

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

APPROPRIATED
 SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

SUPPLEMENT FOR 1807.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates,

- 1 PROVIDENTIAL PRESERVATION of FOUR SEAMEN.
- 2 VIEW of the PRINCESS of WALES' VILLA at BLACKHEATH.

LONDON:

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

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

On Monday, February 1, will be published,

PRICE ONE SHILLING,

[Embellished with—1. An elegant Frontispiece, designed and engraved by eminent Artists.—2. An engraved Title-page.—3. A highly-finished Historical Engraving.—4. The newest fashionable LONDON DRESSES, elegantly coloured.—And, 5. An entirely new Pattern in the most improved Taste.]

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

For JANUARY, 1808.

Containing the usual variety of interesting, entertaining, and instructive Articles.

* * The highly flattering Approbation and liberal Patronage, with which the LADY'S MAGAZINE has been so long honoured by the Public in general, and its FAIR PATRONESSES in particular, demand from the Proprietor the most grateful acknowledgment, and cannot but stimulate him to make every exertion to preserve to this Miscellany the character it has maintained for so long a series of years, as a Publication equally entertaining and instructive, a valuable Repository for the productions of female genius, and an instructive Compendium of the polite Literature of the age.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SUPPLEMENT, FOR 1807.

NARRATIVE

OF THE

PROVIDENTIAL PRESERVATION OF FOUR SEAMEN

SHIPWRECKED ON BOARD THE BRIG FLORA OF PHILADELPHIA, AND
TAKEN UP BY CAPTAIN BURTON OF THE SNOW THAMES OF
LONDON.

(From Captain Burton's Journal of a Voyage from London to Madeira, and
thence to New Providence.)

*[With an elegant Plate, illustrative of the desperate Situation of the unfortunate
Mariners.]*

ON Wednesday the 24th of October, 1804, we saw something in the North-west appearing like a boat with one sail set; hauled up towards it, and in a quarter of an hour after discovered it to be a wreck, with her masts gone and her bowsprit standing. What we took for a sail was a piece of canvass hoisted on the bowsprit for a signal. Soon after we discovered four men on the bowsprit, and likewise part of a shark, and a firkin of butter hanging under it. We hauled up close to the wreck. At ten hove-to, hoisted the boat out, and took the men on board. They were in an extremely weak condition, having remained, by

their account, thirteen days on the bowsprit, with no other sustenance than the piece of the shark we had seen, and some salt-butter, as will appear from the subjoined narrative. The captain, Thomas Burrows, who was one of them, on being brought on board, fainted away several times. The legs of all of them were dreadfully ulcerated, and they were emaciated and feeble to a degree scarcely conceivable. We made a bed for them on the quarter-deck, setting up an awning over it, and gave them every assistance necessary. The two ladies, our passengers, with that sympathy and tenderness which ever distinguishes the sex,

were most assiduously attentive to them, doing every thing in their power to contribute to their relief and comfort. We were particularly careful to prevent them from gratifying their eager desire to assuage the burning thirst they had so long suffered by drinking too copiously, which might have been fatal to them; and we therefore supplied them with fresh water at first only sparingly and cautiously. We gave them some sago, and made them some chicken-broth; and they soon began to recover their spirits and strength. As their clothing was in a very wretched plight, from the distress they had suffered, our people furnished them with new clothes; and we had the happiness daily to see a rapid progress in the re-establishment of their health.

While we were lying-to, and the people with the boat were employed in taking the poor men from the wreck, we caught six dolphins.

Our latitude to-day at noon, by observation, was 25, 5, North; from which it appeared that we had been carried by some current, or some unknown cause, eleven miles to the Northward of our account, by which deviation from the course we had intended to steer we were brought to the spot where the wreck lay; a deviation the more extraordinary, as it had never occurred to us in any former voyage, and can only be ascribed to the immediate direction of His all-gracious Providence, whose tender mercies are over all his works, and who had ordained that we should be the instruments of his merciful goodness, by discovering and rescuing from their dreadful situation the four poor souls we took on board from the

wreck.—So true is it that ‘those who go down to the sea in ships, and who do business in great waters, see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.

The following is the narrative of the loss of the ship of which we discovered the wreck, and of the sufferings of the crew, written by Mr. Thomas Burrows, the master.

‘Account of the Loss of the Brig Flora, of Philadelphia, Thomas Burrows, Master, on a Voyage to Cayenne and South America.

‘On Friday the 28th of September 1804, we sailed from Philadelphia, in good order, and well-conditioned for sea; our crew consisting of the following persons:—

‘Thomas Burrows, master; William Davidson, supercargo; Jacob Oldenberg, mate; Josiah Anderson, steward; Samuel Babcock, seaman; John Nevan, ditto; William Story, ditto; Joseph Wilden, ditto; Josiah Smith, boy; James Cameron, ditto.

‘On Tuesday, the 1st of October, we discharged our pilot, and took our departure from Cape Henlopen, with a pleasant breeze from the North-eastward, all well on board. Nothing of importance occurred till Tuesday the 8th, when the wind hauled to the South-eastward, and continued in that direction till the 10th, with a heavy swell from the East-north-east. On Friday the 12th, we found by observation that we were in latitude 28, 50, North, longitude 54, 0, West. Observing it to look for a blow from the North-east, we took in our jib, square main-sail, top-gallant-sails, and stay-sails. At four in the afternoon, the gale increasing, we close reefed the top-sails, sent the top-

gallant yards down, and took in two reefs of the fore and aft main-sail. At midnight, the gale still increasing from the North-eastward, we handed the top-sails, and hove-to under the fore-sail and main-stay-sail. At one A. M. of Saturday the 13th handed the fore-sail and main-stay-sail; hove-to under the balance-reefed main-sail; the gale increasing with a heavy sea, thunder, lightning, and violent rain. At two A. M. the gale still increasing, handed the balance main-sail, and hove-to under bare poles, the brig making good weather. The gale still continuing to increase, all hands were employed on deck, and our pump kept constantly going; till finding it impossible that the brig could lie-to any longer, we called all hands aft, and it was determined, for the preservation of the vessel, to cut away the main-mast, and scud before the wind. Every thing being prepared, we divided accordingly: but before we could get to the mast, we were struck by a whirlwind, which hove the brig on her beam ends. Every person on board, except Joseph Wilden, a seaman—who, being in the fore-castle, was drowned—now ran to the windward side of the vessel. We immediately cut the lanyards of the main-biggings, and the main-mast went by the board. By this time the hatches had bursted up; the vessel filled with water; and the cargo was floating out at each hatch-way. All hope of saving the ship being now at an end, self-preservation became the only object with every one; and we endeavoured to lash ourselves to the main-chains, when a heavy sea broke over us, and carried away William Davidson the supercargo,

William Story, and the two boys, Smith and Cameron: the fore-mast soon afterwards went by the board.

‘Day-light came on, and discovered the most dismal sight ever beheld by the eye of man. The vessel was an entire wreck, with masts and spars hanging to it; while different parts of the cargo, as they floated from time to time out of the hold, washed over us. At length we shipped a heavy sea abaft, which stoved in the stern; and made an opening through which the cargo in the cabin washed out; and thus the wreck became considerably lightened.

‘We remained on the main-chains till eight o’clock in the morning, when we took to the bowsprit, thinking that the safest part of the wreck. About nine, William Story, and the boy, William Cameron, drifted on board, on the caboose-house. We now had lost all hope, and resigned ourselves to our fate, expecting every wave to swallow us up. About noon the boy died through fatigue, and we committed his body to the deep. In the latter part of this day the gale became more moderate, but a heavy sea continued running. On Monday the 15th William Story died for want of subsistence, and the mate, from extreme hunger, actually devoured a part of his flesh; all the rest, however, refused to share with him, and the remains were committed to the deep.

‘When we had continued in this dismal situation till Wednesday the 17th, the gale had become considerably more moderate; and it occurred to us, that by diving into the half-deck, we might obtain something on which we might

subsist. This we endeavoured to do, but all our attempts proved ineffectual; and we then had no other resource but to chew the lead from the bows. On Friday the 19th, we discovered a large ship to leeward, and made all the signals we could, but in vain, for she passed without noticing us.

‘On Saturday the 20th, a strong breeze springing up, with a heavy sea running, several kegs of butter came up from the fore-castle; we all immediately plunged in on the deck, and were so fortunate as to save five kegs of salt-butter, one of which was immediately opened, and we fed one another; but we found that the salt-butter, instead of relieving, only increased our thirst.

‘On Sunday the 21st, Jacob Oldenburgh, the mate, became delirious, and continued so till his death, on the 23d. On the same day (the 21st) a schooner passed us to leeward, within less than a mile. We hoisted all the signals we could make, but without effect, though we could see every man on deck.

‘On Tuesday the 23d, the mate departed this life from want of subsistence; and as we were reduced to the last extremity from want of water and food, it was agreed to eat his flesh for our own preservation. We accordingly dissected him, and drank his blood among us, from which we found considerable relief. At this time we were surrounded by numerous sharks, which seemed waiting for us; and, as Providence directed us, we were so fortunate with a rope, and a piece of human flesh, as to take one of the largest of them. We then committed the mate’s body to the deep; and having got the shark on the bow-

sprit, split him open, and divided his blood among us, which proved a most happy relief to us all.

‘On Wednesday the 24th, at sun-rise, we saw a brig standing towards us, which sight cheered our drooping spirits, as it afforded us hope of relief. We immediately hoisted signals of distress; and had the pleasure to find the brig haul up towards us. At ten A. M. she hove-to, hoisted her boat out to our assistance, and we were taken on board the vessel, which proved to be the *Snow Thames*, of London, Charles Burton master, from Madeira, bound to New Providence. We were at that time in the most feeble and emaciated condition possible for living men to be; but we soon began to revive, as we received every assistance and attention from the humanity of the captain, his officers, and passengers.

‘THOMAS BURROWS.’

The Bahama Chamber of Commerce, in testimony of the humanity and active exertions of captain Burton on this occasion, passed the following vote of thanks to him:—

‘*Resolution of the Bahama Chamber of Commerce.*

‘At a meeting of the Bahama Chamber of Commerce, held on the 16th of November, 1804,

‘RESOLVED,

‘That the thanks of the Chamber be given to captain Charles Burton, of the *Snow Thames* of London, for his humanity, in picking up, and bringing to this port, the master and surviving part of the crew of the American brig *Flora*, of Philadelphia, where-of Thomas Burrows was master,

when in the greatest distress, almost in the middle of the ocean; and that the same be transmitted by the president.

‘ J. WEBSTER, President.’

Letter from Mr. J. Webster, president of the Bahama Chamber of Commerce, to captain Charles Burton, with a copy of the above resolution.

New Providence, Dec. 31, 1804.

‘ SIR,

‘ The Chamber of Commerce of the Bahama islands, ever ready to bear testimony of the meritorious conduct of individuals anywise concerned in commerce, did, at their quarterly meeting, on the 16th ultimo, *resolve unanimously*, that the thanks of the Chamber be conveyed to you for your humanity in picking up, and bringing to this port, the master and surviving part of the crew of the American brig Flora, of Philadelphia, whereof Thomas Burrows was master, when in the greatest distress, almost in the middle of the ocean.

‘ Although in this instance you did nothing more than what was due, and ought to have been expected from one individual to suffering brethren of the same profession under similar circumstances, yet it must be allowed that few men would have exercised the humanity you did to those unfortunate people when at the point of death, and that to your care and attention, after they were received on board the Thames, may be attributed the preservation of their lives.

‘ A copy of the resolution of the Chamber I herewith transmit to you with great pleasure; and I request, sir, that you will accept

my best wishes for your future success and happiness in life.

I am, sir,

Your most humble servant,

J. WEBSTER,

President of the chamber of commerce.’

Captain Charles Burton,
Thames of London.

REFLECTIONS ON AUTHORS.

[By the late Mr. Cowper.]

CARACCIOLI says—‘ there is something very bewitching in authorship; and that he who has once written will write again—I can subscribe to the former part of his assertion from my own experience, having never found an amusement among the many I have been obliged to have recourse to that so well answered the purpose for which I used it. The quiet and composing effect of it was such, and so totally absorbed have I sometimes been in my rhyming occupation, that neither the past nor the future had any longer a share in my contemplation. For this reason I wish, and have often wished, since the fit left me, that it would seize me again: but, hitherto, I have wished it in vain. I see no want of subjects, but I feel a total inability to discuss them. Whether it is thus with other writers or not I am ignorant, but I should suppose my case, in this respect, a little peculiar. The voluminous writers, at least, whose vein of fancy seems also to have been rich in proportion to their occasions, cannot have been so unlike and so unequal to themselves. There is this difference between my poetship and the generality of them—they have been ignorant

how much they stood indebted to an almighty Power for the exercise of those talents they have supposed their own: whereas I know, I know most perfectly, I am perhaps to be taught it to the last, that my power to think, whatever it be, and consequently my power to compose, is, as much as my outward form, afforded to me by the same hand that makes me in any respect to differ from a brute.

