

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

APPROPRIATED  
 SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR DECEMBER, 1807.

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*This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates,*

- 1 THE REWARD OF CHARITY.
- 2 THE SEAT OF A. G. GOLDSMID, Esq. at MERTON, SURRY.
- 3 LONDON FASHIONABLE WALKING and EVENING DRESSES.
- 4 FASHIONABLE PATTERNS for TRIMMINGS and BORDERS OF DRESSES.

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Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.



## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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THE Continuation of the *Elville Family Secrets* shall certainly be given in the Magazine for January.

The Continuations of *Harriet Vernon*, and of *Sketches from Nature*, will be found in the Supplement.

Mr. Webb's Solitary Walk in a Country Church-yard shall appear in January.

J. M. L.'s *Night Walk for December* is unavoidably deferred till the Supplement.

R. P.'s and F. D.'s Contributions are received,

ERRATUM, in our last, in H. C.'s *Sonnet to the Heart*:

Page 616, line 7 from the bottom, for *shrills* read *thrills*.



THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE.

FOR DECEMBER, 1807.

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THE REWARD OF CHARITY.

A TALE.

[*With an elegant Engraving.*]

IN a pleasant village in the North of England lived, not many years since, Theophilus Darwell, the vicar of the parish, in which he constantly resided, equally to the edification and comfort of those to the instruction of whom in pure religion, and that morality which must necessarily flow from it, he had been appointed. He loved his parishioners, and they revered him. He was as it were their father, their friend, the arbiter of all their little disputes, and rarely was it that they appealed from his decision to that of the lawyer.

This good man had a wife, two daughters, and a son, all of a disposition and character not dissimilar to his own. They lived, as may be supposed, truly happy in their affection for each other, and

in friendship and harmony with all around them. Their felicity lasted several years, but nothing in this world continueth for ever. Death within a short time carried off, first, the wife of the good pastor, next his eldest daughter, and lastly himself; leaving his youngest daughter, Lavinia, and his son Henry, then little more than fifteen years old, almost penniless orphans; for the income of their father, though he possessed some fortune of his own besides the fees and dues of his vicarage, would have left them but little surplus had it been ten times greater, so ready was his liberality to listen to every call of charity pointing out to him the needy and the distressed.

Henry, who, to the most amiable mildness of disposition and



ingenuousness, added great quickness of understanding, was taken notice of by a gentleman in the neighbourhood who was going to the East Indies, and who invited him to accompany him, assuring him, that for the services he might receive from him, he had no doubt that he should be able to put him in a way to make a very handsome fortune. Henry, who had he not thought, as he did think, the offer to promise him great advantage, knew not what else to do, consented, and shortly after left his native country.

Lavinia, who was about thirteen, began to display great beauty, which rapidly increased from year to year; her liveliness and intelligence were equal to her beauty; and a distant female relation who kept a boarding-school for young ladies, took her under her protection, and for a few occasional services which she received from her, enabled her to attain those accomplishments which gave her charms additional power and value.

She continued in this situation several years, when a gentleman who had lately purchased an estate in that neighbourhood, saw, and became so enamoured of her, that he married her; and after marriage found so much reason to be satisfied with her, that he grew more enthusiastically devoted to her from day to day. They lived in this felicity a number of years, the objects of the gratitude and esteem, she especially, of all the indigent and unfortunate in the vicinity, to whom her liberality was almost boundless; for whatever act of bounty she proposed was always readily assented to by Mr. Edgecumbe, her husband; since whatever she said or did was with him, and with reason was—

‘Wisest, virtuouslest, discreetest, best.’

It was now that in the full enjoyment of affluence and happiness the remembrance of her brother recurred to her mind; and much she wished to know what might be his success or ill success in life, that if the latter were his fate, she might, as she now amply had it in her power, relieve him and make him happy; but as so very great a number of years had elapsed since they had seen each other, she considered him as lost to her, not improbably dead, or at least thrown into some situation by which he was for ever separated from her, while she was totally forgotten by him.

It chanced one evening as she was walking in a retired part of her park, she saw, sitting under a tree, a man apparently very old, poor, and wretched. The native goodness of her heart induced her, as it may be supposed, to approach, accost, and offer him relief. She assisted him to rise, took him by the arm, and led him into the house, where she gave directions that he should be supplied with every thing necessary for his immediate wants, and provided with a lodging for the night, should he have a long way to go, as it would soon be dark.—Mrs. Cross, the housekeeper, who happened to be near when this order was given, took upon her to remind her mistress that such acts of charity were sometimes not without danger. ‘Really, my lady,’ said she, ‘your ladyship is too good, and may repent it one day when it is too late; many of these vagabond beggars belong to gangs of thieves, and this may be only a plan to rob the house.’

‘Let him belong to what gang



of thieves he may,' said Mrs. Edgecumbe, hastily, 'he appears now to be really in want, and his wants must be relieved.'—So saying, she immediately turned from her, and went into the parlour; but, before she had been there many minutes, reflecting that if she were not present, the object of her bounty might not meet with the reception she could wish from servants, she went down into the kitchen to see justice done to her charitable intentions. While there she entered into conversation with the man, and made some inquiries, though not with the impertinence of some ostentatious benefactors, with respect to who and what he was. As he was now somewhat revived by the refreshment placed before him, and the glass or two of ale he had drank, his appearance seemed to her not a little altered, and he spoke with a spirit and good sense which excited her surprise.—'Madam,' said he, 'I am a man who seems to be persecuted by Fortune. I have been in very distant countries, and in various parts of the world. I went first to the East Indies with a gentleman who for some time appeared to be very much my friend, and who I believe really was so, but who from jealousy became afterwards my bitterest enemy, and did every thing in his power to complete my ruin, which in fact he at length effected. I came last from a French prison into which I was thrown, having been taken on my return by a French ship of war. Numerous, indeed, are the adverse accidents which I have encountered. I certainly do not mean to fatigue you with recounting them all; but suffer me to say that I cannot consider myself as deserving them, as I have ever

endeavoured to do good unto all around me, according to the maxim of my good and reverend father, who will never be forgotten by his parishioners,—no, they can never forget the most excellent Theophilus—'

'Theophilus!' said Mrs. Edgecumbe, not a little surprized.—'What other name?'

'Theophilus Darwell,' said the stranger.

The first idea that now occurred to Mrs. Edgecumbe was the suggestion of Mrs. Cross, that this might be some cheat who had gotten possession of her history and of her father's name, and had a design to impose upon her; but upon further inquiry she found proofs that would not permit her to doubt that he was her long-lost brother Henry; and though he seemed twenty years older than her brother could be, though he had been more than twenty years separated from her, this might be accounted for by the vexations, misfortunes, and hardships he had undergone.

'And now,' said she triumphantly to Mrs. Cross, 'is not this an encouragement to do good; is not this a *reward of charity*? Mrs. Cross neither felt nor conceived how finding a brother in the extreme of indigence, whom she must support, could be a reward; but as she did not see how it could be for her interest to contradict her mistress, she civilly assented.

Mr. Edgecumbe soon afterwards procured a lucrative situation for Mr. Darwell, who showed himself well worthy to be the brother of such a sister, and such a brother-in-law.



To the EDITOR of the LADY'S  
MAGAZINE\*.

\* *Excludat jurgia finis.*

HOR. EPIST. I. LIB. II.

Let all disputes at some fix'd period end!

SIR,

IN compliance with the words which I have chosen for my motto, this will be the last letter which I shall address to you: indeed I should not again have troubled you, but I think an acknowledgment is due for the polite letter of J. M. L.—I always thought him possessed of abilities, and I now esteem him as a gentleman. I will assure him I never meant to insinuate a doubt of his *sobriety*, and, thanking him for his elegant compliments, which I am not conscious of deserving, I shall take my leave of him with good humour, and never again trespass upon his temper by pointing out faults to which we are all liable. W. H. has answered me with the modest ingenuousness which generally accompanies youthful talents, and I thank him.

As S. Y. has also praised me in a manner, for which (though, perhaps, I do not merit it) I must still feel grateful, I ought not to peruse his reply with fastidiousness, but I certainly think he betrays great want of temper; and one part of his letter calls for my answer. He accuses me of scurrillity: I should be sorry if the accusation was just. I think, however, it may be fairly retorted upon himself by any one who reads his fifth paragraph. I believe I am not 'a bully,' 'peevish,' 'scurrillous,' or 'frigid,' perhaps too much the reverse, and

his own compliment contradicts the charge of 'groveling ideas.' I can also assure him that I am not surrounded by 'antiquated females':—'Weak,' 'ignorant,' and 'vain,' I may be (though he does not seem to think so,) and my youth may excuse it, but I certainly am not 'idle.'

To the writers I have mentioned I shall now bid a last adieu as *gentlemen*; it would be very harsh in me to say Messrs. J. Webb, and D. Y. did not deserve that character; I hope they do; but certainly from *their* replies no one would ever think so.

It is highly diverting to hear them talk of '*silent contempt*' and '*due indifference*' when they are so evidently writhing under the lash of my *well-meant* criticism; but they may depend upon it I will never again assume an office, the execution of which seems to give them so much pain, and in which my intentions (which were certainly good) have been so grossly misrepresented.

However as Mr. D. Y. has *attempted* to be very witty and severe upon me, I shall address a few 'last words to him.' He has dignified me with the title of 'most learned,' (an expression borrowed, I believe, from the farce of the 'Adopted Child,') and as I always wish to maintain a character which is either assumed by me, or *conferred* upon me, I will give him a quotation from Flaccus which I think is very applicable to him particularly.

*Ridentur mala qui componunt  
carmina: verum  
Gaudent scribentes et se vene-  
rantur.*

This I shall translate for him.



‘Bad writers are laughed at: but they are pleased in writing, and *venerate themselves.*’

If he will refer to my first letter he will find I never mentioned the word ‘*St. Giles,*’ but the use of it seems *natural to him.* Lastly he bids me (in a choice morsel of poetic poetry) to contemplate my own faults; this may be very just, Mr. D. Y.! but you ought to know that my faults are no excuse for yours, and that though I am not perfection myself, yet that does not prevent or incapacitate me from pointing out the follies or inaccuracies of others.

And now, Mr. Editor, I must thank you for your candour, and apologise for thus trespassing upon your time, and as this is the last letter I shall address to you on the subject, your insertion of it this month will put an end to a disagreeable and uninteresting controversy in which (without any ill intention) I have involved myself.

I remain, Sir,

Yours, &c. &c.

W. M. T.

Dec. 4, 1807.

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### On the Effects of Music on different ANIMALS.

SOME years ago, a gentleman well versed in music, conceived the idea of trying its effects on different animals. Of the experiment he made to satisfy his curiosity on this subject, and its results, he gives the following account in a letter to a friend.

‘I procured,’ says he, ‘a person eminently skilled in blowing the trumpet, and one afternoon in the middle of August brought him to a lodge in my park, where were

animals of several kinds, and bade him play some of his loudest and quickest tunes. The musician stood at an upper window, and below him, in a little inclosed field, were a cat, a dog, and a horse; an ass, a tame hare, some deer, cows, a cock and hens, and several little birds on a range of trees adjoining. While the musician continued to play, I kept myself concealed in order to observe the effect of the music.

‘I could not perceive that the cat showed the least symptom of emotion. As the day was fine, and the sun shone, it lay stretched under the window, and seemed almost asleep: I could perceive by its very mien that it would give all the music in the world for a single mouse: it showed no marks of joy, and after some time walked leisurely away, not without casting a sly glance upon a hen and chickens that happened to be near.

‘The horse was walking along and feeding when the trumpet began, but the moment he heard the first note he approached the window, and stopped short at some distance from it, opening his wide nostrils, sometimes seeming to feed, and at other times to listen.

‘The dog sat down like an ape, keeping his eye steadily fixed on the musician. In this posture he continued for some time, seemed to be uneasy, offered to go but returned again, and at last set up a howl, almost in unison with one of the notes of the trumpet.

‘The ass seemed to show no signs of sensibility: it went peaceably along, eating the rankest herbs that were left by the others, and switching its tail in order to drive the flies away. The deer and the hare pricked up their large ears,



and seemed very attentive. The cows stopped a little, and seemed to regard the player as if they knew him, but soon scoured away as fast as they could, with their tails cocked, and their heads thrown towards the sky. The cock was employed only in taking care of his mistresses, and they in scratching about for something to eat, so that they seemed to pay no regard at all to the music: but the little birds which were among the trees, and some others in cages at the windows, I thought would have split; so loud were they, they strove even to outdo the trumpet, approaching nearer and nearer to the sound, and as they approached swelling their little notes with greater eagerness, and as it appeared to me, with greater rapidity.

‘Such,’ continues he, ‘was the result of this experiment; and if some curious persons, perhaps, more qualified than myself, would prosecute this entertaining subject, and try the effect of music upon other animals, it would at once serve to demonstrate the power of sounds, and the peculiar sagacity of every animal, since upon trial I have found that those animals are most sagacious who are most affected by it.’

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DESCRIPTION of the VILLA of  
Mr. A. G. GOLDSMID, at MORDEN,  
SURRY.

[*With a View, elegantly engraved.*]

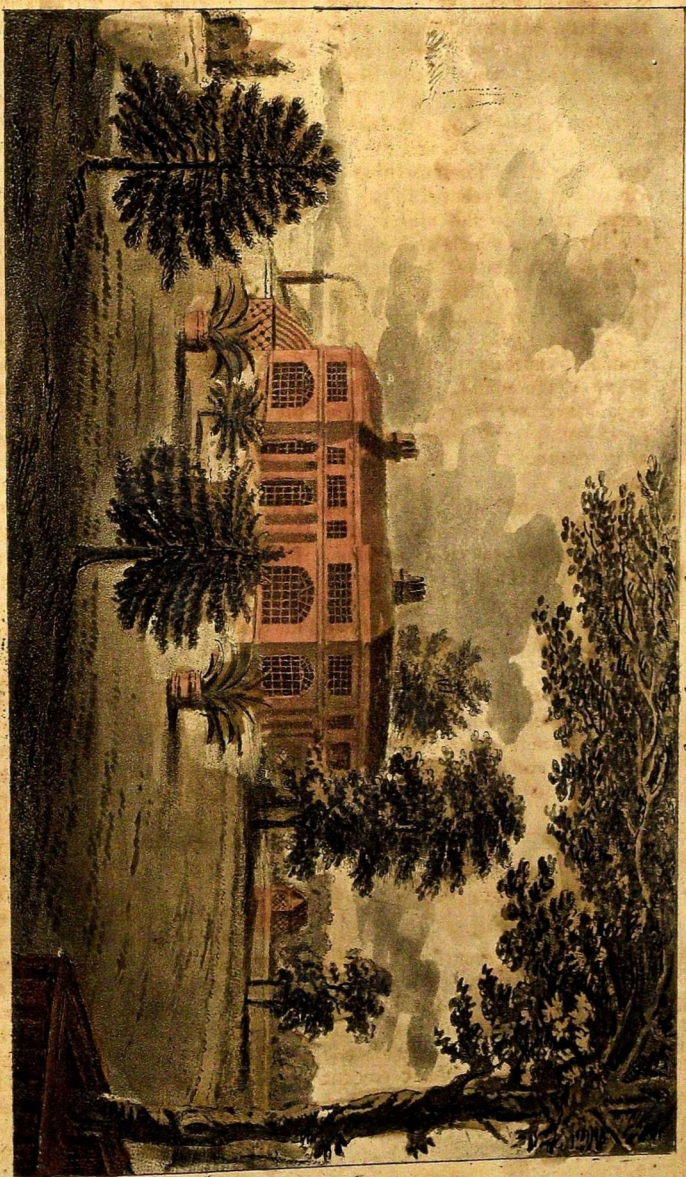
THIS elegant cottage villa is situated at Morden, near Mitcham in Surry, and is perhaps one of the most complete and elegant in this kingdom: the generous and opulent proprietor having spared

no expence to render it so. It is situate in the midst of a beautiful lawn, interspersed with various sorts of shrubberies, so contrived as to assist nature, avoiding that formality too frequently seen in gentlemen's grounds. The river Wandle, winding through the grounds, has a rich and pleasing effect, and over it are bridges at once simple and elegant. The gardens are capacious, and well stocked with every vegetable, flower, and fruit, foreign and native, that can be procured. The pinneries, graperies, orange-ries, &c. are well worthy the attention of the botanist and curious; in short, the gardens, hot and green-houses, &c. do much credit to Mr. Nichols, the present head gardener.

The house is built of stone one story high: its centre is supported by a colonade of six elegant sharp fluted pillars, and its two wings are embellished with very large square and circular headed windows of plate glass. The chimney pots are of a peculiar shape, imitating leaves. On the North side is a very extensive and tastefully constructed aviary, well stocked with rare birds of various descriptions, and at a small distance behind the house is another aviary on a neat construction. The two large windows in the front wings have a grand collection of rare and odoriferous plants and shrubs. Behind the house is a curious well, two hundred feet deep, with an inscription alluding to Abraham's finding waters. The offices are admirably constructed for use and beauty. In short, nothing has been omitted by Mr. Goldsmid, whose taste is only equalled by his liberality, to render this place an earthly paradise.



*Drawn and Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.*



*The Seat of A. Goldsmid, Esq. at Weston, Surrey.*



HARRIET VERNON;

OR,

CHARACTERS FROM REAL LIFE.

A NOVEL.

*In a Series of Letters.*

BY A LADY.

(Continued from p. 586.)

LETTER XXXVIII.

*Mr. Johnson to Mr. Wentworth.*

HOW shall I speak the joy I felt on the perusal of my dear Wentworth's letter? It could only be equalled by my surprise. From the bottom of my heart I congratulate you on your change of fortune; in all situations you are to me the same, nor is it in the power of *fortune* to increase or diminish my regard. Most impatiently did I wait for the first ships from India; but that they would bring me such glad tidings I could not dream. When I received your letter, my uncle lay on his death-bed. I communicated the contents to him; and he desired me to repeat to you the advice of a dying man. 'Tell him,' said he, 'to rejoice at his good fortune like a rational being; to return thanks to the all-wise Disposer of human events; to regard his wealth as a talent for which he will be accountable; and, above all things, let him be solicitous to keep a clear conscience, and acquire the title of an honest man.'

