

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

APPROPRIATED
 SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1807.

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS,

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 The Mysterious Admonition, 455 | 13 Letter to Mr. John Webb, 492 |
| 2 Observations on the Persons and
Dress of the English, 458 | 14 Description of the Sound, Island
of Zealand, &c. 493 |
| 3 A Visit on a Summer's Evening,
459 | 15 Anecdote of Boisrobert, 495 |
| 4 Harriet Vernon; or, Characters
from real Life, 461 | 16 Anecdotes of Arria, 496 |
| 5 Solitary Walks in a Country
Church-yard, 473 | 17 POETICAL ESSAYS—The Mari-
ner's Dream—Song, by Dr.
Walcot—To Julia, by the same
—Stanzas addressed to the young
Roscius—To Caterina, by W.
M. T.—Sonnet, by the same—
Address to Twilight—Song—
Mad Song, 497—500 |
| 6 The Harvest Evening, 475 | 18 Foreign News, 501 |
| 7 London Fashions, 476 | 19 Home News, 504 |
| 8 The Sword.—A Fragment, 476 | 20 Births, 507 |
| 9 A Night Walk in September, 478 | 21 Marriages—Deaths, 508 |
| 10 Sketches from Nature, 481 | |
| 11 Sympathy.—A Fragment, 488 | |
| 12 A Morning Walk in Autumn,
489 | |

This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates.

- 1 THE MYSTERIOUS ADMONITION.
- 2 LONDON Fashionable RUSTIC WALKING and HALF DRESS.
- 3 New and elegant DRAWING for CARD RACKS.
- 4 New and elegant PATTERN for a SLEEVE.

LONDON:

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE continuation of the *Elville Family Secrets* in our next.

M. Spencer will excuse our giving another title to her piece: we have not room for more *Walks*.—C. T. will likewise notice this observation.

The contributions of F. T. Pinner, are received, and intended for insertion.

We are much obliged to W. M. T. for his further communications, which shall certainly appear; and very sorry it should be necessary to give the following list of *Errata* pointed out by him in his *Temple of Wealth*, inserted in the number for July:—

Stanza 7 line 2 for <i>lovelier</i> read <i>livelier</i>			
11	3	<i>black</i>	<i>back</i>
12	8	<i>'till very</i>	<i>even until</i>
15	9	after <i>alas!</i> dele	<i>to</i>
17	7	for <i>wake</i> read	<i>work</i>
19	2	<i>came</i>	<i>come</i>
33	7	<i>sung</i>	<i>sang</i>
36	4	<i>the rustic</i>	<i>this rustic</i>
—	9	<i>vanish'd</i>	<i>evanish'd</i>
37	3	<i>sees</i>	<i>see'st</i>
—	9	<i>to this</i>	<i>to thee</i>

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE.

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1807.

THE MYSTERIOUS ADMONITION.

A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

ABOUT the middle of the twelfth century, when the great lords of most of the countries of Europe exercised an unlimited power over their vassals, and were nearly independent of their sovereign, Rodriguez, count of Venasque, possessed large domains, and a strong castle, at the foot of the Pyrenees. He was a generous and benevolent chief, and all who lived under his authority revered him for the mildness with which he exercised it, and the readiness with which he heard their complaints; and, if in his power, redressed their grievances, when made known to him. He had been careful to educate his son, Henriquez, in the same principles, and instil into him an early love of virtue; and his lessons and example appeared to have the best effect on the heir to his wealth and power.

When Rodriguez, to the great regret of his affectionate subjects,

was consigned to the tomb of his forefathers, his son Henriquez succeeded to his ample possessions and authority, and, for some time, appeared to tread carefully in his steps, and to conciliate the esteem of all around him by the strict justice he dispensed, and the goodness of disposition he evinced on various occasions. The daughter of a neighbouring great lord, the Baron de Morillo, had attracted his attention, and appeared to have made an impression on his heart. A matrimonial union between them was spoken of; but some disputes arising between the baron and Henriquez, relative to a certain tract of land claimed by each, caused it to be deferred till they should be adjusted.

Estella, the daughter of the Baron de Morillo, was beautiful as an angel, and mild and gentle in her manners. While in her company, Henriquez felt the full force of beauty and goodness, and loved

her without reserve; and she, at the same time, felt a rising esteem and regard for him; but, unfortunately for him, the dispute which took place between him and the Baron de Morillo, prevented a union which would have preserved him from the commission of many odious and disgraceful actions.

The mother of Henriquez survived her lord about a year; and, while she lived, her tender care and excellent advice preserved her son in the paths of virtue; but soon after her decease, wealth and power appeared gradually to corrupt his heart, and debase his manners. He was frequently engaged in scenes of riot and intemperance; and when he had wasted large sums of money in acts of extravagance, he had recourse to mean and oppressive extortions on his vassals to procure a fresh supply, which he again wasted in the same wretched manner. Into these habits of gross dissipation he had been principally led by a lady of dissolute manners, for whom he had conceived a licentious passion, — Johanna, the daughter of one of his attendants, though by no means perfect in her personal charms, had gained such an ascendancy over him, that she could lead him into the commission of every folly and vice she chose, and obtain from him whatever she thought proper to ask. The castle became an almost constant scene of revelry and debauchery, and he lost the esteem of all his attendants and vassals, who began to hold his character in the utmost contempt, and even, almost, in detestation.

Satiated nearly with the charms of Johanna, which, in fact, were never very inviting, he chanced to meet with the daughter of a neigh-

bouring gentleman who possessed a small independent estate, and instantly conceived a very violent predilection for her. But he did not find her so compliant as Johanna; and the indignant manner in which he was repulsed by Rosalie, only increased the ardour of his irregular passion. The abandoned, but artful Johanna detected the inconstancy of his wavering heart; but, so far from expressing any emotions of jealousy, she professed herself ready to aid him, with her advice and assistance, to obtain the gratification of his vile desires. Various artful schemes were suggested by her to allure and seduce the innocent Rosalie, but all proved unsuccessful; and it was at last resolved, that nothing but force could succeed, and that force should be employed.

Some trusty bravos were therefore secured; who, when it was known that Rosalie would go unaccompanied to a neighbouring town, by a certain lonely path, were to waylay her, seize her, and bring her by force to the castle. They executed their orders punctually; and Rosalie was brought to the castle, and confined in a high tower, at the extremity farthest from the part usually inhabited.

The vile Johanna, and another domestic, were the only persons in the castle who knew that Rosalie had been brought in. Johanna immediately hastened to Henriquez, to inform him that his prey was in his power; but, whether his conscience rebuked him, or he could not prevail on himself instantly to determine how to act, it was some time before he could resolve to go to her: at length, however, he went.

He had to pass through a large

gallery in the most gloomy part of the castle; on his arrival at which, a sudden flash of light seemed to illumine all the place, and he beheld before him a tall female figure, holding a dagger, and calling to him, in a hollow voice,—‘Stop.’—He started back, struck with astonishment and dread bordering on horror.—‘My mother!’ he exclaimed;—‘and from the grave!’—‘Stop,’ again said the phantom; ‘you go to do a deed which will blast your name for ever, and whelm you in perdition. The dagger of her father will avenge her injured innocence; all shall praise the act, and execration and infamy alone attend thee.—Stop while it is yet time.’—The phantom disappeared, all was dark as before; and Henriquez sunk on the floor, and fainted, overpowered with horror.

But not to leave our readers, likewise, too much in the dark, it may be necessary to observe here, what might have been mentioned before, that among the domestics, attendants, and inhabitants of the castle, there was one near relative of Henriquez, his mother’s youngest sister, named Elinor; who, amid all his extravagance, would never leave him, but frequently took the liberty to admonish him, and to upbraid him with his infamous conduct. Her advice, however, had always been received either with ridicule or revilings. She had yet never ceased her endeavours to recall him, if possible, to the paths of decorum and virtue. She was much respected by all the domestics; and had at length gained over the confidential servant of the wicked Johanna, to divulge to her some of her mistress’s secrets. By her she had been informed of the plans con-

trived against innocent Rosalie, and her having been at last brought by force into the castle. Shocked at the crime her nephew was about to commit, and the disgrace and odium it must bring on himself and his family, she conceived the strange idea, as it certainly must appear, to gain at least some time by acting on the superstition and natural timidity of one who, she was certain, would listen neither to advice nor to reproof. She knew that Henriquez was a firm believer in the appearances of departed spirits, and extremely fearful of what are usually called ghosts. She therefore habited herself in the robe and veil which had been worn by his mother, and taking a dagger in her hand, with the aid of a lanthorn, produced all the terrific appearance that has been described.

Her plan, however extraordinary, had, as we have seen, all the success she could have promised herself from it; and, in the sequel, its beneficial effects were happily more complete than she could have expected.—Henriquez lay in a state of insensibility till he was taken up by the servants, who carried him to his chamber, and laid him in his bed. When his senses returned, the first person he inquired for was his aunt Elinor, to whom he related the extraordinary vision he had seen. As no person knew the secret, or had received the least intimation of it but Elinor herself, she was in no danger that it should be disclosed; and did all she could to encourage him in the belief that all he had seen was real. The terror he had felt, and the violent agitation of mind he had suffered, produced a severe, and even very dangerous illness; during which

he yielded himself entirely to the guidance of the good Elinor, dismissed the abandoned Johanna, and sending for the father of Rosalie, restored to him his daughter, fortunately uninjured, imploring, with many tears, forgiveness of both; and entreated their prayers for, as he feared, a dying, but truly repentant sinner.

But when he had thus relieved his conscience, and firmly resolved to return to the paths of virtue, he began visibly to recover. The good Elinor continually watched him, and attended him night and day; and, when completely restored, he never afterwards relapsed into the licentious and vicious habits of which he had before been guilty. He renewed his acquaintance with the lovely Estella, who, finding that he was indeed another and a better man, gave him her hand in marriage, and they lived many years in love and happiness. Whether the secret of the real nature of the *mysterious admonition* he had received was ever revealed to him by his worthy aunt, this history saith not, nor is it, indeed, of much importance.

OBSERVATIONS on the PERSONS and DRESS of the ENGLISH.

(From *Travels in England* translated from the German of C. A. Goede.)

I DO not believe that any country in Europe can boast so much general elegance, and symmetry of form, as Great Britain: this at least is certain, that one meets with fewer deformed beings here than elsewhere. The men, however, are better formed than the women; the latter, in particular, are seldom seen with beautifully small feet, a charm common with

French women, but not less admired on that account.

The physiognomy of both sexes in England is prepossessing, but devoid of a certain captivating charm: yet their features are soft, and their eyes beam mildness; but without that bewitching languor which fascinates the beholder; and this may arise from the noble and exquisite form of the nose, which gives infinite dignity to the whole countenance.

The complexion of the men is ruddy; that of the women beautiful in the extreme: the skin is of a most dazzling white, and soft as the cygnet's down, but their mouths are either large or not agreeably formed; and this defect is glaring, notwithstanding their aptitude to smile, when they discover the whitest teeth possible. Still these smiles, however pleasing, want that alluring grace which animates the features of the less beautiful *Parisienne*.

If the stranger is surprised to find beauty so common in England, he will be still more so when his observation has pointed out to him the equality of exterior which pervades all classes. At Paris it is easy to discover the citizens, the men of letters, the man of business, the *nouveau riche*, or the decayed nobleman; each has his peculiar deportment and distinguishing apparel; but in England it is scarcely possible to know a lord from a tradesman, or a man of letters from a mechanic; and this seems to arise from the sovereignty of fashion in the metropolis.

In other countries a few trifling individuals alone obey the fiat of the fickle goddess; but in London young and old bow with submission at her shrine. Here the changes of fashion and the opera-

tions of whim, fancy, or caprice, are so various, so rapid, that half the houses in town are completely metamorphosed every two or three years : a circumstance, however, which considerably promotes the prosperity of the nation at large.

The fashions, however, of this country are simple and harmonious ; the shape, perhaps, does not always please the eye, but the colour is invariably becoming, and the *tout-ensemble* agreeable. Nothing would appear more ridiculous than to see a man half-fashionably clad ; as the coat is cut, so must the waistcoat and breeches correspond. Nor would this suffice, unless the shape of the hat, and exact measure of the boot, were in perfect unison : every reform, therefore, must be radical. As Germans either do not understand, or will not attend to these minutiae, they must thank themselves if they find they are stared at or ridiculed as they walk the streets.

It is notorious that the ladies of France have always disputed the superiority of taste with those of England. Without entering into the controversy it will be proper to observe, that each have a peculiar and diametrically opposite way of setting off their native charms, and while the former enter a drawing room, as lightly attired as the statue of a Grecian sculptor, the latter envelope themselves in the foldings of a Spanish mantle. The ladies here are as attentive to the corresponding harmony of their dress as the gentlemen. Fine muslins are the invariable order of the day ; and a lady is never seen abroad without a hat. But a particular style attaches to particular occasions. At church the ladies are plainly dressed, and the

gentlemen appear with round hats. At the Opera, the former are full dressed, wear their hair ornamented ; and the latter appear suitably dressed with cocked hats and shoes.

A VISIT

ON A SUMMER'S EVENING.

BY MATILDA SPENCER.

THE scorching heat of the sun had given place to more tempered rays, when I walked out with an intention of visiting the sick daughter of a neighbouring cottager. A rude and unfrequented path led me to my favourite walk. On one side was a rural hedge, from which the little songsters poured their grateful songs, in notes wild, sweet, and harmonious ; on the other, cattle were grazing, before me was an open and extensive field 'decked in a sweet variety of greens,' while a gently-rising hill, with the aid of a few tall and stately poplars, half concealed the spire of the village church. Having reached the hill I sat down, but not to enjoy the rural scenery, which at any other time would have inspired me with delight, for the cold indifference of a friend preyed heavy on my spirits. Lost in pensive recollection, I had almost forgotten the approach of night, and hastily arose to fulfil my engagement. The departing sun-beams still lingered on the cottage which I entered, I found the object of my inquiries much worse than I expected ; her pale and faded cheek rested on the maternal bosom of her aged parent,

whose tears flowed as she witnessed the extreme, the agonizing misery of her daughter, and knew that no relief could save her from an early and untimely grave.

I accepted the friendly offer of a seat, and endeavoured, (though in a faltering voice) to console them, but was quite surprised at finding such meek resignation in the good woman, and such unexampled patience in the heavily afflicted girl. I observed that 'afflictions were useful lessons to mankind, and incident to mortality; therefore ought to be cheerfully borne.'—'Tis true, she replied, 'I ought to kiss the chastising rod, and bow before the decrees of an all-merciful God! (a tear strayed down her furrowed cheek,) but we are too apt to murmur. I said we ought not to distrust the goodness of God!—'Nor do I,' replied she; 'I have ever trusted in that Being whose care is over all;—and amid my troubles have I ever remembered him who is both able and willing to help. But to see my daughter suffer thus, is hard, and a mother feels.' I asked the invalid if she was willing to die: she fixed her eyes earnestly on me, then directed them upwards, and feebly exclaimed 'Not my will but thine be done.' Her mother said her afflictions had weaned her from the world, but an inward groan from her daughter stopped her. Let me say I felt humbled 'if,' said I, (mentally,) 'this poor woman is thus grateful, surrounded by poverty and afflictions, how ought my heart to expand with gratitude? Ought I to repine if a few briars are scattered in my rose-strewn path?' I, however, checked these reflections, and offered my mite which was most thankfully accepted, and

promising to call again on to-morrow, bade them good night.

'Peace to the inhabitants of this cottage!' I exclaimed, as I fastened the wicket-gate; 'and may that Power, on whose goodness you so humbly depend, take your suffering daughter to that happiness she so ardently pants after.'

The full-orbed moon had now shed her silvery light around, and the universal calmness that reigned throughout the face of nature, was in perfect unison with my feelings. Never, ye votaries of fashion and dissipation, did ye experience a satisfaction equal to that I felt. It was a pleasure so pure, so fervent, that it had power to 'hush each ruder passion;' to banish every unpleasant reflection from my memory; and diffuse tranquillity o'er my mind.

'But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth
array'd;
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, e'en while Fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting, asks if this be joy?'
GOLDSMITH.

I felt seriously improved by my evening's ramble, and concluded it by repeating the following lines from my favourite poet:—

'Father of light and life! thou good supreme!
Oh! teach me what is good! teach me thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice!
From every low pursuit; and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!'
THOMSON.

Chatteris, July 10, 1807.

HARRIET VERNON ;

OR,

CHARACTERS FROM REAL LIFE.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

BY A LADY.

(Continued from p. 412.)

LETTER XXXI.

Miss Maria Vernon to Mrs. Ambrose.

Dear Madam,

ACCEPT my best thanks for your very kind and affectionate letter, every line of which cannot but interest and afford me pleasure : but I know you might accuse me of affectation did I refrain from acknowledging that the latter part of your letter was perused with peculiar satisfaction. To hear of Mr. Wentworth's health and prosperity will ever afford me pleasure, independent of any interested reflections.

We have been nine weeks at this place, but I must own a further acquaintance has not removed my dislike to Mrs. Wilson. She behaves as well to us as she is capable of behaving to any one. She is very pressing that we spend some months longer here. We have engaged to comply with her request, and I have written to our brother for his consent. As we have received no answer, we infer from his silence that he has no objection.

Mr. Wilson improves much on further acquaintance. He seems partial to us both, and did he not

indulge himself in indolent habits which stupefy him he would really be an agreeable man. He takes a long nap after dinner, from which he is sometimes roused by Harriet, who, when it don't rain, insists on his walking on the terrace. She has laughed him out of many of his dull airs, as she calls them. I tell her she must not make so free with him, for I think I can discover a tincture of jealousy in Mrs. Wilson ; but this discovery of mine so diverts Harriet that she declares she shall be freer with him than ever. I repent telling her, for I fear her vivacity will carry her too far in this particular.

