‘Do you know what her maiden name was?’

I replied, ‘No; I had never heard: nor have I, that I know of, a relation in the world.’

‘I hope,’ said he, ‘I am not impertinent; but you will much oblige me if you would favour me with some account of your mother.’

I told him my life would be comprised in a very few words. My mother seemed to be a woman of virtue and good sense. She gave me as good an education as her circumstances would admit of, and often



told me that my success in life must depend on my own exertions, for that her own support was only an annuity for her life; that I had no relations, unless a brother of hers, whom she had disoblged by marrying my father, was living. This she had no reason to think was the case, it being twenty years since she had seen or heard any thing of him, nor did she know to what part of the world he went. Her eyes were always filled with tears when she spoke on this subject. At her death I was placed in a merchant's counting-house by the clergyman of the parish, in which employment I had supported myself until now, that I am five-and-twenty. And this, sir,' continued I, 'is my short history. But, perhaps it may give you satisfaction to see the picture of my mother, which I have in my possession, and will, if you please, produce.

'That will be every thing,' he replied, with much agitation; and which made me at once apprehend what doubtless you also have by this time conjectured.—I produced the picture, but repented my precipitation, for the moment he cast his eyes on it I thought he would have fainted. I caught him in my arms; it was, indeed, my uncle. Oh! Johnson, conceive the feelings of us both! words are wanting to express the scene that followed this discovery.

I now in my turn became impatient to learn more particulars, which, as soon as he was sufficiently recovered, he gave me in substance as follows:—'The history of my father and mother, your grandfather and grandmother, I will not at present relate; it is of no importance. Suffice it to say, your grandfather died when I was twenty, and your mother only five years old; she was only my half-sister, for my own mother died when I was very young. I was bred to no business, but when my father

died found myself in possession of five hundred a year, out of which I was by my father's will to pay my sister one hundred pounds a year when she came of age, and to maintain and educate her until then. Her mother had been dead two years. This trust was to me an acceptable one. I lived on my estate, and superintended the education of my young sister: I taught her myself all I knew, and procured masters to instruct her in the accomplishments I was not capable of teaching her myself. Sensible, amiable in her temper, and lovely in her person, she grew up, every thing that could charm the heart and ensure the affections of all who knew her. I devoted myself entirely to her company, and found that in her absence I was unhappy.—At the age of twenty, after refusing several eligible offers, she selected a young man of small fortune as her partner for life. Accustomed to consult me on all occasions, she did not in this instance omit it. I had no objection to the union, but what arose from the young man's extravagant turn: I mentioned this to her; but she, like other young women, trusted to the power of her charms and example to reclaim him in this particular. To shorten my story—it was agreed on that the marriage should take place when she came of age, which now wanted but three months. In the mean time, I discovered, with inexpressible concern and surprise, that another reason lurked in my breast to make me averse to the intended marriage. I found that I loved your mother too well to permit my wishing to see her united to another. Shocked at the discovery, I exerted all my fortitude to endeavour to overcome this unfortunate attachment. I absented myself from her society, while she, with the innocent affection of a sister, would reproach me with neglect and decreased love.



To conquer my passion while continually in her presence I found impossible, but I had command enough over myself never to wound her ears with such a declaration. The day at length arrived for the marriage; I attended her to the altar, and by an effort of resolution as great, perhaps, as was ever exerted by man on a similar occasion, I gave her to your father. On pretence of urgent business in London, I left the new-married pair, and did indeed set out for that place, where I hoped, by plunging into dissipation and company, to erase from my mind all painful recollection. I was soon convinced of my mistake, for in the course of a few months I found my fortune diminished and my grief augmented. Thus circumstanced, I formed the resolution of going abroad. I sold my estate and embarked for this place, without daring to trust myself with an interview with your mother. I wrote her a letter telling her what I had done, and added, that I found it necessary for my peace that I should never see her more, for that I loved her too well. On my arrival in this place I embraced an opportunity which presented itself of entering into business with the remainder of my fortune, in which I have succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations, and in a short time recovered my peace. I married an amiable woman, with whom I lived happily for some years, when it pleased Heaven to deprive me of her, leaving me one daughter. I wrote many letters to your mother, but never had an answer. By what you say, they either must have miscarried, or have been intercepted by her husband. I had thoughts of returning to England for the purpose of finding her, but I could not prevail on my wife to accompany me. When she died, which is only eight years since,

I was become an old man, and I found myself unequal to the task. In what a wonderful manner has Providence blessed me, by thus bringing you to comfort and support me! By your account of your mother's straitness of fortune, I conclude that she found my fears of her husband's extravagance realised; but this, together with the fate of the letters, cannot now be known. Would to Heaven she were now alive! But why do I breathe such a wish? Am I not completely blessed in beholding her son? From the moment I heard your name and saw you, a gleam of hope came across me; and when I conversed with you, and discovered sentiments so congenial to those possessed by your dear mother, my fear of a disappointment delayed my inquiry concerning your family. This precious picture, which at once places the reality of your being my nephew past all doubt, was taken at my request, the year before her marriage. The original is in my possession: this is a copy.'

In this manner did the good old gentleman continue conversing for some time. I felt myself unable to answer a word, from excess of joy and surprise. As soon as we could compose ourselves, he retired to write to his daughter, my new-found cousin, and I to you. I hope it will reach you; and I doubt not your congratulations by the first conveyance. I hope this will find you in health and happiness equal to my own. To your good uncle present my best respects. I suppose my fair cousin will be home in a few days; I long to see her, and hope to work a reformation in her behaviour towards her father.

I am, dear Johnson,  
sincerely yours,

CHARLES WENTWORTH,  
3 G 2



## LETTER XXIX.

*Dorcas Jenkins to the Miss Vernons.*

My dear young Mistresses,

I HAVE had it in my mind to write every day, but something or other has always happend to hinder me, and then I be a very slow writer as you do know, and tis mortul cold to sit up stairs, and I can never write when any body is by, so you may be sure, 'twas not because I did not bear you in mind that you have not heard. To be certain, I must lose my senses before I can forget my young ladies. We have had a strange rumpus here since you have been gone; nothing do never go right when miss Maria is out of the way. My master is as cross as two sticks athwart; and enough to make him for matter of that, for to be sure, nobody do like to pay money for nothing, tho' for that matter master if he cou'd help it would not pay it for something. I never liked that Mr. Curtis; he always look'd so sheepishly some how. I knowd what wod come of Nanny and he being so great. I told master I thought as how she lookd pretty biggish; but he only laughd at me, and thought he knowd better. But however, the day after as sure as fivepence she went before the justice, and swared she was with child by master. 'Twas no use for master to deny it. He turned her out of doors, but he is obliged to pay for her lying in, and the maintenance of the child when born. Now as sure as I am writing, tis Mr. Curtis's child; and so master says; and he have turnd him away too, and I dont know where he is gone. Master swares he will not have a young maid in his house again; so we have got an old woman almost as old as

me, and we hobble about the house as well as we can. He wanted me to do all the work, but alack-a-day, I am not able; and so I told master: I must be maintained now without doing much work; and I know when my young mistresses marry I shall without grudging. I be sometimes very low-spirited, and can't help it, to think how miss Maria have been disappointed by the colonel. But I forgot I was never to mention it. To be sure, I cannot but wonder in my own mind. I have had a parcel of dreams lately that I dont like; but I think of what you do always tell me, that I must not mind them, and yet I can't help it. That tall gentleman in black, Dixon, I believe his name is, called here lately, and there was a lady with him, a very fine-looking one too. They asked if master was at home, so I shewd them into the parlour, and calld master from the counting-house. To be sure, I was very curious to know what the business was; so what did I do but listen at the door a bit, and pick'd out a little. Master did not know the lady, because I heard Mr. Dixon say, this lady is a widow whose husband died in Jamaica two years ago. She has a very large fortune in the plantations there, but has no one to secure it for her. I thought, perhaps, you might be able to advise her how to act in the business. I could not hear what master said, but it was something about considering of it; and the lady thanked him many times. They staid about an hour, and master seemed in a brown study all day after. And this is all I know about it, and it was not worth writing, but I thought I would tell you all the news I could pick up. I have been looking in the almanack to see how long you have been gone: it is seven weeks. Master never says any thing about you; but its not worth mind-



ing what he says, or what he do not say.

I began this letter a week agoe, but was determined to finish it by the twentieth of January, which is to-day, because it is miss Harriet's birth-day; so wishing her many happy birth-days, and many happy years to both, I remain your loving nurse and dutiful servant,

DORCAS JENKINS.

### LETTER XXX.

*Miss Harriet Vernon to Miss West.*

I TAKE up my pen again, dear Susan, to inform you of our proceedings at B. Hall. We have put a little life into Mr. Wilson, who is really a very good sort of a man, and grows on our liking: he behaves so well to his peevish, perverse-tempered wife, that I cannot but admire the patience of his disposition. She owns herself much happier with him than with either of her other husbands. We have made several visits in the neighbourhood, but are obliged to be careful not to express a wish to go to any particular place, as it is sure not to be granted. I have found one good thing in this very whimsical woman; she is generous by starts, and has made us some small presents, but she certainly has not a fixed principle of generosity.

A few days after I wrote my last, we set out in the coach to visit our other cousin, Mrs. Meadows. Mr. Wilson did not accompany us. The sisters, I found in the course of the ride, were not on the best terms. Mrs. Wilson said a few visits passed between them in the course of the year, but her sister was so taken up with her own concerns, that she never paid any attention to hers. She informed us that her children

had each ten thousand pounds left them by an uncle of their father's, but that Mrs. Meadows saved for them as much as though they were wholly dependent. By this time we were arrived at a handsome house, and conducted by a smart servant out of livery into a parlour, where sat Mrs. Meadows and her two daughters, one at the harpsichord, the other drawing, accompanied by two masters. She received her sister in a formal cool manner, and the two misses made each a stiff boarding-school courtesy to their aunt. Mrs. Wilson informed her who we were, but she was, or pretended to be, a total stranger to the name and connexion. She asked no question about us, and began acquainting us with the great improvements the young ladies had made since they had last seen their aunt. There appears nothing engaging in the persons or manners of these girls, who seemed to be about twelve and fourteen years old, neither were their performances above mediocrity; but the mother had no eyes for any other object than them and their employments. In a few minutes the son entered the room, and presented to our view a finished fop. He appears to be about twenty, and has just left his studies at the university. After bowing to his aunt with an air he thought wonderfully genteel, he begged to be introduced to her fair companions; and, seating himself by me, sat staring in my face with an insolent impertinence, whilst his mother observed that he grew taller and taller every day, and asked Mrs. Wilson's opinion how he would look in regimentals. The particular attention paid me by my sweet beau induced Mrs. Meadows to look in my face, an honour she had not before done to either of us. I was glad to be relieved by Mrs. Wilson's rising to take leave. We were not



requested to prolong or repeat our visit, therefore Maria and myself shall certainly not intrude ourselves again. So you see there is no profit or pleasure to be expected from this quarter.

During our ride home, we were entertained with Mrs. Wilson's observations on the great alteration that had taken place for the worse in her sister's person, since she had last seen her. She seemed much pleased with Maria's observing that she must always have been a plain woman. She made no remark on the little notice she had taken of us.

When we arrived at B. Hall, we found Mr. Wilson reading a letter just received from a lady.—'My cousin, miss Jones,' said he, 'has just lost her mother, and I think we must invite her to spend a few weeks here.'

'Indeed she shan't come here,' said the ungracious lady; 'I hate her more than any person on earth.' Come, let me see her letter; I suppose she is finely rejoiced to bury her mother. She is now a twenty thousand pound fortune, I think.

She then perused the letter, and Mr. Wilson said, with a smile—'To be sure, my dear, you did not think me in earnest to invite miss Jones, as I know how much you dislike her.'

'To be sure I did,' she replied; 'and on second thoughts, I think it will be proper.'

'By no means,' replied Mr. Wilson.

'But I choose it should be so,' said she; 'and I desire you will invite her directly.'

'Nay, if you wish it, I will,'—and winking at Maria and me, left the room for that purpose.—This is the way to manage Mrs. Wilson.

We were now given the character of miss Jones; but I do not intend to take it from our cousin.

She describes her as very learned, very conceited, very proud, and, what in her opinion is much worse, very plain. The poor servants here lead a wearisome life, and seldom continue longer than six months. The parlour bell is now ringing most violently for the maid up stairs, and the girl is walking down as leisurely as possible.—'Why don't you run, girl?' said I; 'your mistress is certainly very ill.' The girl laughed.—'Oh no, miss,' said she, 'it is only madam's way; she rings as loud ten times a day, and all for nothing at all.'

We last week received a letter from Dorcas, and as I think you will be diverted by its simplicity, as well as by an accident that has befallen our brother, I will enclose it.

Bless me, here is a chaise stopped at the door, and a very genteel young man alighting! A lady, too, in deep mourning! It must be miss Jones, to be sure. I must hasten down to be introduced.

Eleven o'clock. I am come up to bed, but before I sleep, I must tell you about miss Jones; I am sure I shall not sleep for thinking of her.

By the time I had reached the parlour the lady and gentleman were seated, together with Mrs. Wilson and Maria. On my entrance a profound silence struck me with a seeming awe, and threw my features into a serious cast. After making my compliments by a courtesy, which was returned by a stiff bend of the body by the lady, and a genteel bow from the gentleman, who reached me a chair, I took my seat. The lady concealed her face with a white handkerchief, on which however I could not discover the trace of a tear. Maria's eyes were full; the gentleman looked grave; my cousin seemed to be racking her brains for something to say, and was shaking her foot, for the purpose, I suppose,



of assisting her head. The silence was at length broken by the gentleman observing that the roads were very heavy.

'They are indeed much soiled,' said miss Jones, 'by the great descent of frozen water, which has obscured the hemisphere for some days past.'

'We have had snow here,' said Mrs. Wilson.

'I mean,' replied miss Jones, 'what is vulgarly called snow, by the expression of frozen water.'

'You are so learned!' said Mrs. Wilson, with a sneer.—'Pray, was your mother sensible to the last?'

'She continued,' replied miss Jones, 'in the possession of that invaluable blessing, *reason*, to the last; and, to use the expression of Dr. Goldsmith, she

'Sank to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,  
Whilst resignation gently slop'd the way.'

Just as this speech was finished Mr. Wilson entered. He approached the lady, took her hand, and was going to salute her: but she drew back her hand, turned away her face, and observed that there was no occasion for that familiarity. He turned on his heel, and shook hands with the gentleman, whose name I then found to be Beaumont: he told him he was heartily glad to see him; it was an unexpected pleasure, for which he supposed he was indebted to his fair cousin, looking at miss Jones. By this observation I guessed he was a lover of the lady. I had already seen enough of her to guess also that her twenty thousand was the only attraction to a man of Mr. Beaumont's description. There is something extremely engaging in the person and manner of this young man. I long to know who he is, and what could induce him to prefer miss Jones. But what is that to me?

Mr. Wilson added, he hoped for

the continuance of his company, although he had not requested it by letter.—Mrs. Wilson frowned.—He thanked him, but said it was his intention to return home the next day; he would however take a ride sometimes, and pay the ladies and him a visit.

Mrs. Wilson said her head was so indifferent that she could not bear much talking, and proposed that we and miss Jones should retire up stairs till dinner. We did so, and endeavoured to become acquainted with the lady; but she was so extremely formal and reserved, that we found it impossible.—Conceive a tall thin figure, about twenty-five (which I find is her age, though I should have guessed her to be near forty), with a face pale as death, jet-black hair, features not in themselves disagreeable, but made so by a satirical sneer, and a habit of looking cross and fretful. She walks with such a solemn slow pace, one would think that she was in the train of a funeral.

After we had been together an hour, during which time she had not uttered a single sentence, she observed, that Mrs. Wilson was a most ignorant ill-behaved woman; that nothing but necessity could have induced her to make the visit, for that she had taken a house that would not be fit to inhabit these eight or ten weeks. She might, indeed, have been at Mr. Beaumont's mother's; but as only a platonic love subsisted between her son and herself, she feared that by going there it would give the world reason to suppose she meant to marry him.—I asked her if she really thought platonic love could subsist?—'Certainly,' she replied; 'she had written an essay on the subject, which, when her trunk was unpacked, she would show me.'—'You appear to me,' said she, 'young women, to



have received an education something above the vulgar part of the community. From the little I have heard you say, you are not ignorant of language.'—'We understand none but our own,' said Maria.

'And I fear are not great proficients in that,' added I.

'I,' said miss Jones, with an emphasis, 'know the derivation of every word in the English tongue.'

'Really! that must be very entertaining,' said I, 'with great indifference.'

In this manner we conversed, or rather talked; for little I was the hero on miss Jones's side, who, notwithstanding her learning, did not seem inclined to communicate any part of it to us, whom she seemed to regard with great contempt, calling us young women, and regretting that she could never form an acquaintance with her own sex, or find, go where she would, females who had received an education and had acquired sentiments congenial to her own.

At dinner some Latin sentences passed between the two gentlemen and miss Jones, which highly displeased Mrs. Wilson, who observed, and I thought very justly, that if people could not talk plain English when abroad, they ought to stay at home.

In the evening we played cards, and Mrs. Wilson losing, was in worse humour than ever. Mr. Beaumont, however, by a most lucky speech, set all to rights.—'Do not, dear madam,' said he, 'spoil one of the finest faces in the world, by looking out of temper.'—This compliment to her face at the expence of her temper might have offended another woman; but it put her in such perfect good humour the whole evening, that we passed it very agreeably; and before we parted Mr. Beaumont was re-

quested by Mrs. Wilson to stay, at least, the remainder of the week.

