

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

APPROPRIATED
 SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR OCTOBER, 1807.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates.

- 1 BOTANY, Plate XVI.
- 2 LONDON Fashionable WALKING and AFTERNOON DRESSES.
- 3 THE FOUNDLING.
- 4 New and elegant PATTERN for the FRONT of a DRESS.

LONDON:

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. Webb's *Walk V. in a Country Church-Yard*, shall certainly appear in our next.

We shall be glad to hear again from our Correspondent B. S. of Pentonville.

S. Y's poetical contributions are not forgotten.

We are obliged to R. T. for his Hints ; they shall be attended to.

Lines on *Discontent*—on leaving *Matlock*, &c. are received.

* * * Our Readers will perceive that we have subjoined to this Number *four additional pages*, containing a full account of the late calamitous accident at *SADLER'S WELLS*, collected from the most authentic information.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



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THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE.

FOR OCTOBER, 1807.

BOTANY FOR LADIES.

By Dr. Thornton.

ELEVENTH LESSON.

THE office of the corolla, like that of the calyx, is to envelop the stamina and pistilla in the centre of flowers, the organs of reproduction.

For this purpose they not only first involve these most essential parts of flowers, but also close against rain, or on the approach of evening.

Some exhibit the most regular movements, and hence botanists have established an *horologium*, or botanical clock.

Linnaeus enumerates forty-six flowers which possess this kind of property, of which the following are those most common in this country. LEONTODON TARAXACUM, *Dandelion*, opens at 5—6, closes at 8—9. HIERACIUM PILECELLA, *mouse-ear Hawkweed*,

opens at 8, closes at 2. SONCHUS LAEVIS, *smooth Sow-thistle*, at 5 and at 11—12. LACTUCA SATIVA, *cultivated Lettuce*, at 7 and 10. TRAGOPOGON LUTEUM, *yellow Goats-beard*, at 3—5 and at 9—10. LAP-SANA, *Nipplewort*, at 5—6 and at 10—1. NYMPHAEA ALBA, *white Water-lily*, at 7 and 5. PAPAVER NUDICAULE, *naked Poppy*, at 5 and at 7. HEMEROCALLIS FULVA, *tawny Day-lily*, at 5 and at 7—8. CONVULVULUS, at 5—6. MALVA, *Mallow*, at 9—10, and at 1. ARENAREA PURPUREA, *purple Sand-wort*, at 9—10, and at 2—3. ANAGALLIS, *Pimpernel*, at 7—8. PORTULACA HORTENSIS, *garden Purslain*, at 9—10, and at 11—12. DIANTHUS PROLIFER, *proliferous Pink*, at 8 and at 1. CICHOREUM, *Succory*, at 4—5. HYPOCHERIS,

at 6—7, and at 4—5. CREPIS, at 4—5, and at 10—11. PICRIS, at 4—5, and at 12. *Field Calendula*, at 9, and at 3. *African Calendula*, at 7, and at 3—4.

As these observations were probably made in the botanic gardens at Upsal, they may require further attention to suit them to our climate.

Vide plate 16, *l. a.* where the flower is closed, and *l. b. c.* where it is open. The example is the chronicle.

The other offices of the Corolla we shall resume in our next.

THE FOUNDLING;

A TALE.

[*With an elegant Engraving.*]

ACTS of benevolence, proceeding from exalted generosity of mind, though they may too often meet with no return from those who benefit by them but ingratitude, and produce no reward to those who perform them but the reflection that they have done good deeds, are sometimes productive, besides this invaluable recompense, of great and unexpected advantages in those occurrences of life to which the self-interested and sordid alone direct their attention.

As Mr. Lionel Sydney was returning home one evening from a pensive walk he had taken, in which his little dog was his only companion, he found close by his door a basket, in which, on inspection, he discovered a fine male child a few months old. The poor deserted infant seemed to stretch out toward him its little arms for protection, and with persuasive looks to implore his compassion.

—‘Poor babe!’ said Mr. Sydney, ‘is it thus that thou makest thy entrance into the world? Art thou already deserted and friendless?—I must be thy friend—at least so far as to afford thee immediate assistance for the preservation of thy life in this thy helpless state, and to endeavour to find thy unnatural parent or parents, and to revive, if possible, in their breasts the ordinary feelings of humanity’.

Mr. Sydney took up the child, and carried it into his house, giving the strictest charge to his house-keeper that it should be well taken care of, till proper inquiries could be made with respect to who were its parents, and how it came to be abandoned at such an early and helpless age. These inquiries were made, but nothing could be discovered concerning it; and the child being healthy, good-humoured, and pleasing in its playful way, won so much the susceptible heart of its generous benefactor, that he seemed to be in no haste to part with it, but rather fondled it, and provided in every way for its welfare with the solicitude of an indulgent father.

Mr. Sydney, at whose door this deserted infant had the good fortune to be laid, was a gentleman of a competent but not a very large fortune, resident in Devonshire, not many miles from Plymouth. He resided on and farmed his own estate, which supplied him with what is sufficient for the wise and good man, though not with those superfluities which are required by the sons of luxury. About two years before the occurrence of his finding the innocent infant left at his door he had married a lady to whom his

heart was most affectionately and sincerely devoted, and who returned his affection with equal ardor. But transient indeed is human happiness ! His beloved Maria died within a month after she had brought forth her first child, and her child soon followed her. Dreadful was the shock to the heart of Mr. Sydney : he sought solitude ; often wandered alone, and for a long time refused comfort. As he was now no stranger to suffering, he was ever ready to relieve the sufferings of others ; and to this state of his mind may, perhaps, in some degree be attributed the kindness and affection with which he treated the hapless foundling.

At length, rather in consequence of the advice of others than from his own inclination and feelings, he became half resolved to deliver up the babe he had now for some time protected and cherished, to those high parochial dignities who are required by law to provide for infants thus abandoned, and to take care that they do not, at least not immediately, perish. But on making an application to the authorities of this kind properly constituted, he found himself treated with so much superciliousness, and so many hints were given that he would not have made so much of a chance-child had he not pretty well known who was the father ; that perceiving into what hands he must resign the helpless innocent, he determined, especially as the late severe domestic calamity he had suffered still pressed heavy on his heart, and rendered him averse even to the thoughts of a second marriage, to adopt, and bring him up as his son. He gave him the name of George, and he became one of his family.

As years passed on, young George, by his engaging person, his good sense, and the excellent disposition of mind which he continually more and more displayed, so fully secured the esteem and love of Mr. Sydney, that he could scarcely have possessed them more had he actually been his own son. When his understanding was become more mature, Mr. Sydney frequently found the advice he gave the best that could be given in the circumstances in which he was placed ; and he at length trusted to his prudence, and considerably to his own advantage, almost the whole management of his affairs.

When George had attained the age of eighteen, the strong bodily powers he then possessed were exerted in the labours of the field, and otherwise, much to the profit of his generous benefactor ; for though the latter had given his adopted son a good and liberal education, he only designed him to be a useful and not an idle gentleman. Having no relations but such as were rather distant, and still more rich, he intended him for the heir of the small estate he possessed, but to make it productive he knew that it was necessary he should be able to cultivate and improve it.

About the time that Mr. Sydney had formed this idea, and when George was nearly of the age above mentioned, it chanced that as they were one day riding out together, Mr. Sydney's horse took fright at something on the road, and ran away with him, till he came to a bridge over a deep though not very wide stream, where he threw him in such a manner that he fell headlong into the middle. George, who follow-

ed him close, as fast as his own ho se could lay legs to the ground, seeing him fall, alighted in an instant, and plunging into the water, seized Mr. Sydney who could not swim, and with great difficulty, and at the utmost hazard of his life, brought him to the bank and delivered him from his danger.

—‘George,’ said Mr. Sydney, when he had recovered,—for the sudden shock, and the time he had remained in the water had at first nearly deprived him of sense—‘George,’ when you were an infant I, perhaps, saved your life, you have this day certainly saved mine: it is thus that Providence ordains that acts of benevolence shall meet with greater rewards than they seem entitled to claim—Henceforth, however, we will indeed be father and son.’

Immediately after this occurrence Mr. Sydney formally bequeathed, by a will which he then made, the whole of his property, real and personal, to his adopted son George.

But as the affairs of human life depend neither on our calculations, nor even our exertions, however diligent or meritorious, within the space of three or four years from this period, Mr. Sydney found himself in absolutely embarrassed circumstances. His natural generosity and various acts of benevolence, of which he was in the opinion of all his relatives and friends certainly guilty, had not contributed to improve his fortune, which in fact he did not wish, conceiving it amply sufficient for all his wants. But besides the too common effects of such generosity, adverse seasons, and unfortunate occurrences in his way of trade, had so reduced him, that he had scarcely any fortune whatever, and the

property remaining to him seemed, in his opinion, but a very inadequate remuneration for all the services he had received from his faithful friend, and now more than ever beloved adopted son, George.

It chanced that about this time Mr. Sydney became acquainted with a respectable naval officer of the name of Darton, who being advanced in years, and declining in health, had for some time retired from the service, and lived on the very ample fortune he had acquired by taking a number of valuable prizes while he had the command of a ship of war. As the frank and open disposition of captain Darton accorded exactly with that of Mr. Sydney, a very familiar intimacy soon ensued between them. They visited very frequently; and the captain related to Mr. Sydney his various adventures, and showed him a number of curiosities he had collected in the course of his voyages. Mr. Sydney in return showed the captain various things that he had collected and preserved as rarities, though many of them, certainly, were not very rare. Among these was a very old-fashioned small silver coral, which, perhaps it should have been mentioned before, was hanging round the neck of young George when he was found in the basket, a deserted infant, at Mr. Sydney’s door. The coral particularly attracted the captain’s attention: it was precisely the make of one that had been long in his family, and had engraven on it his arms, and the initials of his name. He repeatedly inquired of Mr. Sydney how he became possessed of this trinket, and he, though very reluctantly, at length related to him the manner in which he found his

adopted son George, and consequently the coral. The captain seemed greatly surprised, and mused for some time: at length he said 'Your friendship, I perceive, can conceal nothing from me; nor will I conceal my thoughts from you. It is possible that George may be my son. I have always felt a more than ordinary regard and esteem for him since I have known him; that, however, may be easily accounted for, when I consider his good sense, and excellent disposition. But about twenty years ago I contracted an intimacy with a lady of the name of Stanley, with whom I lived for some time near Plymouth, and who became pregnant. About the time that her delivery was every day expected I was ordered to join my ship. I gave her what money I had, and directed her to draw on my agent to a certain amount when she wanted more. I also gave her this coral, which was my mother's, for her child. I was absent abroad four years, and on my return, notwithstanding all my inquiries, could never learn what had become of her. This must be the coral, whoever George may be'.

After a long conversation on this extraordinary discovery till it was almost dark, the captain set out from Mr. Sydney's house to return home, leaving the further discussion of the subject till the next day. As he passed along he saw an old woman before him who had the misfortune to fall down. He raised her up, and looking in her face recollected her. 'Is not your name Elizabeth Harris?' said he, 'and did you not once live with miss Stanley?' The woman assented, but at first denied that she knew any thing more of her or her affairs than

that she was dead. The captain, however, prevailed on her to accompany him to Mr. Sydney's; showed her the coral, and introduced her to George; when unable to persist any longer in her prevarications she confessed the whole truth. 'Miss Stanley,' she said, 'died a few months after the birth of her child, and having no relations, nor any friend she could trust more than herself, left to her the care of her child with all that she possessed. As the maintenance of the child, however, was expensive and troublesome, she had disposed of it at the door of a benevolent gentleman whom she knew would take care of it, and applied the property to her own use.'—'George, my boy, you are my son!' exclaimed the captain, 'and I will act by you as a father ought.' He immediately settled on him twenty thousand pounds; and so effectually assisted Mr. Sydney as to extricate him from all his difficulties, and place him in a more prosperous situation than ever. Thus did it seem good to Providence to reward benevolence to a poor deserted Foundling.

ANECDOTE of the late DUKE
d'ENGHEN.

THE late duke d'Enghien, who fell a victim to the vengeance and cruelty of the usurper of the throne of France, was a prince of great generosity, and a truly amiable disposition. Many of his countrymen who fought against him did not conceal the esteem which his character inspired. They had witnessed his unconquered bravery, and many of them had experienced

the noble manner in which he hastened to the relief of those whom the chances of war had made his prisoners. Amongst various incidents of the kind he once, by accident, heard how warmly he was beloved by his mis-led countrymen. After the battle of the first of December, in the campaign of 1800, as he returned to his house at Rosenheim (a town in Bavaria) he passed over many of the slain enemy; one he perceived to exhibit signs of life; and on stooping to examine more closely, he found by the dress of the object of his commiseration, that he was a French officer. He ordered him to be immediately conveyed to his quarters, and put into his own bed. In consequence of the crowd of the Condé officers that were in the house, he had no second bed for himself, but sat watching by the wounded prisoner. After the necessary attendance had been given by the surgeons they withdrew, and the prince was left alone with the invalid. The poor man, totally ignorant who was his preserver, broke out in the most animated expressions of gratitude. The duke strove to restrain him, but he still went on, and at length exclaimed—‘Happy army of Condé, whose officers are all brave and humane!—All follow the example of their great young leader!—Ah, sir, my noble protector, I were favoured indeed could I, before I die, but once behold the face of the duke d’Enghien!—Had all the princes been like him, virtuous, brave, and merciful, France would not now have been a republic, nor should I have been your enemy’—‘Do you love the duke d’Enghien?’ inquired the prince—‘All men love him,’ replied the officer, ‘and I do from my soul’—‘Then he thanks you,’ cried the duke, grasp-

ing his hand.’ But to love him truly you must love his king—I live but for my sovereign, or to die in his defence.’ The republican officer burst into a flood of tears, and bathing the prince’s hands with that oblation of the heart, murmured out vows of gratitude, repentance, loyalty, and admiration.

CHARACTER of the SPANIARDS and PORTUGUESE.

Even in the frontier towns a strong line of distinction is drawn between the two nations. The Spaniard is more determined in his gait and manners; his cloak thrown over his shoulders gives him something of the air of a man of courage, whilst the same custom with the Portuguese manners gives only the look of an assassin. But if we notice the difference between the men, it is still more apparent in the women of the two countries. The air, the dress, the walk of the Spanish ladies, is not only superior to that of their neighbours, but perhaps of any European nation. The lower part of their dress is black, with deep fringes; the upper consists simply of a white muslin veil, which, without covering the face, falls down on each side of the head, crosses over the bosom, and is fastened behind the back. They walk with freedom; their eyes are dark and expressive, and their whole countenances have that bewitching air which an Englishman likes well enough to see in any woman, except his wife, his sister, or the woman he truly loves and respects.

HARRIET VERNON;

OR,

CHARACTERS FROM REAL LIFE.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

BY A LADY.

(Continued from p. 473.)

LETTER XXXIII.

Mrs. West, in Answer.

MY dearest Harriet, I lose no time in answering your sister's letter, and as you are the subject, to you I address myself. How happy does it make me, that the two young women who, next to my own daughter, I love best in the world, are possessed of sense, prudence, and diffidence. The latter amiable quality naturally results from the two former; and a young woman possessing it will never fall into gross errors. A modest diffidence is the groundwork of virtue, and unless I could build on that foundation I would relinquish all hopes of my pupil's becoming a good or accomplished character. But I must proceed to answer your letter.

I congratulate you, dear Harriet, on gaining the affections of a man of Mr. Beaumont's description: it is, I think, in point of interest, as good an offer as you could expect; and your partiality in his favour is to be approved. But I like not the circumstances attending this affair. His mother's letter I have perused over and over, and though it is not exactly

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what I myself should have written, it is certainly dictated by a strong affection for her son, and the most disinterested wish to see him happy.—Did she know my Harriet one quarter as well as I do, I should not wonder at her request of taking her under her roof, as well as her very ready approbation of her son's choice; but, had I been circumstanced as Mr. Beaumont is, I should have wished to have known more of the lady, and been less liberal of my generous proposals. She has evinced the highest confidence in her son's judgment; and in the present instance will not be deceived.—Peoples tempers and mode of thinking vary so materially, that it is sometimes difficult to reconcile their conduct to our own ideas on the same subject. I have endeavoured in a hundred ways to develop the seeming mystery of not undeceiving miss Jones until you are actually married. It is possible the good lady may have potent reasons in her own mind, but surely she can have none for keeping those reasons from her son. If they are, as she says, of the utmost importance, it is in my opinion highly necessary that her son and yourself should be made acquainted with them. By the style of Mrs. Beaumont's letter I should suppose her to be a sensible woman; but really this part puzzles me not a little to reconcile the character. As the matter now stands represented by Mrs. Beaumont, it should seem necessary that you immediately marry; but I must say I think your honour, as well as Mr. Beaumont's, require you should instantly undeceive miss Jones. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson see the propriety of this; but methinks there is no occasion for being so hasty. The first step

to be taken is to acquaint miss Jones; the rest will follow of course. But this is saying nothing: we both think alike of what ought to be done, but the question is, What you are now to do?

I would then advise you to tell Mr. Beaumont that you cannot think of becoming his until his mother has explained the mystery she alludes to respecting miss Jones; and that your acquaintance with him you deem too short to allow you, with prudence, to marry immediately; that if his mother sees the expediency of continuing the deception, it is most likely you may too, when informed of it; but that you will not countenance a deception, the reason for which you are unacquainted with. After this your steady determination, which Mr. Beaumont will inform her of, she must be very inconsistent in her affectionate professions to her son if she refuses to comply with your request. If she remain inflexible, which I do not think likely, your own heart must dictate; I shall not in that case like to advise; but, at all events, you must procure an interview with her, and your own good sense and discernment will then be of infinite service.

I am sorry for your brother's unaffectionate conduct; but you are used to it, and I hope will not suffer it to affect you too much.—I am pleased with Dorcas' honest simplicity. Simplicity like hers, joined to so good a heart, has, with me, charms in any station.

My dear Susan joins with me in love, and best wishes that Providence will direct you in all your concerns. We shall be impatient

to hear the result of this, so pray write soon to

Your sincere friend,
M. WEST.

LETTER XXXIV.

Miss Harriet Vernon to Mrs. West.

I CANNOT, my dearest madam, sufficiently thank you for your kind and sensible letter: it would not have remained unanswered a whole week, but from circumstances of which I will now inform you.

The day after Maria had sent her last letter, as we were sitting at dinner, a stage-coach stopped at the house, and from the box who should alight but our brother. He followed the servant into the parlour, without the ceremony of sending in his name. He was rather shabbily dressed, and Mrs. Wilson, not having seen him for twenty years, did not know him, but thought he was come to some of the servants. Our exclamation convinced her, and Mr. Wilson rose from table to take him by the hand. He advanced towards Mrs. Wilson, and offered his hand, but she withdrew hers. He snatched his away, and put it behind him in an instant.—‘Oh! oh!’ said he, ‘what, you are above shaking hands with your cousin! perhaps there may be some younger and handsomer than yourself may be glad to’—He turned on his heel, and nodded at us, with ‘How do you do, Maria? how do you, Harriet?’