We have a young lady and gentleman on a visit here : the former a most disagreeable woman, proud, conceited, and ill-tempered : the latter a genteel, sensible young man. They are lovers, but strange ones ; for he seems to avoid her company as much as possible ; behaves to her with a forced politeness, which I think seems to increase daily ; while she regards him as a swain her large fortune has secured to her, and pretends to no other than a platonic love for him : I, however, have no doubt but he will shortly prevail on her to bestow her hand in wedlock. I find he is the son of a clergyman lately deceased, whose living of five hundred a-year was promised by his patron to be bestowed on the son ; but no sooner was it fallen in by the father's death, than the man in power bestowed it on another, and poor Mr. Beaumont experiences the fate of many others who trust to the promises of the great. His father, by great economy and a good fortune with his wife, left

three hundred a-year for the support of his widow ; but the young man, now six-and-twenty, is totally unprovided for until his mother's death. In such a situation it is no wonder he should cast his thoughts to his rich neighbour, miss Jones, with whom his family had been long acquainted, nor is it any wonder that his mother should be anxious for the union which would set her son above dependence. This is the situation of Mr. Beaumont's affairs ; but the situation of his mind, I fear, is very unhappy. I am certain that his heart is not interested in the business, and most sincerely do I pity him. Mrs. Wilson has taken a fancy to Mr. Beaumont, whom she says she used to dislike. This alteration in her sentiments I think proceeds from his having made her some compliments gratifying to her vanity ; for, being a young man of sense and penetration, he soon discovered her weak side.

Harriet informs me that there are cards of invitation to a ball given by a gentleman in the neighbourhood on his coming of age, but Mrs. Wilson says we shall none of us go. Harriet is much vexed on the occasion, and has engaged Mr. Beaumont and Mr. Wilson to coax Mrs. Wilson into the humour of accepting it : I suppose they will attack her on her weak side. I am summoned to dinner, and will relate the success of their endeavours afterwards.

'It was very polite, my dear,' said Mr. Wilson, 'in Mr. Rivers to send us those cards this morning.'

'But you are determined not to go, I believe, madam,' said Harriet.

'O certainly,' replied Mr. Wilson, 'it is out of the question ; they do not, I dare say, expect it.'

'Dear ! what makes it out of the question, Mr. Wilson ?' said Mrs. Wilson.

'Nay, if you like it, I should be very well pleased to accompany you ; it would look very pretty to see a man and his wife dancing together.'

'Now you are sneering at me, I suppose ; I saw you tip the wink at Mr. Beaumont, so, for that reason, I am resolved to go, though I shall not dance.'

'As you please ; I only wonder you should think of going at your time of life.'

'At my time of life ! what do you mean, Mr. Wilson ? I danced as good a minuet five years ago as ever you saw.'

'Well, madam,' said Harriet, 'as you intend going, who shall be of your party ? I suppose you will not go alone.'

'Mr. Wilson, miss Jones, and Mr. Beaumont, will be just a coach full,' replied Mrs. Wilson.

'No woman of sense,' said miss Jones, 'can be fond of dancing ; I shall not be of the party I assure you.'

'Pray Heaven I may never be a woman of sense then !' exclaimed Harriet.

'The prayer is unnecessary,' retorted miss Jones.

'I positively will not stir out of the house,' said Mr. Wilson, 'for any ball in Christendom.'

'Then I can read Othello to you, as agreed on,' said Harriet archly : I was vexed with her.

'Perhaps, miss,' said Mrs. Wilson, 'I may choose to take you with me ; and as Mr. Wilson and

miss Jones choose to stay at home, I wish you and your sister would accompany me and Mr. Beaumont.'

The point was now gained: Harriet was so delighted that she could scarce refrain from betraying herself: I whispered her not to talk lest she should spoil all. Mr. Beaumont seems as much pleased, happy, I suppose, to escape for one evening from miss Jones.

Harriet desires me to say that she is much obliged to you for satisfying her curiosity; we could not but admire your spirits. Ah, madam! were all our sex like you. I want to resign my pen to Harriet, but she tells me her whole attention is engaged to keep Mrs. Wilson in good humour, and contrive her dress, which is to be very gay. As I know you can be entertained with trifles when occurrences of consequence are wanting, I make no apology for the length of my letter, which was at first only intended to express my gratitude for your last favour, and request a repetition of the same kindness.

I conclude with respectful compliments to the colonel, in which Harriet joins with your much obliged,

M. VERNON.

LETTER XXXII.

Miss Vernon to Mrs. West.

My dear Madam,

ON every occasion where the advice of a sensible and kind friend is found necessary, it is my sister's and my happiness to experience in you that inestimable advantage: may we ever be guided by your advice, and profited by your

experience. I am requested by Harriet to write to you on a subject which she feels a reluctance to enter upon herself. I mentioned Mr. Beaumont as a sensible, agreeable young man: you are now prepared for what is to follow.

He is fallen in love with Harriet, but he is engaged to miss Jones. The utmost of his expectations is a curacy promised him of fifty pounds a-year. He had not been here many days before I discovered his partiality to my sister. I was uneasy, for I feared he was too pleasing not to be agreeable in the eyes of a woman disengaged in her affections.

'This Mr. Beaumont,' said she to me, yesterday, 'is a charming young man! what think you sister?'

'He is certainly very agreeable,' said I, 'but I wish you were not so sensible of it. I fear miss Jones will be displeased at seeing you so much together; and I fear—shall I say all I fear, dear Harriet?'

'Oh, yes; let me hear all your fears, and then I will tell you all my hopes.'

She turned from me to fetch her work which lay on the table, and I discovered strong marks of confusion in her averted face. She sat down, and in her intelligent countenance I read all I feared.

'Mr. Beaumont,' continued I, 'has been here a month; he is engaged to miss Jones; he is a young man of no property; his mother has set her heart on seeing him united to this lady on account of her large fortune; nor, indeed, has he any prospect of support by any other means. It is very visible to me that it is only her fortune that has induced him to think of the union; you have made the

same observation. In proportion as he has shunned her society I have observed that he has sought yours. During the last week his marked attention to you has, I am certain, been noticed by miss Jones. That he prefers you to her I have no doubt ; but circumstanced as you both are, it is, in my opinion, high time that you should refrain from receiving those attentions from him which are due only to miss Jones. My Harriet is above reserve, and I know will answer me with her usual sincerity when I ask her if she has not given Mr. Beaumont too great a share of her regard and—

‘Stop, stop, dear Maria!’ interrupted she, ‘I will tell you every thing. It was never my intention to conceal from you what has passed between Mr. Beaumont and me, although I know I shall incur your anger.’

‘Impossible,’ said I ; ‘your frankness will cancel, in my eyes, all your faults.’

She then proceeded thus:—

‘I never in my life saw a young man so agreeable as Mr. Beaumont ; I found my partiality increase every day, and felt that I envied miss Jones. I was pleased with every attention and preference I received from her lover. Sure, thought I, if I were beloved by this man I should be happy ; but it is not likely he should think of me when miss Jones’ thousands are glittering in his eyes, though I cannot but think he likes me best. In this manner did my thoughts roam, and thus were they engaged ; when one day last week, when you and every body had rode out, he suddenly entered the parlour where I was sitting leaning my elbows on the table in a profound reverie. He caught me by

the arm, and expressed a surprise at finding me alone, and in so profound a study. There was something in his manner inexpressibly tender, and in short, Maria, he that morning declared he loved me. This declaration was delivered with such warmth, and at the same time with so much respect, it was impossible to doubt his sincerity. I have told you my sentiments of him, tell me how I should have acted on this unexpected declaration.’

‘Undoubtedly,’ replied I, ‘you should have reminded him of his engagements to miss Jones.’

‘She never entered my head at that time. I could make him no answer ; but after a silence of a few minutes I told him that his mother must be consulted on the subject. “And may I then,” said he, “obtain your consent to consult my mother ? Have I been so happy as to gain your favourable opinion ?”—I recollected myself, but it was too late ; for he exclaimed, taking my hand, “Yes ; I am that happy being !” I withdrew my hand, but was wholly incapable of knowing what to say : what could I say, Maria ? He had now formed, indeed, the right conclusion. Had the world been depending I could not have contradicted him. I believe he had as well as myself forgot miss Jones, I, however, recollected myself, and mentioned her.—“Name her not,” said he, “I detest her ; never shall my heart be enslaved by golden fetters. I will this day undeceive her, and acquaint my mother.”—“Hold, hold,” said I, “I have a sister to consult :” I dared not say my own heart, for he had discovered that already. You shake your head, Maria ; did I not say you would be angry with me ? I left

the room, and have since avoided being alone with him. He this morning accused me of shunning him. 'How can I do otherwise,' I replied, 'when I consider your engagements to miss Jones.' "I only," said he, "want your permission to lay all before her, yet why should I want permission? My heart informs me that she has no place there: this day will I make to her that avowal." 'I am a poor weak girl, Mr. Beaumont,' said I, 'but I have a sister who is capable of advising me; to her I will communicate what has passed, and will request her to talk with you on the subject.' He urged me to stay longer with him, but I told him I would not hear another word until I had informed you; and now, my dear sister, I have told you all.'

Dear, ingenuous girl! How did her artless tale affect me: what a lustre does a frank and open mind reflect on the character of a young woman. 'I see, dear Harriet,' said I, 'this gentleman has impressed your mind too deeply for me to hope that my persuasions against indulging your passions will avail any thing: indeed I am the last person who can, with propriety, advise you to a conduct I am myself incapable of pursuing. We are too apt to ask advice too late. Had you and I reflected on the consequences of indulging a partiality for persons we—'

'Do not recriminate,' interrupted she, 'I trust we shall neither of us repent our past conduct; for my part I am gone too far to recede. I have not acted prudent, but that virtue is, I fear not, implanted in my disposition. I will tell you what I purpose, with your approbation, to do. In the first

place I think miss Jones should be wrote to, or somehow informed as you and Mr. Beaumont may think best: Mrs. Beaumont no doubt should be consulted.'

'And then,' interrupted I, smiling, 'the wedding may take place between you and her son. Upon my word, Harriet, you lay down a very easy plan, but I must confess I see many difficulties in the execution; I fear Mrs. Beaumont's consent will not easily be obtained for her son's union with a woman destitute of fortune, more especially considering his situation with miss Jones. But suppose her consent and even approbation could be procured, how are you to be supported?'

'You talk, Maria,' replied she, 'as if an immediate marriage was my wish: how can you entertain such an idea? The utmost I think of at present is the obtaining Mrs. Beaumont's approbation of her son's choice; the emancipating him from his engagements to miss Jones; and a mutual promise of being united, some years hence, when circumstances will admit.'

'I was going, dear Harriet,' said I, 'to give you my advice as well as opinion; but, as I before observed, I fear the former will be too late. You interrupted me, and I thought by your manner you was unwilling to hear it.'

'By no means,' replied she; 'I promise attention to all you may say, and, if possible, a compliance with all you wish.'

'Well then,' said I, 'your acquaintance with Mr. Beaumont is very short. His character, as we have heard it from Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, is good; his temper—(far be it from me to suppose it unamiable,) but I cannot but observe

it must be very much so indeed if it was discoverable to us; a very indifferent temper will appear a good one when seen only in company, where it is a person's interest to appear amiable. Mr. Beaumont is no doubt sensible, and elegant in his manners and person; but are these the only qualities to be sought for in a husband? A plain understanding, joined to a good temper, and a knowledge of the world are, in my opinion, preferable to all the graces of a court, and learning of a college without them. You are young and volatile, and it is not to be wondered at that you are pleased with the attention of such a man as Mr. Beaumont, and feel a partiality to such apparent perfections. That they are only apparent I will not even suppose; but I think a longer time necessary to determine their reality. Surely when my Harriet considers calmly she will not fetter herself by engagements of so serious a nature with a young man she has not known longer than a month. Circumstanced as Mr. Beaumont and you are, it is for both your interests that you should each endeavour to overcome a partiality, which indulged there is little prospect of having a happy termination. An attachment so much in its infancy I should suppose might be overcome. Time and absence I should think would wear away the impressions of excellencies known only for a few weeks. I am, perhaps, as I have before said, the last person who should speak thus on the subject, yet I cannot but think my own case different. An acquaintance of four years justifies me, in my own eyes at least, for a conduct I am condemning in you. I have now

spoken my sentiments, and have only to entreat that my dear sister will thoroughly consider and weigh the subject before she conferred so great a blessing as the promise of her heart on Mr. Beaumont.

The dear girl said she would retire and consider all I had said; she left the room but soon returned.—‘I have not taken long to consider,’ said she; ‘the point of view you have placed the subject in has convinced me that I ought not to engage myself to Mr. Beaumont: I will endeavour that my affections shall not be engaged. I hope I shall not be classed among the romantic girls who give away their hearts to external merit only, and plunge into matrimony, destitute of the means of living. I think he should marry miss Jones as well from honourable considerations as interested ones; but I have unfortunately given him reason to think that he is not indifferent to me. Had I checked him in his first address, perhaps he might at once have relinquished all thoughts of me: I see I have acted wrong, and have let myself down in his eyes, no doubt, as well as in my own.’

‘It is not yet too late,’ replied I, ‘to retrieve this step you regret. If you inform him that you have considered the matter, and are resolved to conquer the partiality you have permitted him to discover in his favour, and if you have heroism enough to urge him to fulfil his engagements with miss Jones, your uneasiness will subside, and you will bring him to the test; for, if he relinquishes all hopes of your favour and pursues his first engagements, I doubt not but you will easily overcome your affection for him, and will have the pleasure

of reflecting that you have acted honourably by miss Jones; but if the reverse is the case you will then be left at liberty to act as you please.'

She approved of this advice, but said she was sure she could not support such a conversation. I proposed her writing, but she entreated me to see Mr. Beaumont and inform him of her sentiments. I told her I by no means liked the office; perhaps she might alter her sentiments, or, perhaps, I might say more or less than she could wish. She entreated me so earnestly to comply with her request, that I would talk with him, that at length I was overcome, and consented to enter on the disagreeable task in the afternoon: in the mean time I proposed acquainting Mrs. Wilson with all particulars: this Harriet opposed at first, but I thought it absolutely proper there should be no reserve, and she consented that I should do as I pleased.

I went to Mrs. Wilson's dressing-room, and was fortunate to find her in high good humour from the circumstance of a becoming cap just put on. I dismissed her maid, desiring I might finish dressing the lady, and informed her briefly of all that had passed. She heard me with more attention than I expected, and approved the proposed conversation between Mr. Beaumont and me.—'I always thought Mr. Beaumont liked Harriet,' said she, 'for he has once or twice said to me that he thought her almost as handsome as I was at her age. I am delighted to think how miss Jones will be mortified, for I dare say he won't marry her now.'

'But, madam,' replied I, 'what prospect is there for my sister?'

'Oh! she will have a lover for a few months,' said Mrs. Wilson, 'it is time enough for her to marry; but how shall we contrive to give you and the gentleman an opportunity of talking this afternoon? I think, as I am pretty tolerable to day in my looks, I will drink tea with my sister Meadows, and take Mr. Wilson, miss Jones, and Harriet with me.'

I knew Mrs. Wilson's advice would be of no value on the present occasion, so only thanked her for her intention, and requested secrecy. She seemed much pleased with the confidence I had reposed in her, and we separated till dinner, which Harriet and myself wished over. We took our seats at table with as different thoughts and sentiments as, perhaps, ever occupied the minds of six people: Mrs. Wilson at the head, opposite a large looking-glass, had her ideas occupied by the captivating figure it presented of her person. Miss Jones declared she never was more fatigued in her life than at present, having spent the morning in translating select passages from Epictetus, (which she had brought with her for that purpose) in order to do that fine writer justice after the injustice done him by miss Carter, whose translation she held in contempt. Mr. Wilson (who is an excellent judge of cooking) was occupied in examining the stuffing of a fine hare before him, which he said had not a grain of pepper or salt in it. Mr. Beaumont, absent, and out of spirits, called for wine every minute, and complained of a bad head-ach. Harriet looked pale one moment and blooming the next; her chief solicitude being to avoid the eyes of Mr. Beaumont: her own were fixed

on her plate, the contents of which diminished but slowly. As for my thoughts, they were fully occupied by the expected conversation.

Little passed at dinner, and when the cloth was removed Mrs. Wilson said she had a proposal to make to which there must be no objections made by any of the company.

‘Upon my word,’ said miss Jones, ‘you are very arbitrary in your proposals, you give us no option,—quite a dogmatist.’

‘None of your hard words,’ replied Mrs. Wilson; ‘I propose going this afternoon to see my sister, and I desire that you, Mr. Wilson, and miss Harriet, will accompany me: Mr. Beaumont and miss Vernon must entertain each other, for there is not room for them in the coach.’ I thought miss Jones looked pleased at finding Harriet was going, but that might be my fancy. Harriet blushed extremely, Mr. Beaumont looked at me, bowed, and said he should be *honoured* by my company.

‘All settled then,’ said Mrs. Wilson; ‘we have nothing to do but to order the carriage.’ Miss Jones said she had no objection to this visit as a relaxation to her morning studies; and in about half an hour they set out, leaving Mr. Beaumont and me in the parlour.

We were both at a loss for a few minutes what to say; at length I began, and acquainted him I had that morning been informed by my sister what had passed between them during the last few days. He appeared confused, and answered he was very unhappy in not being permitted to have an opportunity of conversing with my sister, which he plainly saw was

purposely avoided by her, but that she had given him hopes that if, on consulting me, she found I was not averse to his wishes, she would consent to hear him on a subject in which his heart was deeply interested.

