

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

APPROPRIATED
 SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1807.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates,

- 1 The TENDER AVOWAL.
- 2 MR. YOUNG in HAMLET.
- 3 LONDON Fashionable FULL DRESSES.
- 4 New and elegant PATTERN for the BORDER of a DRESS.

LONDON:

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

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. M. T.'s Contributions, which we are always happy to receive, arrived too late for insertion this month: the piece he has pointed out shall certainly appear in our next—The manuscript of the *Temple of Wealth* has been sent according to his directions.

The *Essay on Public Speaking* is intended for our next.

Democritus is under consideration.

The contents of A. Z.'s packet shall be inserted occasionally.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1807.

THE TENDER AVOWAL,
A TALE.

[*With an elegant Engraving.*]

DON Gabriel Alvarez was a Castilian gentleman of high birth and unblemished honour. In the bloom of youth, elegant in his manners and deportment, sensible, brave, and generous, he possessed the most perfect esteem of all his own sex to whom he was in the least known, and the tenderest regard of all the other sex who had enjoyed the pleasure of conversing with him. Among these latter one of superior charms and merit had triumphed over all her rivals, and firmly attached to herself his heart. Donna Serafina Estella, the daughter of a Spanish nobleman, distinguished for the services he had rendered the state, was a young lady of matchless beauty, of great spirit and vivacity. Her charms, at first sight, fired Don

Gabriel with all the enthusiasm of love, which became stronger and more violent the more frequently he saw and conversed with her. She, likewise, in her turn, felt a warm and most sincere affection for him, but this she carefully concealed in her breast. The only frailty in her character was, that exulting in her power, and rejoicing in the potency of her charms, she delighted to alarm and perplex her lover, and exerted all her resolution and art to prevent his discovering the real secret of her sentiments in his favour. If at any time her behaviour had been such as to fill him with hope and confidence, she seized every opportunity to repress the emotions of gratitude in which he was disposed to indulge, by a studied

coolness and indifference, which plunged him again into all his former doubts and uncertainty. The state of mind to which he was thus reduced was harassing in the extreme, and frequently excited in him a resolution to break his bonds, and never even think of her more; but at the moment he determined to enforce his resolution, a favouring smile, or some gracious act, as it appeared, of peculiar kindness, would confirm him in submission to his pleasing bondage, and revive all his ecstatic hopes. In this perpetual round of doubt and vexation, of hope and despair, he had long continued, repeatedly forming resolutions, which he never had the power to fulfil.

The brother of Serafina, Don Miguel, observed the conduct of his sister with indignation, and expostulated with her on her behaviour towards a lover of such distinguished merit, who was so fondly, so romantically, attached to her. 'What a wretched triumph is it,' would he say to her, 'to be able to boast that it has been in your power to convert the strong sense of Don Gabriel into the most egregious folly. I know well, that in the indulgence of this most idle vanity, of this most contemptible coquetry, you frequently give yourself pain in an equal degree to that your strange conduct creates in his breast; and also subject yourself to the hazard of losing a lover who truly deserves to be, and who, I would persuade myself, is actually most dear to you notwithstanding.'

Still, however, no satisfactory answer could be obtained from Serafina; she still continued to tantalize her lover, and wantonly display her power, to which he

fondly submitted, being completely intoxicated with that passion which so irresistibly sways the heart; which subdues the mighty, and makes fools of the wise.

At length Don Gabriel received a notice from the war-office that the regiment in which he held a commission had been ordered to march to Cadiz, there to embark immediately for South America, where it was to be stationed for five years. By the same notice he was ordered to set out for Cadiz, and join his regiment within twenty-four hours, as otherwise, such was the expedition necessary to be employed, it would probably sail without him.

This order was like a thunderbolt to Don Gabriel. His beloved Serafina—his hopes and fears—his perplexing uncertainty, rushed, as may naturally be imagined, into his mind, and filled him with the most painful anxiety. He seemed now likely to be compelled to fulfil those resolutions which he had so often made, but had not been able to carry into effect. He must now consent to separate himself from Serafina for a long time, and, against his will, try the effect of those (to him) violent remedies—absence and distance.

While these thoughts occupied his mind, and he was considering how to proceed, his friend Don Miguel waited on him. To him, as may readily be supposed, he showed the order he had just received:—'Well,' said Miguel, when he had looked at it, 'I know not but this may be as it should be—you will now be compelled to shake off the chains of my coquetting sister—your honour will now demand this sacrifice. You must with all speed make

the necessary preparations for your departure ;—take a hasty adieu of Serafina, and I will accompany you to Cadiz. We must set off in a very few hours. I will go and prepare for my journey, while you wait on my sister, and apprise her of your intended departure.

Don Gabriel hastened to Serafina:—‘At last,’ said he, ‘we part, and for a long time ; perchance for ever ! I have received an order to join my regiment, and proceed with it to South America, where it will remain at least five years. To part with you certainly pains my heart in the most acute manner, notwithstanding all that volatility and caprice which have occasioned me so many uneasy moments. Could I leave you with the full persuasion of possessing your affections, the distance would vanish ; the time, however anxiously its termination might be wished for, would be easily supportable. As it is, I have but too much reason to fear that this separation will prove eternal. I can scarcely flatter myself that I have obtained your favourable opinion, much less that great object of my ambition, your affections—your heart. When I am gone, so slight is the hold I have of your regard and remembrance, that I must soon be forgotten. A crowd of admirers will succeed me, over whom you will exultingly display your power ; till at length, with the gratification of your own caprice, you will condescend to make some lover, less truly affectionate, but far more fortunate than myself, superlatively happy.

The ardent manner, the tone of voice, the gesture with which Don Gabriel gave vent to his

expressions, especially when combined with the expectation of his immediate departure for so long a period, were too much for the feelings of Serafina. She could no longer dissemble, no longer act a part so contrary to her real sentiments.—She was constrained to unveil her heart—she burst into tears.—‘Oh ! Don Alvarez !’ exclaimed she, ‘my heart is yours, it has long been yours, even from the first moment I saw you ; I now despise my own dissembling. I have been unworthy of you. But I cannot part from you without declaring what I really feel, and vowing to you eternal fidelity. Be assured that neither distance nor time can produce a change in my heart : yours I will be, and yours alone.

The ecstasy with which Don Gabriel heard this *tender* and sincere *avowal* cannot be described ; it can only be imagined by those who have similar feelings, and have enjoyed similar happiness.—‘Now,’ exclaimed he, ‘I can journey, enraptured, to the extremity of the world, if my country requires my service there. The innumerable happiness I have this day enjoyed will recompense me for every hardship I may endure, for every danger I may encounter.’

At this moment Don Miguel entered, wrapped in his cloak, and ready to set out in company with his friend. Don Gabriel started up, and eagerly grasping his hand, —‘Congratulate me,’ said he ‘my dearest friend ; my felicity is boundless—But let us go where honour calls—I have received a sacred vow—Neither time nor distance can diminish my happiness.’

Don Miguel, from the frantic joy of his friend, and perceiving his sister in tears, presently guessed

what had passed, and turning to Serafina—'What,' said he, 'your volatility and coquetry are subdued at last: they were not proof against the fear of a long separation. Well, you will now enjoy the pleasure of an unaffected sincerity, and as I have every reason to believe your repentance sincere, and that you will not relapse into your former folly, I will render the happiness of both of you still more complete if possible than it is.—You will not have to suffer the separation you feared. The order which has occasioned this happy explanation is a fiction of mine: you, Don Gabriel, are neither required to join the regiment, nor is the regiment to go to South America. I had no doubt, my sweet sister, of the true situation of your heart, and was well convinced that a real fear of losing your lover would soon make you drop all disguise. I knew at the same time that my good friend Gabriel was totally incapable of dissimulation, and could never deceive you unless he were first deceived himself. I therefore practised this innocent imposition on you both, which has had all the success I could have expected from it. You now fully know the hearts of each other, and if you are wise you may be happy.'

Serafina after this, never more sported with the feelings of her lover, and an indissoluble union, not long afterwards, completed the felicity of them both.

CHARACTER of the LADIES of HOLLAND.

THE ladies of Holland, if I may judge from those with whom

I had the honour and happiness of associating in Amsterdam, are very amiable, thoroughly well-bred, well educated, speak English, French and German, and they are very polite and courteous to strangers: they are also remarkable for their attention to decorum and modesty. The unmarried, without prudery are highly virtuous; and the married present a pattern of conjugal fidelity. They are also very fond of dancing, particularly of waltzing; and they are much attached to English country dances, in which the most graceful Parisian belle seldom appears to any advantage.

ACCOUNT of the New COMIC OPERA called 'TWO FACES UNDER A HOOD,' performed for the first time at the *Theatre Royal, Covent Garden*, on Tuesday, Nov. 17.

The Characters were thus represented:

Marquis Raimondi,	- Mr. Bellamy.
Count Ignacio,	- - - Mr. Jones.
Don Sebastian,	- - - Mr. Incledon.
Brazilio,	- - - - - Mr. Farley.
Martinique,	- - - - - Mr. Fawcett.
Governor,	- - - - - Mr. Thompson.
Jeronimo,	- - - - - Mr. Simmons.
Frederico,	- - - - - Mr. Taylor.
Hector,	- - - - - Mr. Liston.
Sergeant,	- - - - - Mr. King.
Lady Abbess,	- - - - - Mrs. Davenport.
Marchioness Raimondi,	Mrs. Dibdin.
Claudine,	- - - - - Mrs. Dickons.
Donna Antonia,	- - Miss Bolton.
Ursula,	- - - - - Mrs. C. Kemble.
Agatha,	- - - - - Mrs. Liston.

FABLE.

The Marquis Raimondi having dissipated his fortune at the gaming-table, resigns his nobility, and quits his country to retrieve himself by commerce, leaving Claudine, his only daughter, to be edu-

cated by a female relation, who, by the father's desire, conceals from the young lady her real rank—while supposing herself the daughter of a cottager, Claudine is addressed by Ignacio, a young officer, but the arts of Frederico, his rival, create a quarrel between the lovers. Ignacio joins his regiment abroad; Claudine, on the death of her relation, is sent to board in a convent; and all correspondence between her and Ignacio ceases. Four years are supposed to have elapsed (at the opening of the piece) since the separation of the lovers, at which time the Marquis Raimondi returns from his commercial speculations with a fortune which enables him to resume his rank; Claudine is made acquainted with her birth, and quits the convent for her father's palace. A day is set apart for the ceremony of the Marquis's public re-investiture and admission to his former honours, on which day Ignacio arrives from abroad, sees Claudine among the assembly, but imposed on by the brilliancy of her habit, and the alterations and improvements which four years of absence have effected, he does not suppose her the same lady, though he is forcibly struck with her resemblance to his favourite cottager—Claudine takes advantage of his situation, and with the assistance of Ursula, her waiting-maid, alternately appears to him as the young marchioness and the simple cottager, endeavours to attract him in each character, and has the satisfaction of proving at last that his love is disinterested, and that he prefers the poor Claudine to the rich heiress. Connected with the foregoing story are the loves of Antonia and Sebastian, who are friends of Ignacio and Claudine.

The characters of Martinique, Brazilio, Hector, and Ursula, furnish the materials for a minor plot—Hector and Ursula are cousins, whose uncle has left them a large sum of money on condition they marry together—to this arrangement they are equally averse, but the avarice of Hector determines him to comply with it, and enjoy the whole legacy, rather than divide it with Ursula—by a trick of Brazilio's, however, he is enlisted for a soldier, and the fair division of the legacy is the condition on which he is released.—Martinique is the attendant of Ignacio, who, before he sees Claudine at the assembly, sends him in quest of her to her former cottage residence; but Martinique having been let into the secret, that the young Marchioness is the very lady to whom he is sent, remains concealed, and joins his sweetheart Ursula, to aid her lady in the innocent deception practised on the count.—Jeronimo is an old civil officer of the city, who assumes to be deaf or blind as his convenience suits—and Frederico is a sea-captain, who having been formerly Ignacio's rival with Claudine, and seeing her again in her cottage habit, lays a plan to carry her off, and by rousing Ignacio to rescue her, hastens his decision, and thus gives him an opportunity of proving himself worthy of her.—The piece then concludes with the triple union of Ignacio and Claudine, Antonia and Sebastian, Ursula and Martinique.

This opera is the production of Mr. Dibdin, jun.; indeed, those who are at all acquainted with the manner of that dramatist, can by no means mistake the author. There is much bustle and action through the piece; the dialogue is lively

and spirited; and many of the incidents are very interesting. There is nothing very novel in the characters, but the story, which is from the Spanish, is so developed as to render it a very good vehicle for some very beautiful music. The songs were excellently adapted to the style of singing, and the powers of the respective performers.

The new music of this Opera is in all respects worthy of Mr. Shield, its tasteful and scientific composer. He has written bravura songs for Mrs. Dickons, Incledon, and Bellamy, in his most spirited style, and which were executed by these performers in as brilliant a manner. Mrs. Dickons, who is become a polished singer, was never heard to so much advantage: most of her airs were rapturously encored; and Miss Bolton sung those allotted to her with delightful simplicity. The old airs are very judiciously adapted; and the overture, which is a masterly composition, was universally admired and applauded.

In scenery, dresses, decorations, &c. &c. there was every thing to detain the eye—but the appeal to the ear was irresistible, and we hope the very flattering reception which Mr. Shield has received on his return to the theatre, will be of force to win from him additional gratification to the lovers of genuine music.

ANECDOTE OF DR. LONG.

DR. ROGER LONG, the famous astronomer, walking one dark evening with a gentleman in Cambridge, and the latter coming to a short post fixed in the pavement, which in the earnestness of conversation he took to be a boy

standing in his way, said hastily, 'Get out of the way, boy!' 'That boy, sir,' said the doctor, very calmly, 'is a *post-boy*, who never turns out of his way for anybody.'

MR. YOUNG,

[*With his Portrait in the Character of Hamlet.*]

MR. YOUNG, who is from the Manchester theatre, of which he is the manager, made his first appearance on a London stage in the character of Hamlet, at the little theatre in the Haymarket, on the 22d of June last. His fame had preceded his arrival; but so complete was his success in the difficult part he had chosen, that his merits appeared to be under-rated. His voice is excellent, and he commands it to any utterance. His judgment is sound, and his taste correct. His voice does not possess the compass to rant, were he so inclined, but it is peculiarly adapted to the expression of tenderness, in which it is remarkably fine. If he fails in any thing it is in the lighter parts, into which he sometimes does not infuse a sufficient degree of ease and playfulness.

Mr. Young's figure is below the middle size, but well formed, and graceful in action. His countenance is manly and expressive. Judging from it, his age might be supposed about forty, but we understand that he is little more than thirty. He has been married, but has buried his wife about a twelvemonth. He is at present engaged at Drury Lane, and the town is to be congratulated on the acquisition of a performer of such intrinsic merit.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



Mr. Young in Hamlet.

HARRIET VERNON ;

OR,

CHARACTERS FROM REAL LIFE.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

BY A LADY.

(Continued from p. 525.)

LETTER XXXVI.

Mr. Wentworth to J. Johnson, Esq.

Bengal.

I HOPE that ere this my dear friend has received my long letter, dated from this place, in which I informed him of the happy change in my circumstances. I am even now scarcely recovered from my dream of surprise and joy, which such a discovery must occasion. I wrote a similar account to colonel Ambrose by the same ship that took my letter to you, and as no vessel can have yet arrived by which I can expect an answer, I will continue my narrative, knowing the warm interest you take in my concerns.

I left in my last my good uncle writing to his daughter an account of her new-found cousin, and all the wonderful particulars of the affair ; at the same time expressing a wish for her immediate return home. Just as he had finished writing, and I had, by his desire, perused his letter, the servant announced sir Philip Norton. A young gentleman of genteel appearance entered the room ; my uncle shook him by the hand, and presented him to me, as his parti-

cular friend ; then giving into his hand the letter which was yet unsealed—‘ You are come,’ said he, ‘ in good time to save me the trouble of telling you a long story which you may there peruse.’

Sir Philip took the letter, and I retired ; for, as it contained some commendations in my favour, I felt, though highly gratified, a little embarrassed at its being read in my presence. In about half an hour I returned, when sir Philip congratulated me in such polite terms, that I became highly prepossessed in his favour, and returned his civilities in the best manner I was able ; at the same time expressing a wish to be received into the circle of his friends.—He told me he had seen miss Winstanley the day before, and would, if her father pleased, be the conveyer of his letter, and hoped to bring the young lady in a day or two. My uncle’s carriage was ordered, and he set off to lord Amaranth’s seat, about ten miles distant. When he was gone, my uncle informed me that he was a young gentleman of good character, fortune, and connections, whom my cousin had selected from a concourse of admirers to bestow her hand upon. The union, he said, met his hearty concurrence ; but as his daughter was very young, only eighteen, he wished it to be deferred a year or two. I told him that I thought the young people were the best judges. Some young women at eighteen are as steady, and know their minds as well, as others at thirty.

‘ Your cousin,’ said he, ‘ is not of that number : she is extremely volatile ; and her unfortunate attachment to the Romish religion has given her a bad turn, I fear. My great hope is, that as

sir Philip is a protestant, he may reform her. Alas! it is not in my power,—every thing that vexes me gives her pleasure.’

‘Nay, sir,’ replied I, ‘she has not in the material point, the choice of a husband, run counter to your wishes.’

‘It is the only thing,’ said he, ‘I ever knew her fail in. If I wish her to stay at home, she goes out; if I wish her to go out, she stays at home; and so on. But I love her as I do myself. She has many suitors and admirers wherever she goes.’

‘We will excuse, then,’ replied I, ‘her vanity: universal admiration is too apt to create it in the most sensible minds.’

