

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR JANUARY, 1809.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates.

1. An elegant Frontispiece—*BATA UNIA* succouring SPAIN.
 2. LONDON Fashionable BALL DRESSES.
 3. A New and elegant PATTERN for a TURBAN, &c.
- N.B. *Portraits of their Majesties the KING and QUEEN of PRUSSIA, engraved by Mr. HEATH, from undoubted originals, never before brought to this country and in hand, and will be given in this Miscellany as soon as they can be finished.*

LONDON:

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

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISS *Sophia Troughton*, the ingenious authoress of the Novel entitled *Sketches from Nature*, is respectfully requested to favour us with a further supply.

The Continuation of the *Elville Family Secrets* is intended for our next.

We are obliged to *M. T.* for his communication, it shall appear in season.

The *Translations of Milton's Italian Sonnets*, recommended by a Constant Reader, shall be inserted in our next.

The *Biographical Memoirs* of the late *Mrs. Carter*, in our next.

Almeria's request shall be attended to and complied with, if possible.

ADDRESS

TO THE

PUBLIC.

THE commencement of another year again impose on us the pleasing duty of making the most grateful acknowledgements to a candid and liberal public for the generous and continually increasing favor with which the LADY'S MAGAZINE has so long been honored by it's numerous readers, and Fair Correspondents. We have unremittingly labored for their approbation, and we have received the most unequivocal and pleasing proofs that our labor has not been in vain.

The plan on which this Miscellany was originally established, and has ever since been invariably conducted, is to convey useful information, to combine amusement with instruction, and to cherish and direct the development of Female Genius, by affording a Repository for the preservation of it's earlier essays, or more mature productions. At the same time we have been attentive to make such selections from the most distinguished publications of the times as appeared most suitable to the delicacy, and refined taste, of the Fair Sex; carefully excluding whatever might appear too heavy and formal, on the one hand, or too light and frivolous on the other; and still more anxiously guarding against

ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

every thing that might have the slightest tendency to that indelicacy which must be, above all things, offensive to a modest and cultivated female mind.

To our Correspondents who have so liberally contributed their ingenious compositions, and by whose assistance we have been enabled to render our Miscellany original, interesting, and amusing, the sincerest and most grateful acknowledgements are certainly due. We hope, and have no reason to doubt, that they will still continue their valuable communications. In which, the arrangements we have made in other respects, will, we trust, entitle us to look forward with confidence to a continuation of the approbation and patronage with which we have so long been honored.

We now commence the FORTIETH VOLUME of the LADY'S MAGAZINE, most gratefully acknowledging the numerous favors we have received for so long a series of years; and stimulated by the recollection of them to make the same exertions to continue to merit the same approbation.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE.

FOR JANUARY, 1809.

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

SIR,

In the two fac'd Janus we this moral
find,
While we look forward, we should
look behind.

NO god in the heathen Pantheon was expressed by more proper emblems, or more significantly represented, than Janus, whom we may fairly style, in our language, the god of the new year. The medals on which the image of this deity was engraved, bore two faces; not ogling each other like those on the shillings of Philip and Mary, nor cheek by jowl, like the double visage on the coin of William and Mary; but turned from each other; one looking forwards as it were into futurity, and the other taking a retrospective view of what was past. There cannot

be devised a stronger or more sensible lesson of moral instruction than this figure teaches us. The double view comprehends in itself the sum of human prudence; for the most perfect reason can go no higher than wisely to guess at the future by reflecting on the past; and morality is never so likely to persevere in a steady and uniform course as when it sets out with fixed determination of mutually regulating the new year by a recollection of the old, and at the same time making the succeeding a comment on the last.

Most of the faults in the general conduct of mankind, and their frequent miscarriages in their most favorite enterprises, will be found upon examination to result from an imperfect and particular view of what relates to their duty or undertaking. Some regulate their actions by blind guess; rashly presuming on the future, without

the least attention to the past. With these the impetuosity of their passions gives their reason no scope to exert itself; but neglecting the premises, they jump to a conclusion. Others, who are often taken for men of deep reflection, and marvellous understanding, meditate so profoundly on the past, that they scarcely take any notice either of the present or the future. To these two characters

misconduct arises from two contrary sources, may indeed be added a third, whose wild irregular behaviour is founded on no fixed principles, but proceeds from a total absence of thought and reflection. These easy creatures act entirely at random, neither troubling themselves with what has been, what is, or what will be; and as the image of Janus seems to bear two heads, these thoughtless, vacant animals, may almost be said to have no head at all.

But that the necessity of taking this comprehensive view of our affairs may appear in a stronger light, let us consider the many difficulties in which men of any of the above characters are involved, from a total neglect, or partial survey, of matters that should influence their conduct. The first sort of men, who nourish great expectations from the future, and suffer hope to lay their prudence to sleep, are very common. Indeed, almost every man, like the dairy maid with her pail of milk, or the celebrated Persian glassman, pleases himself with calculating the advantages he shall reap from his undertakings. There is scarcely a servitor at either university, who, when he takes orders, does not think it more than possible he may one day be a bi-

shop, or at least head of a college, though, perhaps, at first he is glad to snap at a curacy. Every walking attendant at our hospitals, flatters himself that a few years will settle him in high practice, and a chariot; and among those few gentlemen of the mus of court, who really deserve the name of students, there is hardly one who sits down to lord Coke without imagining that he may himself some time or other be lord chancellor. At this early period of life, those vain hopes may serve as spurs to diligence and virtue; but what shall we say of those people, who, in spite of experience and repeated disappointments, still place their chief dependence on groundless expectations from their future fortune. This town swarms with people who rely almost solely on contingencies; and our gaols are often filled with wretches who brought on their own poverty and misfortunes by promising themselves great profit from some darling scheme, which has at last been attended with bankruptcy. The present extravagance of many of our spendthrifts is built upon some ideal riches of which they are soon to be in possession, and which they are laying out as freely as Lady Lace squanders the ten thousand pounds she was to get by her lottery ticket.

I shall not dwell so particularly on the ridiculous folly of these profound-speculatists who fix their attention entirely on what is past, without making their reflections of service either for the present or the future, because it is not a very common or tempting species of absurdity; but shall rather advise the reader to consider the time past as the school of ex-

perience, from which he may draw the most useful lessons for his future conduct. This kind of retrospect would teach us to provide with foresight against the calamities to which our inexperience has hitherto exposed us, though at the same time it would throw us so far back, as to keep lagging like an old fashion still behind the rest of the world. To say the truth, those sage persons, who are given to such deep reflection as to let to-day and to-morrow pass unregarded by meditating on yesterday, are as ridiculous in their conduct as country *petit maitres* in their dress, who adopt the town modes just after they have become Gothic in London.

There is no task, however, so to infuse ideas into a brain hitherto unaccustomed to thinking; for how can we warn a man to avoid the misfortunes which may hereafter befall him, or to improve by the calamities he has already suffered, whose actions are not the result of thought or guided by experience? These persons are, indeed, of all others, the most to be pitied. They are prodigal and abandoned in their conduct, and by vicious excesses ruin their constitutions, till at length poverty and death stare them in the face at the same time; or, if, unfortunately, their crazy frame holds together after the utter destruction of their fortune, they finish a thoughtless life by an act of desperation, and a pistol puts an end to their miseries.

Since then good fortune cannot be expected to fall into our laps; and since it requires some thought to insure to ourselves a likelihood of success in all our undertakings, let us look back with attention to

the last year, and gather instruction from it in what manner to conduct ourselves through the new. Let us consider with attention the pagan image, mentioned at the beginning of this essay, by which we may add force to our morality, and prudence to our ordinary conduct; nor let us blush to receive a lesson from heathens, which may animate our zeal and reverence for the Author of Christianity.

R. B.

Exactor. Jan. 1, 1809.

ANECDOTES.

WHEN the abbé Ternois, comptroller of the finances in France, under Louis XV., was once informed that one of his oppressive and iniquitous measures was universally condemned, he only replied, coolly, 'Who pretends that it is just?' An answer exactly suited to the minister of a despotic prince.

The emperor Sigismund was blamed because, instead of putting to death the enemies he had vanquished, he loaded them with favors, and restored them to a condition to do him injury — 'What,' said he, 'is it not putting them to death to make them cease to hate me, and become my friends?'

An officer being sent against the enemy with so small a number of troops that it was impossible to execute the service assigned him, applied to the commander in chief, and requested him to take back one half the men. 'How so,' said the general. — 'Because,'

replied the officer, 'it is not that only a few men should be cut in pieces than a great number.'

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I shall be obliged to any of your correspondents, who are conversant in heraldry and in law, if they will answer the following question.

And first, as to the fact:

Viscounts eldest sons, earls younger sons, and barons eldest sons, have rank and precedence immediately *after* the right honorable the barons, and the right honorable the speaker of the house of commons:

And they have rank and precedence immediately *before* knights of the most noble order of the garter (as such) *before* the right honorable his majesty's privy counsellors, *before* the right honorable the lord chief justice of the king's bench, *before* the lord chief justice of the common pleas, *before* the lord chief baron of the exchequer, and *before* my lords the judges.

And secondly, as to the question—:

Question. — Should viscounts eldest sons, earls younger sons, and barons eldest sons, and consequently their wife, be styled right honorable, and not honorable only?

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.

MR. EDITOR,

IN these days of titles and distinctions, when every gentleman who lives on his fortune assumes at least the title of *Esquire*, whether he be intitled to it regularly or not, why are we Ladies, the wives and daughters of these *Squires*, to remain confounded with the Mrs. Pattipans and Miss Soapsuds, the spouses and heiresses of pastry-cooks and washers? The Honorable Mr. Suchaone has long been changed to the more regular appellation of the Honorable *John* or *Edicard* Suchaone; and of late the daughters of viscounts and barons have begun to convert *Miss* into their Christian names; but forsooth! ladies of fortune, who happen not to be descended from this noble blood, remain at present confounded with vile plebeians. Now, I beg leave to propose that we be allowed to call ourselves *Esquiraes*; and I desire, Mr. Editor, that in future, when you write to me, you will address your letter to *Elizabeth Eagle-eyes, Esquiraess*, and not confound me with my next-door neighbour, the green-grocer.

Yours,

ELIZABETH EAGLE-EYES,
Esquiraess.

Piccadilly,
Jan. 9, 1809.

HARRIET VERNON ;

OR,

CHARACTERS FROM REAL LIFE.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

BY A LADY.

[Continued from Vol. xxxix., p. 580.]

LETTER LXXXVIII.

Miss Harriet Vernon to Miss West.

Windsor.

I BELIEVE, my dear Susan, I am in arrear to you in the writing way, and will now endeavour to discharge it. Colonel Ambrose has taken so great a liking to Mr. Johnson, and Mr. Johnson to him, that I think you will have but little more of his company. They ride out together on horseback most days, and seem to be on as good a footing of intimacy as if they had been acquainted for years. I think Mr. Johnson improves much on acquaintance: the bluntness of his manners is abundantly made up by his sincerity, and the friendly offices he did for me has rendered him very agreeable in my eyes; but you will say, if I go on, Mr. Johnson is more than agreeable, and will conclude—what will your sauciness not conclude? You will, however, be much mistaken, if you even surmise that I entertain for Mr. Johnson any other sentiment than esteem and a sense of gratitude. Mrs. Ambrose will have it he regards me with a partial eye; and wonderful things does she discover in some little at-

tentions, that I confess I cannot see. The worthy colonel continues very cheerful: his good sense and noble sentiments have gained the victory over passion; and I really think that he feels nearly as much pleasure in the thought of Maria's union with Wentworth, as an indulgent parent would in the disposal of a favorite child. This adds greatly to the felicity of us all, particularly his sister, who would have been rendered very unhappy if the disappointment had produced any other effect. He talks familiarly of their affairs, and has purchased some elegant dressing plate, which he intends to send to Maria on the day of her wedding; and it is only from fear that his presence might embarrass her, or he would attend the celebration of her nuptials. A letter yesterday called the colonel suddenly to town: I feel some curiosity to know the business. I rather conjecture it is something respecting my brother's affairs. Whenever we have spoken to him on that subject, he has always smiled and reminded us, that we had committed the management to him. Adieu, my dear Susan,

Yours most affectionately,

H. VERNON.

LETTER LXXXIX.

Colonel Ambrose to Mrs. Ambrose.

It is now time that I should inform my dear sister of my progress in the Vernon affair, which is what at present engages my attention in London.

The day after the information I received from you and Harriet respecting him, you may recollect that I went to town; and, having

resolved on the plan to be pursued, I called on Mr. Vernon at his house, and found him drinking tea with his wife. He appeared much surprised at seeing me, and immediately ordered his wife to leave the room.—She obeyed.—‘Ah! colonel,’ said he, ‘I am glad to see you; for I think you are my friend, and, perhaps, have heard of my misfortune.’

He was going on, but I interrupted him: wishing we might have as little conversation as possible; and told him I was well acquainted with all he meant.—I then added—‘You are the laughing stock of the city, for continuing to live with her after such a deception.’—This had the effect I intended it should have: it made him angry.

‘The deuce!’ said he. ‘This is worse than any thing; how can I help myself?’

‘I could,’ replied I, ‘easily point out a way for you to escape out of your difficulty, and avoid the laugh of the world.’—He desired me to tell him what it was.—‘Part with your wife immediately,’ said I, ‘and allow her a decent maintenance; I doubt not but she will accept the proposal; and if you part by mutual consent, the laws will be in your favor, and whatever you settle on her will stand secure.’

‘It is devilish hard,’ said he, after a long pause, ‘to be obliged to maintain a woman one hates because she is one’s wife; why, she cost me . . .’

‘No matter,’ interrupted I, ‘what she costs, allow her one hundred a-year, and your peace and reputation will be secured.’

‘That I will not,’ replied the mean wretch; why, she does not, I reckon, cost me more than thirty,

and if I give twenty more to get rid of her, I am sure I shall do great things.’

I feared to contradict him lest my scheme might be frustrated, so asked him if he would allow me to inform his wife of his wishes. He permitted me, and I was shown the next room.

When the woman entered, I told her I was your brother, and was come with an intention of serving her, as she had to you expressed a wish to lead an honest life.