‘And to what purpose, Mr. Beaumont, should she hear you?’ said I: ‘what prospect can you have in uniting yourself to a woman without fortune, circumstanced as you are? My sister, with a frankness that does her the highest credit, has consulted me on the subject, and I have given her my opinion, which is, that you should endeavour to conquer your partiality for each other, and pursue your engagements with miss Jones.’

‘And is this her opinion?’ said he, with great earnestness; ‘why did she give me hopes of her favour?’

‘That she gave you those hopes is what, on consideration, she blames herself for; but such is the openness of her conduct and disposition, that she found it, at the time, impossible to disguise those sentiments of regard for you which she felt on your declaration.’

‘And has she so soon changed those sentiments?’

‘No, Mr. Beaumont; my sister is not fickle, although she may be irresolute.’

‘Pardon me, miss Vernon; I meant not to reflect on your sister, but why did she not condescend in person to inform me of this change in her sentiments?’

‘That she did not, sir,’ said I, ‘is a convincing proof that the change arose from circumstances, not from fickleness of disposition. She candidly acknowledged that she felt herself unequal to the task of desiring you to forget her. You

are, I doubt not, a man of too much honour to take advantage of an acknowledged weakness; and if on considering your views in life you are convinced it will not be in your power to provide for a wife in a comfortable manner I hope, and doubt not, that you will coincide with her wishes, in rooting from your heart a growing attachment where a happy termination cannot be expected. This, Mr. Beaumont, is what I am commissioned by my sister to say; these are her sentiments. I informed Mrs. Wilson of the affair, as thinking it improper to have reserve to that lady, and am obliged to her for this opportunity of speaking.

He remained silent some time, then starting, as it were, from his reverie,—‘No; it is impossible I can forget your sweet sister! My mother loves me, she has an income of three hundred a-year, which will be mine at her death; I am promised a curacy of fifty pounds a-year. We will live with my mother.’

I told him I saw no alternative between a slender maintenance, joined to its attendant distresses, and renouncing all thoughts of my sister. ‘But,’ added I, ‘you seem not to consider miss Jones: I understand you have been long engaged to her.’

‘I have,’ replied he; ‘but my heart was never in the connexion, nor is miss Jones capable of affection for any object independent of her books and learning. Her father, by going out of the common course of things, in bestowing on her an education suited only to a learned profession, has rendered her unfit for the society of her own sex, and made her the burlesque of ours.’

‘With these sentiments of the

lady,’ said I, ‘you surely cannot think of marrying her; but it by no means follows that, by relinquishing my sister, you plunge yourself into the unhappiness of marrying a woman you dislike.’—I went on talking for some time, and thought I discovered in his countenance marks of confusion and vexation; he traversed the room, seemingly at a loss what to say. At length—‘Permit me,’ said he, ‘to request your interest with your charming sister; that she will not withdraw her favour from me until I have written to my mother, and consulted her on the subject. I cannot, without her knowledge, acquaint miss Jones with the change in my sentiments; for I promised, at her earnest request, that if any such change should take place, I would previously acquaint her. Why she exacted this promise I know not; but I think myself bound to obey her.’

I told him I would inform my sister of his wishes, and if she, his mother, and himself, concurred in the propriety of the union, I certainly had no right to be averse. He retired to write to his mother, and left me, I own, not much pleased with his manner or sentiments. That a young man with such an opinion of a woman as he professes to entertain for miss Jones should ever have formed the intention of making her his wife, seems, in my mind, to argue something wrong; at least a mercenary disposition is discoverable. His early declaration to my sister whilst under such an engagement evinces no very nice regard to honour. He should, in my opinion, have emancipated himself from this engagement before he had presumed to address another. An

engaged man or woman I look on as married; and, in the eye of honour, they certainly are so. I like not the exaction of the promise by his mother. Why should she wish to make herself the principal in a case in which miss Jones was undoubtedly so? If her son saw reason to alter his mind in regard to marrying her, why should she be averse to his immediately acquainting the lady without first consulting her? The happiness and honour of her son was delayed and forfeited by consulting in a case which only required the simple question—have I changed my sentiments?

These were the thoughts which arose in my mind when he withdrew. He soon returned, and read to me the letter he had drawn up to his mother. I thought it sensible and respectful, and checked myself for, perhaps, my too hasty disapprobation of a young man who was at least dutiful. He mentioned my sister in the highest terms, and declared his determination to relinquish miss Jones. In short it was a letter wholly unexceptionable; and after taking a copy to show to Harriet, it was dispatched by a messenger, who was ordered to stay all night at Mrs. Beaumont's, and bring an answer in the morning, the distance being twenty miles.

By this time the party returned from their visit. Mrs. Wilson's good humour had subsided. The roads were so bad she would never attempt going again at this season of the year.—Her nieces were brought up so pert there was no hearing them. The eldest gabbled French to her, and when she found she was not understood, supposed that language was not taught when her aunt was young.

The youngest wondered she did not wear a lappet, and the nephew ordered a hassock to help her into the coach. All these particulars were told Mr. Beaumont and me as soon as she was seated; with the observation, that she saw not why she should put herself out of the way to accommodate other people; and she would not set her foot out of the house again to please any one.

'I own myself totally at a loss,' said miss Jones, 'to conjecture your meaning. For whose pleasure have you incommoded yourself? Not mine, I am sure; for I have spent, as I expected, a most insipid evening; and had there been a Cicero or Horace in the house, I should most certainly have stayed at home.'

Mrs. Wilson, who knew not the names of Cicero or Horace, thought she reflected on the accommodations she gave her visitors.—'I am sorry, miss, my house is not furnished to your mind; but if you will ask the housekeeper for the things you mention, I dare say she will supply you. It is fatiguing enough for me to entertain my company without attending to the furniture of their rooms.'

This mistake forced a smile from every face, which she perceiving was very angry, and declared she would not be laughed at.

'Come, my dear!' said Mr. Wilson, 'if any body has reason to be affronted, it is miss Harriet here; for, I believe, her cousin Meadows has not spoken three words to her the whole time, and never wished her a good night when she went away.'

'Well, Mr. Wilson, you have amply made it up to her; when did you pay me the attention of sitting on the same side of the

coach all the way, and taking my cup of tea the moment I had done with it ?

The silly woman now complained of her head and spirits, and went up stairs. I accompanied her to her apartment, but so wholly was she engrossed by the mortifications she had received, that the result of Mr. Beaumont's conversation and mine was quite unthought of. I returned to the parlour and found Mr. Wilson set down to a hot supper : Mr. Beaumont and miss Jones disputing on a passage in Milton ; the only English poet, she says, worth reading. Harriet retired to her apartment, I followed her ; and after relating all that had passed between Mr. Beaumont and me, she concurred in my opinion that there was something mysterious in his conduct, and made me happy by assuring me that she would take no step without my knowledge, and the advice of our maternal friend. She said she believed Mrs. Wilson had informed her husband of the affair, for he had remarked, at seeing her rather mortified at Mrs. Meadows' coolness, that the prospect of a good husband was worth more than her civility. This, conveyed in a whisper, had roused Mrs. Wilson's jealousy.

About noon the next day the messenger returned from Mrs. Beaumont's. We were hardly separated since breakfast, except miss Jones, who seldom honours us with her company, until dinner time. She regards Harriet and me as two ignorant girls, and seldom condescends to speak to us ; her conversation being chiefly directed to her false lover and Mr. Wilson. The servant delivered a letter which Mr. Beaumont gave

to Harriet unopened. ' On this letter,' said he, ' depends my happiness. If it does not plead my cause I have no other plea to offer ; for on my mother's approbation and wishes have I ever been dependent.' The entrance of a servant relieved Harriet from the embarrassment of an answer. She put the letter into her pocket, and retired to read as follows :—

Mrs. Beaumont to her Son.

' Your happiness, my dear son, has ever been inseparable from my own ; of this I trust you are well convinced : I therefore feel no reluctance in complying with your wishes where that is concerned. That you have met with a woman every way preferable to miss Jones I wonder not at ; nothing but interested motives could ever have obtained my approbation of your union with that lady ; but on no account do I wish you to sacrifice your peace for the paltry consideration of money. You say the object of your affections is without fortune. The means for your subsistence I have well considered : I have an income of three hundred a-year that devolves to you at my death, which my age, near seventy, warns me cannot be far distant. The description you give of your charming miss Vernon raises within me a wish that she would by a speedy marriage with you comfort my declining years ; and make me happy by partaking with yourself of my small fortune under the same roof. I say nothing of your church preferment : a curacy will be soon in your possession, and I doubt not in a few years your further advancement. If domestic happiness in the society of each other is all you seek, this plan,

according to my ideas, will not be unacceptable. It is the only one I can suggest suitable to my own wishes and ability of performance. Your compliance with my request, of informing me of your attachment to this lady, previous to acquainting miss Jones, has highly pleased me. I had very important reasons for making the request, and have now to urge the continuance of reserve to that lady for the present. I know you will say you cannot, consistent with your honour, continue the deception. I see the justice of the observation, but, my dear son, suffer me to entreat your compliance with my desire, that you will not, until you are actually married, undeceive miss Jones. My reasons, which you shall then know, you will allow to be highly proper: your own, as well as my happiness is dependent. In the mean time trust my knowledge and discretion, and rest assured that I will lead you into no step which shall be derogatory to your honour. I have no more to add but my best wishes to the object of your affection, whom I hope shortly to embrace as a daughter.

Your affectionate mother,
M. BEAUMONT.'

After we had perused this letter we looked at each other, at a loss what to say. At length I said, — 'Harriet! pray write to our dear Mrs. West all the particulars of this affair. I feel wholly incapable of judging how to act, and by your opinion I will be guided.'

'I will, my dear sister,' said she, 'immediately comply with your request; I feel as incapable as yourself of advising.' — 'If Mr.

Beaumont has an interest in your heart, I fear it will be of little use to ask advice, if it proves contrary to its dictates.' —

'Ah, Maria! it is that I fear. My heart assents to the proposal contained in this letter, but something whispers me that I ought not to obey its dictates without further consideration.'

We had now a difficulty how to return the letter to Mr. Beaumont; at length we agreed she should enclose it in the following lines addressed to him: —

'Sir,

'I have perused the enclosed, and feel grateful to Mrs. Beaumont for her kind wishes and expressions towards me; but the subject is too important to admit of a hasty determination. My youth and inexperience make it necessary that I should advise with some judicious friend, for which purpose I shall write to a lady every way worthy that title. In the mean time, if you wish to oblige me, you will avoid all opportunity of conversing alone on the subject with

Your obedient servant,
H. VERNON.'

Finding Mr. Beaumont was gone out I went in search of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, showed them the letter, and informed them of Harriet's determination. They both appeared pleased, and advised no delay; but that the marriage should take place as soon as possible. Mrs. Wilson, I thought, showed greater pleasure at the idea of miss Jones' disappointment than Harriet's good fortune. The entrance of that lady put an end to the conversation.

And now, my dear madam, you

have all before you ; we feel peculiarly happy in the opportunity of reference to so good and wise a friend. Our brother has not written to us at all. The possibility of our wanting money, I suppose, has never occurred to him. We are, however, thanks to Mrs. Wilson, who with all her faults has some generous fits, not under the necessity of soliciting him. Adieu ! my dear madam ; with the greatest affection and respect, I subscribe myself your

MARIA VERNON.

(To be continued.)

SOLITARY WALKS

IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD

By JOHN WEBB.

WALK IV.

‘When I enter into a church-yard I love to converse with the dead. See how thick the hillocks of mortality arise all around me, each of them a monument of death, and the covering of a son or daughter of Adam. Perhaps a thousand, or ten thousand pieces of human nature, heaps upon heaps, lie buried in this spot of ground ; it is the old repository of the inhabitants of the neighbouring towns, a collection of the ruins of many ages, and the rubbish of twenty generations.’

Dr. WATTS.

A NEW-fallen shower had refreshed the parched realms of Nature, and sweets exhaled from a flaunting woodbine, impregnated the passing breeze with fragrance, when I began my fourth excursion among the tombs. The air, which a short time before resounded with the melody of birds, and the buzz of insects, was all tranquillity.

The blackbird had retired to his bowery recess, and the bee to his homied dome : the bat no longer plied his leathern wing, the beetle forbore to ‘wheel his droning flight,’ and the butterfly had ceased to display his enamelled pinions ‘bedropt with azure, green, and gold.’

The queen of night, enthroned in the blue expanse, gilt the surrounding scenery with her silvery rays, and, as Milton says, shadowy set off the face of things, and prompted the solitary mind to melancholy musings. Fast by the chancel of the church lies Florio, the youthful, gay, the murdered Florio, who was stabbed in an affray at a cricket-match. The hapless youth sleeps forgotten, beneath a grassy sod, and no memorial records his hapless fate.

‘Forgotten ! I recal th’ improper word, I never can forget that scene of blood ; I saw him in the cheerful morn of life Fall a sad victim to a villain’s knife.

‘Did Fancy’s wild illusions cheat mine ear ?
Or did I from the tomb these accents hear ?
Tun’d to the Muse’s lyre :

‘Pause, midnight wanderer ! who devoid of dread

Thus meditates among the village dead—
Hear my admonitory short address,
And profit by my tale of wretchedness.
Like yours my cheek was flush’d with
Health’s red dyes,

Hope’s promis’d pleasures glitter’d to mine eyes ;

Charm’d by blithe Fancy’s gaily-painted dream,

Heedless I sail’d down joy’s enchanting stream

Until, alas ! a Providence severe
Marr’d each bright thought, and clos’d my gay career,

Unceremonious doom ! no warning giv’n,

No time to reconcile offended Heav’n.

Snatch'd from Life's jocund scenes in
youthful bloom,
Untimely hurried to the darksome
tomb.

'Taught by my fate, by my experience
wise,
Shun those mad haunts where storms of
discord rise;
Whose gales may Life's frail bark in
pieces tear,
And sink it in the whirlpool of despair.

• While life and health, and youth are in
your power,
Let virtuous actions grace each flying
hour;
Then should mischance thy vital spark
destroy,

▲ sudden exit will be sudden joy.'

Author's Manuscript Poems.

A new-erected tombstone, not
far distant, told another tale of
woe:—Two blooming daughters,
torn from their parents by the aw-
ful stroke of the grim phantom
Death. Such a sight might justly
call upon the feeling heart to sym-
pathize, and the tearful eye to
weep for sorrows not its own.

'Oh! 'tis a scene that rends the feeling
heart,

That drowns in tears soft Pity's melt-
ing eye;

Might make stern Pluto drop the savage
part,

And melt his iron breast to sympathy.

'Oh! when the deep resounding solemn
knell

With horrid pause broke thro' the
troubled air,

What heart so flinty knew not how to
feel?

What eye deny'd the sympathetic
tear?

• Yet think not He who watches over
all

Could to these childrens hapless fate
be blind;

That Power, who gracious marks the
sparrow's fall,
Appoints the date of man's superior
kind.

'Ah! rather think, that to the future
wise,

He saw misfortune mark their earthly
state;

Saw gathering clouds of sorrow round
them rise,

And snatch'd them, pitying, from the
storm of fate.'

W. COLLINS, A. B.

Traversing the dreary scene I
came to a spot where the relics of
a Dutch soldier were laid. Dur-
ing the rebellion in 1745 he came
to England with an army of 6000
of his countrymen, to assist the
English in subduing the Scottish
rebels. Being quartered in this
town, he sickened and died. Poor
youth! far from thy native coun-
try, thy much-prized home, the
father that dandled thee on his
knee, the mother who supplied
thy infancy with milky beverage,
and the maiden who bestowed on
thee her affections. Strangers per-
formed the last sad office, closed
thine eyes, and derved thee a bed
in this 'place of skulls.'

Poor youth!

'No friend's complaint, no kind do-
mestic tear,

Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy
mournful bier;

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were
clos'd,

By foreign hands thy active limbs com-
pos'd;

By foreign hands thy humble grave
adorn'd,

By strangers honour'd, and by strangers
mourn'd.'

POPE.

After visiting another tomb-
stone, and reading the following
verse inscribed thereon,

• Keep death and judgment always in
your eye,
None's fit to live who is not fit to die,
Make use of present time, because you
must
Shortly take up your lodging in the
dust.'

I retired to my bed, where sleep,
as Shakspeare says, knit up the
ravelled sleeve of care; and es-
corted by Morpheus I visited the
paradise of happy dreams.

Haverhill.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

SHOULD you think the following
trifle (founded on a real fact which
happened at Coldwaltham in Sussex,
last harvest,) worthy of a place in your
entertaining Magazine, you will oblige
a constant reader by inserting it.

I am, Sir,

your obedient servant,

W. H.

Ryegate, Aug. 10, 1807.

THE HARVEST EVENING.

A RURAL SKETCH.

AT length the crimson West
proclaims the end of day; the sun
sinks down behind the hill, and
leaves the jaded peasantry to seek
their homes. How still around!
The atmosphere is hush'd! Be-
hold the happy tribe! their sultry
day completed, issuing from their
hospitable master's door; each
takes his road, and, warm in heart,
give each the kind 'good night.
Ah! who knows how soon the last

'good night' may come!—One
youth, the kindest of the throng,
bids the farewell; and, with his
little dog, hastens his steps toward
his father's cot. But hark! what
rattling in the trees! Louder and
louder is the sound! The wind
still rises, and sable clouds pre-
cede the impending storm. At
once the whole horizon is a dismal
scene! The tempest comes; the
dreadful lightning darts its fatal
blaze, and thunder shakes the
earth! Alas! the moment fraught
with direst woe is now at hand—
A burning flash strikes the poor
youth, and lays him prostrate on
the ground! The faithful dog,
close to his master's feet, howls
out and feels the blow. The dog
comes to him; but ah! in vain he
expects his master's kind caress;
no more he feels his soothing
hand. The peasant falls to rise
no more! Virtue and filial af-
fection inscribe these lines upon
his rural grave:

'Beneath this humble sod is laid,
Bemoan'd by all the village train,
A youth who ev'ry effort made
The love of all his friends to gain.