A serious poem is like a swan, it flies heavily and never far; but a jest has the wings of a swallow, that never tire, and that carry it into every nook and corner. I am perfectly a stranger to the reception that my volume * meets with, and I believe in respect to my *non-chalance* upon that subject, if authors would but copy so fair an example, I am a most exemplary character. I must tell you, nevertheless, that although the laurels I gain at Olney will never minister much to my pride, I have acquired some—The reverend Mr. S—— is my admirer, and thinks my second volume superior to my first. It ought to be so. If we do not improve by practice, then nothing can mend us; and a man has no more cause to be mortified at being told that he has excelled himself, than the elephant had whose praise it was—that he was the greatest elephant in the world, except himself.

DESCRIPTION of the VILLA of her
ROYAL HIGHNESS the PRINCESS
OF WALES.

[With a View, elegantly engraved.]

THE villa of her royal highness

the princess of Wales is situated on Blackheath, adjoining to Greenwich Park, and the view now given looks into the Park. The front is thickly embowered with trees, so as nearly to obscure the building from public view. It is a compound of irregular architecture, and though plain in its outside, is fitted up with great symmetry and beauty internally, and reflects much credit to her royal highness' judgment and taste. The gardens, conservatory, &c. are at once simple and elegant. The situation of this villa is charmingly central for variety of excursions round the adjacent country which offers a pleasing variety of hill and dale. It is at a convenient distance from the metropolis, and its vicinity to that noble building, Greenwich Hospital, the Park, and the majestic and busy River Thames, render it delightful. Near this spot, opposite Conduit Vale, is an eminence called the Point, forming a most pleasing situation for a promenade, which equals, if not excels, any part so near London for a bold and extensive prospect.

At her royal highness' mansion, the poor find every relief and encouragement: and the rising generation of both sexes around this hall of hospitality have abundant reason to bless the royal and generous benefactress, who not only supplies their present wants, but amply contributes to their future welfare by providing for them the means of a liberal education.

* The second volume of his poems.

HARRIET VERNON;

OR,

CHARACTERS FROM REAL LIFE.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

BY A LADY.

(Continued from p. 641.)

LETTER XLII.

Miss H. Vernon to Miss West.

I THANK you, my dear Susan, for your kind, consoling letter. I feel myself mend every day, and were I in comfortable circumstances, no doubt my late disappointment would soon cease to affect me. That I loved Mr. Beaumont is certain, but the discovery of his baseness could not fail to obliterate my affection; and the happy escape I have had can leave no other emotion but gratitude to Providence and my deliverer. I will quit this subject, having others to write of in which I am more immediately interested. I know not what will become of me; I am an outcast, I think. You may recollect my having mentioned Mrs. Wilson's behaviour towards me as unkind and unaccountable for some time past; a few days since the mystery was unravelled. Mr. Wilson, who has always behaved to both of us in a most friendly and kind manner, thought proper, at seeing me unwell and dejected, (as how, for some time, could I be otherwise,) to take me out on horseback, and proposed

little walks, with a view to rouse and disengage my attention from an unpleasant subject. Mrs. Wilson seemed to acquiesce in this with readiness, and sometimes, (as did in general, Maria,) joined us. A few days since, on my return from a ride with Mr. Wilson, I was surprised to find Maria in tears, and Mrs. Wilson traversing the room in much disorder.

When Mr. Wilson and I entered—'Here they are,' said she, 'now answer for yourselves. Mr. Wilson, have you not withdrawn your affections from me, and fixed them on that girl? Yes, I saw it long ago; I am not a fool; I have eyes and ears. Begone from my house,' said she to me, 'you have acted a base part by me.'

'Dear Madam,' said I, 'what do you mean?'

'Leave my sight,' replied she.

I was terrified to death, and ran out of the room. Maria followed, and not knowing what we did, we set to packing up our clothes, to go we knew not where. We had not, however, proceeded far before Mrs. Wilson's maid came to say her mistress wanted to speak with us. I trembled so that I could hardly stand, and begged Maria to attend her alone. 'By no means,' she said, 'conscious of innocence, what had I to fear; or why regard her passions and absurdities? To avoid her sight might give cause for suspicion.'—I saw the propriety of this, and went with her, expecting nothing less than a repetition of what she had before said.

We were surprised to see her cool and composed.—'I am very sorry,' said she, 'for what I have in my passion said, but I am now cool, and you must excuse my

little pets. I did not mean to affront you, I am sure; I have a great regard for you both, but I am not well; one is not in temper always.'

I scarcely knew how to answer this unexpected and silly speech. At length I said 'I was preparing to leave her house by her orders, though I knew not where to go.'

'I shall be very much affronted if you do so,' said she. 'Come, come, you must not bear malice; you must both of you stay and live with me, I cannot do without you.'

'I hope I shall never bear malice, madam; but after what has passed, it is impossible that I can live here. If you will permit me to stay, until I can procure a situation of some kind or other to support me respectably, it is all I wish for, and I make no doubt but my friends will soon find me one.'

'Well, if you are set upon it, it must be so, though I had rather you staid with me.'

Strange, capricious woman! Any thing would I suffer rather than be subject to the whims and insults of such a temper.

As I was now convinced that she really meant nothing by what she had said respecting Mr. Wilson, my mind was relieved; for, however innocent I felt myself, I could not but be shocked and concerned at the suggestion. She has ever since behaved very well, and affects to be sorry, or perhaps really is so, that I am to leave her. Maria continues with her, but her favours are held on so precarious a footing, that no person can depend on their continuance. There is no alteration in Mr. Wilson's behaviour to me, but I am more reserved to him. He urges me to

stay, and I believe with sincerity, but I tell him it is out of the question, after what has passed.

I will now inform you of the particulars of a visit which Maria and I paid yesterday to our cousin Meadows; for as by her connexions she was able to assist in procuring a situation, we thought it prudent to consult her. Indeed I considered it not unlikely that she might choose to retain me herself as a companion to her daughters, or in some other way. We found her sitting with her daughters at work. On our entrance none of the party arose from their seats, or took any notice of us but by a bow of the head.

'I thought you had left the country before this time,' said Mrs. Meadows.

'We should not have done that, madam, without waiting on you.'—A silence of five minutes ensued.

'Mr. and Mrs. Wilson desire to be remembered to you,' said Maria.

'Oh! I suppose my sister is much in the same way, all over aches and pains.'—the young ones tittered—'her young husband has not cured her I fancy.'—The pert girls now laughed outright at their mother's wit—she went on. 'She was resolved my children should not be the better for her; I hear the man took care to have every thing settled on him you see.'

Maria said we knew nothing of her affairs.

'No child, I dare say you do not, and you will never be the better for her I can answer; she is not over fond of giving, I can tell you that.'

Maria said we did not expect any particular favour, and were looking out for a situation to sup-

port ourselves. Do you know, madam, any lady who wants a companion or an assistant in a school where the knowledge of the English tongue and needle-work might recommend?

Why no! she knew of no such person being wanted. She had many applications of that sort made to her, but it was an unthankful office to recommend. She had once recommended a young person as a companion to a very worthy friend of hers, but she turned out very ungrateful, and behaved very insolent, and was so intolerably proud that there was no bearing her; and because her father had lived in splendour and kept his coach, she was above setting a hand to any thing, and was quite the fine lady. Her father had lost a large estate in America, and the family were obliged to get their living as well as they could; some went one way, and some another. This was their eldest daughter; she was thought very handsome, (though for her part she saw no beauty in her), had received an accomplished education, but she was good for nothing as a servant, and truly refused doing many little offices which she was sometimes required; and one day when her friend desired her to scour some shelves in a closet, she rang the bell for the house-maid, and pertly said that she had not been used to such menial offices, and had the insolence to mention her birth and education, and a great deal more such arrogant stuff, not to be borne from a dependant, so her friend sent her away, for which she thought her right. As for her part, she hated what were called companions. Her daughters were her companions.

I told her that Mrs. Wilson had chosen my sister for her companion, but that I wanted a situation.

‘Why how is that?’ said she; ‘I thought your brother had provided for you both.’

I said dependence on brothers was, I believed, in general, very uncertain; that ours was *married*, and had deserted us. I briefly related the particulars you so well know. When I had finished,—she was very sorry—it was too often the case.—But she thought it was pity that I did not accept of the offer of being with a milliner or mantua-maker. For her part, she had a family, and must look to them; she supposed we were both in the same plight, and bad enough it was.—Maria then repeated that *she* was to continue at Mrs. Wilson’s.

‘Oh! you are,’ said she, drawing herself up, and looking at the girls. ‘She had better provide for you both, I think; and when she dies, her husband and you may divide the substance.’

Maria said she had no such expectation or wish.

‘No such wish, child!’ replied she, bursting into a sneering laugh, in which her daughters joined her. I know not when their mirth would have ceased, had not a gentleman entered whose presence imposed silence.

‘How do you, Mr. Rogers?’ I am extremely glad to see you. It is an age, I am sure, since you was here. How is your good mother? Ann, put down Mr. Rogers’ hat.’

After this greeting, made, no doubt, to the purse of the gentleman, he had time to speak, and informed her that he was in great haste, having been on the tramp over the parish, but had not gone

half through.—‘ You have heard, madam, of the fire that happened at Goodman Taylor’s last night ?’—‘ Oh yes !’ she was sadly disturbed by it, and intended to send her servant this morning to hear how it happened, and what was the damage, but she had forgot it.

‘ It is well, madam,’ said the gentleman, ‘ other people had better memories. The poor people are burnt out of their house, and have lost all the little property they had.’

‘ Dear me ! I am very sorry ; it is a sad thing, indeed. They were very industrious, good sort of people, I believe ?’

‘ None more so,’ said Mr. Rogers : ‘ but it does not rest with us to call them good people, we must do what we can to assist them, and alleviate their distress.’

‘ Pray, sir, what do you suppose their loss to be ?’ said Maria.

‘ About fifty pounds,’ said Mr. Rogers.

‘ A very large sum,’ said Mrs. Meadows.

‘ Oh ! nothing madam, in this large and rich parish. I hope to raise more than that. I am an excellent collector of poor rates. But I must not spend my time in chattering. You will not refuse your mite, Madam ?’

He spoke the word mite with so pointed an emphasis, as convinced me that he knew Mrs. Meadows perfectly well. Slow went the lady’s hand into her pocket, and slowly did she draw thence a fine silk purse with gold tassels. Before it could be opened, Maria and I had taken half-a-crown from ours, and were going to present it to the gentleman,—‘ No ! no !’ said he, ‘ I accept none from young ladies ; my demand is only on the housekeepers in the parish.

I presume you have nothing to do yet with the collector of poor rates. We begged him to accept, but he refused ; I suppose he judged from our appearance, which was very plain, that we could ill spare it.

By this time Mrs. Meadows’ purse was opened, and—‘ Pray, sir,’ said she, ‘ what have my neighbours given you in general ?’

‘ I hope to receive from you, Madam, a free-will offering. I do not produce my book before I see the cash to be entered in it.’

O shame ! where is thy blush ! or why wast thou not discoverable on the cheek of Mrs. Meadows ? when, fast clinched between finger and thumb, she presented half-a-crown towards the relief of a man, his wife, and six children.—‘ Will that do, sir ?’ said she.

‘ Any thing will be accepted, madam,’ said the gentleman, making a profound bow, and drawing from his pocket a list of names.

‘ Let me see,’ said he—‘ Mr. Jackson, five guineas ; Mr. Perkins, three guineas ; Mrs. Morris, three guineas ; Mrs. Francis, one guinea ; Miss Francis, half-a-guinea ; Master Francis, five shillings ; a gentleman unknown, one guinea ; John Long, the beadle, who also assisted at the fire, five shillings ; Mrs. Meadows, two-and-sixpence.

—Good morning to you ; I must speed away, or my fifty pounds will not be made up this morning.’ —Away he went.

‘ I could not conceive,’ said the lady, ‘ what brought him here this morning. He frequently drinks tea here. He is a rich old widower, and is very fond of my daughter Ann. John, if Mr. Rogers comes again of a morning, I am not at home. I don’t like morning visits. Did you ever hear of such extravagant giving as he read from his

first list? At this rate the people will be enriched by the accident, which ought not to be; for I dare say it was caused by carelessness. I care not who knows what I gave; I have three children to look to.—Well, I must go to dress for dinner, but that need not hurry you away.—We told her it was a very long walk, not less than two miles, to Mr. Wilson's, and we must beg leave to sit an hour or two.—‘Oh, by all means,’ said she; ‘and perhaps you would like something to eat.’—If she pleased, we would.—She rang the bell, and ordered the servant to bring the cold beef. He whispered, should he bring the cold chicken and tongue.—‘No, only the beef.’—She told us that she was generally so long in dressing she feared she should not see us again, so wished us a good morning, and hoped we should meet with success.—She would speak to all her friends.—Ann and Susan would give us a tune on the harpsichord. Away she went, and the entrance of the cold beef was to me by far a more pleasing object. The young ladies sat some time looking at us, and tittering at one another. I asked them for their brother. He was gone to join his regiment. We supposed they found it rather dull without him.—Oh no, they were very glad to get rid of him, for he was always quarrelling with them when he was at home.—A blessed house, thought I, to live in, this; deliver me from the hard lot of being a companion to either you or your mother.