She thanked me, and said it was indeed her wish: I then related the above conversation, and she acceded with the utmost appearance of joy to Vernon’s proposal. I left the house immediately and went to my lawyers, had proper writings drawn, and the next day the parties signed and properly executed them in presence of my attorney and myself. I put the deed in my pocket, and, desiring the woman to withdraw, informed Vernon of all the particulars respecting his wife, which she had related to you. Surprise and indignation took possession of every feature! he vented a thousand reproaches on Dixon, which I encouraged, for it is my wish to punish this worthless man. When I had wound him up to the highest pitch of resentment, I told him I had thought of a scheme to give him ample revenge. He eagerly listened; and I proposed that he should cause Dixon and his wife to be detected in a criminal intercourse, and consequently a divorce and damages might be obtained. He was delighted with the proposal, called his wife and told her that he should leave her for a few days, and wished her

to stay in his house till his return. She asked me where the instrument they had just signed was to be placed? 'Where I please,' said her enraged husband: 'be gone from my sight.'—I desired her to withdraw, she looked much frightened, and obeyed.—Vernon then wanted me to give it to him, but this I refused, it being my intention that Dixon alone shall be the sufferer in this affair; and when the sentence of divorce is procured, she may, by bringing this writing into court, obtain the settlement. Accordingly Vernon left his house as agreed on, giving charge with his maid and boy to watch all his wife's conduct during his absence, and he would reward them handsomely. They did so: Dixon came as usual, and the matter turned out as we expected: my lawyer, who knew all particulars, undertook the affair, and I was to be informed of the time when it was to be brought on in the commons. The letter I received the other day contained that information. I found Vernon agitated with a thousand groundless fears lest he should lose his cause, 'for,' said he, 'if I should, the prosecution will cost a plaguy deal, besides the foolish figure I shall cut.'—I humored him in his apprehensions, and affected to entertain the same, the better to succeed in my purpose as you shall hear.

The trial was to come on the next week. I proposed sending the two witnesses, the boy and maid, to my lodgings, in order, as I pretended, that they might not be found by Dixon, lest he might tamper with and bribe them over to his side, of which I affected great apprehensions. To this

he consented; and the next morning I went to him, in order to effect my grand purpose. 'Mr. Vernon,' said I with much gravity, 'I have something of importance to say to you. I have it in my power, as well as my will to serve you very essentially; I have a proposal to make, which, if you consent to, I will perform all I have promised; but if not, I will most assuredly shake my hands of the business, and leave you to your fate. It is this. You have, Mr. Vernon, two amiable sisters; these sisters you have deserted, turned them almost penniless out of doors; and had it not been for friends, whom Providence unexpectedly raised up, they must, for these two years past, have been earning a livelihood by the labor of their hands.'

'It was their own fault,' interrupted he; 'I offered to get them very easy places in genteel businesses. Was I to work and labor for them, and they do nothing?'

'By no means,' said I, 'if you had not been a man of property; that could, without feeling it, have provided handsomely for them, and which would, have been much to your credit so to have done; but you did it not: and what is still more to your discredit, you pocketed the hundred guineas I gave you to stop the prosecution for what, as you supposed, was my breach of promise to marry your eldest sister.'

'Suppose,' said he, 'it was so; and she would have recovered larger damages. I was blamed by several for accepting so small a sum. And as to my pocketing it, as you call it, it went but a very little way in the expence I had been at in maintaining them so many years.'

What a hearty contempt did I not feel at this speech ! I could hardly contain myself from the most severe invectives — ‘ I shall not, Mr. Vernon,’ said I, ‘ reply to this : all I have now to say is, I have an instrument ready drawn up in my pocket for you to sign : the substance is, that if you obtain your cause in this suit with your wife and Dixon, you will instantly pay your sisters three thousand pounds each, and undertake to leave them by will ten thousand pounds more — a very small sum this, in my opinion, for a man who is worth at least a hundred thousand pounds, and has no family, or any relation but these two sisters. Now, if you accede to this, I will, as I said before, assist you ; if you do not, I shall leave you to yourself ; the consequence of which will be, my proctor will withdraw his preparations, and it is easy to guess what will become of your cause.’

After a pause of ten minutes, I said, ‘ I wait your answer, Mr. Vernon ; look over the instrument, (and I drew it from my pocket) read it ; I will wait your perusal.’ He took it up.

When he had perused it, he shook his head. ‘ These are very hard conditions, colonel.’

‘ I don’t think so,’ said I ; ‘ I will give you till to-morrow morning to consider of it.’

I then went to my lawyer’s chambers to settle all the plans of our operations ; and he advised, that he should go with me to-morrow to see the proper execution of the bond for present payment, as also the instrument by which he obliges himself to bequeath the sum required.

On the following day I took a hackney-coach, and my lawyer

and myself repaired to his house. We found him at breakfast — ‘ I have brought with me,’ said I, ‘ this gentleman, your proctor ; he is also my attorney in my concern with you respecting your sisters. Have you, sir, considered the matter ; and what is the result ?’

‘ I have considered it,’ said he ; ‘ I have been considering it all night, and I think your terms, colonel, devilish hard. They are harder than any terms I ever knew offered in the alley ; you take advantage of my necessities.’

‘ I wish,’ said I, ‘ there were not greater advantages taken in your alley every day.’ Mr. S—— smiled. ‘ Come, sir,’ said I, ‘ what is the result ? I shall not detain this gentleman in useless altercation ; time is precious.’

‘ Well, sir,’ said he, ‘ if you are so hasty, I wish to be released from the present payment of the money. I am willing to engage to leave them the ten thousand at my death ; I can spare it then ; but I cannot part with six thousand pounds now, indeed I cannot.’

‘ Very well, sir,’ said I, ‘ I will not abate a tittle of my demand ; you may take it or leave it, it is nothing to me.’

Mr. S. then began to set forth how much it would be for his interest to comply ; that most probably he might recover damages of Dixon equal to that sum ; but that, if he refused, he, as the attorney, should certainly act no longer ; and, indeed, I was in possession of the two witnesses, which I should retain, and consequently the business must be dropped entirely.

All these arguments were too plausible to be rejected ; so, after

a few more narrow and absurd speeches, with many mean entreaties to me for a remission of part of the sentence, as I may call it (for I suppose next to a sentence of death to such a sordid wretch is the parting with money), he consented, and the instruments were signed, sealed, and delivered, in due form.

A few days afterwards, the trial, for which we had made every preparation, came on. My attorney had taken his measures so well, and adduced evidence so clear of the arts used by Dixon to procure this marriage, by representing the woman as the widow of a West-India planter of great fortune; and also of the criminal intercourse between them frequently repeated after marriage, that the jury, after a very short consultation, gave five thousand pounds against Dixon, and thus, besides, laid a sure foundation for the full divorce the old gentleman so anxiously desired.

And now, my dear sister, I enjoin you to strict secrecy in this business for the present. My reason is, because I strongly suspect Johnson has parted with his resolutions of celibacy in favor of Harriet; and I think it in all points a very promising union. He conceives her to possess no property in hand or expectation; and I wish him, if he does offer, to do it under that idea, which will be a proof to her of the sincerity of his attachment; and then this sum of three thousand pounds, and the other contingencies, will be an agreeable surprise. Indulge me in this, and congratulate me on the success of my arts, arts which would not be to be justified on any other occasion.

Adieu! I think to be with you on Saturday; in mean time, am, with compliments,

Yours affectionately,

W. AMBROSE.

P. S. I forgot to mention that produced the instrument in court drawn in favor of Vernon's wife; it's legality was not disputed. The woman intends retiring to Wales, taking her children with her, and by industry and good management I doubt not she will be able to support herself and them with comfort. I believe she is a sincere penitent.

ACCOUNT of a HINDOO WOMAN
BURNING HERSELF with the
BODY of her HUSBAND.

(In a letter from Surat, dated June 30.)

YESTERDAY a Suttee, or ceremony of a Brahmin woman burning herself with the body of her deceased husband, took place at Phooltarah, a village about two miles from Surat, on the banks of the Taptie. I went there very early, and arrived at the spot long before any preparations were made for the approaching solemnity. At length twelve slight poles were fixed as uprights in the ground, round which a wall of Jewarrie stalks was placed, as was a roof also of the same stalk, forming a shed of six or seven feet square and about six feet high, with a small door-way facing the river. A platform or bed was then formed of billets of wood, six feet long, and between two and three feet high. This was the funeral pile. In a short time after, the body of the

deceased arrived, preceded by tom-tome, and followed by the Suttie, surrounded by Brahmins, and attended by her son, a youth of about eighteen years. The deceased was an old man with grey hairs; the woman appeared about forty, and was very stout. She sat down before the door of the pile, and after performing a few ceremonies, she attended the body of her husband to the river, where she performed various ablutions. The Brahmins all this time, as well as at her first arrival at the pile, prostrated themselves at her feet, as to a superior being. At her return from the river, she sat down near the opening of the pile, and the body of her husband was placed beside her. The body was then uncovered; on which she, with one of the most emphatic, expressive smiles I ever saw, bowed her head towards his face, and said in a mild tone of voice, in the Moorish language, 'Ah, my husband!' Her look to me indicated more; as though she would have said—'Never mind, my husband, we shall not be long separated.' The body of the deceased was then carried into the inclosure, and placed lengthways on the funeral pile. She then went through several mysteries and ceremonies too intricate for me to understand; but, among others, she poured give several times on the sacred fire which was placed before her, when her son took some of the ashes and put them in her mouth, which she swallowed. She then drank three separate times of consecrated water. On returning the look to one of the officiating Brahmins, he found a little left, which he swallowed with great avidity; she then re-

ceived a few rupees at two different times from her son, and presented them as offerings to the priests. Three female relations were then allowed to approach her; they threw themselves at her feet, and seemed imploring for something: she touched all their foreheads, and gave each some grass, rice, and flour, and they departed. I must not omit mentioning that blades of grass were invariably used even in the most trifling ceremonies.

She was then decorated with a necklace of camphire, and bracelets of the same, as also a wreath forming a turban, indicative of her throwing off the nature of womanhood, and assuming that of the man. All these mysteries being concluded, she arose and prepared to walk round the pile seven times. The first round two Brahmins laid hold of her to support her; she, in an audible voice, declined their assistance, and said she could walk alone: and, indeed, the oftener she went round, her step appeared the more firm and determined. This ceremony being completed, she entered the inclosure, and seated herself on the pile in an upright posture, and placed the head of her deceased husband in her lap. Ghee, in large quantities, had been previously poured on her head and garments: pieces of camphire, cow-dung, plantain grass, rice, flour, &c. were then strewed over the body of the dead man. Billets of wood were then placed by the officiating Brahmins in a pyramidal form around her, and a few bundles of dry brush-wood were placed at the top near her head; the sacred fire was then given by one of the Brahmins to her son,

who presented it to his mother. The head Brahmin remained in conversation with her for a quarter of an hour, during which period she held the light in her hand; a leaf of the shaster was also carried in, and as the Brahmin did not bring it out again, I suppose that this was also placed on the pile. The Brahmin then took leave of her, and when he came to the door (as if anxious that an European should be a witness of her setting fire to the pile with her own hands), he beckoned me to approach, when immediately I saw her bow her head on that of her husband, and, on raising it, set fire to the brush-wood above her. It did not burn as quick as was expected, during which time she sat as composed as if she had no interest in the affair. The Brahmins close to me seeing this, threw some fire on the pile, and in two seconds the whole was a complete conflagration. While the bones were burning, the Brahmins kept dancing round the funeral pile with enthusiasm and apparent satisfaction.

The officiating Brahmins, so far from opposing my approach, appeared anxious that I should see the whole minutely, that I might relate that every thing had been conducted without deceit or persuasion. I accordingly took my station at the angle post at the door, where I remained the whole time; the suttee at not more than three feet distance from me. She appeared so totally absorbed in her prayers, and performing the necessary ceremonies, and in conversation with her son, that she paid not the smallest attention to any thing around her, excepting once, when she waved her hand to me not to advance nearer. Dur-

ing the whole ceremony, which lasted considerably more than an hour (for I was too much interested to look at my watch), she was as firm and collected, and perhaps more so, than most of the by-standers. I never took my eyes off her the whole time, and dare assert that not the smallest degree of compulsion was used.

ACCOUNT of the NEW COMEDY entitled, 'MAN AND WIFE; OR, MORE SECRETS THAN ONE,' performed for the first time, at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, on Thursday, January 5.

The CHARACTERS were thus represented:—

Sir Rowland Austincourt	Mr. Powell.
Lord Austincourt	Mr. Holland.
Charles Austincourt	Mr. Elliston.
Sir Willoughby Worrit	Mr. Dowton.
Farmer Grouse	Mr. Wroughton.
Cornelia O Dedimus	Mr. Johnstone.
Ponder	Mr. Matthews.
Poacher	Mr. Scriven.
Sailor	Mr. Smith.
Facish Officer	Mr. Sparks.
Lady Worrit	Mrs. Harlowe.
Helen Worrit	Mrs. Jordan.
Fanny	Mrs. H. Siddons.
Tiffany	Mrs. Scott.

THE PLOT.

Sir Willoughby Worrit has a daughter by a first marriage, and a wife by a second. His wife is perpetually making large drafts on his temper, which, being naturally fretful, betrays frequent uneasiness in answering her demands; but he consoles himself for every thing by the notion that he has the character of a kind husband. Lady Worrit wishes her daughter-in-law, Helen, to marry Lord Austincourt: Helen prefers Charles, a naval officer,

who is stated to be the cousin of his lordship, and son of sir Rowland Austincourt. Lord Austincourt is beloved by miss Falkiner, whom he has secretly married; but who, by the deficiency of evidence, is unable to prove that marriage. A vague report of these circumstances reaches the ears of Helen; her dislike to his lordship is increased by the tale; and Mr. Falkiner, the father of the rightful lady Austincourt, works so powerfully on the mind of sir Rowland, as to throw a most natural impediment in the way of an union between Helen and his lordship. For sir Rowland is induced to confess that Charles is not his son, but his rightful lord, and that the actual holder of the title is in fact his own offspring, whom ambition tempted him to substitute, while yet a baby, for the infant justly entitled to the peerage. A further developement is made by O'Dedimus, an Irish attorney, who has been often employed by lord Austincourt, and who relates, that having been commissioned to obtain a false licence and priest for that nobleman's marriage with miss Falkiner, he so far departed from his instructions, as to procure a genuine performance of the ceremonial. Lord Austincourt, struck with remorse, abandons his views on the large estate of Helen, and adopts the wife of his earlier choice. Helen is united to Charles, now lord Austincourt, and lady Worrit, in consequence of sir Willoughby's exertion of his conjugal authority, so far reforms, as at least to rule her husband rather by compliance than by opposition. O'Dedimus has a clerk, who, though he effects no material purpose of the plot, contributes to the liveliness of several scenes.

There is much complexity in the plot of this comedy, but the parts of the story are well interwoven, and the intricacy which is created certainly does not diminish the interest of the whole. The dialogue is very well written: the sentiments are in general just, and well expressed.—The points are neat, very happily introduced, and if any fault can be found with them, it is that of their too frequent occurrence. However, while the taste for this kind of writing prevails, it would be difficult to employ it more successfully. Almost every repartee was felt and loudly applauded by the audience. The characters are in general well drawn, and though they cannot, perhaps, claim the reputation of originality, there was in most of them much novelty of coloring.

The idea of the real marriage which the attorney substitutes for the supposed fraud, appears to have been borrowed from Goldsmith's novel of the 'Vicar of Wakefield.' The plot in general, of which this event is the object and conclusion, is simply and agreeably conducted, if it does not excite any very powerful curiosity, and the reason why the excitement of curiosity is not amongst it's greatest merits, is, that we see in the early part of the play, what explanations and events will take place, though we do not know exactly through whom those explanations will be made. The smaller incidents are all managed in a judicious and tasteful, as well as entertaining manner; and the dialogue is in many instances polished to a very striking brilliancy. The play is the production of Mr. Arnold.