Mr. Wilson ordered a chair, and urged him to take something to eat. He said he was very hungry, and had not the coachman told him he was near his journey's end, he should have treated himself with some bread

and cheese at the ale-house where the horses watered. So saying, he sat himself down between miss Jones and me, the former smiling contemptuously. Mrs. Wilson repeated, in a whisper, two or three times, 'What a bear!' whilst Maria and I wished to creep into a nut-shell.

We all were silent till he had finished his meal; when miss Jones noticed an unsavoury smell that issued from his boots, and begged him to remove his seat.

'Anan!' said he; 'the blacking on my boots offends you, does it?'

'My organs of smell,' replied she, 'are offended by the effluvia.'

The company smiled at his uncouth manners,—all but Mrs. Wilson, who was so completely picqued at his first salutation, that no mark but of contempt appeared on her countenance.

'Well,' said he, 'I suppose you all wonder what brought me hither; but I am come on business,—nothing but business ever takes me from home.'

'No doubt, sir,' said Mrs. Wilson; 'and the sooner it is dispatched the better.'

My brother, who has sense enough to understand an affront, took fire at this speech, and starting from his seat,—'Yes, yes, old dame,' said he, 'it shall be soon dispatched, and then good bye to your old shrivelled face.'

This was too much for a woman of better sense and temper to bear. She burst into tears, and—'Will you, Mr. Wilson,' said she, 'sit and see me abused in this manner in my own house?'

'I must, sir,' said Mr. Wilson, 'beg you will leave the room; the miss Vernons will attend you into the next; I presume your business is with them.'

'You guess right; and so your servant,' returned this uncourteous brother.—'Come, girls, let us go out of the sight of madam: what I have to say will soon be said, and then I am off.'

—So saying, we all left the room. —'Maria,' whispered Mrs. Wilson—'Dear madam, he affronts every one; let me beg of you to treat his behaviour with the contempt it deserves.'

When we were seated in the next room, after he had vented his spleen, and sworn by 'Change Alley that he would never darken her doors more, he dashed at once into the business by saying,—'I am going to be married next week.' —We stared in speechless astonishment. He went on—'A young woman I have met with by the greatest chance in the world, devilish rich—estates in the West Indies to the amount of fifty thousand pounds—a widow—no incumbrances—wants a person to secure her property. Propose when we are married we both go for a year. —All this well attested by several friends upon 'Change, and by Lawyer Dixon to boot!'

We congratulated him on his good fortune, and Maria faintly asked what he meant to do with us?

'That's the very thing I am come about. You see I have maintained you, bed and board, many years; but it does not follow that a man who does nineteen good offices should do the twentieth.—A friend of mine upon 'Change has offered to take Maria for a companion to his wife; and Lawyer Dixon knows a milliner who will take Harriet as a journeywoman, provided she is tractable in learning the business. You see I would not have married without providing for you.'

I thought Maria would have fainted during this speech, but a flood of tears relieved her. For my part I was too angry to faint or weep. I felt an uncommon courage and spirit possess me, and seeing Maria's situation, found I must be the only speaker.

'And is this,' said I, 'all you intend doing for us?'

'I intended,' said he, 'if you behaved well, to give you ten pounds a-piece;--at the same time taking out his pocket-book, he presented a ten pound bank note to each of us. Secure of the treasure, and convinced this was really all we were to expect, I found myself in a moment divested of all affection and respect for the ungracious giver.—'And now, sir,' said I, rising from my seat, 'that you have informed us of your intentions, I will acquaint you with ours. The manner with which you have treated us ever since, as you say, you have maintained us bed and board, by making us every day feel our dependence, has cancelled all obligation:—your present behaviour is of a piece.'—I looked at Maria, who, by an encouraging glance, prompted me to go on.—'Your proposals we despise. On Providence we will depend for a subsistence, and on the compassion of strangers, when they shall hear we are set adrift in the wide world by a brother possessing a hundred thousand pounds.'

Never did I see a countenance so strongly marked with surprise and anger as his was when I had finished my speech. Fearing an answer, I took Maria by the hand, and made towards the door. He caught her arm, and—'What say you, madam?' said he.—'That my sister has spoken my senti-

ments,' said she.—'The devil!' was all we heard him say, for we hurried out of the room, and in a few minutes saw the gentleman walk out of the court-yard.

Guess, my dear madam, our feelings on this occasion:—turned out on the wide world by a brother who ought to have been our guardian and protector, and having it so amply in his power so to be! But oh! how inexpressibly happy did we feel ourselves by the recollection that our distresses were not brought on us by our own misconduct. With a good conscience what cannot we encounter? and relying on a kind and good Providence what difficulty may we not surmount?

After we had sat weeping and looking at each other about half an hour, we received a summons from Mrs. Wilson to attend her in her dressing-room. We dried our tears, and went. After we had informed her of all the particulars of our brother's behaviour, she looked at us with an aspect of tenderness and compassion, of which I, until then, had thought her incapable.—'Do not make yourselves unhappy,' said she. 'Maria, I shall be happy to have you stay with me; and as for you, Harriet, Mr. Beaumont you know will make you his wife.'—All the contents of your letter now rushed on my mind; I made no answer. Maria returned her acknowledgments in the most grateful manner, and we both felt ourselves much obliged to her. We accompanied her down to tea, and she acquainted Mr. Wilson, miss Jones, and Mr. Beaumont, with all the particulars. We would willingly have excused her this trouble, but people of little delicacy have no idea of the pain they

frequently give others by the gratification of their own propensities. During her recital I could not look at Mr. Beaumont; as for miss Jones, she did not take her eyes off from a book which she was reading, and whether she heard it I cannot say. Mr. Wilson spoke friendly, and seconded his wife's invitation to Maria. I was excessively embarrassed to observe myself not included, and was on the point of leaving the room; when Mr. Beaumont relieved me by proposing a walk, as it was a fine moonlight evening. Being a little recovered, I ventured to meet his eyes, and thought I discovered an uncommon pleasure in his countenance: Mr. Wilson, Maria, and myself, assented to the proposal. Miss Jones would not leave her book. She has never appeared in the least jealous of me, which I have sometimes wondered at; but I suppose she has too much confidence in her golden charms to fear a rival.

Mr. Wilson's terrace and garden is large; there we walked, and Mr. Wilson soon detached himself and Maria from Mr. Beaumont and me. I trembled so that I could scarcely walk. The exertion of spirits I had used in my late conversation with my brother had exhausted them; and I was now in a state of mind to comply with almost any proposal which Mr. Beaumont might make. He failed not to take the advantage; and, in short, my dear madam, after a variety of arguments which I was unable to controvert, he prevailed on me to give my consent to our union. He informed me that miss Jones had that morning signified her intention of leaving Mr. Wilson's in a few days, her house being ready for her recep-

tion; that he had discouraged her on account of leaving me, as common politeness would oblige him to accompany her; but that he would now second her intention; and hoped in a few days to set off, and in a few days more to return and make me his in presence of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson; that in the mean time his mother would prepare for our reception, and would inform miss Jones. What could I say to proposals urged by so much love and sincerity? It is, indeed, nothing but your disapprobation that can make me at present regret my determination in his favour.

We returned to the house, I, all confusion, and embarrassed at seeing miss Jones. Maria and Mr. Wilson had likewise returned, and were engaged in pacifying Mrs. Wilson, who had, in our absence, fallen into a dispute. Miss Jones declaring she would return home the next day, Mrs. Wilson, who when she is angry sets politeness at defiance, told her that she approved her resolution. On the entrance of Mr. Beaumont and myself, miss Jones darted a look at me expressive of disdain and anger. I sat down in the first chair I found, silent and confused. Maria came to me, and said, if Mrs. Wilson pleased we would withdraw for the evening. I was happy to escape from such a scene. As we left the room I heard miss Jones say, 'Poor creature! her vanity will be her ruin.' Maria told me that Mrs. Wilson, during our absence, informed her of the attachment between Mr. Beaumont and me. Miss Jones had ascribed to my vanity the whole story, and did not, or would not believe a tittle of it. High words had ensued, and miss Jones had resolved to set

off the next morning; confiding entirely in Mr. Beaumont's honour and attachment to her.

Thiuk, my dear madam, what were now my feelings! I almost resolved instantly to go down, confess all to her, and resign all hopes of Mr. Beaumont. Conscious of having injured her, I could have borne her reproach. Maria seemed rather to advise this measure; but whilst we were hesitating, and revolving the subject in our minds, I was seized with such a giddiness and faintness that I was incapable of exerting myself. Maria, alarmed at seeing me so ill, insisted on my going to bed, and composing myself; but that was not in my power. I was, however, better in the morning. Maria went down to breakfast, and brought me a letter from Mr. Beaumont which he had requested Mrs. Wilson to convey to me. The contents are as follow:

Two o'clock, Tuesday Morning.

‘Will my dearest miss Vernon pardon my conduct, when she shall hear that I accompany miss Jones to her house this morning? In my first emotion of my surprise and resentment for the unworthy treatment bestowed on you last night, I was on the point of throwing myself at your feet, and avowing, in the face of the company, an attachment which I must ever glory in as my honour and happiness; but you left the room so suddenly that I had not time to obey the impulse. The instant you were gone miss Jones caught my arm, and, bursting into tears, conjured me, with a tenderness I never saw her assume, to vindicate, as she termed it, my injured honour; and added,—“I leave this place, sir, at six to-morrow morn-

ing.”—How could I act in this situation? To have undeceived her then would have been to have exposed her to the insults of Mrs. Wilson who was in a passion I never saw equalled. I thought it a politeness due to miss Jones, to suffer her to believe herself in the right whilst in this house. What a delicate situation was mine!—“Be candid, sir,” exclaimed Mrs. Wilson, “and declare that I have told the truth.” I made her no answer, but taking miss Jones by the hand, led her to the door, entreated her to calm herself, and told her that I would attend her to the hour she mentioned. She retired to her room, and from Mrs. Wilson I received a torrent of abuse for my cowardly conduct, as she calls it; but if I have not incurred your censure, I shall utterly disregard all other.—I shall, as I think I am by politeness bound, conduct miss Jones to her house, and then will acquaint her with a subject I now reproach myself for having so long concealed. My mother’s wish cannot now be complied with. Unworthy, indeed, should I be of a place in your heart, if I did not risque her displeasure on such an occasion. What then remains? but that you, my dearest life, will consent to make me happy. I shall go to my mother, and consult on proper measures; which, if you approve, delay will be unnecessary. A thousand thanks do I bestow on your unnatural brother, who, by depriving you of his protection, has given me a title that I would not exchange for the universe. A happy day was yesterday for me; nor shall my amiable Harriet ever have reason to regret it. My life is devoted to your happiness, and in your favour alone can I find my

own. Within a fortnight at most I hope to call you mine; in the mean time I beg your permission to write, and flatter myself that you will accept this as flowing from a heart unalterably yours.

HENRY BEAUMONT.

On perusing this letter I saw no reason to be dissatisfied with it. It was certainly more delicate to acquaint miss Jones in private with such an affair than to mortify her pride by a public avowal. I have often wondered at her want of penetration in not discovering Mr. Beaumont's attachment to me; but it is now clear she had the most perfect confidence in him. I can truly say I pity her, and, on that account, shall accept his hand with some degree of regret.

When we met at dinner I showed Mr. and Mrs. Wilson my letter, for I think no reserve should be used with them. Mrs. Wilson could not be satisfied with his conduct, and said, that were she in my place, she would have nothing to say to him.—I could not refrain from tears.—‘Alas! madam,’ said I, what right has such a poor, forlorn girl as I am to expect a man to sacrifice every thing to my wishes? Has not Mr. Beaumont, for my sake, given up fortune, and, in some degree, his honour already?’

Mr. Wilson took my hand, and entreated me not to distress myself: he had no doubt we should be one of the happiest couple in the world.

‘Very likely,’ said Mrs. Wilson; ‘but they shall not be married at this house, I promise you!’

I felt myself shocked and confounded by the bluntness of this speech, and was unable to reply to it.

Mr. Beaumont has now been gone a week, during which time Mrs. Wilson has behaved towards me in a sullen and reserved manner, for which I can no way account; but to Maria she is very complaisant. Mr. Beaumont has written to me once. He comes next week, hoping, as he says, to make me his. He says little of miss Jones, but that she received the intelligence from him by letter, and that he has not seen her since. Her injured pride, he supposes, will enable her to bear her disappointment.

Thus, my dear madam, do matters now stand. Maria has written to Mrs. Ambrose a similar account. I am, as you see, on the verge of marriage, and that with a man whom of all others I prefer: but I am not happy. I feel I have not acted by miss Jones the candid, open part I ought to have done; and under the consciousness of improper conduct we cannot enjoy peace of mind. I think I ought to have relinquished or never suffered myself to be attached under such circumstances. I leave my dear sister in an unpleasant situation, and am about to marry in a way in which I can render her no assistance. All these unpleasant ideas obtrude themselves, in spite of all my exertions to the contrary. I beg your acceptance of my best thanks for all your goodness to me. With kind love to Susan, I remain

Your ever obliged,

H. VERNON.

LETTER XXXV.

Dorcas to the Miss Vernons.

My dear young Mistresses,

I AM so sad and mournful I hardly know how to write. That

ever I should live to see this day ! Ah ! my poor young ladies, master told me all about his going to see you. It was a pity, methinks, miss Harriet was so hasty. God will take care of you I am sure : to be certain master won't. I can't describe the passion he is in when I says any thing about you. But I will not say all that is in my head on that score ; for to be sure you are low-spirited enough without my writing dismal things.

Well, master was married yesterday to this same widow lady, and a fine looking woman she is ; but I shall never like her though she has such a great fortune. All that makes me wonder is how she came to have master ; but lawyer Dixon brought it about. They talk of journeying to Jamaica about her fortune. No matter where they go ; for certain if I could provide for myself I would run away. I don't know where they were married, not I, there was only lawyer Dixon at the wedding. I heard talk about settlement ; but master swore he would not make none ; so he had it all his own way I think. He told me this morning to pack up all your odds and ends (as he call'd them), and send them by the first waggon to madam Wilson's : so this letter will warn you of their coming. I would write a longer letter, but have the rhumatis in my hand, so that I can scarce hold the pen. I thinks it was brought on by fretting ; for I does nothing but cry all day long. It will give me some comfort to hear how you go on. Please to direct for me at Martha Jenkins' green-stall, in this street ; for master will put himself in a passion if he sees your hand-writing to me. So hoping this will find you in health,

I remain your loving nurse, and dutiful servant, till death,

DORCAS JENKINS.

P. S. I thought what my dreams would come to.

Miss Vernon, in Answer.

Do not, good Dorcas, distress yourself about us. I am persuaded God will provide for us. We have not brought this trouble on ourselves, and there is great comfort you know in that. Our brother ought to have been our protector and friend through life, but although he has in so unnatural a manner forsaken us, I doubt not we shall meet with friends and do very well.

I have a fine piece of news for you, Dorcas : my dear sister is going to be married to a young clergyman ; but don't tell your master of it : I tell it you because I know it will comfort you. I am as much surprised as you at the lady's marrying my brother, but there is no accounting for these things sometimes. I hope to hear from you as often as you can. I am sorry for the lameness in your hand. I shall continue with Mrs. Wilson at her desire : so you see we are not so badly off as you feared.

And now, dear Dorcas, I must make a request, which, if you have any regard for me, you will comply with ; which is, that you will behave in a respectful manner to my brother, and his wife, who is now your mistress. On no occasion mention our names to either of them ; but, by a prudent conduct, secure to yourself a provision under his roof : for, consider, what will be the consequence if you disoblige them. To know you destitute of a support would add greatly to my trouble.

I thank you for sending our poor remains of clothes, I suppose I shall never enter my brother's house again, but I do not despair of seeing you one day or other.—Be that as it may, I shall ever remain

Your true friend,
MARIA VERNON.

(*To be continued.*)

A NIGHT WALK

IN OCTOBER.

By J. M. L.

'In russet garment clad, of sober hue,
With ruddy hawthorn-berries for his crown,
October enters sad with tears of dew,
And pulls the leafy grove's last hours down.'

Author's Manuscript Poems.

SUMMER was fled, and Autumn had commenced her not-unpleasing sway: for, although the extreme heat of milder days was gone, yet the present month gave renovated Man an invitation to exercise and brace his relaxed system. The chief reflection that makes Autumn, in some degree, unenjoyed, is the near approach of Winter.—The feathered songsters have forgot their melodies, or feebly twitter their tremulous lay from the leafless boughs.—The simple flowerets that graced the borders of the wanderer's path, or scented the air with fragrance as he passed, are no more; even the reapers song has ceased, and not a gleaner is to be seen strolling over the stubbles.—The frequent report of the sportsman's gun, or the babbling cries of the noisy pack, are nearly the only sounds that strike the rural ear; and all

these circumstances are indicative of approaching Winter, when

'The piercing cold commands to shut
the door,
And rouse the cheerful hearth.'

Hurdis describes this month, and the preceding one, as

'Twin months of slaughter.'

Had my walk been a morning one I might have witnessed the gunner starting for his morning's sport; might have traced his path by his having swept away the 'silver dew.'—

'Well arm'd is he, within with morning dram,
Without with old surtout, thick shoes, and hose'

Of leather, button'd to the buck-skin'd knee.

So forth he fares, brave knight; but first he primes

And crams his musquet, then suspends his pouch,

His powder-horn, and whip with whistle tipt,

On his broad shoulders. Let me not forget,

What he might well forget, th' important bag,

To be ere long (for so he thinks) well lin'd

With pheasant, partridge, snipe, or tardy quail,

So mounts the popping Hudibras, or stile,

Or crackling hedge, or leaps the muddy ditch,

His armour clatt'ring as he goes. I see Where he has swept the silver dew away

Across the pasture. Now he climbs the gate,

And heys his dog to run the stubble round,

While he stands still, or scarcely moves a pace.

So have I seen the hasty minute-hand Run round and round, while th' other idly stood,

Or seem'd to stand, and with commanding tone
 Bray'd loud to instigate his race again.
 Take heed, take heed! With nose infallible
 The silent pointer winds toward the game.
 Now motionless he stands, one foot lift up,
 His nostril wide distended, and his tail
 Unwagg'd. Now speed thou, hero of the gun,
 And when the covey sudden springs, let fly
 And miss them all. Oh, I rejoice to see
 When our amusements are so innocent
 They give no pain at all. But spare the whip,
 And if the wary covey spring too soon,
 Let Sancho still be safe; and let not rage
 Prompt thee to stamp upon his guiltless neck
 Till the blood issue from his lips and nose;
 Much less let fly upon the faithful cur
 The volley fate has spar'd, for he is staunch,
 And true to thee as thou art false to him.'

HURDIS.