My curiosity to see this lady was now wound to the highest pitch. The next day I was rejoiced to see her alight from the carriage with sir Philip, who led her into the room, where was my uncle and myself ready to receive her. Now for a poet’s pen to describe a complete Venus! but as I am not a poet, nor the lady a complete Venus, I crave your excuse for the omission. I will, however, inform you, that my cousin is the most beautiful girl I ever saw, and wants nothing but a good shape to make her perfectly lovely. I will venture to say, no one that ever looked in her face regretted that she was not quite so tall or straight as a painter would wish her; and, I can speak for myself, it was some hours before I could take my eyes from her countenance to observe her figure. Her father embraced her with transport, and presented her to me, with joy sparkling in his eyes. I told her I had waited for that moment with impatience.—‘I know nothing of you, good sir,’ said she, with a

most charming vivacity, ‘but I felt impatient to see you. Sir Philip knows I have talked of nothing but you the whole way.’ Sir Philip smiled, and confirmed her assertion. You may suppose I said all that politeness could dictate on the occasion, and in a few minutes my fair cousin and I were perfectly well acquainted, and engrossed most of the conversation. The old gentleman seemed to regard us with much satisfaction, and it was hard to say which felt the happiest. Sir Philip seemed not so perfectly at ease. He, lover like, did not wish his mistress’s attention to be so wholly engrossed from himself. I saw his dissatisfaction, and proposed a walk in the gardens. There we entered into general discourse on England and its customs; and my young cousin made many remarks which convinced me that she had a good understanding joined to a playfulness of disposition, at her years not unpleasing. She says many witty things *unwittingly*, as I may express it; for she does not give herself time to think, and it must be a very good heart and head not to err sometimes by such volubility and spirits. I believe, rather than lose her repartee, she would affront her best friend. I plainly see she is a coquet too; and poor sir Philip, who I think is really fond of her, often looks grave, and knows not what to think of her behaviour. One hour all complaisance, the next hiding herself and sighing, as she says, for her dear lady Amaranth, and declaring a resolution to take the veil. This lady Amaranth is daughter of a lord Amaranth, an Irish family come here about two years since, on the decease of a brother who left large property. They are to return to

Ireland when the affairs are settled. This gentleman's house my cousin often goes to, and a violent friendship is formed between the young ladies: all the family are zealous catholics, and, I suppose, found it no very difficult task to convert my sprightly cousin. This young lady Amaranth having lost by death a favoured lover, a few weeks before their nuptials were to take place, became so overwhelmed with grief that she formed a resolution to take the veil. Her family and my cousin are concerned at it; but the friendship of the latter is so strong, that she frequently expresses a wish to accompany her in her retirement. Her father and lover are terrified with the idea; but I can discover very plainly, nothing is more remote from her intentions, or less congenial to her disposition. My cousin has received the best education this country can afford, but it falls short of that bestowed on the higher rank of females in ours. My uncle has taken pains to instruct her in useful knowledge, and has, in a good degree, succeeded; more from her quickness of parts than attention; for she is so extremely giddy that it is difficult to fix her attention to any subject. She dances well, and has a good ear for music; but for want of proper masters will never excel. Upon the whole she is a charming woman, and was she introduced in England, would draw a crowd of admirers. My uncle is not fond of her forming acquaintance with the English ladies; he thinks (and in my opinion very justly) they must be devoid of delicacy ere they could quit their native country in quest of a husband, whose fortune, perhaps, only could make him acceptable. I attended a ball some time since, given on the arrival of

some European ladies. I was much entertained, but at the same time sorry to see so many of my lovely countrywomen exposed to sale at a market, as I may call it: to say the best of it, it is indelicate and disgusting. Had they heard the remarks and witticisms uttered at their expense by the ungracious bidders, I am certain they would have quitted the room. They must be well recommended to respectable families, or they would stand a bad chance for their matrimonial success; and I am informed that if they refuse the first offer, have little chance of a second, unless their persons and manners are above mediocrity; and many there are who die, or return to England without their errand. I was introduced to several, and being now looked on as a young man of consequence, I dared not behave gallantly, for fear of raising false hopes. O ye fair votaries of ambition! think of the little chance you give yourselves for happiness, when, by leaving your country in quest of a rich husband, you renounce friends, sentiment, and delicacy, the bulwarks on which true happiness are built. But you will laugh at my rhapsody; it arose naturally to my mind on sight of the fair victims.

As I know you dislike the subject of business, and I may add, would not understand it, I will not trouble you with explaining the nature of my uncle's. I have the happiness to grow daily in his favour and affection, and feel myself much attached to him; I have only to regret that his health is such, that I fear his life will not be long continued. But of course whilst he lives I shall not revisit England. I do not like this country, and shall reside in it no longer than is

necessary. Can I ever be thankful enough to that Providence for throwing me in the way of the only relation I had? What a singular and happy lot is mine! The circumstances are so extraordinary as scarcely to gain belief. Thus blessed and thus situated, ought I to entertain any sentiment but gratitude? Is it not criminal to sigh, or suffer a repining thought? I blush to write I am *not* happy, but from my friend I will conceal nothing. Ah, Johnson! ere this colonel Ambrose is blessed with the hand of miss Vernon, the only woman in which my happiness is centered. Time and distance has not erased her from my memory and affections. I am now in a situation to ask her hand, and from a thousand circumstances I conjecture it might have been accepted; but she is lost to me;—tormenting thought!—and it is now criminal to think of her. Had I but risked an avowal of my passion before I left her! But yet I cannot on reflection blame myself!—How could I with honour act otherwise? I would fly from the subject, but my pen will not find another. I expect the next ships will bring me a confirmation of the colonel's marriage. O fortune! thou art but half kind! Impious observation!—I recall it, and conclude with subscribing myself your ever faithful friend,

CHARLES WENTWORTH.

LETTER XXXVII.

Miss Winstanley to Lady Amaranth.

FORBIDDEN to write to my dearest, my only friend! what does my father mean? Why truly he afraid I shall adopt your senti-

ments, and bury myself alive in a convent. No, no, my good sir, that will never be the case, though I love sometimes to frighten you and sir Philip with the threat. Why these fathers, wise as they would be thought in the management of their daughters, are strangely out sometimes. We all love contradiction; as for me, it is my chief delight. Were I ordered to write to you, I should hate it of all things; or, had I been commanded, with the sternness of parental authority, to be a Roman catholic, I should have remained a protestant, and so on in a hundred instances. Now it is my firm opinion, if I and the rest of your friends had not have made such a rout about your taking the veil, you would at this time have been figuring away at a ball, and—but hold, I must not touch on this topic, lest I should make you angry.—You desired me, when I took leave of you, to send you a full account of my new-found relation; I comply the more readily, because he is a fine, handsome, young fellow, and really worth writing about. It would have been horrid provoking to have had a stupid, plain, English monkey rise from the dead and run away with half one's fortune; but as it is, I have no objection to alteration in wills, as you know I value not money.—Well, but the picture of this charming fellow, and first his name—Charles Wentworth, about twenty-five, very tall, with the handsomest leg you ever saw; a manner peculiarly graceful. Sir Philip, you know, is thought graceful and elegant in his deportment and address, but he is nothing to him, I assure you. His face I think not so completely handsome as his figure; but his

countenance is manly and pleasing, and very expressive. His features are good, and, my father says, strongly resemble those of his mother. So much for his person and manners ; now for his faults. The greatest I have yet discovered is, his not having yet professed himself my slave. He even seems insensible to my charms, which I have been ever told are irresistible. He talks to me with as much indifference as though I were his grandmother ; and yet his countenance is sensibility itself. Another fault he has too, he is too grave. What has such a fine fellow to be grave about ? and in my presence too, whose smiles all have told me dispel every gloom, and brighten the face of nature. Now he is the first man that was ever two days in my company without professing himself my admirer. Ought I not to resent it ? But I feel a greater desire to enslave him than any youth I ever saw ; and a very good punishment too, I am sure. Sir Philip is miserable enough. Yonder I see him and my cousin walking in the gardens. They are mighty sociable. I wonder the former is not jealous. But I will go down and make him so. ' O the joy to wound a lover !'

[In continuation.]

WELL, I have succeeded most charmingly in my plan. But this insensible Wentworth ! I am puzzled to know what to make of him. I entered the garden with a stately walk, and was soon espied by the gentlemen—Sir Philip offered me his arm ; I took my cousin's—' I hope,' said I, ' you approve the mode of laying out these gardens ; my father says they are quite in the English taste'—

' Every thing here is English', replied he, ' even you are an English woman in your manners, your person, and I think your taste. Partial as I am to my native country, it is extremely gratifying to me to observe my uncle adopt its customs. I observe we live totally different from the other European inhabitants here. And where do you think I strolled this morning ? into your library ! and was delighted to see every English author of note had a place there'.

' I am very glad,' said I, ' that our mode of living pleases you, and if you can find entertainment in my library it is very much at your service. Are you fond of reading ?'—' I am', said he ; ' and will ask you in return the same question'. ' I like it sometimes', said I, ' and if you have no objection we will read together ; perhaps you may be able to point out some beauties I have overlooked'. ' With all my heart', said he, ' it will give me the highest pleasure ; and if sir Philip will join us it cannot but be pleasing to you'. ' It is an honour', said sir Philip, ' I have frequently petitioned for'—I looked at him with a haughty air, but made no answer ; went on with my cousin, and asked him which of the English poets he liked best ; ' it required much judgment', he said, ' to determine the many beauties in almost all the English poets ; it was a task he was unequal to ; but he believed Milton, Pope, and Young, were in general in the highest estimation ; he discovered many beauties in Thomson, particularly in his ' Seasons'; and a poet of the present day, Cowper, he highly esteemed'.

I was almost tired with this grave conversation, when sir Phi-

lip observed that it threatened a storm, and proposed returning to the house. We did so, and I, at my cousin's request, sat down to the harpsichord. Sir Philip took the violin—I desired him to lay it down as I did not like the instrument; he did so, and sighed.

I asked Wentworth to sing, which he readily complied with, and although he does not sing half so well as sir Philip, I affected to be in raptures, and declared that I had never heard so fine a voice.

In this manner did we go on, I endeavouring to exclude sir Philip from any share in the conversation, and paying Mr. Wentworth every attention. At length what did my favoured beau do but leave the room. What could I say; I could not call him back to be sure; so strum, strum, went I on at the harpsichord. Sir Philip sat by me, and entreated I would inform him what he had done to displease me. I affected not to hear him for some time; and expected he would throw himself at my feet, as he ought to have done; but instead of that he threw himself in a passion. Such usage, he said, was not to be borne; he would go to my father, and demand an explanation from him. I stopped my music, and rising, dropped a courtesy, with ‘Pray, sir, what do you want to say to me?’ ‘Provoking angel!’ he called me.—I went on—‘I thought I was mistress of my actions—I thought I might, when I pleased, play on this harmless instrument; but I find I was mistaken:—’Pray, sir, who are you? What right have you, sir, to interrupt my amusements, or intrude on my retirement?’

‘What a question!’ replied he; ‘am I not your favoured lover? Have you not promised to give me

your hand?—that hand—’ (and he would have taken it, but I snatched it away) ‘and think you I can be unconcerned at the treatment you have this day, and I may say the whole week, given me? Let me entreat you to explain yourself. If I have offended you there is no concession I will not make to regain your favour. But I am conscious of no fault—’ ‘I wonder,’ said I, with great composure, ‘where my cousin is—I want to speak with him.’ This speech completed the mortification. He paced across the room in a violent passion, and opening the door—‘Seek him, madam!’ said he, ‘I doubt not he is in the house.’ I dropped him another courtesy, and thanked him for his permission to retire; but I was not his provoking angel again. I tripped up stairs, and scribbled thus far to you. I long to see how the wretch will behave at dinner. To be sure he will not presume to be angry! if he should I must relax a little of my severity; for I must not lose him neither, at least not until I am sure of another. But I am resolved to conquer the insensibility of Wentworth, and sir Philip, I suppose, must be the sacrifice; my engagements to another would be no obstacle to any one else; but Wentworth has such refined notions. I must lay down my pen to prepare for the dinner hour, so adieu for the present.

[*In continuation.*]

QUITE irresistible from the elegance of my dress, and with a countenance arrayed in smiles, I entered the dining-room, where was my father and Wentworth; but no sir Philip. The former looked grave, and displeased, and

the latter seemed to survey me with an aspect of concern. I took my seat in silence. To be sure, thought I, sir Philip has been making complaints, and I am to receive a lecture from these gravities.

Mum—mum, all dinner-time—I chattered as usual, but no answer from either could I get. At length I arose to leave the room. ‘Where are you going?’ said my father—‘To my own apartment, sir; this is a very gloomy one.’ ‘It is you that make it so—’ ‘I, sir! dear! I am all life and spirits; I am sure I hate gloom of all things.’—‘Sit down, and be serious; I want to talk with you, and expect you will answer me a question, which I, as a father, have a right to ask you.’—‘Some questions are not easily answered, sir,’ said I, ‘and I cannot promise one at present.’—I looked at Wentworth who seemed much displeased at my pertness.—Come, thought I, I must take care not to carry matters too far: all my plans will be disconcerted if I disgust this sentimental cousin, so I added—‘But I will be serious, and answer any question you may please to ask me.’

This set matters right:—I was his dear girl, and the question he had to put was, whether I intended to take sir Philip Norton for my husband.

I started at so home a question, and knew not how to answer: I was loth to give up my slave, just at the time my power was at its height; and yet if I declared my intention to marry him I must at once relinquish my scheme of enslaving Wentworth;—and then should I not succeed with the latter and have lost the former, what a forlorn situation should I be in!

—Fear not, whispered vanity, no youth can withstand the force of your charms.—Vanity whispered not in vain, as you shall hear.

I was silent; my father went on—‘If you intend making sir Philip your husband, your conduct, (for he has informed me of your behaviour,) is highly absurd and imprudent. Think you he will not, when married, revenge himself for the gross affronts you gave him as a mistress? Or supposing his temper to be too good to permit him to take such methods; yet you lessen yourself in his eyes, and lose your importance by the very means you take to establish it. If on the contrary you have no intention to marry him, your conduct is still more reprobable: you add cruelty to insult. None but a depraved mind would wish to wound the feelings of a person who loves them. But I will think better things of you; I am certain you have not, in this case, permitted yourself to think, but have been run away with by your vivacity and inconsiderateness. I talk to you now in a serious manner, and conjure you to examine your heart well, and to determine what place sir Philip has there. If he has not an interest there, far be it from me to urge it; in this matter I leave you wholly free, only I insist on your behaving properly to sir Philip.’

Having finished this harangue my father paused for an answer. I had by this time resolved on one. I could see no alternative between relinquishing my designs on Wentworth, and giving up sir Philip. I resolved on the latter. Knowing that nothing could make me so lovely in my cousin’s eyes as a dutiful conduct, I assumed a grave and tender aspect, threw myself

on my knees to my father, and thanked him for all his parental remonstrances; said I was convinced that I had acted improperly, and begged his forgiveness for what I was going to say.—He raised and tenderly kissed me; said he would forgive me any thing, and looked pleased and surprised at my uncommonly dutiful manner. I glanced towards Wentworth who regarded me with admiration.—‘Then, sir,’ continued I, ‘I will venture to tell you I do not love sir Philip; I have doubted whether I felt a proper affection for him for some time; but this last week I have examined my heart, and am now convinced I can never be happy with him as my husband’.

‘Then, my sweet child,’ said my father, ‘you shall never marry him. Will you, or shall I, acquaint him with your determination?’

‘If you please, sir, I should be glad to be excused the painful task, for I fear it will disturb him, and my pity for him almost leads me to repent my resolution.’

I was seated close to my father who held one of my hands; and when I had finished my fine sentimental speech, Mr. Wentworth took my other hand—‘Never before,’ said he, ‘did my cousin appear so lovely in my eyes. I see she can reflect and act generously.’ ‘It distresses me,’ said I, looking in his face with a tender air, ‘that you should ever have doubted it. My vivacity will sometimes run away with me, but I trust I have a heart incapable of an ungenerous action.’

What praises did I not now receive from my two auditors. They almost inspired a wish in me to be good. I retired and sat down, vexed at having thus deprived myself of a lover. The hope, however,

of soon gaining another reconciles me; but I must be extremely circumspect in my conduct: no airs, no levities must be played off upon Wentworth. And what, say you, will you marry him? I never think of marriage; we will talk of that when I have gained him for a lover.

What an unconscionable long letter have I written! I wish it may be in my power to enliven, by my pen, your solitary hours. I know you must not send letters but by the permission, and, I suppose, after the inspection of the lady abbess; but I hope those you receive are sacred. Pray satisfy me in this particular, or I must desist from writing. I remain, my dear lady Amaranth’s sincere and most affectionate friend,

LETITIA WINSTANLEY.

[*Miss Winstanley, in continuation.*]

I AM quite ashamed of myself for having been so long in answering your kind letter. You have set me easy with regard to the privacy of mine to you, but I am not much pleased with a correspondence where my friend’s epistles are perused by an old woman. I do not wish you to write often under such a restraint. You tell me you do not approve of my ways, but you will keep my secret. Abide by your promise, and I will look for approbation within myself. Then follows a long pious exhortation, I suppose, out of compliment to your old gover-nante. To this part of your letter I make no other answer—but I do not like the subject. As for your fears that I shall not remain steady in the faith—set yourself at ease. I will not be a protestant whilst my father is one. Think you that

I will after making the noble stand I have, and the spirited altercations I have held with him on the subject, confess myself mistaken? No; forbid it pride, resolution, and true womanhood. So much in answer to yours—Now for my own affairs.

My father has been very ill, and confined to his bed: we thought we should have lost him. He is better, but in a very precarious state: I waited on him with great attention, and my filial conduct has, I think, won the heart of Wentworth—the grand object of my solicitude. He has scarcely quitted the sick room, and, I believe, sincerely felt all I have feigned. I confess I see nothing shocking in the death of an old rich father. To be independent and my own mistress! Oh, charming! When he was at the worst he called us both to him, and weeping over us said, he had by will made us both equal heirs of his fortune. ‘I think,’ said he to Wentworth, ‘there is enough to satisfy you who have not an ambitious mind. Return to England and enjoy it. But I bequeath you a far more precious trust—To your guardianship do I commit my dear Letitia.—Letitia, do you receive your cousin as your friend and protector.’