Though the materials of which the plot is composed may not appear to have much novelty, they are, however, wrought up with such felicity, and presented in such variety of sentiment and character, that they equal, if not surpass, the fascination of the most unexpected novelty. The wranglings of domestic life, the quirks of the law, the stratagems of love, &c. were never, perhaps, more whimsically brought into play, or more dexterously contrived in the different characters in which they were embodied, to give scope to the more prominent powers of the chief performers. Elliston, in Charles, gave new features to the passion of love, by exhibiting it as influencing the conduct of a naval officer, honest, blunt, impatient, plain, and abrupt in every demonstration of his feelings.—His judgement was particularly conspicuous in the delineation of this part. The character, however, of Cornelius O'Dedimus, chiefly rivetted the attention, and incessantly excited, the laughter of the audience. Never did the genuine humor of Johnstone flow in a finer vein. His part is certainly one of the richest, and the most elaborately composed, and it met accordingly with all the distinction which the author seems anxious should be conferred upon it. It accorded throughout with the feelings of the house, except in one instance, in which the blunders of the Irishman were rather severely insisted upon; the incipient murmur of disapprobation was soon, however, changed into general applause, when the uniform benevolence of his heart was made to atone for the occasional misconceptions of his head. Johnstone's

performance of the character is a most finished piece of acting. The author has a still more delightful part for the universal favorite, Mrs. Jordan. Helen Worrit afforded exercise and display to the bewitching faculties of that inimitable actress. Archness and simplicity, vivacity and sentiment, were successively expressed by her in the most suitable and characteristic looks, tones, and gesture. Never was a part better adapted to the peculiar talents of an actress. Indeed, the whole strength of the company, both male and female, is drawn forth to uncommon advantage in this comedy. Mrs. H. Siddons, as usual, was lovely and interesting in Fanny; and Wroughton was judicious and correct in Falkiner; Matthews was whimsical and droll in Ponder. The play, in fine, was most excellently cast, and the merits of a piece, or of the manner in which it was represented, have seldom received so flattering a testimony of unanimous applause. The plaudits were scarcely ever suspended, and they were only to be marked as more fervent and general, as the sentiment or point that excited them was more or less energetically expressed and delivered. After this, it is needless to say, that the *Man and Wife* are likely to have a long *honey moon*.

In the prologue and epilogue there were many happy turns and well-directed points, and they were given with much effect by Matthews and Mrs. Jordan. The latter retired amidst thunders of applause. The house was uncommonly full, and not a voice opposed the announced repetition of the play.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

BY SOPHIA TROUGHTON.

[Continued from Vol. xxxix. p. 588.]

LETTER XXII.

Lady Walsingham to the Dowager Countess of Aubry.

I HAVE received an answer from Mrs. Westbury, thanking me for the concern I expressed in her niece's affairs; that as the match met her entire approbation, as well as Mr. Westbury's, she had sent to her son, who had absented himself more through fear of his father's displeasure, than want of love to Lucy; and the marriage is to be solemnized on Sunday next at their own parish church, and on Monday they will set out for Mr. Maynard's at the village.

Mr. Maynard and his amiable daughter dined with me yesterday, when Jessica and I broke the affair to him as tenderly as possible; yet he was excessively disturbed.—'Unthinking girl!' said he; 'may her husband never upbraid her with the past indiscretion. She has wounded her father's heart, and, but for the angelic interposition of your ladyship, how deep would have been the wound! but I thank heaven I have one daughter of whom any father might be proud; and I fervently pray that the other may repent her imprudence, and return to the path of virtue.'

'Doubt it not,' said I; 'at

least we will give her a chance of doing well.'

Before we parted he could speak with more calmness on the subject. I mentioned my intention of putting them into a way of business.

'Your ladyship,' said the sweet Jessica, 'overcomes me by a sense of your goodness. The assistance you have already condescended to give, has been, I am persuaded, the most efficacious; a line from the countess of Walsingham would have more power on the feelings of my aunt than volumes on the subject from the humble Jessica. As to pecuniary obligations, I believe she will not stand in need of them. There is a house, and yard adjoining, to let, about a mile from the village; the situation is very promising for a carpenter, there not being one for miles round; and it will not require a very large sum to settle them comfortable. I have inquired the particulars, and find the rent is remarkably easy.'

'But my dear Jessica,' said I, 'you must recollect, that five hundred pounds is your all: now that sum will scarcely be missed by me; and yet I shall enjoy the satisfaction of seeing two people happy.'

'I hope, madam,' replied she, her eyes cast down, 'you will not think me guilty of either perverseness or pride in persisting to give my sister this five hundred pounds; I can bestow them no where else with so much propriety. What would be deemed an act of generosity worthy the fortune and benevolence of lady Walsingham, would in the humble Jessica Maynard be called vain ostentation. And the money can be of no use to me, I must be

thousands instead of hundreds to entitle me in the eyes of Mr. Maynard to be his son's wife; and no other person's wife will I ever be. The fifty pounds a-year, settled on me by my kind benefactress, is more than sufficient for all my wants; and my father is provided for during his life. I saw she was determined, and acquiesced in her desire, but made a secret resolution in my own mind, that if any sum in my power to procure would qualify her for a daughter in old Highworth's eyes, she should yet be happy with her Henry.

We took an airing in the evening, and settled with the landlord concerning the house and lease.

This morning Adolphus and I passed at the White Cottage (the name of Mr. Maynard's house); he and Jessica are much attached to each other. The poor fellow, in the simplicity of his heart, tells her, that 'when his papa comes home with his horse, he will ask him to buy one for her.' She has taught him two or three easy tunes on the piano-forte; and when she joins her melliferous voice to his lisping tones, they get through the evening hymn very prettily.

The day has been very warm, but the evening is most inviting for a walk. I have a tormenting head-ach, and a wearisome lassitude has for some time oppressed me, which I have endeavoured to shake off in vain: perhaps the freshness of the air may revive me; at least I will try.

[In continuation.]

fathom. I had been walking some time, regardless of the way, when the turrets of the ancient towers struck on my sight. I had not intended to walk that way; for the mouldering walls of the fabric, and the crumbling tombs of it's late inhabitants, were subjects rather calculated to depress than raise the spirits. However I entered, and seated myself on the steps of the altar, where I had so lately sat with my dear Mrs. Howard. I had not sat long, when I was surprised by the sound of music. It was slow and solemn, and did not seem to be far distant. I arose and looked around me; no one was to be seen. I again seated myself, and waited in breathless expectation of what was to come. A profound silence reigned for a few moments; when, judge of my astonishment, madam, on hearing that very plaintive air I had heard so many months ago in my own dressing-room when alone in the house. I then thought it more than mortal music: I now imagined it celestial harmony: but as the last sound died on my ear, a profound sigh was breathed, so close to me, that I started from the tomb I was leaning on, with a full assurance of discovering whence it proceeded, but all was quiet: and my eye in vain searched every corner for the object of my curiosity.

A heavy gloom suddenly obscured the atmosphere, and seemed to foretell one of those tempests which so often happen after a very sultry day. I was considering whether I had better stay in the castle till the storm should abate, or endeavour to gain the house before it came on; when a

There is a mystery envelops the castle; a mystery I cannot

tremendous clap of thunder, followed by a stifled groan, issuing from a neighbouring tomb, transfixed me to my seat with horror. I sat desperately staring at the tomb, expecting it's ponderous and marble jaws to open. Another clap was followed by a groan still more dismal than the last. I would have spoke, but the sounds died on my lips ere they were uttered.

The thunder still continued, and the groans became more frequent; till at last a tremendous clap bursting right over the castle, and succeeded by a frantic scream almost resembling a yell, accompanied by a noise, as of a chain falling, made me start from my seat, and rush to the door. The rain was descending in torrents, the wind howled in dreadful concert, and the thunder drove through the troubled air; yet this war of elements was music in my ears compared to the horrid groans I had heard. I darted through the tempest, regardless of every thing but escaping from the horrors of the chapel. The lightning gleamed across my path, the wind dashed the rain in my face, and I arrived at home, wet entirely through. The men servants and my maid were out looking for me in the gardens. I ordered Ann to get my night clothes ready, and I undressed and went to bed immediately.

The considerate creature brought me a glass of wine-why; this threw me into a slumber, it was but transient; for the horrors of the castle dwelt forcibly on my mind, and effectually prevented sleep. For a moment I thought the groans might have been occasioned by some wretched creature who

had taken shelter there; and blamed myself for flying from the sounds of distress. — But the music and the groans proceeding from a tomb did away that idea. Besides I *had* looked round, but could not discover any object. I sighed deeply: a gentle sigh from the head of the bed echoed in response! I shrunk under the clothes. ‘Merciful heaven!’ said I, ‘those horrors pursue me into my very chamber.’ My senses were near leaving me, when I felt something gently endeavouring to draw the bed-clothes off my face. I dashed them off myself desperately, resolving to know the cause of my disturbance. I looked up, and beheld the anxious countenance of Ann bathed in tears — ‘Oh! Ann,’ said I, and sunk back on my pillow.

‘My dear lady,’ cried the affectionate creature, ‘I hope you are better; I am sure your deep sighs have gone to my heart. I should have spoke, but was fearful of disturbing you; till I found you troubled so much, and then I thought you was in a fit.’

‘How long, Ann, have you been in the room?’ — ‘I have not left it madam since I put you to bed, and I intended to pass the night in that chair at the head of the bed.’

‘By no means, Ann; I find myself considerably better, and insist on your going to rest at your usual time.’ — She acquiesced with reluctance.

When alone, I could not but blush at my weakness; although I could not so easily account for the groans I had heard in the chapel; but I recommended myself to the protection of that Power, whose eye pierces through

the gloom of midnight, as through the blaze of noon, and passed the night in tranquillity.

This morning I rose at my usual time, and repaired to my children. I found poor Adolphus very dull and feverish. If he is no better by to-morrow I shall send for some advice. His little sister is in fine health and spirits. As for myself, a languor possesses me which I cannot shake off; but I believe a letter from you would act as a cordial upon my spirits.

I hear nothing from Julia. I should have written before this, but, at parting with me, she requested the first letter might be hers. I thought it rather singular, but complied with her desire. My adventure in the castle has recalled her very forcibly to my memory. Dear girl! I hope she has found that peace at lady Alethea's she failed to experience under her parental roof.

I have received a pleasing letter from lady Mary Brilliant, in which she informs me, her father's health is perfectly re-established, and that they are going to Bath. She hints at the cause of my lord's long absence, and kindly laments his inability to see me at Walsingham any more this summer. She concludes by saying Mr. Baderly lately paid her father a visit; but that he is now in Devonshire. I am led to think from Mary's letter, lord Walsingham's affairs are pretty much talked of in the world; if so, I should be obliged to my dear Mrs. Howard if she would transmit me the particulars. I do not wish any inquiries to be made, but just the common conversation. I do not choose to have the newspaper sent down, for fear they should fall into the servants'

hands; and to be exposed to their pity, would be extremely humiliating to

Your,

CAROLINE WALSHINGHAM.

LETTER XXIII.

Hon. Mrs. Howard, to the Countess of Walsingham.

London.

I SHOULD have complied with your request sooner, my dear lady Walsingham, had I not waited in hopes of having it in my power to send you more agreeable intelligence than I can at present; but the longer I wait, the worse the talk becomes in the fashionable circles.

Lord Walsingham sometimes sleeps in Portland-Place; but all his days are spent in Harley-Street, where miss Lester has taken an elegantly furnished house. I hear she has taken it for the winter, certain.

My lord has not thought proper to honor me with a visit, though he knows I am in town; for I have met him in the park, on horse-back several times, when he recognised me by a bow.

One morning last week, I and some ladies had been shopping, and were met in Oxford-Street by colonel Trainton and my lord Seymore. They asked us if we would look in at Merlin's. My companions consented, and we proceeded to this exhibition. The first object I saw there was Lester, leaning familiarly on lord Walsingham's arm, surrounded by a group of coxcombs, to whom she was dictating with all the affectation of pride, and

of wealth. I stopped opposite to her. She saw me. A faint blush, and her withdrawing her arm from my lord's, convinced me that she was not quite insensible to shame. I moved on, and am certain that she must instantly have quitted the place, for I saw her no more.

Ah! my dear countess, you are at present neglected, and suffered to remain alone in the country; but,

‘One self-approving hour, whole
years out-weighs,
Of stupid stagers, and of loud
huzzas.’

One thing surprises every body; which is, that notwithstanding the notoriety of her affair with lord Walsingham, sir Harry Champly still continues to pay honorable addresses to her, though lady Champly sets her face exceedingly against the match, and has even quarrelled with her son concerning it. But some of our dashing young men of quality have hinted that sir Harry's estate is not quite so clear as his mother and the world think it; and that miss Lester's forty thousand would be very useful to him.

Lady Mary has honored me with several visits since I have been in town. Last night she made me a farewell one, as this morning she accompanies her father to Bath. You and your sweet children were always our subjects. She and I have mingled our hearts and tears together with a kind of luxury. I shall miss her sweet society; though there is one here, who would willingly console me for it, if it was in his power, by continually plaguing me with his. I mean Seymour, who, on my first coming to town, teased me to call him a foolish

promise, that when my law-suit should be determined, I would drop the name of Howard for Seymour. I thought, as it was in the court of chancery, it would remain there half a dozen years at least; but behold the affair is already settled, and settled in my favor, too. I have a good mind to do as in a contested election, demand a scrutiny; and if I detect him in bribery, put him back to the footing of a new acquaintance, and clear myself of my promise. But I know how to get rid of him—marry him—and I shall have but little of his company.

Who do you think has just left me? Our lively friend, Baderly; yet he does not look much the better for his rambling; and his agreeable vivacity has quite forsaken him. He threw himself on the sofa, and, fixing his large black eyes on my face, inquired when I had heard from lady Walsingham.

‘I have seen a letter of hers very lately,’ said I, — ‘her health is indifferent.’

‘And her happiness . . .,’ cried he, in a tremulous voice,

‘Will be increased,’ interrupted I, ‘when lord Walsingham returns to her.’

He held his hand to his forehead, and was silent for some minutes. At last — ‘What a stupid brute is Walsingham to quit such an angelic woman! — I could pistol him for his want of sense.’

‘My very good Mr. Baderly,’ said I, ‘you are sensible if lady Walsingham heard you, it would be far from giving her pleasure.’

‘I know it—I know it well!’ cried he, starting from his seat,

and traversing the room — ‘ I know her sweet forbearance, her amiable clemency, for I have experienced both: but, shall we despise a lamb, because it will return and caress the hand which spurned it? Surely, no. I take shame to myself for having increased her afflictions; as much as was in my power to increase them — yet, Heaven knows, I have not had one happy hour since; but would willingly lay down my life to increase her felicity.’

I should have been at a loss for his meaning, had you not confided to me his impetuous behaviour in the garden. I have kept the secret, even from your mother, as you desired.