Maria asked them if they were not very sorry for the poor family who were burnt out of their house so shockingly. The youngest said she was very sorry, and wished her

mamma had given more for them.—‘Pho!’ said her sister, ‘you know mamma says there are parishes to take care of the poor people.’—‘Parishes are little helps,’ said I, ‘and will maintain no one without assistance from humane people who can afford to give.’

‘We had a charity sermon last Sunday,’ said she, ‘but mamma did not go to church; for she said she dared to say the money would not be applied properly; and I am sure there is a man comes here with a book very often collecting for poor people, and mamma always gives.’

‘The laws of the land,’ said I, ‘oblige all housekeepers to contribute according to the rent of their houses, towards the maintenance of the poor.’

Maria told them a long story of a poor family she once knew: how the father died, and nobody would give the poor widow any thing, and she was almost starved to death, &c. partly her own invention, to see what effect it would have on them. The youngest shed tears; I kissed her, and told her she never looked so agreeable in her life. The eldest expressed no concern at all, and I discovered that she was *mamma* all over. The music master's appearance put an end to our conversation, and we soon took our leave, not a little disgusted with our cousin Meadows.

We were completely tired by the time we got home, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilson said it was a shame we were not sent home in the carriage. We had walked four miles for no purpose, yet we did not repent our fatigue. Had we not informed her of our situation, she most likely, by pleading

ignorance, would have thought herself excused from lending us assistance. She was ready enough to promise her interest with acquaintance that did not touch her pocket. Oh, what a blessing is a humane and generous heart! How much true pleasure does Mrs. Meadows lose?

Maria is in daily expectation of hearing from Mrs. Ambrose. We are surprised at not hearing from Dorcas. I have written to her, and directed as she mentioned. I fear the good woman is ill: surely my brother is not brute enough to forsake the poor soul as he has us.

I mentioned in my last the very great and good alteration in Mr. Wentworth's affairs, as told us by the worthy Mr. Johnson. I hope when he writes to him he will inform him that Maria is not married. Oh, Susan, I have great hopes; you can guess what they are. From what I have said respecting my own affairs, I need not add my wishes that you and your mother would try to devise some means for my establishment in life. I will accept any thing that is tolerably reputable: any thing almost is preferable to continuing where I am, as you will no doubt join me in thinking. Do not be uneasy on account of my health and spirits; the former is not injured, and I hope I have too much sense and fortitude to suffer the late occurrences to prey on the latter. I remain, my dear Susan, most

Affectionately yours,

H. VERNON.

[To be continued.]

OBSERVATIONS on the TOWN and MANUFACTURES of MANCHESTER.*

[From the Letters of Don Manuel Alvarez Espiella.—Translated from the Spanish.]

"J. HAD provided us with letters to a gentleman in Manchester; we delivered them after breakfast, and were received with that courtesy which a foreigner, when he takes with him the expected recommendations, is sure to receive in England. He took us to one of the great cotton manufactories, showed us the number of children who were at work there, and dwelt with delight on the infinite good which resulted from employing them at so early an age. I listened without contradicting him; for who would lift up his voice against

* We are aware that the health and morals of the rising generation are too much neglected in many, though not in all, our manufactories. The Lanark Mills, for instance, are an exception; health, morals, and education being there particularly attended to. Complaints similar to this of Espiella's might be made against almost every employment by which the labouring classes obtain their bread, agriculture excepted. Almost all mechanical employments are less or more detrimental to health: the mode of life of the soldier and sailor might even be attacked if notions of health and morals were pushed to the extreme; but, as we are persuaded that in many of our great manufactories too little attention is paid to the welfare of the individuals employed, and too much to the acquisition of wealth, we may serve the public considerably in calling its notice to this important consideration, by this animated, though, perhaps, exaggerated picture of Manchester.

Diana in Ephesus?—proposed my questions in such a way as not to imply, or at least not to advance, any difference of opinion, and returned with a feeling at heart which makes me thank God I am not an Englishman.

‘Mr. — remarked that nothing could be so beneficial to a country as manufactures. ‘You see these children, sir,’ said he. ‘In most parts of England poor children are a burthen to their parents and to the parish; here the parish, which would else have to support them, is rid of all expense; they get their bread as soon as they can run about, and by the time they are seven or eight years old bring in money. There is no idleness among us: they come at five in the morning; we allow them half an hour for breakfast, and an hour for dinner; they leave work at six, and another set relieves them for the night; the wheels never stand still.’ I was looking, while he spoke, at the unnatural dexterity with which the fingers of these little creatures were playing in the machinery, half giddy myself with the noise and the endless motion: and when he told me there was no rest in these walls day or night, I thought that if Dante had peopled one of his hells with children, here was a scene worthy to have supplied him with new images of torment.

‘These children, then,’ said I, ‘have no time to receive instruction.’—‘That, sir,’ he replied, ‘is the evil which we have found. Girls are employed here from the age you see them till they marry, and then they know nothing about domestic work, not even how to mend a stocking, or boil a potato. But we are remedying this now, and send the children to

school for an hour after they have done work.’ I asked if so much confinement did not injure their health?—‘No,’ he replied, ‘they are as healthy as any children in the world could be. To be sure, many of them as they grew up went off in consumptions, but consumption was the disease of the English.’ I ventured to inquire afterwards concerning the morals of the people who were trained up in this monstrous manner, and found, what was to be expected, that in consequence of herding together such numbers of both sexes, who are utterly uninstructed in the commonest principles of religion and morality, they were as debauched and profligate as human beings, under the influence of such circumstances must inevitably be; the men drunken, the women dissolute; that however high the wages they earned, they were too improvident ever to lay by for a time of need; and that, though the parish was not at the expense of maintaining them when children, it had to provide for them in diseases induced by their mode of life, and in premature debility and old age; the poor rates were oppressively high, and the hospitals and workhouses always full and overflowing. I inquired how many persons were employed in the manufactory, and was told, children and all, about two hundred. What was the firm of the house?—There were two partners.—So! thought I—a hundred to one!

‘We are well off for hands in Manchester,’ said Mr. —; ‘manufactures are favourable to population; the poor are not afraid of having a family here, the parishes therefore have always plenty to apprentice, and we take them as

fast as they can supply us. In new manufacturing towns they find it difficult to get a supply. Their only method is to send people round the country to get children from their parents. Women usually undertake this business: they promise the parents to provide for the children; one party is glad to be eased of a burthen, and it answers well to the other to find the young ones in food, lodging, and clothes, and receive their wages.—‘But if these children should be ill used!’ said I.—‘Sir,’ he replied, ‘it never can be the interest of the women to use them ill, nor of the manufacturers to permit it.’

‘It would have been in vain to argue, had I been disposed to it. Mr. — was a man of humane and kindly nature, who would not himself use any thing cruelly, and judged of others by his own feelings. I thought of the cities in Arabian romance, where all the inhabitants were enchanted: here Commerce is the queen witch, and I had no talisman strong enough to dis-enchant those who were daily drinking of the golden cup of her charms.

‘We purchase English cloth, English muslins, English buttons, &c. and admire the excellent skill with which they are fabricated, and wonder that from such a distance they can be afforded to us at so low a price, and think what a happy country is England! A happy country indeed it is for the higher orders; no where have the rich so many enjoyments, no where have the ambitious so fair a field, no where have the ingenious such encouragement, no where have the intellectual such advantages; but to talk of English happiness is like talking of Spartan freedom, the

Helots are overlooked. In no other country can such riches be acquired by commerce, but it is the one who grows rich by the labour of the hundred.—The hundred human beings like himself, as wonderfully fashioned by Nature, gifted with the like capacities, and equally made for immortality, are sacrificed, body and soul. Horrible as it must needs appear, the assertion is true to the very letter. They are deprived in childhood of all instruction and all enjoyment; of the sports in which childhood instinctively indulges; of fresh air by day, and of natural sleep by night. Their health, physical and moral, is alike destroyed; they die of diseases induced by unremitting task-work, by a confinement in the impure atmosphere of crowded rooms, by the particles of metallic or vegetable dust which they are continually inhaling; or they live to grow up without decency, without comfort, and without hope; without morals, without religion, and without shame; and bring forth slaves like themselves to tread in the same path of misery.

‘The dwellings of the labouring manufacturers are in narrow streets and lanes, blocked up from light and air, not as in our country, to exclude an insupportable sun, but crowded together, because every inch of land is of such value that room for light and air cannot be afforded them. Here, in Manchester, a great proportion of the poor lodge in cellars, damp and dark, where every kind of filth is suffered to accumulate, because no exertions of domestic care can ever make such homes decent. These places are so many hot-beds of infection; and the poor in large towns are rarely or never

without an infectious fever among them, a plague of their own, which leaves the habitations of the rich, like a Goshen of cleanliness and comfort, unvisited.

‘This system is the boast of England—long may she continue to boast it before Spain shall rival her! Yet this is the system which we envy, and which we are so desirous to imitate: but Heaven forbid that the clamour of philosophising commercialists should prevail, and that the Spaniard should ever be brutalized by unremitting task-work, like the negroes in America and the labouring manufacturers in England! Let us leave to England the boast of supplying all Europe with her wares; let us leave to these lords of the sea the distinction of which they are so tenacious, that of being the white slaves of the rest of the world, and doing for it all its dirty work. The poor must be kept miserably poor, or such a state of things could not continue; there must be laws to regulate their wages, not by the value of their work, but by the pleasure of their masters; laws to prevent their removal from one place to another within the kingdom, and to prohibit their emigration out of it. They would not be crowded in hot task-houses by day, and herded together in damp cellars at night; they would not toil in unwholesome employments from sun-rise to sun-set, whole days, and whole days and quarters, for with twelve hours labour the avidity of trade is not satisfied! they would not sweat night and day, keeping up the *laus perennis* of the Devil, before furnaces which are never suffered to cool, and breathing in vapours which inevitably produce disease and death;—the poor

would never do these things unless they were miserably poor, unless they were in that state of abject poverty which precludes instruction, and by destroying all hope for the future, reduces man, like the brutes, to seek for nothing beyond the gratification of present wants.

How England can remedy this evil, for there are not wanting in England those who perceive and confess it to be an evil, is not easy to discover, nor is it my business to inquire. To us it is of more consequence to know how other countries may avoid it; and, as it is the prevailing system to encourage manufactures every where, to inquire how we may reap as much good and as little evil as possible. The best methods appear to be by extending to the utmost the use of machinery, and leaving the price of labour to find its own level; the higher it is the better. The introduction of machinery in an old manufacturing country always produces distress by throwing workmen out of employ, and is seldom effected without riots and executions. Where new fabrics are to be erected, it is obvious that this difficulty does not exist, and equally obvious that, when hard labour can be performed by iron and wood, it is desirable to spare flesh and blood. High wages are a general benefit, because money thus distributed is employed to the greatest general advantage. The labourer, lifted up one step in society, acquires the pride and the wants, the habits and the feelings of the class now next above him. Forethought, which the miserably poor necessarily and instinctively shun, is, to him who earns a comfortable competence, new pleasure; he educates his

children in the hope that they may rise higher than himself, and that he is fitting them for better fortunes. Prosperity is said to be more dangerous than adversity to human virtue; both are wholesome when sparingly distributed; both in the excess perilous always, and often deadly; but if prosperity be thus dangerous, it is a danger which falls to the lot of few; and it is sufficiently proved by the vices of those unhappy wretches who exist in slavery, under whatever form or in whatever disguise, that hope is as essential to prudence, and to virtue, as to happiness.

ACCOUNT of the new MELO-
 DRAMA called the ‘BLIND BOY,’
 performed for the first time, at
 the Theatre Royal, Covent Gar-
 den, on Tuesday, December 1.

The CHARACTERS were thus re-
 presented :

Stanislaus	- - - - -	Mr. Murray.
Edmond	- - - - -	Mrs. C. Kemble.
Rodolph	- - - - -	Mr. Brunton.
Kalig	- - - - -	Mr. Farley.
Sarrow	- - - - -	Mr. Chapman.
Oberto	- - - - -	Mr. Fawcett.
Lida	- - - - -	Miss Bristow.
Elvina	- - - - -	Miss Norton.

THE FABLE.