'From early dawn to closing night
His aged parents ease he sought;
And all their comfort and delight
Was by his daily labour bought.

'No task to him was e'er too hard
Which gave his aged mother rest;
And oft the happy dame's regard
She warnly to the youth express'd.

'But ah! the mother now is lost—
Her life, her sole support, is gone!
The fatal stroke her reason cost,
Distraction does her loss bemoan.

W. H.

FASHIONABLE RUSTIC
WALKING AND HALF DRESS:

(*With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.*)

1. A JACKET and petticoat of thick slate-coloured muslin or fine stuff; the jacket trimmed with a double row of pink ribbon, and the petticoat and sleeves Vandyked with the same; long sleeves or gloves to match the dress: a gypsy hat of chip or straw, trimmed with pink crape; and a half handkerchief of the same tied under the chin; white parasol, and slate-coloured or grey shoes.

2. A short round dress of thick India muslin, made close to the throat, which is finished with a Vandyke collar: the front ornamented with rich work or lace; plain long sleeves, trimmed at the bottom with the same. A cap of yellow satin intermixed with lace, and a yellow rose in front, yellow kid shoes and gloves.

THE SWORD.

A FRAGMENT.

By Caroline A—.

‘I WISH I were a man,’ said the youthful Frederic to his little sister Madeline.—“Dear me, brother! how often will you say it? and suppose you was a man, what would you do then?”

Frederic cast his eyes on his father’s sword that hung over the chimney; the colour mounted to his lovely cheeks. ‘I would,’ said he, raising his hands towards the sword in an attitude of supplica-

tion, ‘say to my mamma, I am now a man, fulfil now your promise; give me my father’s sword; let me join the army, fight for my country, and be a hero like my father!’

“Aye, brother, but suppose you should, like my father, die in battle, or like that brave hero we read of in the news-papers the other day, who in the great sea-fight fought the French so nobly—” ‘And conquered, sister!—That was a glorious death! He will ever live in the hearts of his countrymen; and each rising generation will read the name of Nelson with rapture, and try to imitate so great an example.’

“Indeed, Frederic, I do not like to hear you speak so; one would think you were unhappy, I am sure mamma is the best of women. We have an elegant cottage, and beautiful gardens to play in. Now, for my part, I never would wish to quit mamma’s side: But, come brother, suppose you and I were to attend a little to our tasks to day; you know mamma has promised, if we are good, to take us to Theodore’s cottage; I long to know how his arm is; it was a sad thing for him to break it: I wonder who attends his silk-worms now, as his children are too young to do any thing for him. I am sure when I am there and see their distress, I bless God for his goodness to me, and enabling mamma to relieve the poor.”

Madame de Soleure here interrupted the conversation; the children looked frightened, for the tasks were totally forgotten.—‘My beloved children,’ said the amiable lady, ‘I have heard your conversation; I was sitting in the next room; the partition is so thin, and

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



Rustic Walking & Half Dress.

you spoke so loud that it was impossible for me not to hear you; your sentiments delight me. Yours, my darling boy, must be as yet suppressed; if it be the will of Heaven to spare you, a few years will bring you to that period you so ardently wish for. In the intervening time you have a great deal to learn. A true hero must be a gentleman; both his mind and manners must be polished; and without education that will never be. Return, my dear Frederic, to your studies; waste not even a particle of your time, for like particles of gold they each have their separate value; and if lost, the mind which polished might prove your greatest ornament, would be dormant to yourself and friends. I will keep my promise by attending you this evening to the cottage of Theodore.'

While I have my young friends hard at their task, and their amiable mother occupied in domestic arrangements, I will give my little readers an outline of madame de Soleure's history. I think I hear miss Fanny say, 'Oh! I hope we shall hear more of sweet little Madeline;' and master Tom says, 'I long to know if Frederic gets his father's sword;' while miss Eliza is quite pleased that the author or authoress is to tell them something of good madame de Soleure: as I shall make miss Eliza the oldest in the present party, she shall be gratified.

'Madame de Soleure lost both her parents at so early a period of life that she had no recollection of them: her mother's sister took charge of the orphan, and never was trust more implicitly fulfilled than it was by miss Meadows. The death of a beloved sister had chased the smile of joy from the face of

miss Meadows. The opening blossoms of genius which she saw rising in the mind of Maria inspired her with an idea which she thought would sooth many hours of sad reflection. This was to educate her niece herself; and no person was better calculated for such a task than miss Meadows. She was well educated, had read a great deal, reflected much, had mixed with the higher circles of life, and could draw from each scene, and each character, those traits she thought would so form her Maria as to make her amiable in domestic life. Under such a preceptress the little Maria could not fail of improvement, and never was trouble better repaid. Often would the little orphan say, when her aunt rewarded her with a kiss for well executing her task, 'I should be an ungrateful little girl if I did not endeavour to please my dear aunt! I will never, while I live, vex my dear aunt!' Maria was blessed with the outward form of beauty; her mind was the seat of the milder virtues; she possessed sensibility to feel for the woes of others; to feel that gratitude was the first debt due to the Almighty for his benefits to her, and to her aunt who had endowed her with those mental accomplishments that taught her to look on the frivolities of life with indifference. She had just reached her eighteenth year when her aunt's health began to decline; a rapid consumption had taken possession of her frame. With what tender care and anxiety did Maria watch over her early friend; by each endearment she would try to ease the heavy hours of pain; night and morn would she implore Heaven to spare her aunt, her more than parent.

The climate of England was

thought by the physicians too keen for Miss Meadows, and towards Autumn they ordered her to Lisbon, or the south of France; at this period France enjoyed the blessings of peace, and the people were happy in being governed by a good king. Miss Meadows, who had ever her niece's improvement at heart, thought that a tour through this delightful country would be a source of delight to a mind fond of the charms of nature; and Maria formed in her ardent imagination her aunt's restored health, whilst travelling with her through those delightful scenes she so often read of:—she had never quitted her native shades in Somerset, and now anticipated the pleasure with ardent natural to youth. * * * * *

Shepton-Mallet.

A NIGHT WALK

IN SEPTEMBER.

By J. M. L.

' Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd bat

With short shrill shrieks flits by on leathern wing;

Or where the beetle winds

His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum;

Now teach me, maid compos'd,

To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers stealing thro' thy dark-ning vale,

May not unseemly with its stillness suit,

As musing slow, I hail

Thy genial lov'd return !'

COLLINS.

Summer was preparing to depart, and to resign his throne to Autumn, when I began my Sep-

tember's stroll; the harvest was in most places ended; only a few beans were left to be got in, and the farmer's Summer toil would be ended. The air was very calm, and I could not help ejaculating,

— ' This is the time,

For those whom wisdom and whom Nature charm,

To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,

And soar above this little scene of things;

To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet :

To sooth the throbbing passions into peace,

And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.'

THOMSON.

The fallen leaves that rustled under my feet as I walked on, seemed to whisper in my ear, ' Winter is at hand ;' for when Summer quits us short is the progress till Winter

' Reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.'

As yet it was warm and fine, and Night was clad in her brightest robe; no sullen cloud obscured the bright face of heaven, all was beauty, and all was peace; each

' Silver-streaming star'

poured its radiance around, and the pale-eyed moon shed her waning lustre on the earth.—Thus may we address Night when silence and serenity attend her:

' Lo! where the meek-ey'd train attend !

Queen of the solemn thought ! descend ;

Oh hide me in romantic bowers !

Or lead my step to ruin'd towers ;

Where gleaming thro' the chinky door

The pale ray gilds the moulder'd floor'

While beneath the hallow'd pile,

Deep in the desert shrieking aisle,

Rapt Contemplation stalks along,

And hears the slow clock's pealing tongue ;

6r 'mid the dun discolour'd gloom,
Sits on some hero's peaceful tomb,
Throws Life's gay glitt'ring robe aside,
And tramples on the neck of Pride.'

Ogilvie.

Crossing a field of stubble I
heard the partridge's cry.—Night-
loving bird! well may'st thou, at
this season more especially, seek
the gloom of midnight rather than
the glare of day; instinct has
taught thee to dread the hour of
light, and instinct teaches truly.
Soon as morning appears, the
sportsman, with jocund heart, will
seek thy closest haunt; there the
steady pointer will show thy hid-
ing-place—his master advances;
fear seizes thee! you rise, and
death almost certainly awaits thee!

' Here the rude clamour of the sports-
man's joy,
The gun fast thund'ring, and the wind-
ed horn,
Would tempt the Muse to sing the
rural game:

How, in his mid career, the spaniel,
struck

Stiff by the tainted gale, with open nose,
Outstretch'd, and finely sensible, *draws*
full,

Fearful and cautious, on the latent prey;
As in the sun the circling covey bask
Their vivid plumes, and watchful ev'ry
way

Thro' the rough stubble turn the secret
eye.

Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they
beat

Their idle wings, entangled more and
more;

Nor on the surges of the boundless air,
Tho' borne triumphant, are they safe;
the gun,

Glanc'd just, and sudden, from the
fowler's eye,

Overtakes their sounding pinions; and
again,

Immediate, brings them from the tow'r-
ing wing

Dead to the ground; or drives them
wide dispers'd,

Wounded, and wheeling various, down
the wind.

These are not subjects for the peaceful
Muse,

Nor will she stain with such her spot-
less song;

Then most delighted, when she social
sees

The whole mix'd animal creation round
Alive, and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,
This falsely-cheerful barb'rous game of
death;

This rage of pleasure, which the rest-
less youth

Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming
morn;

When beasts of prey retire, that all
night long,

Urg'd by necessity, had rang'd the dark,
As if their conscious ravage shunn'd the
light,

Asham'd. Not so the steady tyrant,
man,

Who, with the thoughtless insolence of
pow'r,

Inflam'd beyond the most infuriate
wrath

Of the worst monster that e'er roam'd
the waste,

For sport alone pursues the cruel chase,
Amid the beamings of the gentle days.

Upbraid, ye rav'ning tribes, our wanton
rage,

For hunger kindles you, and lawless
want;

But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,
Is what your horrid bosoms never knew.'

Thomson.

On my way home, toward which
I was now hastening, as the mists
began to rise, my ideas, by an im-
pulse which no man can control
or define, were led to the females
of the present day; that some few
of them are faulty the fairest
amongst them will allow; that
they are but few, *very few*, I am
extremely willing to believe: but,
as my walks are addressed more
particularly to them, and for their
perusal, I am sure I shall be ex-
cused for ending this with what

Hurdis calls a 'friendly lecture to the fair.' The truths it contains are obvious; and though it is a long quotation, still the beauty of it will amply repay those who have never before read it; and to those who have the pleasing recollections of Hurd's poetry, will be, I am sure, a sufficient inducement for them again to peruse it.

'Unwedded maiden, is there yet a man
For wisdom eminent? Seek him be-
times;
He will not shun thee, tho' thy fre-
quent foot
Wear out the pavement at his door. Ye
fair,
Be sedulous to win the man of sense;
And fly the empty fool. Shame the dull
boy
Who leaves at college what he learn'd
at school,
And whips his academic hours away,
Cas'd in unwrinkled buckskin and tight
boots,
More studious of his hunter than his
books.
Oh! had ye sense to see what powder'd
apes
Ye oft admire, the idle boy for shame
Would lay his racket and his ball aside,
And love his tutor and his desk. Time
was
When ev'ry woman was a judge of arms
And military exploit. 'Twas an age
Of admirable heroes! And time was
When women dealt in Hebrew, Latin,
Greek:
No dunces then, but all were deeply
learn'd.
I do not wish to see the female eye
Waste all its lustre at the midnight
lamp:
I do not wish to see the female cheek
Grow pale with application. Let your
care
Be to preserve your beauty; that se-
cur'd,
Improve the judgment, that the loving
fair
May have an eye to know the man of
worth,
And keep secure the jewel of her charms

From him who ill deserves. Let the
spruce beau,
That lean, sweet-scented, and palav'rous
fool,
Who talks of honour and his sword,
and plucks
The man who dares advise him by the
nose;
That puny thing which hardly crawls
about,
Reduc'd by wine and women, yet drinks
on,
And vapours loudly o'er his glass, re-
solv'd
To tell a tale of nothing, and outswear
The northern tempest; let that fool, I
say,
Look for a wife in vain, and live de-
spis'd.
'I would that all the fair ones of this
isle
Were such as one I knew. Peace to
her soul!
She lives no more! And I a genius need
To paint her as she was. Most like,
methinks,
That amiable maid the Poet drew
With angel pencil, and baptiz'd her
Portia.
Happy the man, and happy sure he was,
So wedded. Bless'd with her, he wan-
der'd not
To seek for happiness; 'twas his at
home.
How often have I chain'd my truant
tongue
To hear the music of her sober words!
How often have I wonder'd at the grace
Instruction borrow'd from her eye and
cheek!
Surely that maid deserves a monarch's
love
Who bears such rich resources in her-
self
For her sweet progeny! A mother
taught
Entails a blessing on her infant charge
Better than riches; an unfading cruse
She leaves behind her, which the faster
flows
The more 'tis drawn; where ev'ry soul
may feed,
And nought diminish of the public
stock.
'Show me a maid so fair in all your
ranks,

Ye crowded boarding-schools ! Are ye
not apt
To taint the infant mind, to point the
way
To fashionable folly, strew with flow'rs
The path of Vice, and teach the way-
ward child
Extravagance and pride ? Who learns
in you

To be the prudent wife, or pious mother ?
To be her parents staff, or husband's joy ?
'Tis you dissolve the links that once held
fast

Domestic happiness. 'Tis you untie
The matrimonial knot ; 'Tis you divide
The parent and his child. Yes, 'tis to
you

We owe the ruin of our dearest bliss !
The best instructress for the growing lass
Is she that bare her. Let *her* first be
taught,

And we shall see the path of virtue
smooth

With often treading. She can best dis-
pense

That frequent medicine the soul re-
quires,

And make it grateful to the tongue of
youth,

By mixture of affection. She can charm
When others fail, and leave the work
undone.

She will not faint, for she instructs her
own.

She will not torture, for she feels herself.
So education thrives, and the sweet
maid

Improves in beauty, like the shapeless
rock

Under the sculptor's chisel ; till at length
She undertakes her progress thro' the
world,

A woman fair and good, as child for
parent,

Parent for child, or man for wife could
wish.

Say, man, what more delights thee than
the fair ?

What should we not be patient to en-
dure

If they command ? We rule the noisy
world,

But they rule us. Then teach them how
to guide,

And hold the rein with judgment.
Their applause

May once again restore the quiet reign
Of virtue, love, and peace, and yet
bring back
The blush of folly, and the shame of
vice !

VILLAGE CURATE.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

BY SOPHIA TROUGHTON.

(Continued from p. 372.)

LETTER III.

Lady Walsingham to the Dowager Countess of Aubry.

'Why is a wish far dearer than a crown?
That wish accomplish'd, why the grave
of bliss?'

Walsingham-hall.

My dear Madam,

I AM now in possession of the
first wish of my heart ; the com-
pany of miss Lester : but, alas !
five years residence in foreign
countries has made a great alter-
ation in my friend. In person she
is improved ; but in manners, in
sentiment, how sadly altered !

The warm, generous friendship
of the blooming English girl, is
changed for the studied softness
of an Italian signora, or the
haughty airs of a Spanish donna ;
though she can still assume the
more pleasing manners of her own
nation when she pleases, but ca-
price is the magnet that influences
all she says or does.

I should not, my dear madam,
make so free with Helen's charac-
ter if she did not herself take pains
to have it known ; and often says

that she despises the tame figures she made before her quitting England: the land of fogs, as she calls it.

I am greatly disappointed, and believe she is the same; for she evidently prefers Walsingham's company to mine.

She is no favourite of Mrs. Howard; indeed that lady often speaks so tart, that she astonishes me; for certainly miss Lester is still a very fascinating companion, though I should not choose her now for a friend; but as Mrs. Howard did not know her before her leaving England, I know not any reason she has to be particularly displeased.

Mr. Baderly came the same evening as Helen. He is a very fine young gentleman, and has that graceful ease in his manner which denotes he has been used to the best company. He has fine spirits, and Helen rallies him from morning till night.

Yesterday morning sir Harry and Mr. Linly went on the canal to fish. When they returned, they praised so much the beauty of the scenery, the coolness of the water, and the largeness and convenience of the boat, that the ladies said they would see if they had not exaggerated. Accordingly in the evening we embarked, and found the water delightful; the conversation was sprightly, and we thought not of returning till the moon rose and cast her silvery light on the water and surrounding country, which, by the delicacy of the tints, acquired fresh beauty.

Seymore, who touches the flute with great taste, played Handel's water-piece: the echo from the hills, and the dashing of the oars, formed a not unpleasing concert. The feelings of the company seem-

ed in unison with the calm and undisturbed scene. A pleasing melancholy pervaded me, and I gave myself wholly up to the enthusiasm of the moment.

Mrs. Howard, who possesses 'such harmony as is in immortal souls,' sung the sweetly plaintive air of 'Crazy Jane' with so much pathos, and Seymour played the accompaniment with such tender energy, that the tears flowed down my cheeks unperceived till they fell on my hand. I hastily wiped my eyes, and looked around to see if my tender folly was noticed. I was rather embarrassed on observing Mr. Baderly's eyes fixed on my face with attention. Surely he must think me a very weak creature, surrounded with blessings as I am, to weep at imaginary woes;—and yet they are not imaginary. How many blooming daughters of innocence have given joy to the heart, and rapture to the countenance of their fond parents, till

'The cruel spoiler came: cropt the fair bud,
And rifled all its sweetness:
Then cast it like a loathsome weed
away.'