‘ He grew more calm; and Seymour, he, and I, spent a very agreeable evening together. From what I could learn from his conversation, Walsingham and he have had a meeting, when he expostulated with him on the impropriety of his conduct. But he was shy of giving particulars, though he owned that your lord drew on him — But, continued he, I remembered Walsingham was my friend; and that it would sound very ill to the world, that I, who have not the honor to be related to lady Walsingham, should stand forth her champion against her husband.’

I commended him for his forbearance, in your name, as well as my own.

‘ He thought if you were to come to town, your presence would detach Walsingham from his criminal pursuits; and the unexpected blaze of your beauty open his eyes to the imperfections of the inferior Lester; inferior even in person; and, oh! how inferior in the beauties of the mind. But, my dear

Caroline, I by no means approve this project, unless you could gain my lord’s consent. Should you come without his knowledge, it would look so like a clandestine affair — a plot — a wish to catch him as it were. But I need not point out to you the indelicacy of such a proceeding; I know well your heart would revolt against it.

I am exceedingly happy to hear that you have such an agreeable companion as you describe Jessica Maynard, and highly approve your determination to purchase old Highworth’s consent to the marriage; as the only fault seems want of wealth. But remember, whatever he demands as a portion for Jessica, I must be allowed to advance half; the other I will not rob you of the pleasure of bestowing. But I must be in this affair, if it is only to show old gripus, there are people in the world, who are willing to do more to promote the happiness of strangers, than he to secure the felicity of his only son, and the beloved ward of his sister.

‘ Ah! my dear Caroline, your castle adventures! I am astonished that, with your fine sense, you should suffer such childish terrors to unnerve you. You say you blushed; I am glad you did; and, pardon me for saying, so you ought; for, being almost terrified into a fit, because your maid sighed at the agitations you underwent — sighed at troubles, which, had she known their source, even she would have laughed at. I am very angry at your giving way to such apprehensions, at a time you should be exerting your fortitude to bear inveterate evils. As for the music you heard, it may be one of your own servants, who might be stroll-

ing that way as well as you. Your hearing the same air played in your own room, confirms me in the idea. Inquire if there is not a musician among them. The groans must have proceeded from some creature who had taken shelter there. I myself have heard owls sigh very heavily, and much like a human being in distress. Once more pardon me, my dear friend; but, for Heaven's sake! give not way to those gloomy thoughts. I could wish you to refrain from visiting the castle; not that I am afraid of your meeting ghosts, or hobgoblins, but it is a dismal place, and apt to cast a gloom over the spirits. I would rather recommend walks to the village, as company is better, though it should be only the company of cheerful cottagers, than the tombs of the dead.

I shall hold myself in readiness to obey your commands; either to stay in town and expect you, or come to you at Walsingham-hall. I have settled all my affairs in London, and beg of you to consider me as entirely at your command. Dispose of me as shall best suit your convenience or pleasure, and you will oblige.

Your faithful friend,
And indefatigable servant,
SOPHIA HOWARD.

(To be continued.)

MR. GIBBON'S (the Historian) Account of his EARLIEST LOVE for MADEMOISELLE CURCHORD, afterwards WIFE of the celebrated MR. NOLTER.

(From His Miscellaneous Writings.)

I HESITATE from the apprehension of ridicule when I approach

the delicate subject of my early love. By this word I do not mean the polite attention, the gallantry, without hope or design, which has originated in the spirit of chivalry, and is interwoven with the texture of French manners. I understand by this passion the union of desire, friendship, and tenderness, which is inflamed by a single female, prefers her to the rest of her sex, and which seeks her possession as the supreme or the sole happiness of our being. I need not blush at recollecting the object of my choice; and, though my love was disappointed of success, I am rather proud that I was once capable of feeling such a pure and exalted sentiment. The personal attractions of mademoiselle Susan Curchord were embellished by the virtues and talents of the mind. Her fortune was humble, but her family was respectable. Her mother, a native of France, had preferred her religion to her country. The profession of her father did not extinguish the moderation and philosophy of his temper, and he lived content with a small salary, and laborious duty, in the obscure lot of minister of Cressy, in the mountains that separate the Pays de Vaud from the county of Burgundy. In the solitude of a sequestered village he bestowed a liberal, and even learned, education on his only daughter. She surpassed his hopes by her proficiency in the sciences and languages; and, in her short visits to some relations at Lausanne, the wit, beauty, and erudition of mademoiselle Curchord were the theme of universal applause. The report of such a prodigy awakened my curiosity: I saw and loved. I found her learned without pedantry, lively in con-

versation, pure in sentiment, and elegant in manners; and the first sudden emotion was fortified by the habits and knowledge of a more intimate acquaintance; she permitted me to make her two or three visits at her father's house. I passed some happy days there, in the mountains of Burgundy, and her parents honourably encouraged the connexion. In a calm retirement the gay vanity of youth no longer fluttered in her bosom, and I might presume to hope that I had made some impression on a virtuous heart. At Crassy and Lausanne I indulged the dream of felicity; but on my return to England I soon discovered that my father would not hear of this strange alliance, and without his consent I was destitute and helpless. After a painful struggle, I yielded to my fate. I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son; my wound was insensibly healed by time, absence, and the habits of a new life. My cure was accelerated by a faithful report of the tranquillity and cheerfulness of the lady herself, and my love subsided into friendship and esteem. The minister of Crassy soon afterwards died, and his stipend died with him. His daughter retired to Geneva, where, by teaching young ladies, she earned a hard subsistence for herself and her mother; but in her lowest distress she maintained a spotless reputation and a dignified behaviour. A rich banker of Paris, a citizen of Paris, had the good fortune and good sense to discover and possess this inestimable lady; and in the capital of taste and luxury she resisted the temptation of wealth, as she had sustained the hardships of indigence. The genius of her husband has

exalted him to the most conspicuous station in Europe. In every change of prosperity and disgrace he has reclined on the bosom of a faithful friend; and Mademoiselle Curchord is now the wife of M. Necker, the minister, and perhaps the legislator of the French monarchy.

THE

DISCARDED DAUGHTER.

A TALE.

BY MISS ELIZA YEAMES.

‘I CAN well remember, at the age of four years,’ said Mary, addressing the admirable and wise Theodosia, ‘inhabiting a cottage by the road side, about two miles distant from an antient priory, with Lena, a girl, our maid, and the lady, my mother. The latter falling sick, I was removed by her friend Agnes to the residence of a poor but cleanly cottager, where I remained some time, till, crying and begging to see my dear parent, I was taken early one morning to the well-remembered place, and led into the front parlour where sat lady Agnes, who, weeping very sadly, placed me on her knee, and, taking off the colored dress I wore, habited me in complete black. She then took me in her arms, and carried me into the next apartment, where I found a strange lady, in the same sable robes as myself, who eagerly advanced to Agnes, and snatched me to her bosom.’

After numerous kisses, the stranger, fixing her eyes on me, asked, ‘Did not I recollect her?’ I replied in the negative; at which lady Agnes and she wept, and, afflicted almost to tears myself, I

said, by way of comfort, if she would not deem me rude, I would take a more minute survey of her features, and might then perhaps fix on her right name.

A pleasing blush here came across the countenance of Agnes' friend; she appeared as if unable to bear my gaze, while I surveyed her a second time. However her features became more animated: the longer I looked for a knowledge of her person, seemed to influence me, and my eyes expressed the emotions of my heart. But it was in vain. I tried to express that I loved her as one I had formerly known, but could not name. Therefore, after a pause of sadness, I said to the lady —

‘Pardon me, dear stranger, I know you not.’ Mortification shaded the two ladies’ features, especially those of the unknown, but it quickly disappeared; and, laying her face to mine, she softly said — ‘May you so, my dear?’ —

‘Oh! Mary, Mary,’ said Agnes, ‘look at your supporter’s hair.’ I did as I was desired, and beheld the well-remembered head of my mother; for could I be mistaken in her fine ringlets? At this I gave a cry of joy, and the stranger, clasping me more closely to her, said, ‘My Mary, do you at length recollect your mother?’ For some time I was lost in a pleasing astonishment, and could not speak my pleasure; but when I found they imputed my silence to disappointment and mortification, at the change the cruel ravages of the small pox had made in features once so lovely, I flung myself on my parent’s neck, exclaiming, ‘Think not, lady Agnes, I am less affectionate towards my mother than formerly: oh, no!’ ‘Look!’ said I, smiling through my tears; beheld

these lovely hands and arms — this beautiful head of hair — the smile so expressive — and hear the voice of angelic mildness as before; believe, then, her child loving and obedient as ever! On this, my mother gave me a thousand kisses, and, gazing on me with new delight, said, ‘Ah! Agnes, that my father would see this child! think you he would fling her from his arms as he did his unhappy Maria? Think you he would cast her on a pitiless world? forgive me, Heaven, for doubting his lenity, and teach me how to bear my recent loss for thus my darling’s sake.’

Her voice sank; a torrent of tears poured over her emaciated face; and she fell on the shoulder of lady Agnes, who, affectionately soothing her, said, ‘My charming Maria! consider how much you injure your constitution by dwelling on the afflicting thought — how impiously you arraign divine Providence for an act that has made your Henry blessed. Fear not that the frowns of fortune will ever assail thy Mary: she is my child by adoption, and I am her acknowledged mother; nor are you both less dear to me than my own two children.’

About a twelvemonth after, this lady Agnes, urged by a childish desire of mine, requested my mother would fling aside my mourning habit for my former dress in stead. — ‘Ah! do, mamma,’ said I, clinging to her; ‘do let Mary put on her pretty white frock.’ A cloud shaded her face, but it was only for an instant; and she gently replied — ‘My esteemed Agnes, and dear Mary, I know not how to refuse you: alas! I had formed a wish — but it was fleeting; this blooming

face, these smiling lips, sweetly pointing me, ill suit the color of her garment. Yet I, my lady . . . nay, do not frown; I will never cast aside the emblem of my grief.

The next morning, when I awoke, I beheld my mother seated at the foot of my bed, arranging my new dress, at which I exclaimed with joy — ‘Oh! how very good you are! I have been dreaming of that very frock, mamma.’ My mother very evidently underwent a great deal of agitation at the thought of changing my dress. Ah! never shall I forget when she put it upon me; even now, in imagination, I see her dear Theodosia drying my tears. But when after the joyful exclamation of her Mary — ‘Oh! mamma, see! see! how nice I look! dear me; why do you turn away from what you were once so proud of seeing me wear? Heavenly powers! I looked up, and beheld her bathed in tears; it even occasioned in my infant bosom a dreadful pang — ‘Oh, Mary!’ sighed my mother, withdrawing her trembling hands from the painful task — ‘Oh, Mary! you know not the father you have lost — he was the best, the most noble, of men. He was lovely, my child, as the rising morn; his form was of more than mortal beauty; and his voice so musical as to be calculated to hush every jarring passion of the soul. Often, often has he silenced the agony of my father’s cruel conduct occasioned me to feel, and so reasoned with me on the subject as to make me contented with my lot. But he rests far away in the cold damp earth, and I have to weep and mourn his death.’

I had lent an attentive ear to all

she said, and now, throwing myself in her arms, I replied — ‘My dearest mother! for my sake forget your sorrow! for though my father is no more, you have yet one as dear to you remaining, and never will your Mary give you reason to complain of her.’

I shall pass over the time till I attained my thirteenth year, when lady Agnes proposed to my mother to remove me to school; which offer she embraced as conducive to my advantage, and preparations were made for my departure.

The night before I quitted the cottage, I had the following conversation with my mother — ‘Dearest mamma! shall I not come to see you often? Oh! how very unhappy I shall be away from you! pray tell lady Agnes to mention to my governess your desire of seeing me frequently.’

‘Charming Mary! am I, indeed, so very dear to you, and am I about to be separated from you, who will you find to love you as I do? It is true, lady Agnes seems partial to you, and will ever be your friend for my sake; but she has children; and they claim a better right to her affection.’

‘Has she children! she never spoke of them to me! why did she not bring them here, and let us play together?’

‘Mary, that could not be; they are your superiors and would scorn you. You are the child of misfortune, and disowned from the moment of your birth; the sport of a cruel world!’

‘The world then, dear mamma, is very ill judging; you see, I am certainly in perfection. My lady Agnes says the same, and she is, you tell me, of a superior understanding.’

A languid but charming smile passed the lips of my mother, who replied—'Alas! my Mary, you know not as yet the crime of disobedience. Shun, beloved girl, the steps I took—beware of love—and remember, in what you witness, to escape sinking yourself into the same gulph—But,' continued she, casting on me an anxious look, I think it now proper to give you the heads of my story, as it is very probable I may never live to see you again; that is, if your eyes are able to keep open a little time longer.'

'Dear me, marama; yes, to be sure they can!' she smiled, and thus began.

'At your age, Mary, I was the happiest child in existence, the darling of my amiable mother, the pride of my father, the delight of the domestics, and the joy of all around. Could I but have been happy? ah! no; even now my heart dilates with transport at the recollection of those days.—Alas! scarcely had I attained my fourteenth year, when my mother died, and with her fled my peace: her lord was stern and arbitrary; he loved me not as his child, but as the heir of his house; and now, as his wife was no more, a thought entered his mind, that by marrying again he might be blessed with a son. The death of lady Catharine therefore occasioned a coolness in his manner to me which I did not merit; but as I was of a thoughtless, volatile temper, it made very little impression on me, and I never dreamed what was his cruel intention.—

Six months had scarcely passed over, when the death of my mother, who he saw the lady Agnes, and instantly became enamoured of her. At first she mildly dis-

couraged his addresses, but as her friends were bent on the match, she at length agreed to wed him. A mother-in-law to a girl of fifteen is seldom acceptable: in this instance it proved extremely mortifying. I treated lady Agnes' obliging advances with the most insulting coolness; and even added reproach to insult. At first her ladyship appeared hurt by my behaviour; but at last, conquering her displeasure, evinced for me a mother's kindness. But it made not the least impression on me, as I remained inflexibly cool; and, by that mean, drew the severe displeasure of my father on me.

The lady Agnes had a sister, who was addressed by the son of a rich baronet, a young man whom the world could possess of every amiable quality. This charming girl visited us about six months after lady Agnes' marriage, and my heart immediately became interested in her favor. Strange to tell! though my beautiful step-mother could not move me in her favor, her less fair sister, the first moment I beheld her, won my friendship. Anna Delville was not indeed handsome, but her countenance beamed with a sweetness that banished every defect. The most inimitable voice, the most elegant figure, were likewise added to her perfections. But this delicate plant was fast withering to decay. A slow and sure disorder consumed her vitals; and her gentle life was near drawing towards an end.