STANISLAUS, King of Samartia, overjoyed at the birth of a son and heir, feels the severest mortification at being informed that the child is born blind. The queen, much distressed that the king refuses to see his son, conceives the design of deceiving him by a supposed miracle.—She consults with the palatine of Rava, who has a son of the same age as her own—at the grand ceremony of the christening this son is sub-

stituted in the place of the blind prince—the priests cry out ‘a miracle!’—the king and people are persuaded the blind boy has miraculously received the blessing of sight.—Rodolph, the palatine’s son, is brought up as the heir to Samartia’s throne. Edmond, the unfortunate blind prince, is delivered, with a purse of gold, to Oberto, a soldier who lived at a village near Gnesna, the residence of the court—Oberto has orders to retire, and he buys a farm near Warsaw, where he lives happily with the blind boy, and his daughter Elvina.—The court, after some years, quit Gnesna, and is established at Warsaw. The queen, stung by remorse of conscience, on her dying bed intrusts Kalig, her confidential officer, with a packet addressed to Oberto, which contains the account of her imposition—she enjoins Kalig to seek out Oberto, and if the blind boy exists, to deliver the packet. Kalig hunting in the forest with Rodolph, they come by accident to the farm of Oberto—Rodolph demands refreshments, and the name of his host—at the name of Oberto, Kalig recognizes the soldier and the blind prince, and on the departure of Rodolph he puts the packet of the queen into the hands of Oberto—astonished and agitated, Oberto opens the seal, and is transported when he finds that Edmond, the blind boy, is heir to Samartia’s throne—he calls Edmond and his daughter Elvina, and having read the letter of the queen, and conquered their fears, they proceed together to Warsaw—Oberto meets with Kalig at Warsaw, and consults with him how to announce the great intelligence—Kalig advises him to declare it publicly in the temple at

the marriage of Rodolph and Lida, duchess of Lithuania, which is just about to take place.—The ceremony is begun—the chief priest says aloud, 'I here betroth Rodolph, son of Stanislaus,'—Oberto rushes forward and cries, 'He is not the son of Stanislaus.'—The king, at the sight of the packet, acknowledges the writing of the queen, and convinced by the resemblance of the blind boy, declares Edmond to be his son. Rodolph is rewarded with the dukedom of Lithuania, and Stanislaus presents him with a brilliant ring as a pledge of his undiminished affection—but nothing short of the crown can satisfy the ambitious desires of Rodolph—he gets possession of the person of Edmond, and delivers the poor blind prince to his villanous agent, Starrow, to be drowned in the Vistula—Starrow seeks to procure the aid of Kalig, who rescues the blind prince, and slays, in combat, Starrow.—During the fight Edmond wanders up a steep rock, and is on the point of falling down the precipice, when he is saved by Elvina, who, with her father, had flown to preserve him from the threatened danger.—Kalig sounds the horn of Starrow, which was to have been a signal to Rodolph of Edmond's death—Rodolph, deceived by the sound, alarms the palace, and followed by the king and his guards, pretends to be eager in his search for the assassins—he seizes Kalig, and accuses him of the murder of Edmond—Oberto and Elvina appear with the blind prince—the unblushing Rodolph still insists upon the guilt of Kalig, when Edmond produces the ring of Stanislaus, which in the struggle he drew from the hand of one of his assassins—Rodolph is convicted—

and Stanislaus resigns the throne to Edmond, who shares it with his beloved Elvina.

This petit piece is of French extraction, and has been very successfully adapted to the English stage. It possesses considerable interest, and often touches the finer feelings, to the dénouement. The language is neat, the humour chaste, and the incidents arise naturally, throughout the progress of the tale. The music reflects credit on Davy, the composer, and promises to become extremely popular. The piece throughout met with a favourable reception, in despite of the paltry junto of private actors who constantly have, for some years past, annoyed the audience on the first representation, at either theatre, of every new piece. The *Blind Boy* was given out for a second representation with approbation.

Every thing is made to conspire to enhance the interest, and enchain the attention with which this piece must be viewed, under whatever dramatic character it may be thought proper to class it.—The pomp of spectacle, the magic of music, the dumb eloquence of pantomime, are enlisted to swell its effect, and promote its success—and indeed not in vain.—The rank and the innocence, and the doubtful fortunes of the blind boy, who is so affectingly personated by Mrs. C. Kemble, cannot fail to excite the most lively emotions.—Scarcely less interesting is the character of Elvina, of whom the unknown youth, Edmond, is enamoured, and who finds in miss Norton a representative full of tenderness, fidelity, and love.—All these softer sentiments she uttered with a tone, and accompanied with a manner, most consonant and

congenial to the gentleness of their nature, while they drew a comment from the breast of the audience, which attested the coincidence of their feelings. Fawcett was extremely happy in exhibiting the mixed character of a soldier and a farmer—open and tender-hearted at one time, fierce and intrepid at another. It is a part in which he might be expected to be quite at home. Liston is, as usual, a simple, blundering fellow, and therefore may be easily supposed to excite laughter. In the other characters, though each very ably sustained, there is nothing that calls for peculiar notice. None of them indeed pretend to novelty, but there is this merit in the manner in which the incidents are brought about and the disclosure carried on, that the one is natural and easy, and the other unadulterated by the affectation of refined sentiment and false wit. We understand that this drama is the first effort of Captain Hewetson's virgin Muse, and it affords a fair promise of a numerous family, that may aim at the praise of sentiment and taste.—The music possesses great sweetness and variety, and most happily adapted to the expression of the different passions, as they were successively developed. It is wholly composed by Mr. Davy, and does very great credit to his science, judgment, and invention. The overture was very warmly applauded.

There are several new scenes of exquisite beauty, which, combined with the splendour of the dresses and decorations, had a most dazzling effect. The performance was throughout received without a murmur of disapprobation.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

BY SOPHIA TROUGHTON.

(Continued from p. 656.)

LETTER IX.

Honourable Mrs. Howard to the Countess of Aubry.

Walsingham-hall.

MADAM,

LADY Walsingham desires me to inform your ladyship, that when she finished her last letter, she endeavoured to rest for an hour, but her indisposition increasing fast, she rose and paced her chamber. My dressing-room is contiguous: I was sitting there, and heard her. Fearing she was unwell, I rapped at her door. She opened it herself.

'Why, my dear,' said I, 'did you not send for me? You are extremely ill.'

'I am not very well,' said she, in a faint voice.

I saw her countenance change, and the big drops of agony start on her beauteous forehead. Convinced that she was in the excruciating pains of child-birth, I hastened down to find my lord. My lord was gone out with his party for a ride. I knew not what to do next, but was running across the hall, thinking to find some of the men servants, when Mr. Baderly entered.

'For God's sake, madam, what is the matter?'

'Why,' said I, 'Lady Walsingham is in want of an accoucheur, and no one is in the way to send.'

He staid to hear no more, and in less than five minutes I saw him galloping down the avenue. In a very short time he returned with doctor Howard, who fortunately was just come from town, and had not put up his horses.

A nurse had been spoken to from the village. I sent Baderly's servant for her; and staid with my beloved friend, till I could witness her agony no longer. Baderly was striding about the hall. He met me.

'Gracious Heaven! what does your countenance portend?—She is not dead!'

'God forbid!' said I, 'but she is in such pain I cannot bear to behold her.'

'But you will go to her again, I hope, madam, for lord Walsingham has sent an excuse for dinner, as they fell in with lord Beauford and some of his friends.'

I returned to my friend, but it was not till the evening a lovely girl was born, who, though she comes two months before her time, seems likely to do well, and is a very fine infant. When lady Walsingham seemed composed, I withdrew to wait her lord's arrival. Baderly was in raptures to hear of her safety.

About nine o'clock the party returned. I accompanied Walsingham to his lady's room. He kissed her and his little girl with tenderness, and she looked revived by it. I sat with her all night, and was happy to find her enjoy an undisturbed repose. This is the third day, and she mends hourly.

I find she has informed your ladyship of the rudeness of miss Lester, and likewise of her apology. Lady Walsingham is too innocent, too guiltless herself, to

see any treachery and deceit under a mask of love and friendship. I hope I am not very uncharitable, but that girl appears to me an artful, false, ungenerous creature, and seems spreading her snares for the husband of her she calls her friend. What pleasure she expects to receive from such a conquest, I am unable to determine. If lady Walsingham were a common woman she might expect to drive her to indiscretions which might enable Walsingham to obtain a divorce; but with such a woman as my friend her hopes can never be so sanguine. Lady Walsingham will perform her duty, though the whole world should fail in theirs.

I would warn my Caroline,—I would hint my fears; but admonitions from me would lose their effect: it might look like prejudice; but a caution from your ladyship would have due weight, and prove a shield to the bosom of your daughter against the shafts of falshood and malevolence. If they are not hurled at her, she will be spared much anguish:—if they are, they will lose half their force, as being forewarned, she will be forearmed.

What makes me enforce a caution as necessary, is the double dealings of this girl.—When she is in lady Walsingham's apartment, she assumes a winning softness, appears affectionately kind to the mother, and dotingly fond of the child; but when she is below stairs, and without restraint, there seems a secret exultation at the confinement of lady Walsingham. I watch her every movement with a scrutinizing eye.

Lady Julia, in the absence of her sister, does the honours of the house and table. Miss Lester

sometimes assists her, as Julia complains of ill health, and frequently retires with the tea equipage. Lady Mary and myself almost live in lady Walsingham's room, and leave the gentlemen to entertain themselves.

Little Adolphus grows tall, and is a most engaging boy. He and I are very great friends, and he has seen more company since his mamma's confinement than in his life before; for when the little rogue sees me going, he opens his shrill, clear pipe with such effect, he would distract his mother, and deafen us all, if not taken.

I think I have given your ladyship a full description of our situation at Walsingham, and have nothing more to add, than that I am

Your ladyship's

Most respectful,

Most obedient servant,

SOPHIA HOWARD.

LETTER X.

Miss Lester to the Marchioness of Della Nocera.

Walsingham-hall.

WELL, my charming Dorzella, am I to congratulate you on your freedom yet?—Is that odd body, the marquis, dead? I hope so, or I am sure you are in purgatory.

To what a monstrous age has that man attained! Really the legislature ought to declare him dead in law; and let his estate go to some younger man who could enjoy it, and not let an old wretch (who has outlived every thing but his jealousy and ill-humour) keep possession, 'like the dog in the manger,' (to give you one of my country's elegant proverbs). His

lady especially, if she was young and beautiful, to marry when and with whom she pleased; the young heir if she chose. If this was law, I would commence a wife immediately; but as it is not, your conjugal felicity has so alarmed me, I am determined to remain as I am for the present.

If you could but get rid of your old fool, you should come over here, and see what you could do among our English youths; and I would return with you to the land of light and harmony. I am almost sick of this foggy, splenetic island; for, ah! Dorzella, among its marshy, swampy bogs I have met with that I never did before in all the courts of Europe—a woman more beautiful than myself.

I have often told you, if you had been a little more lovely, I should have hated you: but you yourself allowed me the palm of beauty, and you was the most fascinating woman I had ever beheld. I therefore began to consider myself as the paragon of the world. Judge then what must be my sensations to find myself eclipsed when I least expected it. You know I came over with a full persuasion I should astonish the court of England, raise rapture and ecstasy in the hearts of my countrymen, and envy in the hearts of my countrywomen;—Oh, nothing but envy, hatred, and imitation!

Mon Dieu! I arrived in an unpropitious moment:—the parliament was broke up—lords and commons were all flown to the shades, and all my air-spun schemes rendered abortive.

The next morning I accidentally heard Caroline Aubry was metamorphosed into countess Walsingham, and with a large party was

at the family seat. I had now an alternative, either to add one more to this large party, or stay in town and be bored to death by the dull monotony of the silent streets. I adopted the first expedient, made a virtue of necessity, and without the help of necromancy, composed a mighty tender epistle to lady Walsingham, informing her how I had escaped the horrors of the deep—how I was rejoiced to find myself once more on the beloved shores of my dear, dear native country—how excessively pleased I was to hear of her health, and happy settlement—how I was dying to see her after so long an absence; and to complete all these hows, that I should be with her almost as soon as my messenger.

The next morning I drove to the city, made several elegant purchases, and then in a post-chaise and four, rattled down to Walsingham-hall, which I found to be a tolerable decent place. On my alighting, a servant conducted me to an apartment where sat a lady and gentleman. I had no time for remarks; the fellow announced miss Lester, and I found myself clasped to the bosom of the lady, and felt a profusion of warm tears, bathing my face. Thank heaven the complexion was in grain, or it would have been a pretty malicious piece of business. When she released me, I found it was Caroline herself, but heavens! how very much improved. When I had last seen her, she was a pretty girl, and promised to make a fine woman. But, *mon Dieu!* the bud was blown with such exuberant beauty, I was absolutely dazzled; the first look, momentarily as it was, fixed a barbed arrow in my heart, which has rankled there ever since, and has sunk now still

deeper, by an event I could not then foresee. But I will not anticipate my vexatious story. As soon as my lady's joyful emotions had subsided a little, she presented me to lord Walsingham, who, by the by, is the handsomest fellow you ever saw. He saluted me with tender respect, thanked me for the honour I did his Caroline, asked me a few questions concerning my voyage, and left his Caroline and me together.

The foolish body sported another crying scene, for joy, she said; but I would not shed so many tears either for joy, or sorrow, for a thousand pounds. I am sure I should not be fit to appear for a month. But she no doubt has been told, that she is beautiful in tears, for I observed afterwards that the traces of her tender folly had left an interesting languor on her countenance. She rang for her boy to be brought; (it is a little cherubic fellow, but no ways punctilious).

