THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR FEBRUARY, 1809.

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS,

This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates,

1. The Swiss Peasants.
2. London Fashionable Full Dresses.
3. New and elegant Patterns for Children's Caps, &c. &c.

LONDON:

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

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISS *Sophia Troughton* is respectfully informed, that the copy of her Novel being all exhausted, we shall be much obliged to her for a farther supply.

The *Portrait*, an *Irish Story*, in our next.

R. T.'s Verses require revision.

Eugenio's Essay is somewhat too incorrect.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

The Swiss Peasants.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE.

FOR FEBRUARY, 1809.

THE SWISS PEASANTS.

A TALE.

[*With an Elegant Engraving.*]

IN the smiling vallies and happy abodes of Switzerland, ere the iron hand of furious war, occasioned by the intrigues of French ambition had disunited families and spread devastation around, the innocent Lisette resided with her father, in a peaceful cottage near the banks of the lake of Lausanne. Their possessions were not great, but industry and content rendered them fully sufficient to bestow happiness. Not far from the cottage of Lisette and her father stood another, inhabited by a small family of like simple manners. Jacques Robardieu, the eldest son, was it's support. In the labors and in the sports of the field he excelled every competitor; his understanding was strong and his heart generous. From his earliest age he had been intimate with Lisette, and his affection for her had increased with his years. His love artlessly but ardently expressed, had kindled in her breast a mutual flame, and they only waited till a year or two of patient and successful industry should have enabled them to begin the world, as it is termed, with a sufficient competency.

In the mean time the disputes, fomented by French intrigue, broke forth in their formerly peaceful country, and French troops entered Switzerland. The seat of war too soon reached that part, where stood the cottages of these two innocent families. The cottages were destroyed, the labors of the peasants ruined, and themselves dispersed in various directions. Lisette knew not what was become of Jacques, Jacques knew not what was become of Lisette. She, however, after having endured many contrarieties of fortune, had been noticed and taken into favor by the lady of the French commissary then in the country, who prevailed on her, as

she knew not what else to do, to enter into her service. In this station Lisette displayed so much industry, prudence, and good sense, that she became a favorite with her mistress, who reposed in her unlimited confidence. With her master too she became a favorite, who in the gallant style of his country offered to make love to her; but this honor she declined with so much genuine modesty and propriety, that he only conceived a much higher opinion of her from her refusal. Her mistress, too, who thought she could perceive what was going on, was well satisfied that her whole behaviour was deserving the highest approbation, and that her fidelity and services could scarcely be sufficiently repaid.

The commissary and his lady returned to Paris, and took Lisette with them. Here she entered upon a new scene. The gaiety, splendor, voluptuousness, and profligacy of the capital, were all entirely new to her; yet was she neither dazzled with the one, nor corrupted by the other. She still preserved untainted the rustic virtues in which she had been bred. Lovers of various kinds swarmed around her, and some much above her own rank and fortune applied as serious suitors; but she rejected them all, her heart still cherishing the remembrance of Jacques, whom she still hoped again to see and to be happy with. Among these suitors one was particularly importunate, and would continue his acquaintance with, as he said, from friendship, even after her peremptory refusal. This man was principal servant to a person placed near the seat of power, then lodged in the hands of the directory; and in his conversations with Lisette gave her to understand, by obscure hints and half words, that the fall of her master was near, and that he probably would soon be disgraced and reduced to beggary, if he escaped with life; she would therefore, he observed, do well to take care of herself in time. At first she supposed he only said this to induce her to provide for herself by accepting his offer; for he had amassed a considerable sum of money; but afterwards, from the sight of letters and other proofs, she was convinced that there was a real foundation for what he said. She therefore communicated her discovery to her mistress who informed her master of it. He soon perceived that the information was not to be neglected, and, through his lady, instructing Lisette how to proceed, obtained sufficient knowlege of the whole secret to be able to defeat the schemes of his enemies by his own counter-schemes, aided by money judiciously applied.

In the management of this affair, Lisette had displayed the greatest judgement and address; and, as her master said, a great talent for intrigue; but it was only that innocent and honest intrigue, which had no other end but to save from ruin those whom she considered as her friends and benefactors; all art and dissimulation to promote a treacherous or selfish purpose she equally despised and detested; but to outintrigue, if that word must be used, for a good end, those who were full of plots and intrigues for a good one, she considered not only as allowable, but praiseworthy.

The commissary and his lady

were very sensible how much they were indebted to Lisette, and wished to testify their gratitude to her. They inquired of her what they could do for her, to recompense her fidelity and the essential service she had rendered them. She now unreservedly told them that nothing could make her truly happy but to return to her own country, and find again her father and her friends. The commissary highly approved this genuine effusion of a good and uncorrupted heart; and told her, that fortunately it so happened that he should now in a few weeks return to Switzerland, when he would take her with him; and, perhaps, he might find an opportunity to conduce to the happiness of herself and her father, and her friends too.

In fact, in a few weeks the commissary, his lady, and Lisette, set out for Switzerland. But here things had undergone so great an alteration, that the inquiries of Lisette after her father and Jacques were fruitless; and she became greatly alarmed lest one or the other should have perished in some of the tumultuous scenes which had taken place during her absence. They had removed, she was told, to a distant part of the country; and she and her lady being soon after near that part, at a convenient opportunity set out in the carriage to make inquiries. As they journeyed night came unexpectedly on, and four or five banditti attacked the carriage, which happened then to have no other guard than the two servants which attended it, and who were quite unequal to contend with their assailants. The banditti, with furious imprecations, began to engage the servants, to whom they seemed determined to give no quarter, and who were obliged to fight with desperation, as there was little chance, in case of a defeat, of their lives, or even those of the females, being spared.

At this moment, two men came suddenly over a hedge on the side of the road, and joined the servants against the robbers; they had only sticks, while the latter had knives and sabres, but they used these with such effect, and fought so bravely, that, after an obstinate contest, the banditti thought it best to make off, leaving two of their number killed upon the spot.

In the mean time, the ladies in the coach were waiting in the most dreadful suspense the issue of the battle. Lisette had entirely fainted away, and could not be recovered till some time after they had arrived at a small house, to which they were guided by the two strangers whose timely assistance had probably saved the lives of them all. They too had received many severe wounds from the banditti, and were covered and disfigured with the blood that flowed from them.

Lisette was at length restored to sense, and all took some refreshment; which was indeed very necessary after the fatigue undergone by the combatants, and the dreadful fears which had preyed on the spirits of the females. The two strangers retired for a while to wash off the blood and bind up their wounds, while Lisette and her lady conversed on the very extraordinary interposition of Providence for their preservation; and consulted in what manner they should sufficiently express their gratitude, and re-

ward the generous bravery of their unknown defenders — but, when the two strangers had cleaned away the blood and sweat and dirt with which they were covered, what words can describe the astonishment and the feelings of Lisette, when she recognised in them her own father and her lover Jacques! — or what words can describe their astonishment and their feelings, when they found it was Lisette whom they had thus preserved!

The story seems to be ended here; but it is necessary to inform the reader, that the commissary being thus as it were doubly indebted to Lisette, at least to her father and her lover as well as to her, was not deficient in generosity. He purchased for them a moderately sized farm in that part of the country, which they chose, and where war and tumult now no longer raged, stocked it well, and on the union of Lisette and Jacques, furnished them with as much money as was necessary to enable them to practice those rustic virtues, which bestow far greater happiness than can be derived from inordinate wealth.

Account of the Nuptial Ceremonial in Abyssinia.

(From Extracts from Bruce's Common Place Book, in Murray's Life of Bruce.)

MARRIAGE is not considered in Abyssinia as a sacrament, yet the church ordains some rules to be observed, in order that the man and the woman may be faithful towards one another. The ordinary method of marriage among people of condition is the following: — The man, when he resolves to marry a girl, sends some person to her father to ask his daughter in marriage. It seldom happens that she is refused, and when she is granted, the future husband is called into the girl's house, and an oath is taken reciprocally by the parties that they will maintain fidelity to one another. Then the father of the bride presents the bridegroom the fortune that he will give: it consists of a particular sum of gold, some oxen, some sheep, or horses, &c., according to the circumstances of the people. Then the bridegroom is obliged to find surety for the said goods, which is some one of his friends that presents himself, and becomes answerable for him in case he should wish to dismiss his wife, and be not able, through dissipation or otherwise, to restore all he has gotten. Farther, at the time when they display the fortune of the bride, the husband is obliged to promise a certain sum of money, or an equivalent in effects to his wife, in case he should choose to abandon her, or separate himself from her. This must also be confirmed by an oath of the future husband, and his surety. A certain time, of twenty or thirty days, is determined also by a reciprocal oath, that on the last of these they will go together to church, and receive the sacrament. When all these matters are concluded, the future spouse appoints the marriage day, and then returns home. When that day arrives, the intended husband goes again to his bride's house, where she appears, and shows her moveables (mobiglia) or clothes; and he must promise

and swear anew the forementioned articles, and that he will use his wife well, never leave her without meat or clothing, keep her in a good house, &c.; all which his surety must confirm. When this is over, the bridegroom takes his lady on his shoulders, and carries her off to his house. If it be at a distance, he does the same thing, but only goes entirely round the bride's house, then sets her down, and returns her into it. After this ceremony, a solemn banqueting takes place, consisting of raw beef and bread, and honey, wine, or hydromel; or another beverage from grain, called bouza, a sort of beer, very sour and disgusting. The feast being ended, the parties mount each a mule, and ride to the bridegroom's house, where is concluded all the ceremony necessary to marriage before they live together. When they have lived together during the appointed time of twenty or thirty days, they must both appear at church, and declare before the priest that they are husband and wife, and that they are come to receive the sacrament. The priest, without more ado, celebrates mass: they communicate and return home. After some time, though both have sworn to live all their life faithful to one another, they take the liberty to separate. If it is the husband who wishes to separate, he, or his surety, must pay the wife that which she brought, and likewise the sum stipulated in cases of separation. If they have had children, the boys always go with the mother, even if there were but an only child; if there be no boys, she takes none of the girls. When the separation comes from the lady, the husband is liable to no restitution, provided he has been always faithful to the marriage state, as promised; but if it is on account of his bad conduct, or irregular life, that she forms this resolution, he is always subject to his promises and the abovementioned articles.

It sometimes happens that the husband and wife, mutually, and without any cause of ill-will, agree to part. In this case, the effects brought by the wife are united with the sum stipulated by the husband, then divided into equal shares, of which the parties take each one, and return to their former places of abode. This is the established form of those marriages which are said to be celebrated justly, and according to the church.

THE

FATAL CATASTROPHE.

[*From a Dublin Paper.*]

MELANCHOLY, indeed, is the tragic scene we are about to relate, particularly as it has involved (in a neighbouring country) more than three families in the deepest affliction: in justice to the feelings of the parties, we shall not mention names.

A gentleman, the youngest son of a beneficed clergyman of high respectability, paid his addresses to a young lady of genteel family and considerable fortune, residing in the same neighbourhood. Her uncle (under whose guardianship she was unhappily placed) had determined to marry her to what he called *up to rank*, and chose

rather to see her splendidly miserable, than made happy with a genteel competency. The lady's suitor was a physician, who, some time back, took the usual degree, with the most promising hopes of success in his profession. Insurmountable were the obstacles raised by the uncle, in order to prevent their union; he remonstrated on the impropriety of placing her affections on a person not possessed of one shilling, and who could have no expectations, either now or hereafter, of any paternal fortune: as to his profession, it was one of the very worst, for he might not be called in upon a *Guinea Voyage* (as he termed it) for years to come; and, in hopes of alienating her regards for her lover, introduced into the family a major in the army, and at the same time informed her she was to consider him as her future husband. It seems he did not possess any of those nice feelings of honor and sensibility, which should ever be the characteristic of a soldier: he was told of her predeliction for another, which must ever prevent his prevailing upon a heart so completely devoted to Mr. ———, who was then in Scotland, and his arrival daily expected. This candid appeal had no effect. In fine, the wedding-day was appointed; the clergyman arrived, and with silent suffering composure, she allowed the fatal ceremony to be performed. The uncle, however, was soon convinced of his inhumanity — she had taken, in presence of her own maid, a cup of tea mixed, as it afterwards appeared, with a considerable quantity of arsenic. She said it was the most delicious draught she had ever taken. Towards the close of the evening she got much indisposed, and in a few hours after breathed her last. On her dressing-table was found the following letter:

'Tis over, and by the time you receive this I shall be no more; yet the only hour that I call my own, I give to you, the only one that the hand of death had not a right to interrupt. Should I live, I trembled to think what a husband's rage might have inflicted, when he should find (instead of the happiness he expected) a cold and indifferent heart. Surely it was impossible for two masters to share my affection; had I survived, you would feel that you had robbed me of what not all my fortune could purchase, or the world have power to bestow. Ever since I was taught to form a wish, it was that of being a tender wife and happy mother. From the time I could associate an idea, I looked upon matrimony as the source from which we were to derive finished happiness or accumulated misery. Under this idea, alas! what delusive visions of felicity did not the accomplished mind and literary taste of Mr. —— once give me leave to form, such as no turn of fortune can again recal. But, what am I saying, and to whom? — to him who has robbed me of my peace and of my life. Can he now dry up those tears which he himself has caused to flow, or can he heal those wounds which he has so deeply inflicted? — But the worst is past; all the passions that have distracted me since I received your unfeeling mandate, to forget and be faithless to him on whom my heart doated, are hushed, and what little spirit remains will soon give way to the Supreme Director of all!'

HARRIET VERNON;

OR,

CHARACTERS FROM REAL LIFE.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

BY A LADY.

[Continued from p. 13.]

LETTER XC.

Miss West to Mrs. West.

Hampstead.

EVERY thing here, my dear mother, goes on smoothly: ten days more, and the happy one, I hope, for our dear Charles and Maria, arrives. The plan of operations were yesterday settled by them. Mrs. Ambrose and Harriet are invited to spend a week with them after their marriage — I am to stay with Mrs. Wilson — the wedding is to be kept here. Mr. Johnson, we suppose, will stay at Windsor till the ladies come to Wentworth's, which is to be the day before the ceremony. Maria wrote a letter to the colonel yesterday, expressive of her gratitude and esteem. I have a great curiosity to see this paragon of a man, whose character is so much the object of our admiration. I flatter myself Mrs. Ambrose will invite me to Windsor, when I may enjoy that satisfaction; for he is not to be at the wedding. I lay down my pen for the present; perhaps may not resume it till the happy day is over: in the mean time, accept these few lines from your very dutiful daughter,

S. WEST.

LETTER XCI.

Miss H. Vernon to Miss Vernon.

Windsor.

Dear Sister,

THE colonel returned from London on Saturday, but not a word passed before me relative to the business which had detained him there a week. This morning Mrs. Ambrose entered my chamber, and told me that she wished to speak to me; that she could not but suppose the last year had much drained my purse. Now I have, continned she, drawing out her pocket-book, this bill, it is for thirty pounds; you must receive it as your due, for I assure you it is your own.