No such scene awaited me; but although the weather had been dull, and occasionally wet, the night I chose for my ramble was clear, and the stars shone in burnished brilliance above. The air was cold, but dry; and I could not avoid exclaiming

'But e'en Night, at this season, has charms for the soul
 That can contemplate Nature in solitude's reign,
 That can gaze on the planets as splendid they roll,
 With a mind comprehensive, and breast free from pain.
 Whilst the man more untaught, more unable to soar
 Thro' the regions of space to the God-head's great throne,
 May on earth find fit objects to make him adore
 The Power whose hand could create them alone.

For on earth we can see, when no star shines above,
 The glow-worm illumine the field or the bower;
 And e'en this will excite admiration and love
 For the Being who gave to the glow-worm this power.'

Author's Manuscript Poems.

I was straying at this time near Bury-Saint-Edmund's, where it was fair-time; and recollecting this had been market-day, I determined to proceed thither, and for a short time amuse myself with any of the sports that might then be going forward. The town, as may naturally be supposed, was very full of people. The Johns and Marys were gaping in wide-mouthed wonder at the astonishing feats of Mr. Merryman and his associates, or were taking a parting mug at the drinking-booth; some few of the pedlars stalls were yet open, and at these the young lads were purchasing ribbons for the *marvellers*, in token of their true love for them. At the door of one of the booths I beheld rather a distressing scene: A great mob was collected round, and upon inquiry I found the cause of their collecting was, that a decent young man, who had come to the fair with his sister, struck with the smart appearance of a recruiting serjeant, flushed with 'old beer,' and pleased with the martial tones of 'the ear-piercing fife, and spirit-stirring drum,' had determined to enlist. This was in the absence of his sister, who was strolling round the fair; and she had but just now found him marching, or rather staggering along, with the serjeant's ribbon-covered cap on his head, and a drawn sword in his

hand, quite as great (in his own estimation,) and certainly much happier, than Alexander when he had conquered the world. But his sister, poor girl! was not so much intoxicated either with ale or military glory, as her brother; and when I had pushed through the crowd to where they stood, she was hanging round him with tear-sworn eyes, lamenting his and her own unhappy destiny.— ‘Dang it, Moll!’ stammered he, ‘what d’ye make this bother about? I tell ye I *wool* go for a soldier, and bang the d—d *Mounseers*, as my good friend the serjeant says.’ Here he finished his speech, singing,

‘How happy the soldier who lives on
his pay,
And spends half a crown out of six-
pence a day.’

The girl, however, held fast by her brother, and declared she would not leave him. At this moment a steady-looking middle-aged man, and his wife, who it appeared were neighbours of the young man and woman, came up; upon hearing the lamentable story the husband went in search of the serjeant, while his wife staid with the rustic Niobe, whose tears flowed unabated. I followed the countryman, and we soon found the serjeant, who agreed that if the smart-money was paid on the following morning the *young hero* should be set at large. We returned with this intelligence to the young woman, who was quickly pacified, and returned home with her neighbours, leaving her silly brother to dream of glory, and wake with a repentant head-ach. And yet this, thought I, as I walked away, is the manner in

which most of our troops are obtained; a drunken frolic and an enlistment, are in the country almost synonymous terms; and many a man is added to the army, either from a shame of retracting, or from a want of means to pay the smart-money, when sober sorrow comes with the ensuing day to haunt his harassed mind.

By this time it was getting late, the booths were nearly all shut up, and the jaded ‘show-folks’ were putting out their lights; I therefore quitted the place thinking of Hurdis’s description of a fair.

‘The village bells are up, and jingling
loud
Proclaim the holiday. The clam’rous
drum
Calls to the puppet-show. The groan-
ing horn
And twanging trumpet speak the sale
begun
Of articles most rare and cheap. Dogs
bark,
Boys shout, and the *grave* doctor mounts
sublime
His crowded scaffold, struts, and makes
a speech,
Maintains the virtue of his salve for
corns,
His worm-cake and his pills, puffs his
known art,
And shows his kettle, silver knives and
forks,
Ladle, and cream-pot, and to crown the
bait
The splendid tankard. Andrew grins,
and courts
The gaping multitude, till Tom and
Sue,
And Abigail, and Ned, their shoulders
shrug,
And laugh and whisper, and resolve to
sport
The solitary shilling. Simple swains!
And silly maids! you laugh, but An-
drew wins.
And what for you but sorrow and re-
morse,
Or box of salve to plaster disappoint-
ment?

Unless the smart of folly may be sooth'd
By Andrew's cheerful pranks, the dancing girl,

And frolic tumbler. Now the street is fill'd

—With stalls and booths for gingerbread and beer,

Rear'd by enchantment, finish'd in a trice.

Amusements here for children, old and young ;

For little masters pence, a coach, a drum,

A horse, a wife, a trumpet ; dolls for miss,

Fans, cups and saucers, kettles, maids and churns.

For idle schools-boys Punchinello rants,
The juggler shuffles, and the artful dame

Extends her lucky bag. For infants tall,
Of twenty years and upwards, rueful games,

To whirl the horse-shoe, bowl at the nine-pins,

Game at the dial-plate, drink beer and gin,

Vapour and swear, cudgel, get drunk and fight.

Then comes the ass-race. Let not Wisdom frown

If the grave clerk look on, and now and then

Bestow a smile ; for we may plainly see
In this untoward race the ways of life.

Are we not asses all ? We start and run,

And eagerly we press to pass the goal,

And all to win a bauble, a lac'd hat.

Was not great Wolsey such ? He ran the race

And won the hat. What ranting politician,

What prating lawyer, what ambitious clerk,

But is an ass that gallops for a hat ?

For what do princes strive but golden hats ?

For diadems, whose bare and scanty brims

Will hardly keep the sun-beam from their eyes.

For what do poets strive ? a leafy hat,
Without or crown or brim, which hardly screens

The empty noddle from the fist of scorn,

Much less repels the critic's thund'ring arm.

And here and there intoxication too
Concludes the race. Who wins the hat, gets drunk.

Who wins a laurel, mitre, cap, or crown,

Is drunk as he. So Alexander fell,
So Haman, Cæsar, Spenser, Wolsey,
James.'

VILLAGE CURATE.

I walked slowly home, and was passed in my way thither by many merry parties from the fair ; those who were accompanied by children had the music of drums and trumpets to cheer them on their way ; whilst those who had not, cheered their way with melody of their own making, a rustic song. I was bailed by them all with a ' good night,' and I can safely assert, the hearty good night of a sturdy ploughman gives me more pleasure than the fribbling ' adieu' of an insincere beau.

As I passed a cottage window, where no curtain hid the merry throng it contained, I beheld a happy few seated round a cheery fire, for it was now cold enough to make a fire comfortable ; they were joyously laughing at some recent joke ; I almost envied their hilarity, and could not help thinking of the following lines,

' Meantime the village rouses up the fire ;

While well-attested, and as well believ'd,
Heard solemn, goes the goblin-story round ;

Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all.

Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake

The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round ;

The simple joke, that takes the shepherd's heart,

Easily pleas'd ; the long, loud, laugh sincere ;

The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the side-
long maid,
On purpose guardless, or pretending
sleep :
The leap the slap, the haul ; and shook
to notes
Of native music, the respondent dance.
Thus jocund fleets with them the win-
ter night.'

THOMSON.

A few minutes now brought me
home, and a few more saw me
cradled in the arms of the

' Sweet god of ease, whose opiate breath
Pour'd gently o'er the heaving breast ;
Steals like the solemn hand of Death,
And sheds the balm of visionary rest !'
OGILVIE.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

BY SOPHIA TROUGHTON.

(Continued from p. 488.)

LETTER V.

Mrs. Handy to Mrs. Pinthurst.

PON honour, mi dear, this
frowsey country will make me
mad—if lade Julia wont com to
town next winter, I must ; and so
I shal tel her, for I wont sty in
this den, and go mollencoly, and
be seen by nobody. She his grown
quit a objack, and wants to mak
me look lik herself. Wen wee was
at the garman spor the men sayd
she was a pritty woman, but if
sombody I no was in her shos,
thay wold have staid, but you no
Pinthurst, one is born with a sil-

ver spoon in thare mouths, and a
nother with a woden ladele. Ah,
wel, wee do better now, for mi
lord is com, and lodes of com-
penny.

Lord Seemors valit, monseer
Palloss, his so funny, he takes of
his lord and awl of them to the
life ; but his master dosent much
like him, and so mouseer thinks
he will put him in busnes, to git
shut of him ; and if he dose, I am
shur monseer wil mak a monstros
good husband, and I can hav him
if I lik ; but I dont no wither I
shall be kinde or crewel, but shant
let him no his dome yet.

Last nite wee had a bal, so
monseer comd to dres my hare,
and he advisd me to let him put
a little rogue on mi cheeks ; so I
was fane to let him ; and he roused
up mi hie bros, and he sade I
looked lik a hangel, and if I was-
ent kind he shud that nite be
burnt to hash's by ravishin smiels,
so I toold him he was sich a sire
he'd draw tiers from my hies, and
they will wash the rogue of mi
face, so dont rarass me, for i'm
chos, and dont mean to ware
the bridle-dress yet. So be sade,
O m'amsal, mainsal, you frize me
al over—let hure frays be softer,
or i'll stick miself tho and tho.
O mounseer, I sade, I may yet
mews an raze you to me harnas.
So to make a end of mi tail, I ho-
dered him to git me som thing,
for I was feint, and Pinthurst see
my pour, for he brot me a nice
foul, and a bottle of wind : an
wile I hate them, he went an or-
dared his matters : an com back
such a bo, is close so fin ; his
cote was blew, daubd with lase,
is vascote the sain, and his breach-
es so vid, and fashinable. So he
neald down and baged I wood bee
his bell for the nite, an I aloud

him to seas mi hand : an he took it in such a hairy maner, an lead me in to the sarvents awl. They did so stair ; for you must no I was ver-ry fin in one of lady Julia's cast gownds, an mi hare don like a vig, with flours in mi brest, an som ceat in my handkerchif. Wel, we danced till mi ladys bel rung an let me no the famaly was com home. So wen I went up she was in her hares, caws of the rouge on my fase.

So I tolld mounseer wat she sade, but he bid me not mind, for he says he beleved she puts cartmine on her own cheeks, and vermine on her leaps, for al she was so sly.

Now Pinthurst I'll tell you a bit of mi mind about the gentry hear. Mi lady mop's lik nobody, caws one nite she went to sea the ould casel were the ghosts live ; but one of them with six heds tolld her if she com agen, he wood take a lie with her in the red see. An I think she wants him to tak her there, for she never holded up her hed sinse : but she dont lik it to be nown, tho she tolld al the story to the ould parkkeper ; but he is such a boar he wil not tell us. But Dick his man hered her tel him she wood never bee merry no more. But the nasty ould fogey wont tel us al about it.

Then hear is lord an lady Walsingham : an they cry mi lady up for a handsom body, but I dont see ware it lies, for the handsomest thing I ever saw of hers was the five ganeis she gave me wen first she com. Then hear is a grat croney of hers that they say is reckend prity tow. Pon honour the fellous wad mak you think thar was no handsom wimen but thay up stares ; tho to mi mind there is thare betters be lo : but

fin feathers mak fin birds : an there is he among the gentalmen ho thinks as I do. And that is the rich sur Harey Champly ; he cals me his dear idle, an says my gate is very gentel ; an lady Juler quit a file to me ; caws mi mane is so grand. I dont no but one of thes dayes, if I pla mi cards rite, but I may be a barren lady. But dont go for to think I shal bee above you, for I shal flea pride. I've tolld sur Hary how I can nit my own vales, and mak mi own gownds, and that wood save him a grate deel of monny in a year ; so he huged me an squesed mi hand ; indeed he is a little impotent some times, but I dont mind, caws if he maks me a lady it dont matter ; an if he wont he may leve it alone, an I wil hav monseer befor his fase.

So yew see I've got tow stings to mi bo.

Pon honnor, Pinthurst, this long letter has put mi pore narves in a sad uprore, but yew nose how to felle for that, caws hure own narves his monstrous bad.

Mi deer, except the love of
Hure unfaintin freind,
LETTICE HANDY.

LETTER VI.

Lady Walsingham to the Countess of Aubry.

I HAVE passed a sleepless night, and, with the first dawn of day, arose to acquaint you with the cause ; and beg your earliest advice how to act.

Ah ! madam, I have offended my best friend ;—my husband : but Heaven knows very unintentionally. My tears flow so fast I cannot continue my subject.

(In continuation.)

Well now that I have breathed out my sorrows on the bosom of my little Adolphus, as if he could plead his mother's cause, or soften his father's heart. After watching his innocent slumbers, and bedewing his pretty face with my tears, I feel able to commence my unhappy tale.

Yesterday morning at breakfast a walk was proposed, to order some finery for a ball which is to be given by lord Beauford (who is a candidate for the Borough). Accordingly the company prepared for their excursion. But I having some orders to give in my family which required my presence, said I would take that opportunity. Julia likewise excused herself, and they set off without us, and did not return till the last dinner-bell had rung. They sat down to table, therefore, in their morning dresses.

Sir Harry's man came in with the desert, and said their boxes would be kept. He gave his master a paper, and retired. Sir Harry read the paper, which was a play-bill; informing us that his majesty's servants were arrived, and would that night perform the celebrated play of 'All for Love.' It likewise promised an elegant theatre, with new and superb decorations. The company, with one voice, declared they would see the inside of farmer Jolt's barn, with all its embellishments.

'And who is to be of the party?' said Helen: 'do we all go?'

'Why, I should suppose,' cried sir Harry, 'not one would wish to decline this elegant and novel entertainment.'

'True,' replied she; 'but I did not know whether lady Walsing-

ham was disengaged; or whether she chose to appear in public.'

'Lady Walsingham,' said Mrs. Howard, with warmth, 'will not; cannot have any reason to wish us to dispense with her company; her appearance, miss Lester, will be quite as proper, as decorous as any one's who may attend this farce. We are not in town, and if we were, the appearance of lady Walsingham, for some time, could not be improper.'

Helen assumed one of her haughty Spanish airs. 'Well well, my dear Mrs. Howard, keep your temper, be cool, I'll take your word; for I dare say your verdict would go as far in a court of justice as a jury of matrons.'

Lord Seymore was standing at one of the windows; he turned round indignantly: 'Whenever Mrs. Howard,' said he, 'condescends, madam—'

'Yes, yes, my lord,' interrupted Helen, 'you will be extremely happy, no doubt.'

She came to me: 'Well, then, my charming Caroline, we shall have the pleasure of your company. You are fortunately dressed; so your spirits will not be fatigued. Your situation is delicate, and you must be careful.'

'True, miss Lester,' I replied, 'my situation is delicate; but my spirits, thank God! are tolerably equanimous. If it is my lord's will that I should remain at home, I certainly shall comply with cheerfulness; although I had no thoughts of requesting you to dispense with my attendance; but if my absence would be more agreeable than my presence, to any one in this company, be assured I would give up a much more rational amusement than a play in a barn, performed by a band of

itinerants, can possibly be, to add to the gratification of any one I have the honour to address—'

'Lord! my dear, how frightfully serious you are; I meant nothing more by what I said than, that as you did not go with us in the morning, you might not choose to expose yourself to the night-air.'

Both ladies and gentlemen insisted on my going, and wondered how it came to be questioned whether I should go or not. And so, perhaps, will you, my dear madam; but of late I have observed that Helen has wished to exclude me from all their parties, though I know not why.

Lord Walsingham looked very grave during the conversation, but did not speak once. They soon after retired to dress, and I to my Adolphus, who grows surprisingly.

When the hour arrived that we were to go, I went down and found the party assembled in the saloon.

Walsingham drove miss Lester in his phaeton; and Mrs. Howard, Julia Seymour, and Linley, occupied our family coach. Lady Mary and Sir Harry went in his chariot. Mr. Baderly (who had a beautiful curricule sent down from Leader's) begged me to trust myself to his equestrian skill.

We had a very pleasant drive, which was the only pleasure I experienced during the evening: for although the folly of the scene might have amused me by its extravagance, had my mind been at ease, the contrary was the case: for when my eyes met Walsingham's, they flashed displeasure, and were instantly turned away. I knew not the cause of his displeasure, but I felt that I was wretched, and my spirits seemed evaporating

more than once. Mrs. Howard and Mr. Baderly saw my depression, and kindly endeavoured to divert it by pointing out the absurdities committed by the actors, and the foolish astonishment pictured on the countenance of the country people. Their obliging assiduity in some measure succeeded, till part of a conversation I was so unhappy as to overhear, absorbed every other sensation except that of sorrow. It passed in what they called the next box, between miss Lester and lord Walsingham. She was speaking.—

'Well, I had no idea the meek soft soul would have come, after my rebuff in the morning. But it must force you to a recantation of your ridiculous opinion.—I tell you, Walsingham, she is, and always was a very obstinate, unpersuadable body. But if you had interfered—'

'My dear, bewitching girl,' interrupted Walsingham, 'if Caroline had not accompanied us, think you the rest of the party would have attended her at home?'

'O ridiculous!' returned this false friend;—'attended her motions at home! how could such a foolish thought enter your head? Why Champly told me this morning, he would rather sit in company with his grandmother, or an Egyptian mummy, than your sermonizing lady.' A violent noise behind the scenes drew their attention, and broke off this mortifying conversation abruptly. But I had heard enough. Mrs. Howard was not surprised at my agitation, (for she too heard them;) but she was astonished at the duplicity and malignancy of Helen's conduct. The attention of Mr. Baderly was engaged by the blunders of the performers, and I was glad it was.

We soon after returned home in the same manner we came.

Walsingham during supper was silent and gloomy. I asked him if I should help him to some fricasee. He replied, with much asperity, he had no appetite. Julia stared; and I apologized for my officiousness.

When we retired for the night, I begged to know in what I had been so unhappy as to offend him. 'Caroline,' said he, in a harsh tone, 'you have offended me, though perhaps unintentionally—your inhospitable and ungenerous resentment to miss Lester's kind admonition, both surprise and displease me: I almost thought it could not be you that gave so ungently a return for kindness intended.'

'Oh, my lord!' said I, with tears trembling in my eyes, 'what heavy charges do you bring against your Caroline.—Inhospitability and ungenerous resentment! Oh, my Adolphus, impute not those black crimes to me, but forgive what is past, and look with your usual candour on my poor endeavours to please. Let not misrepresentations cloud your better judgment: and to miss Lester's own heart I will appeal whether she thinks I have shown a resentful behaviour,—whether it whispers approbation for her kind admonitions, as you are pleased to call her artful insinuations, I—'

'Caroline!' interrupted he, while rage swelled every feature, 'you are not the woman I fondly thought you; you have been used to nothing but adulation so long, that you are offended at the voice of truth, you —: but why talk to a woman who sighs to see herself eclipsed, though by her dearest friend. Such is the fickle in-

constancy of female friendship! Oh the poet has well delineated your characters:—

'A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty.'