Alas! how many doting mothers hearts have been left to break! How many grey heads brought with sorrow to the grave by the detestable arts and false blandishments of the vile seducer!

It is this peoples the streets of the metropolis with miserable and unhappy women,

O Seduction! of what dreadful evils art thou not the parent? Contempt, Despair, and Suicide, are thy offspring!

We passed the ruins of the castle which, at that still hour, looked

awfully magnificent. I should have liked to have landed and explored its venerable apartments, and will the first opportunity, though when that will be I know not; for the gentlemen are continually planning parties of pleasure, and attending them; and the affairs of my family quite engage my time.

We landed about ten o'clock, every one delighted with the excursion.

I am writing at my window, and see in the garden lord Seymore and Mrs. Howard in earnest conversation. I thought when miss Lester first came it was probable that lord Seymore and she might, from a similarity of temper, feel a softer sensation for each other than mere friendship. But Helen is no longer the girl I once knew her; and it is evident that Mrs. Howard is the mistress of Seymore's destiny. And who that knows the amiable disposition of both but must wish him success with that charming woman! She is so young, yet so considerate; so beauteous, yet so humble; so witty, yet so mild; that a common observer, from her unassuming behaviour, would not think her possessed of any shining accomplishments.

She does me the honour to profess a sisterly regard for me, and my affairs.

Julia shuns company as much as possible, indeed rather more than good manners allow. I am persuaded some concealed grief preys on her health, and have conjured her to acquaint me with it. She was offended that I should suppose she *could* have any thing to hide, and peevishly told me that when she wanted advice she would come to me for it. This petulance grieved me; for, perhaps, if I knew the cause I might be able

to remove the effect: at any rate, by participation I might alleviate, might lighten that load which, apparently will sink her into her grave.

The brilliancy of her eyes is dimmed, the rose of health has entirely forsook her cheek, in short she is but the shadow of her former self.

I, who am so eminently happy, ought and do wish to remove every trace of sorrow from the hearts and countenances of those about me: how much more particularly from the face of my Walsingham's dear sister! He has made me the happiest of women, and I am distressed to see the sombre veil of melancholy cloud the features of any of his family.

Adieu! my dear madam; with many prayers for your health, I subscribe myself

Your dutiful and
affectionate daughter,
CAROLINE WALSHINGHAM.

LETTER IV.

Lady Walsingham to the Countess of Aubry.

Walsingham-hall.

JULIA still continues her mysterious conduct, shuns company, looks extremely ill, yet says she ails nothing.

Yesterday evening Mrs. Howard and I was walking in the park alone (a very uncommon circumstance; for both lord Seymore and Mr. Baderly are extremely attentive to the movements of Mrs. Howard). We came in sight of the castle, and I proposed walking through the apartments; she consented, and we entered the north tower, the lower part of which is inhabited by the old park-keeper,

an honest, faithful servant, who has lived in the family from a boy.

I asked Johnson if there were any part of the castle more worthy of observation than the rest; for we had but little time, and wished to see all we could.

The old man stared at me for a moment,—‘Why laws, my lady! I hope you ar’nt agoing for to scare your precious wits in them there grand apartments; but I am sure you will, if you go for to see sights there, saving your presence.’

‘Why,’ said I, ‘Johnson, what is there so terrible in the grand apartments as to make you imagine we must lose our senses in visiting them?’

‘Why, deare me, my lady, there has been shocking work done there formerly, when them barons was in fashion. Though I am sure neither my lord, nor his father, nor grandfather, ever hurt a hair of any body’s head; but then, when that man that was no king, Oliver some’ot had the manageing of things, this castle was given to one of his friends, and nobody knows what was done here then. Besides these ghosts, and such cattle, take it in their heads—’

‘Ghosts!’ exclaimed Mrs. Howard, ‘my good friend, I fear something has scared your wits, if you think we should see ghosts.’

‘Oh! as to that,’ said old Agatha, ‘we do all know that ghosts does live in them rooms in that tower, (pointing to the west one;) and if any body was but to go in there they would not ever come out alive again, an please your ladyship—’

‘But, pray Agatha, who told you so? has any body tried the experiment?’

‘Yes, my Lady.’

‘No, my lady,’ interrupted Johnson, and frowning at his wife, ‘nobody has; but they are kept locked.’

‘You have the keys though, Johnson;—have you not?’ said I:—he seemed embarrassed.—‘Come, Johnson, tell me what mystery hangs over the castle, if you are acquainted with any. You may speak without fear; this lady is my friend’—I saw him look hard at Mrs. Howard.

‘Well, madam, you know what is best better than I; and since you command me, why I must tell you, though I hope you will not tell lady Julia, for she might take it ill, cause she bid me tell nobody.’

‘Lady Julia!’ exclaimed I, ‘what of lady Julia?’

Again he looked at Mrs. Howard, who seeing the worthy soul did not speak before her, would have retired. But I knowing the pride of Julia’s heart too well to think she would intrust a secret of any consequence to the keeping of old Johnson, prevailed on her to stay; and as she loves to see every one about her easy and comfortable, made the old man sit down in his arm chair.

‘Why you must know, my ladies,’ said he now, ‘that I have been a good forty years in the estate; and so was in the family long before this present lord was born. Ah! I shall never forget what a sweet boy he was, and what rejoicings we had surely. Well, but as I was saying, about the castle, which to my mind was always an ugly place, though, I believe, all was pretty quiet till after my late lady died. But after my lady died, my lord would be in the

chapel of the castle for hours, looking at her tomb, and would sometimes stay out very late, but none of the servants dared go to look for him.

'I was at that time park-keeper, and more fit for the place than I am now; God help me! but my young lord is very good to let me stay here, for I do think it would break both dame's heart and mine to leave this house where we have lived so many, many years.

'Well, one night it rained, and blew at a great rate, and my lord was out; so the servants came to me with a great coat, thinking I should know when he came out, as there is a way from this tower all over the castle; but I had taken care to have the door nailed up long before. But my lord always came in and out at a little door in the West tower. Well, there we waited and waited to see him come out, and so we did see him at last; but he did not come from the castle but from the wood, drenched with rain, and, mercy on us! as pale as a ghost.'

Here Agatha cast a fearful glance round, and drew her chair nearer her husband. 'So when he saw us stand, he said, "Follow me;" and went directly up to my lady's tomb, fetched a deep sigh, and clasped his hands on it. "Bury me here," said he; so with that we all thought that he had seen the ghost of my lady, till he groaned and fainted, and then we saw his waistcoat very bloody, and that some vile wretches had stabbed this best of masters. On seeing this, we got him up into the West apartments, they being in a better condition than any other. Agatha brought some of our own bedding that was aired, and we got him to bed, while Thomas fetched a sur-

geon; but when he came he said the villains had done their work too effectually for him to be of any use: and, as he said, so it happened; for on the fourth day my good lord died, and was buried with his lady.

'This was a woful day for his poor servants, and them rooms have been shut up ever since; so every think is in the same state as we left them.'

'How do you know that?' cried Agatha; 'I dare say the ghosts have turned every thing topsyturvy.'

'We all think,' said Johnson, lowering his voice, 'that my lord's spirit won't rest till it has justice done on his murtherers; as there has been strange noises heard ever since in that part of the castle. But of late years dreadful sights have been seen; and now no person would go past that tower after dark for a guinea; no, not one in all the village, though they were starving. As for us we live pretty quiet in this North tower, as it is the West one which is haunted.'

'Nonsense,' said Mrs. Howard; 'your good lord is too happy to trouble himself with what is done in those old buildings. Besides I have heard Mr. Howard say, that the villains were hanged for a crime of the same nature many years ago; and that one of them confessed robbing and afterwards stabbing the earl of Walsingham, though then ignorant of his quality.'

'Yes, yes, my lady, so it was said; but if he was content, why should he make all those noises of a night?'

'Ah! why indeed,' groaned Agatha; 'and then lady Julia saw the ghost herself with her own eyes!'

'Lady Julia saw it!' cried I.

'Yes; your ladyship.'

'Stop, stop,' said Johnson, 'not so fast dame; lady Julia did not tell us what she saw—' 'No, Tummas; but what could she see but a spirit to frighten her so much? Poor young lady! did she not go into stericks almost, in this very room?'—'Why, yes, so she did,' said the old man, musing.

'You must know, madam,' (addressing himself to me,) 'that my lady Julia took a fancy, as you have done, to go over the castle; and came one evening to me for the keys, which nobody had ever asked for before. So I gave them to her, but tried to turn her mind from visiting the West apartments, 'cause of the dismal sights there; but she only smiled at me, and called me a coward; which, thank God, I am not.

'Well, I saw no more of either lady nor keys till about a week after, when happening to be walking that way, I sees my lady fly out of the little door through which her dear father used to pass so many years ago. She came bounce by me, and almost knock'd me down. Well, she run round to this door, and I follow'd as fast as I could.

'When she got in she fell into such a fit of crying that Agatha and I was most mortally frighten'd to be sure; but when she had got a little better I made bold to ask her if she had seen the ghost: she started up on her feet, "Johnson," said she, "ask me nothing—be secret—forget you have seen me this evening. As you value my favour never mention this to me, nor to any one. I have seen enough to render me wretched as long as I live! But the whole world need not know it."

'She looked so white, and so

wild, if I may say so, that I promised her I would not; and so I hope, madam, you will be secret too; for, indeed, I would rather have died than have broke my word, or told any one else. But you are our lady, and the mistress of the castle, and commanded me to give you the keys which I have not got; for lady Julia took them with her, and said she would keep them; and they have never been asked for till now.

'So then she recollected she had not shut the little door, and would needs go back to shut it, though I offered to go, to prove I was no coward; but she said no, she would lock it herself, and so she did. Afterwards I went home with her, and it was well I did, for she trembled so she could hardly walk. From that time she has never visited the castle, but she has never been cheerful since. And now I once more beg your ladyship to desist from going into them horrid rooms, for fear, like lady Julia, you see what you could never forget.'

I thanked the old man for his well-meant admonition, but told him he had only raised my curiosity, and I was determined to explore that part which was open. We rose to go, but Johnson begged earnestly that we would not at that time of night, but come the next evening before the sun was down: I complied with his request. Indeed we had sat so long listening to his story that the evening was far advanced; and Mrs. Howard observed, that by staying longer we might be missed at home, and questioned where we had been, which might occasion unpleasing retrospections in the mind of Julia, when she should hear the explanation.

The eyes of Johnson seemed to thank her for this consideration, and he promised to go with us if we still insisted on seeing the inside of the castle, provided we went by day-light; and so to-morrow, or at least the first day we can make an opportunity, he is to show us as much as he can of the enchanted castle, to two damsels who he thinks are much too bold.

On entering the house we found Seymore and lady Mary at battledoor-and-shuttlecock, and Mr. Linly and sir Harry Champly playing backgammon.

Mr. Baderly was sitting very pensive in one of the windows. Mrs. Howard asked him where lord Walsingham and miss Lester was. He replied, 'they walked out early in the evening, and are not yet returned; and, indeed, ladies, I was just thinking of the easiest method of journeying to Elysium; whether by a gentle descent in the canal, or a step up by the help of my garter. But since the graces of Walsingham are returned, I fancy myself there without the assistance of either.'

'Come, come, Baderly, this is all bombast, I see you are vexed at something,—out with it man:—but soft; I think I can tell: where is my little friend Julia? She does not appear to be of any of your parties.'

'Lady Julia, madam, has not been visible this evening; and till you entered I imagined she was with you.—If I looked vexed, it was at finding myself left out of the beauteous trio.—'

'Your servant, sir! but as you had no other reason for thinking Julia was with us, but your own imagination, which I suppose, like other peoples, deceives you sometimes, it was rather uncharitable

of your country to be in despair at ideal disappointments. Had you roused up your courage to have sought, you might probably have found her, and enjoyed a duet; which, without doubt, you would have preferred infinitely to a trio; but see the dear girl herself! Why do you not join her, Mr. Baderly?'

'Because that spot which is honoured by Mrs. Howard's presence must be the centre of attraction to all, while wit and beauty are held in estimation among men.'

She was going to reply, but was prevented by the entrance of miss Lester and Walsingham.

Helen looked extremely displeased at Mrs. Howard, and blamed the earl for taking so long a walk; vowed she would go with him no more, as walking in the country was an excessive *travail penible*.—'The wind, I suppose,' said she, 'has made a fine figure of me.'—At the same time fixing her eyes on the glass.—

'You are always a fine figure,' cried sir Harry, rising and coming towards her. 'And since Walsingham is out of luck, may I hope to profit by his misfortune? Will you permit me to escort you in your morning's walk?'—'*Ah, mon Dieu! non je vous craindrois vous, and will walk no more with any of you.*'—

She warbled part of an Italian air; and turning to Mr. Baderly, said, 'You never walk, do you? Mrs. Howard and you, I suppose, have been spending a mighty agreeable evening, while I have walked myself to death.' Baderly bowed, but answered not.

They soon after sat down to cards; about eleven o'clock I retired to my room; but not being sleepy have wrote thus far.

Do not you think, my dear madam, the story we heard at old Johnson's a very odd one? The account he gave of Julia's terror amazes me; what could she have seen? As for Johnson's story I should think nothing about it, as ignorance is generally accompanied by superstition; but Julia's mind is an enlightened one, and I remember formerly she used to laugh at the idea of the appearance of spirits; therefore would not have been easily alarmed. Perhaps it is something she discovered there which depresses her spirits, and affects her health. I wish I knew what it was, that I might, if possible, relieve her, and dispel the gloom which obscures her mind.— I hear Walsingham coming up.—

Good night, dear madam, I will soon write again.

CAROLINE WALSHINGHAM,

(To be continued.)

SYMPATHY.

A FRAGMENT.

By S. Y.

—WHEN passing the village Ricardo alighted from the chaise; with pensive step he entered the church-yard, and diligently searched the dreary abodes of the silent dead, to find the spot that contained the relics of his departed friend.—

There, as he pass'd with silent step and slow,

A pleasing sadness o'er his bosom stole—
And then, thro' grief, the friendly tear did flow,

And sighs of sympathy escap'd his soul.

He approached the rising ead—

he leaned on the grave-stone, and dropt a tear: and, as the tide of tenderness came over his heart, he seemed to articulate—Alas! my departed friend! Soon must I follow thee—soon must all submit, and be as thou art! Soon, ah! soon must all descend into the gloomy silent grave!—

' Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;

To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit

To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about

The pendent world; or to be worse than worst

Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts

Imagine howling! 'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,

That age, aoh, penury, imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.'

Bending o'er the silent sod, reflection told him 'that life is a passing shadow, a waking dream; and all human grandeur a scene of folly. Let the vain court the hand of ambition: Let obsequious meanness bend to tyranny in power; but let me dedicate my little day of life to Him who gave it.—Ere he took his last farewell of the everlasting home of his departed friend he plucked from the turf some wild-flowers that waved their gentle foliage over his remains, while he feasted in the luxury of meditation.

Grief's sharpest thorn hard pressed on his breast,

He strove with wakeful melody to cheer
The sullen gloom.—

He returned with the flowerets in his hand—he said they would constitute a memorial.—He proposed giving a part of them to her who once claimed the friendship and the love of the deceased.—‘With tears,’ he exclaimed, ‘will she snatch from me so dear a prize! but, alas! how afflicting must that moment be; it will draw from the eyes of the hapless maiden a flood of tears!—tears of sorrow, sympathy, and affection!’—As he uttered these words I beheld the manly tear

‘Stand trembling in his eye;
And the deep sigh, tho’ half suppress’d,
escape
The confines of his breast.—’

A MORNING WALK

IN AUTUMN.

By S. F.

‘No more the grove in vernal pomp
aspires,
No more the shades in wild confusion
rise;
But ev’ry charm, and ev’ry grace retires
To softer climates, and to softer skies.
For me, withdrawn in bow’rs and
glimm’ring glades,
Thus let me joyous spend my vernal
bloom,
Where mazy fountains wind thro’ leafy
shades,
And quiv’ring lindens yield a soft per-
fume
There may the course of changing life
be blest,
With Truth and Virtue’s pious deeds
adorn’d;
And there inglorious let me sink to rest,
By Worth applauded, and by Friend-
ship mourn’d.’

COSTWOULDION.

AT an early hour I arose to
take my autumnal ramble. The

rays of the rising sun reflected faintly on the fields which were stripped of the harvest; the air no longer resounded with the melody of birds; the dull silence which reigned was only interrupted by the screams of those birds of passage which were about taking leave of us for a more temperate climate. This, indeed, is a very curious article in natural history, and furnishes a striking instance of a powerful instinct impressed by the Creator. Thomson, in noticing their disappearance in Autumn, says,

‘When Autumn scatters his departing
gleams,
Warn’d of approaching Winter, ga-
ther’d play
The swallow-people; and toss’d wide
around,
O’er the calm sky, in convulsion swift,
The feather’d eddy floats: rejoicing once,
Ere to their wintry slumbers they re-
tire.’

As I crossed the fields the prospect which Nature presented, demanded reflection. The neighbouring meads were no longer covered with flocks of sheep, nor enlivened by their bleating, yet there were beauties to inspire admiration. This is the season, the happy season, wherein the charms of Summer give place to more luxurious enjoyments. The boughs of the apple-tree bend under the weight of that golden fruit; the melting pear, the sweet plum, the mellow grape, and numerous other fruits too tedious to mention, seem now to invite the hand to pluck them. With what goodness the wise Creator distributes his gifts! And ought not we to be thankful? The forests are heralds of his bounty, and thou, O man! must be guilty of much ingratitude if thou art insensible to this blessing, of

which every moment may now remind thee; and I would fain adopt myself, and wish the generous reader to adopt, the charming language of the poet of the Seasons:

‘For me, when I forget the darling theme,

Whether the blossom blows; the Summer ray

Russet the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,

Or Winter rises in the black’ning East,

Be my tongue mute, may Fancy paint no more,

And dead to joy forget my heart to beat.’