Wentworth was much affected; he called it a precious trust which it should be his pride and happiness to guard. We retired from the chamber, and walked into the garden, whilst my father composed himself to sleep. Here was an opportunity for him to say a hundred fine things; instead of which, would you believe it? he dwelt on nothing but my father’s praises, and his hopes of his recovery. Art thou a fool or insensibility itself,

thought I. He is neither, but worse than either. I am convinced some woman in that England possesses his heart. I will not, however, have a rival, I am resolved; and the greater the difficulties the greater my triumph. But I will tell you my reason for supposing I have a rival.

We went from the garden into the library; the instant we entered I saw Wentworth’s eye fixed on a paper: it was a copy of verses my mulatto girl had, by my orders, that morning written. She writes a fine hand, and I asked him which he admired most, the poetry or the hand-writing.—‘It is only the writing,’ said he, ‘that attracted my notice. It is so like the hand-writing of a lady I know, that I can scarcely believe it is not her’s.’

‘Suppose it should be hers,’ said I, ‘and I should be acquainted with her!’—‘Impossible!’ said he, ‘I am not so happy!’

A glow on his countenance, and an earnestness of expression, convinced me that the lady in question was not indifferent to him.

‘Ah! cousin,’ said I, ‘you are not insensible: some English lady—’

‘Let us take a book,’ said he; ‘the subject to me is a painful one.’

‘Then we will avoid it, Mr. Wentworth,’ said I; giving him a book.

What had already passed was sufficient to satisfy me for the present, and I doubt not to get all out of him in time. My father from this time mended, and we are inseparable. I have an opportunity of playing off all my charms on Wentworth. My father appears pleased with my conduct, and I really think has

the same end in view with myself. For any other object that would be sufficient for me to relinquish it; but I know not how it is, my whole heart is set on this conquest. Yet I am not in love, nor ever shall be. I am certain vanity, difficulties, and caprice, are all the motives that urge me on. You cannot think what an altered girl I am to appearance, so grave, so sentimental, and so dutiful; the delight of my father, and the pride of my cousin. I begin to be tired of my restraint, but I shall take my revenge in time. Sir Philip has left Bengal: he received his doom with more composure than my father expected. I did not see him. A packet of letters is just arrived to Mr. Wentworth; one from his lady, I suppose. I wish I could see it. Joy sparkled in his eyes at sight of the superscription. I am summoned to attend him and my father. What can this mean? As I have deferred writing so long I will close here—will write again soon; in the mean time remain affectionately yours,

LETITIA WINSTANLEY.

[*To be continued.*]

A NIGHT WALK

IN NOVEMBER.

By J. M. L.

‘O MAJESTIC Night!
Nature’s great ancestor! Day’s elder
born!
And fated to survive the transient Sun!
By mortals and immortals seen with
awe!
A starry crown thy raven brow adorns,
An azure zone thy waist; clouds in
Heav’n’s loom

Wrought through varieties of shape and
shade,
In ample folds of drapery divine,
Thy flowing mantle form; and, Heaven
throughout,
Voluminously pour thy pompous train.
Thy gloomy grandeurs (Nature’s most
august
Inspiring aspect!) claim a grateful verse.’
YOUNG.

‘Wrapt in dark fogs’ November
had bestrode the plain, spreading
terror and despair before him.
Morning had now no charms for
the early Rambler; late in rising
from her couch, Aurora’s eye, dim
with the tears November’s bitter
sway excites, darts no ray of hea-
venly lustre on the plains; and
when at length her sorrow seems
to cease, she smiles but through
her tears: for horror hangs upon
the frownful brow of November,
and his chosen throne is some dark
cloud!

‘Ah me! the golden year is fled. Be-
hold
Gloomy and sad November, with a brow
Severe and clouded. Scarce a leaf sus-
tains
His pestilential blast. The woods are
stript,
And all their honours shatter’d in the
vale.
Th’ ambassador of surly Winter he,
And in his hand he bears the nipping
frost.
Before his tyrant lord he scatters sleet,
And, with a hideous frown, bids Au-
tumn speed,
And after her runs howling through the
land.
The field has lost its verdure. All the
pride
Of the sweet garden fades. Where now
the rose,
The lupin, aster, balsam, or carnation?
Or where the lily with her snowy bells?
Where the gay jasmin, odorous syringa,
Graceful laburnum, or bloom-clad ar-
but? Or if we stray, where now the Summer’s
walk

So still and peaceable at early eve,
 Along the shady lane, or through the
 wood,
 To pluck the ruddy strawberry, or smell
 The perfum'd breeze that all the fra-
 grance stole
 Of honey-suckle, blossom'd beans, or
 clover?
 Where now the blush of Spring, and
 the long day
 Beloit'er'd? Cheerful May, that filled
 the woods
 With music, scatter'd the green vale
 with flow'rs,
 And hung a smile of universal joy
 Upon the cheek of Nature? Where
 blooms now
 The king-cup or the daisy? Where in-
 clines
 The hare-bell or the cowslip? Where
 looks gay
 The vernal furze with golden baskets
 hung?
 Where captivates the sky-blue peri-
 wrinkle
 Under the cottage eaves? Where waves
 the leaf,
 Or rings with harmony the merry vale?
 Day's harbinger no song performs, no
 song
 Or solo anthem deigns sweet Philomel;
 The golden wood-pecker laughs loud no
 more.
 The pye no longer prates; no longer
 scolds
 The saucy jay. Who sees the goldfinch
 now
 The feather'd groundsel pluck, or hears
 him sing
 In bower of apple-blossoms perch'd?
 Who sees
 The chimney-haunting swallow skim
 the pool,
 And quaintly dip, or hears his early
 song
 Twitter'd to dawning day? All, all are
 hushed.
 The very bee her merry toil foregoes,
 Nor seeks her nectar to be sought in
 vain.
 Only the solitary robin sings,
 And perch'd aloft with melancholy note,
 Chants out the dirge of Autumn; cheer-
 less bird,
 That loves the brown and desolated
 scene,

And scanty face of Winter. Let me weep
 With you, ye Muses; and with you, ye
 fair,
 Chief mourner at the grave of her we
 love,
 Expiring Nature.'

HURDIS.

Night, during the winter months,
 can have no charm for the wander-
 er; almost the only pleasures at-
 tendant upon a wintery night are
 those of a cheerful fire, and a
 select party, where

'The feast of reason and the flow of
 soul

are in unison, undisturbed by the
 noisy effusions of mad intoxica-
 tion;

'For drunkenness adds to the poignance
 of grief,

When reason return'd picture's wine as
 a thief,

Who but heightens the wretch's de-
 spair.'

Author's Manuscript Poems.

Still the man who admires na-
 ture will like to contemplate her,
 as well when the storm spreads its
 lowering horrors over her form, as
 when the brilliance of summer-
 suns shoot their radiance around:
 He will like to ramble abroad, as
 well when the chill night-air of
 winter renders warm clothing ne-
 cessary, as when the soft zephyrs
 of Summer make night pleasanter
 than day, when

'Among the crooked lanes, on ev'ry
 hedge

The glow-worm lights his gem; and,
 thro' the dark,

A moving radiance twinkles.'

THOMSON.

The day had been cold and
 showery, and the night had closed
 in dull obscurity, when I set out
 for my November's stroll. I had

previously put on a great coat, and I now found the benefit of it, for the wind blew very cold, and rather strong from the North-East, and a slight degree of frost seemed to have hardened the mud in the path-way.

‘What art thou frost? and whence are thy keen stores
Deriv’d, thou secret, all-invading power,
Whom even th’illusive fluid cannot fly?
Is not thy potent energy, unseen,
Myriads of little salts, or hook’d or shap’d
Like double wedges, and diffus’d immense
Through water, earth, and ether?’

THOMSON.

On my way I passed a lowly hovel, where resided a very old man, who, long ere I reached the door of his hut, had been gone to rest; not, perhaps, to sleep; for he, alas! was the victim of unmerited misfortune: born to brilliant prospects, life smiled on him in its advancing hours; pleasure and benevolence beamed from his eye; and all who were in want, found him a ready friend.

‘The orphan too he clad and taught;
The widow’s want reliev’d;
To prisons kind assistance brought,
Where captive debtors griev’d.’

Author’s Manuscript Poems.

Thus fled away, happy as friendship, wedded love, and a breast at peace, could make them, many years of his life; till at length ruined by a pretended friend, he was driven from his home, an unhappy outcast! His wife soon died of a broken heart! whilst the poor, aged victim of villany, wandered far from the scene of his former happiness, and fixed himself here; where the open hand of charity offered him a shelter from the unspitting winds. Seventy years

have silvered over his sorrowed head; a few more, and the life he wishes not to preserve will be over; then, in

‘Another, and a better, world,’

he looks forward to peace, uninterrupted, and eternal!

‘Yon hovel is his drear abode,
Which scarcely shelter yields;
All day he sits beside the road,
Or slowly walks the fields.

‘His downcast look, and modest mien,
Implore the passing sigh;
Yet ne’er to beg is this man seen,
Or raise his haggard eye.

‘But oft the son of Affluence stops
To give him sweet relief;
And oft the humbler traveller drops
A mite to ease his grief.

‘Yet in the mourner’s time-worn face
A noble firmness glows;
His better days you there may trace,
Though dimm’d by weighty woes.

‘His form betrays no common mould,
Though now ’tis bent and weak;
It once was stout, majestic, bold,
As all its features speak.

‘In mystic wonder and amaze,
Will passing strangers stay;
In silent sympathy they gaze
On Mis’ry’s closing day.’

Author’s Manuscript Poems.

The gloominess of the night, as I proceeded, was well suited to an indulgence of superstitious thoughts in a mind that was prone, and weak enough to indulge them. And where is there a man, who, in some situation or other of his life, has not had occasion to regret the folly of the nurses of his early years; who to quiet him have threatened that the *naughty man*, or the *bugabo*, or some other equally terrifying being, should come and take him away; thereby unthinkingly im-

planting the dread of a supernatural something that has no existence but in the brain of folly and thoughtlessness.

‘ So boding dames
Teach the frayed boy a thousand ugly
signs,

Which riper judgment cannot shake
aside.

And so the path of life is rough indeed,
And the poor fool feels double smart,
compell’d

To trudge it barefoot on the naked flint.
For what is judgment, and the mind
inform’d,

Your Christian armour, gospel preparation,

But sandals for the feet, that tread with
ease,

Nor feel those harsh asperities of life,
Which ignorance and superstition dread.
I much admire we ever should complain

That life is sharp and painful, when
ourselves

Create the better half of all our woe.
Who can he blame who shudders at the
sight

Of his own candle, and foretells with
grief

A winding-sheet? Who starts at the
red coal

Which bounces from his fire, and picks
it up,

His hair on end, a coffin! Spills his
salt,

And dreads disaster? Dreams of pleasant fields,

And smells a corpse? And ever shuns
with care

The unpropitious hour to pare his nails?
Such fears but ill become a soul that
thinks.

Let time bring forth what heavy plagues
it will.

Who pain anticipates, that pain feels
twice,

And often feels in vain. Yet, tho’ I
blame

The man who with too busy eye unfolds
The page of Time, and reads his lot
amiss,

I can applaud to see the smiling maid
With pretty superstition pluck a rose,
And lay it by till Christmas. I can look

With much complacency on all her arts
To know the future husband. Yes, ye
fair,

I deem it good to take from years to
come

A loan of happiness. We could not live,
Did we not hope to-morrow would
produce

A better lot than we enjoy to-day.

Hope is the dearest medicine of the soul,
A sweet oblivious antidote, which heals
The better half of all the pains of life.’

HURDIS.

No great pleasure seemed to
await a farther ramble, I therefore
speedily returned home, and soon
sought the soothing power of
sleep, ejaculating, as I stepped
into bed,

‘ Sweet is the soft and silent hour
That steals with ev’ry soothing pow’r
Across the throbbing breast;
Where heavy hours of mental toil
Have long suppress’d the pleasing smile
That speaks a heart at rest.’

Author's Manuscript Poems.

LETTER from LORD KAIMES to the DUCHESS of GORDON.

[*From Memoirs of the Life and
Writings of the Honourable
Henry Home, of Kaimes.*]

To the Duchess of Gordon.

August, 1770.

AS I never incline to visit my
favourite pupil, or to write but
when I am at ease and in good
spirits, which has not been the
case for this last fortnight, worn
out as I am with the business of
the court, I delayed to acknow-
ledge your last kind letter till I
should be restored to my spirits:
to the country, by the wood-
nymphs, the water-nymphs, and
all the train of rural smiling
deities.

Your grace could not do me a greater favour than in communicating the little family anecdote about lady C. than which nothing can show a more charming disposition. Dis-social passions are more painful to ourselves than to those that are the objects of them: Selfish passions are disagreeable to others, and very little pleasant to ourselves; but the generous and benevolent passions, if they make others happy, double that blessing on ourselves: there is no part of our nature that advances us so near the Author of all Good. Cherish, my dear lady, that disposition in your daughter, because it is highly amiable; but double your diligence to cherish it in your son, who, I hope will one day have it in his power to do much good, and to find his own chief happiness in making multitudes happy around him.

The duke of G. may justly be reckoned the greatest subject in Britain, not from the extent of his rent-roll, but from a much more valuable property, the number of people whom Providence has put under his government and protection. God forbid the duke should imbibe the sentiments of too many of his elevated rank, that these people are merely beasts of burden, and that it is allowable to squeeze out of them all that can be got. In point of morality, I consider that the people upon our estates are trusted by Providence to our care, and that we are answerable for the management of them to the great God, their Creator as well as ours. But observe and admire the benevolence of Providence. What else does it require of us but to introduce industry among our people, the sure way to make them virtuous and

happy; and the way not less sure of improving our estates, and increasing our resources?

Now, my dear pupil, I insist on this topic with the more satisfaction, as I figure your grace taking an active part in this useful work, and going hand in hand with your husband; if, indeed, it be not better that each of you should take a separate department. I will explain what part I allot your grace after a short preface.

Travelling through the counties of Aberdeen and Banff, with any sort of equipage, it is pleasant to see the young creatures turning out every where from their little cottages, full of curiosity, but not less full of industry, for every one of them is employed; and in knitting stockings they lose not all the while a single motion of the fingers. Now mark what I am going to say. There is indeed the same curiosity to be observed on your banks of the Spey, and through the county of Moray; but, alas! the industry is wanting; for the young people go about there perfectly idle. I fear you will think I am growing a little tedious this evening, for I wish to prolong conversation with your grace, but now I come to the point—The part I allot for the duchess of Gordon is to train the young creatures about her to industry, and she will execute it with self-satisfaction and success; for in tender years the strongest impressions are made; and once giving children a habit it will last them for life. What I would therefore propose as her first essay is to introduce the knitting of stockings among the young folk of both sexes, which will easily be done, as that art is so far advanced in her neighbourhood.

If your grace relishes this pro-

posal, signify it only to your old Mentor, and it shall be his business, not only to lay down a plan for carrying it into effect, but to interest our trustees for manufactures, who will most cordially second your operations; in the mean time you may order a fit person to be secured for teaching the children to spin and to knit; and the only thing that will be expected from your grace, besides your countenance (which is all in all), is to encourage children to exert themselves, by some small premiums to those who are the most deserving.

So much for serious matters; and now to a lighter theme, if my paper leaves room for it. From fifty years experience I can vouch that the pleasantest companions for conversation are those who pass some time in their closets in reading and reflecting. Will you give me authority to purchase for you, from time to time, a few books of taste and useful knowledge, which will agreeably fill up your hours of leisure? Does the duke give his commissions to any particular bookseller in Edinburgh? In this and every other capacity command your real friend and faithful servant,

HENRY HOME.

ON THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF
GYPSIES IN EUROPE.

[*From Muratori's Antichita Italiane.*]

IT was not before the year 1480 that this singular race of people issued from their concealments, pretending that Egypt was their native country, and that they were deprived of their settlements by a

king of Hungary. Notwithstanding the geographical absurdity of this assertion, it was readily credited by the ignorant vulgar. It appears probable that they drew their origin from Wallachia, or the neighbouring countries, as they are still to be met with in great numbers in Hungary, Servia, Bulgaria, and Macedonia. Whether they were expelled from their native dens, or left them spontaneously, it is certain that at this period they began to appear in the Western provinces, and by their fraudulent arts were able to gain a footing there, though by nature ever addicted to a vagabond life. They were neither cultivators of the soil, nor artisans, but found an inexhaustible supply for their necessities in theft, rapine, and deceit. — Although their way of life was not unknown to the Italians, their infamous practices were tolerated, because they made simple people believe that a penance was imposed upon them of wandering about for seven years; and still more, because they pretended to the gift of divination, and foretelling future events. An opinion long prevailed that they were forbidden to remain longer than three days in one place, and that they had a privilege from the Pope of providing themselves with necessary food wherever they should be. The time in which these Zingani, or Zingari, first made their appearance in Italy may be collected from the *Miscella Bolognese*, published in the 18th vol. of the *Rerum Italicarum*. It contains the following notice: — ‘On July 18, 1422, there came to Bologna a duke of Egypt, named duke Andrew, together with men, women, and children of his own country, in number about 100. They had a

decree from the King of Hungary, who was Emperor, authorizing them to rob, wheresoever they should go, for the space of seven years, without being amenable to justice. When they arrived at Bologna they lodged within and without the Porto di Galliera, and slept under porticos, except the Duke who was lodged at the King's Hotel. They remained here fifteen days, during which time many persons visited them, on account of the Duke's wife, who understood divination, and could tell what was to be a person's fortune, his condition, how many children he was to have; whether a woman was good or bad, and the like. In many things she spoke truth, and when people went to have their fortunes told, few escaped without having their pockets picked, or, if women, their clothes stripped of their ornaments. Their women went by six or eight through the city, entering the houses of the citizens, and prating with them, at the same time filching what they could lay their hands upon. They also went into the shops, pretending to buy something, whilst some of the party were employed in pilfering.