I am now, by his decease, in possession of an estate of a clear thousand a-year. As I am fond of

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the country, I intend residing in it; and I think, as a country squire, to bid defiance to bustle, care, and strife—So much for my own concerns. I have a long story to communicate, in which you will find yourself somewhat interested.

You may recollect my often speaking of an intimate acquaintance which I contracted at college with a student of the name of Beaumont. This young man was the son of a clergyman who enjoyed a living of four hundred a-year. He was, on the supposition of one day, possessing this living, educated for the church, and with a disposition better fitted for the army, where dissipation and extravagance too often assume the name of courage. At twenty-three he was invested with holy orders. Oh, profanation of the sacred vocation! He was dissolute in his manners, but possessed shining abilities. His wit gained him friends among his fellows, and his society was courted by all, but more particularly by me. We formed a friendship, if such an intimacy, founded on the bottle, wit, and gaiety, will bear the name. He led me into a thousand follies and extravagances. I could not but think him a dangerous companion, but I liked his company too well to renounce it. When he left college, a correspondence commenced, and he regarded me in the light of a friend. Perhaps I might have retained that title; but about that time I became acquainted with you, in every respect so opposite to Mr. Beaumont, that I could not but discern the difference; and discerning, approve and prefer. At that time my partiality for him wore off; happy was it for me that it did so. His correspondence, however, I did not drop; and as his



letters were replete with wit and entertainment, I did not find a reluctance to continue it. I never invited him to my uncle's house, knowing him to be a character he would not approve. This he knew, and often would anticipate my uncle's death, when he would pay me a visit. About twelve months since his father died, and my gay friend expected to be put into possession of the living. He had the interest of many in the university, and no one doubted his success. But to the praise of the bishop of the diocese, he caused inquiry to be made of the private character of the shepherd to whom he was to intrust the care of the flock. This would not bear investigation: another was found to fill the place his father had done with honour, and young Beaumont was left to bemoan his follies. The bishop was extremely tender of the young man's reputation, and with a humanity that does him the highest honour, after expostulating with him in the most pathetic and tender manner, told him, he would take on himself the stigma of having rejected the son of a worthy father, rather than he should suffer in his reputation or future success.

In this situation was Mr. Beaumont. His mother has an income of three hundred a-year from the bequest of an uncle, which devolves to her son at her death. He had contracted debts, so that a wealthy marriage was now all he had to trust to. His person handsome, address pleasing, and family respectable, he stood a good chance with the ladies; thanks to the good bishop his character was not notoriously known, though, if, as Pope says, every woman is at heart a rake, this might have been no detriment. He did not seek

long in vain; he found an heiress of not less than thirty thousand pounds; rich, sensible, and young. A very fortunate young man, you will say. But the world says money is her principal charm; that she is ill-tempered, proud, learned to no other purpose but to make her despise all her own sex; in short, a woman that it is impossible for a man to love.

He has obtained the promise of her hand, and her mother dying, the marriage is for decency's sake deferred for a few months. In the mean time he does not trust her out of his sight, but accompanies her on a visit to a relation in Wiltshire; and finds means to ingratiate himself so as to be invited to stay the whole time with the lady. You are to understand he writes all these particulars to me in confidence. At the house where his lady is he meets with another, and falls violently in love with her. She confesses a partiality for him, but reminds him of his other engagement. He declares he will break it if she will consent to marry him. She wishes him to consult his mother, and she informs her friends. As she has no fortune he has no intention to marry her, but forms a plot to seduce her by a sham marriage: for this purpose he forges a letter from his mother, in which she urges their union, and offers them a residence with her, and a participation of her income. The young lady, whom he describes as simplicity itself, joined to every thing that is good and lovely, being deserted by her brother, and destitute of the means of living, consents to the proposal. He attends the rich lady home, who is kept in ignorance of his real attachment; and they are, as by agreement, immediately married.



He writes to the lady he loves, that he has explained matters to the other, and is coming in a few days to receive her hand, and take her to his mother. Destitute of friends and fortune, and fond of him, he doubts not her consent to live with him in some retired part of England, and the ample fortune he has with his wife will enable him to supply her with all she can wish.

I have, as briefly as possible, related the substance of three long letters I have received from him, which I instantly answered, and used every argument I could think of to persuade him to relinquish his horrid purpose; but not liking his replies, I resolved at all events to rescue this poor girl, and by becoming unfaithful to a villain, save her from ruin and infamy. He had not informed me of her name, but only the family she was with. I lost no time, but immediately, on giving up all hope of his desisting, and finding that he was actually married, I set off for the seat of the gentleman he had mentioned, a Mr. Wilson. Upon my arrival I inquired for him, and was shown into a parlour. I told him my name, and asked if there was not a lady there on a visit, an acquaintance of Mr. Beaumont. I was answered in the affirmative. I requested to speak with her on very particular business. He led me to a room, and opened a door, where sat two young ladies at work. Beaumont had given me so very particular a description of his charmer, that I instantly recognised her in one of them; and approaching her, I begged permission to speak to her in private, on a subject, in which I presumed she was much concerned. She blushed excessively, and replied,

‘ You can have nothing, sir, to say to me, that may not be spoken before this gentleman and my sister,’ pointing to the other lady. I told her I could certainly have no objection if she had not. We seated ourselves—I went on—‘ To be the messenger of unpleasant tidings is a task I would gladly be excused from, but in the present case it is my duty.’ I took Beaumont’s letters from my pocket, together with the copy of the long expostulatory one I had written to him, and presented them to her—‘ If, madam,’ said I, ‘ you will peruse this packet, my errand will be explained, and my duty discharged.’—She took them with a trembling hand—‘ If,’ continued I, ‘ this gentleman is in your confidence, I will, while you retire to read the letters, acquaint him with the contents.’—‘ I shall be obliged to you, sir,’ she replied, ‘ and will attend you presently.’ She took her sister’s arm, and they both left the room. I then opened the whole affair to the astonished Mr. Wilson. The praises he bestowed on me for my conduct gave me the most heart-felt satisfaction. He informed me that he expected Beaumont the next day, and the young lady had consented to accompany him to his mother’s, where the ceremony was to take place. He spoke in the highest terms possible of both the sisters, who were, he said, distant relations of his wife, and that their names were—Now, Wentworth, prepare for astonishment—**VERNON.** Do not be alarmed; it was not thy Maria, it was Harriet who had dared to love Beaumont.

By the time I had finished my relation to Mr. Wilson, miss Vernon returned:—‘ Oh, Mr. Johnson,’ said she, ‘ what obligations



are we not under to your humanity and goodness !

‘ Speak not of it, my dear madam ; how is your sister ? ’

‘ She is much better than I expected her to be : her joy at discovering in time the perfidy of her lover has given her strength to support the disappointment. She begs her excuse for not attending you, sir, and desired me to express her gratitude and thanks for the service you have done her. Here are the letters, but if you will favour us with a second perusal, we shall be obliged to you. ’

I desired her to keep them, as they could be of no use to me. The last was dated four days before, and mentioned his marriage with the rich heiress.

‘ We must now consult, ’ said miss Vernon, ‘ the method of acquainting him with the discovery your goodness has made. ’

‘ We have only to inform him, ’ said Mr. Wilson, ‘ that we have incontestable proof that he is married ; for as it is to a relation of mine, I should be loth this vile plot should become a subject of conversation ; let it rest as it is. Your sister has a providential escape from a villain. My cousin cannot be unmarried ; that she will be miserable with him I have not a doubt ; but it will answer no good end to expose him. The ill success of his villany will be a punishment. He comes to-morrow ; I will see him, and acquaint him with our knowledge of his marriage, and your sister’s determination ; if she wishes it, never to see him more. ’

‘ That is her resolution, ’ said miss Vernon : ‘ she cannot bear the thought of seeing him. ’

I told them this plan met my approbation, for although I scrupled

not on such an important occasion to break the bonds of secrecy and friendship, yet I did not conceive I had a right to publish to the world the disgrace that had in confidence come to my knowledge, of one who had not personally offended me—I cannot recollect all that passed in this conversation, but finding she was indeed the young lady you have so frequently mentioned, and with whom you was, when you left England, so deeply enamoured, I was resolved to see her again if possible. Mr. Wilson wished me to spend the day, and sleep at his house, if the expected arrival of Mr. Beaumont was no objection. I did not wish to see him just then ; and to be at hide and seek in Mr. Wilson’s house was out of the question. Mr. Wilson’s house is distant from mine seventy miles. I had come in a stage-coach. I recollected, however, an old college acquaintance who lived in the neighbourhood ; and had frequently pressed me to pay him a visit. To him I resolved to go, and told Mr. Wilson I would, on my return from this visit, do myself the pleasure of waiting on him and the ladies.

I took my leave with that inward satisfaction that results from having performed a commendable action. I was too impatient to see the charming sisters to have made a long visit, had I found it ever so agreeable. But it was not so ; absence and other circumstances had changed my once warm and hearty acquaintance into a cold and formal one ; and the respect he paid me, I could perceive, was more to my estate than my person. I spent, however, two nights, quitted him with disgust, and arrived a second time at Mr. Wilson’s, who welcomed me with politeness,



and introduced me to his lady, a fine elderly woman, whom I doubt not you have heard the miss Vernons mention. He informed me that Mr. Beaumont came as expected; that he saw him alone, and told him, if he valued his reputation and domestic peace, he must quit that house immediately, and relinquish all pretensions to miss Vernon, otherwise he (Mr. Wilson) would acquaint the world and his wife with the whole affair.—‘My wife!’ said he, ‘What do you mean?’—‘Come, come,’ said Mr. Wilson, ‘it is too late to dissemble; we have been your dupes long enough; and I assure you, was you not married to my cousin, I would expose you to all the world.’—He affected to be in a passion, and insisted on Mr. Wilson’s discovering the person who had defamed his character—*That* Mr. Wilson told him he never should; he had incontestable proof of what he asserted, which, for his cousin’s sake, should remain a secret with him. He had saved the young woman he pretended to love from infamy, and should continue to protect her. He insisted on seeing miss Vernon, and high words ensuing, the servant was sent to inform her. She was in agonies at the thoughts of seeing him; but reflecting that he might construe her refusal as the effect of unconquered love, or weakness, she summoned all her pride and fortitude, and sent word she had no objection to seeing Mr. Beaumont in company with Mr. Wilson.—Think, Wentworth, what must have been her feelings!—What a noble spirit did she display! for my part, I cannot sufficiently admire her behaviour, as related to me by Mr. Wilson. She came down, accompanied by her sister.

Never, Mr. Wilson told me, was he witness to so interesting a scene. She entered the room with a dignified air and aspect, and looking at Mr. Beaumont with a steady and penetrating eye, asked him for what purpose he was so earnest to see her?

‘To plead my cause, madam,’ said he, ‘and vindicate my injured honour.’

‘Talk not of honour,’ said she, interrupting him. ‘Deny, if you can be bold enough, that you are married, for I suppose that was your intention for wishing to see me.’

‘Little did I think that you, my dearest miss Vernon, after you had honoured me with your love, and thought me worthy of it, would believe every idle report to my disadvantage. Heavens! do you suppose my mother, from whom I now come purposely by your own consent to present you to her, would conspire to deceive you.’

‘Perhaps, sir, you might as easily forge the person of your mother as her hand-writing.’

Guilt was now discernible in every feature; he hesitated, and was too much confounded to reply. She went on—

‘I could almost pity your confusion, but I intend not to expostulate, it is sufficient for my own happiness that I have found you out before it was too late. If you think you have triumphed over my peace of mind you are mistaken; I have too much sense and resolution to regret the loss of a man so devoid of principle as yourself.’

Never, Mr. Wilson said, did he see a woman look so lovely as this sweet girl; her countenance animated with conscious virtue, and a glow of injured pride on her cheeks. Beaumont looked the poor



culprit, devoid of hope, and incapable of defence. His pride, however, would not allow him to confess. He suffered the ladies to quit the room without attempting a reply. Mr. Wilson thinks he did not see them depart, for, on his asking him if he had any further business with him, he started from his reverie, and looking round the room, answered, No, nor ever should.—‘Will you permit me,’ said Mr. Wilson, ‘to give you a little advice?’—‘The devil take you, and your advice,’ cried he, and so hurried out of the house.

When Mr. Wilson had finished his relation, he sent word to the ladies that I was there, and in a very few minutes they both joined us; surely there never were two lovelier girls: miss Vernon is as you described her to me, elegance itself: but there is something in Harriet so inexpressibly agreeable, and yet I know not what makes her so: I have seen much handsomer faces and finer forms, but it is not in the power of beautiful features or of form alone to charm. You, I remember, described her to me as very lively. There is, indeed, much life and spirit in her countenance, but, as you may suppose, at this time, little in her manners and conversation. She looks grave, but not dejected. When she entered the room I was startled to see her look pale and languid. She made me a courtesy, and offered me her hand, involuntarily, as I thought. I took it, and, as you may suppose, put it to my lips. This action brought a blush on her cheeks, which I had the pleasure to see did not quite disappear the whole day.

The party seemed at a loss what to say, and an awkward silence set my wits to work for a speech. At

length, addressing myself to miss Harriet, I told her Mr. Wilson had informed me of the result of the affair I had been so happy to divulge; ‘and if you please,’ said I, ‘we will avoid a subject that must be painful to think of.—‘You are very kind, sir,’ said she, ‘we will do so, if you please.’

‘No, no,’ said Mrs. Wilson, whose voice I had not heard before; ‘I want to know, sir, how you got acquainted with this Mr. Beaumont, and all about it.’

‘I will at some other time, madam, inform you, but at present must beg to be excused.’

‘So she is to be obliged before me!—it is all mighty well, sir,’ drawing herself up as she spoke. Who the deuce are you, thought I; a proud, unfeeling dame, I fancy—I made no answer, but turning to miss Vernon, resolved to put a few questions to her which might be interesting to my friend. I began with asking if she was not acquainted with a Mr. Wentworth. Whether it was the abruptness of the question, her chagrin at Mrs. Wilson’s behaviour, or a sudden indisposition, I leave you to determine; but certain it was, no sooner had I mentioned your name, than a visible alteration took place in her whole countenance. She looked out of the window, then on the carpet; something was the matter with her chair; at length she said—‘Yes, yes, sir, very well, he lived with my brother; I mean we all lived together at that time.’

‘So I understood,’ said I; ‘he is a very worthy young man, and I am happy in being his particular friend; indeed, all who know him respect him, and I have the pleasure to inform you that he has been most singularly fortunate.’



—‘ Indeed sir ! pray in what manner ?’

I related every circumstance of your adventure, and before I had finished, a flood of tears burst from my fair auditors eyes : miss Vernon’s flowed the first, and continued the longest : Mrs. Wilson declared it was the oddest story she ever heard : Mr. Wilson said, as he was a worthy man he was very glad of it.

Dinner being announced, the conversation ended for the present, but I resumed it afterwards ; and being resolved to know if miss Vernon was to be married, as you informed me she was, I said, I hoped she would excuse an impertinent question. ‘ None I could ask,’ she was pleased to say, ‘ could be deemed such.’—‘ I understood by my friend, madam, that you are engaged to be married to colonel Ambrose.’—‘ I was at that time, sir, but some circumstances have intervened to prevent it, and it will now never take place : the colonel is one of the best men in the world.’

‘ Dear me !’ said the ignorant Mrs. Wilson, ‘ cannot it be brought on again ? I am sure a good match would be a good thing for you. How in the world come you not to have him ?’—‘ Why, sir,’ turning to me, ‘ her brother is married, and has not provided in any way for either of them. I am very willing to keep miss Vernon, but had much rather see her well married, for her own sake. Do you know the gentleman, sir ? I forget the name, perhaps you might be able to bring it on again.’—‘ Not for the world, madam,’ interrupted miss Vernon ; ‘ I hope you will allow me to judge of my own affairs best.’—‘ Certainly, miss ; but I thought you might not be above receiving a little advice.’

I now heartily repented I had not chosen a more private opportunity, but I should not, I found afterwards, have met with one, for Mrs. Wilson left us not a moment the whole day. Miss Harriet spoke very little, but what she did say was sensible. I wish I could become more acquainted with these two charming women ; they have almost brought me into conceit with the sex. I have unfortunately seen only the worst part of them. The many stories my deceased uncle has told me to their disadvantage, added to the instance myself once experienced, tended to destroy my good opinion and confidence. You will say I have acted inconsistently with these sentiments in breaking the bonds of confidence for the service of an object I so little esteem, and a stranger too. I own it, but although I have not that opinion of the sex which can induce me to unite myself to one of them by marriage, yet I hold seduction as a crime of the first magnitude ; and the man who can seduce an innocent girl, and leave her to want and infamy, I look on with abhorrence.

I left Mr. Wilson’s the next morning, and took my leave of the ladies the preceding evening, but was agreeably surprised to see the two miss Vernons preparing to breakfast with me before I set off. I acknowledged the favour in the best manner I could, but you know I am not very polite, so I doubt I did it awkwardly. I really felt much pleased with their little attention. miss Harriet, who had hemmed and hemmed, at a loss what to say, at last said—‘ I fear, sir, I have not properly expressed my gratitude for the important services you have rendered me.’—‘ Take care of your health,’ said I, ‘ and



do not suffer the disappointment to prey on your spirits ; that is all the return I wish or expect from you.' She smiled, the tears standing in her eyes, and promised obedience. Any one but me, I suppose, would have taken a kiss at so fair an opportunity ; I never scrupled it before if I found inclination ; but hang me if I could summon resolution. They both attended me to the door, and followed the coach with their eyes, (as I saw from the window) till it was out of sight.