The morn was very clear and fine; and ere I had rambled far entered a little coppice, and taking my seat upon the trunk of an old tree, I amused myself for some time with a book, but was on a sudden surprised, at so early an hour, by the appearance of a beautiful female rustic, who was fast approaching me with a little hook-stick in her hand, and followed by a little girl and boy, each with a little basket. As she passed I (rather impertinently, I confess) exclaimed ‘Good morning, my dear.’—‘Good morning, sir,’ she returned, with a blush, and voice that conveyed delight to my ears. I arose from my seat, and asked if I might be allowed to accompany her whither she was going.—‘Oh no, Sir! I thank you,’ she replied; ‘I am not going far, we are only going in search of a few nuts.’—‘With your permission, my dear,’ I exclaimed, ‘so will I.’—‘You are perfectly at liberty, sir,’ she cried, ‘without that solicitation.’—I thanked her for her kindness, and accompanied her. As I walked by her side I was enchanted with the beauty of her person, her animated countenance, her fine complexion, and the modesty of her deportment. Never did the Egyp-

tian queen, when decked with costly pearls, and dying with love, display half the charms of this artless creature; nor could I figure Venus more attractive, when in her Idalian groves she caressed her favourite Adonis. I cannot help quoting the description which the immortal Shakspeare gives us of a lovely woman;—he surely must have seen a maid like this:—

‘Fair, lovely woman, young and affable,
More clear of hue, and far more beautiful

Than precious sardonyx, or purple rocks

Of amethysts, or glittering hyacinth.

Beauteous and stately as the eye-train’d bird;

As glorious as the morning wash’d with dew,

Within whose eyes she takes the dawning beams,

And golden Summer sleeps upon her cheeks!’

We soon reached the destined grove, and I enjoyed the pleasing task, to fill their baskets with nuts, which having done, she approached me with graceful modesty, and glancing a timid look, kindly thanked me for my attention, and the trouble she had occasioned me. I was at this moment almost fascinated. I squeezed her lily hand, and was going to steal a kiss, but I was stopped by the recollection of the dear ***** Within myself I exclaimed, ‘A beauty has made a forcible impression on my feelings, but it is because she has thy charms, thy features, and thy attentions. No, my ***** never will I cloud the serenity of thy brow by that demon, Jealousy! Thy empire, cruel maid! over my heart, is not to be shaken.’—We shook hands and parted; and I resumed my ramble, which soon brought me to the high road, and

I quickly reached a little inn by the road side. I entered it, and drank a cup of coffee, as I was familiar with the family; when I was about to depart, a stage-coach stopped at the door. It was very heavy laden; the passengers alighted to take refreshment; and amongst the rest I particularly noticed a young woman, apparently about the age of nineteen. As they were about going off she told the coachman she would not trouble him any further, but walk. 'As you please, Ma'am,' replied this knight of the whip, taking a dram; he then resumed the reins, and was gone. I was rather attracted by the appearance of this female, and finding she took the same road I was going, hastened to overtake her, which I soon did.

————— 'As she pass'd,
Mine eye fell on her.'
————— 'Her jetty locks
Fell rich, but rudely; whilst her mourn-
ful eyes
Beam'd thro' a watery lustre.—She was
form'd
In Nature's kindness; and though the
rose
No longer melted in her cheek, nor
blush'd
With deepen'd brilliance on her lip, yet
still
Unnumber'd graces deck'd her, and
look'd forth
At ev'ry feature,—thro' her rags there
shone
The wreck of better days.'

As I passed her she inquired of me whether I knew of any stage that was likely soon to pass. I stopped, and gave her the best information I could; and we entered into further conversation as we walked, as I questioned her from whence she came, and where she was going. Timidity, love, and distrust, sat upon her features; and, without uttering a word, she

began to weep. Her tears affected me;—they were the tears of suffering innocence, and love. She looked like the humble lily, bending with the dew-drops of the morning.—'Weep not, my dear!' I exclaimed; 'perhaps thou hast been imprudent, but not guilty.' I asked the occasion of her discomfort, when, wiping away her tears, she began—'Sir, I am most miserable! I left the best of parents to follow a young man on whom I placed my affections. My friends forbad our union. We eloped, went to town, where I expected to have been made his wife, but, alas! I judge my own imprudence forfeited that right. We no sooner arrived than I lost sight of him. I waited, and inquired, but could learn nothing of him: thus deserted I set off for my home. Alas! home I have none! no friendly roof to shelter my wretchedness! My parents have long forgotten their guilty but repentant daughter!' She stopped and cried bitterly: her grief found an easy passage to my heart. I observed the trembling tear run down her face, fair as the snow on the plain which the sun-beams has not kissed.

'Oh would to God that thou wert once again
Such as thou wert, while yet a stainless child!
Tho' it should be thy fate to beg thy bread,
And steep the hard-earn'd bit in bitter tears.'

She resumed:—'Oh, Sir! it was not an open enemy that has brought me to this disgrace, for then I would have borne it; but it was one on whom my soul reposed itself for peace and happiness, and in whose soft control I had long delighted; now, alas!

changed is every prospect; that which once gave such placid delight is now dull and alarming. Once, no black reflections arose to make me regret the past,—no painful, dreadful thoughts to make me fear the future.—Once my beloved parents studied my peace, and seemed to derive their felicity from mine:—once, they could clasp a spotless daughter to their bosoms, and innocence and plenty crowned my hours with delight. At this moment a stage overtook us; she begged of me to stop it, which I did, and helped her up. We shook hands; she wished me every happiness her tongue could express, and they drove off.—I regretted I had not her address.—

———— ‘Alas!’ said I,
(While my tears fell, and my looks follow’d her,)
‘Poor loveliness! those charms which now attract
Passing attention, once, perchance, have grac’d
The social hearth, and o’er domestic joys
Cast a pure splendour.’

As they disappeared I uttered to myself the following soliloquy:—‘Hapless female! may peace and serenity crown the remainder of thy days with uninterrupted happiness; and when surrounded by thy forgiving parents, bestow sometimes a thought on him who will ever remember thy luckless fate; the impression thy sufferings have made time can never destroy.’—Making the best of my way home, I thought of the following lines, with which I finish my not uninteresting walk in Autumn:

———— ‘Ah! thy reign
Hath been but brief; thy wond’rous
beauty’s power
Hath fail’d, perchance, because thy
heart retain’d

Strong memory of its virtue, and too oft
Cast clouds o’er thy spent spirits, and
denied
The power to deck with mirth each riot
scene.
Unhappy girl! a female eye shall shed
Those tears for thee, which *ought in
drops of blood*
To fall from *thy seducer*. Shame, O
world!
That man thus privileged to ruin souls
Shall rove about undaunted: whilst the
wretch,
Whom he hath made must either die
unseen,
Or plunge in deeper guilt, and fall for
ever!’

To Mr. JOHN WEBB.

‘Did’st thou but know the inly touch
of love,
Thou would’st as soon go kindle fire
with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with
words.’

SHAKSPEARE.

Sir,

‘IN the last number of the Lady’s Magazine I find a letter addressed to me from you; allow me to make a few observations on its contents, in reference to my annexed motto. I am inclined to believe you never met with ‘a disappointment in a tender attachment;’ and happily for you, you have never experienced its effects. I may fairly conclude that when you and the partner of your bosom strayed ‘through the windings of *Benton Vale*’ your affections were reciprocal, and that your throbbing hearts palpitated in unison.’

‘Smooth runs the water where the
brook is deep.’

I congratulate you in your felicity; and far distant may that

period be which must separate you; may you long live to invoke the tuneful muse, and pen poetic fancy.—For your kind remonstrance I feel obliged; but—

‘Oh thou did’st then ne’er love so heartily,
If thou remember’st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov’d.—’

Yet, however *humiliating* and *romantic* my sentiments may appear to you, I trust I am not altogether deserving of the vile appellation you have thought fit to brand me with, namely, a subverter of the rights of man! Deem me not too arrogant if with the immortal poet I say

‘I dare do all that may become a man:
Who dares do more is none.—’

And know, Sir, I am not so completely sunk into that sorrowful paroxysm of grief and despair to have recourse to the foul means you allude to, to rid me of my disquietude. Revocate the idea.—Heaven forbid it! And know

‘*Amor jussit scribere quæ pudelit dicere.*’

Believe me, Sir, it was not any youthful fancy that imprinted on the tablet of my heart the fond characters; and be assured that the impression is such as no effort can obliterate.—Your (and every other) remonstrance must ever prove an ineffective antidote to my indisposition.

‘Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas’d,

Pluck from the *memory* a rooted sorrow,
Rase out the written troubles of the brain,

And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,

VOL. XXXVIII.

Cleanse the stuff’d bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?’

The rhapsodical, romantic, tribute of professional kindness in the conclusion of your letter I cannot clearly demonstrate. I am not altogether satisfied whether you intend it as a ludicrous burlesque, or not; and you seem in one part of yours rather to abnegate ‘the heroes of romance;’ but your imaginary style persuades me you are strongly allied to that fraternity.

I joined the festive throng, but happiness was not there. Pleasure, in all her gilded allurements, has stood forward to my view, and courted me to enjoyment in the *rosy cheek* and *sparkling eye*, that told me ‘what the sun is made of;’—and yet so far from giving me the sought-for happiness they only increased my uneasiness.—Happiness is a shadow;—Content the substance;—where the substance is, the shadow must follow.

—‘I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am:—

—Then must you speak
Of one who lov’d not wisely, but too well.’

S. Y.

DESCRIPTION of the SOUND, the
ISLAND of ZEALAND, and the
CITY of COPENHAGEN.

(Translated from a German Pamphlet
published at Berlin in 1801.)*

THE Sound is to the North
what the Straits of Gibraltar are

* The late expedition to the Baltic which has terminated with such signal success in the capture of the whole Danish fleet will, we presume, render this description acceptable to our readers.

to the South of Europe, and Elsinour and Helsingburg may be called the Northern Pillars of Hercules. It forms the communication between the North Sea and the Baltic.

The Sound is two miles and a half broad at the narrowest part, where sandbanks on the Danish, and the Scheeren rocks on the Swedish, coast, confine the channel so much, that men of war of a great draft of water can only pass one after the other. The Danes have, from this circumstance, been enabled to establish a toll, which brings in a considerable sum, all ships that pass Elsinour being obliged to pay this duty.

Farther to the Eastward, particularly near Copenhagen, the Sound widens; but still there is scarcely room for vessels to manœuvre or fight, and the flotilla defending it might receive great support from the batteries on shore.

Zealand, the largest of the Danish islands, is about 160 miles long, and 120 broad. The chief produce is barley, oats, and wheat. The pasture lands are very good. There are extensive woods of oak and beech, and the lakes abound with fish. The best harbour is that of Copenhagen, the metropolis and royal residence, built on the opposite side of the strait, between Zealand and the island of Amak, and celebrated for its excellent port, and its convenient situation for trade. It was only a village till the year 1254 when it became a town. In 1443 it was erected into a bishop's see, and made the residence of the king; but suffered to enjoy its own municipal laws. A fire in the year 1728, in twenty-four hours consumed 1,650 houses, five churches, the university, and four colleges. Another fire in the

month of February, 1794, consumed the palace called Christiansburg, which was built by Christian VI. at his own expense, without laying any tax on his subjects: it was an immense pile of building of hewn stone, the wings and stables of brick, stuccoed.

This city has a noble appearance from the sea, and is about two miles in length, one mile and a half in breadth, and six miles in circumference. Some writers estimate the number of inhabitants at 85,000, others 100,000. In many of the streets the canals are deep enough to admit large ships to come close to the warehouses, a circumstance of the greatest convenience to the merchants. There is an university of some importance, founded in 1478, by Christian the First, under the sanction of Pope Sextus IV. an Academy for Artillery and Naval Cadets, a Society of Natural History, an Academy for Painting, Royal Societies of Sciences, Belles Lettres, and Surgery, a Veterinary School, a Royal Library, containing about 100,000 volumes, besides a large one belonging to the University, about fifty Hospitals and Poor-houses, a very spacious Exchange, and a fine Arsenal. Among other excellent manufactories, one of beautiful porcelain, established and carried on by F. H. Muller, an apothecary, deserves particular notice. The round tower of the church of the Holy Trinity is reckoned a masterpiece of architecture; it was built after a design of the celebrated astronomer, Christopher Longomontanus. It is 150 feet high, and 60 in diameter, and the entrance is a spiral arch, so strong and spacious, as to admit a coach to ascend to the top, an ex-

periment which the Czar Peter the Great is said to have made in 1716. Copenhagen enjoys the privileges of a free port, and carries on a considerable trade. In 1768 upwards of 3,800 ships entered inwards, and about 3,700 cleared outwards. That Copenhagen is a place of great strength, both by nature and art, is evident from the three long and bloody sieges it sustained under Frederic I, Christian III, and Frederic III, though the fortifications were then by no means in the state they now are. As the town of Christian-haven, built on the isle of Amak, is generally comprehended with Copenhagen, this island may be noticed here. It is seventeen miles in length, by seven broad, and has a communication with the city by means of two bridges. The soil is uncommonly rich, and the island is considered as the garden and dairy of Copenhagen, to which the Amakers bring for sale all kinds of vegetables, milk, butter, and cheese, in great quantities.

Of the Danish towns within the Sound, the next in point of importance is Elsinour, built on the declivity of a mountain, directly opposite to Helsinburg, on the Swedish coast. It contains from five to six thousand inhabitants, who derive great benefit from the number of people passing through the town from Sweden to different parts of Denmark, and still more in consequence of the toll that is levied from all vessels passing the Sound, on which account, each of the nations trading to the Baltic usually have a consul established here.—Christian II had an intention of ceding the town to the Dutch, but the inhabitants refused to comply with the order.

To the South of Elsinour is the

important fortress of Cronenburg, begun by Frederic II. in 1577, and finished in 1585. The fortifications are in the best order, and the guns command the Sound, which is here not more than a mile and a half over, for men of war dare not keep near the Swedish shore, on account of the shoals.

The most important islands in the Sound are, 1st. Amak, which has been already described. 2d. Saltholm, a small island belonging to the Danes, where there are excellent quarries of limestone, freestone, and marble. This island is uninhabited, being overflowed in winter. 3d. Huen, or Ween, a fertile island, formerly an appendage of Zealand, but annexed to the Swedish crown at the peace of Rotzchild. It was bestowed by Frederic the II^d. on Tycho de Brahé, the celebrated astronomer, for the term of his life.

ANECDOTE OF BOISROBERT, a
FRENCH DRAMATIC WRITER.

THE Abbé de Boisrobert, by his pleasing conversation and diverting talent, which he could exert to a high degree, became a great favourite with cardinal Richelieu, who loaded him with benefits till the scandalous conduct of the Abbé put an end to them. Several persons solicited his pardon in vain, though the cardinal himself secretly wished to be reconciled to him. At last his physician found means to relieve him from his anxiety, and produce a reconciliation. The cardinal asking his advice on account of some slight indisposition with which he was attacked, the physician wrote this prescription: 'Recipe Boisrobert:—Take

Boisrobert.—' The Abbé was immediately sent for, and the disorder went off.

ANECDOTES OF ARRIA, the ROMAN HEROINE.

ARRIA, a Roman lady, distinguished by her fortitude and conjugal affection, was the wife of Cæcina Pætus, a man of consular dignity, who died in the 42d year of the Christian æra. Pliny the younger, in one of his epistles, has preserved several anecdotes of her, some of which are well deserving to be recorded. Her husband, and her son who was a very amiable and promising youth, were both seized at the same time with a dangerous disorder. The son died, but the mother concealed the distressing event from the sick father; and whenever she appeared in his presence, assumed a cheerful countenance, and answered his inquiries respecting their son with so much composure and serenity, that she even prevented the suspicion of his death. When her husband was apprehended, in consequence of having joined Scribonianus in a rebellion against the emperor Claudius, and was conveyed by sea to Rome, Arria wished to accompany him in the same vessel, but being refused, she hired a fishing boat and followed him. Having arrived at Rome, she determined to die with Pætus; and to the remonstrance of her son-in-law Thræsea, who asked her—' Would you wish that your daughter should accompany me, if I were to die ?' she replied ' Yes; provided she had lived so long and so happily with you as I have lived with Pætus.' To those who watched her, and who endea-

voured to diver the execution of her purpose, she said, ' You may make my death more painful, but you cannot prevent it;' and dashing her head against a wall fell senseless on the ground. Upon her recovery she calmly said, ' I told you that I would find a difficult road to death, if you hindered me from obtaining an easy one.' When her husband was ordered to destroy himself, Arria, perceiving his hesitation, plunged a dagger in her breast, and then presented it, covered with blood, to her husband, exclaiming, in words celebrated by the ancients, who did not entertain that horror of self-murder which Christians have derived from better principles: Pætus! it is not painful. Martial's epigram on this subject is well known, but it has been remarked that he has given an ingenious turn to the expression which injures its noble simplicity.

*' Casta suo gladium cum traderet Arria
Pæto,
Quam de risceribus traxerat ipsa suis,
Si qua fides, vulnus, quod feci, non
dolet, inquit,
Sed quod tu facies, hoc mihi, Pæte,
dolet.'*

When Arria pull'd the dagger from her side,
Thus to her consort spoke th' illustrious bride:
The wound I gave myself I do not grieve;
I die by that which Pætus must receive.
Tatler, No. 72.