Italy did not suffice for this crew, which was gradually augmented by accessions from the men and women of the countries through which they passed. Krantz, in his history of Saxony, writes that they began to be seen in that country in the year 1417; and he gives a lively description of their customs and cheats under the name of Zigeni, or Zigeuni. Aventine also mentions their arrival in Bavaria, and their misdeeds, in 1411. They spread in like manner through Flanders and France, in which country they were called Egyp-

tians and Bohemians, and in Spain, where they were named Gitanos. They are also found in the Turkish dominions. Although they have been frequently banished from various districts, and severe edicts have been issued against them, they still contrive to keep up their race, and carry on the trade of petty pillage and deception.

SOLITARY WALKS

IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

BY JOHN WEBB.

WALK V.

‘The grave,
That seat of rest, that mansion of repose,
Where rest and mortals are no longer
foes:
Where counsellors are hush'd, and
mighty kings
(O happy turn) no more are wretched
things.’

YOUNG.

THE sun was descended below the horizon, and every whispering breeze and playful zephyr was sunk to rest with the grand luminary.

‘The fair rising moon
Hung up her ready lamp, and with mild
lustre
Drove back the hov'ring shades,’

and invited to another solitary ramble among the tombs.

The first grave that met my observation was a new-made one, upon whose earthy hillock the grass had not begun to vegetate. An aged relative here found a quiet resting-place, having for more than ninety years trod the stage of life, and of whom I can with truth declare

'The noblest character he acted well,
And Heaven applauded when the curtain fell.'

GARRICK.

Had his capacious mind and
pregnant intellectual faculties been
illuminated by the rays of science, he
might have shone conspicuous
among the literati of the age,

'But knowledge to his eyes her ample
page,

Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er
unroll;

Chill Penury repress'd his noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the
soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean
bear;

Full many a flower is born to blush
unseen,

And waste its sweetness on the desert
air.'

GRAY.

But why regret his want of learning,
as it proves, as Cowper observes,
too oft a snare? Without literary
acquirements, Voltaire, D'Alembert,
and the rest of the illuminati, could
not have spread the poison of Atheism
over Europe, and set such political
principles afloat as have lit the most
enlightened part of the globe in flames,
which have been quenched only by the
blood of its inhabitants.

My venerable old friend could
read his Bible, and instead of prying
into forbidden mysteries, starting
objections occasioned only by the
real ignorance of the objector,
or assuming the character of one
of those fools, who (as the poet
says) 'rush in where angels fear to
tread,' he had the good sense to
regulate his conduct by the maxims
contained in that sacred book.
His protracted life was a continued
scene of serenity, for he had a head

that never, and a heart that seldom,
ached, and he sunk at last into
the shades of death, as the summer's
sun sets at eve, in hopes, like the
orb of day, of rising again, with
dazzling splendor on the last dread
morn.

————— 'Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace. How calm
his exit!

The night-dews fall not gentler to the
ground,

Nor weary worn-out winds expire so
soft.

Behold him in the eve-tide of life.—
A life well spent, whose early care it
was

His riper years should not upbraid his
youth:

By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away;
Yet like the sun seems larger at his setting!

See the glad gates of sight are wide
expanded

To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
Of the fast-coming harvest. How he
longs

To have his passport sign'd, and he dis-
miss'd!

'Tis done;—and now he's happy:—the
glad soul

Has not a wish uncrown'd.'

BLAIR.

Not far distant stands the tomb,
within whose gloomy cavern Clericus
reposes, who was snatched from life
when all its blushing honours began
to bloom around him. His splendid
natural abilities were improved by
scientific lore. He was a proficient
in music, and played the organ with
almost unrivalled skill: and what can
seldom be said of persons of superior
attainments, he was affable, devoid of
pride, wholly divested of that *hauteur*
that oft-times attends exalted genius,
and was always willing to impart
instruction to the inquiring mind.—
He was kind to me:—by his death I
lost the freedom of

access to a well-furnished library : thus was one source of knowledge and amusement dried up, and I found by experience that his exit 'left,' as Dr. Johnson says, 'a chasm in society.'

'How oft does sorrow bend the head
Before we dwell among the dead :
Scarce in the years of manly prime
Oft have I wept the wrecks of time.'

LOGAN.

Turning the chancel, a tall tomb-stone brought to my recollection the history of the person whose memory it was placed to perpetuate. He was a respectable practitioner of the healing art, and was generally esteemed in this neighbourhood.—But, alas! when death approached,

'Proud Æsculapius' son !
Where were thy boasted implements of
art,
And all thy well-cramm'd magazines of
Health ?
Nor hill nor dale, as far as ship cou'd go,
Nor margin of the gravel-bottom'd brook,
Escap'd thy rifling hand : from stubborn
shrubs
Thou wrung'st their shy retiring virtues
out,
And vex'd them in the fire ; nor fly,
nor insect,
Nor writhy snake, escap'd thy deep re-
search.
But why this apparatus ? Why this cost ?
Tell me, thou doughty keeper from the
grave !
Where are thy recipes and cordials now ?
Alas ! he speaks not !

BLAIR.

He was arrested by the messenger of fate, in the prime of life, in the bloom of health, and expanding reputation. By his death society lost an useful and ornamental member, his wife an affectionate husband, and a group of fine children a father and protector.

Having meditated till the voice

of Time, from the weather-beaten tower, admonished me to depart, I left the dreary spot abruptly.

Haverhill.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

BY SOPHIA TROUGHTON.

(Continued from p. 535.)

LETTER VII.

Right Hon. Charles Baderly to sir Robert Legoxton.

Walsingham-hall.

WELL, Bob, I am just returned from the play, and not being sleepy I'll give thee a bit of the drama.

From the play ! What art in town !—no such thing, my boy ; look at my date. The town has come to me. Drury-Lane performers, Drury-Lane dresses, aye, and Drury-Lane house itself, if I were to credit a bill with large red letters, now staring me in the face. But I have seen their performance, their dresses, and their house, and, upon my soul, they are laughable beyond imagination.

The names of the principal London performers are very faithfully transmitted, and they have taken care to burlesque both their assumed characters. Poor Cleopatra and Mrs. Siddons were represented by a fat, brown, country wench ! who bawled out 'Give me my robe—put on my crown—I have immortal longings

in me.—Now no more the juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip.'

In the agitation of her speech she marched up in a parallel line with me; and blew on me such a gale from her mouth—not of the scent of Egypt's grape, but the more common, and less costly juice of juniper berries. But Antony, the noble-minded Antony! Faith, Bob! I have not words in my vocabulary to do Antony justice, or give you any idea of the fellow's clamorous vociferation. He began his despondent speech of 'O Sun! thy uprise shall I see no more!' with such a sudden start of passion, that he almost choked himself; and absolutely made me start.

In one of the scenes where a sideboard of plate should have been, a deal board, covered with green baize, and two or three pots, borrowed from the village ale-house, met with an unfortunate adventure. The voluptuous queen taking her asp from a pottle, with an unlucky flourish snatched the green covering from the deal board, and discovered two poor fellows, the living supporters of this ambitious deal board; so true it is that pretenders are often discovered when they think themselves figuring away with more than common elegance.

The heroic Cleopatra went on with her speech.

'Come, mortal wretch! with thy sharp teeth;' but one of the late-discovered heroes found his honour wounded; and, stalking up to the expiring lady, with a tremendous tragedy-oath, demanded 'Why she whisked the cloth off him when all the time the gentry thought him dead.'

We by this time discovered that he was the lost, the regretted An-

tony; though his trappings were somewhat altered, being half equipped for the farce.

I for my part was very glad to find him alive and well; and expected to see Cleopatra fly into his arms; and fly she did, but with no amicable intent: no, the soft, the languishing, the dying Cleopatra raised one of her huge red fists, (which, by the by, I believe would have felled an ox,) and gave the remonstrating Antony such a sudden and violent blow on the face, that his noble blood besprinkled the ground on which the body of the unfortunate hero had been stretched. He once more rose, and with incredible fury attacked the triumphant queen.

The battle now raged with great heat on both sides, when the prompter's voice ordered the curtain to be let down; but the bustle continued behind it, and the words nasty trapes, and shabby, paltry fellow, were very distinguishable.

Champlly was clamorous for the blanket to be pulled up to see fair play, but he was not attended to.

The risibility of all ranks was so great, that I am persuaded there never was a merrier end to a tragedy in this world.

We did not stay to see the farce, for really it would have been too extravagant to enjoy so much farce at once.

We had had a sufficient quantity of laughter to last a month; but I shall have another peep at them before they are off for good.

This lady Walsingham improves upon one every day: she has the beauty of a Venus, and the sense of a Minerva.—Oh, Legoxton, this woman causes me to break the tenth commandment hourly.

This evening I had the ecstatic

pleasure of driving her to and from the play; and enjoyed so large a portion of her sweet company, that I am in good humour with you, myself, and the whole world. In this pleasing temper I wish you a good night.

[*In continuation.*]

So Champly, after assuring himself that miss Lester's fortune was full forty thousand pounds, has thought proper to avow himself her lover by an open declaration.

We have all, except lady Walsingham and Linley (who set off this morning to attend a sick uncle,) been walking in the park; where, if you had been to have seen the pert foppish airs of that prince of fribbles, Champly, and the coy, the reserved, and then presently the sour, peevish behaviour of his mistress, it would have afforded a fund of entertainment for your facetious humour.

By the host I had rather make love to my charming amazon, queen Cleopatra, than to this female Proteus. She is so whimsically capricious, such a contrast at different times; you would swear it was impossible for one woman to have so many fantasies. Now she will be all that is fashionably elegant, and sprightly; one of the most playful, arch, provoking creatures I ever met with: in a few hours you will see her in a becoming dishabille, with a negligent air, assuming all the bewitching softness of languishing beauty. In short she is a good olio: a medley of whim, humour, wit, nonsense, beauty, and ugliness. So if you wish for variety in one, come and throw yourself at the feet of this farrago.

I am now going with Seymore

and lady Mary to look at some horses for my curriole.

[*In continuation.*]

I have bought two beautiful roan horses: And while Seymore was looking at a lady's poney, which he had a mind to, for Mrs. Howard, lady Mary said, 'Have you never taken notice, Mr. Baderly, of an alteration at Walsingham-hall since your arrival?'

'Not till this morning, madam, I had not; but to day I thought I discovered an unusual depression on the countenance of some of our friends.'

'Well, sir, I have observed an alteration for some time back; but th's morning I overheard some words that make me tremble for my beloved lady Walsingham. You, sir, are the confidential friend of her husband—Warn, oh warn him to beware of the insidious voice of a siren—Lady Walsingham's peace ought not to be sacrificed to a false friend.'

'By Heaven, it shall not be!' said I, with passion. Seymore turned round—'What shall not be?' said he.—Lady Mary pressed my arm—'Why, you shall not drive this sweet girl back; you shall ride my horse (he had brought her in his phaeton).'

'Well, if lady Mary desire it—' 'I desire no such thing,' replied she, with her face in a glow.

'Come, come, my dear girl, I desire it, if you do not—and will not be denied.'

I handed her in; Seymour mounted Termagant, and galloped on before.

As we proceeded she informed me that the conversation she alluded to passed between miss Lester and her maid; in which

that perfidious wretch discovered so much malevolence toward her innocent friend, that she (lady Mary) was afraid her ladyship would feel her malice in the tenderest part; for, by what she could hear, a confederacy was formed to ensnare Walsingham's affections, and to alienate him from his wife.—Here's a devil! but I'll watch her, and frustrate her schemes if possible!

My friendly informer said she had spoken with more freedom to me than she could to any one else, as she observed I admired lady Walsingham, and had great influence with my lord. 'And I do hope,' continued the eloquent girl, (pressing her hand on my arm) 'through your mediation to prevent the diabolical scheme from taking effect, and to shield lady Walsingham's heart from the bitter sensation of finding the human bosom so very dissolute.'

I pressed my gentle Mary's hand to my lips, and told her I would strain every nerve in the cause: cursed the infernal Lester with great emotion;—gave her to the devil a thousand times;—and, with amazing dexterity, drove past the house;—turned round;—and was returning the way we had come.—

'What are we going back for, Mr. Baderly?' said my forgotten companion.—'Good heavens, madam! I don't know.' The horses were once more turned, and we alighted.

In the dining-room we found the company assembled, the treacherous Lester in the midst. Mischiefs take her! I never saw her look half so charming before.

She was dressed with studied elegance. A long white satin robe, trimmed with a costly blond

lace. The bottom, the sleeves, and the bosom were Vandyked with black velvet, and displayed a most lovely neck and shape to great advantage: her hair glittered with jewels, and her whole appearance was strikingly beautiful.

I asked if company was expected. No one but lord Beauford was the answer.

'But pray, Baderly,' said the siren, 'what were you doing with your horses just now? were you giving us specimens of driving; or were you dull, and thought by ploughing up the road to discover wit? Or had you an inclination to break lady Mary's neck?'

'Neither, madam.'

'Why, thou formal man of starch, I believe in my conscience you have been to a quakers' meeting, or to a methodist sermon.'

'To neither, madam.'

'Ha, ha, ridiculous: why then I protest you have been making love to lady Mary,—and she has refused to hear you.—Aye, I see I have it at last, by that blush on her cheeks, (the poor girl did blush) and you don't answer with your puritan Neither, madam.'

'Well, but my dear Mary, he has done the same to five hundred women, so don't believe him; for I know he makes love to every foolish thing he meets.'

'Lady Mary is much obliged to you, miss Lester, as well as myself, but you do me injustice; for

I kiss not where I wish to kill,

I feign not love where most I hate,

I break no sleep to win my will,

I would not be a sister's fate:

I scorn no poor, I fear no rich,

I feel no want, nor have too much.'

'Possessing these sentiments I make love to no woman; but wish

to preserve my liberty till I am so happy as to meet a lady whose sentiments are congenial with my own.'

'One blest with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day;
One who can love a sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear.'

'And till I find such a one I endeavour, when I see a fine face, or a graceful form, to regard them merely as beautiful pictures, or fascinating automats.

'But as women from among whom I am to select a wife, oh condemn me to perpetual celibacy: aye, faith, to a halter, rather than to a beautiful woman with a treacherous heart. It is like enshrining a venomous toad in a casket of alabaster, which renders the foul blotches of the noxious inhabitant the more conspicuous.

'So vice in a beauteous form is doubly hateful; it debases Heaven's fairest work. It is an enhancement of guilt to misapply those graces which were designed to be the embellishments of virtue; and render vice conspicuously eminent by affording it an asylum where innocence and purity alone should dwell.'

I looked stedfastly at miss Lester while I was speaking. Her complexion varied several times; but, before I concluded, she rallied her spirits, and assuming a look, and tone of sorrow, exclaimed—

'I am grieved, inexpressibly grieved, that government has abolished the corresponding society.

'Ah! if it had not,—under the auspices of some rhetorical citizen you would have made a very pretty orator.—O Baderly; I would give a thousand pounds to see you

mounted on an empty beer barrel, haranguing with all the fire of fancy—thundering out the tropes and figures of rhetoric; now pathetically lamenting the oppression of power in well-turned periods; and then denouncing anathemas against all opponents: then again endeavouring to beat your reasons into the stubborn, obstinate, stupid heads of your ragged auditory; who, no doubt, would attribute more wisdom to you than to the whole aristocracy. Really it would make a charming caricature; and some leisure morning I may throw it on paper.'

'I think,' said Mrs. Howard, (with more seriousness than usual) 'what Mr. Baderly has observed, on the particular deformity of vice, when cherished in a beautiful bosom, by no means deserved such a reply as it met with. 'Vice in any shape

'to be hated needs but to be seen.'

Yet when we see a face of expressive innocence, a bosom of snow, and the graces playing in every movement of the elegant form, we feel loth to suppose it possible that such a lovely structure should be polluted by guilt, or that the bewitching, specious appearance, should cover the vile machinations of an envious, ungrateful heart. That such characters are not drawn by the pencil or Fancy we all know: would to heaven they were.'—'True,' interrupted Walsingham; 'but as in this charming circle none but the good, the fair, are assembled, why should we intrude such heterogeneous characters even in imagination?

'Your soul, my dear miss Lester, is harmony; take a generous revenge on the renegade Baderly, by melting his obdurate bosom with your divine voice.'

He led her to the piano. She sung

‘Take, oh take those lips away!’

(Walsingham singing the second) and confirmed my aphorism, that vice in a beautiful person is doubly hateful, and trebly dangerous; for though I know her vile design, and hate her for it, yet to hear her sing, and gaze on her

‘coral lip and sparkling eye,’

I found was impossible with apathy. I considered her as a snake—a siren, who lured but to betray: and when she should bestow her person, all charming as it is, on the man of her choice, she would bring him more plagues than ever Pandora’s box was said to contain.

Thus thinking, I was inwardly vexed at my gazing so long at her; and turned away my eyes with disgust. Heavens! what a contrast did they light on! Lady Walsingham had stole into the room unperceived. She was dressed in a clear sprigged muslin robe, trimmed with lilac; a Grecian head-dress, with pearl bandeaus, necklace, and bracelets.

She looked the goddess of simplicity—the queen of beauty.

A glance from her mild expressive eye calmed my agitated spirits. I found I could now look at Lester. Her piercing black eyes were fixed on me. I felt rather disconcerted; being conscious that the pleasure which the presence of lady Walsingham afforded me was conspicuous in my countenance. And yet I could not look off her.

The chaste, modest smile, which irradiated her features, led me to think it was from such a countenance that Milton drew his Eve. And I am persuaded if he had not

painted Sin in the form he has, such a woman as this Lester would have been his model:—Voluptuous, artful, and insinuating, yet beautiful.

Lord Beauford came soon after, and we had a very cheerful day.