And now, my dear Susan, have I not for the present given you a specimen of the whole party? I hope I am not, or ever shall be, ill-naturedly satirical; but indeed I think such characters as Mrs. Wilson and miss Jones deserve to be held up to ridicule: and now I shall close this packet, and resign myself to sleep, it being past midnight. With every good wish,

I remain yours affectionally,

H. VERNON.

N. B. I must not omit to inform you, that colonel Ambrose has received a letter from Charles Wentworth, who is safely arrived and well.

Maria's spirits are much mended since hearing this.

(To be continued.)

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## ON THE LION.

BY

DOCTOR THORNTON,

*Author of Botany for Ladies, &c.*

THE lion was early introduced into menageries. Being the king among animals, the subjugation of it evinced the superiority of man, and proved him to be in truth, 'The lord of the Creation.' As menageries were first established by princes, who in times of peace enjoyed the sports of hunting, and extended their conquests over powerful animals, the lion, confined in dens, evinced to their dependents the greatness of their power, and added fresh laurels to those obtained by achievements in war.

The male lion has a most superb



front; a fine forehead; broad nostrils; lively and piercing eyes; and a flowing mane, which nearly conceals his round ears, and extends over the shoulders, adding great dignity to his noble appearance. His body is a perfect model of strength joined with activity. When enraged, his forehead is furrowed with deep wrinkles; he erects this mane from an excess of the electric fluid. His eye-balls roll, and from the same cause flash fire. All the muscles of the lower jaw quiver. His long bushy tail terribly strikes backwards and forwards against his sides. He prepares his fore foot to strike, the claws being extended to the extent of one's little finger, and with a growl, which discovers his huge teeth, and tongue covered with large reversed points, he attacks his adversaries, however numerous. There is no retreat, and the strongest spears held forth by intrepid hunters are shivered into atoms, whilst those not destined to receive the shock of his furious assault, coming upon his flanks, stab him with their weapons. All animals but man refuse to confront his power. Even when vanquished by the address of his adversaries, and wounded, he will not turn himself to flight, but retreats by falling back, still contending with assailing enemies.

Lions were formerly more abundant than now. Pliny relates, 'that Quintus Scævola was the first who exhibited several of these animals at the same time in the circus, when he was edile; that Scilla, during his prætorship, made an hundred fight together, being all of them males;' and Pompey, after that, six hundred, of which one hundred and fifteen were males; and Cæsar four hundred. Seneca informs us that those employed by Scilla were presents sent from Bocchus, king of Mauritania; but at this time the

princes of the same country think they make a mighty present by sending to European potentates one or two lions. The same abundance continued for some time during the emperors; but it appears that this diminished during the second century, since Europe already regarded it as a great magnificence on the part of Marcus Aurelius to have shewn an hundred lions at a time, when he triumphed over the Marcomani. To augment the number, a law was made to prevent the hunt of the lion. The great number of lions probably occasioned many of them to be tamed, and pushed their education to a pitch which might astonish us, although we have several very striking examples in our times. Hanno, the Carthaginian, was the first who tamed the lion, and his fellow citizens condemned him to death, saying, 'that the commonwealth had every thing to dread from one who knew how to subdue such ferocity.' Antony, the triumvir, having seated by his side the actress Cytheria, was drawn in his car by lions: 'Prodigious excess,' says Pliny, 'more horrible than all the horrors of these melancholy times.'

Let us now descend to the lion of the French menagerie. He was born at Senegal, and, being taken very young, was brought up in the country with a little spaniel of the same age. After some time, these two animals were given to the director of the East India company, who sent them to France, and made a present of them to the government: they were landed at l'Orient, and arrived at Versailles on the twenty-eighth of September, 1738; they were then seven or eight months old, and they were shut up in the same den. Their childhood had not been passed in captivity; free in the house of their master, fed with the produce of his table, and equally dividing his ca-



resses, they were bound together with a mutual affection. This friendship between animals of a different species and opposite dispositions is not uncommon, but it is never formed except among those who live with man, and always begins by the common sentiment of his benefits.

At his arrival in France, the lion was gentle and as fawning as his companion; no one feared to approach him, and he returned all the caresses which he received: but soured, probably by his captivity, his original ferocity was not slow in appearing, and entirely unfolding itself with his age; faithful, however, to his keeper, he did not cease to shew his gratitude to him. It was feared that he would have perished in the process of cutting his teeth; he is the only lion brought young to the menagerie who has survived this period, which is always full of danger to these animals. He soon experienced another peril; one of his claws grew into the flesh, and would have killed him, had not an operation been performed; the claw was cut, the matter was let out by the keeper, and the animal recovered: he bore this operation very willingly. His removal to the Botanical Garden, which took place about two years since, was not attended with any difficulty; he was put into a great cage, used for removing beasts from one den to another; and his dog, being fastened to one of the bars, followed him in the same carriage: the same prison received them at their arrival.

There this noble animal was exhibited in the plenitude of his strength and vigour; he had reached his full growth, and his long captivity had not been able to impair his native dignity. His figure was awful and majestic; his proud, fiery glance, seemed to awe all who approached him. His size was a medium be-

tween the large and middling species of lions. He was six feet and a half long, and three feet two inches high. A thick mane covered his head, and the front parts of his body, which was all nerve and muscle. The hue of his skin, a bright fawn colour on a dark ground, gave additional fire to his motions, and to the expression of his features; but through this fierceness appeared an air of gentleness cultivated by the sense of benefits, and the enjoyments of friendship. His food was horse-flesh. His allowance was about fifteen pounds a day. He took it in his claws, tore it with his teeth, and swallowed it without chewing. The dog, his companion, eat bread, and gnawed the bones that the lion left him. Twice in the day, commonly morning and evening, he raised his thundering voice, as if he wished to give his lungs this salutary exercise. If the sky was overcast with thick clouds, he roared several times, as if presaging a storm: during the storm he was silent. Misfortune had strengthened the tie formed in childhood; deprived of the pleasures of love, he felt those of friendship the more strongly. He lavished on his dog the most tender caresses; the dog received and returned them without fear and without distrust: his natural gaiety, his frank and open air, tempered the grave and serious disposition of the lion. He often threw himself upon his mane, and playfully bit his ears. The lion bent down his head, as taking part in his sport. Often he himself invited him to play, by putting him on his back, and pressing him between his paws. Neither the crowd that surrounded him, nor the new objects continually passing before his eyes; nothing, in short, could take him from the society of his dog. When he was inclined to repose, it was by his side that he slept; and, at his waking,



he it was whom he wished first to see again.

Their meals when given by their keeper only suspended this intimacy for a moment. They then separated to receive their several portions, and neither dared then to invade the property of the other. This interesting peace was, however, sometimes troubled by those who came to enjoy, and who ought to have respected it. Pieces of bread, thrown through the bars of the den, became almost always a subject of discord. The dog, regarding all that came from the hand of visitors as property belonging to him alone, seized it with extreme eagerness. If the lion made a motion towards it, he threw himself upon him, and bit his ear with such fury, that he often drew blood. The lion contented himself with putting aside his unreasonable friend with his paw. But these storms were only transient. The lion never abandoned himself to anger, and the dog soon recovered from his passion. But there was in their mutual attachment a remarkable shade of difference, which explains the caprices and humours of the one, and the unalterable kindness of the other. Independent on the earth, proud, and wild by nature, the lion, become solitary and a captive, had associated to himself a friend. He loved his friend for his own sake, and was attached to him chiefly. The dog, equally affectionate, loved him also; but before he had given himself to the lion, nature had given him to man. Faithful to his instinct, he ran with eagerness to meet him, who, opening the door of his prison, restored him for a moment to liberty. He loaded him with caresses; gaiety sparkled in his eyes, whilst his poor friend, uneasy at his absence, roared in a plaintive tone, walked backwards and forwards along his bars, went to the

bottom of his den, looked at the hole where he had got out, walked away, and returned again. When he came back, the dog saw his companion with pleasure; but his last look seemed to say to the keeper, 'I love you most.' Some time after the removal of the lion and his dog to the Menagerie of the Museum, the tender bond which united these animals was broken. The dog contracted the mange: this was perceived too late to be remedied; he died. The lion, deprived of his friend, called him incessantly in dismal roarings; he soon fell into a deep melancholy; every thing disgusted him; his strength and his voice grew weaker by degrees. Apprehensive of his sinking, they endeavoured to divert his grief by presenting him with another dog. One was sought for, resembling his friend in shape and colour. When such an one had been found, it was brought before the grating of the den. The lion fixed him with a sparkling eye; he uttered a tremendous roar, and, with his paws extended, and his claws unfolded, seemed ready to dart forwards. It was supposed, from this sudden and violent passion, that the instinct of the beast had been deceived, and that, in his fury, he only wished to throw himself on the person who detained his beloved dog; hence he was abandoned to him without hesitation. The dog, thrown into the den, shuddered with dread; he would have escaped, but the lion seized him with his paw, and killed him in an instant\*.

A similar regard had been observed in old Nero in the Tower. When Hector, a young lion, now to be seen in Exeter 'Change, was

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\* Vide a Visit to the Menagerie by Mons. Jaufret, vol. I. elegantly translated by Miss Aikin, with an interesting frontispiece, the Lion caressing his favourite Spaniel.



deprived from illness of his keeper, he became sulky, took food sparingly, and evidently pined; but when his former keeper was restored, he looked cheerful, fawned about him, and accepted his food as formerly.

The lions in the Tower of London have many of them lived from seventy to eighty years\*; probably in the wilds of Africa, in their native state, they may attain to an hundred years.

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## SOLITARY WALKS

IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

BY JOHN WEBB.

### WALK III.

\* A raven from some greedy vault,  
Amid the cloister'd gloom,  
Bids me, and 'tis a solemn thought!  
Reflect upon the tomb.  
The tomb! the consecrated dome,  
The temple raised to peace!  
The port that to its friendly home  
Compels the human race!

CUNNINGHAM.

THE sun was sinking below the horizon, and the tower of the adjacent church was catching 'the last smiles of day,' when I began my third ramble among the tombs. I was serious—such a frame of mind is indispensable in one who walks forth to meditate among the nations of the dead.—As I had a few minutes before quitted the active scenes of life, I was led to make these reflections. What are all the riches, honours, and enjoyments of this world to one of those lifeless skeletons who tenant the gloomy asylum beneath? Could I summon from the 'vasty deep' the spirit of a war-

rior, with what sovereign contempt would he view the green laurel of victory, or the proud trophy of fame! Could I offer the brilliant reward, he would spurn it from him with indignant arm, and exclaim, 'What are such splendid trifles as these to an immortal mind?'

Could I call from the invisible regions the mind that once informed the body of the ambitious statesman, and tender him an imperial crown, with an averted eye, which would dart one of the keenest glances of scorn, he would cry out, Take from my sight that fascinating bauble! let it cause the head of some earthly tyrant to ach: such gew-gaws are infinitely beneath the notice of immaterial beings.—Could a soul that once animated the carcase of a miser appear to me, and it were in my power to command fortune to present him with the riches of Peruvian mines, and all the treasures that are hid in the mountains of Golconda; with looks not to be delineated by the pencil of the painter, nor described by the fancy of the poet, he would say—Let me not behold that white and yellow earth. Gold and silver pass not current in the country where I dwell. The deity of gold, which I worshipped below, can gain no admission to realms where matter never enters.

After indulging the reflecting mood a while, my attention was diverted by the spot where my ancestors repose, not 'in dull cold marble,' but in the gelid bosom of mother earth. Though they filled no conspicuous situation in the world, never glittered in the gay circles of the great, nor acquired the wreath of glory in the ensanguined field; though no eloquence of theirs e'er charmed the listening senate, nor did their hands e'er guide the helm of state; yet they were useful mem-

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\* Dr. Shaw.



bers of society, and acted a decent part in the chequered scene of humble life;

'And if their country stood not by their skill,  
At least their follies never wrought her fall.'

COWPER

They had their foibles, and where is the race of men who have not?—Too partial to company, and too fond of a cheerful glass, they certainly were, and oftentimes exhilarated their minds and brightened their ideas, by pouring forth libations to

'Bacchus, purple god of joyous wit,  
With brow soule, and ever-laughing eye.'

YOUNG.

But here let me pause!—

Rest in peace, ye sacred relics of my progenitors! may no unhallowed pen of mine record your frailties, but cover your faults with a mantle of charity,

'And leave to Mercy and to God your doom!'

DODDRIDGE.

Beneath a turf of grass, that waved to the breeze of evening, lay poor idiotic Samuel, whose vacuity of reason

'Did pleasure to the gay dispense,  
But pity to the wise.'

Poor youth, how circumscribed were thy joys! how complicated were thy sorrows! The sweets of friendship, the delights of social intercourse, the felicities of the soft attachment, and bliss of conjugal affection, were unknown to thee! No tender friend poured the balm of consolation into thy wounded mind: no sprightly circle improved thy intellectual faculties, by the attractive charms of conversation: the fascinating smiles of a beloved object never gave thy heart 'a pulse unknown before;' nor did the fond endearments of the wife that Providence had given thee, nor the sight of a troop of blooming

sportlings, ever cause thy breast to palpitare with delight. Cut off by Heaven from the pleasures of life, like a solitary pilgrim, thou didst sojourn through a vale of tears, the ridicule of foolish men, the sport of mischievous boys, till death, the friend of the wretch who knows no friend, summoned thee 'to another and a better world.'

Let the bigot, if he please, condemn me for excess of charity, in consigning this hapless idiot to mansions of rest, and represent our almighty Master as one who expects to 'reap where he sowed not.' These are not my religious tenets.

Poor youth! thy talent was not misimproved—thou possest none. In thy solemn audit, thou wilt never have to account for conscience stifled, faith profaned, privileges abused, opportunities neglected, and abilities prostituted. In that awful period, the Voltaires, the Bolingbrokes, and the Humes of the last century, will have abundant reason to envy thee,

'When pointed lightnings from the wrathful Judge  
Shall singe their laurels, and the men  
Who thought they flew so high, shall fall so low.'

STANDEN.

I had no sooner departed from one grave, than another, the resting-bed of an old soldier, pressed upon my attention, whose exploits, had he moved in an higher sphere, would doubtless have given an additional lustre to the annals of British valour. But I may justly observe with Southey,

—'Of unrecorded name  
Dy'd the mean man;'

and but for this humble memorial the remembrance of his services at Dettingen, Fontenoy, and Culloden, would in a few years have been lost in oblivion: for no storied urn



caught mine eye, no martial bust frowned upon me as I advanced: his countrymen had placed no recording stone to point out the hero's last retreat, nor had any kind relative bestowed the annual pittance to bind his green sod with briars.

When age rendered labour insufficient for a maintenance, he sought refuge in his parish work-house,

'Where sireless youth and joyless age repair,  
(Driv'n by hard fate) to seek parochial care!  
What poor reward awaits the humble brave!  
A name unknown, and an untrophied grave.'

But whilst ruminating over the unconscious dead the dews of night began to fall, and admonished me (if health and all her rosy blessings were dear) to return to the abodes of the living. Soon Somnus began to shed his poppies over me; and while the downy god was about to take his station on mine eyelids I exclaimed with Somerville,

'How vain the pomp of kings! Look down, ye great,  
And view with envious eye my humble nest;  
Where soft repose and calm contentment dwell,  
Unbrib'd by wealth, and unrestrained by power.'

*Haverhill, Suffolk.*

### THE AMIABLE WIFE AND ARTFUL MISTRESS.

[An Extract from *SANTO SEBASTIANO*, a Novel, by the Author of 'The Romance of the Pyrenees'.]

(Concluded from page 383.)

'MY mother's conduct most sensibly affected lord Delamore; but he retired to his pernicious counselors, and returned—as firmly believing the attachment of St. Orville as before—with the cruel man-

date, which peremptorily ordered my amazed mother to cease from that moment her protection of Mary, and never to hold intercourse with the dear girl more. This was a direful command; torturing alike to the hearts, the fondly attached hearts, of my mother and Mary.

'Mamma, in dismay and distraction, now deviating from her established rule of never speaking of her domestic sorrows, revealed this unfortunate event to an amiable friend, Mrs. Constantia Fermor; who, from that time, became the protectress of Mary.

'Not more cruel than unfounded was the suggestion of Alfred's attachment to Mary: it is true, he fondly loves her, but it is with the affection of a brother. Lady Delamore, from the uncommon discretion Mary, upon every occasion, evinced, was induced, when she attained her fourteenth year, to disclose to her the secret (which my mother firmly believed) of her birth, with strict injunctions never to breathe a suspicion of it to any one; and shortly after brought her on a visit here, to introduce her to the equally well-informed St. Orville:—for well knowing their often seeing each other could not well be avoided, and fearing their mutual fascination, she prudently led them to love each other by the near tie of consanguinity. After my dear grandmamma Ashgrove's death, and that I resided entirely at home, I too was introduced to Mary, as my sister; and soon learned to love her almost as dearly as I do my brother: and, in despite of my father's interdict, I often go to see her, as she is now only a few miles distance from hence; as upon the marriage of miss Spencer, about two years ago, to a man of good fortune, near Lyme, Mrs. Spencer moved her residence to that place. Only for my visits, my beloved



sister (for I am incredulous to lord Delamore's assertion, and am, as well as St. Orville, certain Mary is his daughter) would be quite broken-hearted, for she is dejected beyond measure at being so cruelly deprived of the happiness of seeing her beloved benefactress.

