

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

APPROPRIATED
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR MARCH, 1809.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates,

1. LOUISA AUGUSTA WILHELMINA AMELIA, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.
2. LONDON Fashionable EVENING and FULL DRESSES.
and elegant PATTERNS for the CROWN and BORDER of a
&c.

LONDON:

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

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.



WE are much obliged to the authoress of the *Sketches from Nature* for her continuation.

Mary of Coleshill will see that we have inserted some of her communications; more shall appear in our next. We always receive with pleasure the contributions of this lady.

The Lines to *Matilda*; and to the Memory of *Diana*; are intended for insertion in our next.

* * We are extremely sorry for the errors of the press in the poetry of *Joanna Sq—re*, inserted in the number for January; they render necessary the following

ERRATA.

Page 38, line 11, for — A bloom that lends deformity a place,

Read — A bloom that lends deformity a grace.

— 39, — 7, for *Sonnet to Fitz****, read *Sonnet to Pity*.

— 39, — 14, For — And woos that claim that softest tend'rest sigh,
Read — And woes that claim thy softest tend'rest sigh.

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE.

FOR MARCH, 1809.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

AND

CHARACTER OF THE PRESENT QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

[With her Portrait, elegantly engraved, from an undoubted original never before brought to this country.]

LOUISA AUGUSTA WILHELMINA AMELIA, the beautiful and amiable consort of Frederick William III., the present king of Prussia, is the daughter of Charles Louis Frederic, duke of Mecklenburg Strelitz; and thus nearly related to our own illustrious queen. She was born on the 10th. of March 1776, and married to the Prince Royal of Prussia, who has since succeeded to the throne. On the 24th. of December 1793, her beauty and amiable manners acquired her the esteem and affection of all who approached her, and she indeed became the very idol of the populace, who crowded after her wherever she was to be seen, and saluted her with the loudest and most sincere acclamations. Perhaps no princess, who ever ascended the throne, has been more celebrated, for her personal charms than the beautiful Louisa; and when these are accompanied, as they are in her,

with the mildest and gentlest disposition, the utmost propriety of deportment and conduct, and the tenderest and most constant affection for her husband, it cannot excite surprise that she should be beloved by her royal consort, and by all her subjects with a kind of enthusiasm, and honored with a reverence bordering on adoration. Of these charms, it is said, that her Majesty is not insensible; and as almost every woman, how much soever of an angel she may be, will retain something of the woman in her composition: it is reported, that Louisa has been heard to declare, that, in the company of her husband, and at her toilette, have been spent her happiest hours. At her toilette, exulting, no doubt, in the contemplation of her own charms. But then this exultation was founded on the honorable and laudable idea that such beauty must secure and retain

the heart of the husband she loved.

Of the effect of this beauty a somewhat extraordinary anecdote is related in Prussia:—An English baronet, who resided on the continent as an envoy from Great-Britain, having received a favor from the King of Prussia, went to Berlin to return him thanks. He there saw the Queen, and became so violently enamored of her, that his passion rendered him absolutely frantic. He constantly went to all public places where she was to be seen, and frequently found means of being one of the party where she was in company. He would kiss, with rapture, whatever he knew she had touched, and even the places, the chairs, tables, or bannisters, which had only been brushed by the edge of her garment. This extraordinary lover remained true till death; for he died soon after at Memel; and perhaps these extravagances principally proceeded from a rapid decay of intellect, and the breaking up of the frame of nature.

In politics the queen of Prussia does not appear, at least, not till latterly, to have in the least inter-meddled; but as she favored the minister Hardenberg, who was friendly to the English interests, the French party endeavoured to asperse and ridicule her as much as was in their power; and Hardenberg took care to collect and carry to her all their lampoons and caricatures, to confirm her aversion to them; till at length she consented to employ her influence to induce her timid and irresolute husband to resist the encroachments of the French, and enter into that war which ended so unfortunately for Prussia.

About the beginning of this

year she accompanied the King of Prussia to St. Petersburg, on a visit to the Emperor of Russia. What the motives of this journey may have been, or what its consequences may prove, we are yet unacquainted; but, as the Queen of Prussia is a great favorite with the Emperor Alexander, many are inclined to hope that he may at last be induced to open his eyes to his true interests, renounce his connexions with France, and prevent the execution of that plan of universal empire, which Napoleon certainly meditates, and which he will not consider as complete unless it includes Russia.