In the evening Walsingham and I rode part of the way home with him. On our return I introduced miss Lester in our conversation.—‘She is a pretty girl,’ said I—‘A pretty girl! Baderly; by heaven she is a divinity!’ I shrugged my shoulders; he observed the motion.—‘Good Heaven! why the eyes of every soul here are blinded by prejudice to the perfections of that incomparable woman!’

‘Well, my lord, yours seem amazingly enlightened! And though my eyes are not blinded, yet they are absolutely dazzled—not by your incomparable divinity, but—your incomparable wife!’

‘Ah, Charles! she is an excellent woman!—Would to Heaven she were yours! She would make you completely happy. You have had your run among the sex; and when you marry you will commence a quiet Benedict. Now I, as you know, saw lady Caroline Aubry when I was very young.—To see her was to love her! You was then in Ireland, but you, no doubt, remember the hopes and fears you were pestered with in my letters. My father was dead—I was without encumbrance. My sister Julia’s fortune was large, and entirely independent of me. I made proposals—was accepted—and suffered myself to be bound in the chains of Hymen. I will confess to you, I thought them at that time golden chains, and fastened only by the blushing rose, and ever-blooming myrtle—and

it is but lately that I have found the flowers withered, the gold worn off, and nothing to be seen but the durable iron.

I was going to speak, but he prevented me.—‘I know what you would say, Baderly, but it won’t do—while such a captivating girl as this bewitching Lester does me the honour to accept my assiduities, I must, and will, hope. Your cautions, my dear fellow, I know, are well meant; but if after this evening you renew them I shall impute it to envy at my good fortune. Caroline is an amiable girl, and if her winning beauty is insufficient to secure her my heart, your known good sense will inform you that any other mediation will but widen the breach it was meant to close.’ I was silent. I saw that he was determined to pursue his own ruin, and wound the heart of his charming wife.

When we came in sight of the park he caught my hand:—‘Baderly,’ said he, ‘be not offended with me—I would to God I *could* give this affair up as easily as you seem to think I might; but I cannot:—Think as well as you *can* of me. This is the only point on which we can disagree. Our friendship is of long standing—let not a woman divide us.—You are not in love with Helen yourself?’ I assured him I was not:—That his honour, and the happiness of lady Walsingham, were my dearest concerns. He shook me by the hand—‘My dear fellow, I believe you; but this is an affair I could wish even the eye of friendship to wink at. I am in the road to happiness, or at least lost in pleasing delusion, and charmingly deceived!’

And so this affair, Legorxon, must rest as it is; time only can

develop the end of it. I can only be grieved—I cannot prevent the blow, which I foresee will destroy the peace of a woman, to whom (if it were possible) I would with transport give the name of

BADERLY.

LONDON FASHIONS.

[*With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.*]

1. A SHORT Dress of white satin, or sarcenet, ornamented round the bottom with a rich worked border; pucker sleeves of white crape, and tucker of the same to correspond: the head-dress a purple net-handkerchief, spangled, and embroidered with gold: shoes and gloves of white kid: white, cornelian, or pearl necklace.

2. A train-dress of crimson muslin, or crape, Vandyked round the bosom and train with white satin, with a tucker of fine point-lace; sleeves open, and drawn together with a pearl broach, through which is seen an under-sleeve of white satin. Hair dressed close, with a twist or plait round the head, and ornamented with gold combs.

ACCOUNT of M. GARNERIN's two NOCTURNAL ASCENSIONS in his BALLOON at Paris, particularly his last dangerous AERIAL VOYAGE of three hundred miles.

M. Garnerin has lately made a new and beautiful use of the balloon at Paris. He mounted from the gardens at Tivoli at night, in a ballon illuminated with one hundred and twenty lamps. He ascended at eleven o'clock on a very

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



London Fashionable Full Dresses.

dark night, under Russian colours, as a sign of peace. When floating high in the air, above the multitude of admiring spectators, a flight of sky-rockets were discharged at him, which, he says, broke into sparks, hardly rising to his vision from the earth; and Paris, with all its blaze of reflecting lamps, appeared to him but like a spot—like the *Pleiades*, for instance, to the naked eye. He gained an elevation, he says, of 3000 toises, and speaks with enthusiasm of his seeing the sun rise at that height. After a flight of seven hours and a half, he descended near Rheims, 45 leagues from Paris.

Of his second aerial ascension by night, which proved so perilous, M. GARNERIN has published the following account:—

‘My second aerial journey by night will not afford an opportunity for the brilliant narratives which I have had occasion to make in the course of my forty preceding ascensions. I shall not have to describe the majestic appearances which nature continually offers to the eyes of an aeronaut who ascends in favourable weather. I can only give a narrative of an aerial tempest which was night terminating in shipwreck.

‘The obstacles which the wind caused to the inflation of the balloon sufficiently apprized me of the approach of the storm; and to the difficulties of the weather was added the turbulence of a party, by which I was prevented from placing the cord of the valve, so as to regulate the tube, which, in case of expansion, was to conduct the gas into a direction different

from the lights which surrounded the bottom of the balloon.

‘I was to have been accompanied by M. De Chassenton; but the aerial storm, which continually increased until the moment of my departure, gave me reason to apprehend such a disaster as Mr. Blanchard, and another aeronaut, met with in Holland. M. De Chassenton was actually in the boat. I must bear witness to his determination; for I am convinced that nothing could have made this young man, remarkable for his merit, quit the boat, if the well-grounded apprehension which I entertained, of seeing him exposed to certain destruction, had not suggested to me the idea of declaring to him, that the balloon was not capable of carrying up two persons.

‘It was thus, in the most adverse weather, and exposed to the greatest opposition and the tumult of a cabal, the head of which it is easy to guess at, that I ascended from Tivoli, at half past ten o’clock on the night of the 21st September. An unexampled rapidity of ascension, but extremely necessary to prevent me from coming in contact with the adjoining houses, raised me above the clouds, and in a few minutes carried me to an immense height, the extent of which I cannot precisely ascertain, on account of the dangers and embarrassments which suddenly affected my imagination, and prevented me from observing the declension of the mercury in the barometer. Elevated in an instant to the frozen regions, the balloon became subject to a degree of expansion which inspired me with the greatest apprehension. There was no alternative between certain death and giving instant vent to

the gas; and this at the risk of seeing the balloon take fire. I gradually opened with one hand an orifice of about two feet diameter, by which the gas escaped in large volumes, while, with the other, I extinguished as many of the lights as I could. During this effort I several times was near overbalancing myself, and falling out of the boat.

Deprived of the opportunity of regulating the valve, my balloon, like a ship without a rudder, floated in the air, obeying the influence of the temperature, the winds, and the rain. Whenever the force of these made me descend, the storm, which kept still increasing, obliged me to throw out ballast, for the purpose of avoiding it, and escaping from imminent shipwreck. At length, at four o'clock in the morning, after having been almost continually enveloped in thick clouds, through which I could seldom see the moon, all the means of supporting myself in the air were exhausted. Whatever skill I possessed was no longer of use to me. My boat several times struck against the ground and rebounded thence. The tempest often drove me against the sides and tops of mountains. Whenever my anchor caught in a tree, the balloon was so violently agitated by the wind, that I experienced all the inconvenience of a violent sea-sickness. Plunged at one time to the bottom of a precipice, in another instant after I ascended, and acquired a new elevation. The violence of the convulsions exhausted my strength, and I lay for half an hour in the boat in a state of insensibility. During this tempest I recovered; I perceived Mont Tonnerre, and it was in the midst of crashes of

thunder, and at a moment which I supposed would be my last, that I planted upon this celebrated mountain the Eagle of Napoleon joined to that of Alexander.

'I was carried away for some time longer by gusts of wind, but fortunately some peasants came to my assistance at the moment that the anchor hooked in a tree. They took hold of the cords which hung from the balloon, and landed me in a forest upon the side of a mountain, at half-past five in the morning, seven hours and a half after my departure, and more than 100 leagues distant from Paris. They took me to Clausen, in the canton of Waldfischbach, and department of Mont Tonnerre. M. Cesar, a man of information, and Mayor of the neighbouring town, came and offered me every assistance in his power, and at my request drew up a narrative, of which he gave me a copy.

'I was splendidly entertained the next day at Deux Ponts by a society of friends of the arts, consisting of public functionaries, the officers of the 12th regiment of Cuirassiers, and the members of the lodge of freemasons.

'GARNERIN.'

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THERE can be no doubt but that you will readily allow me the opportunity of saying a few words in reply to the letter of Mr. W. M. T. inserted in your last number.

As the gentleman has given himself the trouble (which, by the bye, he remarks they scarcely deserve) to criticise 'those motly and ridiculous effusions' intituled,

'Walks by Messrs. John Webb, J. M. L. S. Y. &c. ;' it becomes necessary that an answer should be returned, if it is only to thank him for that *trouble*. As an individual I have only to answer for myself; and I hereby assure Mr. W. M. T. that I feel not a single particle of uneasiness on account of what he has said; nor is my respect for that gentleman (originally inspired by the beauty of his truly-poetical effusions) at all diminished; but, as he has not *fairly* stated the circumstances in the *only* part of my 'Night-Walk for July' he has thought proper to bring forward, it behoves me to reply to that.

I must previously observe that I am upwards of fifty miles from home, and have neither the manuscript of that 'Walk,' nor the Magazine that contains it, with me; but if I remember right, I stated it was owing to the *sudden advance* of a thunder-storm that I got 'completely soaked through;' and who that has been an observer of nature but must have found that the rapid motion of a thunder-cloud will often deceive a man's judgment, and involve him in a shower that must wet him through in a few seconds. Now from Mr. W. M. T.'s manner of stating this, any one, who had not perused the 'Walk,' would suppose that I had remained stupidly gazing at black clouds till the shower came on, that I might afterward have the pleasure of telling *the public* (who certainly have nothing to do with this, nor with nine tenths of every other matter that makes its appearance in a newspaper or magazine) that I got wet through, and for fear of taking cold drank a *small* glass of brandy, and changed every article of my

dress. It was not, however, the common kind of shower, Mr. W. M. T.'s language implies, that I encountered; no, the (*silly trick*) which I committed was that of staying on the sea shore to contemplate Nature in her grandest and most awful form: I beheld her, if I may *dare* to use the expression in replying to a *critic*, advancing towards me clad in a thunder-storm; and I found it a sublime contemplation.

I must here beg leave to notice Mr. W. M. T.'s putting the word '*small*' in Italic, thereby endeavouring to insinuate it was more likely a *large* glass of brandy that I drank; this is my way of understanding it, and I think it will be that of *most* who read the Lady's Magazine. I have a peculiar satisfaction in stating here, that I am *certain* I am as *sober* a man as Mr. W. M. T. let him be who he will. I am aware that this is of *small* consequence to the *public*, but it will go to show them that Mr. W. M. T., with *all* his *friendship* for me, could not *resist* the temptation of insinuating *something* to my personal *disadvantage*, even by so *small* a matter.

I must, in this place, thank Mr. W. M. T. for his favourable opinion of my ingenuity: as to my employing that ingenuity in a way more likely to add to my reputation, I can only say that my reputation, *as a writer*, is not of any great importance to me; I have always written as much for my own amusement as any thing else; though, by my writings, I would not wish to outrage the common sense of the public. I shall here take occasion to say, that I am by no means a competent person to write with, or against, Mr. W. M. T., who is

evidently, by his original pieces, and his translations, a man of much greater learning than myself: I am not ashamed to say that my education was confined to my native language, and I do not pretend to be *very grammatically* acquainted with that.

What Mr. W. M. T. observes on a piece called 'The Stroller,' by D. Y., perfectly and exactly agrees with my own opinion of it.

With regard to the quotations used in the 'Walks', I think there can be no doubt that if any writer meets with a passage in an established author, which appears to him to convey his own ideas better than he could himself express them, he is not only justified in using it, but is entitled to praise for so doing; for he may thus glean the best passages of an author for the perusal of the Fair, who might otherwise perhaps never see them; or if they did, must have to wade through matter not at all interesting to them, or congenial to their feelings.

I shall here conclude by assuring you, sir, that, *for my own part*, I do not feel any thing like anger at your having inserted Mr. W. M. T.'s letter, the note to which is more than an apology for having done so: I only ask that this may be also inserted; and at the same time assure both you and Mr. W. M. T., that whatever may be hereafter said, this letter shall be *my first and last* on the subject: I originally intended to finish the Night-Walks with the year: with your permission I intend still so to do; and I shall then *leave off walking*; but shall always, as an old correspondent, consider myself, Sir,

Your obliged and obedient,
Colchester, Nov. 6, 1807. J. M. L.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

In your last Number I observe a Letter of 'Strictures' by your correspondent W. M. T.; and, though I am but *slightly* touched, and feel very little of his critical rod, yet I think myself entitled to a short hearing.

As to my own trifle, 'The Harvest Evening,' I certainly consider it, in point of *language*, very trifling indeed—and here I humbly bow to Mr. W. M. T.—but surely the *subject* may claim a place rather above a 'common-place incident.' For my own part, being acquainted with the parties, and the scene of the catastrophe being my birth-place, I thought it very affecting; and judged it an *interesting* truth for the perusal of your fair readers. Nor did I depend upon my own judgment, but have to boast the approbation of the ladies; and, like Mr. W. M. T., I *boldly* declare that it was 'written at the desire of several of your fair subscribers.' Why, then, Mr. Editor, should not *my* ladies ('your fair subscribers') be *obliged*, as well as *those of W. M. T's*? In fact, sir, all are not to be pleased; and, as I am well assured that you would never introduce any thing with the expectation of its being 'uninteresting to your fair readers,' I trust you will excuse the imperfections of my *first* effort, and (if it should so happen) admit my further contributions whether 'common-place incidents,' or not—so that they may be *likely* to please the *majority*.

I BEG W. M. T. will understand that I 'view his motives in their proper light;' and, with all due

submission, I give him my thanks for his hints, admitting their truth as to the language ;—but I still think that a *subject* which must be read with some degree of sympathy by *all* who are *capable of feeling* for the *misfortunes of mankind*, will be *always* suited to the *taste* and the *feelings* of a BRITISH FEMALE.

Having intruded thus far, I hope you will give me a place in your next number, and remain,

Sir,

Your very obedient servant,

W. H.

Reigate, Nov. 10, 1807.

To W. M. T.

SIR,

WE have a curious instance of literary valour in *Claude Terllon*, who was both a poet and a warrior. By way of preface to his poems he informs the critics that ‘if any attempt to censure him he will only condescend to answer him sword in hand.’

Though I do not wholly disclaim this mode, yet, as my pen lies first, I will, with your permission, (and with the indulgence of the editor) flourish that at you. But you must know, sir, that neither my natural or acquired abilities enable me to *bully*, so you must not expect it.

You will understand that your sarcasms will not intimidate me from declaring my sentiments. Upon my word you have thrown the gauntlet of scurrillity with a vengeance! and I should esteem myself equally meriting the censure, and guilty of a flagrant spe-

cies of inattention and unpoliteness, were I not to notice the declamation. Really, sir, you are a modern *Goliath* in literature, (ycleped a *critic*!) and it must require a great many *little Davids* and modern *Josephs* to contend with you! It is a wonder, sir, you had not added—I was a poltroon of a *Joseph*!—you must have really forgot it—pray *try* again!

I expected to have found my ‘Walks’ completely demolished—the trunk of the *old tree* rent asunder! *your* cloud of scandal to have darkened the peeping ray of *Aurora*!—and enveloped the *whole* in oblivion!—your steps, sir, are crippled, you crossed my path upon the crutches of criticism, and yet, methinks, you was not carried *clean* over!

It is hard to define, but I think I see you surrounded by a few antiquated females, as *scurrilous*, *peevish*, and as *frigid as yourself*. Methinks I see you poring over the pages of the *Lady’s Magazine*, and every article that comes not in contact with your *groveling ideas* you pollute with the *breath of scurrillity*. I should hope my obambulation is not so offensive to the *generality* of the *fair* readers, as *you* and your *peevish few* wish to announce it.

We are told that ‘criticism is a study by which men grow *important* at a very *small* expense; and he whom nature has made *weak*, and *idleness* keeps *ignorant*, may well support his *vanity* by the *name* of a *critic*;’—and we are likewise informed that *Diogenes* expressed his astonishment at the *folly* of *critics* in tormenting themselves so much to discover all the woes which *Ulysses* had suffered, whilst *their own miseries* attracted none of their attention!

I am free to say, that within the circle of my female acquaintance, your contributions are much approved; and that they, with myself, hope long to be gratified with a continuance of them. Deem not this little panegyric venal praise; nor do I wish you to thank me; you fairly claim it. Believe me, sir, I do not suppose you so susceptible of flattery as *Demosthenes* was. It is said that he would stand on tiptoe to hear an old basket-woman speak in his praise; and we hear also that *Cicero* panted after eulogies of the whole Roman people.

If you, sir, expect to be immortalized in your writing, (you will excuse me) I would advise you to be less censorious—and not let the *ignis fatuus* of *Critique* mislead you.

I remain, with respect,

Sir, your most obsequious,

S. Y.

Nov. 2, 1807.

THE VICTIM OF SEDUCTION.

[From the Novel of
'SANTO SEBASTIANO;' or, the
YOUNG PROTECTOR.]

There lived in one of the neighbouring hamlets a most respectable woman, of the name of Banks, then in her eighty-first year, who had survived every individual of her family except a grand-daughter, on whom her venerable years fondly rested.

Fanny Banks, this darling grandchild, was then about twenty years old, and uncommonly handsome; for although her stature was rather below the middle size, her figure was strikingly neat, without the least of that clumsy or athletic

appearance which generally distinguishes the rustic race. Her eyes were dark, and sparkling with lustre and intelligence; her hair was shining, wavy chestnut; her complexion, clear brunette; her lips, coral; her teeth, white and even; and the bright vermilion of health tinted her dimpled cheeks.