'Bless me, madam,' said I, 'it is impossible but I must be obliged to somebody for it.'

'I tell you, you are not,' said she, smiling; 'ask no questions, but employ it as you think proper.'

She then left me, with my curiosity not a little roused by the incident, as I think yours will be.

I should, my dear sister, offer you a participation of this little property, but that you informed me Wentworth's generosity had left you no want in pecuniary matters. Johnson escorts us to Wentworth's house the day before your nuptials are to take place. I tell him he ought to attend his friend before; but he replies, there can be no pleasure in the society of a man whose heart is in one place and his person in another, which would be the case with him did he leave Windsor. I suppose you will make a comment upon this speech; I don't care; there is

nothing between us, I assure you. As I shall see you so soon, I add no more but good wishes and affectionate regards,

H. VERNON.

LETTER XCII.

Mrs. Wentworth to Mrs. West.

A FEW lines, dearest madam, to acquaint you that yesterday united me to my beloved Wentworth. My dear sister and friend Mrs. Ambrose are with me. Pray for me, my maternal friend, that my present happiness may continue, and, above all, that I may continue to treasure up in my mind the instruction infused in my early years by yourself, whose amiable pattern shall remain ever before me. Heaven preserve you, and lengthen out a life so valuable to me and all who have the happiness of knowing you. Wentworth unites in the above; and we subscribe ourselves your

Dutiful (allow us to say) children,

CHARLES and MARIA WENTWORTH.

LETTER XCIII.

Miss West to Mrs. West.

Hampstead.

Dear Mother,

THE week's visit being now nearly elapsed, Mrs. Ambrose intends returning home, to be in readiness to receive her brother, who he writes will return in a few days. On her proposing to Mrs. Wilson my accompanying her, she looked a little displeased at being left alone. Harriet, who understands all her looks, offered to stay behind for a week or two, if she pleased; but, at the same time, signified, that she looked on Colonel Ambrose's as her home. She accepted the offer, and proposed a fortnight. 'By that time,' said she, 'I shall be a little used to the diminution of the number of my family; but I shall find it a little odd to have no one with me. Mr. Wilson and I are but dull company sometimes; and I have been thinking, Miss West, perhaps it might be convenient to you to stay here the winter, or perhaps longer. You seem an agreeable obliging young person; and, as I understand Mrs. West's circumstances are strait, it may be a mutual accommodation.'

Was there ever, my dear mother, such an ungracious manner of conferring a favor? I felt pride rise to my cheek, and replied, that I was obliged by her good opinion, and for all the civilities I had received from her: my mother, to be sure, I said, was not in affluence, but she was by no means so strait as to make it necessary for me to seek a livelihood; but, if it was, I should seek it under her roof: she had been an excellent mother to me, and I had a great affection for her; she was in a declining state of health, and no one was so proper to attend her as her daughter, nor could I think of leaving her for a longer time than a visit for a few days at Colonel Ambrose'. She made no reply to this, and the matter dropped.

We set off on Friday for Windsor; and Mr. Wentworth proposes to take his bride in about a fortnight. I think, my dear mo-

ther, of being with you by this day week, and, in the mean time, remain,

Your dutiful daughter,
S. WEST.

LETTER XCIV.

Miss H. Vernon to Miss West.

Hampstead.

I READ my dear Susan's letter, and am happy to find such an improved account of your mother's health: may she be long continued to you. I should greatly miss your society, were it not for our neighbours over the way, whom I see every day; but I generally go over in a forenoon, when the gentlemen are engaged, or have rode out. Mr. Johnson generally drinks tea here, but Mrs. Wilson does not much like him, I can see: he pays no compliments to her person, and makes more remarks on her conversation than she likes. I tell him he should make allowance for natural temper; he can make none, he says, for what is reason lent us for but to cure the faults of temper. I cannot gain him to my wish in this point with Mrs. Wilson. It is of no consequence, however, as I suppose he will soon return home; and I should much long for the time of returning to Windsor, if it were not for the opportunity my stay here gives me of seeing and conversing with my dear Maria. I must lay down my pen, as I am summoned to ride out with Mrs. Wilson. I hate ride outs. There and back again, without some object in view besides roads and prospects, is to me irksome — Coming, coming, Mrs. Betty. ——

[*In continuation.*]

After three long tedious hours riding in dusty roads in a close carriage, suffocated almost for want of air. I went to Wentworth's as soon as we alighted, Mrs. Wilson saying she should lie down an hour before she dressed.

On entering the parlour I found only Mr. Johnson: he was writing.

'I beg pardon, Sir,' said I, 'I thought my sister was here.'

'She is gone to town with her husband, but returns to dinner at four o'clock.' — Taking me by the hand, he led me to a chair — 'I am happy, my dear Miss Vernon,' said he, 'in the opportunity this gives me of speaking to you on a subject which to me is most interesting. Ever since chance threw you on my notice, I beheld you with sentiments of more partiality than I thought I should ever have had for a woman. Your behaviour on that occasion, as also your conduct respecting my friend Wentworth and your amiable sister, the opportunity I have had in my visit to Windsor of seeing and conversing with you, have all conspired to remove those prejudices I had imbibed against the married state, and I think I have met in you the person with whom I should be happy to be united for life; and I now offer you my heart, my hand, and my fortune.'

I was a little, as you may suppose, disconcerted at this unexpected address. I felt myself blush; but recovering, I said I was much obliged to him for his

favorable opinion, but I felt no inclination to alter my state. The amiable manners of Mrs. Ambrose, and the respect in life she so justly had acquired, had perfectly reconciled me to the class of old maids, and, were it not for my dependent state, I had no objection to be ranked in the number.

'I am not, Miss Vernon,' replied he, 'as you may have observed, a man of circumlocution; I have nothing of the impassioned language of lovers, but what my lips utter comes from my heart: as to the subject of fortune, which I acknowlege to be a necessary ingredient in the cup of happiness, mine is a clear fifteen hundred a-year; it is an improvable estate, and I find a great pleasure in residing on it, and improving it; my tenants are happy in me for a landlord: I find nothing wanting to make me a happy man but the society of such a woman as yourself. If you accept me, I shall have accomplished my present wishes, to give place to others less important; for wishes and hopes we must have, or life would stagnate. And now, my dear Miss Vernon, I wait your reply; if you reject me, I re-assume my former predeliction for the bachelor state, for confident I am I shall not meet with another Miss Harriet Vernon.'

After a pause of a few minutes, I told him I could not but be pleased with his frankness and generosity; and, in return, I would be equally frank with him; that the obligation I was under to him for the part he took on the occasion alluded to, together with the motives that excited it, had made on me an impression of gratitude and esteem never to be erased: and there was not a man in the world who stood in competition with himself in my favor; but that I must consult my friends in this house and at Windsor before I gave my final answer. If they approved, I should raise no objection some time hence.

'Why then,' said he, and he kissed my hand, 'it is a done thing. Wentworth has known my mind long, and approves it. The colonel and his sister, although I have not spoken to them in direct terms, have long guessed it; and I am confident, by many things that have passed, they approve it. I will go with my friends next week to Windsor, and shall hope 'the some time hence' will not be a long time.'

This conversation had taken a longer time than I thought for: on looking on my watch, I found it was but a quarter of an hour to dinner, and I was not dressed; so I took my leave without any farther reply.

I found Mrs. Wilson in a frightful ill humor at my absence: I was to have altered the trimming of a cap for her that morning.—'Bless me, child, where have you been all this time?'

'At my sister's, madam; did you want me?'

'Want you! to be sure I did; you knew I wanted this cap altered; it is a frightful thing; I look like I don't know what in it.'

'Betty, madam, could have done it.'

'Betty could have done it! yes, to be sure, the bungling creature, she would have made it ten times worse. But, I suppose, you think any ugly thing good enough for

me — if you can hoity toity with the fellows, it is all you think of.'

'What do you mean, madam? I don't understand you.'

'Mean! why I mean this: your sister and her husband are gone to town, which, I dare say, you knew; and there is no one in the house but that Johnson, a rude uncouth creature, and here you have been an hour fooling with him. I suppose you think to entrap him to marry you, but you will find yourself mistaken; he has been known to declare against matrimony; and if I was to advise you, Miss, it would be to pay more regard to your reputation than to be shut up alone for an hour with a young fellow.'

Thus did she run on with a lecture, as she thought, on prudence (otherwise prudery), till the servant told us dinner was on the table. I was forced to sit down as I was. Luckily a gentleman dined with us, which prevented any thing more than common-place conversation.

As soon as we left the table, I returned to my own apartment, to ruminate on the transactions of the day. And now, having given you this account, I close my letter without a comment. I dare say your good mother will rejoice at her Harriet's happy prospects. I will write you next from Windsor; in the mean time adieu.

Yours sincerely,

H. VERNON.

P. S. I do not intend to tell the Wilsons a tittle of the matter.

[To be concluded in our next.]

MEMOIRS of the LIFE of the late Mrs. ELIZABETH CARTER.

ELIZABETH CARTER was born at Deal on the 16th of December, 1717. Her father, who was a doctor in divinity, was perpetual curate of the chapel in that place. He appears to have possessed a large share of learning and good sense. At a very early period, his daughter, who is the subject of the present account, evinced a strong desire for literary distinction, which, though he did not discourage, he thought would be frustrated by the natural slowness of her apprehension. Mrs. Carter's mind was one of those on which impressions are not readily made, nor when made, easily effaced. What she had once acquired, she never forgot. The original defect, if any defect there were in her capacity, was more than compensated by the intensity of her diligence. But the severe fits of headach which she experienced at intervals through life were probably owing to the unwearing constancy of her application. The ardor of her literary pursuits did not preclude her from acquiring every species of feminine accomplishment. The Muses received what seems their consecrated due, the first fruits of her pen. In 1738 she published a small volume of poems, which were printed by Cave, the original editor of the Gentleman's Magazine. Among these were a translation of the 30th ode of Anacreon; and of the 7th ode of the 4th book of Horace; the first written in 1734, the last in 1736. The dates sufficiently evince her early proficiency in the languages of Greece and Rome. Of these

poems, as well as those which Mrs. Carter afterwards published with a dedication to Lord Bath, the predominant characteristic is rather the want of any glaring defect than the possession of any shining excellence. They are not dull, but they do not interest; there is much good sense, but there is no poetic fire. There are only a few, which are not on occasional topics; and those few, as might be expected, are the best. Mr. Pennington would have done no disservice to his book, and no injury to the celebrity of his aunt, if instead of appending them to his memoirs, he had suffered them to pass quietly into oblivion. The mind of Mrs. Carter was never such as was likely to attract the inspirations of the Muse. It was marked rather by the sedateness of the philosopher than by the rapture of the bard. Mrs. Carter appears to have been ambitious of learning languages; for to the Greek and Latin, she added some knowlege of the Hebrew; and besides the French, which she spoke with fluency, she made herself mistress of the Italian, the Spanish, and the German. Later in life she learned the Portuguese, and acquired a superficial acquaintance with the Arabic. But no study either of the dead or the living languages, of the more recondite sciences, or of the more elegant accomplishments, was ever suffered to interfere with her constantly increasing proficiency in the knowlege of the scriptures. Of these she read a portion every day; but her religion was equally devoid of levity and moroseness. She possessed in a high degree that winning benignity and that innocent cheerfulness which are the natural appendages of that piety which Christ both practised and enjoined. In proportion as religion becomes morose it ceases to charm. Of the letters of Mrs. Carter which Mr. Pennington has published, all are marked by an artless stamp of genuine urbanity and good humor; and some of them evince many agreeable combinations of sprightliness and wit. Her mind, though it had the robust texture of masculine strength, was not destitute of playfulness; and we do not think the worst of her, because there was a spice of the romp in her original composition. In her early years she was fond of dancing; and she danced well and could dance long. 'In one of her juvenile letters she says, 'I walked three miles yesterday in a wind, that I thought would have blown me out of this planet, and afterwards danced nine hours, and then walked back again.' Such feats may be thought by some rather discrepant with the gravity of a translator of Epictetus; but, in our opinion, they aggrandize her merit, and exalt her fame. What may seem frivolous in itself, is in fact a matter of some moment, if it contribute to the stock of harmless gratification. And where no excess is permitted, there is no harmless gratification, however trivial it may seem, which is below the pursuit of the good and wise.

By the vigilant and prudent œconomy of time, Mrs. Carter was enabled to reconcile the pursuits of a laborious student, with the amusements of those who seem to live only for amusement. She always rose at an early hour, and this habit she retained through life. Thus she contrived, without interrupting the continuity of her studies, always to have a compe-

tent stock of leisure on her hands, which she could allot to the necessities of her friends, or to the innocent diversions of society. When young, we are informed that she sat up late; and as, from her natural temperament, she appears to have been always very propense to sleep, she was often obliged to have recourse to artificial expedients to keep herself awake. Besides employing the pungency of snuff, she used to bind a wet towel round her head, put a wet cloth to the pit of her stomach, and chew the leaves of tea and the berries of coffee. Some of these practices were unfavorable to her health; but they strikingly demonstrate that her thirst for knowlege could not be quenched; and that she was a candidate for fame who was determined to procure it by uninterrmitting toil. But though she studied astronomy and mathematics as well as the several branches of the belles lettres, she found time for working with her needle, and the same hand which wrote the translation of Epictetus, was employed in making her brother's shirts.

Mrs. Carter was far from being handsome; her features were large, but very characteristic of her natural serenity, good humor, and good sense. Her figure, as her nephew tells, was not good; but, when young, she had, independent of her large stock of Greek and Latin, which seldom tells for much in the list of matrimonial accomplishments, wherewith to make her beheld with complacency by the other sex. She had several offers of marriage; all of which she rejected; for she seems at a very early period to have formed the resolution of living 'a virgin queen;' and she very laudably persevered in her design. But nevertheless it does not appear that she was ever thoroughly satisfied with the validity of her claims to the title of 'Old Maid.'