'Selina, I have already told you, was easily won by the blandishments of Mrs. Monk; whom, for years, she visited unknown to my mother: and in those secret interviews, her mind was so perverted, and her heart so modelled, that her duty and affection were quite alienated from her incomparable mother, and given, with her whole confidence and interest, to the diabolical mistress of her father. At length, my poor mother obtained the dreadful intelligence of who it was that estranged the affections of her eldest child from her. Agonising was the horrible information: she entreated, supplicated, implored, and commanded her daughter never to visit Mrs. Monk more; but in vain. The secret once disclosed, Selina braved the matter out; triumphed in her disgraceful disobedience; and now openly visited this mortal foe to her mother: and to this hour she daily resorts to her, recounting all the occurrences of the castle, and plans and plots with her, to make my mother wretched.

'By this unnatural (and surely I may say, infamous) attachment to Mrs. Monk, the wily Selina first secured for herself a high place in my deluded father's affection; which she has since failed not to improve, by her unwearied blandishments and machinations: so that it is long since it has been firmly believed by all, that she will be sole heiress to my father's immense personal wealth; and yet even that belief, nor her personal attractions, ever gained for her a suitor, until sir Charles Stratton, ruined by his

thoughtless dissipation, and with a mind careless of domestic happiness, made proposals for her, against the entreaties, nay prayers, of his mother, lady Horatio Fitzroy. But, 'lady Selina, or a pistol,' was his reply; and he addressed Selina—a woman I have heard him execrate ten thousand times, as a fiend, a diabolical, and every harsh epithet he could think of; even at the time he was making desperate love to me. . . . Nay, start not; I am not love-stricken by my sister's elected husband. Oh! no; I have but one cousin, who ever endangered my heart:—not sir Charles Stratton; but one too tasteless to think of me:—so, thank my stars, my affections are still to be disposed of.

'The moment Charles (who was the avowed absolute aversion of Selina) declared himself her lover, she instantly became most desperately enamoured; and compels him to act the lover in the most glowing colours: and if you have any partiality for the ridiculous, I think you will be amused by sir Charles's real or pretended passion. For, you must know, it is his invariable rule to fall in love with every new pretty face he sees; and the last, in his opinion, is always the most fascinating: so that, when he comes here, should he be surprised by the sight of a beautiful new face, expect to see him souse at once into love for it, and making awkward endeavours to conceal from Selina his new admiration.

'About myself, I have little to say. I am four years younger than Selina (one cause of her great aversion to me); and nearly three my brother's junior. My grandmother Ashgrove (who long knew, before my dear mother discovered it, of Selina's intimacy with the vile Monk), fearing that my heart should be perverted by pernicious counsel, early



begged me from my mother. For two years, I resided totally with grandmamma: but then, upon visiting my mother, and finding lord Delamore made no attempt to introduce me to Mrs. Monk (I suppose, because he knew my volatility would lead me to keep no secret), my grandmother judged it for my happiness not totally to monopolise me, lest, by doing so, she should weaken my mother's affection for me. From that period, therefore, until my dear grandmother's death, I resided six months alternately with lady Ashgrove and at home; my education conducted by a very estimable governess, aided by masters, and under the inspecting eye of my mother and grandmother.

'In this way, too, was Selina educated;—only, without the assistance of grandmamma, who, I may say, almost abhorred my sister. Selina, in her turn, even from my birth, conceived a deadly enmity to me; and, ere I was actuated by her conduct to my adored mother, I strangely disliked her. We never, in childhood, coalesced; but, as time went on, and disclosed many secrets to me, my dislike has changed to detestation. Mutual antipathy has increased with our years; and since my beloved Mary was despoiled of my mother's protection, my nominal sister and self rarely exchange even a sentence in a week: for at that time, greatly irritated by my father's cruelty to poor St. Orville (which all sprung from the diabolical malice of Selina, and her coadjutor Monk), in the anguish of my heart, I said to Selina, "I was sure she was a changeling, and not my mother's child." Her rage almost amounted to frenzy, and she flung her drawing-box, then in her hand, at me; but luckily it did not reach me: and, since that time, you cannot

wonder at my being upon worse terms than ever with her.

'By being so much with my dear grandmother (who absolutely detested my father), I heard him harshly reprobated, and turned into the strongest ridicule, by my lively aunt Ennerdale; heard him condemned by lord and lady Horatio Fitzroy, with unqualified severity: and, tenderly loving my mother, you will not wonder that resentment for the neglect and unkindness she has experienced took possession of my mind: and that perpetually hearing him spoken of as I did, should lessen him in my estimation. I hope you will consider this as some mitigation of my failure in veneration for lord Delamore: but St. Orville will not receive it as such; indeed, this is the only thing we ever disagreed about; for his maxim is, "that others failing in their duties, is no excuse for our doing so."

"Though my father," St. Orville always says, "sometimes forgets his affection for his son, that son shall never forget his duty to his father." Nor does he, miss De Clifford; for no one who sees the undeviating sweet, conciliating, and respectful manner of St. Orville to his father, could suspect that father ever had been cruel or unkind to him.

'Not so with me, I am ashamed to say; for seldom can I catch myself treating my father with proper respect. My mother's injuries are ever floating in my mind's eye; and, in a constant state of irritation, I often found my flippant tongue saying saucy things to lord Delamore—nay, sometimes turning him into ridicule—which always extremely displeases my mother with me; and yet I cannot help it; for how can a libertine father be an object of respect to his grown-up offspring? Indeed, until I came down to attend



him in his last illness, I firmly believe I hated him.

‘Though lord Delamore’s late acquired dislike to London confines him so much to the country, he has constantly made my mother spend every spring in town, to keep up the family state and consequence in the public eye; and to mix with those of her own station, unmingled with the base alloy, which in the country he is compelled to admit into the society of his family. Last year, being eighteen, I was presented; and a very delightful time we had in town, from the queen’s to the king’s birth-day: but this year, alas! how sadly different! My father, out of sorts with every one, because he had unjustly quarrelled with his son, would not accompany us to town; but staid here, brooding mischief, and at length fretting himself into illness. My dear mother, in consequence of mental disquietude, fell dangerously ill the last week in January, and continued in a very weak and precarious state until the beginning of May. By the management of Selina, my father knew not the danger my mother had been in, until it was past; and just as he heard of it, his terrible illness came on; when I hastened down to him, and found him so weak, so ill, so full of agonising pain, so very near death, that I felt my supposed hatred of him had been all delusion. For two days after my arrival, he knew me not, his fever ran so high (his complaint, rheumatic gout); but when his abating pain, and consequent decrease of fever, allowed him to observe me, he eagerly called me to him, kissed me tenderly, said “I looked like my angel mother” (a resemblance he never allowed before), and bade me “not to leave him.” I meant to obey him; but shortly after, I was compelled to re-

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tire, with his physicians, to receive instructions from them.

‘On my return to my father, he said to me, in a tone that thrilled through my heart, “*My child*, go to bed. I remarked how pale and thin you looked; and Holt has informed me, your long and tender attendance upon your mother subdued you, and that you have been very ill, and in a rheumatic fever too. I know that pain, and must feel for you: but hearing you left your sick chamber, for the first time, to come to me; and that since your arrival you never sought your pillow; has given such pain to my heart, I cannot bear it.—Go to bed, my child.”...

‘I wept for joy, at this proof of his affectionate concern for me; and feeling that Nature did absolutely require my taking rest, to sustain me through, what the physicians apprehended, a relapse in my father, I retired: after two hours’ rest, I returned, and found him still; his curtains drawn around him. I sat quietly by his bed-side, until I heard him sigh heavily, and move. I then gently drew aside the curtain, to look at him; when he instantly caught my hand, and pressed it affectionately to his lips.—Oh! how my heart thrilled!

‘That night, as the nasty foreboding doctors apprehended, he had a relapse; but it turned out, most fortunately, of little consequence: when, in the first moments of returning pain, poor Holt, overpowered by his sorrow, unguardedly dropped some word expressive of despair. My father, with almost terrifying vehemence, instantly exclaimed—“Driveller! I am not dying. I cannot, will not, die! Emily cannot now come to me; and on the bosom of my angel wife, only, will I resign my last breath.”

3 I



Oh, Miss De Clifford! what delusive dreams of happiness for us all did I augur from these emphatic words! During the very slow progress of my father's amendment, his kindness and growing partiality to me seemed hourly to increase. We talked incessantly of my mother. I ventured to speak of St. Orville; my father seemed pleased that I did so; and we often pursued the subject together. At length the Gazette arrived containing my gallant brother's late glorious achievement; during the perusal of which, my father wept like a child; and, as soon as abated agitation permitted him to hold a pen, he wrote a long letter to St. Orville:—what it contained I know not; but it cost lord Delamore many tears.

'It happened, most unfortunately, that my father was so much recovered, as to be able to walk out before the return of my mother;—a return, I have no doubt, Selina most diabolically retarded: writing for so many renewals of leave of absence;—first for permission to stay the birth-day; and then that my mother looked pale, and was so weak she was not yet equal to so long a journey;—and this was all, I am certain, because she dreaded their meeting before Monk had an opportunity of working my overthrow in my father's favour, and turning his heart from my mother. Last Monday—oh! it was black Monday for me!—my father walked over to visit that enchantress Monk; and returned from her, an altered being. No more did his eyes beam with affection on me; no more was his voice attuned by kindness. Alas! he returned the harsh, stern father, I had ever before found him. I thanked Heaven, St. Orville's letter was gone, beyond the reach of malice to recal; but I trembled for all the airy castles I had built, for the conjugal hap-

piness of my parents: and, alas! alas! the frigid reception my father gave my mother, after a separation of almost five months—and after her dangerous indisposition, and his own—cruelly put every lingering hope to flight. I know he was offended at her want of punctuality, in not being at Bridport, to which place he anxiously rode this morning, to meet her (the longest ride he has attempted since his illness); and fatigue and disappointment terribly irritated him—but could not have occasioned such a heartless reception as that: and I cannot but mingle self-upbraidings with my sorrow; for I doubt not my indignant impetuosity increased the malice and machinations of Mrs. Monk.

'On my father's being taken ill, this Circe flew hither. By his lordship's order, she was admitted, and became his chief nurse:—and such a nurse, Seabright the housekeeper told me, never was before seen!.... Sitting rocking herself on her chair, with a face a yard long, to look woe-begone; and without rouge, to look like grief. Howling, when he moaned; fidgetting with the curtains, when he dosed, effectually to awaken him; running about, shouting, bawling, and calling every one—impeding all; and doing nothing herself, when his pain became violent and alarming—but officiously giving him all his medicines, of which, in her tender, agonised anxiety (as she herself termed it) always contriving to spill two-thirds: though she managed never to lose a drop of the madeira she had continually recourse to, to sustain her through her heart-rending attendance: and both Seabright and Holt affirm, they are certain she threw the medicines about, and made all her noises, on purpose to prevent his recovery, being anxious to come into possession of the immense bequest he has made to



her. Certainly, from the moment my father's rest was undisturbed, and that he got all his medicines, he recovered rapidly.

‘However, to return to the point, of myself upbraiding.—On my arrival, this vile woman retired to my father's dressing-room, where I most unexpectedly encountered her. My indignation, at there beholding the destroyer of my mother's happiness, almost amounted to frenzy: I ordered her instantly to quit the castle; nor “dare to contaminate the air I breathed, with her polluted breath.” Her eyes flashed fire: but I suppose the fire which flashed from mine was more tremendous; for she obeyed me, without uttering a syllable: but never shall I forget the look of deadly, implacable vengeance, she darted at me. It struck the chill of terror to my heart, and made my coward frame shake with direful apprehension.’.....

This long narrative, of lady Theodosia's, was told without a single audible comment from our heroine; for her ladyship, feeling that to remark upon the circumstances she recited must be painfully unpleasant to her young companion, delicately contrived to avoid any pause that might seem to demand a reply. But though Julia spoke not, her heart was too full of sensibility, too feelingly alive to every right propensity, not to be struck most forcibly with many and varied emotions, during this distressing narration; which (whilst it inspired much tender solicitude, sympathising sorrow, highly awakened admiration, the extreme of indignation, contempt, and horror) drew the resistless tear of pity from her eyes.

Her ladyship's communications had seen the close of evening out; and, by moon-light, they had paced many a turn upon the terrace, an earnest speaker and an attentive

hearer; and, so deeply were they both engaged, they heard not the supper-bell, nor thought of returning until the old butler came, himself, to seek them.

‘O Heavens!’ exclaimed lady Theodosia, ‘how heedless of time I have been! I have made you shed so many tears, that your eyes, and my own, will awaken suspicion of the conversation of our walk.’

Her ladyship, and Julia, now contrived, by the aid of a watering-pot, to get some water from an adjacent lake, on which the moon-beams brightly played, and bathed their eyes, until they believed every trace of tears was removed. This little hurry and exertion, by abstracting their thoughts from the subjects that before so much saddened them, gave to their spirits something like cheering exhilaration, and led them back to the castle totally devoid of every appearance of dejection, which, to the penetrating eyes of lady Selina, might have betrayed them.

The same party assembled at supper, which formed their dinner circle. Ladies Delamore and Selina entertained the two gentlemen with town news, and anecdotes of several persons and occurrences, they had heard and met with during their long absence; until lord Delamore suddenly said—‘Emily, did you remember to bring me the medal?’

Her ladyship instantly drew from her pocket a case, which she thought contained a medal, and handed it to her husband; but in a moment, aware of her mistake, she, in great trepidation, reached out the medal, demanding her own case—but it was too late; lord Delamore had opened it; and the cheeks of lady Delamore were blanched with apprehensive terror. His lordship started, looked for a moment, and then exclaimed—‘Oh! how speaking is this invaluable likeness to my



boy!'—After a few moments more, spent in earnest gaze upon it, he returned the portrait to the trembling lady Delamore, into whose eyes the sudden tears of joyful surprise had been called, by the words—'invaluable likeness to my boy;' but discretion arrested the fall of those happy tears.

Spirited conversation was now at an end: the incident of the portrait, for different reasons, unhinged the parents and their daughters; and all full of obtruding thoughtfulness, no one was longer able to bear a connected part in discourse. After a few unsuccessful efforts, by Mr. Temple and Julia, to restore converse, all sunk into silence; and lady Delamore, at length, aware of the universal gloom, broke up the dumb party, and they separated for the night.

## A NIGHT WALK

IN AUGUST.

*By J. M. L.*

'The bird of Eve began her tune,  
The chilly night-dew slowly rose,  
Whilst in the East appear'd the Moon,  
As Nature sank to sweet repose.'

*Author's Manuscript Poems.*

THE day had been a West-Indian day for heat, and each toiling harvester had literally earned a hard day's labour 'by the sweat of his brow.' Much of the corn was already carried, and a few days promised to see the whole safely got in. Evening's 'placid hours' had called the labourers home, and the mild summons had been gladly obeyed by them all; for fatigue had made the thought of home doubly dear. Thus

might they exclaim with Bloomfield—

'Still twilight, welcome! Rest, how sweet  
art thou!'

I sought not the fields till 'the chilly night-dew' began to smoke along the surface of the neighbouring stream. When my last Night Walk was taken, every appearance portended a coming storm; and the portents were not deceitful: the storm came, and it was an awful one! I have heard many men boast that they were never alarmed at a tempest, let its violence be ever so great: I am myself not at all timid during a storm, but it is at all times awe-inspiring; and when the pealing thunder, preceded by streams of liquid fire, seems to roll in tremendous majesty just above our heads, I envy not that man's mind who can coldly and apathetically listen to its terrific tones, and say it inspires him with no sentiment of awe, with no feeling of fear. I freely confess I have felt both, and in the most terrifying moment of a tempest have been ready to exclaim—

'Where now's the trifier? where the child  
of pride?

These are the moments when the heart is  
try'd!

Nor lives the man with conscience e'er so  
clear,

But feels a solemn, reverential fear;  
Feels too a joy relieve his aching breast,  
When the spent storm hath howl'd itself to  
rest.'

BLOOMFIELD.

Hurdis, too, is very impressive on this subject. He says,

'There let me sit to see the low'ring storm  
Collect its dusky horrors, and advance  
To bellow sternly in the ear of night;  
To see th' Almighty electrician come,  
Making the clouds his chariot. Who can  
stand  
When he appears? The conscious creature  
flies,  
And skulks away, afraid to see his God  
Charge and recharge his dreadful battery.'



For who so pure his lightning might not  
blast,

And be the messenger of justice? Who  
Can stand expos'd, and to his judge exclaim,  
"My heart is cleansed, turn thy storm  
away."

Fear not, ye fair, who with the mighty  
world

Have seldom mingled. Mark the rolling  
storm,

And let me hear you tell, when morning  
comes,

With what tremendous howl the furious  
blast

Blew the large shower in heavy cataract  
Against your window; how the keen, the  
quick,

And vivid lightning quiver'd on your bed;  
And how the deep artillery of heav'n  
Broke loose, and shook your coward habi-  
tation.

Fear not; for if a life of innocence,  
And that which we deem virtue here below,  
Can hold the forked bolt, ye may presume  
To look, and live. Yet be not bold, but  
shew

Some pious dread, some grave astonishment:  
For all our worthy deeds are nothing worth;  
And if the solemn tempest cut us short  
In our best hour, we are in debt to heav'n.

VILLAGE CURATE.

On this night all was peace; the  
stars shone above, in radiant beauty;  
the planetary star of eve most con-  
spicuous amongst them. I gazed on  
them with mingled wonder and ad-  
miration. The thought that every  
fixed star was a sun, similar to that  
which enlightens our own earth, and  
round each of which revolves a pla-  
netary system, whose orbs are all too  
far removed for mortal eyes to be-  
hold, led the contemplating mind to  
the Omniscient hand that created  
and regulates the whole of so stupen-  
dous a system. True indeed it is,  
that,

'Stars teach as well as shine. At Nature's  
birth

Thus their commission ran— 'Be kind to  
Man!'

Where art thou, poor benighted traveller?  
The stars will light thee, though the moon  
should fail.

Where art thou, more benighted! more  
astray!