Julia, very soon after her arrival at Delamore castle, had been introduced, by Lady Theodosia, at Dame Banks' cottage. The venerable dame soon captivated her fancy; and, infinitely pleased with Fanny, she often visited them. Much as she admired Fanny's beauty, she was more particularly struck by her affectionate attention to her aged parent; and upon this girl, whose understanding and manners seemed above her station, Julia bestowed many marks of her favour, and for which Fanny appeared most truly grateful.

Lucy had informed Julia, that 'Fanny Banks had been most constant in coming to inquire after her during the commencement of her illness; but in the latter and most dangerous part of it had not come near the castle at all.' This intelligence much surprised our heroine; and leading her to fear that either Dame Banks or Fanny herself was ill, she one morning took Edward for her escort, and rambled to the dame's cottage. She knocked several times at the door, which, to her surprise, was closed; and concluding, from receiving no answer, that her apprehensions were just, and that the illness of one confined the other up stairs, out of hearing of her knocks, she ventured to lift the latch and enter; when, to her utter dismay, she beheld the poor old dame, with the pale and ghastly countenance of horror and death, seated in her

high-backed wicker chair, her Bible open on a table before her. The ever-before neat hearth was now littered by the ashes of a fire, evidently not of that day. Hastily Julia advanced to the apparently insensible old woman, caught her chilled hand, and eagerly exclaimed—

‘Oh! what, the dreadful, matter is?’

The poor dame, aroused by her voice and touch, stared vacantly at her for a few moments; then, recognising her, burst into tears, snatched her hand away, and with that and her other covered her venerable face.—

‘Ah! miss, madam!’ she cried, ‘I dare not now look upon you! In my old age, ’tis my luck to be ashamed to show my face. . . . I have those belonging to me, that shame me. My grey hairs are scandalized; and my heart is broken!’

‘Oh! what, of terrible, can you mean?’ said Julia, trembling with alarm.—‘I fear to ask from you, but—are you, alone quite?’

‘Quite alone; and so left to die! Fanny, oh! Fanny has forsaken me, and virtue! I thought her, for the last three weeks, with her mother’s family, that I have sometimes let her go to see:—but no, she deceived me;—she was with the base villain who seduced her, and led her from innocence, and me! Oh, Fanny! Fanny! how could you do so!—Oh! your dreadful letter broke your granny’s heart!’

‘Poor dame!’ said Edward, ‘how she shakes with cold! I would get the bellows, and blow; but there is no spark left, to kindle the fire.’

‘Oh!’ exclaimed Julia, ‘why for, is this? Why you thus, poor

dear dame! left alone, to your sorrows?—Alas! and Fanny could leave you, and do, so wrong!’ said Julia, piteously.

‘Ah! dear me! I know nought that passed, since the post brought me that shocking letter, yesterday. I read it, and my heart seemed to break at once. I got my Bible—for it was all that was left to comfort me. I sat down to read; but could not. My head was gone: only now and then remembering my grief and shame, and finding I had no power to move. I sat here all night, I know; for once I remembered it was night:—but the world is all night, and darkness, to me now!’

‘Alas!’ said Julia, ‘I cannot make comfort for you; I cannot warm your so chilled heart; but I will do, my possible, for your poor trembling frame.’

Edward, long used to a cottage, and assisting his mother, was now of essential service to Julia; he helped her to find out the firing, taught her to strike a light; and between them, though both awkward from inexperience, they made up a fire. Julia then filled the tea-kettle at the well, put it on the fire, and rummaged some tea, sugar, and tea-things, out of the cupboard;—for she was determined upon making the poor heart-broken woman drink some tea, before she should leave her, to go and tell Lady Delamore of her situation, and to get some eligible person to stay with her; resolving not to call any of her immediate neighbours to her, as she saw the poor dame recoiled from the idea of seeing any of them.

Our benevolent heroine, at length, made some tea; and, by her resistless entreaties, prevailed upon the poor old sufferer to drink

a little of it, and it seemed to renovate her much. She ceased to tremble, except from agitation; and overcome by Julia's tender kindness, reposed in her the full story of Fanny's seduction, and her own sorrows.

'Dear me!' said the sobbing dame, 'I seems like not to know what I ought to do. Sometimes I think I ought not to tell you, to grieve your good and tender heart with such things of those you love; and then methinks it is meant by Providence for me to tell you, since you, of all the world, were sent to me in the sad time of my trouble;—and you may be, of all the world, the one marked out to rescue Fanny from her guilty ways, and lead her back to penitence and me.'

Julia shuddered with anticipating apprehension; her heart was agonized; but, endowed with something apparently more than mortal firmness, she listened, without betraying her feelings, to a tale—to her, a tale of horrors.—

'It is now about four years, dear my lady, since Fanny—cruel girl!—first began to be praised for her beauty. She had many a good offer from the neighbouring young farmers, but she refused them all; as she needs must be in love with the man she should marry:—but she'll ne'er marry now! no honest man would have her.—Well, dear young lady, she got all this love-stuff in her head at her uncle's, where the girls are always falling foul of story-books (that were written for ladies, not the poor), instead of minding the pigs, and the poultry.'

'Well, my lady, sir Charles Stratton saw Fanny one day, as she was bringing home work to do for the repository; and he followed her,

and came ever so often here, talking nonsense to Fanny about her beauty; and at last I determined to tell my lady of it;—and I wish I had!—but soon I thought there was no occasion for it; as, one day, who should come in, but 'squire Fitzroy, to look for his brother; and the next day he came alone, and began to advise Fanny not to listen to his brother, and—oh, goodness! how with his silver tongue he hushed my suspicions!—as Fanny listened to every word he said, I thought there was no use in making mischief with my lady, as Fanny would never listen no more to sir Charles, and so he stopped from coming. But 'squire Fitzroy, whenever he was staying at the castle, used to come often to my cottage; and I—fool that I was!—always made him welcome, thinking he was so good and pious!—for he would read the Bible to me for half an hour together, so finely! and then retire, to yonder window there, to explain texts of Scripture to Fanny: and when I wished to hear him too, he advised me not, in so friendly and kind a way! telling me, as I had not so much learning as Fanny, it would only disturb my mind, and perhaps make me waver in my faith; while Fanny, as she comprehended all, it served to strengthen in her religious principles.

'Well-a-day!—So this went on for a couple of years; and it never once came into my old stupid head that Fanny could fall in love with so great a gentleman: but, O dear me! how I was terrified, and trembled, when Fanny, hearing you were to be married to the 'squire, cried all day long about it; and, from dearly loving you, began to say you were painted, red and white, and a many such spiteful

things of you. I then said, 'I hoped she was not so mad as to have fallen in love with a man who would not think the like of her worthy to wipe his shoes?' She answered me pertly, for the first time in her life; and it cut me to the heart. . . . Well, dear me! Fanny, one day, had been at Sedley, to buy threads for her needle-work; and home she came from it, her eyes sparkling with joy, and her cheeks like roses; and as she came in, she said—'She cared for nothing now, since 'squire Fitzroy thought (for he had just told her so himself) that she was ten thousand times more beautiful than miss De Clifford.'

'If the 'squire told you so,' said I, 'it was only to make game of you; for every one, who has eyes, must see that miss De Clifford is as much more beautiful than you are, as you are prettier than the generality of girls one sees.' Well, she gave me another saucy answer, and I cried for grief.

'Well, dear young lady, the 'squire went away to be made a *markis*; and when you fell sick, Fanny's natural goodness and love for you got the better of spite, and she was very sorry about you, and went twice a-day up to the castle, to inquire for you; and when you grew so bad, that no one thought you could get over it, and that Fanny, when she returned home of an evening, (as I thought, from neighbour Hawthorn's, where I believed she was at needle-work,) and that she seemed melancholy, silent, and odd, I thought it all was grief for you. At last, she asked my leave to go to her uncle's, at Lyme; and I consented, thinking it would amuse her; and I could not bear to see her sad. She told me, Hobbs, the miller,

would take her there, in his cart, as he always did; but she must, this time, walk over to his house, and his new man would fetch her box. Well, I believed her, for I never had reason to doubt her word. I made a nice cake for her, and gave her a bottle of milk, to take on the road. A strange man came for her box; and as I kissed and blessed her at parting, her tears bedewed my cheeks.

'Well, dear lady, she is three weeks gone to-day, and yet my mind misgave me not;—though the time of her absence was always sad days for me;—but she mostly staid five or six weeks at her uncle's, and I was no way prepared for this cruel letter!'

. . . . Dame Banks now took from between the leaves of her Bible, a letter, which she handed to Julia; and Julia had power to open it, and read every agonizing word it contained.—

'Dear grandmother,

'As I unluckily met neighbour Turton to-day, in my linen-drapeer's shop, and as he is going home in the mail to-morrow night, I hasten to write to you, because, as soon as he gets home, the murder will out, and you must then know where I am, though he, with all his curiosity, cannot tell with whom. But don't you be cast down at what has happened, as it is a good thing for you;—for as long as your existence lasts, you shall live like a lady, with a maid to wait on you; and you shall not stay in your mean cottage, but, as soon as I have got a handsome lodging near me for you, I shall send you money to bear your expenses up to town in a post-chaise, like a lady, and not in a mean, filthy stage.

'You will wonder, dear grand-

mother, how I came by all this money; and I have the comfort to tell you, I am with my dear markis of Pennorra, and as happy as a queen, though only his miss;—for his wife he could not make me, having been teased by his foolish meddling uncle Ashgrove, and his parents, into marrying that miss De Clifford, who he does not care for;—never, in all his born days, loving any one but me: so, poor thing she may be his wife; but I shall be dressed as grand as she, and shall have all his love, and his tender attentions.

‘Ah! my dear grandmother! how nicely my dear lord markis deceived you, reading the Bible to you, and in explaining texts of Scripture to me!—Well he knowed how to gull you, and win me.

‘It is now two years, since my lord markis began to toil (as he calls it) for my love, and to get me into his possession. My love he won in a twinkling; but he found it not so easy to make me forget the rigmaroles you put in my head, about—what not; and I did not like to leave you: and so he never could have got me to be his miss, had he not removed from my mind the clouds of ignorance, and had not chance throwed him in my way, when he was in grief about that miss De Clifford, who, though he is not at all in love with, he regards as a sister, and therefore was in great trouble at the thoughts of her death.

‘In returning from inquiring at the castle for miss De Clifford (who, by the way, I don’t think I shall influence my lord markis to use ill; though ’tis the fashion for ladies of my consequence to make men ill use their wives;—but I have not yet determined), I fell in

with my lord markis, who seemed in such trouble I stopped to comfort him; and so he asked me to walk with him; and so I did, leaning on his arm, like his wife—no, not like an insipid wife either, but like the idol he adored—and he making love so sweetly! quite forgetting miss De Clifford, and every one but me: so that, when he asked me to meet him next morning, I could not find in my heart to refuse him; so I met him next day, and every day, telling you ‘I was working at Hawthorn’s, till at last he persuaded me to go off with him; and I did, the evening I left you, when he went up to parliament. We travelled all night—as he had staid to the last moment at the castle, hoping miss De Clifford would let him see her—and we went a round-about road, where he was not known at the inns, feared that it should be knowed he had me with him;—for he is terribly afeared it should be knowed at the castle—so mind, dear grandmother, that you don’t ’peach. The time we travelled, I wished myself at home again, and cried sadly; my dear markis made such a fuss about ‘how sweet, and beautiful, and innocent, miss De Clifford looked, as she slept in her chair; and was so alarmed about the delicate state of her health,’ that I feared he had deceived me; that it was she he loved, and not me; but when he found how much I took on about it, he talked no more of her, and repeated his vows of everlasting love and constancy to me.

‘To keep my being with him a secret from the prim folks at Delamore castle, my lord markis could not take me to his own fine house in Portland-place; but on our arrival in town he placed me to

board in a very grand house, with one of the sweetest ladies I ever knowed, who has several young ladies boarding with her, who are in the same situation with myself—not living publicly with their lovers.

‘We are a very gay society; all full of spirits. I have been to both theatres, all in a blaze of real diamonds; and beside, grandly dressed, with scarcely a stitch of clothes on. I quaked for the miss of my stuff coats, and warm stays; but I looked so beautiful for the change, I did not mind the cold. The markis did not go with me, for feard of a discovery; that I did not much mind, I had such a plenty of beaus, and was so followed and admired. I scarcely knowed myself, I looked so lovely; and my lord markis says, ‘he could not have thought it was possible for me to look more lovely than I did in my homely apparel, but that he is astounded, and fascinated, at my increase of beauty, my blaze of charms, now dress shows off my person to the most liberal advantage.’

‘I have not exhibited at the *operas* yet, it not being open; but I have been to a masquerade, and there my dear lord markis attended me; I was greatly delighted, we had such a gay party: and all would have been well, only they made me drink too much *shampain*;—but it proved no sham for me, as, not being used to it, my head ached sadly all next day.

‘I never lived till now. I am as happy as a queen: and my dear markis is such an adoring lover, he spends all the time he can spare from parliament business with me, and quite sickens at the thoughts of leaving me, to go (which he must soon do) to Delamore castle, to

save appearances: but, that I may not be without a beau, to squire me about, as he cannot do it publicly, he yesterday introduced such a lively, handsome, pleasing young *barrownight*, to be my *chusebee* (as the other ladies call it), and to protect me, during his painful, compulsory absence!—How condescending and kind he is!

‘Direct to Mrs. Banks, at No. 40, — street, — square, London; and be sure, dear grandmother, I soon shall send for you, to come to your happy, happy granddaughter,

‘FRANCES BANKS.’

It was impossible for Julia to utter one word of comment upon this dreadful letter. Her heart was now cold, and horror-chilled, as the heart-broken grandmother’s; and to speak comfort to poor dame Banks, it was now not in the power of any one to do: but, speechless, and almost torpid with grief and dismay, the lovely Julia sat motionless, apparently listening, with the deepest interest, to the lamentations of the venerable, virtuous, shame-stricken parent, until Edward, tenderly taking her hand, asked ‘Why she looked so very, very pale?’ and, if she was ill, to come away to good Mrs. Beville, to make her well again.’

Roused by his question and entreaty, Julia hastily arose; and finding from her powerful agitation, and the anguish of her heart, that she could not long sustain the conflict without betraying her feelings, and increasing the distress of the poor deserted parent, spoke some scarcely articulate words of kindness to her, promised to send Mrs. Beville immediately, and to provide some eligible woman to

remain with her, and to see her as often as possible herself.

The poor woman thanked and blessed her; entreated her to take that cruel letter away, out of her sight, for ever; and added, that 'she, and her sorrows, would not long trouble the compassionate.'

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.

A CARD;

To W. M. T.

SIR,

JOHN WEBB begs leave to inform W. M. T. that notwithstanding his *officiousness* in recommending him to commit his 'Solitary Walks to a solitary corner of his port-folio, till he can clothe them in more spirited diction,' he shall still continue to publish them.

It is indifferent to *him* what may be W. M. T.'s opinion of them; for, however they may be defective in 'spirited diction,' he is conscious their morality cannot be impeached—and that, though they may be 'ridiculous effusions' (which he has quoted nothing to prove), they are harmless ones; and possess a kind of negative merit—they will not tire the reader by their length.

J. W. is rather *surprised* that as W. M. T. declared these '*ridiculous effusions*' scarcely deserve the *trouble of criticism*, that he condescended to *notice* them.

— 'Why, critic spider! why Dart all thy venom on so mean a fly?'

J. W. is *careless* what observations W. M. T. may make on his 'Solitary Walks;' his *illiberal* animadversions will, in future, be treated with *silent contempt*.

Haverhill, Nov. 10, 1807.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE*.

SIR,

DEPENDING on the civility and impartiality of the Editor, I, through this medium, beg to give you *my* sentiments on *your* criticism. So far as it relates to myself, I must confess, sir, your attack might have been a little more tolerated! but it is always usual with me (when in my power) to return obligations; and debts of this nature I repay in *their own coin*. Be assured, most learned! I am not so allied to either *Bilingsgate* or *St. Giles'* as you seem to consider me.

As a *subscriber* to the Lady's Magazine, I beg to propose that you have *some honour* conferred upon you, for so *important a discovery!* You, sir, are a kind of *literary Jackall*—a *nice* provider! you may fairly claim some *appellation* of this kind! A *scurrilous* critic should wear the wreath of *scurrillity!* I make no pretensions to *infallibility*. For my imperfections I stand corrected; and, to dismiss this subject, I subjoin the following lines; though anonymous they are well calculated for the purpose.

Since you so plainly can discern

My faults and make them known,

Let me advise you, in return,

To contemplate your own.

And when to *CENSURE* you're inclin'd,

Thou self-sufficient youth,

Pray let your censure be confin'd

Within the bounds of TRUTH.

Had Nature but *ONE* grain of sense

Infus'd into your brain,

I had escap'd your *INSOLENCE*,

And you escap'd my *PEN*.

I remain, with due indifference,

D. Y.—The STROLLER.

Nov. 2, 1807.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

THE PEST.

BLAST him, ye lightnings! quick from
earth remove

The foe profess'd of innocence and love!

Oh for a Homer's pencil, while I draw
The darkest demon hell itself e'er saw!

A fiend conceal'd beneath an angel's
plumes,

With softest steps the social monster
comes!

With winning blandishments, and sub-
tlest wiles,

Enchanting grace, and fascinating
smiles,

He lures the passing fair one to his
toils:—

Young, artless, innocent, devoid of fear,
See unsuspecting Innocence draw near!

At first, with startled look, and slack-
en'd pace,

She meets his ardent and insidious
gaze,

Slightly alarm'd; yet soon more recon-
cil'd,

She hears his soft address, and accents
mild;

Like statue fix'd, by Flattery's siren song,
And all the honeyed magic of the
tongue,

She stops, and listens; stops and listens
long;

At length, more bold, admits the free
address,

The wanton insult, and the loose
caress:

The guards of chastity asleep are laid,
And quick to ruin sinks the yielding
maid!

But short thy joys, illicit love!
And swift thy few bless'd moments
move:

Scarcely arriv'd ere they decay,

Instant thy raptures pass away.