I heard no more,—my senses kindly left me. When I recovered, Anna was bathing my temples, and my lord sitting on one side the bed, with horror strongly pictured in his countenance:—Mrs. Howard on the other, in tears. He immediately retired, saying I had better have Anna sit up with me. Mrs. Howard joining her advice, I complied, although I thought it unnecessary.

I slept but little,—I could not help revolving in my mind the events of one day—one little day. The morning found me happy, but the evening saw me miserable.

I rose with the light, and wrote till breakfast-time. When I entered the parlour I found the company all assembled, except miss Lester. Mr. Baderly observed that I did not look well, and feared I had taken cold over night. I was prevented replying by the entrance of Helen, who apologized for her apparent negligence.—'But my head ached,' said she, 'so very intensely, that I had some thoughts of requesting your excuse for my appearance.'

Sir Harry caught her hand, and kissing it, said,—'Pon my soul, madam, if you had not informed us you was indisposed, no one would have thought it! But, sick or well, you was formed to please all eyes, and win all hearts.' She gave him one of those fascinating smiles with which she can charm, and at the same time disguise her real feelings.

Walsingham hummed an opera air. Sir Harry addressed himself to me.—‘May I hope, if you are not particularly engaged an hour hence, madam, to have the honour of an audience in your ladyship’s dressing-room, concerning an affair on which the felicity of my life depends?’

I assured him I should be perfectly disengaged, and at his command. The time is more than arrived, and I expect him every moment.—But I hear him coming.

[In continuation.]

On sir Harry’s entrance, he hoped he did not intrude too much on my ladyship’s time, and politeness; but as I was the earliest friend of the all-charming Lester, he flattered himself my recommendation would avail much. He likewise begged to be informed of the particulars of her fortune, and who were her guardians.

‘Miss Lester’s fortune, sir Harry,’ said I, ‘is full as large as fame reports it. Miss Lester, sir, is of an age to be from under the care of a guardian; she is entirely at her own disposal. If she approves you, no one else will object; as for a recommendation from me, you will have the goodness to excuse me:—your own merit and address must be your passport, and miss Lester the best judge of your pretensions.’—He interrupted me—called himself a happy man in her being at her own disposal—did not doubt of success—had a presagement that he was to be the happy man of her choice—begged pardon for his rapture, but she would be such a prize in his estimation—wished me a good morning, and danced down stairs.

He could not have reached the

bottom when Walsingham entered, pale and agitated. He flung himself into a chair, and fixing his eyes on me—‘Pray, madam,’ said he, ‘may I ask on what subject were Champly’s communications?’

‘Certainly, my lord. Sir Harry has been soliciting my influence with miss Lester to receive him as a lover.’

‘Indeed!—and what might be your answer?’

‘That his own merit must be his recommendation, and miss Lester the only judge.’

‘Will you tell me frankly, lady Walsingham, your opinion of this proposal; and whether you think Champly is likely to succeed?’

‘Your lordship,’ I replied, ‘is entitled to my opinion on every thing with respect to which you condescend to ask it. Miss Lester, I am persuaded, before she quitted England, would have rejected such an offer. What she may do now, it is impossible for me to say. Sir Harry is a gay man—is reckoned a fine gentleman by many ladies. He is very rich—has a large estate, which I am told is perfectly unencumbered; and miss Lester—’

‘Stop, madam; you have said enough to convince me that you are a friend to this preposterous match.—Sir Harry rich!—but is miss Lester poor?—He has a clear estate; but I tell you, madam, that he is a fool, an errant fool—a conceited coxcomb.’

I sat stupefied while he paced the room; his face glowing.—Again he spoke,—‘And so because a silly devil is possessed of a clear estate he is entitled to an angel!—But, Lady Walsingham, there are men of as large estates as Champly’s, and quite as unencumbered,—men who would know

how to esteem such an invaluable woman, though she is altered since her quitting England. Who would not give up every other consideration to call such an angel theirs, with all her foreign imperfections on her head? When I enumerate all the perfections of this glorious creature I no longer wonder at the envy of her sex. But in one thing I am peremptory—miss Lester, while she honours this house by her presence, must, and shall, be treated in a manner becoming the family of an English peer.

A sensation of anger arose in my bosom, and tinged my cheeks. It was but momentary—I rose and threw myself at his feet. I assured him that it was my wish and intention to behave to miss Lester with the same politeness as was due to all our other guests: but I conjured him not to let his solicitude for the visitor exclude all regard for the wife.

He raised me, and seating me in an arm chair, told me to take care of my health, and coldly saluting me, retired.

How much must Helen have prejudiced Walsingham's mind; or how much must you and all my friends have flattered me! You none of you ever told me I was inhospitable, resentful, or envious; and now, alas! all these charges are brought against me at once, and make me completely wretched.

I always looked on a coquetish behaviour with contempt; but a woman who indulges herself in coqueting with a married man, seems to demand a double portion of every modest person's scorn.—Surely the surpassing beauty of Helen Lester's noble form will captivate a sufficient number of disengaged young men to gratify

the most boundless ambition. At least I am sure it would be so, if the delicacy of her manners kept pace with the elegance of her person.

To what a dreadful situation has this wild ambition for admiration reduced me! She found me happy; I received her under my roof with transport; I studied to promote her pleasures; and she, in return, has stolen my husband's affections. Ah, madam! who is inhospitable?

Advise me, comfort me, and oh, my mother, pray for me.—Hark!—Surely some pitying angel, in commiseration of my bursting heart, breathes that strain—that melting strain of celestial harmony! From whence can it proceed? The family are all in the park—no one but myself is in the house, except the servants.

I dropt my pen, and sat motionless till the last sound ceased to reverberate:—surely it was more than mortal music,—from whence could it proceed? But I shall weary you and myself with endless conjectures. I will be thankful; I will hail it as a messenger from Heaven, for it has soothed my agitated spirits; it has diffused a calm serenity over my troubled mind, and enables me to subscribe myself, with more composure than I expected,

Your ever affectionate,

CAROLINE WALSHINGHAM.

[To be continued.]

OBSERVATIONS on the PERSONS and DRESS of the ENGLISH.

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

[Continued from p. 459.]

TRAVELLERS have often remarked that an Englishman's

fire-side is the most amiable point of view in which you can possibly see him; and that family connections are preserved with the utmost tenderness and exalted simplicity. This is said to originate in the females of the family, whose domestic dispositions and cheerful arrangements diffuse gladness.

Matrimony is considered in England with old-fashioned notions. Here people pledge their hearts with their hands. Their marriages are often romantic, seldom founded on the mere principles of convenience; for parents do not constrain the wishes of their children, or seek, by authority, to divert their choice. Still elopements, unequal matches, or such as separate the parties for ever from their parents, continually occur. These mischievous freaks of love may, I fear, be attributed to the rage for novel-reading, so fashionable with their young females, and so baneful in tendency that the inflamed fancy mocks all dangers, disregards all sacrifices, and, with romantic heroism, bounds over every obstacle to obtain the object of visionary passion.

In novels love is poetically described as capable of removing all differences in rank or fortune; and some of the most distinguished families in the kingdom are remarkable for having had daughters who have played the heroine of a favourite novel on the theatre of life.

The infidelity of husbands is less reprehended in England than that of their wives; and the punishment inflicted on the latter for a single transgression is pursued with excessive severity; not by the law, but by the public.

A married woman who has been detected in an act of infidelity, sinks at once into everlasting contempt. No repentance, no atonement, not even time, can remove the fatal stain: her company is considered contagious. Such a criminal, therefore, must either retire to some distant part of the kingdom, or leave her native land for ever; and although the English have been charged with a disregard to their conjugal vows, it is certain such infidelities are less frequent, though, perhaps, more public when they happen than on the continent; and so rigid is the public opinion in England, that Kotzebue's play of 'The Stranger,' though otherwise admired, is almost forbidden on account of its immoral tendency.

Jealousy is a weakness little known in England; and that which marks the character of other nations is severely satirized here. Wives in no country enjoy greater liberty; and mutual happiness is preserved by a mutual attention, free from ridiculous rhapsody, and a friendship originating in the heart. Indeed, I feel that I may, without exaggeration, assert, that an accomplished English family affords a more chaste picture of content and happiness than any other objects in existence.

Envy, which appears to disunite men in other countries, is a vice rare in England. Here the merit of the man is more regarded than his rank. Patents of nobility give no personal merit to the possessor, and a very leading character in the House of Commons is a brewer, who lives in habits of intimacy with men of rank, talents, and fortune. Yet travellers,

who are only guided by appearances, might easily be led to believe that the nobility of England were slaves to their rank. An ostentatious display of the coronet not only glares on their furniture, plate, and carriages, but even the buttons on their servants liveries wear this symbol of greatness. On the decease of a nobleman all his houses display large escutcheons of his armorial bearings, in a deep black cloth frame, in the front of the building. At the universities all the young nobility are distinguished from the commoners by a gold tassel pendent from their caps. At the rooms at Bath a most tedious and scrupulous attention is paid to rank. All which marks of privilege, in some degree, sanction the severity of French satire on the subject. But when we see the nobles mix freely with other classes of society; that high birth, unsupported by personal merit, is universally despised; that their domestic circles are patterns of all that is amiable; and, finally, when we reflect, that those offensive exterior forms originated in remote ages, and like other ancient customs are rigidly observed, we shall feel disposed to reprobate this ill-founded prejudice.

Many of the English nobility have rendered eminent services to their country; the flourishing state of agriculture, the inland trade, national industry, are chiefly attributable to their exertions; and the names of the dukes of Bridgewater, of Portland, marquis of Lansdown, marquis Cornwallis, and others, would do honour to any country, on the solid basis of individual and innate worth.

In the present age the nobility have also derived an increase of consequence and splendor, by the elevation of characters whose merits are too well remembered to need a record here. The single name of NELSON is ample testimony of this truth.

Every noble family has a place of residence at the west end of the town, but much of their time is passed on their estates in the country. I have before noticed that their town-houses are simple in their exterior. Palaces, perhaps, might excite jealousy in the bosoms of citizens, and interrupt the harmony of mixed society. They therefore live like citizens in town, like princes in the country.

English females of high birth add to the most enchanting graces of an accomplished mind, a pure simplicity of manners which exalts nobility. They are exemplary mothers, warm in the welfare of their country, unassuming in acts of boundless charity.

In their morning rambles they condescendingly visit the humblest cottages for miles round their seats, fearlessly encountering the hideous aspect of misery, and benevolently solicitous to administer relief.

By this description I only mean to draw the interesting outlines of those amiable females who mingle with the noisy groups of the metropolis in obedience to fashion, but indulge the milder feelings of their hearts in sweet retirement; for there are ladies in London insensible to every beauty of nature; who cannot live out of a crowd, and are unable to fill up the vacancy in their minds without the aid of card-tables and public places.

OBSERVATIONS on the ACTORS
on the ENGLISH STAGE, par-
ticularly Mr. KEMBLE, and
Mr. COOKE.

[From the same.]

ENGLISH actors aim little at generality in their characters; they seek to establish their reputation in a limited way, without ever taking the trouble to attempt surmounting any difficulties in the wide field of their theatrical career. Even the most eminent among them, Kemble and Cooke, merely appear to have aspired to one point, without stimulating their ambition to a superior object. It certainly is very commendable that an actor should display modesty in giving range to his attempts; but it cannot, at the same time, be denied that scarcely any department in the art can be so limited as not to require the perfection of opposite talents, which nature herself but seldom distributes to her favourites in equal measure. This is, perhaps, never so generally the case in any art as in that of acting. An actor, although his principal forte lies in tragedy, will not, however, totally neglect the comic muse; since he must understand the different ways of expressing the human affections. This does not seem to be sufficiently attended to by English performers of the first eminence. They certainly rise to an extraordinary height in such parts as they are peculiarly adapted to fill; but they generally sink as low in other instances wherein they ought to have subdued an adverse nature. I have particularly observed this at three different representations

of 'Richard the Third,' a favourite play with the English, at Covent Garden, the Little Theatre in the Hay-Market, and on the Dublin Stage. Cooke performed the part, which is unanimously considered his *chef d'œuvre*; he even surpasses Kemble. It may be said that this actor has entirely adopted the individuality of Richard the Third, and that he delineates that horrid character with a depth of skill which cannot be surpassed in those scenes where Richard is undisguised; but he seldom represented him faithfully, and sometimes failed where the crook-backed tyrant assumes the mask of dissimulation. This happened particularly in the second scene of the first act, where Richard, by means of sweet flattery, wins the love of Lady Anne. This is the greatest triumph of Richard's dissimulation, which he himself conceives so astonishing that he exults in his unlooked-for success at the end of the scene. Shakspeare has in this excellent speech furnished Richard with the most eloquent expressions of a glowing romantic love. Richard being deformed, and stained by the blackest crimes, the passion which he delineated in his looks, and every word that he pronounces, must render him amiable in the eyes of Lady Anne. His dissimulation should therefore wear the garb of truth, if the scene, by its improbability, is not intended to offend the spectators. In this Cooke did not by any means reach his part; his voice and gesticulation denoted a palpable hypocrite, whom the most common observer must discover, and against whom every feeling, not totally blunted, must revolt. There was, therefore, a striking contradiction between the

tone of the actor, and the words of the poet. Instead of courting all the aid of melody to grace his endeavours, Cooke had only one tone, and one mien—the slowly-drawn tone of a hypocrite, and the mien of dissimulation; both contrary to the spirit of the part. But how, it may be asked, could so great a performer thus glaringly violate the truth of acting? This can only be explained in the following manner:—Cooke has expanded his astonishingly happy talent of representing the savage and ferocious sides of human nature with a kind of partiality which makes him appear unnatural where he is obliged to become a more gentle human being.

This want of harmony renders it difficult for an actor to represent a character with purity; the difficulty, however, decreases in proportion as the character is drawn feebly. But if a great poet has bestowed on a character the individuality of animated nature, the actor can only be enabled to form a just conception of the character by forgetting his own. An actor will easily succeed in the solution of this problem, which is of all others the most difficult, if his own genius be versatile and harmonious. But if any particular quality has gained an ascendant in his fancy this will involuntarily divert him from nature; and he probably will fail altogether. Even the most eminent of English performers are frequently betrayed into these errors. Garrick strained every effort to counteract this kind of partiality in his pupils; and his great example, perhaps, contributed the most. In tragedy Mrs. Siddons might succeed him, but the elevated genius of this great

actress does not seem to serve as a conductor to English performers.

Another restraint from which English performers cannot free themselves is their being too much governed by the public, if I may so express myself. It must be allowed that Kemble and Cooke also here possess great merits; but it is at times observable that they dare not wholly follow the bent of their own genius, and that for moments they abjure truth and nature, in order to produce an effect which the prevailing taste of the public expects. English actors of the second and third class evidently study the character of their part merely with a view to theatrical effect; on which account very few of them do justice to the poet. It must, however, be admitted, that they evince a more pure and free enthusiasm in tragedy than in comedy: in the latter they sink much beneath the standard prescribed by the poet; but in tragedy the reverse is the case. The stranger who first sees a comedy acted on the English stage cannot but conceive a very mean opinion of the histrionic accomplishments of English actors; and he will therefore feel an extraordinary surprise on the representation of one of Shakspeare's plays. In comedy the English actors frequently take the liberty to parody the characters; but in tragedy they show more respect for the author.

Hence, perhaps, it arises that English actors less seldom fail in sustaining a tragic than a comic character. To sustain a character requires chiefly steady, uninterrupted, and poetical inspiration, on the part of the actor; if this becomes exhausted, his

acting must lose the colour of truth. But it is at the same time necessary that the actor should know how to govern himself, and that he tune himself to the fundamental tone of the character. He must likewise, if I may so express myself, enter into the temperature of the character; but this requires a thorough study of the part, and refined observation. In this eminent actors shine with the greatest advantage: for performers of mediocrity may surpass expectation in delineating single scenes and particular features; but to sustain a character throughout with harmonious uniformity can only be done by an actor who combines genius with study.

The liberties which the English performers take in comedy, with the sanction of the public, completely destroy all harmony of representation. Some comic characters, however, are delineated with great truth and nature by Suett and Fawcett; and in tragedy Kemble and Cooke distinguish themselves highly in this respect. The colouring of individual life which the poet breathes into a character does not appear so strong in the representations of Kemble, although he understands better how to produce picturesque beauties than Cooke. It has also appeared to me that Cooke displays in his acting a higher degree of poetical steadiness than Kemble, who, perhaps, at times fails in sustaining the character; Kemble, as has been previously remarked, sometimes yields to the natural impediments of his feeble organs, and fails in the fundamental tone of the character; but he, on the other hand, displays, comparatively, a much superior degree of delicacy through-

out his acting than Cooke; and he succeeds in expressing numerous tender traits in characters with a delicacy and grace which Cooke can never attain. I am ready to allow that in making these and previous observations on these two distinguished performers, it ought to be considered that both have superior merit: but who can refrain from wishing that what is truly excellent might attain perfection?

If we compare the London theatres with the German and French the following will be the result: With respect to perfection in the art, a much greater disproportion exists between tragedy and comedy on the English than on the German and French stages. The French maintain the first rank in comedy; they are followed, although at some distance, by the Germans; and the English are still farther behind. But in tragedy the English, even at this period, when their stage is on the decline, maintain a proud pre-eminence. Mrs. Siddons stands on a summit that cannot be reached; and no French tragic performer can be compared to Kemble and Cooke. Among the Germans Issland alone may pretend to equal rank; and, indeed, he surpasses them in versatility of powers. Owing to the combined excellence of Mrs. Siddons and her brother Kemble, Macbeth, and some other tragedies are performed in a style no German or French theatre can aspire to rival. In tragedy the English display greater regularity and dignity than the Germans, and they are much more unrestrained by conventional forms than the French. But the Germans and French display a much more cordial and

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



London Fashionable Walking & Afternoon Dresses.

warm enthusiasm in behalf of the art than the English. It cannot be denied that progress is discoverable among the Germans, a stagnation with the French, and a decline with the English, which seems to threaten the total destruction of the scenic art, unless the present system of insipidity is superseded by more rational amusements.

I shall conclude these general observations with a few remarks on Mr. Kemble and Mr. Cooke.

Kemble is the favourite, nay, the idol of the public at London; few, very few, venture to proclaim his partial inferiority to Cooke: such an assertion would be even hazardous in the company of the Ladies, who, upon all occasions, espouse the cause of Kemble with warmth. Kemble has a very graceful manly figure, is perfectly well made, and his naturally commanding stature appears extremely dignified in every picturesque position, which he studies most assiduously. His face is one of the noblest I ever saw on any stage, being a fine oval, exhibiting a handsome Roman nose, a well-formed and closed mouth: his fiery and somewhat romantic eyes retreat, as it were, and are shadowed by bushy eyebrows: his front is open and little vaulted; his chin prominent and rather pointed; and his features so softly interwoven that no deeply-marked line is perceptible. His physiognomy, indeed, commands at first sight; since it denotes, in the most expressive manner, a man of refined sentiment, enlightened mind, and correct judgment. Without the romantic look in his eyes the face of Kemble would be that of a well-bred, cold, and selfish man

of the world; but this look, from which an ardent fancy emanates, softens the point of the chin, and the closeness of the mouth. His voice is pleasing, but feeble, of small compass, but extreme depth. This is, as has been previously observed, the greatest natural impediment with which he, to whom nature has been thus bountiful, has still to contend.