Her acquaintance with Cave, whose magazine she had graced with most of her early poetical efforts, was the means of introducing her to many of the literati of that time. Among others was the great author of the Rambler; who was then only beginning to be known; as he had but just given the first presage of his abilities in his 'London, a satire.' Johnson entertained the sincerest respect for Mrs. Carter; and the sentiment was mutual. Their friendship continued unabated through a long series of years; and it was terminated only by death. In 1738 our authoress published a translation of the critique of Crousaz on Pope's Essay on Man. This contributed to the increase of her reputation. Indeed, at the time of which we are speaking, female authorship was so very rare, that Mrs. Carter, who, by similar attempts, would hardly be noticed at the present day, was then thought a prodigy of genius; so that when she was in London in the year 1739, her good friends at Deal had seriously taken it into their heads that she was going to be a *member of parliament*. About this time Mrs. Carter was introduced to the acquaintance of the unfortunate but unprincipled Savage, from whom she received two letters which have been published, and which sicken with adulation; but of which one is curious from some particulars which it furnishes of his early life, very dif-

ferent from those in the common accounts; and though we have no high opinion of Savage's veracity, we believe, that in this instance we ought to give more credit to him than to any of his biographers. He tells Mrs. Carter in allusion to some anonymous account of his life which had then lately appeared, that the story of the mean nurse was entirely a fiction; that the person who took care of him, and as tenderly as the *apple of her eye*, (an expression made use of in one of her letters, which he found among her papers after her decease) was a Mrs. Lloyd, a lady who 'kept her chariot, and lived accordingly;' that she died when he was but seven years of age; that he did pass under another name till he was seventeen; but that none of the names of the persons with whom he lived, were accurately stated. It is not a little remarkable that Johnson, who must have learned these particulars from Savage himself, and who professed to be such a sturdy champion for truth, should have repeated the common misrepresentations of his life. Perhaps he wished to excite the sympathy of his readers: and he thought that the false accounts would answer his purpose better than the true. The mother of Savage certainly treated him with unnatural neglect; but, according to his own account, she did not expose his infancy to those privations which his biographers have taught us to believe. Mrs. Carter never thought highly of Savage; she neither liked his writings nor his character.

Though Mrs. Carter was now only twenty-two years of age, and had published no work of consequence, nor even written a line that surpasses mediocrity, yet her fame had extended to the continent; and that wonderful youth, John Philip Barratier solicited her correspondence. Two letters from him are published. The first is little else but a tissue of the grossest adulation. The second is not at all deficient in this sort of seasoning; but it is more curious as it furnishes some particulars relative to himself. Barratier's facility in learning languages is well known, but he tells Mrs. Carter that he prefers the modern French to all the antient languages that were ever spoken since the days of Adam; and that he would not exchange it even for the Latinity of Cicero, though he might have the office of lictor for his pains. He asks, 'Would you believe that I give the Chinese the preference to the Latin; and that I would cheerfully forego my Hebrew to learn the language of the Mogul?' he says that he had lately quitted every pursuit to learn the Chinese, of which he had acquired a considerable stock; and that he had in the course of a few days learned to read English with tolerable fluency. He adds that he is publishing a chronological work on the first bishops of Rome and other points of contemporary history. Barratier's letters are dated from Hall in Saxony in 1739; and he died about two months after writing the last, in the nineteenth year of his age! In February 1741, Mrs. Carter was first introduced to the acquaintance of Miss Talbot, a granddaughter of Dr. William Talbot, bishop of Durham, and niece to the lord chancellor of that name. Miss Talbot, along with her mother, resided for many years in the family of archbishop Secker; and this connexion was accordingly

the means of introducing her to the acquaintance of that prelate, by whom she was befriended in a variety of ways. It was owing to the solicitation of Miss Talbot, a lady in whom learning, genius, and virtue were combined, that Mrs. Carter began her translation of Epictetus; on which must finally rest the basis of her fame. This work was commenced in the year 1749, and as she proceeded leisurely, and at the same time was occupied with the care of her younger brother's education, it was not finished till 1756. As fast as the sheets were written, they were sent to Miss Talbot for her perusal, as well as to receive the friendly corrections of Secker. Miss Talbot, if we may judge from her letters, was a little angry with Epictetus for not embracing Christianity; but Mrs. Carter thought that the philosopher had never seen the New Testament, nor received any but a confused account of the Christian doctrine. Epictetus, Plutarch, and other philosophers, who lived after the Christian æra, might and probably were in some degree indebted to the light of the Christian revelation without, as Mrs. Carter expresses it, knowing the source whence it proceeded. Secker thought that the first specimen which he saw of the translation was rather too highly polished and adorned. 'Epictetus,' said he, 'was a plain man and spoke plainly. He will make a better figure, and have more influence in his own homely garb, than any other into which he may be travesti.' Mrs. Carter, in a great measure, followed the archbishop's advice; her translation preserves as much as could be expected of the characteristic manner of the original; and perhaps it is altogether the best translation of a Greek prose writer which we possess. It preserves a happy medium between the loose and paraphrastical and the literal and obscure. When the work was finished, Secker very kindly devoted near a month to the revision. The work made it's appearance in 1758. It was published by subscription in one large volume 4to., consisting of 539 pages. The first impression consisted of 1018 copies; but as these were insufficient for the subscribers, 250 more were printed in the same year. The whole expence of printing the first 1018 copies, including the proposals and receipts, was only 67l. 7s. And Mrs. Carter is supposed to have obtained about a thousand pounds by the translation. It is curious to remark the different expence of printing such an ample 4to. at that time and the present. Mrs. Carter does not appear to have been infected with the usual *cacoethes scribendi*, for after this period, with the exception of a small volume of poems, which appeared in 1762, she no more solicited the attention of the public as a candidate for literary fame. Of her poetry we have given our opinion above; none of the pieces are above mediocrity, and the majority fall below it. The Ode to Melancholy is the best; and even on this no high praise can be bestowed. The thoughts are trite, the imagery discovers none of the grand or the beautiful combinations of genius; and the sensations are but slightly interested in the perusal. The truth is, that Mrs. Carter was a tolerable versifier, but no poet. After the publication of Epictetus she resided for several months every winter in London, where

she enjoyed a very large and respectable circle of friends and acquaintance. She had for many years very comfortable apartments for herself and her maid servant at No. 21. in Clarges Street, in which she continued till her death. She kept no table when in London, nor ever dined at home when she was able to go out. The chairs or carriages of her friends always brought her to dinner, and carried her back by ten o'clock at latest. When in the country, she kept her father's house after the death of her mother-in-law and the marriage of her brothers and sisters; nor was she at all deficient in those minute attentions, which domestic œconomy requires, and without which what in England is so emphatically called 'comfort' is not to be obtained. 'The true post of honor,' said this good and enlightened lady, in a letter to one of her friends on this subject, 'consists in the discharge of those duties, whatever they may happen to be, which arise from the situation in which Providence has fixed us; and which, we may be assured, is the very situation best calculated for virtue and our happiness.' In this respect we highly recommend the example of Mrs. Carter to the literary ladies of the age; many of whom seem to think it beneath their dignity to attend to the routine of domestic management, and to be wise in household lore. We are by no means enemies either to learned women or to learned wives: but we are of opinion that a proper portion of culinary science is far from being incompatible with science of a more elevated species: and that the humble art of making puddings and pies may be conjoined with a refined taste for the literature of antient or modern times. After the death of Mrs. Carter's father in 1774, she kept house by herself at Deal, where she exercised much hospitality, and visited her neighbours in a friendly and unceremonious style. Though she was very abstemious in the use of wine, yet she drank largely of hysen and bohea; she chatted like other folk; and was rather fond of a game at cards; but she never played high. At whist, her stake never exceeded three penny points.

In 1767, Mr., afterwards Sir William Pulteney, settled an annuity of 100l. on Mrs. Carter, which was raised to 150l, a few years before her death at the solicitation of Lady Bath. In 1767, she lost her great and good friend, archbishop Secker, who left her no legacy; but desired that the sum of 150l. which she had previously borrowed of him, might not be repaid. In 1770 she lost her intimate and beloved friend Miss Talbot, who died of a cancer in her breast, under which she had been languishing for three years, without the knowlege of her friends. In 1775 the celebrated Mrs. Montague on the death of her husband, settled 100l. per annum on Mrs. Carter for her life. The amiable gentleness of her manner, her winning benignity, her mild temper and her modest diffidence, combined with so much real erudition and undissembled worth, procured her many friends; and few have deserved more. About five years before her death, her health and strength began visibly to decline; but she exhibited to the last, hardly any symptoms of intellectual decay. On the 23d of December 1805, Mrs. Carter left Deal for the last time, and arrived

at her lodgings in Clarges Street on the following day: for a short interval after her arrival she was enabled to dine with lady Cremorne and a few of her nearest friends. But by the middle of January, she was confined to her own apartments, and a few days after to her bed; till on the morning of the 19th of February 1806, she expired with apparent tranquillity and ease, at the advanced age of 89. Her remains were deposited in the burial ground of Grosvenor chapel. Few persons have passed through life with more philosophic serenity and composure than Mrs. Carter. She discerned more clearly than her favorite sage in what the chief good consisted: and she sought it in the subjection of the passions; and in obedience to the precepts of a better system of doctrine than the Stoic ever knew. In her moral constitution, the elements of virtue were so kindly tempered, that no part was either scanty or redundant. Her passive sympathies were strong and animated; but not so as to impede the activity of her beneficence. Intellectual culture seems to have been the constant object of her pursuit, but this was not suffered to interfere with the performance of one duty which she owed to her friends, her relatives, or acquaintance. Of few women can it be said with more truth that they have been both good and wise.

As a specimen of Mrs. Carter's poetry we subjoin the following, which was the last, and perhaps the best, of her poetical compositions. It was written at the advanced age of 77; on the birthday of one of her friends, and has much more spirit than many of the productions of her youth.

'Though youth's gay spirit, lull'd in deep repose,
No longer tunes the lyre, nor chaunts the lay,
Yet still my heart with warm affection glows,
And greets with transport this distinguish'd day.

'Through many a rolling year may it return,
From every cloud of dark disaster free;
And still with grateful praise be hail'd the morn
That gave a blessing to the world and me.

'Friend of my soul! with fond delight each hour,
From earth to heaven I see thee urge thy race,
From every virtue crop the fairest flow'r,
And add to nature ev'ry whinning grace.

'Father of light! From whose unfailing source
Descends each perfect gift, each guiding ray,
O lead her safe through life's perplexing course,
And point her road to happiness and thee.'

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

BY SOPHIA TROUGHTON.

[Continued from p. 24.]

LETTER XXIV.

Lady Walsingham to the Dowager Countess of Aubry.

Walsingham.

POOR Adolphus is exceedingly ill: I have had Mr. Spence from the village, and he, seeing my anxiety, advised me to send for a physician. Dr. Hood is the gentleman who attends him; he thinks the disorder to be a favora-

bled sort of the small-pox. Heaven grant it may be a favorable sort. He advised me, if I had not had it, to remove from the house for a few days, and assured me I might depend on his care. Ah! Madam, how little does he know the feelings of my heart! If I am possessed of any beauty, how dreadfully should I tarnish it by such an unmotherly action! But you know, Madam, I run no risque, as I have had that disorder.

The sweet Jessica is my only comfort; she attends on my Adolphus with the fond attention of a mother; and, when she sees me faint with anxiety, or weary with watching, forces me to lay down, and assures me no care shall be wanting to my boy. I am now writing by his bed-side, while he is enjoying a sweet sleep. Jessica has stepped to the village. Lucy has arrived some days: she is a fresh colored, joyous looking girl, but the soft expression, the tender pensiveness, so fascinating in her sister, is wanting; for which her laughing eye, in my opinion, does not compensate. However, she is reckoned a perfect beauty by the lads of the village; but her beauty is quite in the rustic style. They enter their new house to-day, on which account there is great merry-making in the village. Both John and Lucy seem great admirers of festivals. Jessica, who has been with me five successive days and nights, is gone to make an alteration in her dress. She was to have made one in the village gala, but my poor boy's illness has prevented her, for he frets if she moves from his bed-side. But here she comes.

[*In continuation.*]

'I come,' said she, 'with the request of the whole village, that you will honor them with your company, if it is but for an hour. Come, I will take your Ladyship's place till you return.'

'There is no need of any body's sitting with the young gentleman,' said Mr. Spence, who entered the room while she was speaking: 'his sleep is occasioned by an opiate I have administered, and I hope he will not wake till morning: but, if your Ladyship pleases, I will sit by him till you return.'

I thanked him for his polite offer; and, taking Jessica's arm, proceeded to the village. The air seemed to revive me; I had not been out since I was caught in the storm.

When we arrived, the men welcomed us by loud huzzas; and women were eager to pay their respects. The whole village presented a scene of the highest festivity. It was an evening on which one of the principal farmers had his harvest-home, and the two companies had formed themselves into one party. The houses had not only lost their inhabitants, but their furniture. All the chairs were brought on the green, and the tables joined together, round which the men and women sat alternately. An old fashioned arm-chair was placed at the upper end for me; and one by it's side, without arms, for Jessica.

I looked round me — every face was beaming with honest pleasure; and, in spite of it's uneasiness, my heart participated in their joy. A blind fidler, and two lads, farmers' sons, who could scrape a little, accompanied by a pipe and tabor, struck up, and

the lads and lasses began to dance. Lucy and her husband footed it away with uncommon spirit and perseverance. Old Johnson and his Agatha were hopping about as blythe as the best of them. Here was

> 'Antient faith that knew no guile,
> And industry imbrown'd with toil,
> And hearts resolv'd and hands prepar'd
> The blessings they enjoy'd to guard.'

Every one who was able had contributed to the feast; and Agatha had not been sparing of her currant wine. I sent for the landlord of the Leather Bottle, and told him to supply the company with the best his house afforded, and to accommodate them in the best manner he could.

I took my leave amidst the blessings and thanks of the worthy creatures, and could hear them shouting, 'Long life to the Countess of Walsingham,' when we were half a mile from them.

Lucy and her husband walked with us: they were very grateful in their acknowlegements to me. When we reached the park-gate, I desired them to return to their company, and to let me see them in the morning.

We found Adolphus still sleeping; and Mr. Spence assuring me that he would not wake till morning, I went to bed.

This morning he seems much better for his night's rest. Jessica is with him, and I am in expectation of her brother and sister's coming.

I will tell you why I wished to see them. As I sat last night among the villagers, I observed a number of children, who, for the most part, I found were exceedingly ignorant. Now, you know, I have two thousand a-year jointure, which has been regularly paid me; but as every want, and every wish has been anticipated till very lately, this money has lain almost untouched; but now, I think, I have found a use for it. In the village stands a large old house, which was formerly the vicarage, and since has been the parish poor-house; but at present is empty. I intend buying it of it's present proprietor, and giving young Westbery (who is a carpenter) the fitting of it up as a school for those poor children. Here they shall be taught what will be most useful in this life, and what shall conduce to their happiness hereafter. The Westberys are come.

[*In continuation.*]

All is settled according to my wishes: the young man has purchased the house, and is to put workmen into it directly. I have calculated the expences, and find I shall not only be able to support it; but, if I live a few years, leave a sum sufficient to endow it with.

Your letter, my dear Mrs. Howard, is this moment brought me. How unmercifully do you rally me on my castle adventure, as you call it; but, my dear friend, I did hear groans, which I am sure proceeded from no owl; and had you heard the varied modulations, the solemn symphony, and the harmony of the tones, you would have thought, as I do, that the musician was far above the order of servants; for, in despite of your banter, I almost think it was supernatural. The very instrument was unknown to me. — What you tell me of Walsingham and Miss Lester both

grieves and surprises me: but he is fascinated by the charms of her person, and forgets what a treacherous heart lurks beneath her beauteous bosom. I pray Heaven he may never experience the malevolence of that heart as I have done. She was once the beloved friend of my bosom; I admired her—aye, as much he does now; but she has turned, serpent-like, and stung the bosom which cherished her.