For what is sordid selfish lust?

A fickle, feeble, feverish gust,

Follow'd by loathing and disgust;

Follow'd by terrors that the soul appall,

A drop of honey in a sea of gall.

Thus have I mark'd in Summer scene

The landscape smiling and serene;

Thus have I view'd the peaceful lake,

When winds no more the waters
wake;

But, lo! the sweeping tempests rise,

Like reeds the crackling forest flies;

The angry storm in thunder roars,

And sounding billows lash the shores;

Their fate in vain the seamen fly,

Madden'd, they shriek, they sink, and
die!

The momentary rash delirium past,

Poor wretch! how are thy pleasant
views o'ercast?

How quick the fancied fairy scenes
decay,

Like shadows of a dream they pass
away:

How swift the false Elysium disappears,

She weeps, poor wretch! her transports
end in tears!

The mist of passion once remov'd,
 How strangely alter'd him she lov'd!
 How cold, how callous is he grown!
 She looks, and stiffens into stone.
 The fiend her misery makes his jest,
 And all the devil stands confess'd!

Where now the joys the soul that
 move?

Where are now the looks of love?
 Where the anxious wish to bless?
 Where, alas! is happiness?
 Gone for ever! fled like air!
 Follow'd hard by black despair,
 Insult, hate, and injury,
 Scorn, contempt, and beggary;
 Hunger sharp, and nakedness,
 Squalid looks, and wretchedness;
 Feeble frame, and withered limb,
 Fell remorse, that spectre grim;
 Beauty fled, and strength decaying,
 Conscience on the vitals preying.

Sickness sore, diseases dire,
 Burning with internal fire;
 Sores, and loathsome rottenness,
 Agony, and fix'd distress;
 Curses, oaths, and desperation,
 View and dread of near damnation;
 Convulsive laughter, deepest sadness,
 Frenzy wild, and moping madness.

Shunn'd, despis'd, by all forgot,
 Hopeless, helpless is her lot;
 Who shall ease her pangs acute?
 Who'll befriend the prostitute?
 Who will bring the wretch relief?
 Who will soothe the outcast's grief?
 Death alone her woes must end;
 Death, the outcast's only friend!
 Ere that last sad hour arrive,
 May she see her God, and live!
 May that Power who answers pray'r
 To the dying wretch draw near!
 In her wounds soft pour the balm,
 Hush her feelings to a calm;
 Bid her agonizings cease,
 Lull her tortur'd soul to peace;
 Restore her blessed mental ray,
 And take her to eternal day!

For ever with her God and Father dear,
 To taste that mercy man denied her
 here.

B. STEPHENSON.

Pentonville, Nov. 1807.

A DIRGE AT MIDNIGHT.

A FRAGMENT.

ON the noble organ's swell,
 Charm'd throughout the night I'd
 dwell;
 While the heavenly solemn sound
 Breaks the awful silence round
 With magic power, beyond controul,
 O'er my rapt, entranced, soul;
 Dissolv'd in speechless ecstasy,
 Stealing imperceptibly.
 Softly breathing to my ear,
 Strains that dying martyrs cheer,
 Sounds that saints departing hear.
 Moving, melancholy, slow,
 Let the lengthen'd numbers flow,
 Sadly sweet, and soft, and low:
 Sad as death, and soft as sleep,
 Let the mournful music weep;
 Plaintive, piteous, melting, tones,
 Of grief extreme, and smother'd moans
 Of agony, and dying groans;
 While the sobbing instruments,
 Broken sigh the deep laments.

B. STEPHENSON

Pentonville.

THE OLD MAID'S PETITION.

By S. Y.

PITY the pains of a desponding maid,
 And with compassion hear my
 mournful tale,
 For all the world my conduct doth
 upbraid,
 And I in grief and sorrow do bewail.
 Despise me not, ye gentlest of the fair,
 But deign to read the cause of all my
 pain,
 And shun the path that leadeth to des-
 pair,
 Or else like me you'll wretchedly
 complain.

When in my teens a pretty girl was I,
 The rose and lily then adorn'd my
 cheek;
 But, to my sorrow, I was always shy,
 And ne'er was suffered with a man to
 speak,

A maiden aunt, who took me to her
care,

Sent me for learning to a boarding-
school;

But of her whims I had too great a
share,

And which, alas! has rendered me a
fool.

I ne'er was known a single pin to waste,
I well obey'd in every thing she said;

Dress'd in the mode which suited best
her taste,

And, her to please, I vow'd I'd die
a maid.

When beaux approach'd with pleasing
mien and air,

And plighted vows, my maiden heart
to gain,

Them I denied, nor would their converse
share,

And begg'd they'd never trouble me
again.

At length my aunt, oppressed with age
and care,

Despairing lay, and dim her languid
eye,

I to kind Heaven rais'd a suppliant
prayer,

And soon, ah! soon my maiden aunt
did die.

My bosom's pierc'd with Love's unerring
dart,

Haste, haste ye swains, my anguish
to remove,

For *master Cupid* has, with cunning
art,

Taught me to *smirk*, to *lisp*, and *talk*
of Love.

Sweet forty-five I am this very morn,
And I've left off my aunt's fantastic
ways,

Approach, ye youths, and leave me not
forlorn,

In pity love, and joy will bless your
days.

A cottage neat, with competence beside,
For me my aunt reluctant left behind;

And I should wish, ye swains, to be a
bride,

And thus I seek some gentle youth to
find.

I'd ever prove a fond and doting mate,
My constancy would far exceed the
dove;

And when sweet offspring cheers our
happy state,

You'll see in me a mother's matchless
love.

My eye is dark, though rather grey my
hair,

And soft the down that does adorn my
chin;

And tho' I'm warp'd—still I am passing
fair,

My breast contains a *tender* heart
within.

Altho' the roses from my cheeks are
fled,

And saffron-yellow now their place
supplies;

And but three teeth I have within my
head,

And glasses green do now assist mine
eyes;

Tho' with Scotch snuff I cherish well
my nose,

And twice a week I cut my painful
corns,

By all the gods I swear, and pledge my
vows,

My gentle youth shall never wear the
horns.

No girl on earth from faults is quite
exempt,

Then why should I with my small
store repine?

Those few by art to hide will I at-
tempt,

For dressing smart would make me
look divine.

All off my head my mixed hair I'll
shave,

And sport the *wig* as other ladies do;

A set of teeth of ivory white I'll have,
And patch, and paint, since now it's
all the go.

Pity the suff'rings of an aged maid,
And in compassion take me to your
arms,

Or soon with love I die, (I am afraid,)

Then sink to dust my beauty and my
charms.

VIRTUE

[Written under a spreading Tree, on
Pinnor Hill, Middlesex.]

O YOU! who pass these sylvan glades,
Embow'd in cool refreshing shades;
Allow beneath this spreading tree
One moment to mortality.
When lab'ring up this steep ascent,
Your eyes upon the summit bent,
Toilsome and long the way appear'd,
And you the undertaking fear'd:
Yet, as you near and nearer drew,
The labour lessen'd to your view;
And when this calm recess you've gain'd,
You wonder that the thought had pain'd.
'Tis so with virtue, when we see,
From far the sweet Divinity;
Her distant radiance we admire,
But think the tedious road may tire.
'Tis true she is with roses crown'd,
Yet intervening Thorns are found:
At length determined to pursue
The object that enchants our view,
With noble resolution arm'd,
By hope inspir'd, by glory charm'd,
Despising vice—contemning rest—
We venture—persevere—are blest.

C. H. L. P——R.

SONNET TO THE HEART.

SAY, trembling tenant of this pensive
breast,
What lurking sorrow thus thy peace
destroys?
Why melancholy sadness o'er thy joys
Thus broods; and, cruel, robs thee of
thy rest?
Does some fair maid for whom the
heavy sigh
In tones convulsive shrills around thy
seat?
Does she, alas! that fond return deny
Thy love demands, and love like thine
should meet?
Hush'd be thy tumults wild—soon the
cold grave
Shall o'er thy sorrows draw its icy veil;
And, when all other means of comfort
fail,
Thy throbbing grief-wreck'd tenement
to save,

The tomb shall be thy refuge:—there
thy woes
Will find in Death's cold arms at last
repose. H. C.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MISS S———E ON
SEEING HER WALKING IN S——
CHURCH-YARD BY MOONLIGHT

THE peaceful eve, with smile serene,
Her twilight mantle spread,
And Cynthia o'er the dewy green,
A sil'ry lustre shed.

The feather'd songster's pleasing strain,
Amidst the leafy trees,
No longer charm'd the pensive swain,
Or echoed on the breeze.

All, all were hush'd in every grove
That borders S———'s vale;
Save Philomel, who tun'd her love,
And told her ev'ning tale.

On Echo's ear her plaintive strains
In mournful accents play'd,
And sweetly in the distant plains
The warbling notes decay'd.

And canst thou leave the giddy throng,
And pace the church-yard drear,
To listen to her ev'ning song,
Soft swelling on the ear?

Sweet bird of night! for her extend
Each falling eve thy throat;
And oh! ye whispering gales befriend
The melancholy note!—

How happy is the swain who treads
As gentle ev'ning bends,
With thee yon cloister's sable shades,
And all thy teps attends.

The loves that round thy features play
Bid as their charms beguile,
To him those coral lips convey
A heav'n in their smile.

Oh could I stray, the wish how vain,
With thee the groves among;
And fondly listen to the strain
That warbled from thy tongue,

At once for ever I'd resign
Each busy scene of care,
To lisp the praise so justly thine,
Thou fairest of the fair!

FOREIGN NEWS.

Leghorn, Sept. 4.

THE entry of the French troops into our city was so unexpected, that no one knew beforehand of their coming: from that time their number has increased to 6,000, General Dumoulin commands them. Two French commissaries arrived with them, who immediately ordered an embargo to be laid on all the ships in port, to examine if their cargoes consisted of English merchandise or not; the troops occupied the ports and the forts of the city.

The next day, the General published a proclamation, ordering all persons who possessed English merchandise of whatever nature it might be, to make a declaration thereof within twenty-four hours, with an injunction to every merchant who should not make an exact declaration, of paying three times the value of the goods, which should be entirely confiscated; besides, no ship should leave the port, and no person to quit the city until fresh orders. The English have sustained at Leghorn an incalculable loss, as it was there that they have for some years past sent all the goods with which they supplied Italy.

Lisbon, Sept. 7. At last, activity begins to shew itself here! Every ship of war in the river is put into commission, and they are at work at them all day and all night, Sundays and holidays not excepted. Our squadrons in the Mediterranean are called home, and small ships sent off to the islands for seamen, from whence you may know they always get recruits for our navy. The whole world seems to believe that these ships are preparing to convoy a certain personage to the Brazils, and that it is very true that the demands of France have been re-

jected entirely; but there is no change in the Ministry in any department. Pressing for soldiers has been much talked of, but nothing of the kind has taken place; nor can I perceive any thing that indicates land preparations; and what good purpose could it answer to make any? Accounts from France and from Spain are so contradictory, regarding the invasion of this country, that no one knows what to believe. There is no doubt but an army of observation is collecting at and near Bayonne; and I believe it is equally true, that our imbecile neighbours are raising more troops.

Vienna, Sept. 19. They write from Trieste, that on the 5th inst. a squadron was seen, consisting of three frigates and thirty transports, having on board the Russian troops from Cattaro, who intended to land at Venice; but the English frustrated this object, and forced the said squadron to take shelter in the port of Pisano, where it is now blockaded.

Lisbon, Oct. 10. We have been disappointed of the arrival of a packet; the departure of the convoy is, with difficulty, postponed to the 16th instant; the *Lively* will accompany it, leaving the *Cephalus* brig at the orders of Lord Strangford, and the *Raven*, to remain in the neighbourhood. The Portuguese squadron in the Mediterranean had been sent for, and is arrived. Six ships of the line are ready. The Prince of Beira (a child nine years of age) is said to be about to embark for the Brazils. It is doubtful whether his father, the Prince Regent, will go. The Portuguese ministry are anxious for the English to get off. We have no advice of the French having begun their march from Bayonne.

Venice, Oct. 11. We learn from Mal-

ta, that an order of the English Government has arrived there, purporting, that for the future no flag shall be considered as neutral, and that all nations who are not in alliance with England shall be treated as enemies. A great many Russians have, it is stated, been detained, and which are to remain until further explanations take place between the courts of London and Petersburg.

Copenhagen, Oct. 13. Christiansand was summoned by an English squadron in the beginning of September: the summons, however, was rejected; and the enemy, on attempting an attack, bravely repulsed.

Within these few days, some ships from Rostock and Memel, and travellers with them, have arrived. There is now no obstruction in the passage over the Great Belt.

Saxony, Oct. 13. According to private letters from Berlin, the period for the evacuation of that city is not yet settled. It is said, that the King has hired a house at Memel for a whole year, for which he pays twenty-five Frederics-d'or per month. We have very slender hope of seeing the King at Berlin, in any short time; of his return, and that of the treasury, at present there is not a single rumour.—The two centinels that were taken from the door of General Mollendorf, a few days since, have been replaced.

Lisbon, Oct. 13. The alarming appearances respecting this country continue with increased dismay, and we have but little hope of the fatal disaster being much longer suspended. We continue in a state of confusion, and are exerting ourselves to get away. We have no advice of the French troops having commenced their march from Bayonne, and in consequence, the convoy, which had been previously appointed to sail on the 12th, has been put off to the 16th, for the purpose of giving as much time as possible for the British subjects and vessels to get into readiness, as well as to see if some more English vessels may arrive in this river, as the number at present here is insufficient for the accommodation of the people, who are anxiously wishing to get way. Some of us are endeavouring to contrive to remain here in safety until the 10th of next month, for

the purpose of obtaining means to procure the amount of our debts from the natives.

The reports here are so variable and confused, that it is quite impossible to give, with certainty, any opinion on the absolute intentions of the Government. One thing, however, appears past doubt, that if the French, on any pretext whatever, march an army here, the Prince Regent will go off to the Brazils. Every preparation continues to be made for such an event, under the pretence of sending the Prince de Beira thither, with the title of Lord High Constable.

Gottenburgh, Oct. 16. Admiral Stanhope, with nine or ten sail of Danish ships of the line, besides several frigates, on their way to England, put into this harbour to-day. The Inflexible, of 74 guns, is also here, with a convoy from Copenhagen.

The king of France and suite, on board the Freja frigate, remain wind-bound.

It is reported that a great many of the English troops from Zealand will go into winter-quarters in this country; indeed, quarters are already engaged for a considerable number in Haaland and Scania.

Christianso. Oct. 16. The Danish flotilla, which was at Fredericksberne, has come into Frederickstadt, upon the Swedish frontiers, to pass the winter; a cutter and several gun-boats are also stationed at Frederickstadt, which take all the vessels that come near that place.

Hamburgh, Oct. 22. When the time approached which the capitulation of Copenhagen had fixed for the English to evacuate Zealand, the British Government made a pretended conciliatory proposition, by which it offered the choice of the re-establishment of the Danish neutrality, or a strict alliance with Great Britain. The cabinet of St. James's, in the first case, encouraged the hope, that an arrangement should take place, in consequence of which, the Danish fleet should be restored in three years after the conclusion of a general peace. It demanded the cession of the island of Heligoland; and, in case of an alliance, it offered a powerful co-operation by land and sea, the guarantee of his Bri-

taunic Majesty, or an equivalent, for the provinces which Denmark might lose in the course of the war; and, above all, a suitable extension of the Danish possessions in the Colonies.

The English Government insisted, as an essential preliminary, that the Danish Government should consent to the continuance of the English troops in Zealand during the negotiation; and to give greater weight to its propositions, the Cabinet of St. James's thought proper to support them by an active co-operation of Sweden in its hostile measures against Denmark.—The Danish Cabinet contented itself with observing, in answer to this insulting and ridiculous proposition, 'That it had received the proposals and menaces of the Cabinet of London with equal indignation; and that after what had passed, there could be no question whatever of a separate arrangement between Denmark and Great Britain.' Nothing can be more evident, than that the English Government, in making these overtures, had the twofold object of acquiring some degree of merit in the eyes of the nation, and of eluding the obligation to evacuate Zealand.

Morlaix, Oct. 25. We have been in the habit of sending flags of truce from time to time to London. It has been forbidden to allow any to proceed thither in future. No further communication ought to exist with that country, governed by the unjust and eternal enemies of the continent.

Lisbon, Oct. 25. All doubts with respect to the intentions of the Court of Portugal are removed. The following Proclamation, or Edict, was signed by the Prince Regent on the 20th ult. and ordered to be published on the 22d.

'It having been my greatest desire to preserve within my dominions the most perfect neutrality during the present war, upon the account of the acknowledged good effects that result from it to the subjects of this crown; but it being impossible to preserve it any longer, and reflecting at the same time how beneficial a general peace will be to humanity, I have judged it proper to accede to the cause of the continent, by uniting myself to his Majesty the Emperor of

the French and King of Italy, and to his Catholic Majesty, in order to contribute, as far as may be in my power, to the acceleration of a maritime peace: wherefore I am pleased to order, that the ports of this kingdom shall be immediately shut against the entry of all ships of war and merchant vessels belonging to Great Britain.

Given at the Palace of Mafra, the 20th of October, 1807, by order of the Prince Regent, our Sovereign.—That all persons may have due notice, it is directed that this Edict be publicly affixed.

J. F. LUDOVICE.'

Elseneur, Oct. 28. Yesterday notice was given by general orders, that the English are to be considered and treated as enemies both by sea and land. All English vessels which come within the range of cannon-shot are therefore fired at, and all the English are arrested as soon as they come on shore.

Yesterday fourteen or fifteen English vessels were in sight, under convoy of a cutter: they were fired at, and four of them were taken. They came from London, and the masters stated, that at the time of their departure, it was generally reported in England, that on their arrival in the Sound peace would probably have been concluded with Denmark. It should therefore seem that those robbers still cherish the proud idea that the Danes feel disposed to compound with them. Two pieces of cannon have lately been mounted on the bridge, to prevent the English from making an attempt at night to land and retake their ships.