As soon as I arrived at home, I found that a ship would sail for Bengal in a few days. I sat me down to write, and have now brought my long letter to an end. From what I have said of miss Vernon you must draw your own conclusions. I will only say, my opinion is, that you are by no means indifferent to her ; nay, I will give up all pretensions to penetration if she does not love you. Her engagements to colonel Ambrose are from some cause or other at an end. Your own heart must suggest what step to take : for my part, although I am resolved to continue free, I would not prejudice others against matrimony. Pray write to me as often as you can. Welcome to me will be the time of your return to England. Cannot you prevail on the old gentleman and your cousin to leave India ?—Think of it, and use all your influence, if you would promote the happiness of your truly affectionate friend,

J. JOHNSON.

#### LETTER XXXIX.

*Miss Winstanley to Lady Amaranth.*

I PROMISED to write to my dear

friend soon, but I never felt less inclination, having nothing good to say. I am half distracted, and quite comfortless, yet still I hope ; for love will hope, where reason would despair. Oh, Lady Amaranth ! all is out : this Wentworth was not insensible to my charms for nothing : an English lady has possession of his heart ; yet she shall not retain it. No ; my beauty and art shall supplant her, let what will be the consequence. You may remember I told you in my last that he had received a packet of letters from England, and that I was summoned to attend him and my father. I went, and soon found the contents of this packet from his intimate friend was to acquaint him that the lady he loved, who, when he left England, was on the point of marriage, was not married ; and, in short, that he had every reason to think that she remained single for his sake.—Guess the rest.—My father's consent was obtained for a letter from Wentworth, offering himself and fortune to her acceptance, to be immediately dispatched to her by captain Sommerville, who sails in a few days. Wentworth was in ecstasy, expatiating in praise of the lady, who, by his account, is a paragon of perfection. Oh ! how I hate her. I begin to think I really love this monster Wentworth. But no ! it is my pride, my mortified pride, which makes me resolved to conquer him. I solemnly declare he shall never marry miss Vernon, (that is the odious name). I have thought of a scheme that shall frustrate his wishes, and crown my own. I will not disclose it even to you until my success warrants me. Pen begone, I can write no more, but to subscribe myself,  
Yours, LETITIA WINSTANLEY.



We will now, if the reader please, return to England and the miss Vernons. They wrote to their friends, Mrs. West and Mrs. Ambrose, a particular account of what Mr. Johnson had informed Mr. Wentworth. As, in the main circumstances, their account must be the same, their letters are omitted. A few days after Mr. Johnson had written to his friend he received the following letter from Mr. Beaumont:

### LETTER XL.

*Mr. Beaumont to J. Johnson, esq.*

'You have basely betrayed me. It could be by no other mean than yours that miss Vernon could be made acquainted with my marriage and designs respecting her. It will be to no purpose to deny this charge: come forth like a man of honour, and give me satisfaction for a conduct you cannot recall. I shall leave the kingdom and my detested wife as soon as possible. I only wait for my revenge on the base villain whom I honoured with my confidence. Appoint your time and place. I will bring pistols. None but a coward will lose time upon such an occasion.

W. BEAUMONT.'

### LETTER XLI.

*Mr. Johnson, in Answer.*

'WHY should I deny an action I shall for ever glory in? Yes, Beaumont, I informed miss Vernon of your vile intentions—I expostulated with you to no purpose, and was driven to the necessity of either renouncing your friendship and betraying your confidence, (which, by the way, I never soli-

cited), or suffer an innocent girl to sink into infamy and ruin. And here let me tell you, had I not known you too well not to be aware that would certainly be the case, I should have suffered you to proceed, for I never conceived a woman protected by a man of honour sunk into infamy and ruin. On no consideration, as you have frequently heard me say, would I give a challenge. Brand me, if you please, with the name of coward, if I say, I wish not to meet you on the present occasion. Your letter appears to me to have been written in the heat of resentment. If, upon cool perusal, you can approve the contents, I will not refuse you the satisfaction you desire. Until I hear further from you, the time and place for our meeting must remain undecided.

J. JOHNSON.'

[ *To be continued.* ]

ACCOUNT of the new MELO-  
DRAMA intitled 'ELLA ROSEN-  
BERG,' performed, for the first  
time, at the Theatre Royal, Drury  
Lane, on Thursday, November 19.

The CHARACTERS were thus re-  
presented:

The Elector, - - - - Mr. Raymond.  
Colonel Mountfort, - Mr. De Camp.  
Rosenberg, - - - - Mr. Elliston.  
Storm, - - - - Mr. Bannister.  
Flutterman, - - - - Mr. Mathews.  
Commander of the

Guard, - - - - Mr. Ray.

Officers—Messrs. Fisher and Maddocks.  
Soldiers—Messrs. Cooke and Male.

Messenger—Mr. Sparks.

Pursuers—Messrs. Webb, Evans, Toke-  
ley, and Rhodes.

Peasants—Messrs. Dignum, Gibbon,  
Smith, Miller, Fitz-Simmons, &c. &c.  
Ella Rosenberg, - - Mrs. H. Siddons.  
Christina, - - - - Miss Ray.

Mrs. Flutterman, - Mrs. Sparks.



## THE FABLE.

THE scene lies in the neighbourhood of a camp, in the Prussian province of Molwitz, and the action takes place immediately after a great victory has been obtained by the electoral prince. The heroine, Ella Rosenberg, is the wife of a young officer, formerly a page of the elector, and much beloved by him. Colonel Mountfort, a man of intrigue, high in power, and possessing an unlimited influence with the prince, conceives a passion for Ella, at a time when Rosenberg is one of his intimate friends. He then finds a pretence to insult Rosenberg, who is provoked to draw his sword upon the parade against his superior officer; and dreading the consequences, from the severity of the military law, hastens immediately, it is understood, to the capital, for the purpose of appealing to the prince, but being heard no more of, he is supposed to have fled his country. At the commencement of the Drama, two years have elapsed since this circumstance. Rosenberg's wealth is confiscated, and Ella, in a state of poverty, is under the protection of Storm, an old officer of invalids, to whom she has been consigned by his friend, and her dying father. Mountfort, unwearied in his designs, pursues the object of his passion, discovers her new abode, and enters it in disguise. In his attempt, however, to bear her off, he is encountered by Storm, who, in the violence of his indignation, tears the scarf from the colonel's shoulders, and tramples on it. In consequence of this outrage, the invalid is made a prisoner. Ella is left the victim of her persecutor, and his followers succeed in carrying her off. Mountfort then pro-

ceeds to congratulate the elector on his victory, and finds him considering a petition from Storm, praying for a support for Rosenberg's wife. The elector being much interested in the fate of Rosenberg, imparts his design of visiting her incognito, if possible, to learn the place of his retreat. Mountfort is at first alarmed, and endeavours to dissuade him; but he believes Ella in his power, and taking advantage of the elector's strict injunctions to enforce his martial law with the utmost rigour, to complete his security, he hurries Storm on his trial, who is immediately condemned. Ella, however, by the assistance of armed travellers, escapes, and meets her protector, guarded, on his way to execution. Storm has previously engaged the commander of the guard to endeavour still to find her a place of security, and at this unexpected meeting, endeavours to conceal from her his fate; but it is soon betrayed, and she is torn from him in a state of frantic agony. She is then conducted to a solitary inn by a soldier. On the approach of night, the prince, concealing his person, fulfils his intention of visiting the cottage of Storm. On his way he encounters a man of wretched appearance, having escaped from prison, and flying from pursuers. This man is the lost Rosenberg. He supplicates of the elector the means of purchasing a shelter. A brief conference ensues, in which the former, without betraying himself, is led to disclose that Rosenberg has been secretly and violently imprisoned. The elector directs him to the house where Ella has been, expressing his intention of meeting him there in the morning, and rendering him further aid. Ro-



senberg gains the inn in safety, and Ella is also brought there in a state of insensibility. They are placed in different apartments. Mountfort arrives soon after, alone, in search of Ella, and discovering her, is induced, from the wretched appearance of Rosenberg, to attempt to engage him to guard Ella, while he seeks a conveyance. Rosenberg recognizes Mountfort, and accedes to his request; and on his own wife being brought before him, finds, for the first time, the author and the cause of his imprisonment. An affecting discovery takes place between Rosenberg and Ella, when the former is betrayed by the entrance of some of his pursuers, and is about again to fall into the power of Mountfort, when the elector enters with other pursuers, whom he himself conducts there, and through whose means he learns that Rosenberg was himself the stranger whom he had met. The prince having obtained full conviction of the wrongs of the sufferers, the piece concludes with the disgrace of Mountfort, the restoration of Rosenberg and Ella to rank and happiness, and the timely pardon of the brave invalid.

From these materials Mr. Kenney has produced a very interesting little piece. The interest, which commences with the opening scene, never falls off to the end of the performance. The serious nature of the subject precludes the introduction of any of those traits of broad humour which generally characterize an after-piece. But what is wanting on the score of farcical effect, is amply compensated by the glow of feeling and genuine dramatic interest which pervades the whole of the piece, and entitles it to rank with the

higher class of theatrical productions. The piece was received throughout with the most unbounded applause.

The scene in which Rosenberg meets his wife and Mountfort, and, unrecognized by either, is left by the latter to guard the former, had a powerful effect, and was greatly applauded. The characters, though in general sketches, are strongly drawn. That which Bannister played, was a rough old veteran, with a feeling heart, and he filled it up with the happiest effect. It was his first appearance since his indisposition, and he was received on his entrance with long and repeated plaudits. Elliston played the part of Rosenberg with great energy, and contributed greatly to the interest which the piece produced. Mrs. H. Siddons displayed great feeling in the pathetic scenes she had to sustain with Bannister and Elliston. Mrs. Sparks had but a short task, but she executed it with her usual judgment and good taste. The part of Mathews serves to relieve the sombre cast of the piece. Raymond represented the elector with becoming dignity. The character of Mountfort, in which considerable effort and variety of action are necessary, was originally intended for Barrymore, but has been given to De Camp, who fills it respectably. The acting was in every respect commendable, and the music occasionally introduced was well adapted and pleasing. At the end of the first act there was a dance, the figures of which were composed with much skill and taste, and it was ably executed. It will be seen that the story is laid in Prussia, and we suspect that the Drama is altogether of German origin. There are traces of that



extraction, both in the dialogue and the plot. The piece possesses, however, much interest, and was remarkably well received.

## ON PUBLIC SPEAKING.

*To the EDITOR of the LADY'S  
MAGAZINE.*

SIR,

HAVING lately observed (with considerable satisfaction) your useful miscellany become an emporium for early genius, I am induced to offer you the efforts of my juvenile pen: relying upon your better judgment as to the propriety of its insertion.

I remain, Sir,

Yours, &c. J. M. C.

FROM the earliest period of my youth to the present I have ever entertained the greatest predilection for public speaking; not that I possess abilities sufficiently ample to qualify me for an active indulgence in the pursuit, but my partiality has arisen from the innate pleasure I experience in hearing sentiments expressed in a manner superior to the vulgar idiom of common conversation, and which evidently evinces a mind capable of the most refined ideas. The other evening I had an opportunity of gratifying my favourite propensity, and satisfying my mind of the utility of the recreation I so much admire.

I went to the Athenian Lyceum in Piccadilly. The question selected for the evening's discussion appeared, upon a cursory view, to be of a description not to admit of much diversity of opinion, much less of any original comments; but, greatly to my surprise, the result proved widely different. The opener of the question, in an extremely ingenious speech, elu-

cidated his opinion with much accuracy, and very energetically enforced the propriety of the practice of disposing of bad wives in Smithfield market. He was succeeded by another orator, whose vehemence, in some measure, prevented his auditors from estimating rightly the tenor of his opinions. But what the audience lost from the want of perspicuity in the last speaker, they were more than compensated by him who immediately followed: In his view of the question he was decidedly hostile to the sentiments of the opener, and with great force and eloquence depicted in the most lively colours the absurdity of the practice, as well as its insufficiency to accomplish the proposed object. The immorality of the proceeding he argued with the happiest effect; and concluded a speech replete with the best possible language, and containing sentiments which would have done honour to the most enlightened philosopher of the day. The next oratorical genius displayed considerable ingenuity, and much originality of idea. The discussion was concluded by two or three speakers of moderate talents, and the result was equally complimentary to the last speaker, as it was gratifying to the wishes of those who know how to appreciate the virtues of the fair sex. It was expressive of the disapprobation of the audience to the odious custom of exposing women for sale in a public market. I observed many females who appeared to feel highly gratified at the witticisms and jocose remarks of the different speakers in the course of the debate. Their sudden alternate transitions of countenance evinced their approbation or dis-



like of the opinions delivered, and on no occasion did I ever witness a more lively interest excited in the bosoms of the fair sex than on the evening of the debate. But it afforded me the utmost pleasure when I could hail the triumph of liberty in behalf of the sex, through the medium of so respectable a source as the majority of a British audience. It would be utterly impossible for me to enumerate the benefit I derived from hearing this subject analyzed. What little information I possessed it greatly improved; besides putting me in possession of a number of philosophical ideas to which I was before a stranger. But what I value most highly, it enhanced that estimation and consideration which I have invariably entertained for the ladies; for had they on that occasion been destitute of an advocate they should have found a willing servant in their constant admirer,

J. M. C.

Walworth, Nov. 24, 1807.

## AN IRISH LETTER.

*COPY of a LETTER written during the late Irish Rebellion, by Sir \*\*\*\*, an Irish Member of Parliament, to his Friend in London.*

MY DEAR SIR,

HAVING now a little peace and quietness, I sit down to inform you of the dreadful bustle and confusion we are all in from these blood-thirsty rebels, most of whom are, however, thank God, killed and dispersed.

We are in a pretty mess—can get nothing to eat, nor any wine to drink, except whisky; and

when we sit down to dinner, we are obliged to keep both hands armed: whilst I write this letter, I hold a sword in one hand, and a pistol in the other. I concluded from the beginning that this would be the end of it; and I see I was right, for it is not half over yet. At present there are such goings on, that every thing is at a stand.

I should have answered your letter a fortnight ago, but I only received it this morning. Indeed, hardly a mail arrives safe without being robbed. No longer ago than yesterday, the coach with the mails from Dublin, was robbed near this town; the bags had been judiciously left behind for fear of accidents, and by good luck there was nobody in the coach but two outside passengers, who had nothing for the thieves to take.

Last Thursday, notice was given that a gang of rebels were advancing hither under the French standard; but they had no colours, nor any drums, except bagpipes. Immediately every man in the place, including women and boys, ran out to meet them. We soon found our force much too little, and they were far too near for us to think of retreating; but to it we went, and by the time half our little party was killed, we began to be all alive. Fortunately the rebels had no guns, but pistols, cutlasses, and pikes; and as we had plenty of muskets and ammunition, we put them all to the sword; not a soul of them escaped, except some that were drowned in an adjoining bog; and, in a very short time, nothing was to be heard but silence. Their uniforms were all of different colours, being mostly green. After the action we went to rummage a sort of camp they had left behind them, but all we



found was a few pikes without heads, a parcel of empty bottles full of water, and a bundle of blank French commissions, filled up with Irishmen's names.

Troops are now stationed every where round the country, which exactly squares with my ideas.

I have only leisure to add, that I am in great haste.

P. S. If you do not receive this in course, it must have miscarried; therefore I beg you will immediately write to let me know.

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## SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

### A NOVEL.

*In a Series of Letters.*

BY SOPHIA TROUGHTON.

(Continued from p. 600.)

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### LETTER VIII.

*Lady Walsingham to the Dowager Countess of Aubry.*

Walsingham-hall.

YOUR charming consolatory epistle came safe by the hands of farmer Bobberts.

Of what magical philtres do you compose your letters, that at once they raise love, regret, and consolation, in the bosom of the reader?

'I,' (say you) 'am a woman inured to the vicissitudes of human life; many changes I have seen in the affairs of my contemporaries. I have seen the guilty flourish, and the amiable and virtuous slighted and despised. Yet a little while, and I have beheld the guilty triumph degraded and brought to shame, when least expected; when least prepared for the mortifying reverse. While the unas-

suming, broken-hearted children of sorrow, who have never deviated from the paths of virtue, have found them paths of peace; for virtue and peace are synonymous words.

'These have I seen re-established in their former comforts, and they have owned themselves the better for those afflictions, which a misjudging world pronounced intolerable.

'So I trust, will you, my dear Caroline, find this trying time of your patience the shining time of your virtue.

'Lord Walsingham, I will hope, is not so far degenerated from the honour of his noble ancestors as to forget the laws of hospitality, or the respect due to his wife. Neither, we will hope, is Helen Lester of such vitiated morals as to wish to ensnare the husband of her friend.

'Coquets will do many things with handsome men, whether single or married; (at which you, my child, would start) and say, they think no harm.

'But however depraved they may prove, should they depart from the paths of truth and friendship, do you, my Caroline, persevere in the line of duty, nor fear of meeting with a reward, if not in this life, in a better.

'For what is this life but a school of misery, a state of probation; our comforts few, our pleasures transient—our troubles many, our death certain, which closes the scene alike on the happy children of prosperity, and the care-worn sons of adversity! But ah! to the guilty he comes the king of terrors indeed. But to the child of virtue he dresses himself in an angel's form—he assumes a seraph's office, for he breaks down



the prison walls, and unbars the golden gates of bliss.

‘Therefore, my daughter, though the cup, the bitter cup of affliction, be presented to you, be not dismayed. Deviate not from the lines of duty and religion; and, believe your mother, you shall receive a reward which will not fade, neither shall you be deprived of it.’

Yes, my dearest madam, I *will* persevere in the line of conduct you have marked out for me; and if love, if patience, if constancy can win back my Walsingham’s heart, it shall be mine again.

My kind friend, Mrs. Howard, who studies to amuse me, reminded me that we had not paid the promised visit to the castle yet; and all the company being engaged to spend the day at lord Beauford’s, as I had desired to be excused, she said that she would stay and keep me company; and then, in the cool of the evening, we might, if agreeable to me, explore the haunted castle without interruption, at least, from mortals, she said. I agreed to attend her. She was reading when I came up, but I will now go and seek her.

[*In continuation.*]

WE set out about seven o’clock. The evening was pleasant; the flowers seemed to spring spontaneously in our path; the hawthorn and wild honey-suckle perfumed the air, which, while it cooled us, wafted health and sweetness in every breeze.

We arrived at the castle just as old Johnson was preparing for his evening walk. When he saw us, he lifted up his hands and eyes—

‘The Lord a mercy on us! and

so your ladyships are com’d after all, to see the auld castle?—Well, I did think as I had’nt seen you afore, you had thought better of it, and would not come at all.’

‘We had no opportunity before this evening,’ said Mrs. Howard, ‘and must make the most of our time now, so you may either give us the keys, or go with us, which you please.’

Agatha took her husband aside, and I heard him say, ‘I wish we had.’—‘What do you wish, Johnson?’ said I.—‘Why, Lord love you, my lady, Agatha and I both wish as how we had known of your ladyships coming, and then we would have got master Young, our curate (a main good man), to have gone over the rooms with us; and then if any of them there queer cattle of ghosts had comed in his way, he would have sent them packing with a flea in their ear—but now, if they meet us, they wout care, for they know parsens, and they will know fast enough I am not one; and so I suppose they will frighten us the same way they did poor lady Julia.’