I am concerned to hear that Mr. Baderly looks so ill. When I came to the place in your letter where you mention a meeting between him and Walsingham, I trembled for the event; and pray tell Mr. Baderly I think myself extremely obliged to him for his forbearance, if you see him again.

I am sorry to be convinced that the interference of friends can be of no avail; but Walsingham must be left to the workings of his own spirit:—it used not to be an ungenerous one.

I hope you will not delay lord Seymour's happiness; especially as I know yours is united with his already.

I congratulate you on the favorable award you have received from the court of chancery; and as you are so obliging as to say you are at my disposal, let me give you to the man of your heart; and do not, my dear friend, refuse happiness because it is in your power.

I shall, perhaps, see you in town this winter: though I am determined to remain here, unless Walsingham expresses a wish for for my presence in Portland-Place.

I have written to Mr. Highworth, unknown to Jessica, offering to present her with the same sum his late sister would have given her on her marriage with his son. I also added that I would furnish them a house suitable to their fortune; and ever while I lived would consider Jessica as a sister.

I will not refuse your generous offer, my dear Mrs. Howard, for I know it would offend you.

I hear a bustle in the next room; I must go and see what occasions it, for there lies my darling.

[*In continuation.*]

Twelve o'Clock at Night.

Ah, madam, now I have need of fortitude indeed! My eyes are so swelled with weeping I am almost blind, and can scarcely see the paper which will bring you the dreadful intelligence that my darling boy, the pride and hope of my life, expired a few hours ago on my knees!

The bustle which alarmed me was occasioned by the convulsions which had seised him, and in which he continued till he ceased to breathe.

Surely, surely, I am set up for affliction to empty her quiver at: I am to be bereaved of every comfort one by one: the loss of my husband's affections was not enough; but my child, my darling, must be snatched from me!

Oh! that I could lay me down and be at peace, and forget my sorrows in the silent grave.

Ah! chide me not for this impatience — I repent me of it. I will endeavour to be resigned. I will be thankful that I have one child left; but

oh, my mother! pity and pray for

Your CAROLINE.

LETTER XXV.

Lady Walsingham to the Earl of Walsingham.

Walsingham-Hall.

My most dear Walsingham,

IT has pleased Heaven to take our sweet Adolphus to itself. I should have informed you of his illness, but the doctors who attended him did not think he was in the smallest danger. But, unfortunately, yesterday convulsions seised him, and he expired about six o'clock in the evening.

He, I am well convinced, is superlatively happy! He has exchanged an earthly coronet, for a celestial crown. But this stroke of a bereaving Providence has left me the most wretched of mortals.

I need not say how supporting your beloved company would be to me at this crisis. I shall give no orders till I have your commands. Till then

I am, your afflicted, but
Very affectionate wife,
CAROLINE WALSINGHAM.

LETTER XXXVI.

The Earl of Walsingham to the Countess of Walsingham.

Portland-Place.

Madam,

I RECEIVED your letter, which convinces me of what I had been told, but felt loth to believe, that you have spies on my conduct. How else could you know I was in town. I had not informed you I had quitted Brighton, yet your letter comes directly here.

I find I did not always know you. I have been deceived in you, and could not have imagined that you would stoop to such meanness; but the longer one is acquainted with some persons the less one sees to like.

As you could not find time to inform me of your son's illness, you might have spared yourself the trouble of sending an account of his death:—the newspapers could have done that.

As to his funeral, Madam, let him be interred in the vaults of of his ancestors, with the magnificence becoming the heir of the House of Walsingham.

My presence can be of no use. The parliament meets in a few weeks.

Poor fellow! Had it been the girl—but it always happens thus.—I expect no reply, in palliation of your conduct: I shall regard all you can say as one meanness added to another.

WALSINGHAM.

[*To be continued.*]

On the CHARACTER of the SPANIARDS and PORTUGUESE.

WE are apt to mistake the character of the Spaniards: there is in the very excess of their wit, joy, and good humour, a certain steady evenness of manners equally distant from pedantry, levity, and affectation; more mirth of the heart than all the noise, grimace, and *badinage*

of their neighbours; a kind of dry, grave, sententious humor, with a serene and placid firmness of countenance.

But from too much of the religious, and then of the military spirit, they have rapidly declined into enthusiasm and cruelty; and, as human character never stops, have still continued to sink into indifference, pride, insolence, and barren devotion. They cannot be excited to any great effort but by superstitious terrors, love, revenge, and a fandango, the favorite dance of all ranks, in which, from a state of death-like stupidity, they will, at the first touch of an instrument, join with enthusiasm, animation, grace, and delight.

It seems to have been the system of Spain and Portugal to protect themselves by distance and desolation; to leave whole districts uncultivated and woods impassable. As military science declined, timidity succeeded to discipline, and men prepared for war by casing themselves in armor to be smothered, or by shutting themselves up in castles to be starved: They forgot that national strength consists in an active, moving, disposable force, and that the safest state of defence is being always ready to attack.

The Portuguese pride has usefully changed its object. From the black cloak, spectacles, and affectation of wisdom and sanctity, and, having nothing to do, they are grown fond of fine clothes, are become diligent, enterprising, and active.

Lisbon is a mixture of luxury and misery, nastiness and magnificence. The buildings erected since the earthquake in 1755 are barbarously gigantic: the marquis of Pombal, their chief projector, had the misfortune of being elevated out of the reach of control; no man presumed to understand, even his own trade, so well as the prime-minister.

Fashionable Full Dresses.

1. A short dress of purple velvet or kerseymere, ornamented in front with a rich stomacher, and seams, embroidered with gold; bottom of the dress ornamented in a similar manner, or with a rich lace. Spanish hat of the same materials, edged with points of gold lace or embroidery, and long white swansdown or ostrich feather.

2. A full dress of soft white crape, richly ornamented with silver; the back made in three seams, laced with silver, and stomacher front the dress, worn over white satin. A dress cap of crimson velvet, confined across with bands of silver lace, ornamented in front with a demi wreath of yellow roses; pearl necklace; white kid shoes and gloves.

THE

ELVILLE FAMILY SECRETS.

A NOVEL.

[Continued from Vol. xxxix. p. 388.]

GLENDARN proceeded to describe his dream in the following words with faltering accents:

'Methought I was in a skirmish taken prisoner by Edward's soldiers, and thrown into the most

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

London Fashionable Full Dresses.

dismal dungeon beneath the Barrachs, where I lay, expecting death every moment. On a sudden, a thundering clattering of horses' feet above aroused every dormant sensation. I looked through a chasm in my subterranean prison, and saw the tyrant Edward, mounted on his famous war steed, surrounded by his ferocious bands, enter the court, with looks of exultation. He ordered to his presence the last taken prisoner; the thought of you, and of my unprotected children, alone dismayed me. However, I summoned all my fortitude to my aid, and met the fire of his fierce eye, apparently undaunted, the most mortifying method of treating overbearing cruelty. I mounted his horse by his desire. I thought he was going to send me away, but was soon deceived by his saying: "There, proud, presumptuous fool, become a public spectacle! let my victorious bands behold the once-aspiring but now humble Glendarn; who, not content with seducing the lady Elfrida from her country and friends, must trample on the laws of justice and nations, and endeavour to accomplish the murder of our noble brother the earl of Holden. Pitiful villain! you shall meet your reward. Soldiers bear him hence to the remotest dungeons of the castle; let him have just sustenance sufficient to keep life in him, to reserve him for farther humiliation. But stop, thou paltry wretch! thou deservest not so lenient a punishment; ere to-morrow's sun has set, thou shalt die by the hand of the common executioner. Remember thou art now in my power. I will not let slip so favorable an opportunity. Myself will bear the tidings of thy death to thy romantic wife — or rather enthusiastic follower — who once had the honor of calling herself my sister; but, since her disobedience, no longer can she boast that high distinction."

'Lord Elville,' I replied with warmth, 'I despise alike thy barbarity and thy power. I should meet death with composure, but for the recollection of that beloved wife you choose to stigmatise with infamy: however, that pang might be spared her of revealing my death yourself: do not, by your lowering brow, at once strike her dead: suffer her to live, and become a protector to those dear children you deprived of a father. Let them escape your malice, though I could not. I think my life might satiate your vengeance. I will relate no more than that I was dragged back to the dungeon, and next day to the scaffold, when my acute sensations awakened me — and I found, to my extreme joy, it was but a dream.' 'Ah, Elfrida!' he said, with a look I can never forget, 'the dire moanings of those wretched beings confined in the dungeon yet vibrate in my ears.'

In vain I endeavoured to persuade him of the superstitious folly of noticing dreams. To satisfy me he endeavoured to appear cheerful, but any attentive observer might see how ill it was feigned. Dire forebodings filled his mind I could plainly perceive by the unusual solemnity of his countenance. I endeavoured to persuade him not to go, but persuasions were vain. He took an affectionate leave of his children, as if conscious he should see them no more. He looked so tenderly on me as he mounted his impatient charger, that I can never forget

it. His whole demeanour was, notwithstanding, unusually interesting: that settled gloom better became his fine face than any pleasantry. His dress, too, was becoming in the highest degree; I never saw him arrayed to such advantage. He was habited in a close green hunting suit, which displayed the symmetry of his limbs: a green plaid bonnet, over which waved a large plume of white feathers, added to the height of his manly stature. His plain mantle in various folds, fastened to his shoulder, flowed to the ground: can a remembrance of his whole appearance ever be erased from this bosom while it retains a heart capable of sensation! Forgive the extravagant encomiums of a fond and faithful wife for ever torn from the only object which makes life desirable. But I cannot say too much in praise of such a man, idolised by his country as well as his own family. The favorite white steed, which had oft borne his weight in the hour of danger, was that day unusually spirited: he plunged and pranced about. He with difficulty mounted him, and then seemed unwilling to go. He lingered behind his retinue as if he had something more to say to me. I stood riveted to the spot, where I last felt the gentle pressure of his hand, when he bid me adieu, and should have stood there for hours, had not the welcome tones of his voice aroused me by asking me to accompany him. I very gladly agreed to his proposal, ordered my horse, and rode on, fearless of danger in his presence. Silent and sad, each absorbed in thought, we proceeded, till we came to a verdant hill, whereon were peaceably grazing innumerable sheep. The shepherd was reclined under the shelter of a thicket by the side of a bubbling brook, and tuning his oaten pipe —'How enviable,' said he, 'Elfrida, are the lives of those solitary beings! They whistle every morning of their days, tending their fleecy charge; the evening is spent serene and comfortable in the bosom of their family in some lowly hut; no jars of statesmen, and usurpers of kingdoms, nor antient family feuds, poison their peace. So as the hills are cloathed in verdure, that is the utmost extent of their wishes. We, though happy in the possession of each other, are so continually annoyed by the threats of our enemies, that we can have but little comfort from fear some barbarian should separate us. That brother is armed against brother is a sad consideration: murder, rapine, and theft, daily assail our ears, and we are in hourly expectation of becoming the next victims.'

Thus were we discoursing when we came to a sequestered vale, near the forest, which surrounded the Lord Campbell's residence. A confused sound of voices met our ears from an intricate path on the hill. Glendarn cast a look of anguish on me. A fierce looking ruffian confirmed our fears. Followed by several others, he rushed hastily from a thicket: the foremost struck Glendarn on the head such a blow, that the sound of it alone deprived me of my senses. —Here, overpowered by the recollection of such a scene, Lady Glendarn burst into tears, and begged them for the present to spare her the conclusion which they were satisfied was fatal to her peace

Lady Holden participated in her griefs, and in execrating such

a brother. Matilda could not retire till she knew whether the mother of the yet fondly-remembered Burns lived. She found, as she expected, that the untimely death of her son, the last of a long race of heroes, in whom all her hopes were founded, was too much for a delicate constitution to support. She died much lamented by all the deserving inhabitants for miles around her habitation, to whom she was a great patroness.

They now mutually deplored their loss, as each had sustained the most trying one that could occur in this earthly career. Each could judge of the other's sensations by her own, while joining in invoking the interference of Heaven to arrest the bloody hand of their cruel brother, and awaken him to a sense of his duty to his family and mankind in general.

Lady Glendarn was much altered. Time, that unconquered enemy to a fair face, had made many ravages in hers, once so justly admired. Yet the traces of her once matchless beauty were still conspicuous, blended with an immoveable cast of melancholy, which interested every beholder. Elgiva much resembled her mother; a sweet beguiling smile lingered on her lips, while the least sympathetic incident would draw the chrystal moisture into her intelligent dark eyes, which beamed with every female virtue. Her cousin, the amiable Randolph Glendarn, was not long a stranger to her merits; he soon became enchanted by her attractions, yet adored in silence.

After a few days, Lady Glendarn finished a recital of her sad catastrophe in nearly the following words: — 'When I regained my senses, I found myself lying on the ground. I looked around for the beloved of my heart; he lay extended on the ground near me lifeless. His murderers were gone. I heard the shout of exultation when they reached their brutal chief. No one could I see of all our retinue alive. Frantic with grief, I raised his head from the ground; I found he was lifeless; when, little better myself, I fell by the side of him. When I again recovered, I found myself on a litter, surrounded by my own vassals, proceeding to our mansion. I inquired for my Lord; which I had no sooner done than I perceived the solemn procession of my ever-regretted husband borne on a bier some distance behind. He was conveyed home and interred, and with him all my hopes of happiness in this world. This kind visit of friends, so dear to my heart, is the highest enjoyment I could hope for, except the welfare of my children. If poor Donald was more submissive, what should I have then to hope for? This Donald was her eldest son. Imperious, selfish, and vindictive, he disregarded the admonitions of both father and mother, and acted merely as his impetuous passions dictated. He looked with a jealous eye on the deserving qualifications of his brother, which gained him universal popularity. He no more resembled him in person than he did in disposition. He was tall, extremely muscular, and had a saturnine lowering brow. Extremely harsh and overbearing in his manner, he would submit to no control. He was an exact counterpart of his uncle, who, if he had known he possessed such a hopeful nephew, would gladly have

taken him under his tuition. His obdurate heart was rather touched by the fine form and winning attractions of his cousin Elgiva, and he rather dissembled gentleness to merit her good opinion: yet she could scarcely behave to him with civility, so much did his manner of addressing her disgust. Often would she remark in her mind the contrast between the two brothers, a comparison not very favorable to Donald. She rode out often to admire the enchanting country around her: her cousin Randolph could not so often be of the party as he could wish, as he had succeeded his father in several public situations, which at one time or other required his personal attendance. Donald, too, had a high command in the kingdom, which kept him much from home.