My friendship for Anna moved my mother more strongly in my favor, and she gave me every day repeated proofs of increased regard. I could no longer remain

insensible—I melted into tears in an hour of softened nature—threw myself by her side on the sofa—and, clasping her and her infant Edwin in my arms, asked her pardon a thousand times.—“It is granted, my dear Maria,” replied the amiable Agnes; “and oh! may you henceforth love me as much as I do you. To make this day be remembered by you as the one in which you first beheld me in my true character, a person truly attached to you, I must beg you to accept this casket of jewels.” (taking from her pocket the case of my departed mother’s.) I accepted the gift, and kissing it and bedewing it with tears—“Oh, lady Agnes! said I, in the intervals of emotion; ‘see me now obedient and inclined to adore you. On our first acquaintance all your attention appeared only a coloring to please my father; for, as a second wife, I believed you the very reverse of amiable, especially being so very young when compared to my father. But now, thank Heaven! I have recovered my senses, and equally respect and love you.’”

Here I again embraced her, and showed the fondest attentions to my infant brother, which won the affection and good opinion of lady Clermont, and enlivened the features of my Anna with the purest transport. Soon after this, my parents gave a ball; and Mr. Percival was, that evening, introduced. Oh! never did I before see his equal for beauty and elegance! My heart beat in my bosom when my eyes turned upon him; and I shrank into nothing at his gaze. The instant his back was turned upon us, I told Anna what I thought, and added a complimentary speech on her

choice; but she did not seem to behold him with the eyes I did, and replied rather coolly: “Mr. Percival is counted handsome; I am glad you think him so.”

“And does not my dear friend think the same?” asked I, gazing somewhat with surprise on her interesting countenance.

“Dearest Maria!” replied the trembling angel, with a burning blush, “I must confess he is not so very agreeable, in my opinion, as some people think him.”

“You confound me,” I replied: “I was always led to imagine he was beloved by you.”

“So it is thought, replied Anna; ‘my father gives it out he is, being bent on the match, as is sir George Percival; but every one who supposes such a thing is in error—my heart once loved; but oh! Maria, my adored idolised Ferdinand some years back departed this world, to seek in Heaven more kindred souls.—Perhaps I may have reason to rejoice at the circumstance, as my father would never have consented to our union, and we must have gone through many trying scenes. It is likely, Maria, you may blame me for accepting Mr. Percival’s addresses; but you know not the violent temper of my parent: he has commanded my compliance, and I dare not refuse. But first I drew from him a promise not to urge me to become a wife till I attained my nineteenth year, which period is eight months distant, and by that time I feel I shall have ceased to exist!’—Here the beautiful Anna raised her eyes and hands to Heaven, with an enthusiastic glow of satisfaction in her cheeks, and a smile of seraphic sweetness on her lips. I was almost affected to tears, but tried to

another my emotion on seeing the near approach of Mr. Percival, who, on passing me to get to Anna, cast on me such a look of scorn and indignation, as wounded my very soul. I would have quitted the spot on which I stood, but my feet were rooted to the place; and the following speech had not even power to rouse me.

‘Miss Delville, is that beautiful but haughty girl lord Clermont’s daughter? I am not myself perfectly sure it is.’

‘You are not mistaken,’ answered Anna.

Mr. Percival continued—‘I thought no female present bore so strong a resemblance to the picture of ill-nature and pride I have heard given of her. Pray, my dear Anna, tell me how your sister bears her insolence; I have been told it increases every day. It is a pity one so lovely should possess so unamiable a disposition.’

I could hear no more; but rushed from my room to my own chamber. There I had not been many minutes, when lady Clermont came, accompanied by Anna; but, as I pleaded indisposition as the cause of my retiring, they suffered me to keep my room, and I had time to ruminate, before I went to bed, on the powerful cause I had given Mr. Percival to speak ill of me. But, in future, I found his conduct greatly changed; no doubt by the arguments of Anna. This gave me pleasure; yet I determined never to be on terms of friendship with him. He was hurt at my behavior, and a visible objection took possession of his features. My pride vanished; my voice insensibly softened when I addressed him; and my eyes bespoke how

much I felt his goodness. The delighted youth saw the change: he was transported; and, forgetting all but me, in a fatal moment confessed how dear I was to his heart. Surprised, transported as I was, when I heard him utter the language of love, I did not forget Anna; but, oh! may my youth, my inexperience must plead my excuse at yielding more to passion than to prudence, by suffering my lover to draw from me the state of my heart. Shortly after, the amiable miss Delville was sent for home; but, alas! the very day before the one fixed upon for her departure, she was seized dangerously ill, and the journey was put off. It was one evening when Anna lay more composed in sleep than usual, that I left my friend to meet Mr. Percival in the summer-house: there, when softened into tenderness, and bedewed by his tears, I forgot every thing but him, and promised the next evening to unite my hands with his.—Alas! the ceremony seemed only to cause me unhappiness; for all could I bear my father’s gaze, or the mild reproach the eyes of the invalid seemed to convey. I felt, for the first time in my life, I had acted most insincerely, and I could not bear the idea of appearing in that light to my mother and Anna.

Slowly the languor of illness forsook the beloved girl, and she rose from the bed of sickness. The change dimmed my heart; with joy I poured out my thanks to the throne of mercy, and rapturously beheld the faint gloom again return to her cheeks, so lately a deadly pale.

In the mean time, Mr. Delville had written to his daughter, telling her that he was on the

The Discarded Daughter.

point of going into Wales on a matter of business, and on his return should expect her immediate presence to celebrate her nuptials. This occasioned much joy to lady Agnes and her sister, not to say myself; but my pleasure was of short duration, as I too soon found for my peace I was in a fair way of becoming a mother. Mr. Percival was all tenderness and concern; he repeatedly declared he would go to sir George, and proclaim his marriage: but this I absolutely refused till my mother and Anna were made acquainted with the step. I tried to get courage to divulge the secret, but could not succeed for a length of time; when one day, finding lady Agnes alone, I said, 'My dear, dear mother, I am not happy.' Her ladyship looked surprised. 'And am unworthy your favor, my dear?' I faintly murmured.

'Nay, now, what is all this, my Maria?' cried lady Agnes, advancing to the seat on which I had flung myself, and taking my hand — 'Are my dear girl's senses fled to-day, or what has happened?' I said.

'Alas! they are not, madam,' replied I with a sigh.

'You surprise and vex me, my dearest amiable Maria,' exclaimed lady Agnes; 'tell me what you mean?'

'I cannot,' cried I, bursting into tears: 'pardon me, my lady, for discomposing you, but ask no questions.' I quitted the room, but almost immediately recollecting that I must again rehearse the scene, returned, and flung myself at her feet, just at the moment Anna Delville entered at an opposite door.

'Heaven, Maria!' cried the sweet girl, coming towards me

with a smile; 'what now? Is my sister offended, and you asking pardon for your fault? come, come, forgive her, Agnes, and let me raise her.'

'Cheerfully,' replied lady Clermont; 'but I really am at a loss to guess her offence.'

'I will never rise,' cried I, 'till I have confessed the error I have committed. O, my lady, O, miss Delville, you will never forgive me.'

'I will,' 'I will,' cried both ladies.

'I will, indeed!' said Anna; the fear of tenderness starting in her eye, while she hung one arm round my neck. 'Ah! Maria, could you suppose your Anna would be so cruel?'

'Ah! my sweet friend,' cried I, kissing her delicate hand, and weeping bitterly, 'how unworthy I am of your kindness: O let me withdraw from your arms, while with shame I relate that I have robbed you of Mr. Percival's love.'

'Is this all, Maria?' said the sweet Anna with a joyful smile; 'and did you think the intelligence would affect me? revive, with the assurance that it does not.'

'But I have acted wrongly by my father — I have been insincere with you — Mr. Percival is already my husband.'

'Then,' said Anna, 'may you, my dear Maria, be happy with him, as happy as you deserve to be.'

'But my father did not so easily forgive me. Sir George Percival had disowned his amiable Charles; and, catching his displeasure, I was shut from his inhospitable door, in spite of lady Clermont's tears, or Anna's expiring prayers.'

Thus were we thrown upon the world, young, inexperienced, and pennyless. Happily a friend stepped forward, and obtained for my husband a situation in the army; but bare was the maintenance it afforded: and when he went to Ireland, leaving me behind at this cottage, I should have found it impossible to have lived without the assistance of lady Agnes. Scarcely had I arose from the bed of sickness by that cruel distemper the small pox, when the news of his death was brought me. You was too young to feel his loss, or soothe my sufferings; and, if my more than mother had not come to my relief, I sincerely believe I had not existed now. Never, my love, when I am gone, cease to respect and venerate her; worship her as the being who proved the saviour of your parent, supported your infant days, and educated your matured years.

‘I promised every thing,’ said Mary, looking at Theodosia, and departed for school drowned in tears, with a thousand kind embraces from my mother, and as many from lady Agnes. Indeed, that charming woman seemed to love me as tenderly as she herself did; and, when I lost my dear affectionate parent, showed more attention, more obedience to my wishes, than were paid to those of my schoolfellow, her daughter, the charming Rosalie. But when I arrived at the age of eighteen, and was about to lose my almost sister, my Rosalie, I could not pen my distress or feelings: no doubt my letter was full of inconsistencies, and she guessed the cause; for she came herself to fetch her child, and, taking me by the hand as she was going to the coach, desired me to ascend

the steps. O kindness unparalleled! The Priory at length appeared to view, while weeping I looked back on the dear cottage I had once inhabited, and my grandfather, silver-headed and supported by a cane, met my aching sight, waiting to embrace his daughter. I clung to the arm of lady Clermont, and, while she supported me into the hall, I plainly heard Rosalie recommend me to her parents. Alas! Theodosia, often did that dear relative fix his eyes on my looks with surprise and wonder; nor did he express disapprobation when the young and blooming lord Edwin paid particular attention to his friendless guest: he viewed, as lady Agnes said, with something like satisfaction, nor could his own Rosalie claim more of his solicitude, she assured me. At first I had timidly approached him, waiting, like a criminal, his looks as my sentences fell; but, gradually losing my fear, I placed his easy-chair, danced in sprightly steps around him, put his wig this way and that; and, on lord Edwin petitioned for my hand, I boldly stepped forward, and avowed myself his hapless child, his devoted and acknowledged grand-daughter. Can words do justice to the scene—the attitude of my venerable grandfather—the surprise, the wondering expression of lord Edwin—the mixture of fear and pleasure painted on lady Clermont’s countenance—the weeping, kneeling position of Rosalie, and the courage that had called forth the acknowledgement fast ebbing away—the more striking effect of pale terror, fainting oppression, and cold perspiration, all faithfully presented in my sing-

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



London Fashionable Ball Dresses.

ing I saw— but if this is not to be described, what power can picture the joy, almost amounting to agony, when my grandsire put forth his trembling arms, and clasped me in a long and ardent embrace. You, my Theodosia, can alone judge the emotion of such a moment; and I likewise leave you to judge lord Edwin's thanks, when his father joined our hands together, and gave us his warm and tender benediction. Happiness such as sh— me sure never could be—
did it excite a pain when I learned my paternal grandfather had paid the debt of nature: his obstinacy in respect to his son had brought my mother, as superior in rank, to be discarded by lord Clement; and, while reflecting on her sorrows, occasioned by the event, his memory ceased to be held in an estimable light, and I murmured not at the will of Heaven.
— For years the old Priory had not rung with the rejoicing it now did; nor could my marriage with lord Edwin, which was immediately celebrated, add to the general joy of my relations or the peasantry, at the restoration of their once adored Maria in her child and representative.

LONDON FASHIONABLE BALL DRESSES.

1. A short train dress of amber satin: the sleeves slashed, and drawn together with a pearl brooch over the dress. A tunic composed of white muslin crape, spotted and bordered with silver, which is fastened on the shoulder with a similar brooch. Spanish hat of the same satin, ornamented with two

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white ostrich feathers, edged with crimson. Pearl necklace and earrings: white kid gloves and shoes.

2. A white sarcenet body and petticoat, worked round the bottom in a rich border, over which is a vest of colored leno, or crape, edged with a fine French lace: it is opened down the front, and drawn together at regular distances, upon which is placed a little silver raised button as a finish; the sleeves are likewise drawn together in the same way, and are also trimmed with a narrow lace to correspond. This dress is extremely elegant and becoming, and is sometimes composed of a vest of colored silk, over a white muslin petticoat. White satin cap, ornamented with a wreath of roses. Necklace of gold and corneelian. A cloak, or scarf, of royal purple kerseymere. White shoes and gloves.

LADIES DRESSES

ON HER

MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

HER MAJESTY—Wore a scarlet velvet petticoat, ornamented with black lace, thrown over in tasteful draperies tied up with diamond rows; the right side in proportion; rows of gold cockle-shells and chains, stripes of pearls and pearl tassels: the pocket-holes ornamented with rich gold cords and tassels; the bottom of the petticoat with gold chains; body and train of scarlet and gold velvet, trimmed with black lace. This dress had a magnificent appearance.

PRINCESS OF WALES.—A SU-
E

perb gold and white leopard tissue satin train and petticoat, richly embroidered, and inlaid all round with beautiful colored stones to form oak leaves; and variegated flowers interwoven with bunches of coral; the drapery and pocket-holes of royal purple and gold tissue satin, with a most superb border all round to correspond with the petticoat and train; the body and sleeves of gold tissue satin, embroidered and inlaid with rich colored stones to correspond with the train and petticoat: her royal highness wore over this dress a brilliant Grecian wreath of diamonds, superbly set with bunches of roses and stars. Head-dress of brilliants and ostrich feathers.

DUCHESS OF YORK.—A mazarine velvet dress: the petticoat of which was covered with a most beautiful real gold net, richly spangled all over, and trimmed with Maltese fringe, gold cord and tassels to correspond. Head-dress of ostrich feathers and precious stones; the neck adorned by a collection of the most precious stones; her shoes were of white silver, beautifully embroidered with gold.

PRINCESS AUGUSTA.—A Spanish brown velvet petticoat, richly embroidered with gold; a wreath of gold laurel round the bottom; sashes of brown and gold velvet thrown across the petticoat, bordered with wreaths of laurel and berries; on the left side the drapery bordered with a rich Grecian foliage of dead and bright gold, festooned up with rich gold cord and tassels; body and train of brown and gold velvet.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH.—A velvet petticoat, richly embroidered in shells of matted gold; right side drapery of gold-beaded net, with

a rich tassel fringe; left side points of gold velvet tissue, ornamented with a rich embroidery of shells; the drapery suspended by diamonds; train of scarlet velvet tissue, trimmed with gold to correspond with the petticoat. Head-dress of diamonds and feathers. This dress was much admired for taste and elegance.

PRINCESS MARY.—A magnificent dress of Spanish brown velvet, superbly embroidered with gold. The train, forming the skirt of the dress, and spread all over with gold foil cockle shell; a large drapery, in a semicircular direction, composed the right side of the dress, of gold velvet tissue, with a rich border of cockle shells in dead and bright foil, forming points, and supporting large branches of foil leaves, &c.; six smaller draperies, tastefully placed one above another, embroidered in escalops and stripes of spangles forming shells, relieved the eye from the massy borders of the correspondent draperies, and had an elegant effect: the left side, small escaloped shell draperies tied by a long sash and end; the bottom, a broad border of foil in diamonds, embroidered with bullion, and terminated by a spangled fringe: robe, brown and gold velvet tissue, trimmed with gold point lace and diamonds.