I begged her to permit me to retire to a dressing-room before I was introduced to the company. She attended me herself to a very elegant chamber and dressing-room, which was appropriated to my use. She asked if there was every thing I wanted? I assured her there was; and requested that she would send up Blanche, and not let me detain her from her company any longer, adding that I would join them in a quarter of an hour.

In treble that time I descended, and desired a servant to show me the ladies' drawing-room. He threw open the door, and discovered a very brilliant party, dressed for the day.

After a ridiculous, formal presentation, I was allowed to use my

eyes. The first person they fell on was a lord Seymour, a very fine figure, elegantly dressed. I set him down for my own; but on taking a second look I was surprised to see his eyes fixed on the opposite side of the room. I looked in the same direction, and discovered the object of attraction. A fine, tall, slender figure, apparently about five-and-twenty; a face delicately fair, large, languishing blue eyes, a profusion of dark auburn hair gave great expression to her features. She wore a smile on her countenance which displayed a dimple in each cheek, and a row of exquisite white teeth.

Though very inferior to either lady Walsingham or myself, yet as she wore the widow's weed (the widow's lure it ought to be called) I gave him up, as not worth the trouble it would take to detach him from his relict. I passed them and examined the next lady, who for symmetry of form, and the graceful attitude she was in, might have sat for the model of the Paphian queen. From the hue of her complexion she seemed to be a maid 'who had never told her love, but let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud, feed on her damask cheek.' This yellow beauty is Walsingham's sister. By her side sat a fashionable youth, gazing with rapturous attention on my face. I gave my fan a flutter, and averting my eyes, they fell on one, to whom I was equally an object of attention: a sir Harry Champly, whom I have since found to be a foolish, ignorant fellow: one who cannot help showing the coxcomb in his very dress; but he is my declared admirer.

Then here is a young lady, the daughter to the earl of Brilliant,

and sole heiress to his immense property: and it is well she has something to recommend her to notice,—I am sure her beauty never will.

Lady Walsingham did the honours of her table with great ease and propriety, and Walsingham was very amusing and animated.

In the evening arrived a gentleman who had been long expected,—the right hon. Charles Baderly (my fingers tremble while I write, for the first time, his name). Ah lord! this Walsingham-hall is a fatal place: I almost wish I had lost an eye rather than have seen it. Till I came here, I thought myself the first of women;—till I came here, I looked with indifference on all men;—but here I have been taught an humbling lesson. What I admire him so much for I am unable to tell; unless it is a secret, inherent principle of contradiction implanted in my nature, to disregard that which is in my power, and to sigh for what is unattainable. Yet, why do I write such a word? What woman dare do, that dare I!

He is not quite so handsome as Walsingham, but pleases me infinitely better. His person is tall, noble, and majestic; his face oval; clear, dark complexion; a most inimitable mouth, fine teeth, an aquiline nose, and such sparkling, penetrating black eyes, they equal, if not more than equal, my own. His eyebrows are high, and arched with such delicate beauty, they surpass the artist's pencil. When he smiles the god of love seems to bend his bow, and take aim from his high, polished temples; but when he frowns, the haughty air which diffuses itself over his manly features, charms me more than other men's smiles. Yet this

man, this noble fellow, disregards me! Yet is he the first of his sex disengaged, who ever conversed with me without feeling my power over their hearts.

You know what noble offers I have refused. Dukes—nay, even princes, have swelled my triumph; and now to be slighted by the only man whose merits I ever was susceptible of admiring; perhaps the only man who *could* have been thus long under the same roof with me, and have retained his heart.

But he has not done that: no, I see, (for what can escape a jealous eye) I see he adores my hated rival, Walsingham's wife. Not but he might as well love a shadow, for her terrible virtue will not suffer her to return his love; and I hope he is not such a fool as to die in despair, but that when he finds one nymph coy, he will try another. If I were quite sure she would refuse him, I would forward an *eclaircissement*,—but ah! Dorzella, I fear no woman could withstand his solicitations, and, if she yields, adieu to all my hopes!

I have endeavoured to fathom her thoughts of him. She answers, without emotion, that she thinks him an accomplished, handsome man; and this is all I can draw from her. But this may be affected indifference, and mere finesse. However, my determination is, that neither she, nor any other woman, shall rival me in his affections with impunity. — No, they shall feel the weight of my revenge. If she encourages him—if she gives him hope, I'll put all Walsingham-Hall in confusion: I will,

‘Like another Helen, fire another Troy.’

And, if she does not give him hope,—yet will I punish her for daring to appear more lovely in Baderly's eyes than myself.

I have the heart of her husband in my keeping; and she, a week ago, added the incumbrance of a daughter to the Walsingham estate. Very opportunely! you'll say;—and so it is; I shall have time for all my schemes before she can counteract them by her presence.

Yesterday the gentlemen proposed a drive in the Park: the carriages and horses were immediately ordered. You remember my equestrian appearance is very noble. I therefore preferred a horse to being drove by Walsingham in his phaeton, which he gave up to his sister Julia, and a lord Beauford. The widow, and my lord Seymour, were dragged mighty soberly along by two fat chariot-horses, harnessed to the lumbering machine itself.

That wretch, Baderly, asked the earl's rich daughter to honour him with her charming company in his curricule (his own words). The lady complied; and off they all cantered, leaving me to the care of Walsingham, who pestered me, as usual, with his love and admiration. I galloped off full speed, with him by my side, when looking behind me, and observing the rest of the party quite out of sight, and the grooms at a great distance, I checked my horse suddenly, and slipping off his back, came on the ground very gently, but screamed out with great violence. Walsingham, who had continued his gallop, turned his horse, and was by me in an instant, dismounted. He shook with terror. ‘Where are you hurt, my sweet girl? Curse the fellow for giving you

such a mischievous devil of a horse!

The grooms now arrived; he stormed at them with fury. They said the horse was a very quiet creature, and had never occasioned an accident before. The fellow laid hold of the horse, who stood quiet enough; but said he could not discover what had frightened him. Walsingham cursed him for a stupid fool, and told him to go and bring a carriage to take me home in. The men both rode off. He then placed me gently on the bank, and again asked me where I was hurt. I complained of a sprain in my ankle, but was obliged to bite my lip to prevent laughing. Every time I drew my breath hard his features were absolutely distorted by terror. At length the grimaces he made, joined to his constant exclamations of 'You are excessively hurt, my dear girl'—then the poor innocent palfrey was anathematized with all the zeal of a saint—quite upset my gravity, and I burst into a hearty laugh.

He looked astonished.—'Pray God!' said he, 'she go not into hysterics.' I recovered myself as soon as possible, but hearing him supposing it to be a fit almost set me off again. However, I checked my mirth, and leaning my head on his shoulder, appeared quite spent with the exertion. He pressed me to his bosom, and I could feel his heart beat; his hands trembled, and on raising my eyes to his face, I saw he, like Adam, was hanging over me enamoured. His colour heightened, his eyes speaking unutterable things. Baderly's curriole at that moment came in sight. He had the good manners to hasten towards us, and expressed some sorrow at hearing

of my accident. Lady Mary, too, goodnaturedly enough offered me her seat, and had actually alighted, when the officious fool of a groom came tearing up the road with a nasty coach, and was rewarded by Walsingham for his speed.

Baderly, with provoking *nonchalance*, handed his companion to her former seat. I hid my face in my handkerchief, and Baderly, supposing my pain to be intolerable, took me in his arms, and lifted me into the carriage which the groom had brought. He stepped in, and I was in hopes he had a mind to let the foolish Mary go back by herself; but on Walsingham's coming in he bowed, and saying he left me in good hands, retired: yet I thought, as he descended the steps, his countenance betrayed vexation. This pleased me, and the pleasure was greatly heightened at observing Walsingham's solicitude. His arm encircled my waist, and my head rested on his bosom. 'Amiable sufferer,—bewitching beauty,' he called me, while he repeatedly pressed my cheek with his lips, his eyes swimming in voluptuous softness. What would I have not given to have beheld my Baderly in the same situation, though at that moment I thought him the handsomest man I had ever seen.

In this short ride I discovered his heart to be all my own, and that I might do just what I pleased with it. I therefore, on the whole, had no reason to be displeased with the effects of my manœuvre; for a manœuvre, you may be sure, this pretended sprain was, merely to try my power over my two beaus. I could have wished to have seen Baderly evince a little more sensibility; but I know how

to act, and will retaliate the disappointment.

When we arrived at the house, Walsingham carried me up to my chamber. 'Your friend, Caroline,' said he, 'will be grieved she cannot attend you in person; but I hope your confinement will be very short, and we shall all endeavour to render it as little irksome as possible. I will fetch Dr. Hood to examine your foot.'

I begged he would not, as I said I had a balsam of great efficacy in sprains, which I had brought from Italy.

He left me, but soon returned with his sister, whom he had brought to keep me company. He might as well have fetched old queen Bess from Westminster Abbey: she would have been equally amusing. The strange body talked of nothing but the shining accomplishments of her charming sister; and how much every one of their family adored her. But that she might say, thinking to please me: then, to please herself, she traced back all her ancestors, aye, to the very antediluvians I believe; informed me of their names and achievements; and promised to show me, when I could walk in the gallery, a full length of one who gained a most incredible victory over the Gauls. I have forgot which of her great grandfathers it was, but he might be contemporary with Guy earl of Warwick, for aught I know. But of this I am certain, none of her noble progenitors ever harassed, or fatigued their opponents more by the deeds themselves, than I was by the recital.

A relief came in the person of the present representative of this ancient and honourable house.

I will continue my letter to-morrow.

[*To be continued.*]

THE VALE OF AVIGNON.

A TRAGIC ROMANCE.

By S. Y.

'As erst, when dropping o'er the turf,
forlorn,
He charm'd wild Echo with his plaintive song,
Yet still enamour'd of the tender tale;
Pale Passion haunts thy grove's romantic gloom,
Soft music seems to breathe in every gale,
Unfaded still the fairy garland's bloom,
Still heavenly incense fills each fragrant vale,
And PETRARCH'S genius weeps o'er LAURA'S tomb.'

RUSSELL TO VALCLUSA.

AS the sun was setting, and its rays embellishing the vale of Avignon, *Rivola* strayed from the cottage of her parents. The majestic, distant mountains, seemed to insult, from their superior elevation, the humble trees in the vale beneath, and capriciously to cast monstrous and gigantic shadows on the pleasant plains of Avignon. The scene was interspersed with various trees, watered by limpid springs gushing from amongst the trees; flowers of varied colours, and odoriferous perfumes, adorned the vale and adjacent mountains; uncultivated vines entwined the trunks of the trees, whence, creeping from branch to branch, they formed numerous romantic grottos, caves, and flowery arches:—

‘ Here
The silver aspin, and the leafy plane
O’er-hung the woodbine, who around
them throws
Her honeyed tendrils.’

Rivola was regularly beautiful : she boasted an indescribable expression of modesty and love in her countenance, which had irresistible attraction. A little golden crucifix decked her rising bosom, and her smile was heavenly. As she strayed she was soon overtaken by the generous, the good *Pamfili*. He was her lover, he sought her smiles ; she bestowed them ;—he asked her love, she granted it ;—in all he solicited, she acquiesced :—as she leaned on his arm, she listened with attention to his vows. ‘ O *Rivola* !’ he exclaimed, ‘ you are more lovely than the bridegroom’s first dream ! O my beloved ! let one kiss assure you of my constancy.’—

‘ If holding others than one’s self more dear ;
If still to pour the tear, to heave the sigh ;
With grief, with anger, or with care to pine ;
If when afar to burn, to freeze when near ;
If these be causes love-sick that I lie,
Yours, lady, be the fault, the loss be mine.’

PETRARCH.

As they walked by the side of the wood, the stork cried on her nest, and the hills resounded with the monstrous song of the quail ; they soon reached the recess of a little grove, where *Petrarch* was wont to rove with his beloved *Laura* ; they seated themselves beneath the flowery branches of a maple tree, where *Petrarch* is supposed to have written the following lines :—

‘ High-built AVIGNON ; and the rocky mound
That banks th’ impetuous Rhone ;
and like a steam
From some rich incense rising, to the extreme
Of desolate Hesperia, did rebound,
And gently wak’d the Muses.’

The night was exquisite ; the genius of the air shook his azure locks, perfumed with the scent of the pine ; the moon shone in the centre of a spotless dark-blue sky, and her grey, pearly light floated on the endless summit of the forest. As they sat, they perceived, through the trees, a person fast approaching. He was habited in a savage garb,—his looks were horror : he approached, and, without uttering a word, tore *Rivola* from the arms of *Pamfili*. A scuffle ensued, and *Rivola* fainted, *Pamfili* at the same moment received a severe blow by a scimitar which the ruffian held in his hand, which brought him senseless to the ground. As he lay, the savage rifled his pockets : being at length a little recovered, he arose upon his knees, and craved permission to endeavour to restore the hapless *Rivola*. The villain, with a look and voice that conveyed horror to his soul, replied, ‘ Haste then to do it.’ *Rivola* after a short time recovered, and walked a few steps, supported by the good *Pamfili*. The ruffian again fiercely demanded her, and drew again his scimitar. On a sudden the brave *Pamfili* rushed upon him and disarmed him, and threw him with great violence against the trunk of a tree : no sooner had he risen than he drew from his side a sharp-pointed stiletto, and ran with fury at *Pamfili*. *Rivola* seeing the attempt, darted between them, when,

alas! she received the fatal point in her heart: she shrieked, sunk, and instantly expired. Pamfili, in the heat of rage, resumed the attack, and in the combat nearly severed his head from his body; and that his carcass might not pollute the spot, he dragged it to a precipice, and left it for the food of the ravens:—

———— ‘While beneath
Fury and Venom, couch’d in murky
dens,
Hissing and yelling, guard the hideous
gloom.’