Arria, the daughter, who was married to Pætus Thræsea, proposed to imitate this example of her mother, when her husband was condemned to death under Nero; but she changed her resolution upon his request, who desired her to live, in order to take care of their daughter.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

THE MARINER'S DREAM.

BY W. DIMOND.

IN slumbers of midnight the sailor boy
lay,

His hammock swung loose at the
sport of the wind,

But watch-worn and weary, his cares
flew away,

And visions of happiness danc'd o'er
his mind.

He dreamt of his house, of his dear na-
tive bowers,

And pleasure that waited on life's
merry morn—

While Memory stood sideways, half-
cover'd with flowers,

And restored every rose, but secreted
its thorn.

Then Fancy her magical pinions spread
wide,

And bade the young dreamer in ec-
stasy rise ;—

Now far, far behind him the green wa-
ters glide,

And the cot of his forefathers blesses
his eyes.

The jessamine clammers in flower o'er
the thatch,

And the swallow sings sweet from
her nest in the wall ;

All trembling with transport he raises
the latch,

And the voices of lov'd ones reply to
his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of
delight :

His cheek is impearl'd with a mother's
warm tear ;

And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss
unite

With the lips of the maid whom his
bosom holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in
his breast,

Joy quickens his pulse—all his hard-
ships seem o'er ;

And a murmur of happiness steals thro'
his rest—

' O God ! thou hast blest me, I ask
for no more.'

Ah ! whence is that flame which now
bursts on his eye ?

Ah ! what is that sound which now
larums his ear ?

'Tis the lightning's red glare, painting
hell on the sky !

'Tis the crashing of thunders, the
groan of the sphere !

He springs from his hammock—he flies
to the deck ;

Amazement confronts him with
images dire,—

Wild winds and mad waves drive the
vessel a wreck,

The masts fly in splinters,—the
shrouds are on fire !

Like mountains the billows tremen-
dously swell—

In vain the lost wretch calls on mercy
to save ;

Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his
knell,
And the death angel flaps his broad
wings o'er the wave!

O sailor boy! woe to thy dream of de-
light!
In darkness dissolves the gay frost
work of bliss—
Where now is the picture that Fancy
touch'd bright,
Thy parent's fond pressure, and love's
honey'd kiss?

O sailor boy! sailor boy! never again
Shall home, love, or kindred, thy
wishes repay;
Unbless'd and unhonoured, down deep
in the main
Full many a score fathom, thy frame
shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remem-
brance for thee,
Or redeem form or frame from the
merciless surge,
But the white foam of wave shall thy
winding-sheet be,
And winds, in the midnight of win-
ter, thy dirge!

On beds of green sea-flower thy limbs
shall be laid,
Around thy white bones the red coral
shall grow;
Of thy fair yellow locks threads of am-
ber be made,
And every part suit to thy mansion
below.

Days, months, years and ages shall cir-
cle away,
And still the vast waters above thee
shall roll:
Earth loses thy pattern for ever and
aye—
Oh! sailor boy! sailor boy! peace to
thy soul!

SONG.

BY DR. WALCOT.

O SUMMER, thy presence gives warmth
to the vale,
The song of the warbler enlivens the
groves,

The pipe of the shepherd too gladdens
the gale:
Alas! but I hear not the voice of my
love.

The lilies appear in their fairest array;
To the vallies the woodbines a fra-
grance impart;
The roses the pride of their blushes dis-
play;
Alas! but I meet not the nymph of
my heart.

Go, shepherds, and bring the sweet
wanderer here,
The boast of her sex, and delight of
the swains;
Go, zephyr, and whisper this truth in
her ear,
That the PLEASURES with JULIA are
fled from the plains.

If thus to the maid thou my wishes
declare,
To the cot she has left she will quickly
return;
Too soft in her bosom to give us despair,
That sooner would sigh than *another's*
should mourn.

TO JULIA.

BY THE SAME.

FROM her whom ev'ry heart must
love,
And ev'ry eye with wonder see;
My sad, my lifeless steps remove—
Ah! were she fair alone for me!

In vain to solitudes I fly,
To bid her form from mem'ry part;
That form still dwells on mem'ry's eye,
And roots its beauties in my heart.

In ev'ry rose that decks the vales,
I see her cheeks pure blush appear;
And when the lark the morning hails,
'Tis JULIA's voice salutes my ear.

Thus let me rove the world around,
Whatever beauty's charm can boast,
Or sooth the soul with sweetest sound,
Must paint the idol I have lost.

STANZAS

Addressed to the Young Roscius.

BY ANNA SEWARD.

E'EN as the sun, beneath the line,
comes forth,
Where no preclusive glimmerings
warn the night,
Strips her dense mantle from the sabled
earth,
And pours himself at once in floods
of light.
So on our eyes, young Day Star, didst
thou break,
In dazzling effluence, and resistless
charm;
Ere in thy *soul* those passions cou'd
awake,
That look'd and breath'd, and light-
en'd from thy *form*.
We saw them, at thy magic call, appear,
Tho' but till then to manhood only
known;
Yes, ere upon thy head the thirteenth
year
The violets of a primy spring had
strown.
In all Expression's subtlest shades they
came;
Thro' that Promethean glance, those
varied tones,
Love, jealousy, and horror, rage, and
shame,
Their hopes, their fears, their trans-
ports, and their groans.
In thee and in the scorn of *gradual* art,
Genius her proudest miracle began;
Gave thee despotic empire o'er the heart,
Long years ere growth and strength
might stamp thee man.
Beneath the crown upon that infant
brow,
The robe imperial on that fairy frame,
Stream'd all which gance and grandeur
can bestow;
All which a monarch's dignity pro-
claim.
Thy Proteus soul each garb of feeling
wore,
Fire in thine eyes, and passion in thine
air,
And still became thee, and in equal
power,
Garlands of love, and laurell'd wreaths
of war.

Now thrice has Phœbus pass'd each
duteous sign,
Since first thy talents met our won-
dering gaze;
Still in augmenting lustre seen them
shine,
Still scorning, like himself, all *bor-
rowed* rays:
See the expansion of thy fair renown,
Thy powers, thy graces, rising with
thy years—
So bright thy morn, what splendours
wait thy noon!
What trains of light, eclipsing all thy
peers!
When youth and Art's proud summit
thou shalt gain,
Passions, that *now* are but illusive
deem'd;
Then shall their empire in thy heart at-
tain,
Then be, what long by miracle they
seen'd:
And when they glow in all their genu-
ine fire,
Deeply are felt as gloriously pour-
tray'd;
Oh! may they nought in actual life
inspire,
That may thy virtue, or thy peace in-
vade!
Above pale Envy's reach thy soaring
fame
Long may accordant multitudes attest;
And prosperous Love, and pure Religion
frame
The shield impassive for thy youthful
breast!
And may advancing life for *thee* display
The gems of knowledge, and of joy
the flowers;
Shine unobscur'd on thy consummate
day,
With softest sun-set gild thy evening
hours.
On wealth and rank while rolls Obliv-
ion's stream,
Thy mem'ry o'er its whelming waves
shall climb;
For thy dear country shall record thy
name,
And bind thy splendent wreaths on
the dark brow of Time!

Litchfield, June 27, 1807.

TO CATERINA.

From an anonymous Portuguese Poet.

BY W. M. T.

OH for that dear delicious hour
 I pass'd with thee, my love, last night,
 When on thy panting breast reclin'd
 Thy arms around me fondly twin'd,
 We kiss'd, and kiss'd with warm delight !

It was indeed a blissful hour,
 Such as o'er pays an age of pain ;
 And I will dwell upon its thought,
 Till in thy kiss with rapture fraught
 I feel its pleasures *once again* !

SONNET.

*Written in Cheshire, Sunday, June 7,
 1807.*

BY W. M. T.

THIS, this is nature ! on the blossom's spray
 The linnet sings ; and mildly floats along
 The plaintive cuckoo's never-varied song,
 And fragrant is the hawthorn-scented way !
 Oh might I ever pass the live-long day,
 Such sweet, such simple scenes as these among !
 Nor join again the city's bustling throng,
 Where on the sicken'd sense vile stench preys,
 And horrid din assails the deafen'd ear ;
 For now I feel a bliss, yes deeply feel
 These lovely scenes my drooping fancy cheer,
 And o'er my senses as a vision steal :
 Dear e'en as those which, to the mourner's eye,
 Picture Hope's prospects bright, and years of future joy !

ADDRESS TO TWILIGHT.

HAIL ! twilight, hail ! thy calmness mild,
 Is welcome to Affliction's child,

Congenial to the soul thy shades,
 When sadness imperceptive fades ;
 How oft thro' summer's lengthen'd day
 I've wish'd in thy mild tents to stray,
 That faithful memory might review
 The scenes that time can ne'er renew,
 Until the mind subdu'd by grief,
 Would fancy its excess relief.
 When day subsides, and Nature rests,
 Thy stillness calms the anguish'd breast ;
 The feeling mind is sooth'd by thee,
 And scarce regrets her destiny.

COTAGENA.

SONG.

WHEN Luna's beams illumine the sky,
 And sleep seals all but Love's wake eye,
 Perchance the sailor on the deck,
 Oft picture's how life's hopes may wreck ;
 Thinks haply rests his favourite fair,
 Who wakes for him with anxious care.

But fate commands, the hero roves,
 And leaves the land and her he loves ;
 Braves icy gales, or torrid heat,
 And scorns from either to retreat ;
 Yet that brave heart unnerv'd would be,
 Did Hope not beam futurity.

COTAGENA.

MAD SONG.

AH ! pity me not, see I'm gay as a queen,
 I'm deck'd with the choicest of flow'rs
 from the green ;
 Tho' my cheek may be pale, there's no
 tear in my eye,
 And 'tis seldom I give to sad memory a
 sigh ;
 'Tis my choice thus to wander, unheeded to rove,
 For home has no joy for the exile of love.
 Spare that look of compassion, indeed
 I'm not mad,
 Yet your sympathy softens and makes
 my heart glad ;
 Tho' my lover is fled, and seeks some
 fairer fair,
 And has left me alone, to love and despair ;
 In fancy th' inconstant I see as I rove,
 The illusion is sweet to the exile of love.

COTAGENA.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Vienna, Aug. 6.

THE French ambassador lately received a courier from Paris, and another with an Austrian courier have been dispatched to that capital. Much business seems going on in our chancery; but though affairs of importance seem to be the object, we are happy in perceiving that war forms no part of it. Almost all the troops have returned to their garrisons, and furloughs are granted to a considerable number of privates.

Vienna, Aug. 8. The peace between France and Russia appears to have put an end to the dispute which has so long continued relative to Cattaro and Brannau. Though we have as yet heard nothing official with respect to the giving up of the former, it appears to be certain that it will take place; and it is understood that Brannau will be evacuated on the 20th inst. and restored to Austria, as will also Gradisca.

Kiel, Aug. 10. Mr. Jackson, the same who was in Prussia, has been with the Prince royal, to demand that Denmark shall make a common cause with England against France, threatening on the part of his government, in case of refusal, to land troops in Zealand, and take possession of Copenhagen. The only answer the Prince made was setting out for Copenhagen, to make preparations for defence. The English have before Copenhagen 16 ships of the line, and 20,000 troops. The Danes, independent of the militia, have 12,000 men in the island of Zealand. A more considerable force is unfortunately in Holstein, and it will be difficult to bring it into the island, which is already blockaded.

Certainly there are no examples in
Vol. XXXVIII.

the history of the world of a similar act of atrocity; for what cause of complaint has England against Denmark?

Frankfort, Aug. 10. If we may believe report, the Confederation of the Rhine is to meet without delay. The first of September is said to be the day when the oath of allegiance is to be taken to the king of Westphalia in the capital of Cassel.

Every letter received from the North concurs in stating that the English government persists in the resolution to continue the war, not to enter into any negotiation, and to reject the mediation of Russia. It is believed that the official declaration respecting this important subject will be made public. We already hear of the great measures which on this account will be adopted and put in force against England. We are assured that until the re-establishment of a definitive treaty of peace between England and the continental powers, an army of 80,000 French is to occupy all the German ports of the Baltic, as also those of the North sea and the Hanseatic towns, and that another army is to be stationed in reserve in the kingdom of Westphalia; that all communications with the continent will be shut against England; that Russia, Prussia, and the other continental powers, will act hostilely against those eternal enemies of the public tranquillity; in fine, that Denmark, in concert with the French, will shut the Sound, and likewise the two Belts, against the English.

Paris, Aug. 16. It is difficult, without having been witness of it, to form an idea of the magnificence of the fete of which all Paris was yesterday the theatre.

The march of the troops, in resorting to the church of *Notre-Dame*, along the streets and public places, decorated with all that taste and elegance could unite, the innumerable crowd of spectators, their unanimous acclamations, the splendor of their dresses, the pomp of their equipages, the number and beauty of the troops; all these circumstances united offered the spectacle of the most beautiful triumph of which modern Europe can boast.

Never, perhaps, was the public joy manifested in France in a manner more general or more ingenious.

The games which were executed on the water, between the bridge of the Tuilleries, and that of Concorde, offered a spectacle truly enchanting. The little squadrons of vessels destined for the fight advanced to the sound of music and trumpets; innumerable spectators, distributed on the quays and floating-baths, and on the vessels belonging to the swimming-school, mingled their loud acclamations with those of the conquerors. After the fight it was expected that *Forioso* would exhibit himself walking on a rope, the whole space which separates the two bridges; but an obstacle opposed that experiment.

The artificial fire-work executed on the bridge of Concorde terminated this superb fete in a manner the most brilliant. The crowd then visited the illuminations; those of the Tuilleries, of the Luxembourg, of the palace of Justice, of the Hotel of the minister of Police, successively attracted the attention of the curious; but it was to the illuminations of the Palais Royal that the general preference was given.

Yesterday, at nine o'clock in the morning, Marshal *Berthier* was presented by his serene highness the prince arch-chancellor of the empire, in order to take the oath, which he swore to his majesty.

The princess of Württemberg, queen of Westphalia, was expected at Strasbourg on the 14th, from whence she was to set out for Paris on this day by the way of Nancy. Marshal *Bessieres* has been appointed plenipotentiary to receive her Royal Highness at the frontiers, and conduct her to Paris.

Paris, Aug. 17. Nothing could be more interesting than the meeting of the legislative body, which was solemnly opened yesterday by his majesty. The new members of the assembly having taken the oath of homage to the constitution, and fidelity to the emperor, his majesty made the following speech:

Gentlemen, the deputies of the legislative body; gentlemen, the members of the tribunate, and of my council of state:

'Since your last meeting, new wars, new triumphs, and new treaties of peace, have changed the aspect of the political relations of Europe.

'The House of Brandenburg, which was the first to combine against our independence, is indebted for still being permitted to reign, to the sincere friendship with which the powerful emperor of the North has inspired me.

'A French prince shall reign on the Elbe. He will know how to make the interests of his new subjects form the first and most sacred of his duties.—The house of Saxony has recovered the independence which it lost fifty years ago. The people of the dukedom of Warsaw, and of the town of Dantzic, are again in possession of their country, and have obtained their rights. All the nations concur in rejoicing that the pernicious influence which England exercised over the Continent is for ever destroyed.

'France is united by the laws of the Confederacy of the Rhine with the other people of Germany, and by our federative system with the people of Spain, Holland, Switzerland, and Italy. Our new relations with Russia are founded upon the reciprocal respect of two great nations.

'In every thing I have done I have only had the happiness of my people in view—that has always been in my eyes far dearer to me than my own renown.

'I wish for peace by sea. No irritation shall ever have any influence on my decisions with respect to that object. I cannot be irritated against a nation which is the sport and victim of the parties that devour it, and which is misled, as well with respect to its own affairs as to those of its neighbours.

'But whatever may be the termination which Providence has decreed the

maritime war shall have, my people will always find me the same, and I shall always find them worthy of me.

‘Frenchmen, your conduct in these times toward your emperor, who was more than 500 leagues distant from you, has increased my respect, and the idea I had formed of your character. I have felt myself proud to be the first among you. The proofs of attachment which you have given me, while, during ten months of absence and danger I was ever present to your thoughts, have constantly awakened in me the liveliest sensations. All my solitudes—all that related even to the safety of my person, was only interesting to me on account of the part you took in them, and the important influence which they might produce on your future destiny—*You are a good and a great people.*

‘I have contrived various means for simplifying and perfecting our institutions. The nation has experienced the happiest effects from the establishment of the legion of honour. I have distributed various imperial titles, in order to give a new lustre to the most distinguished of my subjects, to honour extraordinary services by extraordinary rewards, and at once to prevent the return of all feudal titles, which are incompatible with our constitution.

‘The accounts of my ministers of finance, and of the public treasury, will make known to you the prosperous state of our finances. My people will see the contributions upon landed property considerably diminished.

‘My minister of the interior will give you an account of the public works which are begun or finished; but those which may still be expected are much more considerable, since it is my determination that in all parts of my empire, even in the smallest hamlet, the comforts of the citizens, and the value of the lands shall be increased, by the development of that universal system of improvement which I have formed.

‘Gentlemen, deputies to the legislative body, your assistance in the accomplishment of that great object will be necessary to me, and I have a right to reckon upon that assistance with confidence.’

This speech produced the liveliest enthusiasm, and his majesty closed the sitting amidst the repeated acclamations of *Long live the emperor!*

The other rejoicings were conducted in the best order.

The prince of Neufchatel, minister at war, has taken the oaths to his imperial majesty in his new capacity as vice-constable.

Charlottensund, near Copenhagen, Aug. 27.

‘Copenhagen is entirely surrounded, the fresh water is cut off, and there is a great scarcity of provisions, so that in a few days you may expect to hear of its surrendering. The Royal Family applied to get leave of Lord Cathcart to withdraw from Copenhagen. In passing through the English army they received military honours; they are gone to Holstein, there to remain till the fate of the capital is decided. The politics of Europe are such as to have rendered it of the greatest importance for England to take possession of this island, and to keep it’.