One fine clear morning they were out riding, when, just as they came to the declivity of a steep hill, Elgiva's horse was frightened by the sound of a hunter's horn from a thicket just by, and ran with great velocity down the hill, and threw her off. Donald Glendarn, with one of the hunting party, Lord Ardgour, saw with extreme concern the accident they had occasioned, and flew to the assistance of the fair rider. This Lord Ardgour was the most intimate friend of Randolph Glendarn, who was to have been of the hunting party, but deeming a solitary ramble with his cousin far preferable, he feigned illness, and relinquished his engagement. Lord Ardgour no sooner saw his fair companion was unhurt, than he rallied him on his feigned illness. Her beauty at first sight captured the heart of the impetuous young noble — a heart yet unhackneyed in the deceit of the world, alive to every tender emotion; susceptible of the sublime and beautiful, he loved her to enthusiasm. She thanked her cousin Donald for his kindness, in a manner which convinced Ardgour she had rather have been indebted to him, from the inquirng glances she cast toward him. Her cousin Randolph, too, ever gentle and unassuming, was almost forgotten after the appearance of his interesting friend. With a face suffused with blushes she attempted to thank him for his meditated kindness in endeavouring to rescue her from her perilous situation; while Ardgour stood so intently contemplating the graces of her person, that he scarcely answered her, and that so inconsistently, that any one might perceive his thoughts were busily employed. With extreme anguish Randolph plainly perceived his friend had at the first interview made farther progress in her affections than he, with all his assiduity, could in the course of a month's acquaintance.

[*To be continued.*]

Extracts *from the* Earl *of* Carlisle's Thoughts *on the* Present Condition *of the* Stage.

OUR two theatres are both too large; not too large for the receipt at the door, but for the gratification of the eye and ear, two members of the human body that formerly were a little more consulted by the constructors of playhouses. There are few places in which any change of the countenance of the actor can be observed, or where

the human voice can force it's way; and from this arises that decline so notorious both in tragic writers and in the tragic actors. What man of genius can be induced to produce a tragic poem, when more than half of the verse is to be entombed in the performer's stomach, in order to allow him breath and strength to roar out a concluding hemistich! What actor can arrive at perfection, when he perceives a sleepy kind of indifference pervade the whole audience, who contentedly pay their money for seeing a little, and hearing nothing? This accounts for what appears to be a most vitiated taste of the public in the endurance of those childish pantomimes, Blue Beard, &c. on the very boards where Shakspeare and Otway once stormed the human heart. But this in fact is not such a sign of perverted taste as it is of a prudent toleration of Blue Beards, kettle-drums, or the distant view of the big-bellied virgins of the sun; for if the manager did not provide these, he could give the audience nothing.

A graver evil is also caused by the outrageous size of the play-house. With nothing to fix the attention, or touch the feelings of the generality of those who frequent the theatre, the constant and indecent interruptions from ladies of easy virtue, and their paramours, are not resented as they ought to be, or as they would be, could we suppose Garrick and Mrs. Cibber rising from the dead, again to charm us, and treading a stage of reasonable dimensions, and on which their powers could be understood and appreciated. Should the internal part of the theatre have attractions to keep those who pay at the door in their places, the lobbies would not be filled with profligates of every description, familiarising the yet uncorrupted and modest to scenes of such meretricious impudence, hardly exaggerated by Hogarth in the supper in his Rake's Progress. What parent can conduct his wife and daughters through this sty without trembling with the fear, that, though those sights are shocking and horrible to them to-day, they may not be so to-morrow? An audience that went to the play to hear and see, would quickly interfere with these orgies.

Persons now living can remember the dramatic contest between Barry and Garrick; the former acting at Covent-Garden, and the latter at Drury-Lane. The Covent-Garden theatre has been much enlarged since that period; but before that increase of size, held to be too extensive, and giving a greater advantage to Garrick, then treading a much smaller stage. To avoid the trouble and expence of appearing full dressed, which was insisted upon in the boxes, many persons of taste and learning frequented the pit, and here were assembled those competent to judge and decide on the merits both of the actor and the piece.

The Rhadamanthi occupying the seats nearest to the actors, though perhaps they remained *durissima regna;* yet were so situated as to be able to hear and see before they condemned or approved. The actor then never ventured on the liberties practised by players of our days; no nodding to, nor smiling with, friends in the upper boxes: an author of merit was never cheated of his fair reward of the public favor by the

slovenly acting of the hero or the heroine; and those who played the clowns were obliged to speak no more than was set down for them.

These remarks apply to little beyond the inconveniencies felt by all, saving that which seems to touch the common morals of the country, and which would make foreigners doubt whether we had any police to check the licentious exhibitions before alluded to.

The alteration of hours, dress, and manners, has also much contributed to an evil, I fear beyond all cure. I beg it may be held in mind that I am not endeavouring to produce remedies for this mischief, but merely attempting to trace it's progress to the present hour. The size of the old theatre in Drury-Lane must be in the remembrance of many; it was small in comparison with that of Covent-Garden. A modern audience would be surprised to hear how the public were accommodated forty years ago. The side boxes were few in number, and very incommodious, especially when the frequenters of those boxes ever appeared in them in full dresses, the women in hoops of various dimensions, and the men with swords and habiliments all calculated to deny convenient space to their neighbours. Frocks were admitted into the front boxes, but they were not usually worn by gentlemen in the evening: women of the town quietly took their stations in the upper boxes, called the green boxes; and men whom it did not suit either to be at the expence of dress, or who had not time to equip themselves, as before described, resorted to the pit. This of course comprehended a large description of persons, such as belonged to the inns of court, men of liberal pursuits and professions; and who, by an uniform attendance at the playhouse, became no incompetent judges of the drama.

Their situation in the pit enabled them to hear and to observe. Their habits of life led them to an acquaintance with the authors and the actors of the day; the latter were not ignorant they were continually before a tribunal that made itself respected, and whose sentence conferred fame or censure; and they were convinced that negligence, ebriety, and buffoonery would not be suffered to pass unnoticed or unpunished. Garrick's voice, with that of many others of his troop, reached without effort the deepest parts of the front boxes, nor was lost even in the farthest rows of the galleries. The general custom of wearing swords was certainly productive of spilling blood before resentment found time to cool; but as far as the theatre was concerned it was instrumental to decorum: the scene was hardly ever disconcerted by noisy quarrels, blows, or such indecencies, as we now witness; the weapon was at hand, and the appeal to it was rather more serious than to the fist, and enabled the weakest to contend with the most athletic. Women of the town were never permitted in the boxes below stairs, with the single exception of the beautiful Kitty Fisher, whose appearance occasioned great dismay among all the frequenters, male and female, of the hitherto unpolluted front boxes.

Many, not long dead, could not only recollect the principal actors who preceded Garrick, but were able to convey a strong idea and

afford a conception of the antient declamation, and mode of repeating verse; their enunciation was more sonorous, lofty, and what we should term bombastic. This may serve to explain what Cibber means when he desires a young actor more to *tone* his words, and from which Garrick made a bold departure. Ryan was long left on the stage to afford something explanatory of the old method of declaiming; it had to the ear a more trembling sound, and great monotony; but he was very old, and perhaps but imperfectly detailed what our ancestors (no contemptible judges) were known to have approved. The stage formerly seemed to have commanded more universal interest than at present; it appeared to have been a fashion among all ranks to be able to quote most of the striking passages of the tragic poets of their day; particularly those of Lee and Dryden. Shakspeare became more familiar to an English audience by Garrick's bringing so many and so perpetually his plays before it, and by excelling in so many of his characters — many persons of all ranks knew almost all the best scenes of Dryden by heart. These circumstances, with many others, incline me to believe that the beauties of the author, and the merits of the player, were much more constantly, than in these days, the topics of conversation and of observation; the natural consequence of hearing accurately, and of being able not only to compare one actor with another, but with himself; a perpetual stimulant to the latter to exertion, and not to trifle with the audience. Yates, upon the whole almost a perfect comedian, would sometimes be negligent in learning his part, but I seldom recollect his requiring the prompter's aid, without a hint from the audience: he required it too often; and if this did not effectually correct the imperfection in him, yet it was an excellent lesson to others, who would not have been treated with the same lenity.

Garrick, when manager, besides indulging an honest love of fame, had other motives for appearing as frequently as he did upon the stage. This necessary attention to the theatre, produced the strictest discipline in his troops, and he has continually, after performing a part of exertion and fatigue in the play, appeared again in a humorous character in the farce, such as in Lethe, Miss in her Teens, the Guardian, and many others, and most admirably was he assisted in the comedies and afterpieces by the greatest number of truly comic actors that the public were ever amused by. One play, Every Man in his Humor, had every character filled by performers that induced one almost to fancy that the part was expressly written for the individual actor to whom it was consigned, from Garrick's Kitely, down to Cob the water-carrier: it is sufficient to name Woodward, Yates, Shuter, Vaughan, Palmer; the rest probably may be found in some editions of the play in Garrick's time. The tragedy that came the nearest to this comedy as to the excellent casting of the parts, was, Venice Preserved: Garrick in Jaffier; Mossop, Pierre; and Mrs. Cibber, Belvidera: notwithstanding I have witnessed great effects of grief produced by Mrs. Siddons in that character, yet by no means so violent or ge-

neral as by the former actress. But here I turn again to the size of the theatre, where none could help feeling, for all heard, as well as saw: now a large proportion of the audience can do neither, and consequently this historical observation decides nothing of the comparative merit of these two great actresses. In Mrs. Cibber certainly was to be found more feminine sweetness, besides a voice that went directly to the heart: in other respects she might perhaps want that commanding and majestic style demanded for the terrific characters of Lady Macbeth, or of Constance in King John: in the latter, I have never seen Mrs. Yates surpassed; nor in Isabella, Mrs. Siddons.

The audience formerly, and in the times I am alluding to, were contented to attend favorite performances and performers under much inconvenience, and what would be now called disfigurement of the scene; but still they saw, and heard, and, even with the following enumerated abatements of the illusory charm, crowded the house. At a benefit of a principal actor or actress, a large division of the pit was added to the front boxes, leaving few rows of the former; besides this, many seats were placed on the stage, so as to afford the actors a very contracted space, not more perhaps than twenty feet square: this of course excluded for the night almost all the accustomed decoration and change of scenery; but these inconveniences were thought lightly of, partly because long habit had inured the spectators to suffer them, partly because the two great faculties of the ear and eye were still retained; while now we are made to accept, as compensation for the surrender of these, an expensive and tinsel pantomime, the noisy music of which may be heard where the human voice could never reach, and the glittering robe of a Blue Beard be discovered, where no eye could observe upon any change or expression of the actor's countenance.

Mr. Sheridan is a striking instance of the baleful effects caused by the magnitude of his own theatre. He whose genius and wit would lose nothing by the comparison between him and Congreve and Wycherly, seemed obliged to descend to such puerilities as Pizarro, probably feeling how much of his truly comic efforts would fall still-born on the stage, and likely to receive only a partial applause, because it would be the partial lot of few to do justice to his excellence.

I may be asked why the size of the play-house, on which so much stress has been laid, has not nipped with the same frost the powers of comic actors, as it has blasted those of the tragic; and I shall without difficulty acknowlege, that both the theatres can now display a very powerful host of the former. But let it be remembered that humor, whenever it can be heard, is natural and congenial to the English nation. Much may be lost, yet that which is retained may be always sufficient to make an audience laugh; whereas, if the fable of the tragedy is not distinctly unravelled from the beginning, the catastrophe must lose much of it's interest, and tears will be ineffectually solicited. The country theatres are besides perpetual nurseries for the sons of drollery and merriment to strike root in.

To form a tragedian, requires a different soil and different culture. Great examples must be perpetually before him, and many competitors for fame also must perpetually rouse his emulation, and resolution by dint of labor to excel. From the country and smaller theatres, tragedy is almost banished, and there he must look in vain for the example and the competitor. Let us consider the great performers who immediately preceded the time of Garrick — Wilks, Betterton, and Quin, with Mrs. Bracegirdle and Oldfield. On these great foundations Garrick raised his superstructure of perfection; and he had either as supporters, or rivals, Barry, Mossop, Macklin, with Mrs. Cibber and Mrs. Yates. The teachers were numerous, and youthful powers had every aid and excitement in their education for improvement: in the want of these we have turned with stupid admiration to the efforts of heaven-born geniuses, and to suffering children to assume the characters of men, arrived at that period of life, when all human passions may be felt, and consequently pourtrayed. But how can this vitiated taste be ascribed to the largeness of the theatre? for Master Betty, to have been approved, must have in some measure been heard. Those who witnessed that strange exhibition, will recollect the extraordinary silence that reigned in every part of the house, an homage offered to that child, that was scarcely ever paid to any other actor. Besides, it is much to be suspected that many joined in the applause, on whose ears the sounds he uttered could never vibrate. Strong as the tide of fashion ran, the infatuation at length ceased. I do not assume too much when I maintain, that even here the cause will be found of this reproachful toleration in the size of the play-houses; for in those calculated to exhibit in their full splendor the great performers before alluded to, can any one suppose rational beings would have turned away from these, to have followed a boy aping manhood, and at thirteen years of age affecting the hero and the lover? These days of shame are past; and it is to be hoped, that in the future display of similar monstrosity, we shall, for variety, have at least antient ladies assuming the parts of Juliet and Miss Hoyden. In the old contracted houses formed to enable the spectator not only to judge of the merits of the player, but also those of the author, can believe that those vicious productions of the German writers would have been endured by a British audience, productions not only calculated to confound vice and virtue, but by the most immoral stratagems render the former more attractive than the latter?

The theatres of Paris, not including the great opera, some time previous to the revolution, and when luxury and the love of pleasure submitted to no bounds, were neither large nor numerous. The two opened every night, the Théâtre François and Les Italiens, seemed very inadequate for the accommodation of a large population, and reception of a play-loving people. The former of these, if I remember correctly, had no gallery, and the lower orders were to be found in the pit, which, though small, held many more persons than it appeared capable of containing; but this was owing to all standing, no seats be-

ng allowed in that part of the house. Immediately behind the orchestra two or three rows of benches were railed off, where were placed those who were real lovers and judges of the drama, or would be thought so. The decoration and expence attending tragedies were very sparing; and I doubt whether any two scenes in our pantomimes, or the dresses required in one of our nondescript glittering exhibitions, would not have exceeded all the cost demanded for the tragic and comic performances of the whole year. Yet it was here that Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire gathered from an enlightened and fair-judging audience, those laurels which will not fade till time itself shall be no more. They only required to be heard, and they knew immortality would be their reward, and honorably has posterity paid the debt. It was in this contracted space that Le Kain, with Madame Clairon and Dumesnil, raised to themselves reputations, that will flow down the current of time with the great poets I have alluded to. Every tone of the voice was heard, and every play or muscular change of the countenance observed upon.

The Italian comedy was licensed under whimsical prohibitions and regulations. It was not permitted to that company to act any thing that would be considered to interfere with the other theatre. It was restricted to the performance of light musical productions, and the dialogue mixed with these was sustained by very able comic actors. It was under an obligation to produce constantly a kind of farces, which had always one or two characters speaking Italian, while the others recited in French. The harlequin Carlin, of famous memory, kept the house perpetually in a roar, but he was well comprehended by the Parisians, for he was to speak the language of the country without any mixture of Italian.