PRINCESS SOPHIA.—A most magnificently embroidered scarlet cloth train and petticoat; the embroidery entirely composed of gold with rich gold cords and tassels.

PRINCESS AMELIA.—A black velvet petticoat, with a drapery across the front, black and gold tissue, ornamented with wreaths of currant leaves of dull and bright gold; the ground-work of sprigs of currant leaves, a gold fringe

the bottom, drapery supported by gold cords and tassels. Head-dress of diamonds and feathers; train of gold tissue.

PRINCESS SOPHIA OF GLOUCESTER. — Blue satin petticoat, elegantly embroidered with silver; blue and silver tissue train, richly ornamented with silver. Head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

PRINCESS CASTELCICALA. — A dress of white satin, trimmed with beads; full turban draperies of satin and crape in festoon, with ropes of white beads, and tied together in bunches of the same handsome bead tassels, &c.; robe, green velvet, trimmed with point lace.

DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND. — A white satin petticoat, with draperies of purple Angelo Merino cloth, richly embroidered with lama and Chinese tassels; Spanish robe ornamented with gold. Bonnet à l'Espagnol and diamonds.

COUNTESS OF BRUHL. — A yellow satin, trimmed with gold.

COUNTESS OF CARLISLE. — A most superb dress of ruby velvet and white satin; the draperies in every part trimmed with a rich imperial gold border, and a profusion of splendid gold tassels, rope, &c.; robe trimmed with point-lace. Head-dress, ruby turban, jewels, and feathers.

COUNTESS EFFINGHAM. — Body and train of moss-velvet, trimmed with point and gold; petticoat of purple crape, intermixed with draperies of orange, fastened up with bands of gold chain at the bottom, a border of the same to correspond.

LADY BOYER. — A white satin petticoat, richly embroidered in festoons of silver concaves, and branches of Alexandrian laurel;

drapery of white crape, embroidered in the same pattern; the draperies suspended by silver cords and tassels; train of white satin, richly embroidered in silver; the body of the same, with Spanish sleeves. — Head-dress of feathers and pearls.

LADY LUCAS. — Petticoat of white crape, edged with spangled crape, headed with puce velvet and gold in shells; a drapery strowed in puce and gold, edged with point d'Espagne in gold, deep vandykes of white satin, bordered in puce and gold, with rich gold tassels; train, puce velvet, trimmed with gold and point-lace. — Cap, puce white and gold, with white ostrich plume.

LADY REDESDALE. — Petticoat white satin; a drapery of crape, strowed with white satin leaves, and festooned with scarlet and white velvet wreaths; second drapery festooned with vine leaves and grapes in white satin, looped with rich white silk cord and tassels; robe, scarlet and brown mosaic satin, trimmed with point. — Head-dress, diamonds, with white ostrich plume.

LADY DUNDAS. — A rich white satin petticoat, covered with lace, beautifully embroidered with chenille, a shell border of the same, lined with entretopaze velvet; the train of rich entretopaze velvet to correspond, with a border of lace, the body of which was nearly covered with lace. — Head-dress of the same, with a plume of fine ostrich feathers, and ornamented with diamonds.

LADY MACCLESFIELD. — Wore a rich chestnut brown satin robe and petticoat, richly embroidered in gold, snake pattern, in angles most tastefully dispersed across

the petticoat, and elegantly enriched with massy embossed border, and ornamented with fine gold balls. — Head-dress, diamonds and white feathers.

LADY MARY PARKER. — A puce colored velvet robe and petticoat, with drapery embroidered with gold, in a most magnificent style, elegantly trimmed to correspond, and tastefully looped up with superb tassels. — Head-dress, white feathers and diamonds.

LADY ISABELLA THYNNE. — A white satin petticoat, embroidered with goldshells and lines, drapery of puce-colored velvet, embroidered with ditto; train, puce-colored velvet. Head-dress of diamonds and feathers.

LADY FRANCES PRATT. — A beautiful dress of white satin, ornamented with an antique fringe of pearls, which had a rich effect. Head-dress, feathers and pearls.

HON. LADY HOOD. — A violet velvet, splendidly embroidered with wreaths of gold oak, and festooned with robes of the richest gold, supported with gold doves. — Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

LADY BOWGAR. — A dress of white silver.

LADY RIDSTOCK. — Brown Merino cloth petticoat and drapery; the border of the petticoat and drapery of scarlet and black velvet, with coral beads, and tied up with scarlet cords; the body and train to correspond. — Head-dress, scarlet velvet and feathers.

LADY MARY TAYLOR. — Her dress consisted of white satin and crape, beautifully embroidered in silver, with draperies of scalloped crape to correspond; train of white satin and silver. Head-dress of point, and plume of

feathers, fastened with ornaments.

COUNTESS OF CHESTERFIELD. — A white satin petticoat, richly embroidered with gold, of antique dessine; drapery of ruby colored velvet, richly embroidered in chains of matted gold, interspersed with branches of palm leaves, and bloom of brilliant gold; the drapery suspended by rich and elegant cords and tassels of gold, train of ruby colored velvet. — Head-dress of diamonds and feathers.

LADY PAGE TURNER. — A most elegant petticoat of white crape, with body and train of moroon velvet, richly embroidered with silver; stomacher and sleeves to correspond. — Head-dress, white feathers, with a profusion of diamonds. — The above dress was greatly admired for its simplicity and elegance, and was one of the most distinguished at court.

LADY BAUER. — A white satin petticoat, trimmed with swans-down and matted gold beads; crape drapery, intermixed with satin, richly embroidered in bright and matted gold, tastefully ornamented with gold beads; white satin train, trimmed with swans-down; body and sleeves, embroidered to correspond. — A white satin cap, embroidered in gold, and plume of ostrich feathers.

LADY GEORGINA BULKELEY. — A white satin petticoat, embroidered in amber chenille, intermixed with brown velvet; train and drapery of Devonshire brown; body and sleeves trimmed with Brussels lace, and drapery richly embroidered in amber chenille; pocket holes ornamented with cords and tassels to correspond.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

ODE

for the YEAR 1809.

By H. J. PYE, Esq. P. L.

FULL-ORR'D in equinoctial skies
 When the pale moon malignant rides,
 And swells the ocean's briny tides,
 Dreadful against the sounding shore
 The winds and waves tumultuous roar,
 The torrent-braving mound in vain
 The stormy inroad would restrain,
 The surges with resistless sway
 Hurl'd o'er the labor'd mole their way,
 Scorn ev'ry weak resource of human
 toil;
 O'erwhelm the peopled town, and waste
 the cultur'd soil.

But when, by native fences barr'd
 From billowy rage, the happier land,
 And rocky cliffs for ever stand
 To the wide-water coast a guard,
 Such as on Vesta's southern steep
 Look down defiance on the raging
 deep,
 Such as on Dorer's breezy down
 On Gallia's hostile borders frown,
 Tho' billows urging billows roar,
 And idly beat against the shore,
 While from the heights sublime the
 swain,
 Mocks the vain efforts of the foaming
 main,
 Till Nature bids the deluged surge sub-
 side,
 Hush'd is the tempest's voice, and re-
 fluent rolls the tide.

So o'er Europa's ravag'd plain
 We saw the torrent wild of war
 Resistless spread it's iron reign,
 And scatter'd ruin wide and far;
 The embattled wall, the warlike band,
 Vainly the tyrant's course withstand;
 Before the impious sons of Gaul
 The legions fly, the bulwark's fall;
 Yet Britain's floating castles sweep
 Invasion from her subject deep,
 Yet by her rocks secure from harm,
 Securer by her patriot arm,
 Iberia turns the battle's tide,
 Resists the injurious Tyrant's pride,
 While, freely floating in the ambient
 sky,
 Sacred to Freedom's cause, their mingled
 ensigns fly.

LINES

SENT TO A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY;

With a Poem, intitled, 'The Woes of Anna.'

ACCEPT, fair maid! the off'ring of a
 friend,
 Who would, to thee, this simple tale
 commend;
 And, while my Muse, in humble guise
 essays
 To enforce the moral which her verse
 conveys,
 May'st thou, like Anna young, like Anna
 fair!
 Warn'd by her fate, of it's fell cause be-
 ware.—

Build not, like her, thy hopes of future
 joy
 On transient charms, which time will
 sure destroy,
 For beauty fades, and few the years at
 most
 That mark the triumphs of the fairest
 toast:
 Time, from thy cheek, will steal that
 roseate dye,
 And dim the lustre of thy melting eye;
 With wrinkles grim deform that fore-
 head fair,
 And strow it's silvers o'er thy flowing
 hair:
 Fade ev'ry charm, save that which all
 outlives,
 Th' unfading bloom, celestial Virtue
 gives;
 A bloom that lends deformity a place,
 And adds fresh beauty to the fairest
 face.

Then lend, betimes, to Wisdom's voice
 thine ear;
 She'll teach thee, what to shun, and
 what revere;
 Point out the path that have to ruin
 led,
 And guide to that thou may'st with safety
 tread—

When modest worth, in truth's plain
 language woos,
 And for thy love with manly ardor sues;
 Whose honest soul disdains those paltry
 arts,
 Too oft employ'd to win our yielding
 hearts;
 Disdains by flattery, to mislead thine ear,
 But tells, in artless guise, the tale sin-
 cere;
 Oh! let not vanity, that worth despise;
 Thou may'st, like Anna, learn too late to
 prize;
 But teach thy heart, his candor to ap-
 prove,
 And weigh his merit, ere thou slight his
 love—

When, at thy feet, some gay Lothario
 kneels,
 And talks of torments that he never
 feels,
 By flattery tries to win thee to his arms,
 And in it's colors dresses all thy charms;
 With well feign'd rapture gazes on thy
 face,
 And vows no painter could it's beauties
 trace;

Hails thee! the fairest, of ten thousand
 fair!
 Heav'n in thy smile, and in thy frown
 despair;
 O guard thy heart, nor trust the tale
 of love,
 The studied tale, which reason can't
 approve;
 For trust me, Delia, nor despise my
 Muse,
 He who loves best, in plainest lan-
 guage woos.

The vain coquette of fleeting beauty
 proud,
 Who courts applause, and lives but in a
 crowd;
 Fancies each hour fresh lovers in her
 train,
 And tries each art that can those lovers
 gain;
 With front, unblushing, meets the gazer's
 eye,
 And beauty's pow'r on veriest fools will
 try;
 On veriest fools throw life's best hours
 away,
 Till age, fast stealing on it's destin'd
 prey,
 Her mirror shows, the fairest face will
 fade,
 Though art exhaust her stores, each
 charm to aid;
 Then, doom'd too late, her folly to de-
 plore,
 When angel! goddess! greet her ear no
 more,
 Shock'd with the frightful epithet of old,
 She lives a peevish, discontented, scold;
 Devour'd by spleen, to find her lovers
 fled,
 Spite of false hair, false teeth, and bor-
 row'd red—

A happier fate, the wiser fair attends,
 Who youth's bright hours, in nobler stu-
 dies spends;
 Who, for improvement, cons instruction's
 page,
 And hoards up treasures for maturer
 age:
 Treasures which shall, thro' life, a pow'r
 impart,
 To hold, in silken bonds, her husband's
 heart;
 Whose soul, congenial, shall in wedlock
 blend
 The tender lover with the faithful
 friend;

And more by merit, than by beauty won,
Adore her virtues when her bloom is
gone.

And now, my Muse, here rest thy fee-
ble wing,
Breathe this kind wish, and cease awhile
to sing;

Be such the studies of thy single life,
And such the man that calls my Delia
wife.

JOANNA S-RE.

SONNET TO FITZ****.

SWEET nymph, who lov'st to dry mis-
fortune's tear,
Pale anguish soothe, and pining want
relieve;

Thou who for sorrows, not thy own,
can'st grieve;
O'er far to me, thy pensive mien is
dear—

Yes, dearer far the drop that dims thy
eye,
Than folly's loudest mirth, or satire's
dart;

By malice pointed at the wounded
heart;
And woes that claim, that softest, ten-
d'rest sigh.

These ope the wounds thy gentle hand
would bind,
And send the erring wretch, thy aid
would save

From deeper guilt, heart-broken to the
grave;
That last sad refuge, from a world un-
kind;

Yet some for these thy joys, refin'd,
forego,
Nor taste the bliss to soothe the stran-
ger's woe.

JOANNA S-RE.

Dec. 12, 1808.

THE STUDENT'S INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

The clock proclaims the midnight hour—
The setting moon withdraws it's beams,
The owl from yonder lonely tow'r,
Pours on the breeze portentous
screams.

'Tis time my vigils to give o'er,
Conversing with the learned dead—
Attention flags—my eyes grow sore,
And nature whispers—"go to bed."

Come gentle sleep, with drowsy charms
Upon my senses softly steal;
Infold me in thy downy arms,
And on my eye-lids set thy seal.

Yet grant, the torpid blank to fill,
Some dream it's fairy scenes expand—
Where fancy, light, and lively still,
May range beneath thy mild command.

And thro' those scenes, let pleasure's
train,
Alone attend the sprightly guest;
Nor grisly ghost, nor clanking chain,
Nor Incubus her freaks molest.

To crystal stream, or vocal shade,
Or flow'ry mead, or roseate bower;
Conduct the visionary maid,
'Till morn dissolve thy magic pow'r.

By day let reason guide the rein,
And fancy in subjection keep;
But still at night's return again,
Be those her gentle guardian sleep!

HAEIZ.

APOSTROPHE TO THE RIVER NITH.

BY JOHN MAYNE.

Hail, gentle stream! for ever dear
Thy rudest murmurs to mine ear!
Torn from thy banks, tho' far I rove
The slave of Poverty and Love,
Ne'er shall thy bard, where'er he be,
Without a sigh remember thee!
For there my infant years began,
And there my happiest minutes ran;
And there, to love and friendship true,
The blossoms of affection grew!
Blythe on thy banks, thou sweetest stream
That ever nurs'd a Poet's dream!
Oft have I, in forbidden time,
(If youth could sanctify a crime!)
With hazel-rod, and fraudulent fly,
Ensnar'd thy unsuspecting fry;

In pairs have dragg'd them from their den,
Till chas'd by lurking fishermen,
Away I've flown, as fleet as wind,
My lagging followers far behind!
And, when the vain pursuit was o'er,
Return'd successful as before!

MARY; OR, THE SUICIDE.

* And all thy deeds were blameless but
the last. CAMPBELL.

WHERE down the vale the Liffey
pours
Her slowly winding beauteous stream;
And o'er Eblana's lofty towers
The pale moon darts her glancing beam.

Where yonder trees scarce seem to
wave,
And no church rears its spire on high,
Fond memory turns to Mary's grave,
And calls forth many a bitter sigh.

Oh, Mary, thou wert dear to all,
For wit, for worth, and youthful bloom;
Yet, who upheld thy solemn pall,
What hallow'd strains breath'd o'er thy
thy tomb?