In ways immoral? The stars call thee back,  
And, if obey'd their counsel, set thee right!"

YOUNG.

Strange it is, but no more strange

than true, that there are men weak  
enough, mad enough (I hardly know  
what name to call it by), to believe,  
or at least to endeavour to believe,  
that there is no God, no almighty  
Being, whose sole-creating hand  
formed the wondrous world we live  
in, the wondrous worlds that sur-  
round us; when even every leaf,  
every blade of grass attest his power,  
without extending a glance to the  
immensities of the universe. To  
such a lost being it should be said,

'Come hither, fool, who vainly think'st  
Thine only is the art to plumb the depth  
Of truth and wisdom. 'Tis a friend who  
calls,

And has some honest pity left for thee.

Oh! thoughtless stubborn sceptic. Look  
abroad,

And tell me, shall we to blind chance ascribe  
The scene so wonderful, so fair, and good?

Shall we no farther search than sense will  
lead,

To find the glorious cause which so delights  
The eye and ear, and scatters ev'ry where  
Ambrosial perfumes? Is there not a hand  
Which operates unseen, and regulates  
The vast machine we tread on? Yes, there  
is

Who first created the great world, a work  
Of deep construction, complicately wrought,  
Wheel within wheel; tho' all in vain we  
strive

To trace remote effects through the thick  
maze

Of movements intricate, confus'd and strange,  
Up to the great Artificer who made,  
And guides the whole. What if we see him  
not?

No more can we behold the busy soul  
Which animates ourselves. Man to himself  
Is all a miracle. I cannot see

The latent cause, yet such I know there is,  
Which gives the body motion, nor can tell  
By what strange impulse the so ready limb  
Performs the purposes of will. How then

Shall thou or I, who cannot span ourselves,  
In this our narrow vessel, comprehend  
The being of a God? Go to the shore,  
Cast in thy slender angle, and draw out

The huge leviathan. Compress the deep,  
And shut it up within the hollow round  
Of the small hazel nut. Or freight the shell

Of snail or cockle, with the glorious sun,  
And all the worlds that live upon his beams,  
The goodly apparatus that rides round  
The glowing axle-tree of heaven. Then  
come

And I will grant 'tis thine to scale the heights  
Of wisdom infinite, and comprehend  
Secrets incomprehensible: to know  
There is no God, and what the potent cause



Which the revolving universe upholds,  
And not requires a Deity at hand.

Persuade me not, insulting disputant,  
That I shall die, the wick of life consum'd,  
And spite of all my hopes sink to the grave,  
Never to rise again. Will the great God,  
Who thus by annual miracle restores  
The perish'd year, and youth and beauty  
gives

By resurrection strange, where none was  
ask'd,  
Leave only man to be the scorn of time  
And sport of death? Shall only he one  
Spring.

One hasty Summer, and one Autumn see,  
And then to Winter irredeemable  
Be doom'd, cast out, rejected, and despis'd?  
Tell me not so, or by thyself enjoy  
The melancholy thought. Am I deceiv'd?  
Be my mistake eternal. If I err,  
It is an error sweet and lucrative.  
For should not Heaven a farther course  
intend

Than the short race of life, I am at least  
Thrice happier than thou, ill-boding fool,  
Who striv'st in vain the awful doom to fly  
Which I not fear. But I *shall* live again,  
And still on that sweet hope shall my soul  
feed:

A medicine it is, which with a touch  
Heals all the pains of life; a precious balm,  
Which makes the tooth of sorrow venomless,  
And of her hornet-sting so keen disarms  
Cruel Adversity.

HURDIS.

Proceeding on my way, I passed  
the humble church of a small vil-  
lage.

'Mean structure, where no bones of  
heroes lie!

The rude inelegance of poverty  
Reigns here alone:—else why that roof of  
straw?

Those narrow windows with the frequent  
flaw?

O'er whose low cells the dock and mallow  
spread,

And rampant nettles lift the spiry head.'

BLOOMFIELD.

Turning now out of the lane I had  
been walking along, I entered a  
field, where the beams of the 'full  
orb'd Moon' shewed in long lines  
of succession the sheaves of ripened  
wheat, which another day would in  
all probability see safely housed;  
while perhaps another week would  
enable the farmer to ejaculate with  
servent thankfulness,

'Now ev'ry barn is fill'd, and harvest *done*.'

I almost lamented it was night, for  
it prevented me from contemplating  
a picture like the following.

'Now o'er his corn the sturdy farmer  
looks,

And swells with satisfaction, to behold  
The plenteous harvest which repays his toil.  
We too are gratified, and feel a joy  
Inferior but to his, partakers all  
Of the rich bounty Providence has strew'd  
In plentiful profusion o'er the field.  
What to the eye more cheerful, to the heart  
More satisfactory, than to look abroad,  
And from the window see the reaper strip,  
Look round, and put his sickle to the wheat?  
Or hear the early mower whet his scythe,  
And see where he has cut his sounding way,  
E'en to the utmost edge of the brown field  
Of oats or barley? What delights us more,  
Than studiously to trace the vast effects  
Of unabated labour? to observe  
How soon the golden field abounds with  
sheaves?

How soon the oat and bearded barley fall,  
In frequent lines before the keen-edged  
scythe?

The clatt'ring team then comes, the swarthy  
hind

Leaps down and doffs his frock alert, and  
plies

The shining fork. Down to the stubble's  
edge

The easy wain descends half-built, then  
turns

And labours up again. From pile to pile  
With rustling step the swain proceeds, and  
still

Bears to the groaning load the well-poisd  
sheaf.

The gleaner follows, and with studious eye  
And bended shoulders traverses the field  
To cull the scatter'd ear, the perquisite  
By Heaven's decree assign'd to them who  
need,

And neither sow nor reap. Ye who have  
sown,

And reap so plenteously, and find the grange  
Too narrow to contain the harvest given,  
Be not severe, and grudge the needy poor  
So small a portion. Scatter many an ear,  
Nor let it grieve you to forget a sheaf  
And overlook the loss. For He who gave  
Will bounteously reward the purpos'd wrong  
Done to yourselves; nay more, will twice  
repay

The generous neglect. The field is clear'd;  
No sheaf remains; and now the empty wain  
A load less honourable waits. Vast toil  
succeeds,

And still the team retreats, and still returns  
To be again full-fraught. Proceed, ye  
swains,

And make one autumn of your lives, your  
toil

Still new, your harvest never done. Proceed,



And stay the progress of the falling year,  
 And let the cheerful valley laugh and sing,  
 Crown'd with perpetual August. Never faint,  
 Nor ever let us hear the hearty shout  
 Sent up to Heaven, your annual work complete,  
 And harvest ended. It may seem to you  
 The sound of joy, but not of joy to us.  
 We grieve to think how soon your efforts  
 cease,  
 How soon the plenteous year resigns her  
 fruits,  
 And waits the mure approach of surly Winter.'  
 HURDIS.

I now pointed my steps towards  
 home, recollecting these lines of my  
 favourite poet, Hurdis.

'Let us not borrow from the hours of rest,  
 For we must steal from morning to repay;  
 And who would lose the animated smile  
 Of dawning day, for th' austere frown of  
 night?  
 I grant her well accoutred in her suit  
 Of dripping sable, powder'd thick with stars,  
 And much applaud her as she passes by  
 With a replenish'd horn on either brow:  
 But more I love to see awaking day  
 Rise with a fluster'd cheek; a careful maid,  
 Who fears she has outstept the 'custom'd  
 hour,  
 And leaves her chamber blushing.'  
 VILLAGE CURATE.

## THE STROLLER.

By D. T.

'No youth did I in education waste,  
 For happily I had a *strolling taste*.  
 Nature's my guide; all pendants I scorn;  
 Pains I abhor, I was a stroller born.'

THUS sung a few years since a  
 noted *snob*, whose name I need not  
 here mention—he has made too much  
 noise in the world to be a stranger:  
 and I find he was a *stroller* too, and  
 I'll venture to say the cobbling stool  
 of bold crispin served for a desk; but  
 what of that? he can now afford a  
 good table—and what's better, can  
 well furnish that table.

'A *strolling crew* from various callings  
 sprung,  
 Some of you have been *gypsies*, others *sailors*;  
 Some *drays* have whistling *driven*, or carts of  
 dung,  
 And others mighty *barbers* been and *tailors*.'

This Mr. *Mend-sole* we find was  
 fond of reading and *strolling*, and so  
 am I; and we read of greater men  
 equally as fond: for instance—*Pe-*  
*trarch* was thrown into a fever, by  
 being deprived of his reading three  
 days; *Pliny* (the younger) always  
 read when it was possible, whether  
 sitting, riding, or walking; and *Pliny*  
 the elder had always some person  
 to read to him during his meals:  
*Brutus*, while serving in the army  
 under *Pompey*, employed every mo-  
 ment he could spare in reading;  
*Alexander* was also fond of reading,  
 and amidst his conquests felt un-  
 happy for want of books; and *Plu-*  
*tarch* informs us he intirely lived on  
 history: To be sure I now and then  
 give a peep into the newspapers, and  
 sometimes a book, but I do assure  
 you I do not exist by reading.

'Every one as they like,  
 As the old woman said when she kiss'd her  
 cow.'

And so say I—and as silence gives  
 consent (as they say), I presume  
 you, my *dear sweet* and *angelic* fair  
 readers, consent to my *strolling*; and  
 as that is the case, I must by way of  
 compliment give a little return, in  
 the way of flattery, which (allow  
 the expression) the generality of  
 your lovely sex have a partiality to.  
 And to begin with the truth, it is  
 praiseworthy now to find the ladies  
 in their dress are great economists,  
 yet fashionable.

Permit me to say, however, that  
 fashions are like quack medicines,  
 what becomes one lady may be fatal  
 to the charms of another; prevalence  
 of fashion, however, is equally ap-  
 plicable to both sexes. But this is a  
 digression from my subject. Allow  
 me just to add, that if a person who  
 had been absent from this country ten  
 years: were now to return and see  
 our ladies in their *scull-caps*, *pellices*,  
*waistcoats*, *shirts*, *garters*, *cravats*,



&c. what in the world would he think? why, he would think that an epidemic frenzy had infected the whole *beau monde*.

I cannot conclude my stroll without giving a *little piece* of an extract from Pope, not but what this gentleman and myself may vary a little in opinions: be that as it may, I just subjoin it by way of a finish.

‘Time was, a sober Englishman would knock  
His servants up, and rise by five o’clock;  
Instruct his family in virtue’s rule;  
Send his wife to church, his son to school.

—Now times are chang’d—  
Sons, sires, and grandsires, all will wear the  
bays;  
Our wives read Milton, and our daughters  
phys.’

### LONDON FASHIONABLE FULL DRESSES.

(With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.)

1. A DRESS of white satin, trimmed round the bosom and sleeves with a rich Vandyke border of rose-coloured velvet; train long, rounded off on one side, and terminating in a square corner on the other: the bottom of the dress is also ornamented with the same Vandyke border, of a much larger pattern: over the dress, a drapery of lace, spotted and trimmed to match. The hair is dressed with combs and bands, and hanging ringlets on the right side, ornamented with the paddy plume. White satin or kid shoes and gloves.

2. Dress of light blue crape, over a white sarsnet lining, made strait over the bosom, and ornamented with lace edged with a puffing of narrow white ribbon; sleeves short, and trimmed to correspond: the waist confined with a cord and tassels; and a rich embossed ribbon

laid on round the bottom of the dress about an inch from the edge. The hair ornamented with a rich gilt comb.

[We are indebted for the above dresses, and for their kind information on all occasions, to the favour of Perkins and Co. milliners and fancy dress-makers, Charlotte-street, Rathbone-place.]

### On the EXTENT and POPULOUS- NESS of LONDON, and a COM- PARISON of the CITIES of LON- DON and PARIS.

(From ‘Travels in England, translated from the German of C. A. G. Goede.’)

FOR many days after my arrival in London, I was constantly employed in perambulating the town; but it was some time before I found myself capable of forming any comprehensive idea of its stupendous wonders. It is a singular fact, that, in the zeal of discovery, I have often led my London friends through parts of the metropolis, of which they, born and bred within its precincts, were altogether ignorant. It may therefore be easily conceived, that travellers whose stay is short usually remain ignorant of the most interesting features of this picture, which, to be surveyed with advantage, requires to be seen from many points of view.

The Thames, for instance, affords abundant scope for contemplation or curiosity; if only cursorily observed from one of the three bridges where every object is confined, and the inquisitive traveller feels himself on no better title authorised to descant on its beauties. But if we wish to survey the grand lineaments of this river, we must ascend the Monument, or St. Paul’s; or if we would



*Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.*



*London Fashionable Full Dresses.*



fix our observation to its central points, the Adelphi terrace will fully gratify us. From the latter spot we have an uninterrupted view of Westminster and Blackfriars bridges; to the left, Somerset-house appears in all its magnificence:—on the opposite side of the water lies the borough of Southwark, which forms a fine contrast to the gothic beauties of Westminster. We fancy it to be a large manufacturing town; while we see black houses of various forms rising here and there in irregular heaps, crowned with clouds of smoke issuing from numerous furnaces. There are no ships on this part of the river, but thousands of barges and boats are perpetually passing; some with goods, other with passengers; the whole together forming an agreeable prelude to the unique perspective below the bridge.

Nothing can be more surprising than the eagerness of speculation which contributes daily to increase this vast metropolis. I resided in Southampton-row, Bloomsbury, near which the duke of Bedford is engaged in very extensive buildings, and has some thousands of workmen in constant employment. I remember that on my return to town, after an absence of some months, I could scarcely believe myself at home. On reviewing the neighbourhood, I could have fancied myself transported into a fairy world, where by the powers of a magic wand palaces and gardens had suddenly found existence. I paused, and asked myself whether I had not previously seen these new streets, new squares, new gardens; in a word, this new city: or, whether in reality the heaps of stones and rubbish which I had left piled up from the materials of old houses had been metamorphosed into new and elegant buildings. People crowded along the well-light-

ed pavement, where I had left only obscure avenues; and every thing wore the appearance of enchantment. The opposite side of Southampton-row, late an open space, was not only built upon, but inhabited; a coffee-house was open, and some very handsome shops exposed their merchandise for sale! Tavistock-square, a new chapel already consecrated, and streets intersecting each other, were novelties that raised new wonder in my mind at almost every step I took.

Perhaps strangers may imagine that the distant parts of the metropolis are mouldering into decay, while this new-favoured spot exhibits such peculiar indications of taste and improvement; but their wonder will increase when I assure them that this spirit of enterprise is general, and may be discovered even in the poorest and most wretched parts of the town.

But, it may be asked, does not this enormous metropolis swallow up the towns of the interior; and do not its monopolising riches reduce the most considerable of them to a state of listlessness and decline?—No; it appears as if the whole kingdom were inspired with one general soul, and that every town in it were increasing in the same proportion as the capital itself. London may be called the heart of this great empire; it infuses into all the members that vital energy with which its own surcharged pulses so proudly beat. If we visit Bath, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Newcastle; in short, all the great provincial towns; we perceive the same spirit of emulation, and the same diffusive opulence.

‘Then these cities are thus richly embellished at the expence of the country at large; and while commerce and manufactures flourish, the blessings of luxuriant nature are



greatly neglected?"—By no means. Agriculture and every part of rural economy flourish in England with unrivalled success. Even the details of farming engage the attention of the higher classes, and the treasures accumulated by commerce in the city are applied to the cultivation and improvement of the soil. The rich London merchant, retiring from the fatigue of the counting-house, creates an earthly paradise upon his estate, and generally terminates his busy life in the honourable distinction of being a country-gentleman.

Nothing so effectually elucidates a point as comparison; I shall therefore frequently, in the course of this work, compare London with Paris; not, however, without being aware that my task is invidious. All persons have their prejudices, and these are sometimes too powerful to be conquered either by reflection or observation. General views often depend on particular optics, and prepossessions, national or political, cannot be expected to be without their influence. Though both might intend the greatest impartiality, it would be difficult to find an Englishman and a Frenchman of the same opinion. Each will suppose and contend that the metropolis of his own country surpasses all others; though while some points of resemblance may exist, they are in their general character and appearance wholly opposite.

Every traveller will say without hesitation, that London affords less enjoyment to a stranger than any other metropolis in Europe. In this particular it certainly yields the palm to Paris; for without connections a man can do nothing in England; whereas, at Paris, while we pursue pleasure, pleasure still follows at our heels. And yet I doubt whether an Englishman would candidly admit the fact. Hence modern French

writers affirm, and with truth, that of all the European capitals, London is the most dull and gloomy. To the superficial observer, I admit, it may appear so; but let a man *domesticate* in London, and form a free and extensive acquaintance with the inhabitants, and he will assuredly form a different opinion. To such a one every object will insensibly change its form. What at first appeared trivial will assume consequence; and he will perceive those peculiar features which characterise a great and free people. He will forget the deficiency of external ornaments so evident in all places of public amusement; he will cease to dwell on the importance of splendour and variety; while he contemplates with silent admiration the superior excellences of the prevailing constitution and system of laws.

All who have had an opportunity of viewing these two large cities, must admit that Paris surpasses London in the number and beauty of its palaces. The latter cannot show any public building that will admit of comparison with the Tuilleries, the Louvre, the Palais Royal, the palace of Luxemburg, the former dwellings of the prince of Condé, of the minister at war, the minister of marine, and many others which are the unrivalled boast of Paris; nor do I know a single private building in London, which vies with any of those numerous hotels that formerly manifested the existence of a French nobility.