Cooke does not possess the elegant figure of Kemble; but his countenance beams with great expression. The most prominent features in the physiognomy of Cooke are a long and somewhat hooked nose, a pair of fiery and expressive eyes, a lofty and somewhat broad front, and the lines of his muscles which move the lips are pointedly marked. His countenance is certainly not so dignified as that of Kemble, but it discovers greater passion; and few actors are, perhaps, capable of delineating in more glowing colours the storm of a violent passion than Cooke. His voice is powerful, and of great compass, a pre-eminence which he possesses over Kemble, of which he skillfully avails himself. His exterior movements are by far inferior in the picturesque to those of Kemble.

FASHIONABLE WALKING AND AFTERNOON DRESS.

[*With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.*]

1. A short round dress, the body made as a frock, with long sleeves; the bottom worked or scalloped. An autumnal brown wrap-cloak, with sleeves made of rich twilled sarcenet, without lining: a pilgrim

hat of the same, edged with narrow white fur. Shoes or half-boots, and gloves.

2. A long train-dress of soft spotted India muslin, the back made full, and tied with bows of white riband: the front and sleeves richly worked to correspond, and trimmed with a very fine Vandyke lace. The hair dressed in bands round the head, and fastened with small gilt combs: a long crimson silk scarf fringed at the ends. Kid shoes and gloves.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

THE shawls which were worn on the hand, or on the arms, are now extended over the shoulders. Some small coloured *fichus* have again made their appearance: they are in general blue with spots: linen dresses of an amaranthine ground are again in vogue, but the spots are smaller.

Green is a colour much in request. There are many *capotes* of plain green taffeta; and some likewise of white taffeta with a small green *comete*, sometimes accompanied with a *torsade*.

The new hats are of white straw, trimmed with white ribands, and with white *folettes* for full dress; coloured ribands and suitable *folettes*, for half-dress, and Scotch ribands for undress.

Many ladies in full-dress wear a veil, which they raise in front, and suffer to fall down equally on each side.

The ladies have had, till within a very short time, with the exception of a few taffeta robes, chiefly worn only white muslin. They now begin to assume striped muslin robes of different colours;

more particularly rose-coloured and white, blue and white, lazule and white, and hazel and white.

Feathers are still seen, and straw-coloured hats with ribands are also worn: but green *capotes*, and white *cometes*; or blue *barbeau*, and *cometes* of a light yellow or deep gold colour, are most fashionable.

Many small cap-like bonnets are made: some of them with ribands of two colours; and others with riband and lace, having either a wreath of roses in front, or two branches of flowers, one inclined towards the front, and the other falling or dropping behind.

The caps for full-dress have two large feathers, or several small ones; but the most fashionable are those with two large feathers falling down on the cheek.

The hats are mostly tied under the chin with a small *ficher*; or, rather, with a little *barbe*, which forms a point, and is ornamented with lace.

The ornamental *roches* of gauze are made so as to be adapted to different robes.

Not long since fashion proscribed great-coats even in the morning; at present, when undress has obtained the ascendancy, they are worn even in the evening. It is true they are modern-fashioned great coats, so singularly made that they seem to combine every kind of dress; and when thus habited, a young man, in the eyes of many an observer, may seem only to wear a decent and ample habit like that of his father's; while to his mistress he shall appear to be in a most amiable and gallant undress.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE*.

SIR,

AS the compositions inserted in a magazine are chiefly the first productions of youthful genius, we seldom look for unblemished excellence; but we, at least, expect something which shall not fall too far beneath mediocrity.

The attentions, Sir, which I have received from you have been numerous and gratifying, I therefore hope that you will not think the following observations, because severe, are *ungrateful*: for I assure you it is my *sincere* regard for the reputation of your *long-established* and *respectable* magazine which induces me to make them; and as I would scorn to condemn a man without giving him an opportunity of defending himself, I beg you will insert this communication in your next number.

The objects of my criticism, though they scarcely deserve the trouble, are those motley and ridiculous effusions intitled '*Walks*,' by Messrs. John Webb, J. M. L. S. Y. &c. But before I proceed I must observe that it is not out of disrespect to these gentlemen that I assume the disagreeable office, as I think their other compositions *do them credit*; neither, Sir, can *you* be offended, as I do not attach any blame to you for their insertion, for I am conscious it arises from the condescension

and politeness which have ever characterised you as the conductor of the *Lady's Magazine*. I do it because I am sorry to see *ingenuity perverted*, and without further preface, or taking each piece in regular order, I shall proceed.

Who, then, can with patience, or even without strong disgust, read such stuff as the following?

In Mr. J. M. L.'s night-walk for July, amongst other equally *interesting* matter, he informs us that he remained gazing at the black clouds till he was caught in a heavy shower of rain (which by the bye was a very silly trick, Mr. J. M. L. indeed); he next informs us that he got 'completely soaked through,' which was certainly very probable after he had been walking in a heavy shower of rain; and he concludes by saying that for fear of 'taking cold,' he drank 'a *small* glass of brandy,' and changed every article of his dress!!! a very natural, and very wise precaution upon my word; but what, in the name of common sense, has the public to do with this? Or how can they be interested by the relation of such a trite and everyday occurrence? I shall not take up the time of your readers by any more extracts from this writer of walks, but shall conclude by advising him, as a friend, to employ the ingenuity, which he certainly possesses, in a manner more likely to add to his reputation.

In your number for August, by some extraordinary means, a piece has obtained insertion, called '*The Stroller*,' by D. Y.' the nonsense of which is only exceeded by its extreme vulgarity. I would recommend this gentleman, if he intends to favour you with his further communications, to leave out

* Impartiality to our correspondents has induced us to insert this letter, though the *strictures* contained in it certainly appear to be somewhat too *strict*; especially with respect to such ingenious writers as Mr. J. Webb, and J. M. L.

such wretched stuff as he will find by referring to the thirty-seventh line of that most wretched piece; it is such language as could only be tolerated in a company of Billingsgate fish-wives.

In your last number Mr. S. Y. gives us 'a morning-walk in Autumn,' in which, after some pretty talk about the rising sun, and flocks of sheep, a clear morning, the trunk of an old tree, the appearance of 'a beautiful female rustic,' and other *original descriptive language*, he tells us he 'rather impertinently' bid her 'good morning;' astonishing! and that he asked her where she was going; when she informed him that she was going a nutting, and at his request allowed him to accompany her (amiable condescension! Beautiful description! Happy, happy fellow!). He then gives us something about Venus and Adonis, and Idalian groves; and at length he tells us he was going to steal—a kiss; (Oh fie! Mr. S. Y.—Shocking, shocking!) but he eases our feelings by informing us in an apostrophe, beautifully tender, that the thought of his * * * * * prevented him—(thrice happy maid, to possess so constant a lover!—He is absolutely a modern Joseph!) But enough of such trifling; I sincerely hope he will see his error, and improve.

The 'Solitary Walks' of Mr. J. Webb are little superior, and I would advise him to commit them to a solitary corner of his port-folio, till he can clothe them in more spirited diction.

It is the quotations alone which (being sometimes made from our best authors) render these things tolerable.

I cannot conclude without ob-

serving that the 'Harvest Evening of W. H. and the love-correspondence of S. Y. and Mr. John Webb, must be equally uninteresting to your fair readers: for when common-place incidents are introduced they should certainly be related in elegant and forcible language to make them at all agreeable.

And now, Sir, after all this censure, I must proceed to praise.

That part of the work which falls immediately under your own department, namely the selections from new and scarce books, has, I assure you, given me the greatest pleasure: it does equal honour to your taste and judgment, and I wish sincerely to see it extended. With many of the original pieces I have also been much gratified.

I cannot ensure the insertion of this letter; but I hope the gentlemen mentioned in it will view my motives in their proper light, and as they cannot then be offended, and as they have also the liberty of justifying themselves, I shall expect to see it in your number for the present month.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient and
obliged Servant,

Oct. 6, 1807.

W. M. T.

P. S. These observations are not only my own opinions, but are written at the desire of several of your fair subscribers.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

HEREWITH I send, for your consideration, and insertion (if you think proper),

Another Misery of Human Life.

PORING, late at night, over
that luminous production yclept

the 'Property Tax Act,' (octavo edition) printed by his majesty's law-printers, on a type that has been in wear at least half a century, or to use a typo-technical term, 'on ball-nails,' with candles before you manufactured principally of that delicious ingredient kitchen-stuff; which, as you hold the book up to them for information, vent their saline particles at your eyes, regaling; at the same instant, your olfactory nerves by their odoriferous effluvia; the servant, too, having neglected to place the snuffers on the table:—

Mr. Testy. Of whom were these *infernal mutton-lights* bought?

Mrs. Testy. Of our neighbour EUSEBIUS S—, * my dear!

Testy Junior. Ha! ha! ha! *You-see-by-us!* That would make a *devilish* good motto for the *Worshipful Company of Tallow-chandlers*; but neighbour *Eusebius* can never expect to set up for a *shining* member of that Community, while he furnishes so *dull* an article of sale.

Sept. 22d. 1807.

SQUIB SECUNDUS.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE following narrative is supposed to be written by a husband who had unfortunately made a too precipitate choice, and was afterwards too timid and indulgent to be able to stem the torrent of destruction, into which the follies of a thoughtless votary of fashion had necessarily involved him. Your insertion of it in your agreeable Miscellany will much oblige an

OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.

* The name of an eminent tallow-chandler well known in Westminster.

THE FATAL CONSEQUENCES OF DISSIPATED HABITS.

I AM the youngest son of an earl, and was intended for the army, but the will of a partial grandmother made me independent, by bequeathing to me an estate, which, with the accumulated interest of ten years minority, put me in possession, at the age of twenty-one, of an income of two thousand pounds per annum. My father died in my infancy, and left me to the care of an indulgent mother who could not support the idea of my entering into the army. She had lost one brother and a nephew in the American war, and she was determined that the life of her only son should not be endangered by a profession which had proved so fatal to her family. You are not to imagine, however, that the countess was one of those weak mothers who indulge their parental fondness in spoiling their children by a neglect of their education. She submitted to the direction of a respectable uncle so important a charge, and I passed my first years at Eton school, from whence I removed to Oxford, where I remained till it was judged proper that I should make the grand tour. At the expiration of the third year of my travels I returned to England, to celebrate my one-and-twentieth birth-day, and to take possession of my little fortune.

My mother received me with rapture; but I was grieved to observe that sickness, during my absence, had impaired her constitution, which, being naturally delicate, had yielded to a gradual decay that threatened approaching dissolution.

The countess was sensible of her situation, and, tenderly interested in my happiness, pressed me to allow her to recommend me a wife, and to bless her eyes with a sight of our union before they closed for ever.

I tenderly loved my mother, and was truly conscious of all the duty which I owed her; but I had a heart formed for the sensibility of mutual affection, in that state, which I well knew decided our worldly misery or felicity; and therefore could not consent to sacrifice my opinion in a point so important, even in obedience to the wishes of a beloved and dying parent. The young lady whom her choice pointed out was elegant in person, accomplished in mind, and affluent in fortune; but my heart could not feel that sympathy so necessary to form an indissoluble union. Matilda was prepared to receive my addresses, but I revolted at the idea of premeditated love: sentiments of indifference were all which I could feel for her; and I scorned to obtain the wealth of an heiress with the pretended offer of an untouched heart.

I confessed to my mother the impossibility of complying with her kind wishes, without sacrificing my future happiness; adding, that the woman who could yield her affections by anticipation to a man she had never seen, wounded her own delicacy, and descending from the dignity of her sex, became to me an object of disgust. My mother confessed that she herself had acted wrong in proposing an alliance before apparent chance had introduced us to each other; and kindly assured me that she would press no further a union so discordant to my

inclinations. I impressed upon her hand a kiss of grateful acknowledgment; and this beloved parent named no more her favourite Matilda.

The rapid advance of death soon claimed my hourly attention to the couch of her repose. She saw the affliction which penetrated my bosom, and endeavoured to reconcile me to her inevitable fate. Three months after my return to England I had the misfortune to lose this excellent mother, who blessed me in her expiring moments, and conjured Heaven to mark my days with happiness!—Vain, alas! were her pious prayers—in her tomb was buried all my earthly felicity. My eldest brother was the offspring of a first marriage; it is the less then to be wondered at that he thought little attention due to the countess. He constantly resided in Ireland, with his lady, whom he had married for alliance, and with whom he had been uniformly miserable for some years! She was of a temper haughty and imperious;—her pursuits were those of vanity;—public amusements estranged her from domestic scenes;—and this fashionable pair seldom met but in the circle of amusement, where they were too polite to converse with each other. The endearing claims of paternal love had never awakened their sensibility, as their union was not cemented by the birth of children: their name and title seemed to be the only ties that subsisted between them. Though the earl had never appeared to consider me in the light of a brother, he condescended, in his condolence on my mother's death, to invite me to pay him a visit in Dublin. My spirits really required change of scene: I therefore accepted the

proposal as soon as the funeral ceremonies were performed, and landed in Ireland in the month of October.

I found the earl and countess were at a country seat twenty miles from the capital, whither I immediately followed them, and was received with great civility. The house was full of company, and what the world calls pleasure seemed to occupy the time and ideas of the select circle that composed the gay society.

From this fatal era I date all my future miseries. Here, with my freedom, I lost that indifference which all the brilliancy of foreign charms had never materially touched. An Irish baron, whose real title I must disguise under the fictitious one of lord Aimwell, with his lady, were of this gay party. His lordship was formed to shine in courts by his fine address, and to figure in assemblies at tables of the highest play. Her ladyship's private hours were evidently spent in repairing the ravages of that barbarian, Time; and in arresting, by all the powers of art, those lingering charms which, during the course of half a century, had bloomed, attracted unrivalled admiration, withered, and now, on their decline, were verging fast toward oblivion.

Had lady Aimwell not been unreasonable in her demands on youth and beauty, of which she had possessed so eminent a share, she might have taken pleasure in seeing all her own personal perfections transferred to her lovely daughter; but, on the contrary, envy supplied in her breast that place which should have been occupied by the delightful emotions of maternal love.

Aurelia was just eighteen, though lady Aimwell only acknowledged her to be in her fifteenth year. A fairer exterior never graced the female form. Symmetry and dignity distinguished her figure, and the most angelic features were animated by sensibility and native innocence. After this description need I confess that I commenced the character of lover?—To see was to love, to love was to adore her! I was at first struck with her beauty, but compassion interested my affections.—As lady Aimwell did not relish the rival powers of her daughter she was not allowed the privilege of remaining in our society beyond the limits of those stated hours which called us to the successive meals:—She always disappeared when the ladies assembled in the drawing-room.

When the company sat down to cards, which they did immediately after breakfast, I usually strolled out into the gardens, where I failed not to join the lovely Aurelia, whose duenna constantly struck down some other walk, and left me at liberty to entertain her young charge with a language more pleasing than that of an Italian grammar which she held in her hand. To shorten my narrative, I offered, and the blushing Aurelia accepted, my proffered vows. Lord and lady Aimwell were propitious to my wishes, the earl and countess approved, and, in a few weeks, I attended my bride to Dublin, where her mother insisted on my taking a house for the winter. It would have been more pleasing to me to have accompanied her to England, but I found the countess opposed my intention strongly, and I reluctantly yielded to

the earnest entreaties of my wife, that I would not tear her from her native country till that period.

On our removal to Dublin I was obliged to submit to enter into the routine of public life, and to see my wife initiated into every scene of dissipation. In vain I remonstrated—Aurelia was deaf to reason, and awake only to pleasure. Like a bird released from the captivity of a cage, no sooner did she emerge from her nursery, than she broke at once through all restraint, and discovered, too soon for my happiness, and too late for my redress, that I had, by my hasty choice, precipitated myself into an abyss of misery and repentance.—I found Aurelia totally uniformed in mind, and ignorant of any accomplishments but of those exterior ones which serve only to decorate beauty, and to delude the senses. Neglected by her vain mother, who, indeed, was herself incapable of improving the talent committed to her care, she had been resigned to the tuition of a governess, who taught her no science but that of worldly pleasure; and Aurelia, rendered thus perfect in its theory, only wanted the opportunity to practise the easy lessons which she had imbibed. She vied with her mother and the countess in every appendage of fashion, and followed the extravagant example which they daily exhibited, uncontrolled by the least idea of economy. The countess and lady Aimwell had gained a total ascendancy over this young and weak mind, which, from the errors of education, was devoid of that rectitude of sentiment which ought to be early implanted in the heart. I sighed in silent regret as I viewed this beautiful

child of folly, whom I could have no chance of retrieving from delusion, till I could remove her from so fatal a situation, ere the noxious weeds of vice should have taken root in her mind. Finding it in vain to contend, I looked forward to the approaching summer as the period when all my remaining hopes of happiness were to be renewed.

The countess had undertaken to bespeak our equipage, and I soon found myself in the possession of a fine coach and chariot, which were to be exhibited on our public appearance at Dublin.

A most elegant chair, likewise, was prepared for my wife, whose dress, upon her introduction at the Castle was brilliant, as the anniversary of the queen's birthday gave her the agreeable privilege of laying aside the mourning which she could not avoid wearing for my mother. The jewels of the late countess having become, at her death, the property of my brother, I resigned them into his hands, who had them immediately new set for his lady; she at the same time extorted from me an order to the jeweller to make some ear-rings, a necklace, and pins for her new sister, as she declared no woman of quality could dispense with such ornaments on her first appearance. Thus was I loaded with expenses which ill suited my finances, as I had no command of ready money, and had actually received no fortune with miss Aimwell, but had depended on a verbal promise from her father of some thousands at his death. The delirium of love for the first four months of our marriage had obscured my reason, and deluded my senses; but when my eyes were open to my situa-

tion, I felt all its sorrows in full force. I endeavoured to make some impression on the mind of Aurelia, by representing my fortune as inadequate to the style of life in which we were engaged, and by entreating her to wean herself from that propensity to extravagance which would involve us in difficulties. She replied, scornfully, that she should never descend from the dignity of her birth, to limit the expenses to which her rank entitled her. It would be useless as well as tedious to enumerate the follies of my wife, and the debts which her unlimited profuseness heaped upon me. Our doors were thrown open to a polite and brilliant mob, many of whom bore the exterior titles of distinction, while the conduct of their lives disclaimed all pretensions to those true sentiments of honour which adorn nobility, and exalt mediocrity to an equality with the highest rank. Faro, and its hideous train, had free access to every assembly; my incorrigible wife became one of its devoted victims, and I found it impossible to stand against the torrent of expense which began to overwhelm me.