‘Ah!’ cried Agatha, ‘if they only frighten you I shan’t care; for then I shall know what it was scared her so, and she would not tell.’

Mrs. Howard and I smiled to hear Agatha’s curiosity get the better of her fear for her husband.

But we assured Johnson we would rather be without Mr. Young’s company on this occasion. ‘Well-a-day! then I must needs say you are very bould ladies, saving your presence, but howsomever I will go along with you.’

We led the way to the grand entrance, of which door he had a key. We passed the portcullis, and entered a grand hall.



'I never visit any ancient building,' said Mrs. Howard, 'but it reminds me of the transitory state of all earthly things. How many courteous knights and virtuous dames have banquetted in this spacious hall! Alas! what is now become of the head, blooming in youthful beauty, which once filled this casque! And where is the fair dame who could make that heart tremble which was undaunted amidst a host of foes!—Now the friend and foe—the lover, and his mistress, sleep in peace.'—'Aye, aye,' interrupted Johnson, 'they are all together in the chapel, sure enough: I wish they may be asleep and quiet, with all my heart.'

Mrs. Howard smiled:—'Never fear,' said she:—'But what have we here?' opening a door which led into a large room, in the recesses of which were figures as large as life, clad in armour. The terrible frown of one of them quite appalled me. I turned disgusted from his grim visage, when my eye fell on an opposite door—'Where does this lead to, Johnson?'—'An' please you, my lady, it leads to the grand stair-case.' He opened it. The stairs are of black marble, and a ponderous balustrade wound up them. We ascended. On the first landing, a terrible gigantic figure stands. (Surely our forefathers were much fonder of the terrific than their posterity are.) On the right is a suit of large gloomy rooms, entirely empty; on the left, the same number, and of the same size, but in much better condition. The walls are covered with tapestry, in tolerable preservation, on which the story of Chevy-Chase is depicted in lively colours. The windows are high, and the walls very thick,

which make the rooms dark and gloomy.

The furniture consists of large cathedral chairs, and oaken tables with ponderous gilt feet.

In one of those rooms we discovered a private door which leads to a spiral stair-case. We determined to ascend it, though very dark, having no light but what proceeded from the loop-holes.

On reaching the top, we found ourselves on the leads of the South tower; here the prospect is boundless, and the face of the country so amazingly beautiful, that it appears the work of enchantment. The luxuriousness of the land is heightened by the 'whirring pleasant springs with which this part abounds.' There a field dressed in vivid green; the next glowing in golden beauty, and the well-filling ears of corn sighing to the evening gale; among which the poppy rears its head, flaunting in gaudy colours, but adding to the beautiful variety.

A little on the right, a knot of tufted oaks, which seem almost coeval with the castle itself; and whose tops appear to touch the clouds, attracted our eye. They had, during the heat of the day, afforded the shepherd-boy a pleasant retreat from the scorching rays of the sun; and he had now gathered a rural nosegay of the humble violet, and spotless lily, which grew at their feet,—and was collecting his sheep, to drive them to the fold.

Mrs. Howard and I stood gazing on the enchanting scene, till the gray shadows of evening began to obscure it, and warn us to retire.

On descending, we discovered a door which opened on a narrow stair-case, in the very walls of the



tower; we quitted the one we were on, determined to see where those would conduct us. They were much broken by time, however we got to the bottom without injury.

We found ourselves in a sort of lobby, at the farther end of which was a door: Johnson had no key that would open it; but the old man set his shoulder against it, and it flew open. We entered another lobby, similar to the one we had quitted, which led into a gallery; a door stood half open, and discovered the chapel.

The last rays of the setting sun, which fell on the high-arched windows, were rendered still more faint by the painting on the glass, and truly cast a 'dim religious light' on the mouldering walls.

Mrs. Howard stepped forward, and with a wild enthusiasm, which the place and time were well calculated to inspire, exclaimed—

'Permit me, ye time-hallow'd domes;  
ye piles  
Of rude magnificence, your solemn rest  
Amid your fretted vaults, and length'ning  
aisles,  
Pensive to wander; no unholy guest,  
Who means to break, with sacrilegious  
tread,  
The marble slumbers of your peaceful  
dead.'

'No,' cried Johnson, no; I hope they'll lie still till we get out.—But look, madam!—see, ladies, this is the tomb of my dear lord and lady—and here they are themselves, cut in marble.'

He pointed to two beautiful effigies exquisitely sculptured in alabaster. The lady is portrayed as blooming in youthful loveliness, and is a striking resemblance of our Julia.

The earl appears in the prime of life; a soft languor diffused

over his manly countenance. He has hold of his lady's hand, and smiling angels are crowning them with glory, while others are pointing upwards to their native skies.

An elegant inscription, descriptive of the harmony and beneficence of their lives, and an affecting account of the manner of their deaths, is engraved on a brass plate. Over it, the widow and orphan are bending in disconsolate attitudes; and on the ground reclines Charity, fainting.

Poor Johnson gazed on the tomb till he sobbed.

The pious sorrow of the faithful servant affected me—'And here, Johnson,' said I, laying my hand on his shoulder; 'in this sepulchral spot will my bones rest, and the rising generation shall walk over our graves, as we do over those of the past one. Thus man succeeds man, like wave after wave in the restless ocean.'

'Perhaps in this very place will my Adolphus stand, and with a kindly gust pointing to my urn, say, 'this contains the ashes of my mother.'

'You mourn the fate of a good, a kind master, but the time is hastening when death shall join you to him. Your unaffected virtues, and grateful attachment, will be a surer passport than sounding titles or noble ancestry: in the grave is no distinction.'

A long and heavy sigh startled me; I looked at my companions; it did not proceed from them. Horror was depicted in Johnson's countenance; surprise in Mrs. Howard's.

We stood in silent expectation, but all remained still—'It was nothing but the sighing of the wind through those long aisles,' said Mrs. Howard.



‘Mayhap it mought’ent,’ replied Johnson; ‘but I think, my ladies, we had better go while we can.’

We had been so deeply interested, as not to observe the moon was affording us more light than the sun, the faint beams which she cast on the surrounding objects that were now but indistinctly visible, added a deeper gloom to the before solemn scene.

‘We need not return the way we came, I hope, Johnson.’—

‘No, madam; we can go through the chapel, and so out at the great door.’ We proceeded down one of the long aisles, but when arrived at the door which was to lead us into the hall, Johnson had no key that would open it. ‘Odsboddikins!’ cried the old man, ‘what’s to be done now? This is the work of them there spiteful ghosts.’—He trembled violently. Mrs. Howard took the keys from him—‘It is not the work of ghosts,’ said she, ‘but the work of time, my good friend: this key formerly belonged to this door, but the lock is so much rusted it will not turn. Let you and I endeavour to force it.’ They both pushed against it, but it would not yield.

To return was almost impossible up those dark stairs we had come down, and what to do we knew not, when I bethought me of the little door under the West tower. I mentioned it to Johnson—‘Ah! my lady, but your noble sister has the keys of all that part of the castle, and of that door.’

‘But I have a number of keys in my hand,’ said Mrs. Howard, ‘and perhaps one may fit the lock; and if we do not endeavour to get out, we must stay here all night.’—‘Ah, Lord! my lady don’t—don’t say so.’

He led the way, with trembling

steps, under the colonnade; but when we had got about half way, he stopped suddenly. I had at that moment stooped for my handkerchief: on looking up, I observed both Mrs. Howard’s and Johnson’s eyes fixed on a distant part of the chapel.—‘What attracts your attention, Mrs. Howard?’ said I.—She made me no answer, but bade Johnson go on. We reached the door in silence, when he, fumbling for his keys, stumbled over something, and fell.—He called out in a stentorian voice, ‘The Lord a’ mercy on me.’ The vibration of the sound perfectly astonished me.—‘Are you hurt, Johnson?’ said I.—‘Not much, madam.’ He was rising, but the closing of a door at no great distance made him throw himself down a second time. ‘Fy, fy, Johnson, I shall be tempted, with Julia, to call you coward.’ This brought him on his legs.—‘No, my lady, I be’nt a coward; but this is the first time I ha’ been here since my lord’s death; and this passage is so confounded dark I can’t see the keys.’ Mrs. Howard again took them, and soon found one which opened the door. We emerged, and the wind clapped the door to with violence. ‘There, there,’ said Johnson, ‘there they go it! they show no more respect to your ladyship than if you was not here; God bless us!’

We found Agatha in trouble at our long stay.—‘Well, what have you seen, Antony? Ah, laws! you look as white as my apron. Did the ghost bid you not tell?’

He gave her no answer, but sitting down in his arm chair, burst into tears. This affected both Mrs. Howard and me. She kindly condescended to take one of his hands.



‘Why this emotion?’ said she; ‘and why are those tears suffered to stray down the furrows of your aged cheeks? Are you hurt by your fall?’

He drew the back of his hand across his eyes. ‘No, I thank you kindly, madam; I’m not hurt by my fall, but I am sure—I’m very sure my dear master can’t rest in his grave, till the villains are hanged who sent him there. Oh! if I knew where to find them, I would go to Justice Woodford this very night, and have them took up, that’s what I would.’

‘Aye,’ said Mrs. Howard; ‘but the wretches who committed that foul murder have received their doom years ago: therefore, my good Johnson, let Agatha make you something warm, and go to bed. And if she has any thing to spare lady Walsingham and myself, after rambling in those cold apartments, we shall find it very acceptable.’

Agatha informed us that she had some very nice elder wine, and immediately busied herself in preparing some; and while it simmered on the fire, she spread a linnenapkin on a neat white table; and brought a spice-cake, some pats of fresh butter, and a white loaf from her cupboard.

We helped ourselves, and found it all very good, but insisted that they should both partake with us. They complied with great reluctance, and Agatha sat down by the fire.—‘Only think,’ said she, ‘what mortal spiteful varment they ghosts be, to knock poor Antony down, who would not hurt a fly.’

‘My good Agatha,’ cried I, ‘you lie under a mistake, if you imagine a ghost knocked your husband down.’

‘Then how could he fall, madam?—A ghost could do it fast enough without your ladyship’s seeing them.’—‘But did you never fall, Agatha?’—‘O deare me, yes madam, that I have; or how should this hurt have comed to my arm?’—‘And whose ghost knocked you down?’—‘O, I tumbled down in the field, please your ladyship, in the middle of the day, when the blessed sun was shining.’—‘Well, Agatha, if you fell without supernatural agency, in the middle of the day, in a place you knew, and when the sun was shining, I should think your husband might fall in a strange place, and in the dark, without a ghost rising from its grave for the purpose of knocking him down.’—Agatha said nothing, but she looked incredulous.

We rose to go: I took out my purse: the old man held back both his hands, but I was peremptory.

In our walk home I asked Mrs. Howard what it was she gazed so intently at in the chapel.

‘Why, I thought I saw a shadow gliding along under the opposite colonnade. I would not say any thing to you, lest it should alarm you; for the place certainly was very gloomy; and Johnson, who had watched my eye, had conjured up so many terrors in his countenance, that it was absolutely enough to frighten you, if you had looked at him with attention.’

‘I really think it was nothing but one of our own shadows reflected by the moon.’

‘The next time we go we will not have him with us. He is so prepossessed that his late lord is unquiet, that it is a punishment to



take him there. I wonder not the poor soul fell, but I do how he got up again. He was so full of his fears that he forgot to ask for the keys, and I purposely omitted giving them to him, as we can now go when we please.—She gave them to me.

We entered the house through the garden-door.

The music parlour was lit up, but nobody was returned. ‘I suppose,’ said Mrs. Howard, ‘we shall have this evening quite to ourselves: let you and I run over some of those duets.’ She took the harp, and I sat down to the piano. We played several airs, when she turned to the coronation anthem, which we performed with more than common spirit. ‘Now,’ said she, ‘let us have, “Away with melancholy.”’—‘By heavens! melancholy cannot dwell here,’ said a voice from behind. On looking round, we discovered Mr. Baderly standing behind the sofa: he bowed, and came forward.—‘I hope I have not alarmed you, ladies: I was drawn hither by the most potent of spells, harmony—such harmony as can chase melancholy from the brow of the unhappy; steal sorrow from the bosom of the wretched; beguile time of his wings; a lover of his pain; and the spleen itself from the misanthrope.’

‘All that would be very wonderful,’ said Mrs. Howard; ‘but not more strange than your hearing it six miles off!’

‘But that I did not,’ replied he; ‘yet six miles off I found myself so very uncomfortable, and had such an intense head-ache, that I made my excuses to the company—took my leave—mounted my horse—and rode home. The first

moment I entered this house I heard sounds which dispelled my pain, brought me my comfort again, and reconciled me to myself. Have I not reason, then, to extol that which has done so much for me?’—‘Oh, you are an amazing grateful creature,’ said she; ‘but no doubt your ride has made you hungry.’

I rang the bell, and ordered supper to be brought in. It was soon over, as it consisted only of a cold fowl, some slices of ham, and a few tarts. A lively, animated, conversation succeeded till a late hour, when our friends not returning, Mrs. Howard advised me to retire. But Mr. Baderly requested, if it would not fatigue me too much, to hear, ‘Time has not thinned my flowing hair,’ and he would take the second part. In the midst of our performance the door opened, and miss Lester, lord Walsingham, and the rest of the party, entered.

Miss Lester, walking up to Baderly, exclaimed with a satirical smile, ‘Though time has made no devastation in your hair, I hope it has kindly removed your head-ache.’ Then turning to Walsingham, ‘Did I not tell your lordship that his indisposition was a mere pretence, to escape from our party?’—‘You did, my sweet girl; but as Mrs. Howard was keeping Caroline company, I think we must excuse him.’

‘As you please,’ said Baderly; ‘I found your party intolerably dull and flat. Can you blame me, then, for escaping from purgatory, and flying to Elysium? In the society of lady Walsingham and Mrs. Howard I found—‘Cease your insulting language!’ exclaimed Helen, her face in a flame, and



her whole frame in an agitation. 'Is the whole world to be compared to the fiends of hell, excepting those characters the fashionable world would not own?'

'The fashionable world will own lady Walsingham and me,' retorted Mrs. Howard with spirit, 'as much as we wish it; and when we endeavour to monopolize the public attention, may we then meet the neglect we shall merit. But you should not be the first to upbraid Mr. Baderly with want of politeness, unless you had set him a better example yourself.'

Helen started from her chair, and swam across the room: 'Since you, Mrs. Howard, are such a nice judge of what is polite, it is absolutely astonishing that you are not likewise a judge of what is delicate; but you certainly forgot both when you enticed Mr. Baderly from his company to sing canzonets with you; though I know you widow ladies allow yourselves great scope with the gentlemen.'

'The language you make use of, miss Lester,' said Mrs. Howard, calmly, 'is worse than unpolite—it is unwomanly. If your conversation was not more rational at lord Beauford's than it has been here, I wonder not that Mr. Baderly flew from it.'

This threw Helen (whose passions have never been used to controul) into a perfect phrenzy; and she exclaimed, 'Quit the house—leave my sight this moment, madam;—'I stepped to her.—'Excuse me, miss Lester, that I remind you, that though a welcome visitor in this house, you are *but* a visitor. Mrs. Howard is my guest as well as yourself, and must not be treated with disrespect while here.'

'Yes, lady Walsingham, she is

your *friend* as well as visitor; and a young widow is mighty convenient for a companion, as none knows which is the object of the gentlemen's pursuit.'

Mrs. Howard rose, and taking my hand, 'Let you and I retire, my dear lady Walsingham; miss Lester has been so long absent from England, that she seems to have forgotten the characteristic grace of her country, and has sacrificed her modesty to the unrestrained licentious conversation of an Italian courtesan.'

She bowed to the gentlemen, and I followed her out—'Excuse, my friend,' said I, 'the pert behaviour of a haughty girl; her ridiculous insinuations affect not you. They only discover her own envious heart. I flatter myself I know Mrs. Howard better than to fear that she will punish the innocent for the guilty; and her quitting Walsingham-hall at this time would be a real misfortune to me.'

She pressed my hand to her lips.—'Fear not,' said she, 'my beloved lady Walsingham, that she you honour with the name of friend will ever wilfully do any thing to cause the sigh of regret to agitate your gentle bosom.'

'My noble, generous friend,' said I, 'continue to love your Caroline, and she will yet be happy.'

She assured me of her unabating friendship, and retired: I returned to the music parlour.

Miss Lester was sitting in gloomy silence. Lord Walsingham had hold of her hand, and was speaking low, when I entered. The rest were retired: only Mr. Baderly was running his fingers over the keys of the piano. They none of them looked as if they expected my return.—'See!'



cried Walsingham: 'see! my charming Lester, your power: Caroline is returned, and I am sure she is grieved at having incurred your displeasure. Then bury your little misunderstandings in oblivion, and mutually forgive each other.'

He endeavoured to join our hands, but she drew hers back.

I addressed myself to Walsingham.—'Obedience to your lordship's commands is both my duty and my pleasure. I am the more ready to forgive miss Lester's oblique hints, as I fear when she reflects on her unprovoked attack she will hardly forgive herself. But for what I am to sue for her forgiveness is unintelligible to me, as I am not conscious of giving any offence; but if I have unintentionally offended, I now ask pardon, and with truth affirm my offence was unpremeditated.'

Mr. Baderly started up—'Angelic lady Walsingham!' exclaimed he; 'your manners, temper, and person, are properly assimilated! An angel's spirit 'encompassed in an angel's form.'

He took my hand, and presented it to his friend.

'Happy Adolphus! to call this angel yours. Happy pair!' said he, holding our hands between his: 'may your happiness never experience an interruption; may the sigh of anguish, nor the tear of regret, ever corrode your hearts, or bedew your countenances!' He pressed my hand to his lips, and left it in my lord's.

'Adieu!' said he, and left us without taking notice of Helen, who exclaimed, 'This is English politeness with a witness; but I will be gone from a place where I intrude.'

'Say not so, my dear miss Les-

ter,' interrupted Walsingham; 'if you are not welcome in this house, and in every other you condescend to honour with your presence, English hospitality, as well as English politeness, must have fled the country.'

'You are extremely obliging, my lord; but your lordship must excuse me for saying, I can stay in no gentleman's house unless my company is equally agreeable to the lady of it.'