Pamfili returned to the spot, and found the beauties of Rivola enveloped in the veil of eternity. He seated himself by her side, and wept, while the moon lent her pale flambeau to the direful scene—the orb soon shed over the woods that mysterious melancholy which it partially displays to the venerable oaks and ancient spires of the mountains—the fall of the torrent at a distance was heard—the night-bird chirped on the rock, and a golden streak appeared in the east. As he bent o’er the lovely corse, he wrung his hands in despair—he raised her from the ground, and took her in his arms to a little distance: he laid her on a rising turf of wild sensitives—a withered flower rose in her hair—her lips were like a rose-bud gathered two mornings past, which appeared to smile and languish—through her white, transparent skin the blue veins appeared on her cheeks—her beauteous eye was closed, while her alabaster hands pressed against the ebon crucifix.

‘The moony light fell clear upon her
vest,
For whiteness rivalling the stately
swan,

And yet less snowy than her silent breast,
Tho’ her cold cheek and lip were
deathly wan.’

As Pamfili sat by the corse, the moon began to hide herself behind the distant mountain, and he wept as he saw gradually disappear the features of his love. Soon the black gathering clouds darkened the scene, and the thunder roared; a violent storm came on, and the forked lightnings glared through the trees—the winds howled—the sea-gulls screamed,—

‘And dark Despair a gloomy picture
drew.’

The awful roar rolled through the mountains, as ancient as the world; the gloomy scene was universal; the hideous yells of the troubled birds of prey added terror to the spot; the surcharged clouds lowered beneath the forest tops—suddenly they burst, and displayed their vivid lightning!—the heavens rent—and through their crevices displayed new realms and numerous spaces of liquid fire;—the woods were fired in various parts;—how terrible was the spectacle!—the flames united and raged impetuous:—

———— ‘In an instant
The fiery darts shoot thwart the south-
ern sky,
Flash upon flash, with repetition quick.’

Pamfili bent upon his knees, and lifting up his streaming eyes to heaven, raised a prayer to Him

‘Who grasps the fiery lightning in his
hand.’

With swift motion the full-streamed lightnings flew, and pervaded each recess;—a flash, with impetuous speed, smote him, and in an instant consigned him to

the dust. As soon as twilight peeped between the mountains, the careful shepherds hied forth in search of their fleecy charge, and wandering — found the hapless Pamfili and Rivola both lifeless corpses. The report soon spread around the plain, but no account for a long period could be given as to the cause of their unhappy end. The neighbouring shepherds dug a sepulchre in the rock, and carefully deposited their remains; they placed a cross upon its verge, and dropt the silent tear! —

• What tho' no weeping loves their
adust grace,
Nor polish'd marble emulate each face;
What tho' no sacred earth allow them
room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be muttered o'er their
tomb,
Yet shall their grave with rising flow'rs
be dress'd,
And the green turf lie lightly on each
breast:
There shall the moon her earliest tears
bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall
blow;
While angels with their silver wings
o'ershade
The ground now sacred by their reliques
made.

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

(Continued from page 667.)

IT is absolutely necessary for those who live in the suburbs to have a carriage, which may be hired for the day or the evening; the same thing, in point of payment, for fifteen francs, or at the rate of fifteen pounds per month.

Whether you use your own carriage, or the coachman's, the expense is the same, although the convenience is materially different.

The public library, though the foundation is of modern date, contains a number of volumes, and some manuscripts. It is open every day to the public, but as there are not many scientific men at the present day in Nice, the arts and sciences are not so much advanced by them as they might be. Fortunately for the Nissards, the library has escaped the pillaging hands of the revolutionists in the last war, an omission they could not justly be taxed with throughout the republics of Italy and other countries which they subdued. The librarian is a man of considerable information, and takes much pleasure in showing attention to strangers.

The port is situated where there were very fine gardens formerly. It was left unfinished at the time the country of Nice passed under the dominion of France, and was to have extended as far as the Place de la Republique. It is defended at its entrance by a mole, which is by no means handsome, and often requiring repair on account of the violence of the surf, and the consequent yielding of the stone-work. The government has it in contemplation to repair it, and to prosecute the other works. A greater service cannot be rendered to the department, and to Nice in particular, to which a good port would be a source of riches. Besides it is of much consequence to Piedmont, being the only place where the produce of that part of Italy can be exchanged for what is imported by sea. The entrance to the port is so small, that vessels of great

burthen cannot enter; but small coasting vessels, feluccas, and open boats, are commonly to be met with in it. On the side of the harbour are several good warehouses, which, since the peace, are again open to merchandise.

The port is very commodious to those who are fond of swimming; but the entrance into it I think more so. The months of December and January are not too cold for bathing: on the contrary, I never omitted the opportunity when it was in my power. There are boats and men at the port, whom you engage, at a louis per month, for this purpose; but as the shore is rather dangerous, it is difficult to embark, either behind the Croix de Marbre, or elsewhere. You must therefore put up with inconvenience of riding or walking to the harbour. With respect to mere bathing, ladies should venture in with great caution, and never stoop without taking hold of a rope when a wave passes them. Here is no convenience for that salutary purpose, those, therefore, who are willing to try, must adopt the plan proposed, or run the risk of receding with a wave, which, on account of the rapid descent of the coast, retires with equal celerity and strength.

A handsome terrace supports and consolidates the banks which oppose the inroads of the sea, and, forming a delightful walk for the inhabitants, may be considered among the principal embellishments of the place. The lodgings situated on the terrace are not very numerous, but command an extensive view of the Mediterranean. The terrace often exhibits a course of the *beau monde* of Nice. The English families seldom reside in this quarter, though there

are very few parts either of the town or suburbs where they could be more comfortably situated.

On leaving the Place de la Republique to go to the ramparts you see the Paglion, the suburbs, and the chain of hills which stretches from North to South, forming a semicircle. Advancing onwards you have a delightful perspective of the sea and coast as far as Antibes, which is peculiarly beautiful by the light of the moon, when her pale and sombre beams, streaming through the dusky waste, quiver on the wave, and tint the adjacent hills with a soothing association of light and shade. I visited Nice at a very unfavourable moment, and write rather to describe the marks of barbarian fury than the ingenuity of the architect. The rage of the revolution, carried to an almost inconceivable excess, has scarcely left any hotel or mansion of grandeur without marks of degradation.

The houses in the suburbs of the Croix de Marbre, and on the side of the road leading to the Var, as well as a variety of buildings in the town, have all shared the same fate.

Nice has been continually involved in a succession of misfortunes. In the years 1218, 1618, and 1644, but principally in July and August 1664, the villages of St. Martin, Bolena, Belvidere, Venanson, &c. were nearly destroyed by an earthquake. It is said that the shock was so great that it stopped the course of the Vesubia for some hours; that chasms opened large enough to receive entire mountains, and that others fell in with a frightful crash. Since then the bottom of the port of Villefranche is observed to be lowered.

The misfortunes of the town

terminated in 1748 for a while, and day after day improvements became more general, obliterating, in some degree, the scenes of misery and devastation she had been so often doomed to witness. But in the year 1799, and epidemic disease visited the town, and carried off a sixth part of the population. The first cause of the disease was the continual motion of the troops: without exaggeration, a million passed through Nice in the course of the revolution. It is well known that the armies were frequently in want of every thing. Bad nourishment and bad clothing were soon followed by the most distressing consequences. The hospitals which were crowded could not accommodate all the sick, a circumstance which obliged the inhabitants to lodge them in private houses; infection was by this means soon propagated, and every house became a lazaretto.

THE Nissards differ in their manners from the inhabitants of Provence and Italy. Sordid interest and unprincipled selfishness, notwithstanding the allegations of many travellers, are by no means the characteristics of every class of this people. The Nissards are in general mild, humane, peaceable, and complaisant. They are gay, lively, and pleasant in company: in one word their manners on the whole are interesting, and congenial with the mildness of the climate. The inhabitants of the country, though poor, and as it were sequestered from the world, are civil, and perfect strangers to the vices engendered by luxury, and to the violent passions which agitate the great. They are con-

stantly occupied in providing for the subsistence of their families, in cultivating their fields, or watching their flocks. Nothing can equal their persevering patience at work: no obstacle disheartens them; and they bear with equal firmness bodily fatigue and mental anxiety. Fashion has not extended her imperious dominion over them, for they still retain the dress and manners of their forefathers. Whenever a traveller arrives in any one of their villages, let him be ever so little known to them, they hasten to welcome him, and invite him to partake of their frugal repast. They often give up their beds to strangers, and in every respect present us with an emblem of ancient hospitality. But this character only applies to the inhabitants of the interior of the country: towards the frontiers of Piedmont they are irascible, and subject to gusts of passion which frequently produce very desperate conflicts. When they cannot find employment at home, where there are neither commerce nor manufactures, they seek subsistence in foreign countries. Those who can afford to buy a little merchandise, hawk it about the country, until they acquire enough wealth to begin shop-keeping. With such small beginnings, by arrangement and economy, some of them have left fortunes which their industrious children have augmented to immense property, even to millions sterling. There are many instances of this kind, and two are well known at Lyons and Marseilles: one is the house of Folosan, the other is the family of Bruni, two members of which were presidents of the second chamber of the parliament of Aix before the revolution.

It is from the northern district that so many of them emigrate with their organs, cymbals, and magic lanterns, to amuse the people and children over all Europe. After an absence of eight or ten years, the greater part of them return with some little savings, which assist them to enlarge their fields, to buy cattle, and get married. Tired of a wandering and laborious life, they return to finish their days under the humble roof that gave them birth, far from the noise and tumult of towns. It is there that they relate to their children what has most attracted their attention in their travels. It might be supposed they would contract some of the vices prevalent in great towns; they retain, however, their former simplicity of manners and industry. They consider their present situation happy when they compare it with the fatiguing life they have led to attain it. Even their little vanity is gratified in being considered the richest of the hamlet, respected by all, and looked upon as the oracles of the country. These advantages turn the heads of the young peasants, and make them sigh for an organ and a magic lantern.

The inhabitants, particularly those on the coast, live very frugally: a small quantity of bread (for lately the pound of twelve ounces has been sold from four to six sols), with some fruit, herbs, and vegetables, generally compose their food: sometimes they have a little salt-fish, very rarely any fresh, and still more rarely meat. The effects of this mode of living on their persons are very visible: corpulency and florid complexions are seldom to be met with: the most of them, particularly near Monaco, are tawny and very thin.

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The forced sobriety and labour of these people recall to mind the *assuetus malo Ligur* of Virgil.

It is probable that the state of these unfortunate Ligurians has undergone little or no change during the lapse of two hundred years. In the greater number of the small towns and villages situated in the interior part of the country, and among the mountains, the peasants have neither clocks, sun-dials, nor barometers of any description; the crowing of the cock, and the position of the stars, regulate the hours of the night, and the course of the sun those of the day. The inhabitants, by their observations of the planets, will tell you the hour with nearly as much precision as if it were indicated by a clock. They also predict with a great degree of certainty the changes of the weather. Passing most of their time in the fields, and being endowed with a quick sight and retentive memory, they collect a number of little facts, which enable them to acquire a kind of confused foresight, that resembles in a great measure that instinctive presage of approaching changes of weather which we observe in animals. By this, and the assistance of some local circumstances, such as a fog at a certain hour, and on a certain part of the horizon, a cloud of a particular colour on the top of some mountain, or the flight or chirping of birds, they can prognosticate the alterations of weather as well, if not better, than any meteorologist.

With respect to the persons and appearance of the Nissards, they have nothing very agreeable or interesting. The men have a very tawny complexion; their face is rather flat, and their eyes small

and dark. They are of a good stature, and well made, but for the most part thin. The women are neither ugly nor pretty; neither dark nor fair; most of them are of an intermediate complexion. Their society would be more agreeable were their understandings better cultivated, and the French language a little more familiar. There are, however, many exceptions to this in several of the towns, particularly at Nice. They dress nearly in the same manner as in other parts of France; some of them still wear fringed caps, which become them very well, and to which a stranger is soon accustomed. In their dress they appear to prefer white to other colours. I recollect going to the cathedral of Nice on a holiday, and on entering my eyes were quite dazzled with a display of snowy white which is rarely to be seen elsewhere. This habit, which is expensive in large towns, is here very suitable to the climate, where they have frequently six months of the year without rain.