I pass over many small theatres that resembled more in point of size, and in the species of amusements afforded by them, those temporary ones of Bartholomew Fair, but yet were much frequented, lying convenient on the Boulevards, scenes of great gaiety and dissipation, particularly when the weather was favorable.

The theatres of Versailles and Fontainbleau, being supported by the munificence of the court, were magnificently decorated, yet did not swell to exuberant dimensions.

On the CHARACTER and MANNERS of the NATIVES of NEW SOUTH WALES.

(From Turnbull's Voyage round the World.)

THE aboriginal inhabitants of this distant region are beyond comparison the most barbarous on the surface of the globe. The residence of Europeans has here been wholly ineffectual: the natives are still in the same state as at our first settlement. Every day are men and women to be seen in the streets of Sydney and Paramatta, naked as in the moment of their birth. In vain have the more humane of the officers of the colony endeavoured to improve their condition: they still persist in the enjoyment of their ease and liberty in their own way, and

turn a deaf ear to any advice upon this subject.

Is this to be imputed to a greater proportion of natural stupidity than usually falls to the lot even of savages? By no means. If an accurate observation, and a quick perception of the ridiculous be admitted as a proof of natural talents, the natives of New South Wales are by no means deficient. Their mimicking of the oddities, dress, walk, gait, and looks of all the Europeans whom they have seen from the time of governor Philip downwards, is so exact as to be a kind of historic register of their several actions and characters. Governor Philip and colonel Grose they imitate to the life. And to this day, if there be any thing peculiar in any of of our countrymen, officers of the corps, or any of the convicts, any cast of the eye, or hobble in the gait; any trip or strut, stammering, or thick speaking, they catch it in the moment, and represent it in a manner which renders it impossible not to recognise the original. They are moreover great proficients in the language and Newgate slang of the convicts; and in case of any quarrel are by no means unequal to them in the exchange of abuse.

But this is the sum total of their acquisitions from European intercourse. In every other respect they appear incapable of any improvement, or even change. They are still as unprotected as ever against the inclemencies of weather, and the vicissitudes of plenty and absolute famine, the natural evils of a savage life. In their persons they are meagre to a proverb, their skins are scarified in every part with shells, and their faces besmeared with shell-lime and red gum: their hair is matted with a moss, and, what they call ornamented with shark's teeth, and a piece of wood like a skewer, is fixed in the cartilages of the nose. In a word, they compose together the most loathsome and disgusting tribe on the surface of the globe.

Their principal subsistance is drawn from the sea and rivers, the grand store-house of nature in all the lands and islands of the Pacific; and were it not for this plenteous magazine, the natives of these islands must have long ceased to exist. From this cause it is reasonable to infer that the sea-coast is much better inhabited than the interior. When a dead whale is cast on shore they live sumptuously, flocking to it in great numbers, and seldom leaving it till the bones are well picked. Their substitute for bread is a species of root, something resembling the fern: it is roasted and pounded between two stones, and being thus mixed with fish, &c. constitutes the chief part of their food.

MISCELLANEOUS REFLECTIONS.

(From the French.)

The imagination, sometimes in unison with the heart, supplies it with all the errors it can require.

When we collect together every thing pleasing in the world, and suppress all it's dangers, all it's disgusts, and all it's mortifications, we form a charming scene. It is as when a painter drawing the portrait of an ordinary woman endeavours to make an agreeable picture: he flatters her with so much art, that a likeness is immediately recognised, though, certainly, the features are not the same.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

THE Italian Sonnets which were written by Milton, have, so far as I know, never made their appearance in an English dress till the late posthumous publication of Mr. Cowper's Translation of them, along with the Latin poems of the same great author. With the merit of this work I am unacquainted, as I have never yet seen it; and it is therefore with no view to enter the lists of competition, or to challenge comparison, that I venture to send you a Translation, which I have long had by me, of the five Italian Sonnets only.

The original poetry is of that kind which the French call *alambique*, and the English, metaphysical; of which, the best specimens, if a term implying praise may be used, are to be found in Cowley. It is more calculated to play round the head, than to reach the heart, and consists of ingenious conceits, drawn from the operations of nature or the acquisitions of science, of remote illustrations supplied by theoretic contemplation and abstruse study; is, in it's essence, purely artificial and fictitious; and, without the power of affecting us by it's simplicity, frequently surprises us by it's ingenuity. This kind of poetry, which Dr. Johnson says was immediately derived from Marino and his followers, may not improperly be termed scholastic, as it deduced it's primary origin from the doctrinal subtleties and nice distinctions of the schools. Not one line of it is to be found in Tibullus, the most easy and natural of all amatory poets. And even of the conceits of Ovid, it must be said, that they consist more in antithetical expressions, and quaint terms of language, than in philosophic similes or metaphysical allusions.

The task of translating five sonnets was not a long one; but the rules prescribed were rigid. A sonnet in English contains fourteen lines, as well as a sonnet in Italian. I was, therefore, confined to the same number of lines as my original. In addition to this, I thought it likewise necessary to adopt the same recurrence of rhymes with him; which imposed, if possible, a still greater restraint. And, lastly, I endeavoured, as much as I was able, to give the manner of the great Author whom I was translating, as it appears in his other minor works; so that the Sonnets subjoined, might read like what Milton would have written, if he had chosen to write them in English.

I.

DONNA leggiadra il cui bel nome honora
L'herbosa val di Rhèno, e il nobil varco,
Bene é colui d'ogni valore scarco
Qual tuo spirito gentil non innamora,
Che dolcemente mostra se di fuora
De sui atti soavi giammai parco,
E i don', che son d'amor saette ed arco,
La onde l'alta tua virtu s'infiora.
Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti
Che mover possa duro alpestre legno
Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi
Le' entrata, chi di te si truova indegno.
Gratia sola di su gli vaglia, inanti
Che 'il disio amoroso al cuor s'invecchi.

Sure, sweetest lady, whose most honor'd name
Rhine's grassy vale reveres, and proud alcove,
No manly passion can that bosom move,
To which thy spirit imparts no tender flame;
That gentle spirit, whence Cupid takes his aim,
And shoots what poets call the darts of love,
Thy gifts and graces, which his armoury prove;
Whence Virtue's self may lovelier honors claim.
When aught of converse sweet, or jocund song,
Song that might move the knotted mountain trees,
Falls from thy lips, let each of sound and sight
The entrance bar, if hopeless thee to please:
'Tis only heaven can save the youth, who long
Hath cherish'd in his breast the soft delight.

II.

Qual in colle aspre, all imbrunir di sera
L'avezza giovinetta pastorella
Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella
Che mal si spande a disusata spera
Fuor di sua natia alma premavera,
Cosi amor meco insú la lingua strella
Desta il fior novo di strama favella,
Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,
Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso,
E'l bel Tamizi cangio col bel Arno.
Amor lo volse, ed io l'altrui peso
Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno.
Deh! foss' il mio cuor lento, e'l duro seno
A chi pianta dal ciel si buon terreno.

As some exotic plant, borne far away
To northern mountains, from it's native bow'r,
The virgin tends at evening's blushing hour,
Fearful it's softer beauties to display,
Where the sun shines with less indulgent ray;
So on my tongue hath love's creative pow'r
Waked of Italian speech the tender flow'r,
And ope'd it's richness to the Northern day.
Majestic sweetness! 'tis of thee I sing,
For so Love wills, who never will'd in vain,
And Thames' proud banks with Arno's numbers ring,
Ill understood by Albion's sons, the strain.
Oh may my breast so rude, and heart so slow,
A fertile soil on Heaven's fair flow'r bestow.

III.

Deodati, e te 'l dirò con maraviglia,
Quel ritroso io ch' amor spreggiar solea,
E de suoi lacci spesso fui ridea
Gia caddi, ov huom dabben talhor s'impiglia.
Ne treccie d'oro, ne guancia vermiglia
M'abbaglian si, ma sotto nova idea
Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,
Portimenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia
Quel sereno fulgor d'amabil nero,
Parole adorne di lingua piu d'una,
E'l cantar che di mezzo l'hemispero
Traviar ben puo la faticosa luna
E degli occhi suoi auventa si gran fuoco,
Che l'incerar gli orechi mi sia poco.

With wonder let Deodatus be told,
That I so stern, who ne'er love's power confess'd,
To whom his wiles and weapons were but jest,
Now fall the victim of the urchin bold:
'Twas not the vermil cheek, or locks of gold,
My heart enthrall'd, and tamed my stubborn breast;
But some new goddess, who, for ever blest,
In foreign beauty chose her form t'unfold;
Her port majestic, and her sparkling eyes
Darkly serene; persuasion from her tongue
In various language flows; and with surprise
The moon might stop, and listen to her song.
So warm the flashes which her eyes impart,
They melt their passage to the coldest heart.

IV.

Per certo i bei vostr' occhi, Donna mia,
Esser non puo, che non sian lo mio sole;

Si mi percuoton forte, come ei suole
Per l'arene de Lybia chi s'invia,
Mentre un caldo vapor (ne senti pria)
Da quel lato si spinge, ove mi duole
Che forse amanti nelle lor parole
Chiaman sospir, io non so che si sia:
Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si cela
Scosso mi il petto, e poi n'uscendo poco
Quivi d'attorno o s'agghiaccia o' s'ingiela;
Ma quanto a gli occhi guinge a trovar loco
Tutte le notti a me suol far piovose
Finche mia Alba, rivien colma di rose.

Yes, dearest maid! those eyes so heav'nly bright
Must be my sun: just as he sheds his ray
On the lorn traveller, that haps to stray
O'er Barca's sands, they shed on me their light:
Meanwhile a vapor bland, too pure for sight,
(Which I not know to name, but lovers say
"It is a sigh") where'er thy eye-beams play,
Springs upwards, but alas! too dank for flight,
Part sinks abortive on thy lover's heart,
And chills and freezes all within his breast;
Whilst to his eyes ascends the lighter part,
And oft, full oft, at the still hour of rest
Drops thence in showers of tears, till thou, my fair,
Com'st, crown'd with roses, to dispel his care.

V.

Giovane piano, e simplicetto amante
Poi che fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,
Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono
Faro divoto; io certo a prove tante
L'hebbi fedele, intrepido, costante,
De pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono;
Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scuoca il tuono,
S'arma di se, e d'intero diamante;
Tanto del forse e d'invidia sicuro,
Di timori, e speranze al popol use
Quante ingegno e d'alto valor vago,
E de cetta sonora, e delle muse:
Sol troverete in tal parte men duro
Ove amor mise l'insanabil ago.

A gentle youth, a fond and simple lover,
Opprest with doubts, unknowing where to fly,
This present makes, with deep humility,
— His heart — a truer, you will ne'er discover,
More brave, or good; from her it loves no rover;
Playful in thought, yet prudent; can defy
The world's rude buffets; Heav'n's harsh minstrelsy
Hear unappall'd, with virtue arm'd all over.
Far from the boisterous and the envious crew,
The hopes and fears that witch the vulgar brain;
But deeply smitten with the tuneful art,
Friend of sweet song, and of the Muses' train:
One only spot but little strength can show,
'Tis that where love hath fix'd his cureless dart.

CONTRAST

BETWEEN VIRTUE AND VICE.

HOWE'ER the charms of vice allure,
Still transient are the joys;
Remorse, beyond the reach of cure,
Succeeds, and all destroys:

But moral virtues yield a zest
To every bliss we find;
And, when with troubles most opprest,
Shed comfort o'er the mind.

G. W. ROWINGTON.

ON HIGH BIRTH.

NO merit from high birth 's deriv'd,
As goodness only makes men great;
And even Nobles, when depriv'd
Of this, make honor but a cheat:

But when high birth 's with virtue blest,
And is by truth and conscience steer'd,
'Tis right it be by all caress'd,
Be doubly honor'd and rever'd.

G. W. ROWINGTON.

LINES TO ELIZA.

THOUGH wintry-winds blow cold and chill,
And frozen hard is every rill,
And flakes of snow clothe every hill,
I take my rounds!

Content always with every cheer,
Constant throughout the varied year,
With thoughts of her I love so dear,
My heart rebounds!

Now dreary is each vale and grove,
Where murmur'd sweet the turtle-dove,
I cannot with Eliza rove,
For cold assails!

Then round the cheerful blazing fire,
What comfort does each heart inspire,
To hear the wind so loud and dire,
As it prevails!

What happiness can equal mine
In converse with that nymph divine
While sister Kate and Ginger-wine
My bosom cheers!

If froze the ground, and fine the night,
Cheer'd by Luna's ambient light
With that dear maid — my soul's delight,
A walk endears!

Yet when I hear the tempest roar,
I think with pity on the poor,
When almost starving do deplore,
How hard their lot!

Though thousands do their plaints deride,
And from their suff'rings turn aside,
My meal with such I'd free divide —
And grudge it not!

Though winter does her comforts lend,
And social pleasures wide extend,
And varied joys around me blend —
I sigh for Spring!

I sigh to stray round yonder bowers,
To gather sweet ambrosial flowers,
In love to pass the smiling hours —
Where wood-larks sing!

Sweet cowslips then would I entwine,
With honey-suckles from the vine,
To grace Eliza's brow divine,
A wreath I'd weave!

Though seasons change and pass away
By potent Nature's constant sway,
My love for her shall ne'er decay,
Oh! this believe!

Oh! grant, ye powers, this little boon,
That every doubt and fear be flown,
And I may call the nymph my own,
That nought could sever!

Oh! grant me in some dear retreat,
A competence, and cottage neat,
Where my affection I 'll repeat —
With her for ever!

SINCERITAS.

By the Banks of Cam,
Jan. 1, 1809.

THE WALNUT TREE;

OR, A RETROSPECT OF LIFE.

Writt en in the Character of the Author's Father.

MY dwelling is humble, and thatch from it's roof,
By a walnut-tree's shade 'tis o'erspread,
Whose amply-grown size serves my mind as a proof,
I must soon find a place 'mongst the dead.

For when but a boy, in the ground where it grows,
Two walnuts I set side by side,
One flourish'd, and as I watch'd how oft it rose,
It flatter'd my infantile pride.

Some years spent from home, both my mind and my form
Had expanded to manhood their pow'rs;
But return'd to my birth-place, with feelings full warm,
I remember'd the bliss of past hours.

And I own that with joy I beheld this fair tree,
As a friend to my heart ever dear:
For it's form to my mind a remembrance would be
Of the season when pleasures were near.

My parents were gone to the realms of the blest,
I was now grown past youth's fervent fire;
And my own infant prattlers would gambol the best
Round the walnut-tree set by their sire.

'Twas their shade from the heat, 'twas
their shelter from rain,
From it's boughs were suspended their
swing,
'Twas the friend who would ne'er of
their treatment complain,
And it's fruit each fair autumn would
bring.

But my children grown up, have now
left their first home,
And the wife that I lov'd it no more!
Yet still to my tree oft I pensively come,
And there my past actions explore.