'And so it is, my dear Helen. How often has Caroline wished for the company of her beloved Lester; and said it was all she wanted to render her completely happy, long before I had the honour of your acquaintance?'

'Well, well, perhaps I have been a little too hasty; and if madam Howard does not recriminate I shall not.—Lady Walsingham, I trust to your generosity for forgiveness.'

'My temper is unhappily too warm; this evening's party was wretchedly flat; and I was chagrined at Baderly (who is usually the life of the company) leaving us so abruptly, and thought he meant to insult me in particular. When we returned, to find him, notwithstanding his excuse of a head-ache, singing with such glee, it absolutely provoked me.—But I ask *your* pardon, my sweet Caroline.'

She came to me, and kissed my cheek. I embraced her: 'This,' said I, 'is like yourself;—like the noble generous girl I knew at Aubry: be always thus, and you will have no one's pardon to ask, but will have an admirer in every beholder, and rule all our hearts as you please.'

She pressed my hand to her bosom, and curtsied to me, and then



to Walsingham. She then withdrew with one of those enchanting smiles which takes one's heart before one is aware.

Walsingham caught me in his arms,—‘ You have charmed me by your prudent behaviour, Caroline, and I am inexpressibly happy that this affair has terminated so agreeably. If miss Lester condescends to apologize to Mrs. Howard, that lady will not be able to refuse her pardon; for the slightest concession from this fascinating girl seems more than sufficient for any affront she can give.’

He led me to my dressing-room door, and saying, he hoped my being so long detained from my rest would not be prejudicial to my health, bowed and retired.

I opened the shutters, and watched the disappearance of the faint stars, and the rising of the sun. The lark began his matin song, and the little birds flitted from their nests, and were hopping in the paths.

As my meditations were not of the most pleasant kind, I thought a morning's walk in the cheerful scene—now that the sacred light began to dawn on the humid flowers that breathed their morning incense, and sent up silent praise to their Creator,—would tend to exhilarate my spirits. I wrapped my cloak round me, and crossed the garden. The air was mild and refreshing; I strayed through the park till I lost myself, and began to be weary. I struck down a winding path which I thought must lead to the house.

I proceeded a long way, but did not recollect any object. I looked through an opening of the trees at a little distance, but all was strange, and I was conscious I had never been on that spot before.

I stood irresolute whether to return or go forward, when a distant strain of music borne on the gale surprised, but determined me to proceed in the same path, which seemed long and winding, fenced with a high hedge on each side. The same strain came floating on the breeze; at intervals all would be silent.

At length I gained the extremity of the path: it conducted me to the banks of the stream which laves the bottom of the garden, and with joy I descried the hermitage from whence the music proceeded. It was a violin played with exquisite expression. After a concerto of Jackson's, I was astonished to hear a little air of my own attempted. Curiosity, and a desire to rest, urged me to enter; but as I could form no idea who this invisible musician could be, I paused: when a voice from within exclaimed—‘ No, that is not it—I shall never be able to play it.’ I knew the voice to be Mr. Baderly's; and, looking through the little window, I discovered him sitting on the oaken table. I opened the door—‘ Good morning to you, holy father; your divine strains have drawn a straying damsel from the path of error, and conducted her to the mansion of rest.’

He descended from his table, and, with his usual promptitude, answered—

‘ Then cast, sweet saint, a circle round,  
And bless, from fools, this holy ground,  
From all the foes to worth and sense.’

I smiled at the rant—‘ Well, really, Baderly,’ said I, ‘ you are a very smart hermit, and put me in mind of the adventures in Dorsetshire. Though you was more seriously engaged then in leaping



over your books and lamp; you was trying the power of music over knotted oaks, and making me fancy I was listening to the genius of the woods, or Pan piping on his oaten reeds to the fauns and dryads of the sylvan scene.'

He escorted me to the house; and, as we walked, I mentioned miss Lester's polite apology.

He said he was glad she saw her conduct in a proper light.

I the more readily mentioned it to him, as I am sure his desertion was the cause of her anger, for she certainly loves him; and, perhaps, were she his wife, his influence over her might induce her to restrain those gusts of passion, those flippancies of temper, which at present seem to disgust him, though perhaps he is the only man in the world who could put them under limitation.

When we entered the breakfast parlour, Mrs. Howard, Julia, and she, were sitting in an amicable manner together. I was pleased, as it convinced me that she had made a proper apology to Mrs. Howard.

She reddened when she saw Mr. Baderly enter with me—'Perhaps, sir, you expect an apology too,' said she, with a bewitching confusion.

He approached her, and taking her hand with that graceful ease which never forsakes him, he led her to me,—'Be always thus, my enchanting girl, and what heart can withstand your attractions!'

He took a hand of each, and joining them—'Be the friend of lady Walsingham,' said he, with emphasis; 'she loves you with tenderness, regard her with the same sincerity, and you will both be happy.'

He gazed first on one, then on the other.

'Charming women! as friends you will be the glory, the ornament, of the female sex.'

The company coming in, I rang for breakfast, at which all seemed happy, except the pensive Julia.

I am delighted at being able to inform you that this affair has ended so happily.

I know not whether it is owing to my being up all night, but I feel very languid, and now peace is restored among my friends I will endeavour to sleep an hour.

Adieu, my dear madam. With your letter in my bosom, and your counsels in my heart,

I subscribe myself,  
Your affectionate and obliged,  
CAROLINE WALSHINGHAM.

[To be continued.]

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To the EDITOR of the LADY'S  
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

UPON reading, in your Magazine for September, the translation of Martial's beautiful epigram on Arria and Pætus, the idea occurred to me, that it might be agreeable to many of your readers to see *seven* other translations, which appeared in a newspaper a few years since, and which, for their gratification, I accordingly send to you—numbered in the order of their successive appearance; the third, and all the subsequent ones, having been intended, each as an improvement on those preceding. At the end, I have subjoined the version which you have already given from the Tatler, that your fair readers may enjoy the opportunity of comparison, without the trouble of turn-



ing back to your former publication: and, as the Latin original, which accompanies the translation in your pages, is disfigured by typographic errors, I send a correct copy of it for insertion — adding likewise a literal prose translation, to aid the fair reader in judging of the merits or demerits of the different poetic versions.

*Casto suo gladium quum traderet Arria Pæto,*

*Quem de visceribus traxerat ipsa suis,*  
 “*Siqua fides, vulnus, quod feci, non dolet,*” inquit:

“*Sed, quod tu facies, hoc mihi, Pæte, dolet.*”

When chaste Arria presented to her Pætus the sword, which she had drawn from her own bowels, “Believe me,” said she, “the wound, which I have inflicted, is not painful: but that, O Pætus, which you will inflict, is painful to me.”

## 1.

When the chaste Arria drew from out her breast

The reeking sword, she thus her lord address:

“My wound, dear Pætus, can inflict no smart:

“’Tis thine, and thine alone, which rends my heart.”

## 2.

When Arria from her bowels drew the sword,

She \* weeping gave it to her much-lov’d lord:

“The deed I’ve done,” she cry’d, “’s a joyful deed:

“These tears, my Pætus, are — that you must bleed.”

\* Probably “*She*” is a typographic error, and the author wrote “*And weeping.*”

## 3.

When from her bleeding bosom Arria drew the knife,

With which the tyrant sought her husband’s life,

“It pains me not,” the faithful victim cries —

“When Pætus strikes, ’tis then that Arria dies.”

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## 4.

When Arria to her Pætus gave the sword,

Drawn sanguin’d from her bosom chaste as snow,

“This pains not,” said she, “trust thine Arria’s word:

But, when *thou* strik’st, this heart shall feel the blow!”

## 5.

When spotless Arria from her bosom drew,

And to her Pætus gave, the bloody steel,

“Trust me,” she cry’d, “my wound no pains ensue:

*Thy* destin’d wound alone I sorely feel.”\*

\* The writer of this fifth translation gave, as a various reading for the last line,

“Of *yours* th’ anticipated pain I feel.”

## 6.

When tender Arria gave her lord the steel

Fresh reeking from her bosom chaste as snow,

Said she, “My Pætus, all the pains I feel,

“Spring from the thought that *you* must bear the blow.”

## 7.

Thus spake chaste Arria, as she drew the sword

From her pierc’d heart, and gave it to her lord:

“No pang *my* wound confesses from the steel;

“But *thine*, my Pætus, ere you strike, I feel.”

*From the Tatler, Vol. 2, No. 72.*

When Arria pull’d the dagger from her side,

Thus to her consort spoke th’ illustrious bride:

“The wound I gave myself, I do not grieve:

“I die by that my Pætus must receive.”

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

GIOVANNI.

Decem. 2. 1807.

4 Q



## THE DANGEROUS INCIDENT.

*An EXTRACT from the Novel of  
'SANTO SEBASTIANO;' or, the  
YOUNG PROTECTOR.*

JULIA daily continued her equestrian attempts, sometimes attended by lord St. Orville, with either lord Delamore or Mr. Temple; and she benefited so much by their instructions, at she soon lost all her fears, and became so good a horse-woman, that lady Theodosia, at length obtained permission from her father to join the party from which she had been excluded, lest her dauntless pranks might terrify the timid Julia.

One most lovely and inviting morning, lady Theodosia, Julia, and lord St. Orville, with their attendants, were returning, after an unusually extended ride, when, entering on the downs, upon the summit of the cliffs, near Delamore castle, their ears were suddenly assailed by the full cry of a pack of hounds, and the shouts of the huntsmen hallooing to them, as if at fault. They were lord Delamore's hounds, taken down to the beach to bathe; and the dogs not liking the business, they, with their attendants, made a violent uproar, as if in full chase.

Swiftsure was unfortunately the most famous hunter in Lord Delamore's stud; perfectly well he knew the voices of the hounds and huntsmen; and out at full speed he darted, to the verge of the precipice, following the direction of the cry of the hounds. Julia's companions, with the attendants, saw with dismay the imminence of her peril, nay, the inevitability of her destruction. To follow her, with a hope of overtaking, and reining-in, the high-mettled cour-

ser, would have only been to accelerate her doom. They saw her firmly keep her seat; but without power to curb her steed. Lord St. Orville, ever collected in the moment of danger, and mounted on a horse nearly two hands higher than Swiftsure, darted like the forked lightning's flash to an angle from Julia; and then, with an exertion scarcely human, to the point he saw Swiftsure making for. Only in time he arrived to snatch at the bridle: the check was sufficient; but in doing it, the exertion was so great, as to pull lord St. Orville off his own horse, and to strain every muscle in his arm. With almost frantic rapidity he snatched our heroine from her saddle, and only tottered with her a few paces from the verge, when the coved bank on which Swiftsure stood (now in submissive meekness) fell in, and the underwood beneath, entangling his bridle and mane, only saved him from destruction.

Terror at her impending danger, and joy and gratitude at her almost miraculous rescue, deprived Julia of every power of articulation; and, pale as death, from which she had just, by one hair's breadth, escaped, she remained trembling in the supporting arms of lord St. Orville, who stood gazing at his almost senseless charge in agitation which foils our feeble ability to describe, and with as little power to speak as she had; but, like a true woman, her faculties of speech resumed their function first, and softly she said—

'Oh, lord St. Orville! but for Heaven and you'. . . . Her oppressed sensibility allowed her to add no more, for an abundant flow of tears suspended her power of articulation; but, even in this



short sentence, her voice recalled his amazed senses, and restored his utterance.

'You—you are safe!' he exclaimed.

'Safe, and unhurt,' she said.

One of the sweetest smiles that ever animated the face of mortal, now diffused itself over the countenance of lord St. Orville, as he fell at the feet of Julia, in a death-like swoon.

The almost distracted lady Theodosia, with the terrified attendants, now assembled round the shrieking Julia, who had instantaneously sunk on the ground beside her preserver, taken off his hat, and applied her salts to his nose. His not less agitated sister now kneeling by him, opened his waistcoat, snatched off his neckcloth, and hastening to unbutton the collar of his shirt, she, in her trepidation, twitched out of his bosom a black ribbon, to which was suspended, and now made its unbidden appearance, a gold heart.—Had a viper darted from his breast it could not have more appalled, or amazed, our heroine.

This mis-shapen and clumsy locket, the only trinket our heroine then possessed, she had given, with a lock of her hair, to lady Storamond; first engraving, with the point of her scissors, '*Julia... Adelaide*,' upon it. The ill-formed heart, the singular beading round it, with her own well-remembered performance, left her no room to doubt its identity; and that lady Storamond had given him this, her little pledge of friendship (which she had received with a countenance so expressive of genuine pleasure, and had, unsolicitedly, promised to retain for ever as one of her heart's most fondly-cherished treasures), now pained

her bosom with the most poignant pang she had ever experienced, and filled her heart with anguish, in the conviction this gift presented, that lord St. Orville was beloved by lady Storamond, and that her hitherto immaculate friend was, perhaps—oh, horror of horrors!—a faithless wife!

Tears now ran in torrents down poor Julia's cheeks; and convulsive sobs agitated her heaving bosom. Lord St. Orville's groom had brought his hat full of water from a neighbouring spring; and Swiftsure's groom had summoned the huntsmen, with several fishermen, who, accustomed to clambering the cliffs, fastened cables round the poor panting, almost exhausted, animal's body, and at length succeeded in drawing him up, safe, and scarcely hurt.

At length lord St. Orville evinced symptoms of returning respiration; and, to the joy of all who surrounded him, in a few moments more opened his eyes, when the first object they rested upon was—Julia: and, though still so faint as to be scarcely able to articulate, he eagerly demanded the cause of her tears.

'Oh!' said lady Theodosia, 'it is your illness; for that has frightened and affected her more than her own danger.'

'But I am now well, quite well,' exclaimed his lordship; a bright tint of vermilion flushing his before pallid countenance—and he made an effort to rise, but the attempt was vain: his right arm could afford him no assistance; and the torture he unwarily put it to, in his endeavour to rise, made him shrink and change colour.

'Oh! no, no, no!' sobbed out Julia, 'you are not, at all, well. You are severely, much hurt!'



Your arm is . . . . O Heaven! what to your arm, has happened?—Alas! alas! and I am the cause of such great pain for you!

'Oh! speak! speak, Alfred!' exclaimed lady Theodosia, in new-raised terror.—'Tell me, are you hurt?—what, what ails your arm? is any thing broken? where is the mischief?'

'In my heart,' he replied, in a tone of despondence, so touching, it vibrated through every chord of pity; still gazing at Julia, as if unconscious of what he had articulated, or of any thing but mental misery.

'He is delirious!' said lady Theodosia, bursting into tears; which aroused her brother.—'What ails my sister?' he demanded, tenderly.

'Oh, Alfred!' she replied, 'you talk wildly, and tell me not where you are hurt.—I know your arm is fractured.'

'My dear Theodosia! do not so unnecessarily alarm yourself.—My arm is strained a little, I perceive; but no bone is broken, be assured.'

'Then, then, to Heaven, may I make my best thanks for escape so miraculous; since it has not, too dear, been purchased, by the great misery, of inflicting calamity, for you;' said Julia, raising her streaming eyes to heaven, with one of the sweetest looks that pious gratitude ever wore: and lord St. Orville, with quickness, threw his unhurt arm around his sister's neck. She heard a deep sigh break from his bosom; and, as he kissed her, in almost convulsive agitation, she felt his tears bedew her cheek.—

'Oh, St. Orville! you are severely hurt, I fear!' she exclaimed, in a tone of affectionate solicitude.

'Alas!' cried Julia, starting to

her feet, 'and nothing we do, for striving, to make, relief.' She now, once more, made a sling of a silk handkerchief, which she gently tied around his lordship's neck; when, turning pale as death, and shuddering, she exclaimed 'Alas! I did hurt you! though all my possible I did, to gently tie it. I did hope, to make ease of your pain: but I did not, for I felt you to shrink, from my touch, and trembled beneath my hand, though so light, it was.'

'Oh!' softly articulated lord St. Orville, 'this is too, too much to bear!'

Lady Theodosia gave a shriek of sympathy, exclaiming, 'What can be done!' And Julia looked upon him with the tearful eye of tender pity, and painfully wounded gratitude.

Lord St. Orville now seemed, by one great struggle for firmness, to have regained it. He smiled benignly, entreated them to compose themselves:—'The pain of my arm is trifling; indeed it is!' he said. 'The terror miss De Clifford's danger naturally created, has affected my spirits, and made a very coward of me: and though it is possible I may appear subdued all day, believe not the pain of my arm occasions it.'

The men who were now all gathered round him, to know how they could be serviceable, were anxious to go for a surgeon, and a carriage; but this, lord St. Orville would not hear of. 'The latter,' he said, 'would only create alarm at the castle; and Beville would be surgeon sufficient for his case.'

His lordship now, leaning on the arm of his groom, set forward to the castle; attended by his sister, and our heroine, whose sensations of gratitude were as powerful as the



magnitude of her danger had been, and the imminence of the peril her gallant deliverer had exposed himself to for her preservation.

From lord St. Orville's sprain it was impossible to avoid disclosing the cause of it; and, though cautiously told, it dreadfully agitated both lord and lady Delamore. The former vehemently swore 'Swiftsure should be shot for it!' and instantly sent expresses round the country, to summon every surgeon within twenty miles of the castle to come and prescribe for lord St. Orville's arm.

Julia, lord St. Orville, and the almost weeping groom, pleaded so effectually for poor Swiftsure, that his lord forgave and reinstated him in his favour.

Whether it was that too many doctors could do as much mischief as too many cooks, lord St. Orville had a most restless night; and for the first few hours after he retired to bed was quite delirious, full of direful fancies, awakened by the occurrence of the day:—one moment believing Julia had been dashed to pieces down the cliffs, and raving of precipitating himself after her; the next, in piteous cadences, murmuring something unintelligible to all around him (except poor Leslie) about Julia, lady Storamond, and Fitzroy; often declaring, with vehemence, no *perfidious friend* should wrest his locket from him; which, in these moments, he held fast grasped in his hand, and kissed incessantly. His afflicted mother, seated by his pillow, heard all this; and the frequent mention of lady Storamond, and the *perfidious friend*, whom she concluded to be lord Storamond, spoke daggers of conviction to her maternal feelings of

her son's happiness being gone for ever.