I very unwillingly determined to disclose to the earl the danger of my situation, and the derangement my circumstances were now involved in by my present expensive mode of life. He coldly replied, that I had been to blame to enter into it, as my fortune was inadequate; and he recommended me to return to England, and to sell a sufficient part of my estate to defray my expenses in Ireland. I followed his advice, made immediate preparations to quit a country where all my hopes of happiness had been fatally blasted,

and informed Aurelia that it was absolutely necessary to visit my native land. She was thunderstruck at the determined tone in which I addressed her, and deigned not to answer me; but flew to her mother and the countess to implore all their influence to change my purpose; but they no sooner were informed by my brother of the state of my affairs than they united in his wishes for our quitting a spot where they had contributed to reduce me to difficulties from which they had no intention to extricate me. Thus obliged to submit to necessity, the fair and fatal cause of my misfortunes reluctantly consented to accompany me to England, where, on a review of my debts, I found they amounted to ten thousand pounds. This reduced my estate to fifteen hundred a-year, upon which I could have lived in the country with contented economy, had the partner of my fate been of a disposition similar to my own; but, alas! she was incapable of receiving or imparting happiness in the scenes of private life. After having presented me with a son, the retirement of our situation threw her spirits into a state of such constant regret for past pleasures, that a rapid decline threatened to shorten the date of her dull existence. Though her conduct little merited my affection, I could not but regard her with the eyes of tender pity, still anxious to withdraw her from the path of error, and to reclaim her from the fatal prejudice of education. I accompanied her to Bristol, where she soon began (with the united assistance of the waters, her youth, and natural constitution) to recover the lost bloom of health. She there un-

fortunately met with some of those gay associates with whom she had been intimate in Ireland. They tempted her to follow them for a few days to Bath. I could not resist her entreaties upon her promising, with a complacent gentleness, which she had but lately assumed, to attend me unreluctantly to our country retirement, after passing one week at Bath.—That week proved fatal! It introduced Aurelia to a society dangerous to her insatiate love of pleasure. She plunged once more into dissipation, and entered deeply into gaming.—While I was confined to my lodging with a dislocated bone, instead of paying me those attentions which I had bestowed on her at Bristol, she took the opportunity to launch out into every species of extravagance, and I found myself again involved in the debts which she not only wantonly contracted for ornamental dress, but for those immense sums she lost at play. To cut short my sad narrative, she completely ruined me; and what is more dreadful, she not only sacrificed my fortune, but her own honour and character, by a violation of every sacred tie which had bound her to a husband, whose arms she left for those of a seducer, with whom she now leads a life of infamy! while I, reduced by her excesses to take refuge from the public eye within the confines of the Marshalsea, have leisure to reflect with all the bitterness of self-reproach upon the false step I made in marriage; and the irretrievable consequences in which I have not only involved myself but an innocent infant, who must become the victim of his father's weakness, and of his mother's folly.

ANECDOTE of the late QUEEN of FRANCE.

[From *Weber's Memoirs of Marie-Antoinette.*]

THE marquis of Pontecoulant, major of life-guards, had been so unfortunate in the lifetime of Louis XV. as to incur the displeasure of the dauphiness. The cause was not a very serious one; but the princess resenting it with the hasty vivacity of youth, declared *she would never forget it.* The marquis who had not himself forgot this declaration no sooner beheld Marie-Antoinette seated on the throne, than he conceived himself likely to meet with some disgrace, and resolved to prevent it; for which purpose he directly gave in his resignation to the prince of Beauveau, captain of the guards; at the same time frankly giving him his reasons for so painful a procedure on his part, adding, that he would greatly regret being under the necessity of quitting the king's service; but if his majesty would please to employ him some other way he should be very happy. The captain of the guards perceiving the distress of the major's mind, and well acquainted with his merits, took upon himself to present his resignation to the king; but previously waiting upon the queen, he represented to her the affliction with which the marquis of Pontecoulant was overwhelmed, recounted the usefulness and number of his former services, and then concluded by asking what orders she would be pleased to give with respect to what was to be done with the resignation. The sight alone of the prince of Beauveau was sufficient to excite generosity in the

heart of another, and that of Marie-Antoinette already fostered the principle in its fullest influence.—‘The queen,’ said she, ‘remembers not the quarrels of the dauphiness, and I now request that the marquis of Pontecoulant will no longer recollect what I have blotted from my memory’.

ACCOUNT of the CARILLONS ; or,
CHIMES in HOLLAND.

[From *sir John Carr's Tour through Holland.*]

THESE carillons are played upon by means of a kind of keys communicating with the bells, as those of the piano-forte and organ do with strings and pipes, by a person called the Carillonneur, who is regularly instructed in the science, the labour of the practical part of which is very severe, he being almost always obliged to perform it in his shirt, with his collar unbuttoned, and generally forced by exertion into a profuse perspiration, some of the keys requiring a two-pound weight to depress them. After the performance the carillonneur is frequently obliged to go to bed. By pedals communicating with the great bells, he is enabled with his feet to play the bass to several sprightly, and even difficult airs, which he performs with both his hands upon the upper species of keys, which are projecting sticks wide enough to be struck with violence and celerity by either of the two hands edgewise, without the danger of hitting the adjoining keys. The player uses a thick leather covering for the little finger of each hand, to prevent the excessive pain which the violence of the stroke necessary to produce

sufficient sound, would occasion. These musicians are very dexterous, and will play pieces in three parts ; producing the first and second treble with the two hands on the upper set of keys, and the bass as before described. By this invention a whole town is entertained in every quarter of it. That spirit of industry which pervades the kingdom no doubt originally suggested this sudorific mode of amusing a large population, without making it necessary for them to quit their avocations one moment to enjoy them. They have often sounded to my ear at a distance, like the sounds of a very sweet hand-organ ; but the want of something to stop the vibration of each bell, to prevent the notes of one passage from running into another, is a desideratum which would render this sort of music still more highly delightful. Holland is the only country I have been in where the sound of bells was gratifying. The dismal tone of our own on solemn occasions, and the horrible indiscriminate clashing of the bells of the Greek church in Russia, are, at least to my ear, intolerable nuisances. I afterwards learnt that the carillons at Amsterdam have three octaves, with all the semi-tones complete on the manual, and two octaves in the pedals. Each key for the natural sound projects near a foot ; and those for the flats and sharps, which are played several inches higher, only half as much. The British army was equally surprised and gratified by hearing played upon the carillons of the principal church at Alkmaar, their favourite air of ‘God save the king’, played in a masterly manner when they entered that town.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

THE MUSE.

Inscribed to Miss A——n of L——.

'Poets may boast, as safely vain,
 Their works shall with the world remain :
 Both bound together live, or die,
 The verses and the prophecy.' *Waller.*

WITH thee, O Fancy! and thy phan-
 tom-train

I sought the rapid Mersey's sandy
 shore,

Whilst danc'd the moon-beam on the
 billowy main,

Or faintly gleam'd upon the boat-
 man's oar.

Forgot the noisy city's grov'ling throng,
 And lost thy gay fantastic dreams among,
 Their pow'r the galling woes of life be-
 guil'd,

Beneath their sway at sorrow's sting I
 smil'd,

And 'felt thy sacred flame, and gaz'd thy
 visions wild!

Whilst thus I pensive stray'd, methought
 a form

Light as the shadowy vapours of the
 dawn,

Whose eye flash'd vivid as the light'ning-
 storm,

Came bounding, nimble as the dap-
 pled fawn,

And stood before my sight; her jetty
 hair

Twinn'd graceful o'er her bosom, rising
 bare

Above her slacken'd zone; whilst loose-
 ly swings

Upon her arm a lyre, and 'cross its
 strings

Her hand now soft she sweeps, and now
 ungovern'd flings.

Bright and yet mild as gleams the rising
 sun

When o'er the misty mountain first
 he wheels,

So seem'd her form divine :—approach-
 ing soon,

Her hand across the lyre she sweetly
 steals,

And from its golden chords arose a strain,
 That wrapt in wild excess the 'wilder'd
 brain,

And seem'd with nobler ardours to in-
 spire

The glowing soul ;—but oh ! no mortal
 lyre

Can imitate the sounds ; she fled ; they
 must expire.

Yet, Memory ! thee I woo to tell the
 strain,

Tho' feebly must my harp its wan-
 d'ring trace,

But e'en its simple chords may not in
vain

Essay the sounds which nought shall
e'er efface ;

E'en I, who chant a wild and careless
song

Full oft amidst the muse's higher throng,
Inspir'd by her less dissonant may be,
For oh ! the lay she sweetly sang to me
Seem'd like the seraph-train's immortal
harmony.

And, if aright I caught the soothing
strain,

'Twas thus the spirit sang :—

' Dear youth ! when on thy mother's
breast

In infant slumbers thou didst rest,
I saw thy life's beginning fair,
E'en then began my guardian care ;
I saw young Hope of azure eye
Point to the flow'ry paths of Joy,
But e'er thou reach'd'st her fairy ground,
The fiend Misfortune on thee frown'd ;
I mark'd how later years arose
Amidst accumulated woes,
With pleasure saw thy noble pride
Pale Mis'ry's haggard train defied ;
And mark'd, with joy, thy haughty soul
Still firm beneath their harsh controul :
I saw thy youthful mind expand,
And still the spark of Genius fann'd ;
Would smile when at the gloomy hour
Of midnight thou didst woo my pow'r,
Or when amidst the lonely glen,
Far from the noisy haunts of men,
Thou stray'd'st at evening's close serene,
And gaz'd, with mildly-pensive mien,
On Nature in her rustic charms,
The wood-clad hill, the scatter'd farms,
The village spire, the mountain gray,
The peasant on his homeward way,
His children tott'ring by his side,
His distant cot, and homely bride ;
I heard thee sigh, the world forgot,
To pass *thy days* in such a cot,
With Nature, and Simplicity,
And mild Content, and Poesy !
Again I heard thy rising sigh,
As once again the town drew nigh.
For thou amidst its bustling throng
Obscure, unnotic'd pass'd along,
Or haply met weak Folly's smile,
Or the dark brow of canker'd Guile.
But still preserve thy tow'ring soul,
Press onward to the destin'd goal,

And thou, the wish'd-for meed shall
gain,

The bard's high hope—the deathless
name !

Yes, tho' as yet thy humble lay,
Its sounds scarce risen, fades away ;
Yes, tho' as yet it listless seems,
And lost to thee young Fancy's dreams,
The time shall come, nor far the date,
When thou shalt wake a lay refin'd,
Shall sing of deeds unsung before,
In strains that ne'er shall die.'

And thus she falt'ring ceas'd ; for now
drew near

A hermit-form with wrinkled cheek,
and pale

E'en as the slave of soul-subduing fear,
And his hoar beard hung loosely to
the gale :

Bent was his brow as one deep-lost in
thought,

And in his looks with anxious meaning
fraught,

Sat pictur'd discontent, and haggard woe :
He nearer drew, and then, in accents
slow,

From his pale quiv'ring lip these **sounds**
did seem to flow.

' O heed not, youth, yon syren's 'witch-
ing lay,

Fly from her tempting accents ! fly
away !

False are her sounds, her visions vain,
tho' bright,

A flitting rainbow's varied transient
light ;

She'd lead thee on to seek a deathless
name,

And snatch the wreath which binds
the brow of Fame.

But oh ! whilst pointing to her pros-
pects fair

She hides the many mis'ries lurking
there,

She points to Honour and her gorgeous
train,

But shows not disappointment, want,
and pain ;

She bids thee feel with her a bliss re-
fin'd,

The poet's glowing soul, the daring
mind,

But tells thee not the misery he knows,
His hopes dispers'd, his keener sense of
woes,

She pictures not his breast with anguish
 torn,
 The prey of sorrow, cold neglect, and
 scorn;
 She tells of humble scenes, yet still in-
 spires
 Thy soul with higher hopes, and proud
 desires;
 Oh shun her barren path, and be it thine
 To seek of wealth the ever teeming
 mine!
 With it thou'lt purchase honour, lux'ry,
 ease,
 Each charm which life amidst its power
 to please
 Can give: then shun yon syren's 'witch-
 ing lay,
 And seek of wealth the gem-bespangled
 way!
 This, this be thine! wish not the poet's
 name!
 Nor tempt the dangerous path which
 leads to fame!
 'Twas thus Experience sang: the Muse
 arose,
 Whilst flashes anger from her spark-
 ling eyes,
 And in her bosom indignation glows,
 'Fly far from hence, mean grov'ling
 wretch,' she cries;
 'Nor damp the ardours of the youthful
 mind!
 To dull oblivion be thy strain consign'd,
 And lost 'the lore that deadens young
 desire!'
 But thou, O youth! to higher hopes as-
 pire,
 Be thine the sensate breast, be thine the
 golden lyre!
 'Yes, tho' the sons of Prudence chide,
 Tho' Folly's senseless crowd deride
 Thy wild desires, and simple plea-
 sures,
 Yet to the mind which owns my sway,
 To many a kindred bosom, they
 Are dearer than the world's vain trea-
 sures.
 'They cannot feel my strains divine,
 They cannot feel the glowing line
 Where Fancy's visions rise in 'words
 that breathe';
 They dream not of the poet's joy,
 They never felt the rising sigh
 To build a deathless name, to snatch
 the fadeless wreath!

But oh be thine to feel the raptur'd song,
 Be thine the poet's soul! Be thine the
 poet's tongue!
 To virtue strung the lyre its simplest
 strain,
 Its untaught warblings are not form'd
 in vain!
 Be thine the bliss unknown to sordid
 souls,
 The wild-wove dream that round the
 minstrel rolls!
 Let deeds of high emprise thy lay in-
 spire,
 To Liberty and Truth devoted be thy
 lyre,
 And thou, O youth, shalt see again
 My visionary form! shalt see decreed
 When manhood breathes a bolder strain,
 The poet's best reward, the deathless
 meed!

She ceas'd: she fled: again I sighing
 sought
 The noisy town; but soon her sooth-
 ing tone,
 By Memory cherish'd, check'd each
 murmur'ing thought;
 It bid me sigh no more at Fortune's
 frown,
 But look to higher hopes, to joys refin'd,
 Unknown but to th' enthusiast's glow-
 ing mind;
 It bid me tow'r above the sordid crew,
 Who to the shrine of Mammon bound
 their view,
 Nor know the sacred hour, unfelt but
 by the few!

W. M. T.

STANZAS

*Addressed to a Lady who wished her
 Son had a Genius for Poetry.*

OH wish it not!

That, fraught with Poesy's bright fire,
 Thy son belov'd should sweep the lyre:
 Should form its sounds to Rapture's lay
 In frolic Fancy's measures gay,
 Or bid the piteous tale of woe
 In tender cadence sadly flow,
 Oh wish it not!

For tho' 'tis true it has the pow'r
 To chase Misfortune's heavy hour,
 Can many a bliss supreme impart
 That never warm'd the selfish heart,

Tho' oft by it the sensate mind
Is e'en to ecstasy refin'd,
Yet wish it not!

Tho' round the heart that feels its sway
The kindest passions gently play,
And prompt to shed the pitying tear,
To Mercy and to Virtue dear;
Or from the bosom draw the sigh
That's breath'd for human misery,
Yet wish it not!

Tho' Feeling and Affection warm
The breast that owns its magic charm;
Tho' it can check each sordid thought,
Each wish by Fraud or Malice taught;
Tho' it can bid us proudly tow'r
Superior to Life's little hour,
Yet wish it not!

For oh! believe me! many a woe
Corrodes the heart that feels its glow,
It bids us view life's vale of pain
In sombre colours, listless, vain;
And cherish feelings *too refin'd*,
For him who mingles with mankind,
Then wish it not!—

Reason forgot, the raptur'd soul
Follows each passion's wild controul,
With proud contempt Wealth's vot'ry
views,

And thinks superior far the muse,
Heedless of int'rest, many an hour
He loses 'midst her myrtle bow'r,
Then wish it not!

It lays him open to each wile
Of the base fiend, insidious Guile;
And when beneath Misfortune's pow'r,
He feels that wealth must claim its hour,
For Friendship then he finds a name,
Humanity an idle dream,—
They help him not.

His faults condemn'd, his pow'rs forgot,
Despair and poverty his lot;
Subdued, behold his once-proud soul
Sink 'neath despondency's controul;
Extinct his fire, his reason flown,
Wild Madness claims him for his own—
Then wish it not!

For what avails the voice of Fame,
The laurell'd bust, the deathless name,
The only meed the poet gains
For all his sorrows, all his pains!
Too late 'tis giv'n—too late our sighs
To mourn the woes he felt arise,
He hears them not!

W. M. T.

SONNET

FROM THE ITALIAN OF BENNETTO
GUIDI.

*' Scherzeva dentro all' auree chiome,
amore, &c.'*

LOVE fondly wandering thro' the golden maze

Which decks with silken tresses Julia's brow,

Trac'd every lock each waving ringlet's glow,

And, doting, linger'd there with fond delays;

Long, rapt in bliss the wanton flutt'rer stays,

And soon he found 'twere vain to wish to go,

For in each glossy curl's entwisting flow,

A chain, by Beauty wove, its bondage lays

Upon his heart, and keeps it close confin'd.—

Venus, with gifts divine, her boy's release

Seeks; but, O Venus, let thine efforts cease!

He's Julia's slave, by her his bonds are twin'd,

And should you free him from his golden chain,

With ardent flight he would return again!

W. M. T.

SONNET

INSCRIBED TO H. C.

WHERE Warfare's thunder Mercy's ear alarms,

Let the brave youth whom martial glories fire

Seek Honour's wreath, or he whose bold desire

Would strive t' unnerve Rebellion's blood-stain'd arms,

Assist his country's councils, I aspire
To gain alone, O Poesy! thy charms,

To sweep the glowing chord which can inspire,

With kindred thoughts the youth whom Genius warms,

—Careless too oft my lay hath flow'd
along,

But I may wake erewhile a higher song,
Where young-eyed fancy's vivid tints
shall shiné,

And tho' not yet I've form'd the strain
refin'd,

I have my meed if one congenial mind
Has bent with pleasure o'er my feeble
line.

W. M. T.

ON MARRIAGE.

TO A LADY PROFESSING HER DISLIKE
OF THAT STATE.

TO dear Eliza, lovely friend,
Whene'er I marriage recommend,
The nymph is still averse ;
With chilling look, and lengthen'd face,
Will show the dark side of the case,
And all its woes rehearse.

'And why, my charming fair !' I cried,
'So very loath to be a bride ?

So fearful of a mate ?

Oh ! why at marriage thus distress'd,
Why choose the barren life, unblest'd,
The cheerless, single state ?'

How sweet, in soft and silken tie,
To live, in closest sympathy,
Beloving, and belov'd !