But I thank the Dispenser of all earthly
good,
No deep-dyed deceptions are mine;
No crime-convuls'd conscience, no dark
deeds of blood,
Can cause my weak soul to repine.

Still my tree seems to bid me prepare for
my end,
For my journey to realms more sublime;
I shall sink to the grave, whilst my leaf-
cover'd friend
Will be only advanc'd to his prime.

But may the few years I am still doom'd
to see,
Be with health and content ever blest;
I shall then oft be happy beneath the tall
tree,
And enjoy each mild moment of rest.

J. M. L.

Feb. 1, 1809.

SYLVIA'S VISIT TO HER LOVER'S TOMB.

——— Pungar inani
Munere.——— VIRGIL.

THE sun now sinks behind the hill,
The peasant from his work retires;
The carols of the birds are still,
And night with clouds the sky attires.

See Sylvia hastening to the tomb,
Where her lord, dearest Henry lies;
She dreads nor damps nor church-yard
gloom,
But vents her accents with her sighs.

'O Henry could I see thy face,
Thy presence would my joy awake;
But Fate denies: my way I'll trace,
And think on you each step I take.

'Why do I shed these fruitless tears,
And why with sighs sad Fate oppose;
Might they but reach thy tender ears,
And calm thy spirit's short repose.

'My wearied soul no longer prays,
For many joyless dismal years;
Why should I ask a length of days
To count the moments by my tears?

'The world, alas! affords no joy,
No pleasure to my broken heart;
For thee my prayers I'll then employ,
Till we shall meet no more to part.'

S.

Bury, February 1809.

TO A LADY.

ALPHONSUS the wise this saying main-
tain'd,
That all things by men both sought for
and gain'd
Are baubles indeed, save old wood to
burn,
Old wine with old friends, and old books
to learn.
But once could he feel the force of thine
eyes,
He would all his pleasures as baubles
despise:
His old wood and old books no joy would
impart,
For you would alone then conquer his
heart.

S.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

[*From a Rhyme for the Nursery.*]

WHO show'd the little ant the way,
Her narrow hole to bore,
And spend the pleasant summer day,
In laying up her store?
The sparrow builds her clever nest
Of wool, and hay, and moss;
Who told her how to wave it best,
And lay the twigs across?
Who taught the busy bee to fly
Among the sweetest flow'rs,
And lay his stock of honey by,
To eat in winter hours?
'Twas GOD who show'd them all the way,
And gave their little skill,
And teaches children, if they pray,
To do his holy will.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Constantinople, Dec. 10.

SO great a want of the necessaries of life is said to prevail in the island of Corfu, that it is much to be feared the garrison and inhabitants will be forced to surrender.

The Russian officer, who arrived here lately from Jassy, is said to have brought a letter to the Turkish government from the Russian General Prosorousky. He returned on the 6th by Cevalla and Sophia. The general's letter seems to have contained proposals for peace; for, immediately after the officer's departure, the Porte appointed plenipotentiaries, viz. Schalib Effendi, and a son of Murat Mola, one much skilled in the Mussulman laws. They are to treat on the frontiers, and will, it is said, set out on the 12th instant. The ministers designed for the Congress of Peace with Russia set out tomorrow, or the day after, escorted by a body of troops, as the roads by Sophia to Bucharest are not quite safe.

The English minister Adair still remains on board his frigate in the Dardanelles.

At last intelligence has been received of these Janissaries, who sent to the village of the Chan of the Tartar Chan to seise the Captain Pacha, and Cadro Pacha. The number of those Janissaries having increased to 10,000 men, on their way made an attack on the entrenchments, but were beaten off; they lost two of their field-pieces, and suffered great loss in killed and wounded. And we now hear Captain Pacha, Cadro Pacha, and the Chan of the Tartars, are going to Rudschuk.

Now doubt now remains that Mustapha Bairactar lost his life in the late revolution.

Augsburg, Dec. 12. On the 5th of December, an English frigate, of 44 guns and 265 men, foundered off Londstrup, at ten n'clock at night. It is to be regretted that only five officers and fifty-five seamen were saved. Every exertion was made to save the crew.

Jan. 19. The exchange of couriers between Vienna and Paris, through this place, is very frequent. French couriers also often pass to and from Constantinople. Last week, two couriers for Count Romanzow, in Paris, passed through this city.

The King of Bavaria will nominate Generals Deroy and Wrede, marshals of the empire.

Banks of the Elbe. All the posts still remain due; a greater dearth of news was known than for this last fortnight. The French Bulletins alone from Spain fill all the public papers on the Continent. Even rumors are rare; and the exchange of the Hanse Towns, once so fertile in them, hardly produces one at present.

The news of the continuance of the embargo in America has caused a great sensation among the merchants in the North of Germany, as well as in Holland, where colonial produce begins to be scarce. Some private letters from Austria state, that the Archduke Charles will, under certain circumstances, make a journey to Berlin; and some persons seem inclined to believe this rumor.

Copenhagen, Dec. 31. According to pri-

vate accounts from Sweden, some symptoms of discontent had appeared among the Nobles.

The Napoleon privateer (Danish) has captured a Swedish vessel, bound from Stockholm to Malmoe, with regimentals for the troops.

Jan. 7. Some days back upwards of twenty English prisoners of war, from the Crescent frigate, passed through this place for Elsineur, to be sent to Sweden. Among them are five naval and one marine officers. As the Sound is now full of floating ice, their passage will be attended with difficulties.—For these several days, we have had a severe frost, which is become smarter by an East wind. From the steeples we see a convoy of from sixteen to twenty English ships, which left the Baltic too late, surrounded by the ice; one ship of the line, one frigate, and three brigs, are said to be among them. The current which at one time pushes, by the help of the wind, the ice together, and, at another, separates it, will soon decide their fate. The English ships of war, which were stationed before Helsinbourg, sailed just in time; had they remained but a few days longer, they would have been blocked in by the ice, which has settled there.

On the 5th a large merchantman was driven off Malmoe, by the ice, beyond Dragoe, where she was obliged to remain; but her distance from land was too great for our batteries to cannonade her with effect; as was proved upon trying. She set all sail to endeavour to disengage herself; but it is not known how far she succeeded. She was observed to hoist American colors, but lowered them again. At Elsineur, it is rumored, that three privateers, returning from Bornholm, took a convoy of between thirteen and fourteen ships in the Baltic; but this requires confirmation. One of our privateers, returning from Bornholm, was chaced by two of the enemy's frigates, but escaped. He is said to have several prisoners of war on board.

Hanau, Jan. 17. A great number of the troops of General Oudinot's corps have been sent into the country of Fulda. It is said two more divisions will be united with the corps of the said general, so that it will be 30,000 men strong. A corps of French hussars, who passed through Frankfort, marched on the 16th to Mentz, and thence again to Frankfort.

Seville, Jan. 11. By a report received from Don Alexander de Tapia, who was sent by the junta of Murcia to ascertain the position of the enemy, it appears, that our advanced parties fell in with the French near Villauneva del Cardet, routed them, and took sixty prisoners; that a similar occurrence took place near Villamantique, where another French detachment was completely routed, put to the sword, or taken prisoners, the commander of this detachment, a general officer, having been killed by the peasants; that 600 French troops, who entered Taramon, are surrounded by ours; and, lastly, that the divisions of Cuenca and Infantado are in full march to follow up the advantages obtained over the enemy.

The French cabinet, ever insolent and artful, has lately seen it's insidious plots completely disconcerted by his Britannic Majesty's refusal to listen to the iniquitous and insulting propositions of peace, which Napoleon caused to be presented to him.

The English cabinet, which has solemnly engaged not to separate it's interests from those of Spain, has, on that critical occasion, given fresh proof of that generous firmness and friendship, with which it joins in the defence of the Spanish Monarchy and Nation, and of the laws, supreme authority of the central jun which represents and governs in the na of our King and Lord Ferdinand. Shou any Spaniard ever have entertained a doubt with regard to the noble and glorious zeal with which the British government has joined us to assert our liberty and independence, against the enemy of God and man, they will read, with inexpressible pleasure and gratitude, the correspondence carried on between the British and French cabinets on the conditions of peace proposed by the universal tyrant.

The King, our lord Ferdinand VII., and in his royal name, the central junta of government has thought it right to send to the court of London an ambassador extraordinary, to compliment the King of the United Kingdom of Great-Britain and Ireland, and to thank his Britannic Majesty for the generosity with which he assists the Spanish nation in the glorious task to defend the sovereignty and rights of it's beloved sovereign, and it's own independence against the usurpation of the Emperor of the French. And considering the distinguished character and situation of his

excellency Don Pedro Cevallos, knight of the grand cross, of the royal and distinguished order of Charles III., lord of the bed-chamber, privy counsellor, and principal secretary of state, has chosen him for that important mission, and appointed him ambassador extraordinary to the court of London.

Amsterdam, Jan. 14. The house of the great cloth manufacturer, Peter Vrede, formerly a member of the Batavian directory, has declared itself insolvent.

The number of phycians for the poor in this city have been augmented from four to twelve.—The number of our poor increases every day. Many necessaries, such as salt, soap, and pot-ashes, as well as the colonial products, daily rise higher. The prohibition of navigation continues to last with greater severity than ever.

Madrid, Jan. 16. A report is just spread that his Majesty the Emperor and King, affected by the submission of the government and inhabitants of Madrid, has consented that our sovereign, King Joseph I., may remain among us. We flatter ourselves that his Majesty will soon make a most solemn entry into the capital of his dominions. The city is making preparations to receive him in a splendid style. Since the beginning of this month we enjoy perfect repose and good order, thanks to the various measures which have been taken for that purpose.

Paris, Jan. 27. It is announced from Figueras, that, on the 12th instant, some remains of the Spanish insurgents had made their appearance from the villages in the mountains, but they had been driven back with a loss of more than 600 men.

According to letters from Bayonne of the 17th instant, the bombardment of Saragossa began on the 12th. It is supposed that the town cannot long resist, being inclosed on all sides, and having but a small stock of provisions.

The sale of the wool, which has been taken in Spain, began at Bayonne on the 16th.

Every day Spanish prisoners of war are brought in.

The imperial guard is expected back from Spain. It is believed that it will arrive here in the course of the following month.

Jan. 28. His Majesty the Emperor and King repaired yesterday to the Opera. His entrance into the hall occasioned a burst of enthusiasm, which expressed itself by the loudest shouts and acclamations of *Vive l'Empereur!*

Some papers affirm, that the Emperor of China, and all his family, have embraced the Roman Catholic religion.

Jan. 29. The measures taken to raise the conscription of 1810, which were adopted the beginning of this month, have already been carried into effect through the whole empire.

It is asserted that the Duke del Infantado was present in the engagement, in which the Marshal Duke of Belluno (Victor) compelled 12,000 Spaniards to lay down their arms; he was, for a considerable time, surrounded: however, he at last escaped with a small number of his followers.

Considerable reinforcements are joining the army which is besieging Saragossa. The Spanish insurgents have collected almost all the forces which remain with them into the city, and have at the same time stationed them in a fortified camp, but they have already been driven, with great loss, from their strongest posts.

Bucharest. We have the following particulars of intelligence from Constantinople:—'As soon as the Janissaries found the body of Bairactar, they tied a rope to his legs, and dragged him through the principal streets, a herald going before and proclaiming that it was the body of Bairactar, until they reached the palace of the Grand Seignor, where they hung it up by the legs, and left it to remain three days as a public spectacle.'

Lisbon, Jan. 29. Things are looking better now than they have done for some time. The troops that had embarked have been landed again, and likewise all the horses. It is reported here that the French in Spain are by no means so numerous as they have been represented. Admiral Berkeley strikes his flag in a day or two, and we proceed to Gibraltar.

Feb. 1. The troops are embarked, and will soon be under weigh for Cadiz, as we hear.—The expedition consists of the 2d battalion of the 9th, the 3d of the 27th, the 29th regiment, the 2d battalion of the 31st and 40th, under General Mackenzie.—Cameron is come in with the troops that were to the northwar consisting of the 45th regiment, &c.

HOME NEWS.

London, Jan. 31.

ON Saturday night, as the Exeter mail was on it's way from London, near Staines, the coachman endeavoured to avoid a part of the road where he knew the waters were out; in doing which he got into another part that had got flooded since he was there, which proved worse than the other, and the water was so deep that the coach floated and the horses swam. The coach was suddenly overturned, and the coachman and guard thrown to a considerable distance. The passengers were got out, after considerable difficulty; the horses were disengaged from the coach; the bags of letters sustained but little injury, and were conveyed in a post-chaise, accompanied by another post-chaise with the passengers. The coach could not be got out. The whole country round is in the most distressing state; it is covered with water from Chertsey to Maidenhead. In general the water runs in torrents as high as the parlour windows. Numbers of poor inhabitants have nearly lost all their property, which has been carried away in the streams; and, in addition to their distress, occasioned by this cause, the country is in such a state, that they are not able to do any work: many cannot get out of their houses to purchase food, and what they do get is put in at their one-pair of stairs window. The lower part of Egham is under water, and impassable.

Feb. 3.—Yesterday morning, about five o'clock, a fire broke out in the house of Mr. Bruce, an army agent, in Pall-Mall court, which not only consumed his own, but likewise communicated to the adjoining house, occupied by Mr. Macdonald as an office, and which was also destroyed. But we are happy to have it in our power to make known to his friends, that through the great exertions of the firemen, and of the gentlemen in the neighbourhood, the whole of Mr. Macdonald's books and papers have been preserved, and are removed to No 5, King-Street, St. James's, where the business of the office will be for the present conducted. Mr. Angerstein's residence was likewise in great danger, it being contiguous, and the party-wall not very strong; the latter in part fell in, and laid open the picture-gallery to the effects of the devouring element. The utmost confusion prevailed, in consequence of the immensely valuable collection of paintings not having been removed; but, fortunately, by the great exertions of the servants and others, they were carried out of the house uninjured, except the principal Claude, which was slightly damaged. The progress of the fire was stopped about eight o'clock, without it's committing further devastation.

Chichester, Jan. 31.—A circumstance has occurred this morning which should be known. Two of the French imperial eagles which were taken in the battle of Corunna, were sold yesterday at Barker's, the silversmith's, in this town: they are of silver, and weigh about 15 ounces. The man, who said he bayoneted the Frenchmen, was a Highlander of the 92d, or Gordon's; and I cannot account for his selling such a noble trophy of British courage and discipline, unless from absolute necessity. Some of our regiments have before taken the pole that supported the standard, but never the

thing itself, and Bonaparte has particularly exulted that they never were taken.

Feb. 6. Fatal Duel.—On Thursday a meeting took place between Captain Williams, and Lieutenant Robinson, in consequence of a dispute which had arisen in regard to a lady under the Captain's protection, when Captain Williams received a shot in the side, which on Friday terminated his existence. The deceased was connected with several families of respectability in South Wales. He was wounded in America during the late war, and was on the eve of returning to that country when this unfortunate affair occured.