In our next, we shall give some memoirs of the King of Prussia, accompanied by his portrait, derived from the same original communication with that of the Queen.

THE VISIT OF CHARITY.

With OBSERVATIONS on the
PARADISE LOST.

[*From the Novel entitled Cælebs in search of a Wife.**]

AFTER tea I observed the party in the saloon to be thinner than usual. Sir John and Lady Bel-

* This Novel, is ascribed by report to Miss Hannah More, with whom some have associated Miss Bowdler, and others Mr. Wilberforce. It is evidently the production of a writer of ability and genius, and is a work of religious imagination, a kind of Religious Courtship. The heroine of the piece is Miss Lucilla Stanley, who proves to be the wife of

field having to write letters, and that individual having quitted the room whose presence would have reconciled me to the absence of all the rest, I stole out to take a solitary walk. At the distance of a quarter of a mile from the park-gate, on a little common, I observed, for the first time, the smallest and neatest cottage I ever beheld. There was a flourishing young orchard behind it, and a little court full of flowers in front. But I was particularly attracted by a beautiful rose tree in full bloom which grew against the house, and almost covered the clean white walls. As I knew this sort of rose was a particular favorite of Lucilla's, I opened the low wicket which led into the little court, and looked about for some living creature, of whom I might have begged the flowers. But seeing no one I ventured to gather a bunch of the roses, and, the door being open, walked into the house, in order to acknowledge my theft, and make my compensation. In vain I looked round

the little neat kitchen; no one appeared.

I was just going out, when the sound of a soft female voice over head arrested my attention. Impelled by a curiosity, which, considering the rank of the inhabitants, I did not feel it necessary to resist, I softly stole up the narrow stairs, cautiously stooping as I ascended, the lowness of the ceiling not allowing me to walk upright. I stood still at the door of a little chamber, which was left half open to admit the air. I gently put my head through. What were my emotions when I saw Lucilla Stanley kneeling by the side of a little clean bed; a large old Bible spread open before her, out of which she was reading one of the penitential psalms to a pale emaciated female figure, who lifted up her failing eyes, and clasped her feeble hands in solemn attention.

Before two little bars, which served for a grate, knelt Phœbe*, with one hand stirring some broth which she had brought from home, and with the other fanning, with her straw bonnet, the dying embers, in order to make the broth boil; yet seemingly attentive to her sister's reading. Her dishevelled hair, the flush which the fire and her labor of love gave her naturally animated her countenance, formed a fine contrast to the angelic tranquillity and calm devotion which sat on the face of Lucilla. Her voice was inexpressibly sweet and penetrating, while faith, hope, and charity, seemed to beam from her fine uplifted eyes. On account of the

whom Cælebs was in search, and of whom he gives the following negative and positive description.

'First,' replied I, 'I will, as you desire, define her by negatives—she is not a professed beauty—she is not a professed genius—she is not a professed philosopher—she is not a professed anything; and, I thank my stars, she is not a professed artist.' Bravo Charles, now as to what she is. 'She is,' replied I, 'from nature, a woman, gentle, feeling, animated, modest—she is by education, elegant, informed, enlightened—she is from religion, pious, humble, candid, charitable.' The work concludes, not as usual, in romances, by the marriage of the lovers, but when Cælebs has attained to the sure and certain hope of a blissful union.

* The younger sister of Lucilla.

closeness of the room, she had thrown off her hat, cloak, and gloves, and laid them on the bed; and her fine hair, which had escaped from it's confinement, shaded the side of her face, which was next the door, and prevented her seeing me.

I scarcely dared to breathe, lest I should interrupt such a scene. It was a subject not unworthy of Raphaël. She first began to read the forty-first Psalm, with the meek yet solemn emphasis of devout feeling.—
 ‘Blessed is he that considereth the poor and needy, the Lord shall deliver him in the time of trouble.’ Neither the poor woman nor myself could hold out any longer. She was overcome by her gratitude, and I by my admiration, and we both at the same moment involuntarily exclaimed, Amen! I sprang forward with a motion which I could no longer control. Lucilla saw me, started up in confusion,

‘And blush’d
 Celestial rosy red.’