We learn from Helsingborg, that a Russian minister has arrived there, and opened a negotiation with the King of Sweden.

Helsingborg, Oct. 28. The Danish man of war the *Neptunus*, of 84 guns, one of the finest ships in the fleet, is ashore on a sand bank near the island of Wienn, and will be lost. Six hundred Highlanders, who were on board her, are on the island: it is expected she will be burnt.

Gottenburgh, Nov. 5. The report of an armistice between Sweden and France, until April next, has been current here, but it cannot be traced to any authentic source.

HOME NEWS.

Margate, Oct. 25.

ON Thursday last, a sudden and unexpected storm of wind from the S. W. came on about four o'clock, and blew with such violence, that several pleasure-boats, which were catching whittings, were driven to sea, in one of which were Mr. Salter, surgeon of the Infirmary, and another person. They were picked up at eleven o'clock at night by a fishing smack, which, having lost all her sails in the storm, was drifted so near Mr. Salter's boat, that they fortunately discovered it just as it was sinking, being nearly full of water; they regained the shore about one o'clock: another was brought in at two, and another not till morning, all safe.

London, Oct. 26. On Thursday, the Lord Mayor was in considerable danger on the river. He had been to the Medway, to hold a Court of Conservancy, and on his return, a squall laid the boat on her beam ends, with the sail in the water. By the activity of the men on board, she was most extraordinarily prevented from filling.

Canterbury, Oct. 28. Monday morning, between the hours of ten and eleven, a part of the steeple, with the bell, belonging to Luddenhams church, Canterbury, fell down upon the middle of the church, and destroyed the pulpit, pews, &c. in that part of the building. A bricklayer was at the moment examining the steeple, and on removing some mortar, observed the key-stone of the arch giving way, when he luckily effected his escape, just in time to save himself from being buried in the ruins.

London, Oct. 26. The arrangements for the Opera are not yet completely settled. The principal proprietor of the

theatre claims, under a deed of agreement between him and the deceased Mr. Goold, the direction of the entertainments; and, as an advertisement shows, he has proceeded to engage a company of performers for the ensuing season. He has appointed Mr. D'Egville to be acting manager; and accordingly has for some time been employed in preparing the theatre for opening. On the other hand, Mr. Waters, a gentleman who was appointed executor to Mr. Goold, has been acting under his will as trustee; and we understand that he also has engaged a company, and has made preparations for opening. Both parties have workmen in the theatre. Both are painting and decorating; and both of them boast of the splendid exertions which will be made in the service of the public. On Saturday last, as both parties were at work in the theatre, a fracas took place, which is likely to bring the whole matter into a court of law.

Mr. D'Egville was superintending the painters and machinists in the painting room, when Mr. Waters interfered, and ordered them to desist, and to quit the place of which he was in possession. Mr. D'Egville declared that he would protect his people, and warned Mr. Waters off the premises. A scuffle ensued, in which Mr. D'Egville accused Mr. Waters of being the aggressor. He applied for a warrant against Mr. Waters for the assault, and he was brought up to Bow-street, and examined by Mr. Read and Mr. Graham. Mr. D'Egville persisted in his charge, and Mr. Waters gave bail to appear at the quarter-sessions.

Yarmouth, Oct. 29. The Swedish fri-

gate Freja is arrived this morning with his Majesty Louis XVIII. and suite on board. Nearly two hundred sail of transports and storeships arrived this morning, and have anchored in these roads. Several line of battle ships are now in sight, which are supposed to be Admiral Gambier and the Fleet from Copenhagen.

Last night, at eight o'clock, arrived in the Roads his Majesty's hospital ship Frederickswaern, Captain Hanchett, and Dr. Jamison, physician of the fleet, with the sick and wounded on board, who, we are happy to understand, are very few, as the fleet preserved excellent health.—She parted with the Admiral, fleet, and convoy, all well, on Thursday, 40 leagues S. W. of Boom-burgen.

Nov. 2-3. Free benefits, to which all the performers, and even the lowest assistants of the theatre, contributed their exertions gratis, were given at Sadler's Wells for the benefit of the relatives of the unfortunate sufferers by the late accident there.—N. B. The statement of the death of Mr. Chalkley, in the account we gave last month, was erroneous: he is, we are happy to say, alive, and perfectly recovered.

Yarmouth, Nov. 2. This morning, Louis XVIII. landed with his suite from the Swedish frigate Freja, at Yarmouth, under the title of the Count De Lille, by which only he will be recognized during his stay in England. The Count came on shore in Admiral Douglas's barge, in the most private manner.

On his landing, he was received by Admirals Douglas and Essington, Captain Curry, of the flag ship, and Mr. Brooks, of the Alien Office, London. The party immediately assembled at the house of Admiral Douglas's secretary, which stood contiguous to the spot. Here the Count had his first interview with Monsieur (the Count D'Artois). The scene was truly interesting and affecting.

This morning Admiral Russell went in his boat to fetch the brother of Louis XVI. who will, probably, proceed first to Gosfield, which the Marquis of Buckingham has offered him.

Chichester, Nov. 4. On Friday last,

about two o'clock, the desperate and daring robber who has for some time past infested the country round Havant, Chichester, and Arundel, stopped a gentleman on horseback near Arundel, who having a good horse put spurs to him, and rode off with all speed; the robber discharged a pistol, which, however, providentially missed him. On Sunday morning, about 11, he stopped and robbed Mr. Rhodes, of Chichester, between Arundel and Midhurst.—In consequence of this daring robbery being made known, a number of gentlemen and others, in that part of the country, went in different directions, armed, in pursuit of the robber; among them were Mr. Poyntz, of Cowdray-park, near Midhurst, and Mr. George Sarjeant, son of Mr. Sarjeant, of Lavington. These gentlemen had not proceeded far from Lavington, when they observed a man, answering the description of the robber, and they supposed he was making towards them to rob them; they accordingly put themselves in a state of defence, by showing their pistols. The man went into a wood close by, and the gentlemen pursued him. Mr. Sarjeant called on him to surrender; but he refused, and made use of the most horrid oaths and threats. Mr. Sarjeant ordered him again to surrender, or he would shoot him. He still refused, and Mr. Sarjeant presented a pistol at him, but at the same time desired the man to surrender, as he could not bear the thought of taking the life of a fellow-creature; at this instant, the man discharged a pistol at him, and killed him on the spot. The villain immediately threw off his shoes, hat, and gloves, great coat, leather-case used by dragoons to guard the locks of their carbines, and made his escape from Mr. Poyntz. It was supposed he concealed himself in the wood. All pursuit after him had proved fruitless up to Monday night, when our account left the country. The villain is supposed to be a native of Grafton, and has deserted from the navy and several regiments.

On Monday afternoon, in consequence of the murder, a party of dragoons proceeded from that city in search of the murderer: they arrived at the

coppice where he had concealed himself, which is near Petworth, and some surrounded it, while others dismounted, and entered by every avenue. After a strict search, they discovered him, and drove him out, without any frock, hat, or shoes on. He then ran swiftly some distance; but finding his pursuers to be close at his heels, he ran into a pond, when they immediately fired at him, and shot him dead. He was taken out of the pond, searched, and the watch, of which he had robbed Mr. Rhodes the day before, found on him. On examination of the body, he proves to be a labourer, living at a village called Grantham, near Petworth: his name is James Allen. He had two loaded pistols about him, but from the close pursuit of the dragoons, he had no power to use them.

Ipswich, Nov. 5. Tuesday, about three o'clock, Louis XVIII. arrived at the Great White Horse in this town, from Yarmouth, attended by Prince de Condé, Monsieur, Duc d'Angouleme, Duc de Bourbon, Duc de Grammont, and suite, and after changing horses, set off for Gosfield-park, in Essex, the seat of the Marquis of Buckingham. On their arrival at the Three Cups, Colchester, a great concourse of persons of all ranks had assembled at the inn, to see the illustrious stranger; the elegant large new room being thrown open for the reception of the royal guests, it was permitted that their wishes might be fully gratified, and they were admitted into the room without the least restraint. The royal fugitive, at his departure, expressed much satisfaction at the good wishes evidently impressed on the countenances of those whom curiosity had excited to appear in his presence.

Portsmouth, Nov. 11. The ports of Portugal are all shut against us; the *Boadicea*, Captain Maitland, brings information, that they were shut three days before she left it, which was fifteen days since. The *Boadicea* left Newfoundland on the 20th of September, with a convoy for Oporto; five days after they had been there, the order was received to shut the ports. The invasion of Portugal by land was not expected, from the lateness of the season for the

army to march; but a squadron of French ships were expected in the Tagus. The *Boadicea* brought a convoy, she left several ships at Oporto, which were not able to come out to join her after the embargo was laid. The *Lavinia* frigate, Lord William Stuart, and the *Amazon*, Captain Parker, were cruising off the bar. Lord Strangford continued at Lisbon; and Mr. Warre, the consul, at Oporto. The *Lively* frigate, Captain M'Kinley, sailed from Lisbon on the 19th ult. with a convoy for England; and the *Raven*, Captain Grant, was to sail in a few days afterwards with another convoy. The *Statura*, Captain Bromley, with Mr. Rose on board, arrived this morning, she was unable to get down Channel, the wind blew so hard from the S. W.

Plymouth, Nov. 11. A Proclamation of the Portuguese Government from Lisbon, tantamount to a declaration of war, has been received here, via Falmouth, by the Townshend packet, arrived there. This forenoon, the gallant Rear-Admiral Sir S. Smith went on board the *London*, 98, in Cawsand Bay, and immediately unmoored, with the following ships under his command viz. *London*, 98, flag ship; *Marlborough*, 74; *Bedford*, 74; *Elizabeth*, 74; *Monarch*, 74; and a frigate; and as the wind is now rather Northerly, and they are standing out of the Bay, they may chance to make a good offing, and get down Channel, if no other furious gale of wind come on to interrupt their passage—destination unknown.

Portsmouth, Nov. 12. Arrived the *Melpomene* frigate, Captain Parker, from the Mediterranean, to undergo repairs. She left the squadron off Cadiz, commanded by Admiral Purvis, on the 17th ult. which falsifies the flimsy rumours of that squadron having been engaged with the enemy out of Cadiz. Neither could Lord Collingwood have met with the Toulon squadron; they were out no further than the Hieres on the 5th of September, when his lordship must have been off Tenedos, as he arrived at Malta on the 4th of October from thence. Sir George Cockburn, governor of Curacoa, and suite, take their passage in the *Meleager* frigate, Captain

Broughton, for that island. The *Statura*, with Mr. Rose and suite on board, will sail at day-light to-morrow morning.

London, Nov. 11. Yesterday the remains of the archbishop of York were interred in Westminster Abbey. The procession was plain, and most solemn.

Plymouth, Nov. 15. An Admiralty Messenger arrived yesterday at noon to hurry out all the men of war in Cawsand Bay directly, to join Sir Sidney Smith's squadron off Cork; in consequence of which, the *Conqueror*, 74, Captain I. Pellew, was paid yesterday afternoon, and this morning she and the *Plantagenet*, 74, Captain Bradley, sailed from Cawsand Bay, and stood down Channel with a fine wind at E. N. E. The *Hibernia*, 110, and the *Foudroyant*, 84, will sail to-morrow, or Tuesday. The object of the expedition is, of course, a secret, and no doubt will be accomplished with honour and advantage to this country, being intrusted to so good an officer as Sir Sidney Smith and the officers who accompany him on the expedition.—Went up the harbour, the *Alcmene*, 36, *Eurydice*, 24, and *Raleigh*, 18, to refit.—Sailed the Cuckoo schooner, with dispatches for the Channel fleet.

Deal, Nov. 15. A French national schooner is come into the Downs as a flag of truce. She went past Dover yesterday evening with a press of sail, and is supposed to have come from Boulogne.

Deal, Nov. 16. The schooner, which arrived in the Downs yesterday, is a flag of truce from Calais, from whence she was perceived coming out by the *Calypso*, and an officer of that vessel was put on board there. The Admiral's boat was sent off to her, but no person we believe has yet been landed: conjectures are various; some are apprehensive that she has brought over terms for a negotiation for peace; others assert, that she has an ambassador from the court of Vienna; whilst those who pretend to be better informed, state that a Prussian officer is on board, charged with a diplomatic mission to our government, but nothing has transpired here to enable us to state for certain the object. Her

arrival was announced by a telegraphic dispatch as soon as she bore in sight.

Deal, Nov. 17. A Gentleman was landed here from the flag of truce about eleven o'clock this morning: he is from Vienna, charged with dispatches for the Austrian ambassador at London, but of the nature of them not a word has transpired here. After waiting upon Admiral Rowley, at his office, he set off for London in a post-chaise and four. He arrived at Paris on the 9th inst. on which day Bonaparte was expected there, and on the day he left that place, the 13th, a Russian messenger had arrived. He came out of Calais on the 15th, (the day he arrived in the Downs) having been detained there for a vessel to convey him to England. The vessel, it is thought, is to remain here to take him back again, being since put under charge of the guard-ship.—The *Calypso*, which escorted him into the Downs, is ordered back to her station off Calais.

BIRTHS.

Oct. 23. At the seat of the earl of Uxbridge, Plasnewydd, Anglesey, the right hon. lady Caroline Capel, of a son.

At his lordship's house, Hill-street, Berkeley-square, lady Foley, of a daughter.

26. In Pulteney-street, Bath, the lady of Francis Drake, esq. of a daughter.

28. At Lambridge-house, the lady of C. H. Fraser, esq. of a son.

29. At Thoresby-park, Nottinghamshire, lady Frances Bentinck, of a son.

At their house, Bolton-row, Piccadilly, the lady of colonel Walter Jones, of a daughter.

Nov. 1. At his father's house, Portman-square, the lady of Henry Dawkins, jun. esq. M. P. of a son.

4. At Hanfield-place, the lady of sir C. Baynes, bart. of a son.

7. At Bifrons, near Canterbury, the lady of Edward Taylor, esq. M. P. for that city, of a son.

In Lower Wimpole-street, the lady of brigade-major Vernon Graham, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

DEATHS.

Oct. 27. Mr. Hughes, of Finsbury-square, to miss Bish, daughter of Mr. Bish, of Cornhill.

29. At Bishop-Wearmouth, in the county of Durham, Wm. Williamson, esq. of Gringley, in Nottinghamshire, to miss Sanderson, eldest daughter of Thomas Sanderson, esq. of Bishop-Wearmouth.

30. At St. George's church, Hanover-square, by the Rev. Dr. Ridley, Lord Monson, to Lady Sarah Saville. The earl and countess of Mexborough gave their lovely daughter away, in the presence of the earl and countess, and countess dowager of Essex, viscount Pollington, the miss Monsons (who were bride maids), Mr. Swainson, and the two miss Faulkners. The bride was elegantly dressed in white satin, richly trimmed with point-lace, with a white lace veil, and a small bouquet.

Nov. 3. At Kensington church, Edward Harrold, esq. of Cheshunt, in the county of Herts, to miss Baillie, of Brompton.

4. At St. George's, Hanover-square, John Tatham, esq. of Craven-street, to miss Jones, daughter of William Jones, esq. of Charles-street, Grosvenor-square.

At Weston, Robert Haynes, esq. of Westbury-under-the-Plain, Wilts, to miss Vere Bayly, daughter of Zachary Bayly, esq. of Belle-Vue, near Bath.

At Lambeth church, Thomas Cory Hawkes, esq. of Oakhampton, Devon, to miss Elizabeth Sophia Hay, of Durham-place, Lambeth.

7. At North Aston, by the Rev. C. A. Moysey, Edward Golding, jun. esq. eldest son of Edward Golding, esq. of Marden Earley, in the county of Berks, to miss Frances Bowles, eighth daughter of Oldfield Bowles, esq. of North Aston, in the county of Oxford.

At St. Catherine - Coleman, Fenchurch st. John Arthur Borron, esq. of Warrington, to miss Geddes, daughter of Archibald Geddes, esq. Leith.

14. At Warnford, Hants, John-Early Cook, esq. of Cheshunt, Herts, to miss Margaret Burne, daughter of Thomas Burne, esq. of Bedford-square.

Oct. 17. At his seat at Wooten-court, Kent, much respected, the Rev. Edward-Tynnewell Brydges, late claimant to the barony of Chandos.

26. At Childwall, near Liverpool, at the advanced of 80, Arthur Onslow, esq. collector of the customs at the port of Liverpool.

27. At Cairnmuir, county of Peebles, the hon. Mrs. Cranstoun, widow of the late hon. George Cranstoun.

Nov. 1. Dr. William Markham, lord archbishop of York, primate of England, lord high almoner to the king, and visitor of Queen's College, Oxford, in the 90th year of his age. The event has long been expected. His Grace bore his sufferings with the utmost resignation, and breathed his last breath with the most pious hope that a moral and religious life could possibly have inspired into a mind devoted, as his was, to the duty of a Christian preceptor. He was translated, from Chester to the archiepiscopal see of York in 1776, on the demise of Dr. Robert Drummond. His Grace, before his translation, was chosen by his Majesty preceptor to his royal highness the prince of Wales, for whom he preserved the most dutiful and affectionate attachment to the close of his existence. His Grace has left several sons, one of whom is a rear-admiral in the British fleet, and another chancellor of the diocese of York.

5. At his seat at Waterstock, Oxfordshire, in the 83d year of his age, sir William Ashhurst, late one of his Majesty's justices of the court of King's Bench.

14. At his house called Fallowden, near Alnwick, Northumberland, in the 70th year of his age, the right hon. Charles earl Grey, K. B. general of the third regiment of dragoons, and governor of the island of Guernsey. His lordship served at the battle of Minden, and was the only surviving officer who served under general Wolfe at Quebec, to whom he was aide-de-camp.

21. At Highbury Place, Islington, Mr. Abraham Newland, late first Cashier of the Bank of England.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



The Reward of Charity.