The floods continue out to an injurious extent in various parts of the country. The letters of Saturday are filled with details of the damage sustained by the inundation. The roads to Gainsborough are in such a condition, that it is necessary to convey the mails, &c. in boats, &c. On Thursday, the water had so subsided on the road, that a man named Chambers, attempted to go on horseback to a neighbouring village, but had not proceeded far before he was drowned. About Doncaster the inundations are greater than ever remembered. At Fasandine, four miles from Stamford, the water is so much out, that a horse was a few days since drowned on the road, and the rider narrowly escaped the same fate. At Downham, the upland waters have detended in torrents, and the banks of the river Wissey have been overflowed; the parishes of Stoke, Wretton, Doreham, Voreham, Deaver, Roxham, and a great part of many adjoining villages, are, in consequence, inundated. The bank of the new Bedford river has been broken; and by the overflowing of the river Nee, the turnpike-road formed one sheet of water in common with the overflowed lands in Cutwell. Some persons have lost their lives, and a quantity of cattle has been drowned.

Much damage has been sustained by the violent floods in the Etterick; and the beautiful new bridge built over the Yarrow, to miles from Selkirk, leading to the new road up to Etterick, has been entirely swept away.

Portsmouth, Feb. 13. Arrived the Spanish line of battle ship Algesiras, of 74 guns, being a Commodore's broad pendant, having Don Pedro Cevallos on board, Minister extraordinary to his Majesty from the supreme Junta. She is come from Cadiz, and sailed a few days after La Loire. The Hon. Capt. Boyle, flag Captain to Admiral Sir Roger Curtis, and Capt. Nixon, Aid-de-Camp to General Whetham, our Lieutenant-governor, went off to the ship, as representatives of our two chiefs, to welcome the arrival of his excellency. The Algesiras saluted. Sir Roger Curtis's Flag with 17 guns, which was returned by the Royal William with 15 guns. His excellency and suite had not landed at half-past seven o'clock this evening.—Sir Roger Curtis, General Whetham, &c. &c. and a guard of honor, are waiting to receive him. They went to the Crown inn, where his excellency will sleep to-night, and set off for London to-morrow morning.

Feb. 15. On the return home of Mrs. Clarke from the house of commons yesterday morning, between two and three o'clock, she fortunately discovered a fire just bursting out in York-Street, Westminster. The inhabitants immediately effected their retreat into the street, some of them females, without being able to put on their clothes. To accommodate these, Mrs. Clarke gave the use of her chariot till the neighbours could receive them in their houses. The fire broke out at Mr. Askell's cooperage, which burned with great rapidity for above an hour, and threatened devastation to the York brewery, nearly adjoining, and the neighbourhood. It consumed the whole of the premises where it began, and the houses of Mr. Lane, grocer, and Mr. Dudley, patten-maker, were in imminent danger of being consumed.—Mr. Elliot, the brewer, at Pimlico, sent his engine the first, and his men played it; through the activity of the firemen, and also those belonging to the hope insurance office, it was got under. Mr. Askell has suffered considerable loss. A waggon load of canteens, for the army, were delivered into the premises on Saturday, consisting of 1,200 in number. Mr. Askell escaped with only his waistcoat and small clothes on. The Queen's Guard, and the Tilt-yard Guard, were very active.

Portsmouth, Jan. 23.—This afternoon arrived the nimrod transport, and Rostock hospital ship, from Corunna, with about thirty officers, and 250 soldiers belonging to our army, on board. These ships left Corunna on Tuesday morning last, when it was thick weather, and, not seeing the body of the transports, they thought it adviseable to run for England,

as our army had embarked, and left the country. The officers arrived, give the most dismal accounts of the embarkation of our army. They suppose we have lost 5000 men (the least number), 1500 of whom were killed and wounded, in an action on this day se'nnight, when the French army, consisting of 30,000 men, attacked our covering army. Among the officers arrived are — Colonel Burnaby, 1st guards; Capt. Calcott, 1st guards; Col. Ferguson, 42d regiment; Col. Fludyer; Col. Allen, Major Hay, Lieut. Cannady, Lieut. Hoy, and Lieut. Croker, of the 18th dragoons; Lieut. Bishop, and Lieut. New, 14th regiment; Lieut. Hames and Lieut. Killickelly, 32d regt.; Mr. Hogg, Inspector of Hospitals; Mr. Clarke, 76th regiment; Mr. Copeland, guards; Mr. Bolton, staff surgeon; and Mr. Inglish, flying artillery. Fourteen transports were sunk from the heights of Corunna, which the enemy took possession of before all our transports could get out of Corrunna harbour. The soldiers on board them were saved; several of the officers arrived were on board two of them. — Most of the artillery was embarked before the enemy made any attack; but all the horses belonging to the dragoons were killed; all the baggage taken, and all the ammunition destroyed. The military chest, value 600,000 dollars, fell into the enemy's hands.

Harwich, Jan. 24. — The Auckland packet, which sailed from hence on the 30th ult. with Mr. Prowdman, the messenger, and three other passengers, is just now returned into this port. — The Diana packet, which sailed on the 7th inst. having on board Baron Kenkerstom, with dispatches for the court of Sweden, is also returned. These two packets have had a most miraculous escape from destruction; they were four days in the ice, and were drifting with it into the Cattegat, where the pressure of the ice in that narrow channel must inevitably have crushed them to pieces: fortunately the wind shifted and they made their escape from the danger through sixty miles of solid ice, by breaking it with heavy weights and other stratagems.

Deal, Jan. 24. — Last night and this morning we experienced a very heavy gale of wind from S. W. to W. N. W., and day-light presented to our view a most distressing scene — three vessels on shore on the Goodwin sands, with only their fore-masts standing, and a heavy surf breaking over them. Vice-Admiral Campbell sent a cutter, a lugger, and two gun-brigs, to anchor as near as possible, to render them every assistance in their power; the vessels are the Britannia and Admiral Gardner, outward-bound East Indiamen, and a large brig; the crew of the latter it is feared are lost. Great credit is due to the boatmen for their exertions in endeavouring to save the lives of the crews; they succeeded in getting to the Indiamen, and some of them are now (4 p. m.) coming on shore with part of them: the whole of them are said to be saved, except seven of the Britannia's, and three of the Admiral Gardner's men: part of the cargoes may probably be saved, but the vessels must inevitably be lost.

London, Jan. 25. The sudden thaw has produced effects in the streets of the metropolis, and the roads in the neighbourhood, which have been scarcely paralleled at any former period. The water produced by the melting of a vast quantity of snow, has rendered some of the roads quite impassable, and the torrents which have thus been caused have done great damage. At Battle-Bridge, Gray's-Inn-lane-road, the water on Wednesday rushed into the houses, and the inhabitants were forced to fly to their upper stories for protection; the road could only be passed with great difficulty by carts. In Dorset-street, Portman-square, the common sewer has blown up, and left a dreadful chasm. In the houses in the neighbourhood of Kennington and Vauxhall, a torrent of water has risen, which in it's progress has carried away furniture, trunks of trees, cattle, &c. and has destroyed a great number of bridges. The Clapham road is rendered impassable; several houses were yesterday completely insulated by the water, and the inhabitants unable to obtain provisions or to get out of their houses.

Deptford, Jan. 25. — The effect of the rapidity of the thaw, which came on yesterday, will be severely felt by many of the inhabitants of Lea, Lewisham, and Deptford. The snow has fallen in immense quantity on the hills and country round the two former places, which, on thawing, ran off into the Ravensborn river at Lewisham, which early this morning overflowed it's banks, inundating all the fields between that place and Deptford. From the water-works at the top of Mill-lane (in a broad way, which leads to the Ravensborn), to the

tide mills in Church-Street, Deptford (where it found vent in Deptford Creek), it rushed in torrents, in many places up to the chamber windows: tables, chairs, and furniture of various descriptions, were washed away, and carried through the creek into the Thames. The body of a man was also observed carried forward with the torrent. It rushed in an awful manner from the fields on the right of Deptford-Bridge, and about nine o'clock this morning became higher than the arch of the bridge; in consequence of which it broke down the parapet, and about four yards of the bridge gave way, the water still rushing with great fury, in a manner to threaten the total destruction of the bridge; but, meeting no obstruction, it ran into the river, gradually subsiding; and, about one o'clock, passengers were able to pass from the Broad Way over to Greenwich, which had been obstructed for five hours. The water, however, still continues to rush over the fields, from the hills and passes, over the bridge, with greater velocity than the fall occasioned by the water-works at London-Bridge. It will be impossible to ascertain the damage done until free access can be obtained to Lewisham, which as yet is totally impracticable, the water in Mill-lane being still as high as the window stools of the ground-floor. It is reported a woman and two children are drowned at Lewisham: all the gardens, out-houses, &c. within reach of the torrent, are entirely destroyed.

The principal part of Chelsea was under water during Wednesday night, and yesterday there was no passing but by boats and carts, to take persons to their own homes. The walls of several buildings were washed down. In Anderson's brewhouse, near the College, the horses and pigs were taken out for fear of their being drowned. Although Sloane-Street stands upon high ground, the kitchens are all flooded. In many parts of this, and other neighbourhoods near London, persons have been obliged to get in and out of their one pair of stairs window.

On Saturday night *Feb.* 19. A woman of the name of Philpot, near 70 years of age, returning from Hackney with her husband to Mile-end, Newtown, fell into a deep ditch in Red Cow-lane, Bethnal-green, and was drowned. The body was taken to the workhouse for a coroner's inquest.

On the same day an inquisition was taken at the house of Mrs. A. Helken, in Oxford-Street, on the remains of that lady's daughter, who was burned to death on Thursday night. Miss Helken had been at a ball with her mother and a party, and after her return she retired to her apartments, where she accidentally set fire to her dress with the candle. Her screams attracted her parent to the spot; but too late to afford her any assistance, her dress having been reduced to tinder. She lived in agony about an hour. Verdict—Accidental death.

Sunday evening, *Feb.* 20. A young woman of the name of Baker, servant to Mr.——Titford, of Finsbury-place, threw herself out of a two pair of stairs window in a state of insanity; her head was shockingly fractured, and she is not expected to live.

BIRTHS.

Jan. 19. At Bevi's Hill, near Southampton, the lady of Arnold Wainewright, Esq. of a daughter.

22. In Red Lion-square, the lady of Malcolm Ross, Esq. of a son.

The lady of George Mackenzie, Esq. of Berner's-Street, of a son.

At Lymington, Lady Charlotte Howard, of a daughter.

23. At Prior's Court House, Berks, the lady of B. Bunbury, Esq. of a son and heir.

26. In Charlotte-Street, Bloomsbury, the Hon. Mrs. Winn, of a son.

27. In Dublin, the lady of Bertram Milford, Esq. of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Jan. 19. At St. Pancras, George Ellison, Esq. to Miss Lovegrove, of Great Marlow.

At Ryton, near Newcastle, in the county of Durham, by Archdeacon Thorp, Peter Ryder Minster, Esq. to Miss Anne Elizabeth Stowe, of Ryton Grove, daughter of the late John Stowe, Esq. an amiable young lady with an immense fortune, and the only remaining branch of that worthy family.

23. By special license, at Carlton, in Northamptonshire, by the Rev. J. Hodges, Brigadier-General Montrisor, to the Right Hon. Lady Sondes, of Rockingham Castle.

31. By the Rev. Dr. Atwood, at Hammersmith, John Dickson, Esq. of Elsieshields, Dumfrieshire, to Christina, sole heiress to John Bethune, Esq. of Bengal.

At Berbice, the 30th of Nov. last, John Bethune, Esq. to Margaret, second daughter of the late David Barry, of the island of Grenada.

At Berbice, the 5th of Nov. last, Thomas George Heyleger, of Demerara, to Maria, third daughter of the late David Barry, of the island of Grenada.

Feb. 1. The Rev. Henry Hervey Baber, of the British Museum, to Miss Smith, daughter of Harry Smith, Esq. Pentonville.

3. At St. George's, Bloomsbury, Ebenezer Gairdner, Esq. Cannon-Street, to Harriet, only daughter of the late Thomas Meredith, Esq. of Calcutta.

On the 4th instant, Mr. Joseph Wilkinson, of Cateaton-Street, to Miss Boddy, daughter of the late J. Boddy, Esq.

5. At Kingston, Lieut. Thomas Dutton, of the Royal Navy, to Miss Priscilla Edgcombe, of Tavistock-Place, Russel-Square.

DEATHS.

Jan. 20. Suddenly, at five in the morning, at Taunton, Somerset, deeply regretted by his family and friends, in the 76th year of his age, the Hon. Sir Jacob Wolff, Bart. of Mellyfont Abbey, near Wells, in the same county.

22. Aged 72, at his house in Old Burlington-Street, his Excellency Count de Bruhl, many years Minister from the Elector of Saxony to his Britannic Majesty, Knight of the Order of the White Eagle. He was deep in science, and his learning as great as his family was illustrious.

24. At the Rectory House, at Aughton, near Ormskirk, Mrs. Vanbrugh, aged 83, mother of the Rev. George Vanbrugh, rector of that place.

Richard Chambers, Esq. of Whitborne Court, in the county of Hereford, aged 61.

24. At Clifton, after a lingering illness, Miss Smith, grand-daughter of the late Francis Bearsley, Esq. of Oporto.

29. At his house in Hill-Street, Dr. John Hunter, F.R.S. Physician Extraordinary to the Prince of Wales.

At Great Lodge, Tunbridge Wells, Mr. James Stephens, brother of the Rev. Dr. Stephens, of Devonshire-Place.

In Albemarle-Street, Lieut.-Col. Bothwell, late of the 2d or R. N. dragoons.

William Montague, Esq. of the Grove, Camberwell, aged 83.

At Arundel, Sussex, Mrs. Swinburne, relict of the late Henry Swinburne, of Hamsterly, in the county of Durham.

At her mother's house, in Upper Seymour-Street, Miss Langham, daughter of the late Sir James Langham, Baronet, and sister of Sir William Langham, Baronet.

30. In the 62d year of his age, at his house in Berkeley Crescent, Bristol, Mr. Samuel Dyer, one of the people called Quakers, whose simplicity and suavity of manners through life endeared him to all his acquaintance. An intimate knowlege of several of the learned languages considerably assisted him as an antiquary, in forming a small but judicious assemblage of antient and British coins. He was also an eminently distinguished minister among his people for upwards of forty years.

Feb. 4. In Mount-Street, Grosvenor-square, Harry Harmont, Esq. aged 70.

On his passage home from the West Indies, Mr. John Hall, surgeon of the royal navy.

Mr. John Moule, of Lamb's Conduit-street, solicitor.

Miss Eleanor Parks, daughter of Richard Parks, Esq. of Lansdown Crescent, Bath.

8. At Grimsthorpe Castle, his Grace the Duke of Ancaster and Kesteven, Marquis and Earl of Lindsey. The dukedom and marquisate thereupon become extinct, but the earldom devolves on General Albemarle Bertie, member for Stamford.