In Paris every thing reminds us of its having been the residence of a splendid court, where the nobles rivalled each other in luxury and magnificence; but in London there are no traces of this kind. Indeed, a stranger may live here some time before he discerns the presence of a court at all, which only manifests its grandeur on particular occasions; and though much expensive pro-



fusion decorates the interior of the houses inhabited by the higher classes of society, yet the outside of them inspires no ideas of exalted rank; and the building which exclusively claims the name of palace, and is the residence of England's kings, has an appearance perfectly miserable.

From the *Pont Neuf*, at Paris, the eye wanders over an immense perspective, in which the magnificent quays show an extended line of superb edifices; but the Thames affords no such objects; it exhibits no magnificence but its own, which, however, certainly surpasses that of any other river in the world. On the other hand, the streets of Paris are narrow, unpaved, and, consequently, filthy in the extreme; and besides this so crooked, that we can have no perfect view along any of them; but those of London are extremely grand and spacious, excellently paved, and, in general, regular.

The *Place des Victoires*, and the *Place des Vendôme*, are finely and regularly built, but are by no means lively. London has upwards of twenty squares on the more extensive scale, independently of others. The houses in these, perhaps, are not very large, or remarkable for their architecture; but who in his senses would exchange the cheerful impressions arising from the extreme neatness of these buildings, and the green lawns which they surround, for the vacant splendour of solitary palaces?

A traveller, unaccustomed to any large city, will be surprised on entering Paris, at the population which it exhibits; but that surprise will be raised into wonder if he afterwards visits London, where he will encounter three times the number of passengers in every street. This difference is easily accounted for. In the first place, London is in itself

more populous than Paris; the returns of the latter, according to the most recent calculations, giving only 547,756 souls, whereas, agreeably to the records laid before the house of commons, in 1802, London is stated to contain 864,845 inhabitants. I have been assured too by a friend conversant with the subject, that this statement was entirely independent of the perpetual influx of foreigners and strangers from all parts of the united kingdom, as well as of the numerous soldiers and sailors on service here: so that London may be taken to contain nearly half a million of inhabitants more than Paris. But there are still more powerful reasons. London is avowedly the first commercial city in the world; and consequently the activity and industry of its inhabitants give new life and diversity to every busy scene. It contains by far a greater number of opulent idlers than Paris; and the number of travellers here exceeds that in any part of Europe. The latter fact is proved by the receipts of the London turnpikes, from which it appears that upwards of ten thousand persons daily pay toll at the several gates.—These causes together account for the superior populousness of the streets here; and it is no less true, that London, so vast in its compass, and so thronged as it is in all its avenues, appears scarcely large enough for the accommodation of its inhabitants.

The illuminations of Paris and London are unquestionably the most magnificent spectacles in Europe, but they differ both in their nature and their effect.

Paris on such an occasion presents a *coup d'œil* calculated to lull the senses into a state of enchantment. The magnificent arcades of the numerous palaces which decorate the banks of the river appear like fairy



castles; the effulgence of whose appearance is reflected with almost inconceivable effect on the placid bosom of the stream.

The boats floating on the Seine resemble meteors issuing from the water: while groupes of small craft, decorated with variegated lamps, form a moving picture of surprising splendour. Every distant object contributes to heighten the magnificence of the whole, till the mind catches the delusion of the eye, and each faculty participates the dominion of fancy.

If we follow the crowd from the quays to the Thuilleries, we shall behold a blazing wood, from the glare of which the dazzled eye cannot fail to shrink. In the Elysian Fields, which are contiguous to the palace, temples and pyramids brilliantly illuminated rise to the view in every direction; while music mingles with the plaudits of the spectators, and heightens the impression of the scene.

But here the effect ends. A stranger now perceives the whole to be a show prepared by government to amuse the people; and all other parts of the city are enveloped in their usual darkness.

In London an illumination is a token of public rejoicing, voluntarily evinced by the people themselves. It is general, because every individual is interested, and every individual cordially contributes to its splendour.

The public buildings on this occasion cannot make much parade, as they do not, with the exception of the Bank, present any considerable *façade* for the purpose, and are otherwise disadvantageously situated: but the private houses are superbly and fancifully decorated with lamps; so that in a long handsome street the brilliancy is uninterrupted, and inexpressibly grand. In a word, what Paris displays from one particular

position, London exhibits in every quarter. Each bye-street claims its share in the public rejoicing, and we wander about the town till we are lost in the contemplation of an object that appears without end.

The inequality of the buildings, and the circumstance of every occupier following his own fancy, prevent any regular plan of illumination; but this perpetual variety serves only to improve the scene. The eye might otherwise be fatigued with sameness; but now fancy and caprice create fresh objects of admiration at every step we take.

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THE

ELVILLE FAMILY SECRETS,

A NOVEL.

(Continued from p. 261.)

ONE day as Matilda was sitting at a window ruminating over her unfortunate destiny, she perceived a lady on horseback, richly caparisoned, accompanied by two gentlemen and a numerous retinue, approach the outer gate. What were her sensations may be easily conceived, on discovering the lady to be her sister, one of the gentlemen her husband, and the other her father. For a moment she forgot all her sorrows; but she recollected there was yet a dear object she must inquire after, her favourite brother, and yet greater favourite whom she durst not mention. To her most anxious questions concerning her brother, why he behaved so unkind as never to write to her, even if he could not see her, were returned the most evasive answers. Indeed the perturbation of an accusing conscience scarcely permitted the old man to



answer at all. Matilda was alarmed by his manner—'Oh, my father!' exclaimed she, 'let me hear the worst, I beseech you!'—With difficulty he said, 'My dear girl, mention not his name; you know not what I suffer on hearing it.'—Here the anguish of his bosom overpowered his speech, and he remained a few moments motionless; Matilda was little better, not doubting but he had shared the fate of the unfortunate Burns.—In faltering accents she exclaimed, 'Oh my father! is he living? Have I yet an affectionate brother, or have I not?'

'Do not distress me any more, my daughter; I know not where he is. Mad-headed young man that he is! he has been in Scotland; then with lady Brampton. For his disobedience in visiting that base Elfrida, I have banished him for ever from my presence; therefore if you wish to be reinstated in my favour mention him no more.'

'Heavens!' she involuntarily exclaimed, 'my brother unsettled in his mind! Once he was kind, harmless, and knew no guile: that is not the case now, or he would not thus have deserted me; because I can have given him no reason for his cruelty.'

Her father's emotion, and her brother's wandering, convinced her there was some mystery with which she was not acquainted; she had now some slight suspicion that she had not been dealt fairly by. The countenance of the countess too, during this conversation, underwent many changes. The earl her husband paced the apartment apparently lost in thought. Thus for the present this affair rested: but her sister during the course of the day took an opportunity to wound her already lacerated feelings by saying, 'Now, Matilda, don't you look back with pleasure on the day when you

consented to your father's wish, and became countess of Hollen, being fortunately prevented from following your own inclinations?'

Matilda answered with unusual spirit—'If ever commiseration touched your callous bosom, mention no more that sad day, nor all the train of misfortunes and uneasy hours which have succeeded it; neither seek by any means to disparage so amiable a youth as was Burns. All the malice nor art human nature is capable of will ever sully the pure remembrance of his character; his noble spirit soared far above the machinations of weak minds. The recollection that I was once beloved by so superior a being will bring a ray of comfort to this agonised heart so long as life remains; and when the all-wise Disposer of events shall call me from this world, I shall be united to the sole possessor of my whole affection, no more to feel the pang of separation: oh, bliss too much for frail mortal to dwell on! My darling daughter claims my tenderest attention; sweet soother of many a solitary hour! May Heaven in its goodness spin out my wearisome thread of existence to shield her otherwise unprotected innocence from those ills which have almost broken the heart of her unhappy mother!'

The countess could have patience to hear her no longer, but began pouring forth her abhorrence of such obstinacy; when Matilda, to avoid her, abruptly quitted the room, after she had very candidly confessed her sentiments. In her haste she ran against her father, who was just entering the apartment she was quitting: he had overheard what she had been saying; a momentary gleam of reproach entered his breast for his cruel treatment of her; he plainly perceived the fatal passion was wrapped around the very thread of her



existence; and he likewise as plainly saw the ravages grief and disappointment had made in a face and form, once the most lovely in nature. To see her so wretched, and entirely on his own account, struck keen remorse to his soul every day; to witness it was more than he could endure: therefore they soon took their departure, not much regretted by Matilda; for she found very little consolation in their society, as they still retained the same inflexibility of nature which first alienated her affections from them. Her husband was now quite a stranger to her, having long had another object to engage his attention; the second unfortunate victim to his baseness, whom he had seduced under a fictitious marriage: it therefore answered his wicked purposes to keep the real countess secluded from the world; he could then own or desert her at his option. This elucidated the mysterious words she had heard from the old friar; as the first unhappy young girl's feelings were so wounded when she heard of the deception practised to delude her from the paths of virtue, that she survived the shock but a very short time, and was interred in the chapel. Time, as it had long done, rolled on with leaden wings; her whole attention was devoted to the little Martha, who became a charming companion by her innocent prattle, beguiling many a tedious hour. Long accustomed to a husband's indifference, she was determined to support it with firmness; indeed she never possessed his warmest affection: a heart so contaminated with vice could have but little to bestow, even had she possessed the whole, which, libertine like, was divided among several.

As I have before observed, she was determined to support his indifference with firmness, which was no great

trial where there was not sincere affection; but to meet with indifference from the only person we truly love, and to whom even life itself would not be too great a sacrifice, is distressing to an extreme: it may be truly denominated one of the real 'miseries of human life,' not imaginary, every feeling heart can testify; yet Matilda, among all her causes of grief, could now support this with calmness, thinking it more honourable to endure the afflictions sent by an all-wise Providence with patience than to murmur at dispensations we are taught to think for our good, although very often difficult is the task.

In the midst of these her meditations she was one day surprised by a stranger in a military dress rushing into her apartment. Overpowered with joy, she recognised her long-lost brother Sydney. When she had a little recovered, she ventured to inquire after his lost friend.

'Can you mention his name, Matilda?' said he, 'after such a breach of your faith: can you so wrong your judgment as to prefer such a villain as Holden to the gallant Burns? I can ill express the indignation I felt at your hypocrisy; I was long before I could credit it, till your own letter convinced me that it was your own inclination.'

'Never, never, my brother! Hear all before you reproach me; then I am satisfied you will have no cause.'—With difficulty she then related all that had befallen her since his departure, accompanied by his much-valued friend. He was struck motionless on hearing the recital of so much perfidy. All utterance died on his pallid lips; he paced the room with distraction depicted on his countenance.—'Is it possible, my sister,' said he, 'that a father should be guilty of such barbarity entirely



to destroy his child's peace of mind for the sake of sordid ambition, so inconsiderable when put in competition with sincere affection? But the days of sincerity and humanity are at an end, and sophistry and obduracy of heart have succeeded. Poor Burns! what an age of distress has he suffered!

Matilda heard no more; till then she was not certain that he was living, although from several parts of his conversation she had some reason to expect it. When she recovered, he implored her, for the sake of her lovely little daughter, to moderate her grief, as he must depart immediately (after asking one favour), unless his visit might be maliciously construed: she promised to grant it, if consistent with reason.—'But does Burns yet live?'—'He does,' was the reply, 'but an outcast from society.'

'O grandeur! O mad infatuation! thou bane to all social happiness; but for thy influence should I have been happy with the object of my affections!'

'Cease your wandering, Matilda; you must grant my request: he drags on a miserable existence—he intends to see you once more, then entirely to leave a country which has caused him such uneasiness, and in a foreign land seek an antidote for hopeless love. In Scotland your resemblance haunts him in the person of your dear sister Elfrida; there consequently he cannot remain. Whither he will wander is at present unknown to himself. He now is waiting for permission to have a last interview: far better had it been had we bravely fallen fighting for our country, than to have lived to have seen you thus estranged from us. The little playful Martha that moment ran into the room: he ardently kissed her; and bitterly sighing, consigned her to the care of her

unhappy mother, again interceding for his friend's last adieu.—'Remember,' said he, 'Matilda, the affection he bears you; remember your cruel treatment of him: you was too early persuaded against your own inclination. Your image, I am sure, is deeply engraven on his heart. He will never cease to think of you till every vision of this transitory scene shall be forgotten.'

She urged the anguish such an interview would occasion to both, and which now was of no avail, and the impropriety attending it; but her brother would take no denial. Martha would have followed him as he left the apartment, and as he turned to her his countenance spoke unutterable language. The little innocent, alarmed at his manner, thinking he was angry, ran hastily back to her mother, who shed over her a shower of tears.

Matilda passed a sleepless night, and in the morning a letter was given. Before she had time to break open the seal, a person rushed into the room;—it was Burns himself.—'Ah, Matilda!' said he, 'why do I live to see this day! why had not Heaven, in compassion to my agony, given me a resting-place where the wicked cease from trouble!' He took her hand and pressed it to his heart: she could not support her sensations, but sank under them, apparently lifeless. The proper restoratives revived her. She was shocked to see the ravages made in his once fine features and form. Although his eyes had lost much of their vivacity, still the same fascinating address prevailed; the same tender expression beamed on his countenance which first captivated her young inexperienced heart.—Matilda uttered with vehemence, 'Why did I consent to see thee again? all this distress had better been avoided.' He thought these words intended to



convey reproof, and his whole frame tottered with agony. Cold drops chased each other down his pallid face. Matilda gazed on him with frenzy depicted on her features:—‘Why reproach me?’ said he: ‘have my sufferings for your sake not been enough? I am for ever bereft of peace, and by such infernal means! Your invaluable brother has informed me of all the arts used to absolve our solemn vows of eternal love, and eternal I was always determined it should be; on my part I shall never retract them; never can I love another. This breast, once warm and susceptible, is now rendered cold as the frigid zone: still are my vows as pure as when they first escaped these trembling lips. How can I call to remembrance that scene? how dwell on so agonising a theme! yet it will return impressively to my eyes; and my very soul hangs over the recollection. My Matilda, so I shall ever call you, mine you are in the eyes of Heaven, though torn from me by such diabolical means!’

Seeing the countess apparently insensible, he fixed his eyes stedfastly on hers.—‘My Matilda,’ again he said, ‘you don’t seem to notice my being present; are you displeased at my visit? Speak; I won’t support your disdain; I have a remedy here,’ frantically grasping his sword.—Matilda shrieked; a sense of his danger aroused her from the reverie into which she was fallen.—‘For Heaven’s sake, forbear!’ she exclaimed: ‘I am not angry. Do you not know me better than to suppose I could be displeased with you?’

The door that instant opening, the little Martha ran to her with ineffable sweetness. The innocent child looked up in her face—‘My dear mother, is this the gentleman soldier you so often talk about? I

am sure he is very unkind to make you cry so.’—‘My dear girl!’ exclaimed she, ‘I cannot support your presence now.’ Here Burns took her up in his arms.—‘Have you,’ said he, ‘so sweet a consoler of your troubles as this lovely child?’ To which Matilda answered in the affirmative. ‘Sweet little cherub!’ continued he, ‘young as you are, I can plainly perceive the exact counterpart of your angelic mother in those infant lineaments; the matchless beauty is forcibly depicted. Inherit her virtues, her graces of person; but Heaven prevent her misfortunes from falling on thy head!’—Again Matilda requested him to permit the child to leave them, Burns entreated her to suffer her to remain.—‘Do not, Matilda,’ said he, ‘refuse me so trifling a favour; most probably it is the first and last time I shall enjoy her innocent prattle.’—Then apparently recollecting himself, he added, ‘How, how can I expect it, the thought is distraction: once I thought you mine by vows made in the presence of God, sanctioned by your brother. Your first letter after my arrival on the continent filled me with extacy; but that coldness in the subsequent one, that accusation of infidelity; and then your firm resolution of marrying the earl of Holden—Heaven! how did I support it? At that critical juncture we could not leave France. By my absence all my measure of woe was accomplished. I must away from this part of the world; I cannot live to see you in the arms of another.’

A kind of convulsive motion rendered all utterance impossible on the part of the countess: the despondency, the wretchedness, of an object so worthy her tenderest affections, was more than her already oppressed feelings could endure. A



flood of tears in some measure relieved her as she endeavoured to console him, to point out the folly of despair, but in such faltering accents as plainly showed she could not practise the lesson she dictated.

(To be continued.)

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To S. Y.

Does slighted love oppress thy heart,  
Come, rouse thee, lad, nor yield to sorrow:  
For should you and your mistress part,  
A kinder may be found to-morrow.

SIR,

IN some of your poetical and prose contributions, inserted in the Ladies Magazine, I observe you hint at a disappointment in a tender attachment, and that you continue to feel those unpleasing sensations which result from unrequited affection.

Shall I attempt to expostulate with you for bowing at the shrine of love's capricious deity? Shall I prescribe a remedy for the infatuating malady? or shall I call ridicule to my aid, and try

'To laugh a frantic lover into sense?'

Why run to solemn shades and sympathetic glooms to brood over your fancied woes, and to cherish the pleasing, painful idea of the dear deceiver. Rather join the festive circle; single out some rosy damsel 'whose eyes can tell us what the sun is made of;' and may they meet in contact with yours, sparkling into joy, while your throbbing hearts palpitate in unison.

In your Morning Walk in Summer, page 326, you say, that during your ramble you pictured to yourself the dangers you would endure, if by the endurance you could obtain the object of your heart. This reminds me of a gentleman of great learning

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and splendid talents, who appears to have been exactly in your predicament. 'I should not,' he exclaimed, 'mind crawling on my hands and knees round the globe, if by so doing I could gain the maid of my affections.' These are expressions humiliating in the extreme to the masculine gender. Were all of your opinion, ye subverters of the rights of man! the lords of the creation must bow their haughty crests, resign their boasted superiority, and forfeit their magna charta, which Heaven, when Eve offended\*, imparted to man.