Then, eagerly endeavouring to conceal the Bible, by drawing her hat over it, ‘Phœbe,’ said she, with all the composure she could assume, ‘is the broth ready?’ Phœbe, with her usual gait, called out to me to come and assist, which I did, but so unskillfully, that she chid me for my awkwardness.

It was an interesting sight to see one of these blooming sisters lift the dying woman in her bed, and support her with her arm, while the other fed her, her own weak hand being unequal to the task. At that moment how little did the splendors and vanities ap-

pear in my eyes! and how ready was I to exclaim with Wolsey,

‘Vain pomp and glory of the world I hate you.’

When they had finished this pious office, I inquired if the poor woman had an attendant. Phœbe, who was generally the chief speaker, said, ‘She has a good daughter who is out at work by day, but takes care of her mother at night; but she is never left alone, for she has a little grand-daughter who attends her in the mean time: but as she is obliged to go once a day to the grove to fetch provisions, we generally contrive to send her while we are here, that Dame Alice may never be left alone.’

While we were talking, I heard a little weary step painfully climbing up the stairs, and looked, expecting to see the grand-daughter; but it was little Kate Stanley, with a lap-full of dried sticks, which she had been collecting for the poor woman’s fire. The sharp points of the sticks had forced their way in many places through the white muslin frock, part of which, together with her bonnet, she had left in the hedge which she had been robbing. At this loss she expressed not much concern, but lamented not a little that sticks were so scarce; that she feared the broth had been spoiled from her being so long in picking them, but *indeed* she could not help it. I was pleased with these under allotments, these low degrees in the scale of charity.

I had gently laid my roses on the hat of Miss Stanley, as it lay on the Bible; and, before we left the room, as I drew near the good old

dame, to slip a couple of guineas into her hand, I had the pleasure of seeing Lucilla, who thought herself unobserved, retire to the little window, and fasten the roses into the crown of her hat like a garland. When the grand-daughter returned, loaded with the daily bounty from the Grove, we took our leave, followed by the prayers and blessings of the good woman.

As we passed by the rose-tree, the orchard, and the court, Phœbe said to me, 'An't you glad that poor people can have such pleasures?' I told her it doubled my gratification to witness the enjoyment, and trace the hand that conferred it; for she had owned it was their work. - 'We have always,' replied Phœbe, 'a particular satisfaction in observing a neat little flower-garden about a cottage, because it holds out a comfortable indication that the inhabitants are free from absolute want, before they think of these little embellishments.'

'It looks also,' said Miss Stanley, 'as if the woman, instead of spending her few leisure moments in gadding abroad, employed them in adorning her little habitation, in order to make it more attractive to her husband. And we know more than one instance in this village, in which the man has been led to give up the public-house, by the innocent ambition of improving on her labors.'

I asked her what first inspired her with such fondness for gardening, and how she had acquired so much skill and taste in this elegant art? She blushed, and said, 'She was afraid I should think her romantic, if she were to confess that she had caught both the taste and the passions, as far

as she possessed either, from an early and intimate acquaintance with the *Paradise Lost*, of which she considered the beautiful descriptions of scenery and plantations as the best precepts for landscape gardening. 'Milton,' she said, 'both excited the taste and supplied the rules. He taught the art, and inspired the love of it. From the gardens of *Paradise* the transition to his heroine was easy and natural.' On my asking her opinion of this portrait, as drawn by Milton, she replied, 'That she considered Eve, in her state of innocence, as the most beautiful model of the delicacy, propriety, grace, and elegance of the female character which any poet ever exhibited. Even after her fall,' added she, 'there is something wonderfully touching in her remorse, and affecting in her contrition.'

'We are probably,' replied I, 'more deeply affected with the beautifully contrite expressions of repentance in our first parents, from being so deeply involved in the consequences of the offence which occasioned it.'

'And yet,' replied she, 'I am a little affronted with the poet, that while with a noble justness he represents Adam's grief at his expulsion as chiefly arising from his being banished from the presence of his Maker, the sorrows of Eve seem too much to arise from her being banished from her flowers. The grief, though never grief was so beautifully eloquent, is rather too exquisite, her substantial ground for lamentation considered.'