Hail ! state to which each bliss is given !
Hail ! Marriage, emblem fair of Heaven !
Of God himself, approv'd !

How sweet, to live in love's soft bands,
In union dear of hearts and hands,
Caressing and caress'd !

Let dull Mahomedans descrie,
The tender, chaste, connubial, tie ;
The state the Saviour bless'd !

Marriage, all hail ! — supreme thy joys !
Enchanting girls ; and laughing boys :

Peace, innocence, and love :
Pleasure enduring and sincere,
Hail, sacred Marriage ! — emblem fair,
Of all we hope above !

Hail, sacred Marriage ! darling theme !
The wish of youth, the poet's dream,
In thee are realiz'd :

Hail ! virtue's parent, nurse of worth !
Hail ! man's chief paradise on earth !
Tho' oft too lightly priz'd,

With souls incapable of love,
Let fools of marriage disapprove,
But be not thou severe !

Let Belial's sons the state forego,
When lovely woman proves its foe,
Even angels drop a tear !

And few the pleasures found in thee,
Unnatural celibacy !

But numerous ills and sore ;
Then turn, sweet girl ! nor longer fear ;
My humble suit complacent hear,
Nor be a monster more.

Pentonville.

B. STEPHENSON.

SONG,

FROM PETER PINDAR'S TALE OF THE
HOY.

WHEN William first woo'd I said yes
to the swain,

And made him as bless'd as a lord ;
For, ye virgins around, in my speech to
be plain,

That *no* is a dangerous word !
The girl that will always say no, I'm
afraid,

Is doom'd by her planet to die an old
maid.

The gentlemen seem one all to agree,
That we're made of materials for
kissing—

And if so, for I really believe it, good
me !

What joys from one *no* might be
missing !

Since the girl that will always say *no*,
I'm afraid,

Is doom'd by her planet to die an old
maid.

Say *yes*, and of courtship ye finish the
toil—

Whole mountains at once ye remove ;
You brighten the eyes of the swain with
a smile,

For smiles are the sunshine of love !
Say *yes*, and the world will acquit you
of art,

Since the *tongue* will not *then* give the
lie to the *heart*.

FOREIGN NEWS.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 22.

GENERAL Benigsen is expected here.

Three days ago the treaty of peace concluded between Russia and France was notified to the diplomatic court by the minister for foreign affairs; and the day before yesterday M. Lesseps, the accredited French *Charge d'Affaires* to this court, had his audience of introduction in that capacity of his imperial majesty.

Venice, Aug. 23. On the 7th inst. the French from Dalmatia took possession of Cattaro, Castel Nuovo, and the other forts at the mouth of the Cattaro; and the Russian garrison there embarked for Corfu.

The Republic of the Seven Islands will be taken possession of by the French; for in the beginning of the present month all the vessels at Otranto and the other Neapolitan ports on the Adriatic Sea, were put in requisition to convey French troops to Corfu.—*Hamburg Correspondenten, Sept. 11.*

Rome, Aug. 22. A great number of French troops are marching from Upper Italy to the kingdom of Naples, whence it is concluded that an attack on the island of Sicily is not far distant. The court of Palermo has, in consequence, by way of precaution, already removed its treasury and other valuables to Malta.

Milan, Aug. 24. Cattaro and its territory having been given up to the French, it will be immediately organized according to the laws of the kingdom of Italy. It will also be more strongly fortified.

Bologna, Sept. 4. The French have not only entered the kingdom of Etru-

ria, but they will also occupy all the ports in the ecclesiastical states, in order to cut off all communication of the English with Italy. According to the most recent intelligence from Rome, Civita Vecchia is already occupied by French troops.

Trieste, Sept. 4. The fate of Ragusa is decided. General Marmont arrived in that city on the 14th ult. immediately assembled the members of the government, and acquainted them that the republic of Ragusa now belonged to France, and that it, as well as Dalmatia, should be henceforth united with the kingdom of Italy. This information caused great joy to all the inhabitants, and particularly the commercial part of them. General Lauriston is appointed governor of Ragusa, and of the whole of Albania.

The disagreeable intelligence has reached us that the English, who for this fortnight have left our coasts, have taken 13 vessels from Cattaro, Corfu, Zante, &c. bound for this port, and laden with oil, wine, raisins, and other commodities of the Levant. They advance, as a pretence for this violence, that since Cattaro, and the republic of the Seven Islands have been taken possession of by the French, they must treat them as hostile territories.

Milan, Sept. 5. Hopes are entertained here that we shall see the emperor and king Napoleon, in the course of this Autumn, in Italy, and preparations are already made for his reception in Venice and other places. It is said that arrangements of the utmost importance will be made, during his stay in this country.

Stralsund, Sept. 6. Yesterday gene-

ral baron Von Toll, who has the command of the Swedish troops in the island of Rugen, capitulated.

The French will take possession of the island on the 9th instant. The king of Sweden, it is understood, has left Rugen.

Besides the island of Rugen, all the Swedish islands on the German coast of the Baltic are included in the capitulation. The number of Swedish troops on the island of Rugen is estimated at 14 thousand men.

According to some accounts his Swedish majesty left Rugen for Sweden on the 5th instant.

The preparations of the French to take possession of the island of Rugen are carried on in the most active manner, they have already collected about 300 vessels.

Copenhagen, Sept. 8. Last Wednesday evening the enemy commenced a most tremendous bombardment against the West and North parts of the town. It is calculated that upon an average 2,500 shells, fire-balls, fire-rockets, and red-hot balls, were thrown into the place; many persons were wounded, and in upwards of thirty places the town was set on fire, but the conflagration got under by the exertions of the firemen. On Thursday the enemy's batteries were almost silent, but the bombardment re-commenced on Friday with the utmost fury: in the evening the timber-yard was set on fire; a small powder magazine of our battery in that place being blown up, it became necessary to abandon the battery; at the same time several places in the West and North-West parts of the town were on fire. The steeple of the church of our Lady was in a blaze, and fell down, under continued shouts and huzzas of the enemy's troops, and from want of water the fire spread through Peter-North, Kannike-Fiol, Skider-Skinder, and several other streets. The fire raged with unabated fury Saturday and Sunday, and ceased yesterday in the Land-market, after Rose-street, North-street, Gertrude-street, and several others, had been reduced to heaps of ashes. Yesterday at noon a capitulation was concluded, and in the afternoon the enemy

took possession of the citadel and dock-yards. Proclamations, proving the necessity of tranquillity and order were read and distributed.—*Copenhagen Gazette.*

Banks of the Main, Sept. 12. Public papers contain the following article from Riga:—'The Russian troops who, after the conclusion of peace, were to return into the interior, have received an order to halt, and now ordered to march to the coast of the Baltic, the whole extent of which is threatened by the English.'

Augsburgh, Sept. 18. From Vienna of the 10th, we learn, that according to the Military Almanack, just published, the following is a correct statement of the Austrian army:—

The archduke Charles, Generalissimo; six field marshals; 33 generals of cavalry, infantry, &c.; 121 lieutenant field-m Marshals; and 251 major-generals, including nine grand crosses, and 241 commanders and knights of the order of Maria Theresa. The infantry consists of 63 regiments of the line; one regiment of jagers, and 17 frontier regiments, infantry and cavalry; eight regiments of cuirassiers; six of dragoons; six of light horse; 12 of hussars, and three Uhlands; besides four regiments of artillery.

Private letters from Leghorn say, the entrance of the French was so sudden into that city, on the 28th of August, that though they had been marching all night, nobody knew of the circumstance till they arrived. Their number has since been increased to 6000, and general Dumoulin is commander-in-chief. French commissaries arrived at the same time with them, who immediately laid every ship in the harbour under an embargo, in order to seek for English goods. The merchants and factors all through Etruria have also been called upon to give an account of the English goods in their possession. The English at Leghorn will sustain an incalculable loss, as by means of neutrals, they have for some years past carried on a trade all over Italy.

Augsburgh, Sept. 18. Letters from the North of Germany of the beginning of this month say, that the troops un-

der the prince of Ponte Corvo have taken a fixed position. The right wing of his corps is in and about Lubeck, to the eastward. The Spanish troops are mostly concentrated about Hamburgh, and forms the centre. The left wing, composed of Hollanders, is between the Elbe and the Weser. The whole make a total of about 40,000 men; but when this army is to act, is uncertain.

Paris, Sept. 22. The Russian Emperor has sent the Emperor Napoleon two pelisses of great value.

Among other persons of rank here is the prince bishop of Liege, and the Persian officer Jussuf Bey.

Lisbon, Sept. 25. 'The people continue in the most alarming state of suspense. Never was the fate of a country more seriously at stake. The Prince Regent had resolved, should Bonaparte put his threat of invasion into execution, to embark for the Brazils, rather than submit to his demands, and shut the ports against British commerce. Most of our ships are getting ready with the greatest expedition ever known in this country; the people are at work night and day, and do not relax in their exertions on Sundays.

'The government is continually pressing for the army and navy; strings of pressed men are passing hourly into the arsenal, to embark on board such ships as are ready to drop down to Belim in a day or two. Many large Brazil vessels are detained for use, in case of need; and two Indiamen, that arrived last week, have been ordered not to discharge their cargoes.

'Every preparation is making at Penichia, where the prince and royal family are with the troops, and part of the nobility intend, in case of extremities, to quit their country. Five regiments have already marched there, and have forwarded 160 pieces of cannon: part of the treasure has also been sent to Penichia. The embargo on all Portuguese vessels continues in France. No business of any kind is doing here. No credit or faith to any extent is observed between man and man. It is conjectured, that by these extraordinary exertions, Bonaparte, from motives of poli-

cy, may decline the exaction of his demand, seeing that England would be benefited by the emigration of the court, to the Brazils, and which otherwise will most certainly be the case.

'General Junot had not arrived at Lisbon on the 24th, but an extraordinary courier had brought dispatches from Paris and a letter to the Prince Regent, written by the hand of Bonaparte. Lord Strangford, on the following morning, had an interview with the prince: after which a report was circulated that affairs wore a more pleasant appearance. The fact is, that a council was soon after summoned for the purpose of deliberating on the dispatches, and to decide on a categorical answer to the demands, but the discussions on the subject had not been divulged at the departure of the packet.

'The five regiments of troops are all newly clothed, and ordered to be in readiness at an hour's notice. The officers commanding them had received orders to join without delay, and such as should not make their appearance by a certain time, were to be dismissed the service, or declared invalid, and others appointed in their stead.

'Mr. Gambier, the consul from England, is arrived; his presence proved highly gratifying to the merchants who compose the British factory. At the end of a few days he informed several of the merchants that the Portuguese government would be found true in its faith to Great Britain; but, on the subject of commerce, he was to have a formal interview with the factory on the 25th.

'The Albion cutter has arrived in the Tagus, with dispatches from the British government, which added to those sent out by the Walsingham packet, have had the effect of renewing the confidence of all classes of people.

Gottenburgh, Sept. 25. We have taken Flekoe, in Norway, by storm; the harbour is a very fine one, and very safe for our ships to take shelter in. In blowing up the fortifications we lost a lieutenant and four men. The messenger Parsons arrived yesterday from Vienna, but brings no news.

HOME NEWS.

London, Sept. 21.

ON Friday morning, at eight o'clock, the corning-house of the powder-mills at Feversham blew up with a dreadful explosion; six men and three horses were at work in it at the time; they all perished in a miserable manner, and presented a spectacle frightful to behold. Three of the men were literally blown to pieces; a head here, an arm there, and a leg in some distant part from the rest! Their relatives and friends gathered the scattered members, and carried them away in baskets. The six unfortunate men have left wives and children. The quantity of powder in the corning-mill was considerable. By what accident the powder took fire is not known. A similar misfortune happened to the powder-mills at that place in the summer of 1802.

Sept. 22. On Saturday about three o'clock, a fine vessel, which has for some years been on the stocks, was launched from Dedman's yard at Deptford, in presence of a numerous assemblage of naval officers, officers of the dock-yard, commissioners of the navy, &c. She is called the Sultan, and is pierced for 74 guns, but her admeasurement is far superior to that of any ship of that rate at present in the British service. She went off in fine style; some boats, in which were several ladies and gentlemen, were nearly filled with the swell, but no more injury than a good splashing took place. By some injudicious management the pole on which the standard was hoisted fell by the board, but did no person any injury.

Sept. 29.—At twelve o'clock yester-

day the Lord Mayor, in his state carriage, preceded by the city officers, went in procession to Guildhall, attended by the late sheriffs in their state carriages, for the purpose of swearing the new sheriffs, who came to Guildhall at one o'clock, in their elegant new state carriages, preceded by two bands of music, and men bearing flags belonging to the Stationers and Drapers Companies. When the sheriffs were leaving their carriages the bands played 'God save the King'. Mr. Phillips' carriage is a very neat light chariot, with glasses all round; the body of the carriage is painted a deep crimson, and a rich gold and white leaf, pricked border, with medallions on the pannels, most beautifully executed, representing the stern of a ship, on which is Commerce, with four small figures, representing the four quarters of the globe, and a larger figure representing the City of London; the hammer-cloth is very splendid; it is a rich crimson velvet drapery over an orange ground, with the City arms embroidered in gold on the drapery; the carriage was drawn by two beautiful black Arabian horses, richly caparisoned with white and orange festooned rosettes, the servants livery is orange, with broad silver lace, large cocked hats, with orange feathers round, and orange cockades, edged with silver fringe. Mr. Smith's carriage was also very much admired; the body of the carriage is of gold, enamelled with a fancy border, and medallions on the pannels; the horses were decorated with festoons of crimson and white ribands; the servants' liveries were white

trimmed with gold lace, cocked hats and feathers, and large nose-gays.

The first official act of the new sheriffs, immediately after their being sworn in, was to issue notices to the headboroughs and constables throughout the county, of their determination to enforce the penalties of the law against those who shall fail to make complete and correct lists of the freeholders. The difficulties of making up juries from the present lists are well known, and it is nearly thirty years since they underwent any considerable reformation.

Oct. 1. A coroner's inquest sat yesterday, at a public-house below Putney, on the body of miss Emily Hendly, who was unfortunately drowned on Tuesday last, by a boat sinking. It appeared that the young lady was returning to London in a boat, managed by an unskilful party of young men, and they were unavoidably run down by a cutter, and the side of the boat was staved. The whole of the company, including miss Hendly, an elderly lady, and the four young men, escaped before the boat sunk; but the deceased, in her alarm, threw herself out of the boat, and her body was not found for above an hour. She was the daughter of a man of property, at Mapledurham, Oxon, and was on a fortnight's visit to the family of Mr. Southly, hatter, Lambeth. Verdict, *accidental death*.

2. On Wednesday evening a comet made its appearance, visible to the naked eye, in the neighbourhood of London. Its place formed nearly a right angle with the bright star Arcturus, and the elegant constellation Corona, or the Northern Crown, and set almost due West about eight o'clock. Its appearance to the naked eye was that of a star of the first magnitude, having a very distinguishable gleam of light or nebulousity, extending to the left or South of its body, of about a foot or eighteen inches in length. The colour of the whole was very white.

A fire was discovered on Wednesday morning at the house in Downing-street which is assigned to the first lord of the Treasury. The duke of Portland, who occupied this house lately,

and who has returned to his own in Piccadilly, left the former under the care of a female servant. The girl was going to dress something for her dinner, but on opening the stove door the room was filled with smoke. It was soon found that the flue was red-hot. Mr. Newcombe, the master of a neighbouring public-house, with great presence of mind, and the most active exertions, contrived to put a stop to the mischief, which otherwise might have been attended with the most fatal consequences.

3. Yesterday morning, a party of soldiers, stationed at the old powder magazine, in Hyde Park, surrounded the tree from which the alarming noise has issued that has excited so much alarm within the last fortnight.—After cutting part of the tree down, and probing the cavity of the trunk, which is very large, with their halberts, they discovered an owl's nest, with two well grown owlets, and the old owl along with them. It thus appears, that it was the noise of this family that gave so much alarm to the young centinels, not acquainted with such sounds. Ever since a rumour of a ghost in the Park went abroad, (for that was the first story), the tree has been daily visited by crowds of people, expecting to see the spirit of some fair eglandine walk out of the hollow trunk. Above one hundred people were upon the spot yesterday.

Yesterday afternoon one of the corn-ing-houses belonging to the powder-mills on Hounslow-heath blew up. As there was only a small quantity of powder in it, the explosion was not great; but two poor men were so much hurt that their lives were despaired of; another who was in the house it is hoped will recover.

London, Oct. 8. Yesterday morning, about six o'clock, a fire broke out in the extensive premises belonging to Messrs. Whitbread and Co. in Chiswell-street, which threatened an extensive destruction, owing to the great scarcity of water. The engines were, however, supplied from a large vat, containing nearly 4,000 barrels of porter, in consequence of which the fire was soon extinguished.

Warrington, Oct. 10. A disturbance

of rather a singular nature, and which at first threatened very serious consequences, occurred last week at Ashton, near Warrington. Many of the inhabitants of that town and the surrounding villages have for a long time expressed a wish and determination to institute annual races at Ashton, and accordingly a considerable number of people assembled on Monday se'night, in order to put this design in execution. Having got together some horses, and all the other apparatus and appearances of a race-course, they contrived to make some resemblance of sport, drew together a considerable concourse of people from the neighbouring villages. This continued the following day, towards the close of which two carriages and four arrived in the town, filled with gentlemen, who came apparently to join the village throng, and partake of their amusements. However, when the races were over, and the principal sportsmen had retired to regale themselves at the inn, the newly-arrived strangers entered in a hostile manner, and having announced themselves in their true character, that of the Press-gang from Liverpool, soon began to exhibit a very different kind of sport. The house now became a scene of much greater confusion than the race-ground.—Some had the good fortune to escape through the door; others forced their way through the windows, breaking the glass and frames, and clearing all before them; one man having found a hanger, and offering some show of resistance, a pistol was fired in the tumult, by which one of the company was wounded. At length about twenty-two of the sporting gentlemen were secured and carried to Liverpool, when being found utterly unfit for his Majesty's service, they were, during the next and following days discharged. The noise of this affair caused some more disturbance the following day, and the populace conceiving that the Rev. Mr. Woodrow had been the means of procuring the unwelcome visit they had just received, a large mob surrounded his house, and threatened violence, but it was soon dispersed by the active exertions of one of the magistrates from Warrington.

London, Oct. 12. On Saturday night Mrs. Jordan was encored in her beautiful ballad 'In the Dead of the Night'. She sang it the second time with additional beauty and effect. Towards the close of the song she was affected by a severe pain in her shoulders, which struck into her chest; and nothing but her great spirits and firmness could have enabled her to finish the part. Early on Sunday morning, after a little coughing, a considerable quantity of clear blood came up from her chest, and it was evident that she had broken a blood vessel. Dr. Blane immediately attended, and, by his order, 12 ounces of blood were taken from her arm by the lancet, and eight by cupping. After the play on Saturday night, Mrs. Jordan was announced for yesterday evening, in the character of *Peggy* in 'The Country Girl'; but her sudden illness obliged the managers to change it.