Holstein, Aug. 20. Since the return of the Crown Prince, who on the 15th instant arrived at Kiel from Copenhagen, all English property at Altona, as well as throughout the whole kingdom of Denmark, has been sequestered, and all Englishmen who are Danish subjects have been arrested; at the same time an embargo was laid on all Danish ships in the Elbe, but no English ships have as yet been seized in the Danish ports. Stein Bille commands the Danish naval force, and Peyman and Biedfeld are appointed to command in Zealand. The garrison of Copenhagen consists of 6,000 regular troops. *Stockholm Gazette, Aug. 27.*

Paris, Aug. 20. ‘M. Delagrance, aide-de-camp to the prince of Neufchatel, has left Stralsund. The King of Sweden, after having declared that he would bury himself under the ruins of the place, has left it without capitulating. The French troops have taken possession: marshal Brune has had compassion for the inhabitants; and though the place has surrendered at discretion, he has given orders to treat them with all possible kindness.

HOME NEWS.

Portsmouth, August 29.

ON Wednesday orders were received here to stop the sailing of all Danish vessels, and for all cruizers to send in the ships of that nation. Admiral Montagu immediately dispatched officers with a copy of the order to Southampton, Cowes, &c. There are six ships lying here, and two at Cowes, which have been taken possession of.

Fifteen Danes have been sent into this port since the order to detain them was received.

Edinburgh, Sept. 1. A sloop has just arrived at Leith from St. Petersburg, left it the 4th August. Captain Wilson, the master, reports, that when he left St. Petersburg every thing looked like war; the English were frequently hissed in the streets by the Russians; that the specie that had arrived from Britain, Lord Gower had ordered to be re-shipped. On his arrival at Elsineur, he was not permitted to go ashore; and at five *a. m.* on the 15th, the fleet all got under way, by signal from the admiral, both men of war and transports; that at this time the Danish guard-ship was coming into Elsineur roads, as a prize to a British frigate. Very few British ships remained at St. Petersburg when captain Wilson left it; and hemp freight had got up to 6*l.* 6*s.* per ton.

London, Sept. 1. Yesterday afternoon, about half-past one o'clock, the mortal remains of her highness the duchess of Gloucester were removed from the family residence at Brompton, for interment in St. George's chapel, Windsor. The procession was suitable to the rank of the deceased, without any unnecessary parade or ostentation.

As early as six o'clock in the morning the volunteers of Brompton and Kensington beat to arms. After assembling, to a man, on parade, they received their instructions from the captain-commandant, and then they proceeded (about nine o'clock) to the court-yard of Gloucester-lodge, with muffled drums, &c. About 11 o'clock arrived the hearse, with six black horses, and six mourning coaches and six. Soon after twelve appeared the duke of York and the duke of Clarence's private coaches, with six horses to each. The duke of York's carriage was drawn by six beautiful grey horses. About the same time appeared the duke of Gloucester's chariot and six, the duchess's (the deceased) coach and six, and the princess Sophia. The whole of the suite of carriages being arrived, about half past twelve o'clock the attendants began to form the line of procession, and at the time before mentioned, the cavalcade commenced its route, preceded by the volunteers, with the usual insignia and respect observed on such melancholy occasions; the band playing, with muffled drums, the 'Dead March in Saul.' Ten horsemen preceded the hearse, and the usual number of mutes attended; behind the state coach belonging to the deceased, stood six footmen, and four behind that of the duke of Gloucester. The procession moved slowly to Brentford, where the Brompton and Kensington volunteers were relieved by those of the latter district, including the Isleworth. These proceeded as far as Hounslow, where they were dismissed. It was not until the procession reached Staines that the

feathers and escutcheons were placed on the hearse, &c. thus conforming to the same etiquette as was observed at the funeral of the late duke. The procession reached Windsor about half past eight o'clock. The funeral took place by torch-light. The duke of Gloucester was at Brompton when the cavalcade set out, and was present during the interment at Windsor. The whole of the expenses of the funeral are defrayed by the duke of Gloucester. By the death of her highness the poor of the vicinity have lost a great benefactress.

Sept. 2. Dispatches were early this morning received from admiral Gambier. They were brought by Mr. Hill, our charge d'affaires. Soon after they had been opened, the following letter was sent to the Lord Mayor:—

*'Admiralty-Office, Sept. 2.
Half past Six, A. M.'*

'Lord Mulgrave has the honour to acquaint the Lord Mayor, that dispatches have been this morning received from admiral Gambier, with an account that the troops, under the command of lord Cathcart, were landed without opposition at Wibeck, in the island of Zealand, eight miles North of Copenhagen, at five o'clock a. m. on the 16th of August.

'To the right. hon. the Lord Mayor.'

The following bulletin was sent to the different public offices in the course of the morning:—

'BULLETIN.

'Downing Street, Sept. 2.

'Dispatches have arrived from lieutenant-general lord Cathcart and vice-admiral Gambier, by which it appears that lord Cathcart joined the admiral on the 12th ult.; that on the 13th Mr. Taylor, his majesty's minister at the court of Copenhagen, having left that city upon the Danish government having declined to enter into an amicable arrangement, it was determined to land the army early in the morning of the 14th, but owing to contrary winds the ships of war and transports could not be brought up to the place of debarkation

till late in the evening of the 15th.—Early, however, in the morning of the 16th, the army was disembarked at a village called Vedbech, about ten miles North of Copenhagen, without any opposition. Lord Rosslyn, with the troops from Stralsund, had arrived on the 14th off Moen island.

'Upon the debarkation of the troops, a proclamation by the commander in chief of his majesty's sea and land forces was issued, declaring the circumstances under which they had felt themselves compelled to proceed to the debarkation of the army.

'By private letters of the 17th, it appears that Copenhagen was then completely invested. The division of troops from Stralsund anchored in Kioeg Bay on the preceding day. They were fired at without effect from the batteries.'

Plymouth, Sept. 2. Nearly 100 sail of Danish vessels are in this port, under detention; their value is estimated at about 800,000*l.* The Revolutionaire, 44 guns, captain Fielding, is fitting for sea with all possible expedition, and will be ready for sea by Monday next. The Channel fleet came up for Torbay last Monday, but will sail for their station again to-day or to-morrow.—Sailed a Pappenburgher dogger and brig for their destination, cleared from detention at this port.—Passed up Channel the Porcupine, 24 guns, with a convoy. There had joined the convoy a large Danish East Indiaman, of 16 guns and 80 men, from Batavia for Copenhagen, a few days before the Porcupine came into the Channel, and continued with them till a privateer of this port, with orders to detain all Danish vessels, fell in with the convoy, and communicated the orders to the captain of the Porcupine, who immediately bore down, sent a boat on board, and took possession of her, and carried her with the convoy up Channel. It is supposed she has Dutch property on board, and was bound to Amsterdam; she is valued at 150,000*l.* and is full of silks, bale goods, spices, &c.

Edinburgh, Sept. 3. On Tuesday last arrived at Leith, the sloop Active, of North Berwick, William Wilson, master. He states, that on the 20th ult. when off the Naze of Norway, he was

spoken to by a British line of battle ship, that boarded a schooner belonging to Berwick that was in company with the *Active*; and the captain of the schooner informed captain Wilson, that he had been told by the officers of the man of war, that they were to proceed into Christiansand next morning, to cut out a Danish 74 gun ship that was lying there.—About four weeks ago he was at St. Petersburg: says, that two days before he left town, a Russian general that had been bribed by Bonaparte had thrown himself over a bridge and was drowned; and it was reported that general Bennigsen had gone to England.

Cork, Sept. 10. An accident of a singular nature took place about a week ago, between the city and the Cove of Cork. As Mr Jeremiah Murphy, a merchant of that city, was driving in a post-chaise, together with a lady and a child, near the small village called Passage, the horses suddenly took fright, and ran towards the cliff near Giant's Stairs. The post-boy saved himself by throwing himself suddenly on the ground. At that instant the horses and the chaise, together with the company in it, were precipitated to a depth of at least 200 feet perpendicular, to the bed of the river. It happened to be low water, and the carriage, by striking in its fall against the mast of a small vessel, which was then aground close in shore, was dashed to pieces. It is most surprising to relate, that after this severe shock the lady and gentleman escaped with only a slight personal injury, and the child entirely unhurt.

London, Sept. 12. Colonel Bourke and captain Prevost arrived at Portsmouth yesterday evening in the *Saracen* gun-brig, with dispatches from admiral Murray and general Whitelocke. They immediately set off for London, and arrived early this morning. Sir Samuel Auchmuty and general Craufurd are also arrived in the *Saracen*.

The dispatches are of a very melancholy nature: we have not only failed in an attack upon Buenos Ayres, but have abandoned the river Plate by capitulation.—Soon after the arrival of general Craufurd, an attack was deter-

mined upon Buenos Ayres. The army landed 20 miles on this side Buenos Ayres; they had seven miles to march across swamps and marshy ground, in which some ammunition and provisions were lost. The army was divided into three columns, two of which were successful in getting possession of part of the town, but the third was unsuccessful. The following letter was this morning sent to the Lord Mayor:—

Downing Street, Sept. 12.

'Lord Castlereagh has the honour of acquainting the Lord Mayor, that dispatches have been received this morning from lieutenant-general Whitelocke, dated the 10th of July, by which it appears, that in an attack upon the town of Buenos Ayres, his majesty's troops experienced so much resistance from the tumultuous force of the enemy, that, after gaining possession of part of the town with severe loss, on the 5th of July, the lieutenant-general thought it prudent to enter into a negotiation with general Liniers, who commanded the enemy's forces, by which he agreed to evacuate South America within two months, upon condition that all prisoners taken in the attack, as well as those captured at the surrender of Buenos Ayres, should be restored. The total loss amounts in killed 316—wounded 674—missing 208.

'To the right hon. the Lord Mayor.'

Sept. 13. Lieutenant Ramsay, of the Carrier cutter, arrived last night at the Admiralty with dispatches from admiral Russel, announcing the capture of the island of Heligoland, without any resistance. The following letter from an officer on that service has been received:—

'Heligoland Roads, Sept. 6.

'We sailed from Yarmouth some days ago, with sealed orders, which were to take this place, which was done last night by admiral Russel. There was a garrison of fifty Danish soldiers, who surrendered without firing a gun. It is a famous blockade for the Elbe; a capital shelter for our ships in rough weather; and a good light-house, and

is a complete rock, with about 2000 inhabitants on it, chiefly fishermen. A vessel is under weigh for England with the dispatches."

Sept. 16. Between seven and eight this morning, colonel Cathcart arrived at lord Castlereagh's, and captain Collyer, of the *Surveillante*, at the Admiralty, with the welcome dispatches from admiral Gambier and lord Cathcart. Messengers were instantly dispatched to his majesty, to the prince of Wales, to Scotland, and to Ireland. They were charged in all the different towns in their route to communicate the news in the following short bulletin:—

'Copenhagen has surrendered.'

'The Danish fleet has surrendered, and is placed at his majesty's disposal. It consists of eighteen sail of the line, fifteen frigates, and forty other vessels of different sizes. It surrendered after a bombardment of three days. Our army suffered comparatively very little loss.'

The following letters were sent to the Lord Mayor:—

*'St. James's Square,
Wednesday Morning.'*

'Lord Castlereagh has the honour to acquaint the Lord Mayor, that dispatches have been received from lord Cathcart, dated from the citadel of Copenhagen, on the 8th instant. After a severe bombardment of three nights, a capitulation was agreed to, by which the Danish fleet, including vessels of all descriptions, were surrendered, together with all naval stores, and his majesty's troops put in possession of the citadel and dock-yard. There were 18 sail of the line, exclusive of 3 on the stocks, 15 frigates, 7 sloops, and 37 mortar and gun-boats, found in the port and arsenal.—The particulars of this important service will appear, with the least possible delay, in an extraordinary Gazette.'

'Admiralty Office, Sept. 16.'

*'Lord Mulgrave has the honour to acquaint the Lord Mayor, that captain Collyer, of his majesty's ship *Surveillante*, is just arrived from admiral Gambier, and brings the news that Copenhagen capitulated on the 7th instant,*

when his majesty's fleet and army were put in possession of the fleet and arsenals of Denmark, and of the city of Copenhagen.'

The Park and Tower guns were fired at eleven o'clock, and the flags were displayed upon the different churches.

Sept. 18. Suicide.—A very genteel-dressed elderly man called a coach off the stand at the bottom of Oxford-street, at eleven o'clock on Wednesday night, and ordered the coachman to drive to a subscription house in St. James's-street. The coachman had not proceeded far when he heard the report of a pistol, and, on alighting and opening the coach-door, he beheld the gentleman a corpse, the ball having entered the head under the left temple. The deceased, who was taken to a public-house in Oxford-street, was not owned yesterday. He is a very tall man, and appears to be about sixty.

BIRTHS.

Aug. 22. At Haughley-park, Suffolk, the lady of general Jerningham, of a son.

The right hon. lady Grantham, of a son and heir.

At Highwood-hill, the lady of William Anderson, esq. of Russel-square, of a son.

29. At his house, in Baker-street, Portman-square, the lady of the lieutenant-colonel Plunkett, of the Coldstream guards, of a daughter.

Lady Caroline Lamb, wife of the hon. Mr. Lamb, eldest son of lord viscount Melbourne, of a son and heir, at his lordship's house, Whitehall.

Sept. 2. At the house of lord viscount Deerhurst, in Devonshire-place, the hon. Mrs. Cotton, of a son.

3. At Garmons, Herefordshire, the lady of sir John Geers Cotterell, bart. (M. P. for the said county) was safely delivered of a daughter.

7. At Sudbrook-park, Petersham, lady Mary Stopford, of a daughter.

11. At Basham-hall, in the county of Norfolk (the seat of Charles Morley Balders, esq.) the hon. Mrs. Balders, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Aug. 22. At Mary-la-bon church, Wm. Marsden, esq. to miss Wilkins, daughter of Charles Wilkins, esq. of Wimpole-street.

At Witney, by the Rev. William Collins, Thomas Bird, esq. of Salisbury-street, Strand, to miss Ann Wright, daughter of John Wright, esq. deceased, of Middle Field, Oxon.

At St. Mary's, Newington, Surry, T. P. Asperne, son of Mr. Asperne, bookseller, of Cornhill, to miss Ann King of Walworth.

25. At Mary-la-bon church, major-general Murray, brother to sir James Fulteney, to the Hon. miss Phipps, daughter of the late lord Mulgrave.

At Tenby, in South Wales, Henry Barnes, jun. esq. to miss M. Richards, daughter of Solomon Richards, esq. of Salisbury, Wexford, Ireland.

29. At St. George's, Bloomsbury, B. Holme, esq. to miss Ann Simpson, youngest daughter of the late Samuel Simpson, esq. of Lancaster.

At St. Lawrence Jewry church, Mr. Thomas Hebsun, of London, to miss Sarah Brumfield, of Addington, Surrey.

At Ripon, Mr. John Clark, to miss Mary Milner, both of Bishop Thorton.

Sept. 2. At St. George's, Hanover-square, George Mathias, esq. of St. James's-place, to miss Dennison, of Curzon-street.

At Pile, near Colnbrook, Nathaniel Castleton Maw, esq. of the India Company's Service, to Mrs. Bland, widow of the late colonel Bland, chief engineer at Bombay.

Capt. Barnett, assistant quarter-master-general at Canterbury, to miss Monins, eldest daughter of the late John Monins, esq. of the archbishop's palace.

At Lambeth Church, Charles Boyde, esq. of the Custoin-house, to miss Hyde, only daughter of Charles Hyde, esq. surgeon, of Moor-place, in the same parish.

8. At Bishopsgate-church, James Webbe Tobin, esq. to miss Jane Mullett, daughter of Thomas Mullett, esq. of Broad-street buildings.

DEATHS.

Aug. 26. In the fifty-ninth year of her age, Mrs. Leonora Thomas, the lady of John Thomas, esq. of Great Baddow, one of his majesty's deputy lieutenants, and a magistrate for the county of Essex.

28. When on a visit at Sydenham, in Kent, John Jones, esq. of Frankly, near Bradford, Wilts, many years in the commissions of the peace for that county and Somersetshire.

Sept. 6. At Bath, George Augustus Lumley Saunderson, earl of Scarborough. His lordship was in his 54th year, and is succeeded in his titles and estates by his next brother, Richard Lumley.

In Charlotte-street, Portland-place, earl Deloraine, in the 71st year of his age. His lordship having no male heir, the title becomes extinct.

14. At his seat at Rainham, the most noble George Marquis Townshend, field-marshal in the army, colonel of the 2d regiment of dragoon guards, lord lieutenant of Norfolk, governor of Jersey, in his 84th year. His lordship was a Godson of his majesty George I. and served under George II. in the battle of Dettingen; he served also in the battles of Fontenoy, Culloden, and Lafeldt; also at the memorable siege of Quebec, which town fell into his hands as commander-in-chief, after the death of the immortal Wolfe; his lordship was also at the battle of Fellinghausen, and served a campaign in Portugal, under count La Lippe; his lordship served the offices of lieutenant-general and master-general of the ordnance; and filled the station of viceroy of Ireland for five years.

16. At Chichester, Mrs. Lane, wife of Wm. Lane, esq. of the Minerva-office, Leadenhall-street. — This lady, who, to an excellent education, added a well-informed and polished mind, has been, for several years, a promoter of literature. In manners she ingratiated herself with a circle of numerous acquaintance. Among her friends, her social disposition and hospitality were proverbial. Her family and servants loved her with a sincere affection, and she has left a disconsolate husband to mourn his irreparable loss.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



The Foundling.