The language of Nice, and of that part of the department contiguous to the Var, is the dialect of Provence, mixed with a number of words derived from the Italian. This patois is not unintelligible to the inhabitants of Marseilles, though that of Monaco, at the distance of four leagues from Nice, is entirely so. The patois of Monaco differs from that of Menton; each of them is composed of the dialects of Provence, Liguria, and Piedmont; but the idioms of the two latter predominate. A few Spanish words have crept into them, which might have been expected, as the Spaniards kept a garrison at Monaco, while that principality was under their pro-

tection. They pronounce the final syllables in a singing tone. Before Julius Cæsar, three different idioms were known in Gaul. 1. The Cantabric, of which there are yet traces in Biscay. 2. The Belgic, which is a root of the German. 3. The Celtic, which was employed from the Mediterranean to the British Channel.

The Celtic was used in Provence till the fourth century, by which time the Phœceans had generally made known the Greek language, and the Romans had introduced the Latin. The Celtic idiom became softer by this mixture, but less pure. The Goths, Huns, Vandals, Lombards, and other barbarians, introduced their particular idioms, so that, about the tenth century, a language composed of all these jargons took the name of Provençal. From the tenth to the seventeenth centuries, the African, the Arragon, Spanish, and Italian expressions, gradually crept in. The emperor Julian said the Gauls croaked like crows, and the inhabitants of Dracignan have to this day a guttural pronunciation. At Grasse the language is cadenced.

The French language is not so generally used in the department of the Maritime Alps as could be wished: every where, except in that part of the country belonging to the diocese of Glandèves, the Italian is used for education: hence even some of those employed in public situations write bad French. As people go regularly to mass and sermons, it might be useful to direct the ministers of worship to deliver their instructions in French. Even at Monaco the Italian is preferred, though the French have been there upwards of one hundred and fifty

years. It is, however, probable that the French language will ultimately obtain universal reception, as all the proclamations and orders of government are now published in it.

The Nissards are fervent in their devotion; and though not altogether exempt from superstition, are less credulous than the inhabitants of other places in the same department. I extract from the author of a *Tour through the Maritime Alps*, the following account of the devotion of the inhabitants of Monaco.—‘Having witnessed their religious ceremonies during the whole day, which were performed with great fervour, after vespers there was a grand procession round the square which is before the church. Two beings, sick with the palsy, were dragged about by their friends and relations; and, beside the fatigues of a long journey, they were exposed with their heads bare to the scorching rays of the sun, which occasioned the most violent perspiration. They continued this excessive exercise for a long time, in confident expectation of a miracle being worked. However, the Holy Virgin was not pleased to use her intercession, though I am far from disputing her influence; nor, what was still more singular, did these extreme measures produce any favourable or unfavourable crisis. While some accompanied the procession, others in the church were imploring the Virgin: women and children were seen prostrated before the altar, stretching forth their supplicating hands, and rending heaven with their cries. This scene being as disgusting to the philosophic eye of reason as the wretches dragged about at the procession, I retreated

under the shade of a wild fig-tree, and meditated on the weakness and infirmities of the human race.

‘Several towns and villages in this department have a saint celebrated for the cure of some disease. The inhabitants of Monaco possess St. Roman, who cures quartan fevers; other fevers are not under his controul. St. Devote is the patron of the town, and in truth his name, and the fame of his miracles, have not a little contributed to its welfare. An orator composes an annual panegyric. I was present at that delivered last year. It would be difficult to form an idea of the absurd fictions delivered from the pulpit. These holidays are not always appropriated to devotion. While some are praying, others are seeking less holy amusements, not forgetting dancing, without which these people could not exist. In general they have not much religion; but this is not the only instruction in which they are deficient. Whether it proceeds from a want of taste for the sciences, literature, and the arts, or whether they have not the means of procuring instruction, I cannot determine; though I imagine that both of these causes operate. All branches of knowledge are here in their infancy. Their favourite study is jurisprudence, which, before the conquest, opened the way to places of emolument.’

Before I take leave of this subject I ought to observe, in justice to the Nissards, that I never witnessed any thing in their worship deviating from the strictest decency and most fervid devotion. All the religious ceremonies commonly performed in other Catholic countries are scrupulously observed at Nice; and though the

author of a Tour through the Department of the Maritime Alps has justly rallied the inhabitants of some parts of the country upon the absurdity of their devotion, his remarks do not, nor could they, with the least truth apply to the Nissards.

The *beau monde* at Nice generally ride or walk out in the morning, and content themselves with an airing along the coast of the Mediterranean, upon the road leading to the Var, or by the banks of the Paglion, near which runs the great road to Turin. Such was, at least, the custom of the inhabitants previously to the revolution, whose society proved an agreeable change for strangers, who came thither from most parts of Europe. It must be confessed that these roads are not now much frequented by the Nissards, except on a Sunday: the revolution having ruined the richest families, there remain but few whose circumstances or education put them on a footing to keep company with strangers. No roads but those just mentioned are practicable for carriages; the curious, however, may find an infinite variety of agreeable walks and rides between the inclosures of the country, and in the various vallies which intersect the mountains in almost every direction.

Balls are frequent in the winter, to which the English and other strangers of rank are invited. It was formerly usual to give one or two in return, but, to the best of my recollection, that custom was omitted in 1802.

The carnival is of all festivals the most celebrated and gay; and is here, as in all Roman catholic countries, observed very scrupulously. Scenes of festive mirth

are very general among the better classes of society, and prove a source of pleasure and entertainment to the stranger.

The amusements of the lower classes are ridiculous enough, though they can scarcely surpass the motley assemblage of every rank and every description at a masquerade. It is an interesting scene to witness the gaiety of the peasant and their families at wakes, which are held in several villages at certain periods of the year. The diversions of all, young and old, consist, for the most part, in dancing, singing, and in music. Buffoons perform to the gaping spectators, and entertain them highly by their burlesque gestures.

The respectable families assemble alternately at each other's houses, and pass the evening at cards, in concerts, and in dancing, when a party to the play is not made up.

With respect to the customs which obtain in the general intercourse of the society of the Nissards, the traveller will find little or no difference from those which prevail generally throughout the neighbouring districts of France.

A NIGHT WALK

IN DECEMBER.

By J. M. L.

'Tis done! stern Winter, like a thief,
Robs the vast wood of ev'ry leaf.'

A BRIGHT and cheerly day
in December had passed, and

'The far-stretch'd curtain of retiring
light'

was nearly drawn when I began my ramble: no vivid tints of rosy loveliness had marked the sun's declining hour, but a pale, sober stream of light alone showed his resting place; this was fast disappearing, and ere I had gone half a mile it was dark. The sound of a flail in an adjacent barn bespoke that Industry had not yet resigned itself to rest.

'The night approaching bids for rest
prepare,
Still the flail echoes through the frosty
air,
Nor stops till deepest shades of darkness
come,
Sending at length the weary labourer
home.'

BLOOMFIELD.

There is something very pleasing in the contemplation of a farmer's fire-side in winter; such a fire-side as Bloomfield describes in his *Farmer's Boy*, where the master and his servants sit in comfortable equality together: not like too many of our modern farmers, who from adventitious circumstances have become gentlemen, and in consequence have turned their old farm-houses into splendid mansions, where the gay parlour and the soft rug have succeeded to plain neat kitchen and ample fire-sides of their ancestors. These things are not real benefits to society, nor may they be eventually to themselves; for should the adventitious circumstances above-mentioned cease to operate in their favour, (and they have already in some measure) I fear they will discover too late, that they have not, as the homely proverb has it, 'provided against a rainy day;' no comfort will then await them in the condolence of their ancient servants, whose minds will have been wholly estranged by their

former conduct. How much more pleasing is the picture drawn by Bloomfield? How much happier must such servants be? And how much more respected such a master, than those I have before hinted at? A farmer ought to be this kind of man, and no other: the habits of such opposite characters do not assimilate well together.

'Flat on the *hearth* the glowing em-
bers lie,
And flames reflected dance in every
eye:
There the long billet, forc'd at last to
bend,
While frothing sap gushes at either end,
Throws round its welcome heat:—the
plowman smiles,
And oft' the joke runs hard on sheepish
Giles,
Who sits joint-tenant of the corner-
stool,
The converse sharing, though in Duty's
school;
For now attentively 'tis his to hear
Interrogations from the master's chair.

'Left ye your bleating charge, when
day-light fled,
Near where the hay-stack lifts its snowy
head?
Whose fence of bushy furze, so close
and warm,
May stop the slanting bullets of the
storm.
For, hark! it blows; a dark and dismal
night:
Heav'n guide the traveller's fearful steps
aright!
Now from the woods, mistrustful and
sharp-ey'd,
The fox in silent darkness seems to
glide,
Stealing around us, list'ning as he goes,
If chance the cock or stamm'ring capon
crows,
Or goose, or nodding duck, should dark-
ling cry.
As if appriz'd of lurking danger nigh:
Destruction waits them, *Giles*, if e'er
you fail
To bolt their doors against the driving
gale.

Strew'd you (still mindful of th' un-
shelter'd head)

Burdens of straw, the cattle's welcome
bed?

Thine heart should feel, what thou
may'st hourly see,

That duty's basis is humanity.

Of Pain's unsavoury cup though thou
may'st taste

(The wrath of Winter from the bleak
north-east,)

Thine utmost sufferings in the coldest
day

A period terminates, and joys repay.

Perhaps e'en now, while here those
joys we boast,

Fall many a bark rides down the neigh-
b'ring coast,

Where the high northern waves tre-
mendous roar,

Drove down by blasts from *Norway's*
icy shore.

The *sea-boy* there, less fortunate than
thou,

Feels all thy pains in all the gusts that
blow;

His freezing hands now drench'd, now
dry, by turns;

Now lost, now seen, the distant light
that burns,

On some tall cliff uprais'd, a flaming
guide,

That throws its friendly radiance o'er
the tide.

His labours cease not with declining
day,

But toils and pleasures mark his wat'ry
way;

And whilst in peaceful dreams secure
we lie,

The ruthless whirlwinds rage along the
sky,

Round his head whistling;—and shalt
thou repine,

While this protecting roof still shelters
thine?

• Mild as the vernal show'r his
words prevail,

And aid the moral precept of his tale;
His wond'ring hearers learn, and ever
keep

These first ideas of the restless deep;
And, as the opening mind a circuit
tries,

Present felicities in value rise

Increasing pleasures every hour they
find,

The warmth more precious, and the
shelter kind;

Warmth that long reigning bids the
eyelids close,

As through the blood its balmy influ-
ence goes,

When the cheer'd heart forgets fatigues
and cares,

And drowsiness alone dominion bears.

BLOOMFIELD.

These thoughts filled my mind
till I had reached the village of
N—, where memory reminded
me of the fate of poor Jane S—,
the daughter of a respectable inn-
keeper there. It may form a les-
son for the female mind; and al-
though many men may laugh at
the story, and ridicule me for in-
troducing it, still it must interest
every feminine breast that is not
callous to the sufferings of its own
sex; and I am proud of my coun-
try in this particular: for, not-
withstanding all the witty effu-
sions against the scandal, ill-
nature, and other ill qualities of
the women of this isle, I would
fain inquire where is the country
upon earth, whose females can
boast of so much real modesty,
real affection, and true charity, as
the blooming females of Great
Britain. Ever may these be their
characteristics; ever may their
breasts glow with these sensations,
the best that human nature can
feel.

Jane S—, at the age of nine-
teen, was as pleasing a female as
the eye would wish to gaze on;
she had not, perhaps, all the daz-
zling beauty of more polished
dames, but there was a diffidence
in her manner, an unassuming
benevolence in her countenance,
that was far preferable to it.—
About this time a young man

came to reside in the village as the foreman to a large manufactory; he possessed a fine person, and a remarkably insinuating address, which made his company much sought; and in his pleasurable parties he frequently used the house of Jane's father: this led him into the company of the unsuspicious fair one, to whom he soon paid his addresses, and at length solicited her hand. She, loving him as she did, with all the fervour of true affection, easily promised for herself; but her father was not so easily persuaded. He very properly recollected that this young man was a total stranger; who, or what his friends were, was totally unknown; it was indeed ascertained that he was a native of a northern county, but there was altogether such a degree of mystery about him, that, added to a report which had been circulated, of his having already got a wife and family in some distant part of the kingdom, induced him to give a positive denial. Madly infatuated, poor Jane listened to the persuasive language that fell from the villain's tongue, left her father's house, was united to him, and continued to reside in the same place, though unnoticed by her father or her friends. The motive which evidently had induced her husband to this conduct, was that of her being the only daughter of a man he knew to possess considerable property, some of which he hoped to obtain. Two years elapsed, and Jane had brought him two children; when positive intelligence reached her father of the residence of the wife and children this miscreant had deserted; he immediately journeyed to the place, and discovered them in a state of the most abject

misery, partly supported by the parish, and partly by the poor woman's labour. During his absence, this fiend in human shape having already found he should not be able to obtain any money from Jane's father, and dreading a prosecution now that he knew the abode of his deserted wife was discovered, left poor Jane pregnant of her third child, after having plundered her of every thing he could, and it is supposed got off to America, for he has never since that time been heard of.