Julia did not pass her night in delirium, but in tears, for a newly-awakened grief, in addition to that her gratitude to lord St. Orville inspired for his sufferings.—Her youthful heart had consecrated an idol of perfection in its inmost recesses, which all the virtues of her bosom had long devoutly worshipped, and every feeling of her mind had led her on to emulate; and this idol, she feared, alas! was frail. And now, more bitter were her tears of grief, more poignant her sighs, than even the sad transgression of Fitzroy had occasioned; until, as she dwelt on the torturing belief, Hope took from her affliction, by still whispering to her heart, 'that the locket was no gift, but purloined, by the secret lover, merely because it was Cecilia's;' for sure, and still more sure, she was, from every new recollection of her friend, that lady Storamond could not err.

The day after Julia's providential escape lord St. Orville became, from the decrease of his fever, gradually better; and, in a few days more, was able to go into his mother's *boudoir*, where she entreated our heroine to be as much as possible with her, and to aid her in amusing St. Orville.—

'Alas!' said lady Delamore, 'how is time changed, when I dread nothing more than being left alone with my darling child!—my heart is then on my lips, and I am ready, each moment, to question him relative to his mental misery; but I know it would pain him, and therefore I am anxious to forbear.'

Julia, in compliance with lady Delamore's wishes, and actuated



by her own gratitude, spent most of her time in her ladyship's *boudoir*; exerting her various talents for the amusement of lord St. Orville, attending to him like an affectionate sister: but, to her utter grief and mortification, she found her exertions all were vain; for the more she rallied her powers to entertain his lordship, the more touchingly melancholy he became; and Julia felt convinced, at length, that it was her known friendship for lady Storamond, by awakening tender remembrances, that caused such gloomy effects.

One day, as Julia was left alone with this most amiable and interesting young man, he handed her a letter, and said, whilst his frame and countenance evinced powerful agitation—

‘This, I fervently hope, miss De Clifford, will totally contradict the calumny of lady Selina; and convince you, that Fitzroy and I, still, are friends. He reverts, with too much feeling, to our late little coolness; and appreciates too highly my seeking a reconciliation—but, as the aggressor’—here lord St. Orville’s pale countenance was suddenly diffused with the brightest tint of crimson, and his voice became more unsteady—‘it was my duty to do so: and when you read, you must believe it is the generosity of his heart that leads him thus to estimate my nothing more than negative merit.’

With heartfelt pleasure Julia read a letter, which convinced her that Fitzroy had done nothing perfidious, nothing dishonourable, or he would not thus be retaken to the friendship of lord St. Orville; and, in despite of his lordship’s depreciating what he had done, in seeking the reconciliation, she saw

Fitzroy considered himself as the aggressor, and was grateful, in a high degree, for lord St. Orville’s restored friendship. With a blush and smile she returned the letter to his lordship, who received it with a hand so tremulous, that it both surprised and grieved her.

Lord Delamore, lady Theodosia, and Mr. Temple, were constant and attentive visitors in lady Delamore’s *boudoir*, during lord St. Orville’s confinement there; and sir Charles Stratton was as kind as the duty of a lover permitted him to be:—Lady Selina exacted great and unremitting attendance; and never once went near her brother: and poor sir Charles, as the time drew nearer for his nuptials, became every hour more sad and wretched; for bitterly now he repented those follies which had precipitated him into this detested alliance.

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## WINTER AT PARIS.

[As described in a *Parisian Publication*.]

ADIEU, fine weather! Adieu to the country!—The sun deserts us, the cold increases, the season becomes dull and rainy; the orange trees are put back into the green-houses, the trees lose their verdure, the gardens are spoiled of their attractions. The public walks are deserted. *Winter is set in.*—Winter at Paris begins early, and ceases late. It encroaches six weeks upon Autumn, and six upon Spring: so that it may be said to last six months, or one half the year! This is a long time. It ought not, however, seriously to distress us. This long and melan-



choly season is not without its enjoyments; it is in the winter-time that people in the country rest, and that people in town get together. It is in Winter that society is all life—that the play-houses are full—that the ball-rooms are brilliant—that entertainments are more numerous and gay. Gourmands, coquettes, young people, politicians, shop-keepers, dramatic authors, gamblers, physicians, lovers, tavern-keepers, and many others, are fond of Winter; and why should we have any objections to it?

Il est des fleurs de toutes les saisons;

Il est des plaisirs de tous les âges.

In fine, without Winter should we enjoy the Spring? *ab assuetis non fit passio.*

## A LONDON WINTER.

OUR Winter has nothing to do with the *season*—So far from commencing with the fall of the leaf, Winter does not begin till *Nature* shall have put forth the blossoms of regeneration. No woman who values her reputation for taste ventures to come to town for the Winter till the month of *May*; and it is not unusual to see a family of the highest *research* postpone the *burst* of its *entrée* into the winter circles till after the King's birth-day. Every thing, to be fashionable, must be out of season. A *déjeûné* is suffocating if given before *Three o'clock* in the afternoon. A man of fashion never takes the morning air in *Rotten-Row* till after sun-set. No evening party begins till midnight; and it is indispensable to the character of a member of parliament that after a long debate he should go to his *dinner* at

six o'clock in the morning. It must be dinner whatever be the hour, and however often he may have *restored* at Bellamy's. It is the sign of pure unadulterated simplicity to act like the *herd*, who eat when they are hungry, and drink when they are thirsty; and the Parisians have made no higher attainments in *Ton* than the Hottentots, if they regulate their hours by the diurnal sun, or their seasons by his place in the Zodiac.

The London Winter begins in April, and rages in May. It is then that our women of fashion find the weather deliciously inclement; and the only remedy against its rigour is in the *comfort of compression*. It is only by squeezing several hundreds more into a set of rooms than they were ever destined to contain, that the severity of a London winter can be resisted. In Paris the people of fashion only *s'approchent*; in London they *dove-tail*. It would be intolerable in a fashionable assembly at the west end of the town if there was room for *enjoyment*. Indeed the word itself is obsolete; for enjoyment belongs only to the miserable people, whom nobody knows. It is the invariable *test* and *criterion* of high breeding to counteract the rules of common life; and therefore to be at your *ease* in an assembly, into which you enter, is a *dissappointment*. To remain in one place is a sign that you are *not in request*; and your *triumph* for the night consists in the number of *crowds* through which you have *jostled*.

A woman of *supreme* attraction has her nights *en suite*, and she shines *par excellence*, who puts her friends to the greatest degree of *oppression*. To be able to *stir* is an *accident*, and to get in or



out you must watch for an *opportunity*. It is indispensable to character to treat every thing that is public with contempt, and never to be seen in a place to which every body may go: it is the pinnacle of *Ton*, therefore, for a lady of fashion to *open her own house* for the *benefit* of some dear delightful *Italian*, who will bring all the world together, and yet keep it elegantly crowded. This is at once conspicuous and economical. The lady gives a grand concert at home, and has *fifty invitations* as her part of the benefit. Oh, what a novelty in the refinement of housewifery! The lady of a duke, marquis, or earl, with a revenue of fifty thousand a year, sharing in the benefit of an *Italian fiddler*! But it is *Ton*—and the character of the lady depends on the multitudes she can attract. Such is our gay season.

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#### LONDON FASHIONABLE WALKING AND EVENING DRESS.

[*With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.*]

1. A WALKING - Dress of thick India muslin, made high to the throat: a pelisse-coat of fine crimson kerseymere, made close round the neck; and a cape with pointed corners behind, and in front, edged all round with a rich fancy-spotted fur. A turban-bonnet of crimson velvet, turned up in front, and trimmed with the same to match. Russet shoes, or half boots; yellow Woodstock gloves.

2. A long train-dress of white crape, ornamented round the bottom with a rich scroll; border of

white chenille; the back and front of the dress made square, and edged with the same; sleeves rather full, and confined with a band; the dress worn over a soft white satin slip, with a tucker of Vandyke lace. Head-dress a fine lace veil, spotted and bordered with gold, confined round the head with a wreath of blooming myrtle; the hair in simple curls, and a ringlet hanging on one side; necklace of emeralds: White kid shoes and gloves: Persian scarf shawl, fastened to the back of the dress, and falling carelessly over in front.

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#### PARISIAN FASHIONS.

AMONG the Parisian belles of fashion, in the room of combs, all *coiffures* in hair have behind the head, or on one side, a garland of flowers. The new *stuff* is called *zibelline*; in effect, by the spotting, it is like the *martine-zibelline* (the martine-sable). The Jewelers have sold for the last week an ornament for the neck; *peasant-crosses*, surrounded with fine pearls, with a watch in the centre; so that the ladies carry on their bosoms a memento of the time to pray.

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#### ANECDOTE.

[*From 'All the Works of Taylor the Water-Poet.'*]

A WEALTHY lord of Ireland had a goodly faire house new built, but the broken brickets, tiles, sand, lime, stones, and such rubbish as is commonly the remnants of such buildings, lay, confusedly in heaps,



*Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.*



*London Fashionable Walking & Evening Dresses.*



and scattered here and there : the lord demanded of his surveyor wherefore the rubbish was not conveyed away ; the surveyor said that he proposed to have an hundred carts for the purpose. The lord replied that the charge of carts might be saved ; for a pit might be digged in the ground, to bury it. ‘ My lord,’ said the surveyor, ‘ I pray you what will wee doe with the earth which wee digge out of the said pit ? ’ ‘ Why you whoreson coxcombe,’ said the lord, ‘ canst thou not digge the pit deepe enough, and bury all together ? ’

This story may be considered as a proof of the antiquity of *Irish Bulls* !

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SEIGNEUR Valdrino, (paymaster to the camp of Alphonso, king of Arragon) a man exquisite in courtship and complement, as two or three were at strife laying wagers what countryman he was, a blunt bold captain asked, ‘ What was the matter.’ ‘ Why capitaine,’ said one, ‘ we are laying a wager what countryman my lord treasurer Valdrino is.’ — ‘ Oh,’ said the capitaine, ‘ I can tell you that ; I am sure he was born in the Land of Promise, for I have served the king in his wars these seven yeeres without pay ; and ever when I petition to my lord, he payes me with no coyne but promises, which me half assured that he is that countryman.’

DESCRIPTION of the CITY of NICE, with an ACCOUNT of the MANNERS, CHARACTER, LANGUAGE, RELIGION, and AMUSEMENTS of the INHABITANTS.

[From the ancient and modern History of Nice, by Dr. Davis.]

AT the Western extremity of Italy, upon the shore of the Mediterranean, and the banks of the rapid Paglion, close to the foot of Montalban, we discover Nice, remarkable for the mildness of its climate, the antiquity of its foundation, and the vicissitudes it has experienced. It commands the most extensive plain in the department of the maritime Alps, and abundantly produces all the necessaries of life. The mountains, which overhang Nice to the East, defend Villefranche. It presents, from its situation, a most formidable barrier, and bounds the chain of mountains which takes its course through Piedmont. A part of the town of Nice faces the South, but by far the greater part is to the North. It extends to the North on the Turin road, and on the East is barricadoed with rocks that have set at defiance the efforts of the most potent states in Europe. Its greatest length is from North to South, the latter extremity forming an angle by its communication with the ramparts, the port, and the Paglion. It is at the Western angle that the Paglion, after pursuing its usually devious and lengthened course through the adjacent country, rushes with impetuosity, when swelled with rain, into the sea, and presents a noble *coup d'œil* to the spectator.

Nice is closely encircled on its Eastern side by mountains, which,



as they retreat from the Mediterranean, slope gently to the North, until becoming more and more advanced, they form a semi-circle, which is completed beyond the Var, and upon that surprising mountain, the Esterelles. The plain thus formed is encroached on by the sea, which, meeting no obstacle, has produced a most delightful bay, extending as far as Antibes to the West, and to a corresponding prominence on the shores of Italy to the East.

Nice, in its present state, does not exceed a mile and a half in length, and about a mile in breadth. The suburbs and the town are divided by the Paglion; but in the Summer months the waters are so low that the inhabitants pass and re-pass on a bridge of planks, which they construct in order to obviate the circuit they are obliged to make by traversing the stone bridge.

The Paglion may be considered a very dangerous neighbour for Nice. If the ramparts be not raised, or some other precaution taken, it is much to be apprehended it will inundate the town, particularly the new end of it. This accident had nearly happened in November 1803. The bridge was rebuilt in 1531, at the expense of the town, in consequence of its having been carried away by the impetuosity of this river. Upon a stone placed near the bottom of the bridge are inscribed the following lines:

*Pons sacer! exhaustas celsis de montibus undas,  
Respuat et rapidas hic Paglionis aquas.*

It is recorded likewise that the fall of waters had been so considerable, and the Paglion so ex-

tremely augmented, that, in 1744, some thousands of French and Spanish troops were lost in attempting to cross it during an engagement with some Peidmontese soldiers.

The ancient splendour of Nice has suffered greatly from the many sieges it has been exposed to. The triumphant army of Francis I. and the fleet of the Ottoman pirate, Barbarossa, almost consumed the town, and destroyed the edifices. The effects of its deterioration were, for a while, lost sight of in the repairs accomplished by the generosity of the house of Savoy; but, gradually losing its former consideration, and ever involved in war, the monastery, churches, convents, and other public buildings, have almost all since fallen into decay.

Anterior to the French revolution, Nice was infinitely more interesting than at present, though its pristine magnitude and importance had already been considerably reduced. Of its ancient suburbs there only existed at that period the relics, and especially of those which ran in a North-easterly direction from the gate of Pairoiera.

The extensive suburbs, which equally embellished the road on the Western side of the stone bridge, are now reduced to those of the Croix de Marbre, but being of modern architecture are spacious and lofty, and the usual residence of opulent strangers.

The castle, built on the summit of a steep rock, and once deemed impregnable, with all the fortifications which defended the town, are now but a heap of ruins. During the war of succession it was taken by marshal Berwick, fifty-



five days after the trenches were opened. The garrison, which was reduced to six hundred men, forced the commandant to capitulate. Berwick ordered it to be demolished in consequence of the express commands of Louis XIV. The walls of the remaining ramparts are by no means strong; though when Nice was under the sovereignty of duke Emanuel Philibert, the whole town, castle, fortifications, and walls, were in the best state of defence. Bastions were erected in several places, and many precautions taken to augment the force of the out-works.

There are two fine squares at Nice. The houses which form Place Victor are regularly built, and have Piazzas. It was intended under the government of the house of Savoy, to erect the statue of the prince whose name it bears. A monument of some kind is wanting to counteract its uniformity. Since the French have added this part of the continent to their dominions, the Place Victor has taken the name of Place de la Republique. The road to Turin has its beginning here, and forms a large opening in the square: another pass leads to Villefranche, and the adjoining hills.

The South-west quarter of the town is the handsomest, and of modern architecture. The streets are wide, and run in a straight line. The public walk is in this neighbourhood, and is a delightful resource in the Summer, when the sun is above the horizon. Its beautiful scenery is, however, much obscured by the terrace which stretches along the coast. In the middle of the walk a fountain has been lately constructed, whereon a paltry figure has been erected, representing Cathe-

rine Sequeiran, heroine of Nice, with a Turk at her feet, whom she had knocked down with a club. The fact to which this alludes constitutes a memorable event in the history of Nice.

In the Eastern part of the town are the university, hospital, and botanical garden; but the streets throughout are so narrow and dirty that few people take the trouble to go thither. A foul air also circulates around, which annoys every body but the inhabitants, who are habituated to it.

The shops are well stored, but small, dark, and filthy; a number of people occupy the same house, which, added to the circumstances just mentioned, by no means render a residence in that quarter desirable.

Nice possesses a theatre which awakens the hopes without realizing the expectations of the public. The edifice, without being despicable, offers little to admire, and, perhaps, it is not an unfortunate circumstance, that, in such a warm climate, the valetudinarian should be so little tempted to expose his health. It is sufficiently large for the number of spectators; but a common failing in this and most provincial theatres is, that the finances of the company do not admit of an illumination sufficient to give the objects an interesting colouring. The decorations and scenery are exceedingly indifferent, while a small expense might render the house commodious and tasty, and the affluence of strangers encourage the directors to procure more worthy performers. I learn that, previously to the revolution, the theatre was well frequented, and the company on a better footing.

[*To be concluded in our Supplement.*]



## POETICAL ESSAYS.

## THE INFLUENCE OF FICTION.

A DIDACTIC ESSAY.

‘Truth shall charm  
In mystic fable.’

*De La Cour.*

WHY o'er th'impassioned tale of fancied woe  
Rises a sigh, and tears unconscious flow?  
Why, with soft pity melting, do we feel  
Pangs for such suff'rings through our bosoms steal?  
Ah! why 'tis so, I leave to you, ye few,  
Who Truth through barren lab'rins can pursue;  
But Fiction! child of Fancy! such thy pow'r;  
From youth's first dawn to age's latest hour,  
So canst thou move the breast, and bid it know,  
Or Mis'ry's throb, or Joy's enraptur'd glow,  
Canst with the tale of love entrance the soul,  
Or sink it 'neath wan Terror's wild controul;  
Such is thy sway our varying feelings tell;  
When o'er thy glowing page we fondly dwell!  
Lo! by yon wintry fagot's crackling blaze  
Where infant innocence securely plays,

The wrinkled matron opes her treasure'd store  
Of fairy tales and legendary lore,  
And round her seat, they, rapt with wonder, press,  
Weeping, to hear the tale of deep distress:  
But when gay youth feels Love's delightful pains,  
And passion throbs tumultuous thro' the veins,  
Then, when by wild romantic thoughts possess'd,  
Thy influence, Fiction! chiefly stands confess'd;  
Oft by the midnight taper's glimm'ring ray  
He'll fondly con the amatory lay;  
And whilst the joys of love's the Poet's theme,  
Unslumb'ring feel its soft bewitching dream.  
Oft too the maid when first she feels its pow'r  
Steal with a throb unknown her bosom o'er;  
When the deep blush her passion first reveals,  
Ere yet she's conscious that 'tis love she feels,



Will seek the lonely room, and, e'er  
untir'd,  
Bend o'er the tale by luckless love in-  
spir'd,  
Weep o'er some Heloisa's glowing  
strains,  
Envy her bliss, and mourn for all her  
pains.

Where th' aged turret tops the craggy  
steep,  
That scowling hangs o'er yon unruffled  
deep,  
There the lorn captive, wearied and  
alone,  
Midst others sufferings forgets his own,  
And as o'er Fiction's tale entranc'd he  
bends,  
Feels not the pang that else his bosom  
rends,  
But 'neath thy pow'r forgot are all his  
woes,  
O'er fancied griefs he weeps, o'er fan-  
cied pleasures glows!