We are sorry to learn, that as Braham and Storace were setting out from Broadstairs, on Saturday evening, on their return to Margate, they were thrown out of their gig by the falling of the horse. Braham escaped unhurt, but Storace unfortunately had her arm broken. She submitted to the operation of having it set immediately with great fortitude.

Newmarket, Oct. 12. This town has never been remembered by the oldest sportsman to be so full of company of every description as it is at present. Such was the anxiety caused by the wonderful undertaking of the pedestrians, captain Barclay and Wood, that the company poured into the town in a manner that can only be compared to Brentford at an election; and many who were used to better treatment were content to pay handsomely for accommodation in stables and hay-lofts, a guinea having been refused for a bed.—On Sunday afternoon the street was lined with betters on each event, viz. eight horse-races, the foot-race, and the battle between Gulley and Gregson.

The race was decided soon after two o'clock; Wood having declined the contest, after having gone forty miles in six hours and twenty minutes. He performed eight miles in the first hour, fourteen miles in the next two hours,

when the odds, which were three to one on the captain before starting, were reduced to seven to four, and it was the general opinion that Wood would win. He, however, fell off his pace gradually in the next three hours, and he did not even keep pace with his adversary in the last two hours.—He stopped twice, and pulled off his shoes the second time, by which he cut his feet; after resigning he was in a weakly state. Capt. Barclay kept a steady pace of six miles an hour, without a minute's deviation; and he stopped at eighteen and thirty-six miles, and ate heartily. He went thirty-eight miles in six hours and twenty minutes; and after Wood had resigned, he went the forty miles to decide some bets.

Hoddesdon, Oct. 21. Two of the most atrocious murders perhaps ever committed, have been here perpetrated upon Mrs. Warner, the wife of Mr. Warner, an eminent brass-founder, of the Crescent, in Jewin-street, and another lady, a relative of the family, then upon a visit with her.

Mrs. Warner, had spent the summer chiefly at the residence of her father, Mr. Boreham, a farmer, at Hoddesdon, in Herts, where the lady, her friend, who has shared in the same catastrophe, was with her on a visit. Mr. Warner was attending his business in town, whither Mrs. Warner, in the last month of her pregnancy, was preparing to return in a few days, in order to her approaching *accouchement*. A servant maid in the house was frequently visited by a fellow, who had been formerly two years in Mr. Boreham's service, as her sweetheart, whose admittance Mrs. Warner had frequently forbidden. He came there again yesterday evening, and the servant girl repeated to him her mistress's orders. He refused to depart, and disputes came so high between them, as occasioned Mrs. Warner to ring the bell, and inquire the cause of the noise. The servant told her, and requested her mistress would order him to quit the house, as she never wished to see him there. Mrs. Warner accordingly repeated her directions aloud, and desired he would immediately quit the house.

From the silence which at first ensued she imagined the fellow was gone,

but was suddenly alarmed by a noise in the kitchen, still louder than before, as if he was proceeding to some violence towards the girl. Mrs. W. and her friend immediately went to the kitchen; supposing that by their presence and peremptory orders he would be immediately induced to depart, without daring to prolong his stay. They were, however, most fatally and lamentably mistaken. They found the fellow, with a knife in his hand, standing over the girl, who was extended on the floor; and on Mrs. Warner entering the kitchen, the sanguinary miscreant plunged the knife into her neck, just below the ear, and laid her dead at his feet.

He then turned to the other lady, and with the same weapon, reeking with the blood of her friend, he instantly stabbed the unfortunate visitor, who survived but a few hours. Mrs. Warner's mother, at that moment, came down stairs, alarmed by the screams of the ladies, and was also stabbed by the villain, who attempted instantly to fly, but an alarm having been given by the servant maid, who had escaped into the farm-yard, in the confusion, the horrid wretch was secured by one of the men servants, and conveyed to gaol. Mrs. Boreham, though not dead, is deemed in great danger.

BIRTHS.

Sept. 13. At her mother's house, Charlotte-street, Portland-place, the lady of the Rev. T. Bennett, of a daughter.

22. At the seat of Sir Stephen Glynne, Bart. at Hawarden-castle, the hon. lady Glynne, of a son and heir.

28. In Blandford-street, Portman-square, the hon. Mrs. Graves, of a son.

Oct. 4. At Cadogan-place, Sloane-street, the hon. Mrs. Buchanan of a daughter.

6. In Threadneedle-street, the lady of William Willoughby Prescott, Esq. of a son.

15. At the Rev. J. Faithfurs, Warfrie, Berks, the lady of the Rev. J. Fanshaw, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Sept. 8. At East Dereham, in Norfolk, by the Rev. John Stanhawe Watts, Rector of Ashill, Edmund Preston, Esq. of Great Yarmouth, one of his Majesty's Deputy-lieutenants of that county, to Frances-Maria, 2nd daughter of Thomas Smyth, Esq. of Dereham.

26. At Christ-church, Hants, Capt. Stuart, Royal Navy, second son of the late hon. Sir Charles Stuart, K. B. to Miss Sullivan, eldest daughter of the Right hon. John Sullivan.

28. At St. Martin's in the Fields, James Gibbon, Esq. of Adam-street, Adelphi, to Miss Mary Duff, daughter of Lieut.-Col. John Duff of the hon. East-India Company's service.

At Clapham, by the Rev. John Venn, Edward Rogers, Esq. of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law, to Miss Wolff, eldest daughter of George Wolff, Esq. of Balham-house, Surrey.

29. At Linton, Kent, the Rev. Hen. Wm. Nevile, second son of Christopher Nevile, Esq. of Wellingore, in the co. of Lincoln, to Miss Amelia Mann, 2nd daughter of Jas. Mann, Esq.

Oct. 1. At Walcot-church, Bath, the Rev. Edwin Stock, eldest son of the Bishop, to Miss Louisa Droz, daughter of Simeon Droz, Esq. of Portland-place, in that city.

In Sackville-street, Dublin, by special license, by the Rev. Wm. Lyston, James Shanly, Esq. Barrister at Law, to Miss F. E. Mulvany, second daughter of Charles Mulvany, sen.

Richard Fountain Wilson, Esq. high sheriff for the county of York, to Miss Sophia Osbaldeston, daughter of the late George Osbaldeston, Esq. of Hutton Bushel, Yorkshire.

8. At St. George the Martyr's, Queen-square, Daniel Buchanan, Esq. of Liverpool, to Miss Owen, daughter of the late John Owen, Esq. of Richmond, Anglesea.

10. At Brighton, Lieutenant Brookman, of the South Gloucester Regiment, to the amiable and accomplished Miss Longford, third daughter of Surgeon Longford of the same corps.

DEATHS.

Sept. 22. At his house at Stanmore, Wm. Roberts, Esq.

At Brompton, Horace Walpole Bedford, Esq. of the British Museum.

Suddenly, on Saturday last, in the seventieth year of his age, at his house, Norwood, in Surrey, Christopher Spencer, Esq. of Great Marlborough-street.

26. At his house, No. 94, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, Samuel Greig, Esq. commissioner for the navy of his imperial majesty the emperor of all the Russias, and officiating Russian consul-general in Great Britain, aged 29 years.

28. At Hanwell, after a long illness, Miss Hansard, eldest daughter of Mr. Hansard, of Great Turnstile, in her 29th year.

Oct. 2. At East Sheen, Sir Brook Watson, Bart. an alderman of London, and deputy governor of the Bank of England.

4 & 5. Elizabeth and Louisa, daughters of the Rev. Thomas Dudley Fosbrooke, F. A. S. &c. of Horsley, Gloucestershire.

5. In Gloucester-place, Portman-square, Mrs. Margaret Horsley, aged 72, relict of the late Isaac Horsley, rector of Antingham St. Mary's, and vicar of Briston, in the county of Norfolk.

8. At Wrexham, in Derbyshire, after a very short illness, Thomas Oliver Vassall, Esq. eldest surviving son of the late John Vassall, Esq. of the Crescent, Bath, and of Chatley-lodge, Somersetshire, and brother to the illustrious hero of that name, who fell in achieving the glorious conquest of Monte Video, on the 3d of February.

12. Mrs. Grosett, wife of Schaw Grosett, Esq. of Rodney-place, Clifton; soon after her return from divine service on Sunday, her clothes caught fire, while alone in the drawing-room; her cries gave instant alarm, but such was the rapidity and violence of the flames, that the injury she received proved fatal, in defiance of every exertion, and the immediate aid of the faculty. In this scene of woe the house took fire, and was with difficulty saved.

ACCOUNT of the CALAMITOUS
ACCIDENT at SADLER'S WELLS,
collected from the most authentic
information.

ON the evening of Thursday, October 15, about a quarter past ten o'clock, in consequence of the riotous behaviour of several men and two women in the pit, it was found necessary to have them removed from the house by the Police officers. While they were taking two of them out, the women endeavoured to prevent their removal, screaming, and uttering the words '*don't fight*'. As the house was very full, it being a benefit night, and this circumstance occurred at the back of the pit, the audience had only an indistinct view of the confusion occasioned by turning out the rioters; and alarmed by the exclamation '*fight*', which misapprehension and fear interpreted into '*fire*', a general alarm was the consequence. The ladies in the boxes were greatly terrified, and by screams and gestures manifested the utmost alarm. The gallery caught the infection, which acted like an electrical shock instantaneously. Two women and a sailor-boy threw themselves from the gallery into the pit, and escaped with a few bruises. Immediately the whole gallery rose at once, and began rushing down the stairs, in spite of the remonstrances of Mr. C. Dibdin, jun. (the manager, and one of the proprietors of the Wells) Messrs. Reeve, Barfoot, and Yarnold (proprietors), and several of their friends, as also the performers and servants of the Theatre, who as loudly as they could vociferate, and with the aid of a speaking-trumpet, assured the audience that the alarm of fire was unfounded,

and entreated them to remain quiet, and above all to be very deliberate in their departure, as so large a body driving at once from the gallery in particular, in which were near nine hundred people, must be productive of some distressful disaster. But all attempts at allaying the ferment were vain; "*open the doors*" was called out by two men very riotously in the gallery, though they were repeatedly assured that all the doors were opened, and the master carpenter of the Wells, (Mr. Garland) ran up stairs, and with an iron crow broke a way from the gallery through the *fies*, (that part of the stage where the scenes and drop-curtains are hung, and where the machinery for working them is fixed) by which passage hundreds were passed out of the house in a more expeditious way, and to the preservation, probably, of many lives. In the mean time Mr. Barfoot, with two other gentlemen, forced their way up the gallery-stairs, and by persuasive and personal efforts prevented the crowd remaining on the stairs from proceeding farther. On their retiring into the gallery eighteen bodies were discovered lying on the upper part of the stairs, all of whom appeared to have been thrown down at the same moment, and suffocated, or trampled to death. They were immediately conveyed into the dwelling-house of the Theatre, and Mr. Dibdin sent for the immediate assistance of Mr. Chamberlaine, and several other surgeons, when every thing was done which skill or humanity could suggest, but in vain.

The names, &c. of the unhappy sufferers were as follow:

Rebecca Ling, 5, Bridge-court,
Westminster.

John Greenwood, Hoxton-square.
Sarah Chalkley, Little Castle-street, East.

Caroline Tariff, 5, Plough-street, Whitechapel.

Eliz. Marg. Ward, Plumtree-st. Bloomsbury.

John Ward, 1, Glasshouse-yard, Goswell-street.

Thoda Wall, Crooked Billet, Hoxton.

Lydia Carr, 23, Peerless-row.

James Phillipson, White-Lyon-street, Pentonville.

William Pincks, Hoxton-market.

Rebecca Saunders, (nine years of age,) Walker's-buildings, London Wall.

Edward Clements, Paradise-row, Battle Bridge.

Mary Evans, 3, Hoxton-market.

Joseph Groves, Hoxton-square.

John Labdon, 7, Bell-yard, Temple-bar.

Benjamin Price, Lime-st. Leadenhall-street.

Edward Bland, Bear-street, Leicester-square.

Charles Judd, Artillery-court, Bishopsgate-street.

Amid this dreadful scene the most affecting and distressing incident that occurred was that which attended the death of Mrs. Sarah Chalkley above mentioned. She hung round her husband's neck—he clasped her round the waist. They were both thrown down by the crowd, and so severely trampled upon that they were taken up apparently in a lifeless state. When they were taken into the proprietor's house at Sadler's Wells, a surgeon opened a vein in the arm of the wife, but no blood followed. The professional gentlemen then breathed a vein in the arm of the husband; a few drops of blood issued from the spot; the reviving man had a weak convulsive shock,

roused as if from a trance, and became completely reanimated. But the first object that presented itself to his weak and bewildered senses was the body of his dead wife. Exhausted as he was, it was impossible for human nature entirely to withstand the shock. It was with the utmost difficulty that the poor man was prevented from relapsing into his former state of insensibility. Notwithstanding all the efforts of the professional gentlemen that attended him, he expired four days after, on the evening of Monday the 19th.

It is a remarkable fact, that among all who lost their lives on this dreadful occasion not one was found to have had a single bone broken, though many had received very violent contusions.

The bodies were all claimed in the course of the same night and the next day.

On Friday morning the coroner's inquest was held at the Theatre dwelling-house, by G. Hodgson, esq. and a jury, who, after a most minute investigation of the circumstances, delivered a verdict that the eighteen deceased were '*Killed casually, accidentally, and by misfortune*;' after which the coroner said— '*Gentlemen of the jury: you are all, I believe, satisfied that no blame can be attached to the managers of the Theatre; they have done all that humanity could dictate; nothing has been neglected.*' In this all the jury concurred, and proposed to Mr. Dibdin if he would draw up any memorial to eradicate from the public mind any ill impressions that false or vague reports might occasion, either of *fire* having actually happened, or that any part of the house was insecure, they would sign it. But the coroner observed that there was no occasion for

this, the jury having examined the house, and found that there was no ground for any reports of the kind: their verdict and the observations he had made, as they would be noticed by the newspaper reporters present, was sufficient to satisfy the most prejudiced minds.

On the Saturday and Monday following, a number of shawls, shoes, hats, &c. which had been collected and preserved by the proprietors, were delivered to their owners.

On Friday evening Vincent Pearce and John Pearce who were taken in custody the previous evening at Sadler's Wells, being two of the persons concerned in the disturbance from which the calamity proceeded, were examined by Mr. Justice Baker, at the public office, Hatton-garden; and two women, viz. Sarah Luker, and Mary Vine, being recognised in the office by one of the witnesses as persons concerned in the riot, were ordered to the bar, and put on their examination also. Mr. Dibdin (as prosecutor) related to the magistrate the general circumstances as above detailed, and signified that he understood that the men, prisoners at the bar, were taken by the Police officers in the act of rioting, and that witnesses were ready to prove that riot was the actual cause of the calamity that so fatally ensued, but not having himself seen the prisoners before, he could not speak to their persons or behaviour.

Mr. James Dobson, chemist, of Coleman-street, deposed that the prisoners were very riotous all the evening, insulting every one, and fighting among themselves, (pretendedly,) for the purpose, as they asserted, of '*Kicking up a Row.*' He was perfectly of opinion their conduct was the eventual cause of

the calamity; but did not hear them repeat any such words as '*fight or fire.*'

Mr. Sutor, of Ossulston-street, Somers-town, deposed that the two prisoners, with others, and particularly two women, (whom he pointed to, who were standing as spectators in the office, and were immediately secured and put to the bar) were particularly riotous all the evening; detailed many circumstances of their ill conduct and language; and concluded his testimony by asserting that he firmly believed them to have been the cause of the accident, by giving rise to a false alarm of fire, but not *intentionally*.

John Hoddinot, Charles Leaver, and another (all Police officers and constables of the Theatre) deposed severally that the prisoners were riotous in the extreme, and when they remonstrated with them, '*d—d them and their staves, and all crowns,*' and used such language that they were obliged to take them out of the Theatre; that while they were forcing them out they fought, and the women screamed, and cried out to one of them, '*Don't fight,*' or something to that purpose, and from this the alarm of *fire* arose, which occasioned the confusion and accident; but neither of them conceived that the prisoners acted with the *intention* of producing such an effect.

When called on for their defence, Vincent Pearce said that he was a servant to Mr. Whitbread, the brewer; and went to the Wells with his brother, (who had just come from the country for a place), and the women prisoners: that it was late when they went into the Theatre, and not being able to procure seats, they stood on a form or bench: that an altercation en-

sued between them and a young man in black, who pushed John Pearce down, and struck him; that while they were resenting this the constables came up, and insisted upon turning them out of the Theatre, which they resisted, as not being the cause of the disturbance. He offered testimonies of his good character, but the magistrate observed these were of no use, as no testimony of that kind could disprove the act of rioting.

John Pearce made a similar defence.

Mrs. *Luker* said she was a milk-woman, and lived in Cradle-court, Red-Cross-street; that she went with the prisoners to the Wells, that they had an altercation with a man and woman, and that she frequently begged them not to quarrel, but they would not mind what she said: *Mary Vine* said the man in black was very abusive, and that a young woman with him called her a d—d b—. She concluded her defence in the same way as the other prisoners. It appeared that *Mary Vine* had struck a woman in the face several times.

The magistrate (Mr. Baker) having considered the evidence, said, 'Mr. Dibdin, there does not appear sufficient ground from the evidence to attach to the prisoners the *Intention* of producing the calamity that has occurred, though there is every reason to conclude that it was in consequence of this disturbance they created; and as they are clearly convicted of any unwarrantable riot, it remains with you to proceed against them for that misdemeanour.

Mr. Dibdin replied, 'He was perfectly satisfied that it was not the intention of the prisoners to

produce, by their behaviour, the awful calamity that had ensued; but as the disturbance created by them was certainly the originating cause of it, and as the result was so dreadful, he felt it his duty as manager of a theatre, and a servant of the public, to prove against them, as a satisfaction due to the community at large, and a warning to others in future. They were accordingly committed for trial; but allowed to be admitted to bail; which indulgence, however, they could not all avail themselves of; and those who could not were of course remanded to prison.

During the examination the coroner's jury were present, and repeated their observation, that the proprietors of the Wells had acted in the most honourable and humane way on the occasion.

In consequence of this most calamitous accident the Theatre closed for the season. Such was the event of a disturbance trifling in itself, but rendered important by its consequences; and it will, we trust, be a caution to the public to avoid conducting themselves indecorously in popular assemblies, or giving way too suddenly to the panic of momentary and unsubstantiated alarm.

With respect to fire it may be observed that of all public theatres none are so secure from fire as Sadler's Wells, there being constantly on the premises (under the stage) a reservoir of water nearly 80 feet long, and from 20 to 30 feet wide, and several feet deep; and water-machines, as well as common engines, are always in readiness, so that in a few minutes the whole Theatre could be perfectly deluged upon the least actual alarm.