Seeing me going to speak, she stopped me, with a smile, saying, 'I see, by your looks, that you

are going, with Mr. Addison, to vindicate the poet, and to call this a just appropriation of the sentiment to the sex; but surely the disproportion in the feeling here is rather too violent, though I own the loss of her flower *might* have aggravated any common privation. There is, however, no female character in the whole compass of poetry in which I have ever taken so lively an interest, and no poem that ever took such powerful possession of my mind.'

If any thing had been wanting to my full assurance of the sympathy of our tastes and feelings, this would have completed my conviction. It struck me as the Virgilian lots formerly struck the superstitious. Our mutual admiration of the *Paradise Lost*, and of it's heroine, seemed to bring us nearer together than we had yet been. Her remarks, which I gradually drew from her in the course of our walk, on the construction of the fable, the richness of the imagery, the elevation of the language, the sublimity and just appropriation of the sentiments, the awful structure of the verse, and the variety of the characters, convinced me that she had imbibed her taste from the purest sources. It was easy to trace her knowledge of the best authors, though she quoted none.

'This,' said I exultingly to myself, 'is the true learning for a lady; a knowledge that is rather detected than displayed, that is felt in it's effects on her mind and conversation; that is seen, not by her citing learned names, or adverting long quotations, but in the general result, by the delicacy of her taste, and the correctness of her sentiments.'

SENSIBILITY.

A FRAGMENT.

—WHAT art thou, Sensibility? Whence derivest thou existence? Restless invisible! how various, how undefinable thy emotions; thy throbbings distress me; knowest thou the fragility of the bosom thou inhabitest? Thou addest to the pang of misery, and brighteneth the smile of Joy! — Yes, thou beamest in the warm tear that fell on the withered hand of the poor old beggar; as it was feebly extended to receive the mite of compassion from mine. Thou pointedest the ray that lent my eye a deepened lustre, when an exquisite sensation of delight glowed in my cheek as I beheld the enfranchised robin I had released from the limed spray, shake the downy crimson of it's plumes, and pour forth it's little thanks in grateful warblings. — Thou flutteredest at my heart yesterday, Sensibility! — and dwellest thou not in the bosom of the bard, to the sweet melody of whose lyre the beatings of my heart vibrate!

MARY of Coleshill.

MISCELLANEOUS REFLECTIONS.

(From the French.)

HOPE is a loan made to happiness which is not very often repaid.

The good qualities of women are frequently at rest; their charms are ever in action.

HARRIET VERNON ;

OR,

CHARACTERS FROM REAL LIFE.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

BY A LADY.

[Concluded from p. 61.]

LETTER XCV.

Miss H. Vernon to Miss West.

Hampstead.

I PROMISED, my dear Susan, to write from this place. We have been here one week. I took a respectful leave of Mrs. Wilson, thanking her for all her favors, and we parted very good friends.

Maria felt a little agitated at the thoughts of this first interview with the Colonel ; but he received her with so much ease and address, that soon dispelled all her trepidation, and the first day passed in conversing on general subjects. The next day, the Colonel drew me aside, and told me Mr. Johnson had informed him of his offer, and that I had referred to him and my other friends for their approbation. 'My dear Harriet,' continued he, 'if you find no reluctance to marry, I see not where you can bestow your hand with a greater prospect of happiness, and you have my entire approbation ; my sister will also tell you she is of the same opinion ; and I am sure his friend Wentworth cannot but wish it. I wish to be considered by you and your sister in the light of a parent, friend, and guardian ; and as Wentworth has

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chosen me, in conjunction with Mr. Johnson, as trustee to his settlement, I will take the same office for you, in conjunction with Mr. Wilson, whom I suppose you will compliment on the occasion.'

'Oh ! dear Sir,' said I, 'how good you are. But Mr. Johnson, may not perhaps think a settlement necessary to a girl without a fortune.'

'You are mistaken,' said he ; 'he has already spoken to me on the business, and proposes to settle on you five hundred a-year, which is following his friend's example, of one-third of his estate. And now, my dear, what say you ? Shall I have the honor of presenting you to Mr. Johnson in a place more sacred ?'

'Oh ! dear Sir, what can I say ? I certainly like Mr. Johnson in preference to any other man ; but I have my fears.'

'What are your fears ?' said the Colonel.

'They are that I may not make so good a wife as his merit deserves.'

'Never fear ; your diffidence is his security.'