When age with limbs enfeebled feels  
no joy  
In sports that once were dear, when,  
mantling high,  
The glow of youth bloom'd lovely in  
his face,  
And fill'd each active limb with manly  
grace;  
Each other pleasure lost, thy varied  
page  
Can, with a guiltless bliss, the pains  
assuage,  
Which nature feels as life's last ebb  
draws near,  
And bids us leave the scenes we hold so  
dear.

Such, Fiction, child of Fancy! such  
thy sway  
From youth's first dawn to manhood's  
later day;  
So can thy tale of woe, thy song of joy,  
Or bid us raptur'd smile, or pensive  
sigh:  
E'en tho' the tale be fraught with hide-  
ous forms,  
Tho' Horror shudders, and grim Fury  
storms,  
The shriek of murder Pity's ear appalls,  
And midnight spirits glare 'midst  
Gothic walls,

Where feudal barons deal their deadly  
rage:—  
Yet still we hang in transport o'er thy  
page!

There may be some o'er whom thou  
hast no pow'r,  
Content to breathe unmov'd their little  
hour,  
Who the sad tale of misery can hear,  
Nor heave a sigh, nor drop a pitying  
tear;  
But in the bosom cold to Sorrow's moan  
The god-like glow of Virtue ne'er was  
known..

These dull indifference bind, nor freer  
they  
O'er whom stern Superstition \* boasts  
his sway;—  
Ye rigid minds, who Fancy's aerial flight  
Would bound to truth, nor pierce the  
realms of light  
Where gay Imagination wildly roves,  
Whilst at her touch a new creation  
moves;  
Who think tho' fiction's us'd in Virtue's  
cause,  
The poet violates the sacred laws,  
You from her page indignant turn your  
eye,  
With scorn-averted glance, yet scarce  
know why;  
But oft her tales a nobler virtue teach  
Than the dull aphorisms the schoolmen  
preach;  
The sage by fiction bends the human  
mind,  
And Christ with parable reclaim'd man-  
kind.

Thus, Fiction! Britain's sage †, in  
fabled lay,  
Has told how first began thy pow'rful  
sway.

When Jove's almighty arm had form'd  
the world,  
And chaos 'midst the void no longer  
hurl'd,

---

\* It is the opinion of some of the  
rigid sectarists that the use of fiction is  
criminal.

† Vide Johnson's Rambler.



Then Truth began to spread her influence mild  
 (Of the dread god and Wisdom's queen the child).  
 Scarce had her noble precepts form'd the breast,  
 Scarce was her virgin-majesty confessed,  
 Ere Falsehood left the shades weak man to blind,  
 Light Folly's child, her sire the god of wind.  
 Gay was her mien, and many a winning grace  
 Play'd round each limb, and sparkled in her face,  
 The Passions o'er her form their vesture spread,  
 And young Desire the blooming wanton led.

Long these with various arts and power contest  
 Which shall hold empire o'er the human breast;  
 Long Falsehood's lovely form and witching smile,  
 From Truth's rough path her votaries beguile,  
 For it seem'd drear, and sightless her abode,  
 But Falsehood's temple gay, and strew'd with flow'rs the road;  
 Here no stern maxims check'd their wild career,  
 But, as mad Pleasure call'd, they follow'd without fear.

Tir'd with the warfare, Truth now hopeless sighs,  
 Indignant leaves the world, and seeks her native skies;  
 To Jove, her sire, she paints her slighted reign  
 Usurp'd by Falsehood's gay delusive train:  
 He bade her seek where, 'midst embowering shades,  
 Bent o'er their lyres reclin'd th' Aonian maids,  
 And ask their aid in this eventful hour,  
 To crush her graceful rival's boasted pow'r.

Swift Truth obeys; in accents sad and slow,  
 Tells to each listening Muse her bitter woe;

Tells how mankind her rigid precepts scorn,  
 Whilst Falsehood's easy sway is joyful borne,  
 And claims the efforts of the tuneful train,  
 To check her daring rival's boundless reign.

'O Truth!' th' Aonides reply, 'the mien  
 Of Falsehood's bland, bewitching, gay, serene;  
 But from thy frown, and bosom-piercing eye,  
 Mankind shrink back, and, wild with terror, fly;  
 Thy precepts would be lov'd, thy rule obey'd,  
 Wert thou in less forbidding robes array'd;  
 Then take this vest of many a various dye,  
 Form'd to delight and captivate the eye;  
 Deck'd in this habit, by the Muses fram'd,  
 Of figure lovelier, and Fiction nam'd;  
 Seek thou again the world, and soon confest,  
 Thy power shall govern o'er the human breast.'

Victorious o'er her rival, Truth obey'd,  
 Swift bade adieu to each Aonian maid.  
 And as her precepts, rigid deem'd of yore,  
 She hid beneath the Muses' tuneful lore,  
 In Fiction's varied garb, now grave, now gay,  
 Each bosom own'd her charms, and bow'd beneath her sway.

Far from each social tie, from Britain's shore,  
 Who has not mourn'd the hardships Byron bore?  
 Or wept, when Cooke each various toil had past,  
 And ardent, sought his native isle at last?  
 But as Imagination warmly drew  
 Her chalky cliffs as rising to his view,  
 Whilst thronging patriots hail him from the strand—  
 Fell, murder'd by a savage maniac's hand!



O'er these and many a tale of real woe  
The tear of sympathy will ever flow;  
Yet still, O Fiction! equal is thy sway,  
Equal the pow'r of thy enchanting lay!

For see we not in Wieland's glowing  
strain,\*

In gorgeous panoply the warrior-train;  
See youthful Huon trace the desarts  
hoar,

And meet on Libanon's uncultur'd  
shore;

Where, by a tyrant's rage, his foot-steps  
bend,

His love Amanda, Sherasmin his friend?  
And feel we not each pang his hero  
feels,

As, with a Milton's pow'r, the bard  
reveals

The lovers torn by Passion's direst pains?  
And own, as flow the fancy-breathing  
strains,

(Whilst admiration brightens thro' the  
tear)

His matchless prowess and her faith  
sincere?

Yes, yes, O Fiction, equal is thy sway,  
Equal the pow'r of thy enchanting lay!

How glows the sensate bosom as we  
gaze

On the blue hill, or green-wood's tan-  
gled maze,

The silent vale, the mountain's craggy  
side,

The foaming cataract's impetuous tide,  
The verdant plain where stands the  
humble shed

'Neath which Content untroubled lays  
her head,

The fields of waving grain, the azure  
skies,

On Nature's various beauties as they rise!  
Yet e'en to these can Fiction lend a  
charm,

By her enhanc'd, they can the bosom  
warm,

Till, with an equal joy, we feel again  
Each charm of Nature in the poet's  
strain.

Such, Fiction! child of Fancy! such  
thy pow'r

From youth's first dawn to manhood's  
latest hour!

So canst thou move the breast whate'er  
thy theme,

Or Nature's charms, or Love's delight-  
ful dream;

The throb of anguish, haggard Misery's  
sigh,

The tale of terror, or the song of joy,  
Each varying passion of the human  
soul

We feel, O Fiction! 'neath thy wild  
control!

W. M. T.

Anno ætatis 17.

Wed not for wealth without love; 'tis  
gaudy slavery;—*nor for love without  
competence; 'tis two-fold misery.*

TO \*\*\*\*\*

FAREWELL! farewell! we part for  
ever!

And does affection end in this?  
Must *we* at last so coldly sever?  
And vanish all our dreams of bliss?

Yes, yes, alas! it must be so,  
Tho' 'tis to me a pang severe;  
Tho' oft I breathe the sigh of woe,  
And shed full oft the sorrowing tear.

Yet still it must be, you and I  
Were never destin'd for each other;  
Tho' many a flagging hour must fly  
E're I so well can love another.

For oh! I lov'd *thee*, fondly lov'd  
Thy dewy lip, thy eye's soft languish;  
And once thy look my soul had mov'd  
With throbbing joy, or nameless an-  
guish.

And many a happy hour we've known  
Whilst in each others arms reclining;  
And oft the winter's night hath flown,  
I at *its swiftness* e'en repining.

For much too short I thought each mi-  
nute

Which thus o'erflow'd with heav'nly  
blisses,

Yet felt *'an age of rapture* in it,  
Whilst it was sweeten'd with thy  
kisses.

\* Vide Wieland's Oberon.



And oft when closely press'd to thine,  
My soul upon thy lips hath hung,  
And deem'd a seraph's voice divine,  
The love-taught murmurings of thy  
tongue.

But when the glowing dream was over,  
And reason govern'd o'er my mind,  
Then, then I, sorrowing, could discover  
I wish'd a kindred soul refin'd.

One who amid the vacant space  
Between each flashing of desire,  
Could, with a *fancied angel's* grace,  
Breathe the soft lay, or sweep the  
lyre.

Who, tho' a woman in my arms,  
Amidst th'impassion'd hour of joy,  
Might still possess the mind's bright  
charms,  
And beauties seen not by the eye :

But 'twas not this that made me fly thee,  
Not this *alone* which made me prove  
To thee inconstant, and deny thee  
The transports of an ardent love.

Oh no! but 'twas that well I knew  
Ire'er was destin'd Fortune's minion,  
That riches from me ever flew  
Swiftly as on the swallow's pinion.

And I resolv'd thou ne'er should'st share  
The misery which I expected,  
Shouldst feed with me on Sorrow's fare,  
Be by the world like me neglected.

'Twas these lorn sombre visions taught  
Thy lover to *appear* untrue,  
For still believe each tender thought  
His bosom feels is felt for you.

Adieu! once more; and since *we* part,  
No other maid my *truth* shall know,  
But each by turns shall share the heart  
Which once for thee alone did glow.

I priz'd not then the glance of love  
Which beam'd alike on ev'ry one,  
Nor could the sigh of softness move,  
Unless 'twas breath'd for me alone;

But now I'll wildly rove around,  
Now flirt with that, and now with  
this,  
And 'mid these wand'rings may be  
drown'd  
The throbbing dream of former bliss!

But oh! it will not, cannot be,  
These light amours ne'er touch the  
heart;  
And still I'll fondly think on thee,  
And mourn the fate that made us  
part.

And ev'ry pray'r I pour to Heav'n,  
Thy welfare shall not be forgot;  
I'll ask, whate'er to me be giv'n,  
That purest joy may be *thy* lot :

That thou may'st meet some happier  
youth  
With heart as true as once was  
mine;  
Whose ardent love, and spotless truth,  
To life's last ebb may still be thine!

Biox.

June, 1807.

### SONNET XXXIX.

VIRGINIA TO PAUL.

AMID the storied hall and gorgeous  
dome,  
The haunt of fortune's fav'rites cold  
yet gay,  
I think on thee my Paul! who, far  
away,

Thro' the thick woods which shade our  
native home,  
Where with Virginia thou wast wont  
to roam,

Now sad, and solitarily dost stray;  
Ah! as thou gazest on thy devious  
way,

Upon the lonely cascade's sparkling foam  
Thro' which you bore me; or the  
cocoa-tree;

Or many a well-known object with  
whose sight

Ideas of Virginia must unite,  
Thinkst thou on me Paul?—I oft think  
on thee;

Nor wealth, nor pow'r, nor threats of  
friends unkind,

Shall ever chase thine image from my  
mind!—

W. M. T.



## FOREIGN NEWS.

*Madrid, Nov. 2.*

ON the 30th of last month the following decree, addressed to the governor of the council *ad interim*, was issued from the palace of San Lorenzo :

C. R.

‘God, who watches over his creatures, does not permit the consummation of atrocious deeds, when the intended victims are innocent. Thus His omnipotence has saved me from the most unheard-of catastrophe. My people, my subjects, all know my Christianity and settled habits. They all love me, and I receive from all of them proofs of their veneration—such as a conduct of a parent calls for from his children. I lived persuaded of this felicity, and devoted to the repose of my family, when an unknown hand discovered the most atrocious and unheard-of conspiracy, which was carried on in my own palace, against my person. My life, which has so often been in danger, was too long in the eyes of my successor, who, infatuated by prejudice, and alienated from every principle of Christianity that my paternal care and love had taught him, had entered into a project to dethrone me. Informed of this, I thought proper to inquire personally into the truth of the fact, and surprising him in my room, I found in his possession the cipher of his correspondence, and of the instructions he had received from the vile conspirators.

‘In consequence of this discovery, I immediately convoked the governor and council, in order that they might make the necessary inquiries; and the result has been the detection of several male-

factors, whose imprisonment I have ordered; as also the arrest of my son at his residence. This is an additional aggravation of the affliction I labour under; but however painful to my feelings, it must be submitted to, as it is of the utmost importance to the suppression of such a conspiracy. At the same time that I direct the publication of this affair to my subjects, I cannot avoid expressing to them the regret by which I am agitated; but that regret will be alleviated by the demonstrations of their loyalty.

‘You will take the proper measures to have this decree circulated in due form.

‘CHARLES R.’

‘By command of his majesty, I transmit this decree to your excellency, in order that it may be duly promulgated.

‘Signed by the ministers, and addressed to all viceroys, &c. &c.’

*Nov. 5.* This day the king addressed the following decree to the governor *ad interim* of the council of Castile:—

‘The voice of Nature unnerves the arm of vengeance, and when the offender’s want of consideration pleads for pity, a father cannot refuse listening to his voice. My son has already declared the authors of that horrible plan which had been suggested by the evil-minded. He has laid open every thing in a legal form, and all is exactly consistent with those proofs that are required by the law in such cases. His confusion and repentance have dictated the remonstrances which he had ad-



dressed to me, and of which the following are the chief :

‘Sire and Father,

‘I am guilty of failing in my duty to your majesty : I have failed in obedience to my father and my king. I ought to do nothing without your majesty’s consent, but I have been surprised. I have denounced the guilty, and beg your majesty to suffer your repentant son to kiss your feet.

‘St. Laurent, Nov. 5. ‘Ferdinand.’

‘Madam and Mother,

‘I sincerely repent of the great fault which I have committed against the king and queen, my father and mother ! With the greatest submission I beg your pardon, as well as for my obstinacy in denying the truth the other night. For this cause, I heartily entreat your majesty to deign to interpose your mediation between my father and me, that he may condescend to suffer his repentant son to kiss his feet.

‘St. Laurent, Nov. 5. ‘Ferdinand.’

‘In consequence of these letters, and the entreaty of the queen, my well-beloved spouse, I forgive my son ; and he shall recover my favour as soon as his conduct shall give proofs of a real amendment in his proceedings. I ordain also, that the same judges who have heard this cause from the commencement, shall continue the process ; and I allow them to conjoin others, as colleagues, if they shall find occasion. I enjoin them, as soon as it shall be finished, to submit to me their judgment, which shall be conformable to law, according to the magnitude of offences, and the quality of offenders. They ought to take for a basis, in reducing the heads of the accusation, the answers given by the prince to the interrogatories which he has undergone ; they are copied, and signed by his own hand, as well as the papers also in his writing, which were seized in his bureaux. The decision shall be communicated to my councils, and to my tribunals, and be circulated among my subjects, in order that they may acknowledge my compassion and my justice, and may alleviate the affliction into which they

were thrown by my first decree ; for in that they saw the danger of their sovereign and their father, who loves them as his own children, and by whom he is beloved.

(Signed) ‘D. Bartholome Munoz.’

‘By the royal decree of the 30th of October, inserted in the circular letter, which is addressed to you the 31st of the same month, his majesty has deigned to make known to his council, that his august person, thanks to the assistance of God, has been delivered from the catastrophe which threatened it.

‘On this subject the council has proposed to his majesty to allow it, as well as all the people and communities of the kingdom, to return thanks for this favour to the Omnipotent, by a solemn festival. His majesty having deigned to consent to the wish of his council, has resolved to give it immediate execution, and has determined to give the necessary orders for such a festival in the capital and its dependencies.

‘This order of council, with a view to its due execution, is hereby communicated to you M. M. the archbishops, bishops, prelates, seculars, and regulars of the holy churches, desiring you to acknowledge to me the receipt of the present decree.

‘Madrid, Nov. 3, 1807.

(Signed) ‘D. B. Munoz.’

*Frankfort, Nov. 5.* We have received from several places the important news that the emperor Alexander has assured the king of Denmark, that he would employ all the means in his power to force England to give the crown of Denmark reparation and satisfaction for the crying injustice she has done it.

*Bayonne, Nov. 6.* All the letters received from Spain vary respecting the details of the conspiracy discovered at Madrid—but they confirm the existence of it. If we may credit private accounts, the king of Spain, after the execution of the measures ordered against the heir to the crown, convoked a grand council, at which he exposed the motives which had led to this act of just severity—He declared that the examination of the pa-



pers found at the prince's had furnished too clear a proof of his son's correspondence with his enemies.—This declaration was proclaimed at Madrid, and sent into the provinces, where it has produced the deepest sensation.

*Dresden, Nov. 6.* Nothing positive is known here, or even in Russia, of the actual relations between that power and England; it is reported, however, that the British government has given to the cabinet of Petersburg, the positive assurance that it has no hostile intentions against it;—but it is added, that the court of Russia has demanded restitution of the Danish fleet; and that the emperor Alexander insists upon England consenting at length to re-establish a maritime peace upon just and solid bases. Lord Leveson Gower has not yet quitted Petersburg, and has lately sent to London an important note delivered to him by the minister for foreign affairs; which contains demands relative to this subject.

*Banks of the Maine, Nov. 7.* They write from Vienna that a convention has been concluded between the imperial courts of France and ours, according to which Austria cedes the territory of Gorz and Gradisca, as far as Isonzo, to the kingdom of Italy; and keeps, on the other hand, the fortress of Brannau. The 10th of November is fixed upon for the ratification of the above convention.

*Nov. 11.* Count Orlov, admiral in the imperial Russian service, passed on the 8th instant through Augsburg, on his way to Paris.

The *Erlangen Gazette* contains the following article:

‘The negotiations between France and Austria were brought to a conclusion at Fontainebleau, on the 13th October, and all matters in dispute are completely settled between the two courts; and couriers are said to have been sent, both to Brannau and Silesia, with orders for the French troops to return to France.’