In a poetical piece of yours, every verse of which concludes with the signature of your beloved *Jemima* (no very poetical name for the mistress of a poet), you avow, that you fear your unhappy passion will terminate your existence. I sincerely hope that a kindlier fate awaits you, and that you will leave to the heroes of romance to die for love. Whilst you were indulging the romantic idea of dying for the idol of your adoration, I wish to think, that, poet-like, you were dealing in fiction, and never had the remotest thought of having recourse

'To the tempting pool, or felon knife.'

COWPER.

Bestir yourself, nor thus supinely droop; and if you have any dormant seeds of pride in your nature, let them vegetate, let them blossom, and bear the fruit—disdain.

'Rouse yourself, and the weak wanton  
Cupid  
Shall from your neck unloose his am'rous  
fold,  
And, like a dew-drop from a lion's mane,  
Be shook to air.'

SHAKESPEARE.

Let not Hope, that guardian angel, be banished from your mind: its ra-

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\* Gen. iii. 16.



diant beams can cheer the gloomy heart; its lenient balm can soothe the wounded mind.

'Hope is a lover's staff; walk off with that,  
And manage it against despairing thoughts.'

SHAKESPEARE.

Try what absence will effect: doubtless it will tend in a great measure to wean your mind from the object of your idolatry; and Time with his sponge will erase from the tablet of your heart all the fond characters which youthful fancy imprinted there.

But if, contrary to my friendly remonstrances, you at last fall a victim to the soft infatuation, I will pen your epitaph, drop a poetic tear over your ashes, summon the Loves and the Graces, and invoke Cupid to come, and break his arrows, and tear his rosy chaplet. I will invite the queen of the fairies, with her train of tiny invisibles, to strew your grassy turf with flowers. A disconsolate red-breast shall sing a requiem to your departing spirit, a widowed dove shall coo a funeral dirge, and a love-lorn damsel shall plant a violet on your tomb.

JOHN WEBB.

Haverhill, July 24, 1807.

ACCOUNT of the NEW COMEDY, called 'ERRORS EXCEPTED,' performed for the first Time at the Theatre-Royal, Haymarket, on Thursday, August 13.

#### THE CHARACTERS.

Frank Woodland,	- -	Mr. Young.
Commodore Convoy,	- -	Mr. Fawcett.
Mr. Convoy,	- -	Mr. Grove.
Lawyer Verdict,	- -	Mr. Matthews.
Mr. Grumley,	- -	Mr. Waddy.
Old Mannerly,	- -	Mr. Chapman.
Tom Mannerly,	- -	Mr. Decamp.
Gabriel Invoice,	- -	Mr. Carles.
Richard,	- -	Mr. Liston.
Mr. Ringbolt,	- -	Mr. Wharton.
William,	- -	Mr. Truman.
Samuel,	- -	Mr. Male.

Sylvia,	- -	Mrs. Litchfield.
Mrs. Hall,	- -	Mrs. Liston.
Betty Barnes,	- -	Mrs. Powell.
Fanny Freeman,	- -	Mrs. Gibbs.

#### THE FABLE.

THE father of *Frank Woodland* leaves his estate mortgaged to the elder *Mr. Grumley*, to redeem which a sum is bequeathed in addition to the amount of a debt due from *Gabriel Invoice*, a dishonest speculator, who not only eludes payment of what he already owes, but fleeces *Frank Woodland* of his remaining inheritance. The young man is by his villainy not only reduced to live on the fruits of his education, but obliged to resign his pretensions to *Sylvia Convoy*, a young woman of large fortune, whom he had addressed under an idea that he would possess property of his own by the redemption of his father's mortgage.

This lady has two other suitors—*Mr. Grumley*, who holds *Frank Woodland's* estate; and *Mr. Verdict*, a foppish, but persevering, attorney. The first she dislikes for the brutality of his manners, and for his folly in trying to conceal a low but honest origin; and the other is detected in having broken a promise of marriage to *Mrs. Hall*, a widow in business, who meets and circumvents her faithless lawyer at every opportunity he takes to address *Sylvia*.

*Commodore Convoy* and *Mr. Convoy* are brothers, and joint guardians to their niece *Sylvia*. The commodore's carriage, on his return from a distant command, breaks down; and this accident is taken advantage of by a stranger, who, while the servants are gone for another chaise, attempts to rob the Commodore; the latter resists, when the opportune entrance of *Frank Woodland* prevents the robber, and discovers him to be the fraudulent *Gabriel Invoice*, who had plundered *Frank* of his fortune, lost it at the gaming



table, and hearing the Commodore mention that he travelled with a considerable sum, had adopted the rash resolution of retrieving his own broken fortune at the Commodore's expence, and without in the least suspecting that the Commodore is his near relation, whose very long residence abroad prevents their knowing each other.

The wife of *Gabriel Invoice*, and her infant, are both deserted by him, and left to experience the resentment of his creditors. *Commodore Convoy* is at this time bringing home a large bequest from India, which is left solely and independently to *Gabriel's* wife, and out of which she restores *Frank Woodland* the property her husband had defrauded him of—*Frank* having been the only one of *Gabriel's* claimants who, in his resentment to the husband, had not forgotten to commiserate the wife.

*Old Mannerly* has been a village schoolmaster, but is reduced to toil as a gardener, by the oppression of his landlord *Grunley*, who sends the old man's son, *Tom Mannerly*, to sea, on a false charge of peculation, because the youth had refused to marry *Grunley's* neglected mistress, and because *Tom* had resented the 'Squire's ill usage of *Fanny Freeman*, an interesting girl, between whom and *Tom* there is a reciprocal affection. *Betty Barnes*, a most communicative landlady, is the cousin and protectress of *Fanny Freeman*; they both reside at the village inn, where several of the events of the play take place. The scenes in this inn are much enlivened by *Richard*, a rustic waiter, whose blundering 'Errors,' produce some material incidents. *Frank Woodland* having rather warmly expostulated with *Grunley* on his treatment of the tenantry, a quarrel ensues, and *Frank* is put in custody by the vindictive 'Squire, for an assault. *Sylvia Con-*

*voy* at this time confesses her regard for *Frank*, and asks her guardian's permission to marry him; but an equivoue ensues, by which the *Commodore* supposes she means *Gabriel Invoice* instead of *Frank*, and, of course, refuses to give his niece to a highwayman. The imprisonment of *Frank* seems to strengthen this supposition, till an *ecclaircissement* takes place, by which every thing is set right. *Sylvia* weds *Frank*, *Tom* marries *Fanny*, the *Lawyer* keeps his promise to the *Widow Hall*, the *Squire* is obliged to receive the acquittance-money for the mortgage of *Frank's* estate; and, some few 'Errors Excepted,' all the parties are suitably recompensed.

It will be seen by this sketch, that this piece, the author of which is Mr. T. Dibdin, to whom the public are indebted for some mirthful hours, is rather a light summer comedy than a regular and well-finished drama. It is accordingly written in a style suited to its temporary purpose: it is full of playing upon words—puns—contrived mistakes—misconceptions—marvellous, if not unnatural, incidents, &c. &c. A merchant is asked why he failed in business when he had no business to fail; and, speaking of the passengers of the mail coach, 'all the mail is said to be *fe-males*.' The comedy, however—*Errors Excepted*—is certainly an agreeable summer amusement.

The performers deserve much praise. Mr. Young rendered *Frank Woodland* manly and interesting—*Fawcett's Commodore Convoy* was active and pleasant, although we cannot think but the author might have contrived so as to give the powers of the actor a scope more peculiar to his style—*Matthews's Verdict* was pertinent and comical—*Liston's* grimaces set the house in a roar—*Chapman's Old Mannerly* was



well cast and played—Charles's *In-voice* was a good representation of the villain—and Decamp, in *Young Mannerly*, grinned as prettily, and looked as well, as he could.—With regard to the ladies, the merits of Mrs. Litchfield equal any praise which we can bestow—Mrs. Gibbs appeared now and then in her very best manner, although we regret that the author has not given her more for the exercise of her valuable talents—And Mrs. Liston's *Mrs. Hall* had every commendation, and warbled her song charmingly.

The Prologue (which we have given in the Poetry), was well pointed, and told with good effect, by the excellent delivery of Mr. Young. The Epilogue was, perhaps, better written, very appropriately drawn, and admirably spoken by Mrs. Litchfield, whose powers we never before witnessed on such an occasion. They are valuable, and ought not to lie dormant.

The house was crowded by all the gay, fashionable, and critical, in town; and the comedy was given out for a second representation with the loudest plaudits.

#### CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENTS from AMERICAN PAPERS.

(From Janson's 'Stranger in America'.)

JOHN Richard Deborous Higgins, ladies hair-dresser, from New York, takes the earliest opportunity to inform the ladies of Philadelphia, that, in compliance with earnest and reiterated entreaties, he has arrived at this city, and intends to make it the place of his residence long enough to develop character and design; or, in other words, he means to employ some days to the best employment of his talents in the

line of his profession. Of the various duties of a hair-dresser of eminence, none excites more anxious concern than that of turning his abilities to the most profitable account for himself, and most for the happiness of others.

THE citizens generally of all parties are respectfully invited to partake of a barbacue, on Saturday next, at the Spring on Monocasy, near Storer's White-house Tavern, two miles from Frederic, on the Lancaster road. The candidates are all respectfully requested to attend, as it is expected there will be a political discussion, that the people may then have an opportunity of being fully informed on public subjects, by hearing both sides face to face, in an open and fair manner.

'My art can lend new beauties to the face,  
And spirit give to ev'ry native grace;  
The magic of the mind 'tis I impart:  
But for my skill in the cosmetic art,  
What were the proudest dame?'

THE brilliant talents and acquirements of Henry J. Hassey, whose residence is at No. 123, Front street; and whose unrivalled merits, like the blaze of a comet, throw a glory round the general prospect, which renders visible the common herd of friseurs, are universally acknowledged; but the visibility of that herd is very evanescent, and when seen, are no more to be regarded by the side of the grand luminary than the constellation of smaller lights encircling the moon when in full-orbed splendor. In the classical language of ancient Rome, Henry J. Hassey shines among the candidates for notoriety in his profession,

*Velut inter ignes Luna minores.*

'With me, presumptuous miscreants, do ye vie,  
The brush and razor only doom'd to ply?  
Or haply to revive the rotten locks  
Of paltry caxons mounted on your blocks.'



## POETICAL ESSAYS.

## PROLOGUE

TO THE NEW COMEDY, CALLED  
'ERRORS EXCEPTED.'

*Written by Mr. Charles Dibdin, jun. and  
spoken by Mr. Young.*

PERUSE the fairest page, and still you'll  
trace,  
That error is the lot of human race;  
E'en with the best, at Nature's last repose,  
'Errors excepted,' the account must close.  
No living man without some folly made is:  
And tho' stern truth wont even spare the ladies,  
'Tis to their lot should trifling errors fall,  
'Look in their faces, you'll except them all!'  
Wisdom herself may err as well as Wit,  
Law's writ of error is not *bely* writ.  
The Doctor too has faults, but, happy lot,  
Physic's *faux pas*, when buried, are forgot!  
In seeking Fortune's all-desir'd abode,  
We meet cross paths of error on the road.  
Placarded invitations meet the eye  
At every turn, with 'Now's your time to  
buy,'  
And the mysterious charm of B. C. Y.;  
All to insure you, when the wheel goes  
round,  
Of *blanks excepted*, ninety thousand pound.  
Authors to *critical* exceptions bow;  
And Critics candidly must allow,  
That, while they lash the faults of scribbling  
elves,  
'Twere well from error to clear themselves.  
To you (*to the Audience*) whose approbation to  
obtain  
Our bard has sought, and sometimes not in  
vain;  
His cause he offers, as at Mercy's shrine,  
'To err is human—to forgive, divine.'  
Let Mercy's influence, then, your bosoms  
sway;  
Except his errors, but accept his play.

## EPILOGUE

TO THE SAME.

WRITTEN BY JOHN LITCHFIELD, ESQ.  
SPOKEN BY MRS. LITCHFIELD.

*Ladies and Gentlemen,*

I'VE oft heard say,  
An Author's like a Merchant, and his Play  
The bark in which is lodg'd his precious  
store,  
Freighted and destin'd for some distant shore.  
Our Author's vessel's small, and light his  
cargo,  
And what he dreads the most is your em-  
bargo.  
Just now, behind the scenes, the poor man  
press'd me,  
And said, all trembling, that if I address'd  
ye,  
He would engage, however 'tempest tost,'  
His agitated bark should not be 'lost';  
I smil'd of course, and told the flattering  
rogue,  
I knew not how to speak an Epilogue—  
But here I am on deck, and thus before ye,  
I'll try in Sailor's language to implore ye:  
For, though I never stirr'd a foot from shore,  
I've learnt some lessons from the *Commodore*.  
So as a *Convoy*, though no man of war,  
Let me look out, and see how matters are.

And first I'll try my soundings in the Pit;  
Lurks there no rock on which our brig may  
split?—  
No quicksands, shoals, or flats, nor no lee-  
shore,  
Where many a vessel has been wreck'd  
before?  
In yonder quarter (*upper end of the Pit*) lo! a  
storm seems brewing  
That threatens to involve us all in ruin;  
A ship prepares for action—ah! beware,  
An enemy has taken his station there—



His name is Critic—'tis, I see him now,  
 I know him by the Gorgon at his prow;  
 A heavy sailer, but his fire is galling,  
 And no one ventures near without a mauling:  
 His head all snakes—no wonder that the shot  
 Sent from his cannon comes so hissing hot:  
 See how he lowers his jib—say, do not frown,  
 Nor cut our rigging up—nor run us down.  
 (*To the Front Boxes*) That in the offing there  
 is call'd the Rover,  
 Who never fights but when he's half-seas  
 over;  
 And is well known on our dramatic ocean  
 By his rough sailing and unsteady motion.  
 He has but just left port, for well I wot  
 His upper works are damag'd by grape-shot.  
 Two other signs he has, howe'er he got 'em,  
 A head well brazen'd, and a copper bottom  
 (*pointing to the heels*).  
 (*To the Gallery*) But you, my honest friends,  
 stow'd in the shrouds,  
 Who speak in thunder from your birth, the  
 clouds;  
 You, like true sailors, never hardly press  
 When you behold a vessel in distress,  
 For well you know, who rule the subject  
 wave,  
 When it is time to punish, when to save—  
 Eager the haughty open foe to bend,  
 As to chastise a neutral hollow friend:  
 If our ship's crazy, take her into tow,  
 Safely she'll sail under your weather bow;  
 For should she prove, alas! a cast-away,  
 Our bard's third night will be a banyan day.  
 (*To the Side Boxes*)—Ladies, between decks,  
 if your favouring gales  
 You lend to fill the Poet's trembling sails,  
 His summer voyage won't turn out a dream;  
 'His boat sails freely both with wind and  
 stream.'  
 Early the Critic sea she's wafted o'er,  
 And gains triumphantly the wish'd-for shore.  
 I'll to the Author, and dispel his fear,  
 And say, his goods have found a market  
 here;  
 I'll say, too, for I think I guess aright,  
 Here you will rendezvous to-morrow night.

### THE SUICIDE.

WHEN Twilight drew her mantle o'er,  
 And Day clos'd up his golden door,  
 My musing, solemn way I took  
 Where craggy rocks a stream o'erlook;  
 The dismal Owl, with hollow voice,  
 Proclaim'd that darkness was her choice;  
 The Fox, with prowling fearful mien,  
 Now pac'd the dewy, silent, green,  
 With hopes in sleep to catch his foes;  
 How like a murdering wretch he goes!  
 In peace the peasant takes his rest;  
 With visions fair may he be blest!  
 Contentment fans his rosy face,  
 On her attends each blooming grace:  
 He sleeps, the man by Heaven chose  
 To picture health and sweet repose.—

How different is the rest of him  
 Whose mind is fraught with deadly sin!  
 He rises from his restless bed,  
 His soul convuls'd with secret dread;  
 Wild fancy forms unnumber'd woes,  
 To end this life the maniac goes.  
 The moon had gain'd a little height,  
 And threw around her silver light,  
 When, lo! I saw, it made me shrink,  
 This wretch was at the horrid brink.  
 Forward I rush'd and seiz'd his arm,  
 And forc'd him back, secure from harm.  
 Amaz'd, I cried, 'O insect man!  
 How wav'ring is thy every plan;  
 Thinkst thou the fury of an hour  
 Can all thy ills of life devour?  
 How much mistaken is thy pride,  
 That does in that false hope confide,  
 Since God has form'd our dying day;  
 Reflect on that, and go thy way.'  
 With that I left grim misery's child;  
 His eye-balls flash'd, he scornful smil'd.  
 'Contemtuously reas'ner,' loud he cried,  
 And tore a picture from his side:  
 'Behold you this! O emblem dear,  
 Of sainted angels we revere!  
 My love by death to heav'n has fled,  
 Her body number'd with the dead.  
 Think after this that I'll exist!'  
 His tears flow'd fast—the shade he kiss'd.  
 'Come, clasp me fast, now welcome Death—'  
 The king of terrors caught the breath,  
 For, lo! he sprang the dreadful steep,  
 In heav'n to love—or hell to weep.  
 Confus'd and fix'd each trembling limb,  
 My soul pour'd only thoughts on him.  
 He's gone—he's dead! a heartfelt sigh  
 O'ercame my soul, and tears each eye.  
 So when amid the Ganges' roar,  
 The mighty eagle in his soar  
 Views the young bird with piercing eye,  
 And, pouncing, dooms the thing to die,  
 The sailor hears its tender cries,  
 And pity darkens both his eyes.  
 With sorrow'd heart my senses trac'd,  
 Nature by this foul deed defac'd.  
 I sigh'd a pray'r, to save his soul;  
 For pray'r o'er Mercy has controul.—  
 Homewards I took my thoughtful way,  
 My memory here will often stray:  
 Sweet hope shall hover with her wings,  
 And mercy bring from King of kings.