So saying, he led me to seek my other friends. I found them all three together talking on the same subject ; and, not to dwell on what one said, and the other said, the matter was concluded : I was that day to give my affirmative to Mr. Johnson.

He sought me alone that evening ; and, after some conversation, and recitements of what the opinions of the Colonel and my other friends were, I consented to be his. He pressed me to name a day ; but this also I referred to my friend, parent, and guardian, the Colonel. At this he seemed much pleased ; and we

O

joined our company in high spirits and good humor with each other.

After supper, the Colonel entered on the subject at large — ‘I take,’ said he, ‘the authority of a father to Harriet, to lay down a plan for the completion of this business, which, I hope, will meet the approbation of all the parties present. It is, that, as soon as the lawyers can finish their part, the nuptials may take place. From this house, I shall invite in form Mr. and Mrs. Wilson : perhaps the journey may be too much for her ; but his presence, as trustee in the settlement, will be necessary, and he must be apprized of it.’

The company all signified their approbation of this plan, in terms so very explicit, that I had not a word to say in objection, and could only blush and look like a fool.

‘And now,’ said the Colonel, ‘I bespeak your attention after breakfast to-morrow, to a circumstance known only to me and my sister, that I flatter myself will afford you all much entertainment and satisfaction. He then proposed retiring for the night ; but not a wink of sleep had I : the thoughts of the stake I had thrown, and the curiosity the Colonel’s last speech had revived, altogether murdered sleep.’

We met as usual at breakfast, but my impatience was such, I thought John uncommonly slow in removing the tea-things. At length they were removed ; and the Colonel, with a look of ineffable benignity, thus addressed his sister : — ‘You have,’ said he, ‘sister, a letter I wrote you three weeks since, when I was in London : that letter contains all the particulars of an occurrence

that to the day of my death I shall with pleasure review. To prevent the trouble of a verbal relation, I will be obliged to you to read that letter to the present company.’

She drew it from her pocket, and began — and here, my dear Miss West, as I have Mrs. Ambrose’s permission, I inclose it for your perusal, to save me the pains of relating what I fear I should not do so clearly as the Colonel had done to Mrs. Ambrose.

And now, my good friends, I will suppose you have perused the letter, and are equally surprised, entertained, and gratified as were we at the hearing it read, and equally struck with admiration at the uncommon exertions of friendship in the Colonel, as well as the address with which the affair was managed. Maria and I were speechless with surprise and joy. Johnson first broke silence, by saying he was sorry rather than glad, lest it should make an alteration in my sentiments.

‘By no means,’ said I, ‘you have given such undoubted proofs of the disinterestedness of your regard to me, that I should ill deserve it indeed if the paltry circumstance of money could alter my sentiments — No, Sir, those are the same they were yesterday.’

At this he was satisfied, and pleasure sparkled in his eyes. — ‘I have,’ said the Colonel, ‘deposited this money in the bank ;’ — and drawing from his pocket-book two drafts of three thousand pounds each, delivered one into the hands of Maria, the other to me. Maria offered her’s to her husband, but he refused — ‘No,’ said he, ‘Maria, it is your own ; I will have nothing to do with it ; you shall dispose of it as you think

fit; I know you will do it wisely, or else I would control you.'

I did not offer mine to Mr. Johnson; as we were not yet married; there would have been an impropriety; I put it into my pocket.

'Hold,' said Mrs. Ambrose jocosely, 'you are to refund me thirty pounds. Did I not tell you it was your own money; but no; you would hardly believe me; it was the Colonel, it was Wentworth, or perhaps Mr. Johnson, and much ado I had to persuade you to take it.' After some pleasantry at my expence, by her relating the conversation that had passed on her presenting me with the thirty pounds, which she much embellished by her action in the relation, to the no small mirth of the rest of the company, we separated; and this mystery, which had excited in me such an uncommon curiosity, has turned out, not, as you supposed, a bag of moonshine, but a pleasing prediction.

And now, my dear friend, the companion of my youth, and the sympathiser in my sorrows, as well as my joys, I should ill deserve credit for my professions of friendship, if, on such an unexpected turn of good fortune, I could overlook you; but, as the heart is deceitful, and we are, as a fine writer has observed, the creatures of our fortune, I delay not, I will not trust to future consideration what I deem now to be proper and expedient. I therefore inclose you a draft for five hundred pounds, which I beg your acceptance of, as a mark of my love and friendship; and am sincerely yours,

H. VERNON.

LETTER XCVI.