*Fontainebleau, Nov. 14.* His imperial majesty is expected to leave this place on the 20th, but it is not known where he is going. Since yesterday some persons

seem to think he will go first to Bourdeaux; others persist in considering the journey to Italy as certain. But the emperor does not disclose his secrets, and we shall probably not know where he is gone till after he has set off.

*Paris, Nov. 14.* In the *Moniteur* of to-day is contained the following intelligence:—‘The ratification of a convention which has been concluded between France and Austria, took place on the 10th at Fontainebleau, between M. de Champagny, and M. Von Metternich. In conformity with this convention, the fortress of Brannau is to be yielded up by France to Austria before the 10th of December. The province of Montfalcon is ceded by the emperor of Austria; and the boundary between the kingdom of Italy and the Austrian states, is to be the vale of Isonzo. By these arrangements, all impediments in the way of the execution of the treaty of Presburg are entirely removed.’

*Nov. 15.* To-day letters have been received from Bayonne which appear to confirm the intelligence of a conspiracy in Madrid. It is asserted that the prince of Asturias (the prince royal of Spain), together with a considerable number of persons of distinction, among whom were the duke de l'Infantado, and the viceroy de Pampelune, have been arrested.

*Nov. 16.* The English general Moore embarked at Messina with seven regiments of infantry.—The convoy was dispersed by a tempest on the 26th of October.—A ship of war and several transports perished on the coast of Sicily.

An article from Madrid of the 1st says, ‘the prince of Asturias has been arrested.—Yesterday all the members of the different councils were invited to assemble at the place of their meeting, to hold an extraordinary sitting.—A proclamation was read, which had been issued by his catholic majesty.—In the night of the 31st of October the captain-general of Madrid proceeded with a detachment of infantry, to the palace of Infantado, and desired to speak with the Duke—he was answered, that the duke was gone away—Seals were put upon his papers.’



## HOME NEWS.

*Dublin, Nov. 20.*

WE are happy to contradict a report that prevailed in town this morning, that two Holyhead packets were lost last night—the weather prevented the packets from sailing from our harbour, and we are well convinced the same cause had the same effect at Holyhead, and except these two, there could be no other at sea.

It is with the deepest concern that we are obliged to state the following fatal effects of the storm last night. On Wednesday evening last, three transports with volunteers for the 18th and 97th regiments, chiefly from the South Mayo militia, sailed from the Pigeon-house dock, for Liverpool. Yesterday morning they had gained so small an offing, that they were discernible from the heights about Dunleary, and dreadful to relate, one of them, on board of which were 120 soldiers, with several women and children, were driven on the rocks under the battery at Dunleary Point, and all perished, except the crew and two soldiers, who were preserved by taking to the boat. Among the unhappy sufferers on this occasion, we regret to find the name of lieutenant M'Clellan of the 18th regiment, who had charge of the recruits, he was a young officer of unquestionable merit and uncommon promise. Another vessel is stated to have struck on the White Bank, near the South Bull.

Further accounts state, that a Parkgate vessel, with recruits for the 97th regiment, foundered in the gale; also a brig, a sloop, and a very large Swedish ship, which had formerly been a frigate.

In the multiplicity of reports on this distressing subject, it is also said, that two vessels have foundered off Killiney Bay. This morning the bodies of several soldiers, with 97 on their buttons, were drifted on shore along the coast in the neighbourhood of Black-rock and Dunleary.

Last night, during the snow-storm, as the lord chancellor was returning to town from the Phoenix-Park, his coach was upset. We are glad to find that none of his lordship's family received any serious injury. They were brought to town in the solicitor-general's coach, which happened to be returning from the Park at the same time, and with difficulty avoided a similar accident. Lord Manners's coach remained all night in its subverted situation.

*Deal, Nov. 21.*—Dispatches came down this morning, and were put on board the flag of truce at day-light. The schooner being ready got under weigh immediately, and sailed for Calais, where it is probable she arrived by noon. The nature of them is kept so profoundly secret that not a syllable is known here; they are, however, pretty generally conjectured to relate to a negotiation with France. The Messenger who came over the other day remains in London.

*Portsmouth, Nov. 25.* Arrived the Indus from Madras, (a single ship,) and the Fox cutter, of this port, from Lisbon; she left the Tagus on the 15th instant, at which time the Portuguese had seven sail of the line, two frigates, and a schooner, ready for sea. On the 9th instant two sail of



Russian men of war arrived in the Tagus from Gibraltar, and on the 11th two sail more and two frigates; also a Portuguese frigate, and a merchantman from the Brazils richly laden.

*London, Nov. 26.* Two suicides were committed on Tuesday, the one by a young man of the name of Wootton, a draper's apprentice in Oxford-street, who swallowed a dose of aqua-fortis; and the other by a tradesman in Tottenham-court-road. The former was found in a state of pain and despondency, at the breakfast hour in his sleeping-room; and on being questioned, he confessed what he had taken, and assigned no other reason than that life was a burden to him. The other person cut his throat in bed, after his wife had risen, about eight o'clock in the morning. His conduct was noticed to have been very strange and out of the regular way the whole of Monday, but not such as excited any particular alarm. The deceased had retired from business a few months ago, and was in his 60th year.

*Dec. 2.* Sir Robert Wilson arrived in the middle of last night with dispatches of the highest importance from Petersburg.—Dispatches of a nature decidedly hostile. The ministers were summoned to meet in council early this morning. Messengers were sent off to all the out-ports, and the following letter was transmitted to the lord mayor:—

Stanhope-street *Dec. 2.*

My Lord, I have the honour to acquaint your lordship, that dispatches have been received from his Majesty's ambassador at the court of Petersburg, by which it appears that the emperor of Russia having published a declaration, in which his imperial majesty announces his determination to break off all communication with England, to recall his minister from this court, and not to permit the continuance of a British mission at the court of Saint Petersburg: His Majesty's ambassador has demanded his passports, and is now on his return.

I have lost no time in communicating this intelligence to your lordship, in

order that it may be made as public as possible.

I have the honour to be, &c.

George Canning.

*Dec. 3.* After the transmission of the letter to the lord mayor yesterday morning, two other communications were made. the first stated that

'The dispatches received from St. Petersburg were sent from that place on the morning of the 9th ultimo, at which time no embargo had been laid on the British shipping in the ports of Russia; it appears that about 20 sail of British vessels remained at Cronstadt, most of which were loaded. On the 31st of October there were 52 British ships at Riga; and on the 23d of October the River at Archangel was frozen over, and no British ships remained there.'

At Batson's coffee-house, the accustomed resort of our Russia merchants, the following communication was also publicly exhibited:—

'The governor of the Russia company has received from Mr. Canning the copy of a letter from lord G. Leveson Gower to Sir Stephen Shaipr, informing him that an end had been put to all political relations between the courts of London and St. Petersburg, and that he should, in consequence, leave the country in a very few days. The date of the letter is Nov. 8, 1807.

'Sir Stephen Shaipr mentions that there were 20 ships at Cronstadt, some of which he hoped would get away.'

The dispatches brought by Sir Robert Wilson were carried by that gentleman to Mr. Canning's house in Stanhope-street, between three and four yesterday morning. After the cabinet council was held, telegraphic orders were sent to the different out-ports, to Deal, to Yarmouth, to Portsmouth, to stop and detain all Russian ships.—There is a Russian frigate at Portsmouth, and immediately after the receipt of the telegraphic dispatch, a frigate was directed to lay upon her quarter.—Expresses were sent off to Plymouth, Falmouth, Ireland, and Scotland, with orders similar to those transmitted by the telegraph.

*Dec. 3.* In consequence of the orders from government, the Russian frigate



Sperknoi, of 44 guns, and a large transport, were taken possession of as prizes on Wednesday night at Spithead, by the *Leda* and *Hussar*.—We hope soon to announce the entrance of the Russian Mediterranean squadron into an English port.

Part of the squadron that was under admiral Keates, is to sail from Portsmouth this morning.

On Wednesday night and yesterday morning a party of Officers went on board all the foreign vessels in the River, examined their papers, and scrutinized their cabins closely. All vessels found under Oldenburgh colours had the broad arrow put upon their masts, and orders were given that no person belonging to them should be suffered to go on shore.

*Dec. 4.* Four persons were drowned on Sunday last, by imprudently venturing on the ice before it was sufficiently strong to bear them. An inquisition was taken yesterday at Newington, on the body of Peter Fowler, a joiner, residing in Gray's Inn-lane, who was drowned in a pond near Newington, and whose wife was a spectator at the time of the sad accident. The deceased had been to see his brother, and it was by mere accident that he was induced to go on the ice, where some boys were sliding. Verdict *Accidental Death*.—A lad of the name of Bremen, was also drowned in a pond at Somers Town, as was also a youth at Paddington, exclusive of another in Hyde Park, whose death we mentioned yesterday.

*Dec. 5.* Yesterday evening, between seven and eight o'clock, a fire broke out in the house of lady Clermont, in Berkeley-square. Her ladyship had company at dinner, and the cloth was just removed when the alarm was given. As soon as her ladyship's company heard of the dreadful accident, they persuaded her to quit the house, but in vain: she remained in the house, and would not suffer the doors to be opened, while the fire was raging with the greatest fury in the back attic story, where it is imagined it had begun; the engines soon arrived, and the whole neighbourhood was in alarm. Water could not be procured for a considerable time, and when the plugs were opened, there was not a suf-

ficient quantity to work the engines, until the main was forced at Pimlico and at the New River Head. By that time the flames had spread to such an alarming degree, as to threaten destruction to the houses of earl Powis, and sir John Harrington. Lord Foley's house also stood in great danger, as the back drawing-room windows projected, and were much scorched by the flames. At nine o'clock the square was filled with people, and carriages full of ladies, who stopped to witness the dreadful scene; the flames by that time having extended to the front of the house, and still keeping to the attic stories, burning in the most awful manner. It illuminated the whole atmosphere for many miles round. The engines by that time had received an ample supply of water, but it did not seem to have any effect on the devouring element, it still burned with great violence in the back part of the house, and consumed the third floor room, with its furniture. By ten o'clock the roof fell in with a dreadful crash, which stopped the progress of the flames, although the ruins of that part of the house, by the great heat, threatened destruction to the second floor. About eleven o'clock, it was nearly got under, but it still had an awful appearance. Lord Foley stood on the roof of his own house, during the whole time; and lady Foley, who had packed up her jewels, remained within, with the greatest fortitude and composure, being determined not to retire until it was thought necessary. Her ladyship's carriage was at the door during the whole time, in case it was thought prudent for her to leave the house. At half-past eleven, the fire was very much abated. The St. James's volunteers attended, and kept excellent order. The firemen also exerted themselves to the utmost of their power; one of them having got access to the top of the house on fire, through sir John Harrington's house; he broke the windows of the dormers, stripped the lead off the top of them, and beat down the rafters. This had a very good effect in stopping the progress of the flames, which, at that period, had nearly caught the roof of earl Powis's



house. At twelve o'clock the engines were all at work, and the square was crowded with people. About one o'clock it was completely extinguished. Every gentleman's house in the square was opened, and ready to receive any thing that might be saved from the conflagration.

*Dec. 12.* A coroner's inquest sat on Friday at Ponder's-gate, near Stanmore, on the body of James Richmond Davis. The deceased, an artist of considerable property, resided near the turnpike at Paddington, and had been on the preceding day to a house, near Watford, in a single horse chaise, accompanied by his niece, a girl 16 years old. On their return home in the afternoon, it being dusk, and the ditches being filled with snow on a level with the road, Mr. D. mistook the horse-track on the off-side, and drove into a ditch five feet deep. The young lady was precipitated into the hedge unhurt; but the chaise was overturned so suddenly, that the driver was thrown into the ditch with the vehicle upon him, by which he was killed.—*Accidental death.*

*Dec. 19.* In the course of this day the following letter was sent by the secretary of state and first lord of the admiralty to the lord mayor:

Foreign office, half past Two, P. M.

*Dec. 19. 1807.*

My lord—I have the honour to acquaint your lordship that lord Strangford, his majesty's minister plenipotentiary to the court of Lisbon, has just arrived, having left the Portuguese fleet on the 5th instant, between Madeira and the Western Islands, under convoy of a British squadron, with a fair wind, steering for the Brazils.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) G. Canning.

The Right hon. the Lord Mayor.

Captain Yeo, of the *Confiance* sloop, also reached town on Saturday, between two and three o'clock, and attended at the Admiralty with dispatches from Sir Sidney Smith. Shortly after his arrival the following letter was dispatched by lord Mulgrave to the lord mayor:

Admiralty, Dec. 19. 1807.

My lord—I have great satisfaction in acquainting your lordship that captain

Yeo, of his majesty's sloop *Confiance*, arrived this afternoon at this office, with dispatches from rear-admiral Sir Sidney Smith, dated December 6, stating that the Prince Regent, with the whole of the Royal Family, consisting of fifteen persons, had embarked for the Brazils on the 24th ult. with seven sail of the line, five frigates, three armed brigs, and upwards of thirty Brazil merchant vessels.

The Portuguese fleet is attended by his Majesty's ships *Marlborough*, *London*, *Monarch*, and *Bedford*, under the command of capt. Moore.

Only one servicable Portuguese line of battle ship, and three hulks, remained in the Tagus; eight Russian line of battle ships remained in the Tagus; only three of which were in condition for sea.

Rear admiral sir S. Smith has resumed the blockade of the port of Lisbon with five sail of the line; and will probably by this time have been joined by an additional squadron of line of battle ships.—I have the honour, &c.

J. Ansley, mayor,

(True Copy) Mulgrave.

## BIRTHS.

*Nov. 18.* At Talmouth, near Berwick, a seat of her father's, sir Francis Blake, bart. Mrs. Stag, of a daughter.

At lady Chambers's house, in Mortimer-street, the lady of colonel Wilton, of a son.

20. In Guildford-street, the lady of Samuel Edwards, esq. of a son and heir.

25. At the cottage, Southgate, the lady of W. Curtis, esq. of a daughter.

The lady of Colin Douglas, esq. of Frederick's-place, of a daughter.

*Dec. 1.* At Whiteford, the lady of sir Wm. Call, bart. of a daughter.

3. The lady of admiral Wilson, of Redgrave, Suffolk, of a son.

7. At Barham Court, near Canterbury, the lady of Samuel Tysson, esq. of Narborough Hall, Norfolk, of a son.

9. At Fountington, Sussex, the lady of sir James Duff, of a daughter.



## MARRIAGES.

*Nov.* 17. At Clifton Church, John Eld, esq. of Singleford, Staffordshire, to the hon. Louisa S. Sidney Smythe, youngest daughter of the late right hon. and rev. Viscount Strangford.

18. At Stockport, the rev. George Hornsby, vicar of Turkdean, Gloucestershire, and chaplain to the marquis of Huntley, to Cordelia Emma Astley, youngest daughter of the late John Astley, esq. of Dukingfield-lodge, Cheshire.

23. At Kendal, John Drinkwater, esq. Liverpool, Merchant, to miss Gandy, of the former place.

24. At Inveresk, the earl of Selkirk, to miss Wedderburn, only daughter of James Wedderburn Colville, esq.

At St. George's, Bloomsbury, John Edwards, esq. of Bloomsbury-square, to Mrs. Dalton, of Russel-square.

28. By the rev. Dr. Drummond, George Haldimand, esq. of Clapham, to miss Prinsep, daughter of J. Prinsep, esq. alderman of the city of London.

At Aswarby House, Lincolnshire, capt. Atty, of the royal North Lincoln Militia, to miss Harriot Whichcote.

*Dec.* 1. Major Williams, Bombay Establishment, to Martha, third daughter of the late Charles Deane, esq. of Keckle-Grove, Cumberland.

At the parish church of Bolton, by the rev. Mr. Folds, Joseph Yates, of Peel Hall, in the county of Lancaster, esq. barrister at law, only son of the late hon. Mr. Justice Yates, to miss Amelia Ainsworth, eldest daughter of Thomas Ainsworth, of Bolton in the same county, esq.

12. Earl Craven, to miss Brunton, late of Covent Garden Theatre. The ceremony was performed at seven o'clock, by special licence, at his lordship's house in Charles-street, Berkeley-square. The hon. Berkeley Craven, his lordship's brother, and Mr. Brunton's family were present. A splendid dinner was prepared for the occasion. At eight o'clock yesterday morning, the happy pair left town for Combe Abbey, near Coventry, one of his lordship's seats. The noble earl is in his 37th year, the fair bride in her 25th.

## DEATHS.

*Nov.* 21. At Bury, Suffolk, in the 87th year of her age, Mrs. Pretyman, wife of George Pretyman, esq. and mother of the bishop of Lincoln.

25. At his house on Clapham-common, in his 31st year, John Collick, esq. late of St. Martin's Lane, and one of the magistrates for the county of Middlesex and Westminster.

28. At his house in Grosvenor-place, Sir John Thomas Stanley, bart. of Alderley Park, Cheshire.

At his house in Spring Gardens, aged 65, Henry Vaughan Brooke, esq. M. P. for the county of Donegal, in Ireland.

At Southampton, aged 69, Mr. T. Collins, Proprietor and manager of the theatres of Southampton, Portsmouth, Winchester, and Chichester.

*Dec.* 2. In Wimpole-street, Cavendish-square, vice-admiral John Pakenham, of Lowestoft, in Suffolk, aged 61.

At Abb's Court, Surry, dowager countess Bathurst. She had nearly completed her 77th year.

At her house in Upper Brook-street, Mrs. Lynne, relict of the late Nicholas Lynne, esq. of Horsham, in the county of Essex.

At Ipswich, at an advanced age, Mrs. Clara Reeve, sister to the late vice-admiral Reeve.

5. At Greford, in the county of Lincoln, in his 90th year, Dr. Francis Willis, M. D.

10. At his house in Southampton, John Brisbane, esq. admiral of the red.

12. At Stepleford, in Leicestershire, the right hon. Philip Sherard, earl and baron of Harborough, and baron Leitrim in Ireland. His lordship was in his 41st year. He is succeeded in his titles and estates by his only son Philip, who is about twelve years of age.

Lately, Miss Frances Toynnton, of Toynnton All Saints, near Spilsby. But a few days before, the prospect of life and happiness presented itself to her—and the day on which she died had been fixed upon for her wedding-day.

17. At Stoke-Newington, Thomas Penn, esq. after a very severe illness.