No pious preacher raised his hand
To bless thy once-lov'd form — so low;
But impious tongues the memory brand
Of her who shorten'd life and woe.

Dire was the act, may Heaven forgive,
'Twas madness dar'd thee to the deed;
May he that caus'd the crime, long live,*
And misery see his heart-strings bleed!

* Oh, may the poets "wood notes wild"
Ascend to Him whose power can save;
And Heaven's dread sentence pass as
mild
As sweeps the night-wind o'er thy grave.

Oft shall the poet mourn thy doom
In pray'r, by Liffey's murmuring stream,
At midnight hour when o'er thy tomb,
The pale moon darts her glancing beam.
EBLANA.

* May he outlive his relations and
friends was considered the greatest ma-
lediction a Roman could bestow on his
bitterest enemy.

MARY.

A Parody on the Scottish Air;

' DONALD.'

WHEN first I woo'd, I was, you'll own,
Most fondly lov'd by you;
And thought your love would ne'er be
flown,
But that you'd e'er be true:

Mary,

Each virtue seem'd I'd adorn
The maid esteem'd by me,
With blushes like the coming morn
You own'd your love for me:

Mary,

Now is your kindness flown away,
Away for e'er from me;
Then I'll seek one that is more kind,
And come no more to thee:

Mary,

I'll give my heart to some fair maid
Who'll be more true than thee;
If one more true I cannot find,
I'll live a life's that free:

Mary,

C.

*Banks of the Mole,
March 8, 1808.*

SONG.

DEAR maid! thy charms so glowing,
Have won this throbbing heart;
One smile of thy bestowing
Could ease it's anguish'd smart:
But if a frown thou wearest,
To spoil that world of charms;
Oh! then, believe me, dearest!
I'll see Death's icy arms!

If deeds of warlike glory,
To thee, fair maid, were dear;
I'd shine in martial story,
And teach the foe to fear!

My life is in thy power,
Thy smiles would soothe grief's sigh;
But frowns would close life's hour,
And I, unwept, should die!

J. M. L.

Jan. 7, 1809.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Naples, November 18.

THE deputies of Aquila, Matera, and Basilicata, have had the honor to be presented to his majesty. All the troops in our garrison have been reviewed by the king. He inspected the whole line, which extended along the Chiaja, from Chiajamone to the extremity of Mount Pausilpe, and directed several manœuvres. His majesty was extremely well pleased with the manner in which they executed those manœuvres. He passed along the ranks, and questioned the soldiers respecting their wants, and listened to all their requests with the most gracious attention.

Rome, Nov. 19. General Nolis set out yesterday to inspect the sea coast, and to take the necessary measures to prevent any landing of the English. Here, as well as in the three new departments of the kingdom of Italy, in Mitauro, Musine, and Trento, the greatest tranquillity prevails. The fermentation which prevailed among the inhabitants of the three last provinces is now completely suppressed. His holiness the pope lives now in a very retired manner. He is seldom seen in public, and his table has scarce twenty covers. — Some days ago, a small fleet was observed off Leghorn and Civita Vecchia, which was supposed to be French. By accounts from Naples, there appears to be no doubt that it was a French squadron. King Joachim is gone to Reggio, where a number of the best troops are collected. In Calabria are collected two French divisions, each 8 or 9000 strong. Sicily can be the only object of these preparations, and the result of the operations will be of the utmost importance. — We learn from Palermo, that the unexpected conquest of the island of Capri has occasioned the

greatest astonishment in all Sicily; and on it's being learned that the taking of that place is followed by preparations which seem to indicate a still more important enterprise, this astonishment was speedily changed to lamentation. The court appears rather to be taking measures for flight than for defence. The principal articles of value are already packed up, and even a great number of brass cannon have been embarked.

Berlin, Dec. 9. This morning at ten o'clock, the French garrison left this city. At nine the commandant-general, St. Hilaire, proceeded to the residence of prince Ferdinand. The keys of the town gates were then delivered up to his highness, being presented to him on a cushion. Having thanked the officers of the burgher guard for the service they had performed, the general returned and reviewed his troops. The French marched out at the Postdammer Gate, escorted by a company of burgher guard. The French post-office was removed on Wednesday; and our court is expected to return here by the end of this month.

Frankfort, Dec. 10. The army of reserve, under marshal the duke of Valmy, has received orders to leave the banks of the Rhine, and to march to Bayonne. The first and second regiments of the duchy of Berg infantry have also marched from Dusseldorf to France.

Lisbon, Dec. 13. His majesty's ship *Lavina* arrived yesterday, with general Craddock, to take the command of the army. She brings intelligence of *La Loire*'s having exchanged a broadside with a French 74, in the Bay of Biscay; of the *Amythist*'s having taken a French frigate. There is reason to believe that there are several French ships of

war on the coast looking out for the homeward-bound Brazil merchantmen, and Sir Charles Cotton has sent some cruisers in search of them.

A proclamation from Lisbon, dated the Palace Government, Dec. 9, was received early this morning. It calls on the whole nation to rise in a mass to defend their country, and oppose an insurmountable barrier against the French.

The Lisbon gazette, of the 13th of December, also contains a decree, issued by the council of war, and dated Dec. 11, requiring the whole Portuguese people to arm themselves in every manner in their power, and especially with pikes of six or seven feet in length. The military governors of the provinces are requested to make out and transmit lists of such persons as by their activity and abilities are proper to receive a command. This general arming is to include all persons from the age of 15 to 60.

Paris, Dec. 14. The *Moniteur* of this day contains the following article:

Camp at Madrid, 4th December.

'The town of Madrid has capitulated—Our troops entered it this day at noon.'

Vienna, Dec. 14. The new grand vizier Mustapha Bairactar has finished his career. Ever since the 29th of last July, when the good Selim III. was barbarously murdered in the Seraglio, and his successor, Mustapha IV., dethroned and shut up in the old Seraglio, the grand vizier, under the name of Mahomet II., whom he made grand signor, ruled the Ottoman empire with unlimited authority. By his determined character, his severity, and his active, as well as vigorous measures, he re-established tranquillity and order in all the provinces, kept under restraint the pachas who were inclined to insurrection, deprived of their ancient extensive privileges the janissaries, who had so frequently dethroned and appointed sultans, and intended gradually to assimilate the Turkish troops to the European armies. But the arduous undertaking of acting the part of a reformer among a people who detest every thing new and foreign, cost him his life.

On the 14th of November, at day-break, the janissaries were seen assembling from all quarters, and being reinforced by those who were in the vicinity of Constantinople, they fell upon the seimens of the Nizam Gedid, and massacred all the partisans of the grand

vizier that came in their way. The contest spread to every street in Constantinople. The seimens long made a most obstinate resistance, but at last they were compelled to submit. Many of their party deserted to the janissaries at the commencement of the insurrection. On the 15th the janissaries assaulted the high walls of the seraglio; and it was at this moment that the grand vizier, after causing the unfortunate Mustapha IV., who was a prisoner there, to be strangled, blew himself up in his own palace with gunpowder, of which he purposely provided a large quantity before-hand, to prevent his falling alive into the hands of his enemies. On the 16th, when the post left Constantinople, the utmost confusion still prevailed there. A dreadful fire broke out, and during the whole of the following night he saw a glow in the sky, from which he concluded that the fire was still raging.

The fate of the reigning sovereign, Mahomet, is not yet ascertained; but it is feared that he has been the victim of the revolution.

Upon the news of the events that have taken place at Constantinople, the price of cotton rose a little here, it being possible, or rather probable, that circumstances may occur to prevent the transit of commodities through European Turkey, which had hitherto been entirely free.

17. Mustapha Bairactar, according to the last advices from Constantinople, was not killed, as had been reported, by the explosion of a powder magazine, but had effected his escape with the grand signor, Mahomet II., on board one of the vessels in the harbour; the admiral of the Turkish fleet, Seid-aly, being his friend. On the 16th ult., the ships of war were bombarding and cannonading the posts in the city occupied by the janissaries; and considerable fears were entertained for the safety of the foreign ambassadors in the suburb of Pera. The blood that had been shed was beyond all conception.

Berlin, Dec. 21. His majesty has transmitted the following letter to the magistrates of this city:—'Worthy, beloved, and faithful subjects, my provinces being evacuated by the French, my attention is now directed to the accomplishment of my heartfelt wish of returning to my capital of Berlin, with the queen my spouse, and my family—an object which I have by all means endeavoured to at-

tain since the conclusion of peace. I have given orders that the constituted authorities shall leave this place for Berlin, as soon as the districts on the other side of the Vistula have begun to breathe a little from the effect of the heavy burthens they have sustained in furnishing carriages and supplies, both before and during the evacuation of the country. This short interval I shall employ in a journey to St. Petersburg, in consequence of the repeated friendly and urgent invitations, both verbally and by letter, of his majesty the emperor of Russia. I shall expedite my journey, and hope, within a few weeks, to revisit my provinces on the other side of the Vistula, to which I owe so many proofs of exemplary fidelity; and I shall in particular hasten my return to Berlin, to testify to my subjects of that city my gratitude for their firmness and good conduct, and to assure them of my attachment and satisfaction. I inform you hereof, and command you to notify the same to my loving and faithful citizens of that city; and I am your loving sovereign.

'FREDERIC WILLIAM.'

Paris, Dec. 27. General Gouvion St. Cyr, who commands the 7th corps of the army in Spain, marched on the 7th for Barcelona, to form a junction with general Dhesme, and subsequently to continue his route to Valencia.

The 5th corps, under command of the duke of Treviso (Mortier), reached Logrono on the 12th, and was to be in front of Saragossa on the 15th. The miners and the besieging artillery entered Tudela on the 12th. Immediately after their arrival, Saragossa, to prevent the unnecessary loss of lives, will be invested, and neither a bombardment nor miners will be employed, unless the obstinacy of its inhabitants should render it absolutely necessary to resort to such extremities against a city which has already suffered so much.

The corps of marshal the Duke of Eichingen arrived at Madrid on the 11th, and was to occupy the quarters which the Duke of Dantzic quitted on marching off the day before.

It was reported at Madrid at the above date, that in consequence of the defeat of the insurgents at Caparosa, Tudela, Catalayud, and Guadalaxara, scarcely 6000 of their great army then remained in one body.

A letter from Avida, dated December 12th, says, 'The greatest tranquillity

prevails in Old Castile. We send supplies of provisions to the Escorial, and we ardently wish that all the other provinces of the kingdom may enjoy the same happiness.'

Corunna, Jan. 12. Benavente has been burned, and the French threatens Astorga. — At both these places the English prisoners have been murdered by Bonaparte, previous to the assembly of the English at Lugo. The cavalry which covered the retreat, assisted by the flying artillery, had thrice repulsed the enemy, consisting of 2000 cavalry, and rendered it completely incompetent to act again by itself.

The whole of the English army effected a retreat to this place and its vicinity on the 11th in the evening. General Beresford, however, occupies the heights near Burgos, with a corps of 5000 men, who are busily employed in fortifying that position.

Whilst at Lugo Sir J. More drew up his army in order of battle, inviting the attack, which was however declined by him. The enemy has two columns on their march to Portugal, one for Lisbon by Estramadura and Elvas, the other had reached Zamora on the 15th, on its way to Oporto.

Paris, Dec. 24. A letter from Burgos, of the 10th inst., says, 'This city, which, in consequence of its resistance, was severely dealt with, begins to recover itself. The inhabitants are gradually returning, and are well pleased with the conduct of the French soldiers. The peasantry of the environs come in, and bring with them a superabundance of all sorts of provisions. General Darmagnac, who is governor of the city and province of Burgos, maintains the strictest discipline. M. General Matthew Dumas is also here on a particular mission from his majesty. The marshal Duke of Montebello, and general Mouton, his majesty's aid-de-camp, arrived here on the 7th. The former came from the vicinity of Saragossa. The marshal the Duke of Corneigliano remains before that city, which he keeps under blockade, until his majesty gives orders for attacking it.

26. We learn that M. Addini, secretary of state for Italy, has received orders from the emperor to repair to Paris, to wait for the arrival of his majesty. From this circumstance we conclude, that the affairs of Italy had made considerable progress, and that his majesty was speedily expected in the capital.

HOME NEWS.

London, Dec. 22.

YESTERDAY morning, as the workmen were clearing away the ruins of Covent-garden theatre, at the Piazza door, under the place where the Phoenix engine was so unfortunately destroyed, with the firemen attending it, by the falling in of the arch, when they came to the cistern, they found the body of a man, not burned, but much bruised. Mr. Webb, of Tottenham-court-road, had missed his only son since the unfortunate catastrophe of the fire. He had made inquiry, but in vain—advertised him, but to no effect: he flattered himself and his anxious family with the hope that he had been impressed into the navy, or trepanned into a regiment of the line. As soon as the body was found, word was sent to Mr. Webb; he arrived in about ten minutes on horseback, and exclaimed, 'If he be my son, he has laced boots on, and a silver watch, chain, and seals in his pocket.' This description was correct, and the parent appeared lost in affliction. The body was removed in a shell, at twelve o'clock, to Covent-garden watch-house, where it now lies. An inquest will be held on it this day.

The public have been apprised that a number of forged notes, for 5*l.* of the bank of England, are in circulation. Some time since, an Italian, of the name of Alessi, called at the house of a victualler in Holborn, and purchased some wine, and in payment tendered a 5*l.* note. The victualler suspected the note was not genuine, and he went to a neighbour who had supplied him with change, when his opinion was confirmed, and he detained the utterer. Alessi was taken to Marlborough-street office, and was

under examination for five weeks, during which time he disclosed some facts of the utmost importance to the bank and to the public. The prisoner gave up the real fabricator of the notes, a man of the name of Nicholls, who resided in Birmingham; and two officers from Marlborough-street office succeeded in taking him into custody. On this man was found one hundred 5*l.* fabricated notes, and a number of smaller notes of the same description. Alessi stated that he gave 25*s.* for the forged 5*l.* notes to Nicholls, and a proportionate sum for those of 1*l.* After several examinations, the prisoners were committed for trial.

Plymouth, Dec. 26.—This morning, at eight o'clock, the signal of a yellow flag, for an execution, was hoisted on board the flag-ship in Haroaze, and repeated by a gun, and a similar signal from the Parthian, 18, in Haroaze, on board which ship the execution was to take place. A boat, manned and armed, was sent from each ship to attend round the Parthian, to witness the final exit of Mr. Smith, master's mate of the Parthian, convicted of the murder of Captain Balderston, of that ship, by sentence of a court-martial. Mr. Smith has been extremely penitent since his conviction, and was employed in prayer the whole of last night with the chaplain of the *Salvador del Mundo*. At eight o'clock he received the sacrament, and at nine, attended by the provost martial, with a drawn sword, ascended from his cabin, accompanied by the clergyman, to the platform on the fore-castle of the Parthian; two double-headed shot were then suspended round his ankles, and, after a short time spent in prayer, he took leave of the clergyman, made the usual signal, when the

lateral bow gun was fired, and he was ran up to the fore yard-arm, and launched into eternity: after hanging an hour, his body was put into a shell, and conveyed to the royal naval hospital for interment.