I. S. P.

### ODE

#### ON THE SURRENDER OF DANTZIC.

FAIR, heav'nly maid, immortal Poetry,  
 Romantic child of thought, I sing to thee;  
 And, mounting on thy golden wings,  
 I strike my humble-sounding lyre;  
 And, kindling with eternal fire,  
 Aloft my spirit springs.  
 And soaring to Parnassus' blooming plains,  
 I hail thee, daughter of inspiring strains!



And then, while Pity's tear obscures my eye,  
For hapless Dantzic's fate I'll deeply sigh.

Once noble city! proud and free,  
Blest with fair Liberty, thou stoodst:

But war and carnage, stain'd with blood,  
Their lances aimed at thee.

Then fled bright Freedom with unsteady wing,  
And thy brave Poles obey'd a Prussian king.

Then didst thou murmur, and with high  
disdain

Scorn the proud victor, and despise his rein.

But, now, far greater woes are thine;

In terrors clad, thy foes surround

And hurl thy turrets to the ground,

With many a fatal mine.

And see, like Nero, false Napoleon stands,  
Fell son of Mars, the bane of happy lands.

Lo! D'Enghien's death hangs low'ring on his  
brow,

With Austria, Hanover, and Prussia's woe.

See murder, fraud, and cruelty,

Exulting in his deadly frown,

Tear or displace each tott'ring crown;

And menace woe to thee.

For o'er thy tow'rs the tyrant rears his  
sword,

And death, or mean submission, is the word.

And, ah! thy fainting warriors strive in vain  
The ills of doubtful battle to sustain.

No ally, now, can succour send—

The chiefs upon thy walls appear,

An olive bough of peace they rear,

Unable to contend.

Wide are thy portals to the victors thrown;

And, ah! a tyrant's will becomes thine own.

Affrighted, from the mournful view I turn,

The rage of fickle Gallia's sons to mourn.

And oh Thou Power that rul'st the seas!

Protect Britannia's gallant band,

And save their navy-girdled land

From horrors such as these;

And grant their sov'reign, from his native  
throne,

May see the wiles of ev'ry foe o'erthrown!

MARY ELIZABETH

### LINES

WRITTEN BY MOONLIGHT.

WHEN shall my sorrows have an end,

When will my misery cease?

Where can I hope to be at rest,

Or where to meet with peace?

The midnight hour strikes on my ear,

The world is sunk in sleep;

But I my watchful vigils keep,

Yet only wake to weep.

Far absent every friend from me,

And every joy is fled;

And keen Despair dwells in my breast,

For even Hope is dead.

Come Death, the weary wretch's friend,

Come quick to my relief;

Open the grave, and make me room,

And let me be at peace.

Yet ah, be hush'd each murmuring word,

And each rebellious sigh be still:

Father, I bow beneath Thy rod,

And yield my wishes to Thy will.

SOPHIA TROUGHTON.

### THE POOR MAN'S COMPLAINT.

(Addressed to the assessor, on his requiring him  
to destroy his dog, or to enter it, in order to  
pay for it.)

WHILE the rich and the great in their  
luxuries roll,

And fortune's indulgences prove;

Oh how can you wish to deprive me of peace,

And take the poor dog that I love!

Misfortune on me all her vials has pour'd;

And Law, with his aspect so grim,

Has robb'd me of all that could comfort,  
bestow,

And nothing is left but poor Trim.

By a landlord severe I was turn'd from my  
farm,

From comfort and competence hurl'd;

A flaw in my lease gave the villain a plea

To turn me adrift on the world.

Two boys, the dear product of conjugal love,

When they saw me gaunt Poverty's prey,

Left me and my cot, and betook to the seas,

And fell in Trafalgar's proud day.

The wife of my bosom, whom twenty years  
since

I led blushing to Hymen's blest fane,

O'erwhelm'd by the tidings, her mind felt a  
shock,

And, to heighten my grief, grew insane.

What misfortune has left, and stern law  
would not take,

Can you more inhuman desire?

Can justice, or reason, or policy claim

The sacrifice which you require?

Nine years the poor cur my companion has  
been,

There's no one can charge him with ill;

He never at midnight's still hour sought the  
fold,

The innocent lambkin to kill.

Ye sportsmen, my Trim never marr'd your  
lov'd sports,

He never destroy'd a poor hare;

Nor e'er did my hand place the mischievous  
wire

The game which you prize to ensnare.

Now whilst you assess, forbear to oppress,

Nor strive to augment my thick gloom.

Why seek to destroy the small pittance of  
joy

That is granted on this side the tomb.

Haverhill, August 10, 1807. JOHN WEBB.



## LINES

TO A YOUNG LADY,

*Whom the author by chance saw at a place of  
public amusement, an occurrence which can  
never be obliterated from his mind.*

WHO lives o'er yonder distant hills,  
Ah! far beyond those flowing rills;  
Where yonder moon her lustre fills—?

Tis Harriet.

Who is the maid I chance did meet,  
With lovely form and manners sweet,  
Who smiling kindly me did greet—?

Twas Harriet.

Who wore a little tippet blue,  
When near her beauteous form I drew;  
My heart enraptur'd to her flew?

Sweet Harriet!

When my address she deign'd to take,  
In my poor heart a wound did make,  
Which I must bear for her dear sake.

Oh! Harriet!

Though many miles do us divide,  
I still will in the maid confide:  
Oh! let not ill my truth betide,

Dear Harriet!

To this lov'd spot I'll oft repair,  
When seasons different liveries wear.  
To Heaven I'll raise a suppliant pray'r

For Harriet.

The lonely star that cheers the night,  
And adds a ray of twinkling light,  
Shall witness bear to all my plight

For Harriet.

The gentle zephyrs, as they fly  
On balmy wings, shall bear a sigh,  
And guard it through the aerial sky

To Harriet.

Ah! gentle maid! that sigh receive,  
I'll say—I for thy sake do grieve,  
And how my troubled breast does heave;

Kind Harriet!

Oh! to the gale one sigh consign,  
And let me hope to call thee mine;  
For thee I'd all the earth resign,

My Harriet!

July 29, 1807.

S. Y.

## BALLAD

SUNG BY MRS. LISTON, IN ACT II. OF THE  
NEW COMEDY CALLED  
'ERRORS EXCEPTED.'

YOUNG Verdict was a lawyer gay,  
Who of our town surpass'd all;  
He went one ev'ning to the play,  
And fell in love with Mrs. Hall.

But wicked man will oft betray,  
Attornies do it worse than all;  
For when he'd nam'd the wedding-day,  
He ran away from Mrs. Hall.

Therefore in time a warning take,  
Ye widow ladies great and small,  
Lest in the grass you find a snake,  
As was the case with Mrs. Hall.

## LINES

ON SEEING A GENTLEMAN APPROACH A  
DISTRESSED FEMALE TO RELIEVE HER.

AH! cease a while, poor mourner! to bewail  
Thy poignant griefs, almost too great to  
bear;  
Though many may reject thy piteous tale,  
One friend advances now who'll lend an  
ear.

Soft Pity's dew-drop dims his azure eye,  
Where mild benevolence doth ever shine;  
His generous hand will all thy wants supply,  
Soothe thy sad heart, and bid thee not  
repine.

Then dry those trickling tears, unhappy fair!  
Nor longer thus bemoan thy cruel fate;  
But offer up to Heaven one grateful prayer  
For him, who sav'd thee in thy wretched  
state.

I kind relief from him can never know,  
In silence I my sufferings must conceal;  
Nor seek for pity which he might bestow,  
Or breathe a sigh that would those woes  
reveal.

He knows not that I love, nor how a thorn  
Consumes this bursting heart, and makes me  
mourn.

August 3, 1807.

CAROLINE.

## FROM WORDSWORTH'S POEMS.

I TRAVELL'D among unknown men,  
In lands beyond the sea;  
Nor, England! did I know till then  
What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past! that melancholy dream!  
Ner will I quit thy shore  
A second time; for still I seem  
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel  
The joy of my desire;  
And she I cherish'd turn'd her wheel  
Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings show'd, thy nights conceal'd,  
The bowers where Lucy play'd;  
And thine is, too, the last green field,  
Which Lucy's eyes survey'd!



## FOREIGN NEWS.

*East Prussia, July 14.*

ON the 11th instant, their majesties the king and queen of Prussia arrived again at Memel.—The emperor Alexander passed through Riga on his return to Petersburg on the same day.

*St. Petersburg, July 18.* The emperor Alexander arrived here at eleven in the evening of the 16th instant, and not on the morning of the 15th, as was asserted. The mistake arose from a discharge of cannon at four on the morning of the 15th, which was imagined to proceed from the arrival of the emperor, but which, as we afterwards learned, announced the celebration of peace. On the 15th, thanksgivings were offered up in every church on account of the peace. Their majesties, the empresses Elizabeth and Maria, with the grand dukes and duchesses, repaired in the state carriage, accompanied by all the attendants of the court, out of the Taurus Palace, to the cathedral church of the Holy Virgin, where a solemn service was performed; and in the evening the whole city was illuminated.

Yesterday, the 17th, the happy return of the beloved Alexander was publicly celebrated again. His majesty, the empresses Elizabeth and Maria, accompanied by all the attendants of the court, repaired to the cathedral church, where the great officers of the empire were assembled, and attended divine worship. On his return, the emperor was received with loud huzzas by the populace, who collected together from all sides, and attended him home. In the evening the city was superbly and elegantly illuminated.

The anniversary of the independence of America was celebrated on the 4th Vol. XXXVIII.

July, in Kronstadt, by the resident Americans, about forty in number, Lewet Harris, the general consul of the United States, presided. Various Russian officers were present, and toasts in honour of America and Russia were drank; the last of those enumerated is, 'The Freedom of the Seas.'

Since the 1st July, O. S. the manifesto of last January, respecting the merchants of Russia, has been put in execution to its full extent.

*Warsaw, July 20.* The Austrian plenipotentiary, general St. Vincent, left this city on the 15th instant for Vienna. Baron Von Stutterheim, who had been sent to Tilsit with particular instructions, arrived there on the 9th, after the peace with Russia and Prussia had been already concluded. Two days afterwards he again left Tilsit.

The queen of Prussia continued in Tilsit only twenty-four hours; she was received at some distance from the town by a battalion of French horse guards, who escorted her to the quarters at which she alighted with the honours due to her.

*Milan, July 20.* The intelligence of the conclusion of peace has spread here universal joy. We have learned at the same time, that the Russian troops in Cattaro have received orders to surrender that place, as well as Castel Nuovo, to the French troops, and to embark immediately for Russia.

*Berlin, July 23.* The emperor Napoleon has sent to the emperor of Russia, the grand duke Constantine, the princes Kurakin and Labenow, baron Budberg, and general Bennigsen, the grand cross of the legion of honour, Prince Jerome, the grand duke of Berg, and the princes of Neufchatel and Be-



nevento, have likewise received the order of St. Andrew.

The king of Saxony has founded a new order of the Green Crown, in honour of the emperor Napoleon.

*Paris, July 26.* This morning at five o'clock the emperor arrived at St. Cloud, in perfect health.

*Leipzig, July 26.* Our university, to establish a lasting monument in honour of the immortal hero Napoleon, and the restoration of the peace of the continent, by the advice of the professors Hirdenburg and Rudiger, have resolved that in future the stars that form the girdle and sword of Orion shall be denominated the stars of Napoleon. Our university cannot doubt that this name will be adopted by the academies and astronomers both of this and other countries.

*Banks of the Elbe, July 27.* There is every reason to believe that all the changes that will take place in Europe are not yet made known to the public. The delay in publishing the treaty between France and Russia makes it presumed that it contains eventual conditions, the execution of which will be deferred for a fixed time.

It is said, not without foundation, that peace has been proposed to the English cabinet, under the mediation of Russia, and that the execution of the measures agreed on will not take place till the answer of that cabinet shall have been received.

*Hamburg, July 28.* We understand that the dispatches which contain the application of Russia to Great Britain to accede to the general peace were forwarded the day before yesterday to England, by a packet which set sail from Tonningen immediately after they had been put on board.

*July 30.* When the emperor Napoleon arrived at Dresden he was dressed in a green uniform, with the insignia of the legion of honour. He hastily mounted the stair-case, with his hat in his hand, the king beside him, &c. On the 18th instant he rode out with few attendants; and he rode so much before the guard, that every body could see him. He was in a plain uniform, his hat without any lace or feather. The

populace shouted as he went along, and he nodded graciously all round to them, but did not take off his hat, except when he passed the guard. He examined the fortifications, &c. In the afternoon he was in the picture gallery with the king, where there was a numerous party. He examined the pictures with great attention.

On Sunday the 19th, after having been engaged in conferences with different ministers, he appeared at church with the royal family. They came in about half past eleven, at the end of the Credo. He led in the queen. He was in an infantry uniform, and white breeches and waistcoat, white silk stockings, and a plain hat under his arm, with the cordon of the legion of honour over his coat. He took his station before the window, near the grand altar, the chief place. The king and queen knelt beside him. He continued standing, however, with his hat under his arm, often taking snuff from a snuff-box he held in his left hand. He was eternally in motion, like one who is in a hurry to be off. When they came to sing the *Sanctus* he knelt with the rest, and read in a little book which was beside him. He soon rose up, and continued till the end of mass, standing as he was before.

*July 31.* The Prussian general Kalkreuth has followed the French emperor to Paris, in order to execute an important mission with which he is charged by his court.

Letters from Tonningen, dated the 28th, state, that the fleet of merchantmen expected from London had arrived in the Byder, but that the commander of the convoy would not permit the ships to go up to Tonningen. The merchants interested in these vessels have applied to the custom-house for authority to unload them at the places where they are lying, but this has been refused. It is feared therefore, that the ships will have to return without delivering their cargo.

*Banks of the Elbe, July 31.* It is certain that the French authorities at Hamburg have given orders at Cuxhaven to receive any person that shall arrive in an English flag of truce with



due respect and honour; and that the vessel bringing such a negotiator shall be allowed to proceed as far as Ham-  
burgh, without the least molestation.

*Banks of the Main, August 1.* The public journals state, that, still more to strengthen the frontier of the French empire on the side of Holland, and to secure and facilitate the communication between the two kingdoms, a convention has been concluded between the respective governments; that all the strong places on the Maese, till it falls into the sea, shall be ceded to France; in recompense for which Holland is to receive considerable augmentations on the frontiers of Westphalia.

*Paris, Aug. 2.* Personages of distinction are daily returning from the grand army. The king of Westphalia has arrived. The minister of war is every moment expected. The minister of foreign affairs, prince Benevento, and his secretary M. Moret, are already here.

The official journal of this day contains the following article, dated Berlin, July 26:—

‘The king of Sweden, finding his troops driven into Stralsund, has again resorted to the subterfuge of asking an armistice. The answer given by marshal Brune was, that in this way the unsuspecting candour of the French had been for once over-reached; but that it would be the extreme of silliness to allow himself to be again deceived; that the king of Sweden must surrender Stralsund, and abandon Swedish Pomerania for ever.’

Letters from Rome mention the death of cardinal Benedictus-Maris-Clemens, known by the title of duke of York, in the 82d year of his age. He was the last of the Stewart family, and of the pretenders to the British throne.

*Aug. 3.* Letters from Hamburg state, that a Russian squadron is to join the Danish fleet, in order to shut the Sound against the English. It is also said, that for the same purpose a corps of French troops is to proceed to Denmark, to act in concert with that court.

The cardinal of York bequeathed a short time before his death to the king

of Sardinia all his jewels, worth about four millions of francs, and his title and claim to the crown of Great Britain.

*Gottenburgh, Aug. 3.* The English sloop of war, the Mosquito, arrived here the day before yesterday; when an officer landed for the purpose of procuring pilots for the Belts, but without success; and yesterday the English fleet destined for the Baltic passed this place: thirty sail were seen from our rocks. As the wind has been very fair, they must before this time have reached Copenhagen.

Private letters from Copenhagen, received by yesterday's post, state, that general Bernadotte (the prince of Ponte Corvo) was with the prince royal at Kiel, and that a large French army waited his commands. If this be true, the English fleet could not have arrived at a more critical juncture.

*Elsineur, Aug. 3.* The first division of the English fleet, consisting of twenty-six sail, came to an anchor at one o'clock in the afternoon, off Cronberg. One of them is a three-decker, the admiral's ship, carrying a blue pendant from the mainmast-head; twelve one and two deckers, seven cutters, and the rest smaller. The commanding officer of a cutter came this morning to speak to the commandant of Cronberg, but could not return to the fleet on account of the wind's becoming foul; he was consequently obliged to come to anchor, and resort to telegraphic communication with the fleet. We understand that it is to proceed to-morrow for the Baltic. The second division is immediately expected to follow the first, and to have already arrived off Anhalt. Some ships are also said to have gone through the Great Belt. Last Sunday arrived in our Road an English frigate from the North Seas.

*Aug. 4.* An English fleet of twelve sail of the line, twelve frigates, and some smaller vessels, arrived yesterday in this road from the North Seas.

*Gottenburgh, Aug. 7.* By accounts from Elsineur, we learn that the first division of the English fleet passed the castle of Cronberg on Monday last, and saluted and received a salute in the customary manner.