Jane's father, on his return, found his daughter in a dreadful state of anguish. He instantly took her back to his own home, where every thing has been done to alleviate her sorrows; but the wound is too deep ever to be healed: she is like an early flower blighted by the bitter blast; and the only solace of her anguished moments is to hang over her unfortunate infants, down whose unconscious cheeks often fall her tears of agonized sensibility. Her miserable situation brought to my memory these lines:—

‘ But, ah! on Sorrow's cypress bough
Can Beauty breathe her genial bloom?
On Death's cold cheek will passion glow?
Or music warble from the tomb?’

OGILVIE.

If this plain, matter-of-fact story should be the mean of snatching but one infatuated female from the grasp of duplicity and iniquity, I shall be more than happy; for, alas! the fair sex are but too often sacrificed to beings who are totally undeserving of them.

A degree of fog began now to prevail, and I did not think it advisable to extend my ramble; I therefore faced about, and began my return home, where I shortly

arrived, and instantly sat down to put together this *my last Night-Walk*.

* A year has pass'd in varying hours
away,
And seems to Joy's gay sons a summer's day;
Unheeded ev'ry season as it fled,
Found them to Nature's brightest beauties dead:
Pleasure allur'd them to her golden clime,
And only Pleasure shar'd their truant time!
To Sorrow's sons how long have seem'd its hours,
Where grief had sapp'd the mind's sublimest pow'rs;
By them each season too unheeded went,
No joy was theirs when summer hours were sent;
All wore the gloom of Winter's bitter sway,
Dark as December's dull and dreary day!
' Those minds alone have Nature's sweets enjoy'd,
Where Pleasure's wild abuses never cloy'd;
Nor too much sorrow overcame their pow'rs,
To blunt the ecstasy of ' heav'n-bright hours.'

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

OF REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES IN THE YEAR 1807.

JANUARY.

1. Notice sent into the city by lord Howick, the secretary of state, that the treaty of amity, navigation, and commerce between England and the United States, had been signed the day preceding by the commissioners respectively appointed for that purpose by both governments.

5. Breslau, in Silesia, surrendered to the French under Jerome Bonaparte.

24. Mr. Chivers, of Clapham Common, killed by his gardener.

FEBRUARY.

3. The battle of Eylau between the French and Russians fought: the slaughter was very great on both sides, and both claimed the victory.

23. A dreadful accident happened in the Old Bailey at the execution of Holloway and Haggerty for the murder of Mr. Steele in November 1802, and Elizabeth Godfrey for stabbing Richard Prince; when, from the prodigious pressure of the crowd, twenty-eight persons lost their lives, and a still greater number were dreadfully bruised and wounded. See page 113.

25—28. The unsuccessful attempt on the Dardanelles and the city of Constantinople made by the squadron under Sir J. T. Duckworth.

MARCH.

6—11. The trial of Sir Home Popham by a court-martial, for quitting his station with the squadron under his command, without orders or authority from his superiors; of which charge he was found guilty, and adjudged to be severely reprimanded.

20. The city of Alexandria in Egypt surrendered to the English troops under major-general Frazer.

25. The late ministry resigned their offices by his Majesty's command; when the duke of Portland was appointed first lord of the treasury; lord Hawkesbury, lord Castlereagh, and Mr. Canning, secretaries of state; and (on the 27th) Mr. Percival chancellor of the exchequer.

27. The parliament prorogued.

29. The proclamation for the dissolution of parliament signed by his Majesty.

MAY.

2. A duel was fought near Combe Wood between sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Paull, when Mr. Paull was severely wounded in the leg, and sir Francis shot through the upper part of the thigh.

6. The election for the city of London commenced, which was expected to be very warmly contested; but Mr.

alderman Hankey, the new candidate, died the evening before the poll.

7. The election for Westminster commenced.

22. The town of Chudleigh, in Devonshire, destroyed by fire.

23. The election for Westminster ended, when sir Francis Burdett, and lord Cochrane were declared duly elected.

26. The election for Middlesex ended, when Mr. Mellish and Mr. Byng were returned.

JUNE.

5. The election for Yorkshire closed, when Mr. Wilberforce and lord Milton were declared duly elected.

14. The decisive battle of Friedland fought between the French and Russians, in which the latter lost above 30,000 men, and 80 pieces of cannon.

22. An armistice concluded between Russia and France.

24. The conference between Bonaparte and the emperor of Russia on a raft in the middle of the Niemen.

29. The return of sir Francis Burdett for the city of Westminster celebrated, on which occasion sir Francis rode in a lofty car from his house to the Crown and Anchor tavern in the Strand.

JULY.

7. The duchess of Brunswick landed at Gravesend.

16. The emperor of Russia arrived at St. Petersburg, after having concluded the peace of Tilsit.

26. Bonaparte arrived at St. Cloud, having returned from the army in Poland.

AUGUST.

3. The first division of the English fleet employed in the expedition to Copenhagen arrived off the castle of Cronberg in the Sound.

16. The English troops landed on the island of Zealand without opposition.

29. Orders issued to detain all Danish vessels, and send in all ships of that nation.

SEPTEMBER.

7. The city of Copenhagen surrendered after a bombardment of three nights, and the English fleet and army took possession of the fleet and arsenals of Denmark, and of the city of Copenhagen.

12. Intelligence received from lieutenant-general Whitelocke that an attack made by the British troops on the town of Buenos Ayres having completely failed, a convention had been entered into to evacuate South America within two months on condition that all the prisoners should be restored.

18. The powder-mills at Feversham blew up, and six men and three horses were killed.

OCTOBER.

2. A comet made its appearance.

15. A dreadful accident happened at Sadler's Wells in consequence of a false alarm of fire, when 18 persons lost their lives. See page 565.

30. The king of Spain published a decree, accusing his son, the prince of Asturias, of a conspiracy against his life.

NOVEMBER.

5. Another decree published at Madrid, declaring the prince of Asturias pardoned, he having confessed his fault, and made known the authors of the plot.

DECEMBER.

2. Intelligence received that the emperor of Russia had published a declaration announcing his determination to break off all communication with England, and recall his ambassador.

19. Lord Strangford arrived from Lisbon with intelligence that the court of Portugal had embarked, and sailed for the Brazils on the 24th of November.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

ELEGY

WRITTEN BENEATH A PILE OF RUINS.

[After the Manner of Gray's Elegy.]

THE setting sun proclaims departing
day,

The bleating flocks returning to their
fold,

And evening twilight comes, whilst
Sol's last ray,

Tinges the rolling clouds with bright-
est gold.

The mild serenity of evening air,
The mind to silent contemplation
leads,

And all around smiles Nature's boun-
teous care,

Whilst beauteous verdure clothes the
lovely meads.

Then how delightful pleasant 'tis to
stray,

Amidst yon Gothic ruin'd stately
pile,

Where once pale Superstition held her
sway,

And Sorrow echo'd through the
length'ning aisle.

Blest Fancy aids us, whilst we call to
mind,

Its inmates, long since number'd
with the dead,

Grav'd on the rugged stones we scat-
ter'd find,

The sacred praise of souls for ever
fled.

Yon frowning turrets now with ivy
crown'd,

Those gloomy cells with waving moss
o'ergrown,

Might once confine a warrior re-
nown'd,

Or echo'd to a penitential's moan.

The vaulted chapel that was once so
grand,

That echo'd with the pealing organ's
sound,

Where once the pious monk, with up-
lift hand,

Or bent in meek devotion to the
ground.

But now, alas! in ruins all are seen,
And scatter'd fragments burst upon
the sight,

Whilst nought is heard but the dread
raven's scream,

Or birds ill-omen'd how'ring thro' the
night.

Perhaps on this dread spot where now
I tread,
Where broken monuments by sculp-
ture deck'd,
The ashes of some saint enshrin'd is
laid,
Whose pious accents calm'd the soul
to rest.

Perhaps in yonder convent's grated cell,
Some virgin from the social world
was torn,
Doom'd with melancholy long to dwell,
And thro' the solitary aisle to roam.

Poor, hapless maid! tho' hope no ray
did shed,
As thou sojourned thro' this vale of
tears,
Yet thou to blissful realms art long
since fled,
Where Sorrow's voice no more breaks
on thy ears.

Ah, Superstition! thou dark fiend of
hell,
'Twas thou that burst all sweet Af-
fection's ties,
Tore from the world, in solitude to
dwell,
The flower of youth, doom'd never
more to rise.

Perhaps love crept unto thy sacred
shrine,
And dar'd thy heart with gentle steps
to steal,
Made thee thy rosary and pray'rs re-
sign,
Nor more to imag'd saints again to
kneel.

But in seclusion, wrapt within thy
breast,
Love's ling'ring flame had burnt with
stifled sway,
Whose guiltless warmth by tyranny
suppress'd,
With thee in silent sorrow died
away.

Turn where yon tow'rs by proud Am-
bition rais'd,
Moulder beneath grey Time's con-
suming hand,
The stately edifice now low is laid,
No more to echo with its lord's com-
mand.

There Hospitality once spread her store,
The weary traveller once found re-
pose,
Its halls once sounded to the minstrel's
lore,
Nor to the wretched did its portals
close.

Could we on stones read glorious
actions past,
And trace the footsteps back of hoary
time,
They'd show how towns fell 'neath a
tyrant's grasp,
And in the pomp of direful war would
shine.

Yon hoary battlements that rising frown
Terrific o'er the blood-ensanguin'd
plain,
Once held the warlike bands of high
renown,
Or mighty chiefs that conquer'd or
were slain.

Now they all silent sleep long-since for-
got,
Their deeds of valour are no longer
heard,
Oblivion sheds her darkness o'er the
spot,
Where they so long had reign'd, so
long were fear'd.

Perhaps in yonder solitary gloom,
Once the proud spirit of revenge did
stalk,
And oft to death its victim there did
doom,
Whose restless manes still in dull
sorrow walk,

Crying for vengeance on its murd'rer's
head,
Its tortur'd soul, alas! no rest can
find,
Till Retribution hurls him to the dead,
And in Perdition's chains the wretch
shall bind.

Here younger sons, by proud ambition
fir'd,
Might lift their hands against a bro-
ther's life,
Till struck with horror, from the world
retir'd,
They waste their days in conscience
mix'd with strife.

Or when dark, horrid dreams disturb
their rests,
And conscience wakes within a rank-
ling pain,

To some dark cell retir'd they ease their
breasts,

By pray'r, and penance hard, to wash
away the stain.

Yon ruin'd city, once in hist'ry fam'd,
The seat of wealth, now rears its
head no more;

Where Science once a stately seat had
claim'd,

Where once the artist spread his
matchless store.

Perhaps it fell beneath a tyrant's arm,
Fired and plunder'd by his hostile
band;

O'erturn'd by direful earthquake's rude
alarm,

Or sunk in ruins 'neath Time's rug-
ged hand.

Where now is Rome, the mistress of
the world?

And Greece? where Wisdom long
did proudly reign;

Now low to ground are their proud
temples hurl'd,

Whilst not a trace of beauty does
remain.

So fall man's best hopes in this mortal
state,

So this age's pride, ah! soon too must
fall,

And no poetic strains their fame relate,
When dark oblivion shall bury all.

Virtue alone the wreck of time sur-
vives,

She through eternity shall bloom the
same,

Altho' the body then no longer lives,
Still shall its soul be of immortal
fame.

J. I.

LIBERTY.

A FRAGMENT.

Calm content and peace with thee
Reside,—and soft tranquillity:

Happy leisure, void of cares,

Health continued, length of years

Slumbers sound, sweet, undisturb'd,
Reason powerful, passions curb'd:

Wit and ingenuity,

Art and happy industry:

Temperance, healthy, lovely, pure,

Strength, all labour to endure:

Love divine and candour clear,

Justice strict, and truth severe:

Scorning despotism's yoke,

Independence, firm, unbroke:

Wealth, with all its varied good,

Proudly swelling o'er the flood:

Commerce, with prolific sail,

Courting every passing gale:

Pomp and power, and rule, and state,

Nations mighty. Empires great

Rise and fall alone with thee.

Ever-blessed Liberty!

BENJAMIN STEVENSON.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

ON HER SINGING AND PLAYING.

'TIS said so well fam'd Orpheus play'd,
All creatures felt emotion;
Joy even mountains, woods, pourtray'd,
Attentive seem'd the ocean.

So when I hear thy lovely strains,
Fond rapture fills this breast,
I think I've left these mortal plains,
And dwell amid the blest.

The passions rise at thy command,
But touch the keys, and lo!
Struck by the magic of thine hand,
We're chill'd, or made to glow.

Thy plaintive tones pierce through the
heart,

Call forth the tender tear;
Thy lively notes, with equal art,
As suddenly do cheer.

Tho' great in music are thy pow'rs,
They balance not thy worth;
Above all talent goodness tow'rs,
It grac'd thee from thy birth.

Cruel! why think I should forget
To sing thee in my lays:
Assur'd was I that they were yet
Too weak to sound thy praise!

F. T. PINNER.

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