Dec. 31. This day, the first stone of the new Covent-garden theatre was laid by his royal highness the prince of Wales.

Preparatory to the ceremony, an extensive range of temporary accommodations, consisting of a covered gallery with seats was prepared within the area of the building, for the reception of a very numerous reception of spectators of both sexes, who were admitted only by tickets issued by the managers and renters to their friends.

The managers had, at an early hour, obtained the attendance of strong parties of the foot-guards at all the avenues and entrances. The grenadier companies of the three regiments were drawn up, with their colors and music, within the area; and two troops of the life-guards patrolled the streets in the vicinity to preserve order.

At the north-east angle, the stone, about a ton weight, was suspended by a cable and windlass, over it's proper bed: adjacent was the tent for his royal highness and suite.

The grand lodge was opened at freemason's-hall, Great Queen-street, at 12 o'clock, and was attended by a deputation from all the minor lodges of the metropolis, the whole in their proper paraphernalia. At half past 12, they set out in procession, and passed down Long-acre, Bow-street, and entered by the door next to Broad-court, and proceeded to the place appointed for their reception on the left of the tent; the rear being brought up by the life-guards' lodge, who lined the railed passage to receive his royal highness, the bands playing the masonic air 'Come let us prepare.' Immediately afterwards, the illustrious grand master made his entrance; he was received at the door by a deputation from the grand lodge, with the chief proprietors. The band struck up 'God save the King,' and some pieces of artillery fired a royal salute of twenty-four guns. His royal highness was attended by the dukes of Sussex and Gloucester, the earl of Moira, colonels Bloomfield and Hulse, and several other masons of distinction; and, being arrived at his tent, shortly afterwards proceeded to the ceremonial: a plan of the building was presented to

his royal highness by Mr. Smirke, the architect, and a gilt silver trowel by Mr. Copeland, the builder of the edifice. The cement was then laid by the workmen, and adjusted by the grand master; the stone was then lowered to it's bed. The plumb, the level, and the square, were then successively presented to his royal highness by the junior and senior wardens, and deputy grand master, with which having tried the stone, and found it's position correct, his royal highness laid it by giving it three strokes with a mallet.

A brass box was then delivered to his royal highness, which contained a bronze medal, with a Latin inscription 'that the stone was laid by George, prince of Wales, with his own hand; and, on the reverse, a head in relief, of his royal highness, with the date 1808. Also a copper medal, of the same size, with the following inscription:

Under the Auspices of
His Most Sacred Majesty GEORGE III.
King of the United Kingdom of Great-
Britain, and Ireland,
The Foundation Stone of the Theatre,
Covent-Garden.
Was laid by his Royal Highness
GEORGE Prince of Wales,
MDCCCC.VIII.

On the reverse is —

ROBERT SMIRKE, Architect.

Added to these were a series of all the coins of the present reign; and this box was inserted by his royal highness in a cavity made in the stone for it's reception.

His royal highness then poured on the stone the offerings of corn, wine, and oil, from three silver measures. During the ceremony all the bands played 'God save the King,' and a second royal salute was fired by the artillery. His royal highness then returned the plan to the architect, graciously expressing his wishes for the prosperity of the undertaking, and retired in the procession, amidst the plaudits of the multitude.

The brethren retired to the Freemason's tavern; and, after the lodge was closed, sat down to a splendid dinner.

Deal, Jan. 1. — The embarkation of the troops at Ramsgate is going on with the greatest activity possible; the transports with the brigade of guards are already in the Downs. General Campbell, (who is honored with the command of this fine body of men), went on board the Challenger gun-brig about noon to-

day, and immediately the signal was made for their departure: they are now getting under weigh, and will be off this evening. The Challenger gun-brig, and Speculator lugger, are appointed convoy to Portsmouth. The remainder of the troops destined to embark at the above place, the 87th and 88th regiments, one of which embarked yesterday, will follow to join at Portsmouth. — It has been rumoured, that the Flushing fleet had put to sea a few days back; the intelligence, it is said, was brought by one of our cruisers from that station; and, immediately on her arrival in the Downs, a signal was made for the fleet under the command of Admiral Stachan to prepare to sail; but, it having been since ascertained that the enemy had only made a cautious motion towards the attempt, the order has been suspended, sufficient arrangement having been made for the early information in case of such an event taking place.

London, Jan. 2. — The following bulletin, containing an account of the intelligence received by government this morning, was circulated:

Letters of the 16th December, dated Toro, have been received. General Sir John Moore, who was then forming his junction with General Sir David Baird, and was marching with the hope of falling in with Marshal Soult, who had been ordered to make himself master of Leon and Zamora. Brigadier General Charles Stewart, with part of the 18th light dragoons, had surprised and taken a detachment of cavalry and infantry at Rueda, with about 20,000*l.* in value of cotton, which the French had collected. They had also taken a patrol of an officer and 20 dragoons.

21. This morning, a little before two o'clock, the sentry in the chief court-yard of St. James's palace, discovered a great cloud of smoke issue up a little beyond the south-east corner of the yard, which was soon followed by flames. The alarm was given, and it was discovered that the palace was on fire in the east wing of the inner court-yard, the flames having begun in the apartments of Miss Rice, one of the Queen's dressers. They began at the room of Miss Rice's maid-servant, we believe the cook, who, it is thought, has lost her life by her negligence, as no intelligence can be heard of her.

The flames soon took possession of the whole east wing of the inner court-yard, on the left hand side as it is entered. In this wing were the Queen's private drawing-room, bed, and other apartments; and adjoining, behind it, were the apartments of her attendants on the palace establishment, among which were those of Miss Rice. At the end of the wing, were some apartments of the Duke of Cambridge, which extended to the front next the Park. The whole of the east wing of the inner court-yard was speedily in flames, and is entirely burned down, that being the only wing of four in this court-yard, which is burned, the others being scarcely damaged.

The alarm being given before three o'clock, a great number of persons assembled to assist in extinguishing the flames, besides many fire-engines which poured in from all quarters. The Duke of Cambridge was apprised of his danger, and all the residents in the palace were alarmed. The Dukes of York, Kent, Sussex, and Cambridge, were particularly active in giving directions for the extinction of the flames, and in encouraging the firemen and others to exertion. Some companies of the guards arrived in their working clothes.

A great difficulty arose in finding water, in consequence of the frost, which gave the flames time to spread for a considerable time; and at last, when it was found, it was at a distance. The flames spread into the wing fronting the Park, and burned it all down from the Duke of Cambridge's apartments to the eastern extremity, near Marlborough-house. Of the front next the Park about two-fifths are completely destroyed; the other three, including the drawing-room and all the state apartments, are uninjured. About fifteen windows in length are burned down; but, from a few windows east of the open flight of stairs, nothing is injured all along the front to the westward.

The damage done by the fire, therefore, has not consumed a fourth part of the palace; and none of the great state apartments, stair-cases, or avenues, are touched. In the great court-yard, the damage of the fire is only visible in two windows in the south-east corner. In front, towards Pall-Mall, nothing of the fire can be seen, except the smoke at a distance over the tops of the buildings. The whole damage is on the west of Marlborough-house.

Jan. 24. This morning the following letter was sent to the lord mayor:—

Downing-Street, Jan. 24, 1809.

MY LORD.—The Hon. Capt. Gordon, aid-de-camp to Lieut.-general Sir David Baird, is just arrived with dispatches from the Lieut.-general, communicating the intelligence, that after a hard-fought and bravely-contested action of three hours, which ended in the complete repulse of the enemy—the British army embarked unmolested, and without any loss, except that which took place in the action: the whole were left at sea by Capt. Gordon proceeding to Portsmouth, with a fair wind.

The commander in chief received a cannon shot which shattered his shoulder very early in the action; but his meritorious exertions had secured the defeat and disappointed the hopes of the enemy. —Lieut.-general Sir David Baird being severely wounded in the arm, has been obliged to suffer amputation; but there is every reason to hope will recover.

I have the honor to be, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient
humble servant,

CASTLEREAGH.

The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor.

Two or three transports with wounded and sick are arrived at Plymouth. The Endymion, with a fleet of transports, containing the cavalry chiefly, arrived yesterday at Portsmouth.

Generals Baird and Hope are arrived.

Sir David Baird is doing well: it is his left arm that was amputated. The dispatches received this morning are signed by him. General Moore remained perfectly collected to the last, and continued to give his orders to the last. Colonel Anderson, who is just arrived, met him as he was being carried in a blanket from the field. He grasped the colonel by the hand, and requested he would accompany him: he went with him into Corunna.

Plymouth, Jan. 24. Came in this morning the transports Alfred and Sir C. Cotton. She has brought over sick soldiers and some officers of the British army. By them we learn that the greater part of our army and artillery have embarked at Corunna on the 16th instant. The reserve, about 12,000 men, under General Sir J. Moore, were attacked about three miles from Corunna by an immense body of French, reinforced in the night by the French army, which

made them near 50,000 men. The battle lasted three hours, from two to five, P. M. We understand that the Scots Royals, the 2d, 5th, 30th, and 81st regiments, are a good deal cut up; the latter had two majors, four captains, and six subalterns killed. The enemy suffered considerably.—We are sincerely sorry to state, that Gen. Sir J. Moore was killed early in the action; Gen. Sir D. Baird lost his arm; Gen. Anstruther died from fatigue; Gen. Beresford and Gen. Ludlow wounded in the leg. As the French ranks were thinned by our fire, they were continually reinforced, but their loss is immense in killed and wounded; though ours were so fatigued for two days before the action, that several of poor fellows reeled as they fired their muskets, like men intoxicated. It is dreadful to relate, that 1200 British soldiers dropped on the march from Benavente, quite overcome with fatigue, and were cruelly butchered by the French advanced guard.

Our brave fellows marched down one hill and up another in a line, and charged the enemy, who were ten to one, when the enemy gave way, but were soon reinforced, and our brave fellows were obliged to retire, and did it in the greatest order, amidst the fire of grape and cannister shot. On the 15th the enemy were completely defeated; but as above stated received great reinforcements in the night or the 16th. Fourteen hundred of the British cavalry horses had their throats cut, being almost starved for want of forage, and had lost all their shoes.

Junot, on his joining the French army, on the 15th, sent in a flag of truce to Sir John Moore, to say he had resumed the command of the French army. It is understood that the French have got possession of Ferrol, and the two men of war there.

BIRTHS.

Dec. 24. At Wexford, the lady of C. Randall, Esq. 9d. or King's Own dragoons, of a son.

28. The lady of John Armstrong, Esq. of Hazel-Croft house, Somerset, of a daughter.

At High Leigh, in Cheshire, the lady of George John Leigh, Esq. of a daughter.

29. At Wolverton, Bucks. the lady of the Hon. and Rev. A. H. Cathcart, of a daughter.

At Aston Clinton, the seat of Viscount Lake, the lady of Henry Dawkins, Jun. Esq. of a son.

Jan. 3. At Coleharbour, Surry, the Right Hon. Lady Lucy Taylor, of a daughter.

The wife of Lieut. Colonel Jackson, Coldstream guards, of a daughter.

14. In York-Street, St. James's-Square, the lady of D. Campbell, Esq. of a son.

At Earls, Mrs. Ash, wife of Mr. Ash, principal dancer, at the Opera, &c. of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Dec. 20. By the Rev. the Dean of Bath, Capt. Percival, of the 5th dragoon guards, only son of Gen. Percival, to Miss Mary Baskins, second daughter of the late Genl. Baskins, Esq. eldest son of the late Sir Hugh Baskins, Bart.

26. At Warwick-Palace, Essex, his Serene Highness the Prince de Condé, to her Serene Highness Princess Dowager de Monaco.

29. At Shoreham, Kent, John Laurens Nicholl, Esq. of the inner temple, London, to Jane, eldest daughter of Thomas Wilmott, Esq. of Shoreham.

Jan. 2. At Newcastle-Upon-Tyne, Capt. Birchall, of the Sussex militia, to Miss Bramwell, daughter of William Bramwell, Esq. of that place.

At Bedford, in Essex, John Henry Tibon, Esq. of Wallingford-Park, Oxfordshire, to Mrs. Edward Langford, relict of the Rev. Edward Langford, Rector of Garton, in Lincolnshire.

5. At Pangbourne, Berkshire, Mr. Robert Froude, of Froude-Hall, London, to Miss Charlotte Wall, daughter of the Rev. C. Wall, of Pangbourne.

At Battersea, Capt. Henry Morris Samson, in the service of the East India company, to Miss Charlotte, daughter of the late William Samson, Esq. of Blackheath.

8. At Bedydden, North Wales, Lieut. Colonel Dashwood, son of Charles Vere Dashwood, Esq. Stamford-Hall, Notts, to Anna Maria Shipley, second daughter of the Dean of St. Asaph.

16. At Madstone, William Scudamore, Esq. of that place, to Miss Davies, of Mortlake, Surrey.

Capt. Alexander Radford Hughes, of the Madras military establishment, to Miss Jane Huckell Lee, third daughter of Thomas Huckell Lee, Esq. of Ebbard Barton, near Exeter.

DEATHS.

Dec. 27. At his house in Queen Anne-Street West, William Blandy, Esq. in the 61st year of his age.

John Ogilvie, Esq. late of Argyllshire, arrived agent for many years.

Jan. 2. At his house in Grafton-Street, the Marquis of Ebro, in his 53d year.

3. The Hon. Mrs. Cornwallis, sister to Lord Baysing, at her house in Seymour-place.

7. At Westwood-Hall, near Leeds, in the county of York, aged 79, Mrs. Walter relict of the late Walter Wade, Esq. of New-Elange, in the same county.

In York-Street, Dublin, on Christmas-Day, aged 86, Charles Farran, Esq. many years Deputy Clerk of the peace in the county of Fingher in Ireland.

At his house in Cornhill, Josiah Barnard, Esq. banker.

After a short illness, Mr. Joseph Cobb, of Tudor-Street, second son of Mr. Cobb, banker, Lombard-Street.

9. At Hoxton, Devon, where he had retired for the benefit of his health, J. W. Prid, Esq.

At his house in Grafton-Street, John Seely, Esq.

At his house in Tottenham-Street, Soho, John Anderson, Esq. surgeon, R. M. Woolwich.

Miss Catherine, eldest daughter of the late Philip Saltmarsh, Esq. of Saltmarsh, in the county of York.

15. At Bakedale, the seat of the Earl of Eborac, the lady of H. Louffe, Esq. M. P.

At her house at Peckham, Mrs. H. Alderson, of High Holborn.

At Stamford-Croft, Essex, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of R. Langford, Esq. of that place.

At his father's house in Stanhope-Street, May-Fair, William Champain, lieutenant of his Majesty's 19th regiment of foot.

At his house, Great Harb, Essex, Emanuel Goodhart, Esq. aged 52.

At his house in Park-Place, Cumberwell-Grove, aged 88, P. Pope, Esq. late of Fenchurch-Street.