## HOME NEWS.

*Dublin, July 27.*

ON Saturday night the garrison of Dublin was under arms, large patrols sent out, and every precaution taken that the apprehension of public disturbance, upon a large scale, might be supposed to suggest. The garrison had been lately weakened by the embarkation of two regiments of the line for England (the 7th and 8th), and, with the exception of the 5th garrison battalion, was composed of militia regiments at the time of the expected riot. However, the whole force, inadequate as it was to continue the heavy details of duty that the garrison requires, were ready for any exertions circumstances might render necessary. The serjeant posted at Harold's Cross, (a principal entrance to the city, and the road from the counties of Wicklow and Wexford), reported, that during the day he had remarked a considerable number, to the amount of upwards of a thousand, of country-looking persons who had passed the post on their way to the city; and several other persons whose vigilant eye detected those appearances, which, if they had been credited, might have prevented the misfortunes of the 23d July, 1803, communicated their suspicions to government, that some mischief was impending. The discretion of not mentioning names is too obvious to be apologised for. However, the night passed over without any circumstance occurring in the smallest degree to countenance the reports that were made. Government, without altering the mild tenor of its conduct, is prepared to use a strong hand.

*London, July 29.* The following letter has been received from Halifax in America.

*Halifax, July 4.*

'The Columbine sloop of war, which arrived this morning from the Chesapeake, brings an account that the Leopard, of fifty guns, sent a lieutenant on board the American frigate Chesapeake, to search for five men who had been seduced from the British frigate *Melampus*, but which the commodore would not allow the lieutenant to do. Captain Humphreys of the Leopard then fired a shot a-head of the American frigate, and received three shots in return. Captain Humphreys then came within pistol shot, and having hailed the Chesapeake, and received no satisfactory answer, he poured three broadsides into her, which killed five and wounded twenty-three of her men, the shot having gone completely through her. The American commodore struck, having five feet water in the hold. The lieutenant of the leopard then went on board the American frigate; and on his reaching her quarter-deck, the commodore delivered up his sword, which the lieutenant returned, and gave him permission to hoist his colours, saying he only came on board to search the vessel for British seamen, shewing the commodore vice-admiral Berkeley's order to captain Humphreys to that effect. The American commodore then ordered his crew to be called on deck, when the lieutenant of the Leopard immediately singled out three of the *Melampus's* men.'

*Deal, July 30.* The convoy to the



eastward, consisting of two sloops of war and two brigs, are just getting under weigh, and the transports with the expedition are expected to sail this evening. Orders were issued last night, to be in readiness to sail on the signal being given; not an officer belonging to the troops in the Downs has been seen on shore all the day: their destination remains a profound secret here: Conjectures are various, but no one seems to speak from any better authority than another.

The embargo is so strictly enforced here, that not so much as a shore-boat is suffered to go off to the ships with provisions without a custom-house officer. The *Howe* frigate, store-ship, came into the Downs last night with a Spanish prize, the cargo of which consists of tallow, canvass, &c. one of the sixty sail taken in *Monte Video* by the gallant *Sir Home Popham*, from whence she sailed about two months ago.

*Yarmouth, Aug. 2.* Sailed this morning the second division of the fleet, consisting of his majesty's ships *Minotaur*, admiral *Essington*; *Majestic*, admiral *Russell*; *Resolution*, *Agamemnon*, and *Mars*, and several small vessels. Remain in the Roads his majesty's ships *Roebuck*, *Agincourt*, and the *Vixen*.

*Portsmouth, Aug. 1.* Circumstances have called lord Collingwood for the present from his station off Cadiz, where he has without once leaving it, blockaded the remnants of the combined fleets since the glorious day of *Trafalgar*. His lordship sailed on the 27th of June up the Mediterranean; it is imagined for the Dardanelles, as *Sir Arthur Paget* went with him in the Ocean. Admiral *Purvis* now commands off Cadiz, in the *Atlas* of 74 guns, captain *Pym*.

*Falmouth, Aug. 2.* Arrived the Princess Mary packet, *Pocock*, with mails from New York (left it July 4). and *Halifax* in eighteen days; at which place were lying his majesty's ships *Ville de Milan* and *Observateur*: the Duke of Montrose packet arrived at New York on the 4th July. By the accounts nothing but war can appease the mobility of America. Our supplies are ordered to be discontinued to the

English ships of war: in consequence, they have threatened to lay three ships of war along-side *Hampton*, and take by force what they refused; the *Hamp-tonians* were using every means to resist. On some part of the coast the boats of the English ships have landed, and carried off fifty head of cattle. Orders have been issued by the secretary of war for all naval officers to repair without delay to Norfolk. Commodore *Barron* and midshipmen are among the number of wounded on board the *Chesapeake*. One hundred thousand dollars were offered to bail colonel *Burr*, and refused. Several vessels (*Americans*) have been sent to *Halifax*.

*Norwich, Aug. 4.* At the late assizes for Norfolk, *Martha Alden* was found guilty of murdering her husband. The following, among other circumstances, came out in evidence: On the Saturday night, the prisoner, her husband, and their little boy, were left about twelve o'clock at his house. About three next morning she was seen walking along the road by three persons, to whom she said her husband had been out drinking, had come home and gone away again, and that she feared he was murdered or drowned. A young woman, named *Mary Orsice*, who had been very intimate with the prisoner, said the prisoner called upon her on the Sunday morning, at six o'clock, told her she had murdered her husband, took her to the house; where, in the bedroom, the girl saw *Alden* lying dead, with a wound in the forehead, his skull split, the cheek and jaw-bone broke, and the head nearly severed from the body. Every part of the room, a book, cloths, &c. were sprinkled with blood. The girl and the prisoner put the body into a sack, and buried it in a hole in the garden. The same night the prisoner opened the grave, and they both dragged the body a considerable way along a road, and threw it out of the sack into a clay-pit. On the two following days the witness assisted the prisoner to clean the house. Some time after, the body was found. She told the whole affair to her father, but denied it before the coroner. All the articles marked with the blood of the



deceased were produced in court. The prisoner had nothing to say. Nobody spoke for her; and, after full investigation, she was found—Guilty. The judge, in an awful and impressive manner, passed sentence on her.

*London, Aug. 4.* Sunday evening their majesties and princesses walked on Windsor Terrace, which was much crowded; but not so genteelly attended as usual; many were turned off being intoxicated, particularly one person who was desired to pull off his hat as their majesties passed, which is the customary respect, which he refused to do. The marquis of Thomond, who was walking near their majesties, seeing only one person not uncovered, stepped up to him and took off his hat; upon which he immediately struck the marquis, and kicked him. He was immediately secured by Edwards and Dousett, the police officers, and kept in custody till their majesties went off the Terrace, when he was examined before colonel Desbrow, as to who he was, when he then gave his address, and said his name was Hodges, and lived in Westminster: he was then set at liberty, with a reprimand.

On Wednesday next the prince of Wales will leave Carlton house, about noon, for Brighton. His royal highness will remain there until the conclusion of the Lewes Races, when he goes immediately to Otland: his stay there will be short, only during the celebration of the duke of York's birth-day; then he visits his brother Clarence for a single day, to celebrate a similar festival; returns to London, and from thence proceeds direct to Cheltenham, where his highness intends to sojourn for six weeks. Lord Fauconberg's house has been taken for the purpose. Previous to the prince's leaving Brighton, he intends giving one magnificent ball at the Pavilion, to which will be invited a numerous party of his friends. Of the six weeks proposed residence at Cheltenham, his highness will set apart a fortnight to rusticate at Warwick castle. In his journey to and from Cheltenham, he will adopt the same method of travelling as he did last summer, and visit his friends on the road, in the same unostentatious manner.

On Sunday the duke of Marlborough sent a white sash flag to his majesty at Windsor Castle, according to custom, as the tenor by which he holds Blenheim-House, granted to his ancestor upon his gaining the celebrated battle of Blenheim. The flag was richly embroidered with emblematical devices.

*Aug. 7.* A most alarming fire broke out about half-past seven o'clock yesterday evening, in the engine-house belonging to Mr. Pearson, who kept a very extensive cotton manufactory and feather warehouse at Hoxton. Mr. Pearson's dwelling-house was the left wing of that grand and beautiful building, the Haberdashers' Hall and Alms-houses, which he held from the company on a lease of sixty years: he kept upwards of thirty men, women, and boys at work.

The fire is supposed to proceed from that which was under the copper in the engine-house, as it broke out in that building, and soon communicated to the machinery and cotton. In less than half an hour, the whole of the house was in flames, making a rapid progress towards the warehouse, which was filled with goods to the amount of 20,000*l*. From the dry state of the buildings, in which there was much wood; these houses, and two adjoining new ones, not entirely finished, were completely burned down in an hour.

The flames were so furious, that they were perceivable from all parts of the town, and spread a general consternation among the inhabitants. Every street was filled with spectators to behold the awful sight, which filled the mind with dread and terror. When the first engines arrived, there could not be a drop of water procured but what was carried in buckets from a pump which was in the rear of the building, water being very scarce in that neighbourhood. The fire communicated to Mr. Pearson's dwelling-house, which was the left wing of the haberdashers' alms-houses, and caught the roof about nine o'clock.

About eleven o'clock the fire was subdued so far that no further damage was dreaded.

A dreadful fire broke out at one



at 1 o'clock yesterday morning at the Lambeth Water-works, which raged with great fury for four hours. In spite of every exertion, a part of these valuable works was entirely consumed. This calamity will occasion serious inconvenience to a great part of the borough of Southwark, Lambeth, and other places that were supplied with water from these works. The mischief done amounts to three thousand pounds.

Aug. 8. American papers are received to the 12th ult. They are filled with the proceedings of different meetings upon the subject of the affair between the Leopard and Chesapeake, and are of the highest importance.

The president has issued a proclamation, in which he declares that it had been previously ascertained that the seamen demanded were native citizens of the United States. He therefore requires all armed vessels bearing commissions under the government of Great Britain to depart immediately from the harbours of the United States, interdicting the entrance of all the said harbours to the said armed vessels; and in case such vessels shall refuse to depart, or shall hereafter enter the harbours, forbidding all intercourse with them, and prohibiting all supplies from being furnished them.

Of this proclamation, the opinion of the democratic party is, that it is too moderate—of the federalists, that it is sufficiently firm.

The American government have ordered 100,000 of the militia to be called out, the ports to be fortified, gun-boats to be fitted out—and all midshipmen have been directed to repair to Washington.

Aug. 12. The extraordinary match between Captain Barclay and the celebrated Wood, of Lancashire, which has long agitated the sporting circles, was finally settled at Brighton during the late races, which, from its extraordinary nature, caused betting to an immense amount.—The parties are to undergo the prodigious fatigue of going on foot for four and twenty successive hours: an exertion hitherto unknown in the annals of pedestrian feats; and it is supposed that, at the rate of five

miles and an half an hour, they must complete the distance of 120 miles in that time.—It takes place at Newmarket on the 12th October next, for 500 guineas a side; and although Wood gives captain Barclay twenty miles, he is still the favourite from his astonishing speed, having lately gone, with apparent ease, forty miles in four hours and fifty-seven minutes!

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## BIRTHS.

July 25. At Belle Vue, Isle of Wight, the lady of G. Ward, esq. of a daughter.

28. At Beaumont Lodge, Old Windsor, viscountess Ashbrook, of a daughter.

The lady of E. L. Austin, esq. of Wilmington, Kent, of a daughter, who survived but a few hours.

29. At Exmouth, Devon, the lady of Cheselden Henson, esq. of a daughter.

At Melbourne House, lady C. Lamb, of a son.

30. At Harrow, the lady of lieutenant-colonel Wade, of the 96th rifle regiment, of a daughter.

At his house, Woodcote-place, Epsom, Surrey, the lady of George Smith, esq. of a daughter.

August 6. In Hanover-square, of a son, the right hon. lady Le Despencer.

12. At lord Yarborough's villa, at Chelsea, the lady of the hon. Charles A. Pelham, of a daughter.

At Cam's Hall, Hants, Mrs. Delfae, of a son.

## MARRIAGES.

July 25. At Stoke church, in the parish of Stoke Damerel, in the county of Devon, Charles Hazwell Towndley, esq. of the royal navy, to miss Glegg, of Plymouth-dock, in the same parish.

30. At St. George's church, Liverpool, by the rev. Jonathan Brooks, John



French, esq. of Lawnsdown, in the Queen's County, youngest brother to lord Ashdown, to Jane, eldest daughter of the late Dr. James Currie, of Liverpool.

*August 1.* At St. Dunstan's, Stepney, Henry Rooke, esq. of Witherington, Wiltshire, to miss Nettleford, of Stepney Green.

4. At Kensington, sir James Innes Ker, bart. to miss Harriet Charlewood, second daughter of the late Benjamin Charlewood, esq. of Windlesham, Surry.

6. By special licence, at Addiscombe, the hon. James Walter Grimston, only son of the viscount Grimston, to lady Charlotte Jenkinson, daughter of the earl of Liverpool. Immediately after the ceremony, the newly-married pair set off for Gorumbury, the seat of lord Grimston, Hertfordshire.

At Halstead, in Essex, T. R. Andrews, esq. of Great Portland-street, London, to miss Scarlet, daughter of the late James Scarlet, esq. of the former place.

At the parish church of St. Andrew, Holborn, John Hopkins Foster, of North Curry, near Taunton, Somerset, esq. to miss Susanna Miller, eldest daughter of Mr. Charles Millet, of the Terrace, Gray's Inn-lane, attorney at law.

11. At Woodford, by the rev. J. P. Mosley, sir James Whalley Smythe Gardiner, bart. of Roche Court Hants, to miss Frances Mosley, second daughter of the late Oswald Mosley, esq. of Bolesworth castle, Cheshire, and sister of Sir Oswald Mosley, bart.

At St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, Charles Lush, esq. one of his majesty's deputy lieutenants for the Tower Hamlets, to Mary, the second daughter of Mr. Amos, of Hoxton-square.

13. At Mary-le-bonne church, by the rev. Edward Fawcett, A. M. J. Maughan, esq. of the honourable East India Company's marine, to miss Hay of Portland-place.

James M. Boyle, esq. of Tullyvin, county of Cavan, to miss Mary Dawson, daughter of Ralph Dawson, esq. of Cootehill, north of Ireland.

At Glasbury church, Radnorshire, John Eckley, esq. of Credenshill,

Herefordshire, to miss Williams, of Veicleanewith, in the county of Brecon.

## DEATHS.

*July 25.* After a short illness, at Clayton, near Manchester, Mrs. Nash, wife of Mr. Sebastian Nash.

30. In the 58th year of his age, Mr. Joseph De Boffe, of Gerard-street, Soho; many years an eminent importer of foreign books.

31. At Denham, in the 13th year of his age, Frederick, youngest son of John Drummond, esq. Charing-cross.

*August 1.* At his apartments, Tottenham-court-road, in the 76th year of his age, Mr. John Walker, author of the Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language, and of several other works.

3. At his house, in King-street, Rotherhithe, Mr. John Scarth, stockbroker.

4. At her house in York-street, the right hon. Sarah baroness Water-park, relict of the late right hon. sir Henry Cavendish, bart. Her ladyship is succeeded in her titles by her eldest son, sir Richard Cavendish.

8. Miss Smith, only daughter of the rev. John Smith, of Lopham, in Norfolk.

Of a decline, in the 27th year of her age, miss Mary Taylor, eldest daughter of Mr. Taylor, surgeon, Bridge-street.

At Mongewell, the lady of the bishop of Durham.

At her house in Welbeck-street, Mrs. G. Michel, wife of Charles William Michel, esq. of Notherwood, in the county of Hants.

At an advanced age, Thomas Watson, esq. of Stapleford Abbots, Essex.

In Southampton-row, Bloomsbury, miss Mary Saver.

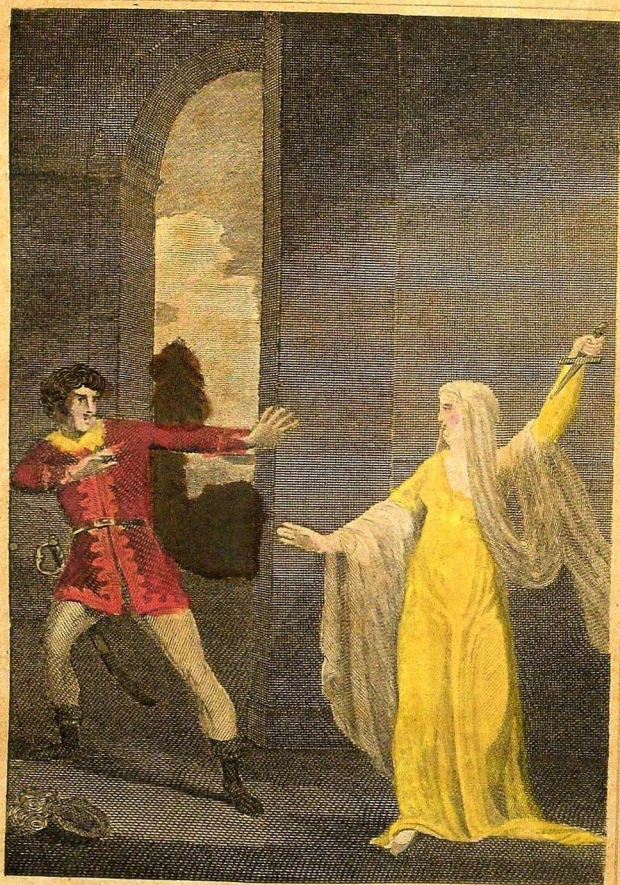
13. At Cheltenham, where he went for the benefit of his health, captain Thomas Holmes Tidy, of the royal navy.

At Hackney, Daniel Fisher, D. D. Mrs. Richardson, wife of Mr. Richardson, of Lincoln-inn-fields.

22. At Gloucester Lodge, Brompton, aged 72, her royal highness the duchess of Gloucester.



*Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.*



*The Mysterious Admonition.*