Mrs. Wentworth to Mrs. West.

My dear maternal friend has heard from Harriet the very unexpected turn our affairs have taken. An acquisition of property to those who have little or none is a matter of much gratification, but the being able to part with some of that property to the relief of a friend, is still greater. This inexpressible pleasure is, by the good providence of God, mine; and, I think, I cannot better express my gratitude to that providence, than by a participation of it's bounties to you, who, though you gave me not existence, yet, by the care you took in guiding my unprotected youth, and instilling those principles of moral and religious obligations, to which I am chiefly indebted for all my prosperity, are entitled to my love and gratitude; accept then, dear Madam, the inclosed draft for a thousand pounds, from your once distressed, but now happy,

MARIA WENTWORTH.

AND now, my candid and kind reader, having brought nearly to a conclusion the most interesting occurrences of all the worthy persons that compose this little Family History, I shall only briefly relate the situation in which I leave them, as well as the less worthy characters here set forth to view: and, as each character of the good, and the bad, is to be found every day, the writer hopes

it will not be thought too romantic to be credited. Experience may have convinced us, that many more extraordinary things have happened within their knowledge; so that the writer may be allowed at least to have preserved the bounds of probability. And if, by the publication, the reader is amused, the end is answered. To convey amusement under a harmless form, was the highest wish or expectation of the writer; and it is hoped, the candor of the reader will overlook inaccuracies and defects of composition from a young writer, who never before attempted any thing of the kind.

The nuptials of Mr. Johnson and Miss Harriet Vernon took place about a month after the date of the last letter, and were conducted in all points as the Colonel had planned. They spent a week with the Colonel and Mrs. Ambrose, when they returned to their places of abode. They have been now married many years, and enjoy all that happiness that might be expected from a union founded on esteem, and free from interested motives. Mrs. Wentworth has presented her husband with three children, a boy and two girls; the boy they named Ambrose, in honor of their worthy friend the Colonel. Mrs. Johnson has two girls. Mr. Wentworth continued at Hampstead about three years, when he purchased a manor, with a good family house on it, within four miles of the residence of his friend Johnson. Dorcas had her option, whether she would spend the remainder of her days in the family, or reside with a sister she had in the borough, they allowing her a com-

fortable annuity. She chose the former, and has an apartment in the manor-house fitted up for her. She is very infirm, but likely to live many years.

Mrs. Wentworth, by superintending the care of her children, and the management of her family, finds but little leisure, and less inclination, for fashionable amusements; they have a genteel neighbourhood, where they visit occasionally; but visiting, cards, and company, is not by her made a business. Her poor neighbours take a good deal of her attention; but she sees herself the distribution of her bounty, so that what she bestows is properly applied. This, joined to an easy and affable deportment, makes her almost adored by them all. Mr. Wentworth finds all his happiness in the society of his wife and children; and his time is fitted up between his books and his garden, of which he is very fond; he also studies agriculture, and is equally disposed with his wife to acts of benevolence and hospitality, and has restored the smoke of the chimnies at Christmas, which his predecessor had long discontinued.

Colonel Ambrose resides still at Windsor, but he has a house in town, for the convenience of attending parliament, in which he took a seat the last sessions. His attention to the business of the house occupies a good part of his time when in town. His sister, not liking London, resides mostly at Windsor, and has formed an agreeable neighbourhood with three families, who have tastes similar to her own. Nothing can exceed the harmony and affection there is between this brother and sister. She renders

his life so comfortable, that he has little cause to regret the state of celibacy; and, having now got over his disappointment with Miss Vernon, and being also advancing beyond the meridian of life, and finding such an agreeable companion in his sister, he has no wish to alter his condition. He spends the month of September with Mr. Johnson, as he is fond of shooting, and Mr. Wentworth's manor furnishes him with plenty of game. Mrs. Ambrose goes at the same time to Mrs. Wentworth's; and, in the spring, the gentlemen return the visit with their ladies, if not necessarily confined at home; so that a most friendly intercourse is kept up between the families. Mrs. Wilson grew more and more peevish after Mr. Wentworth left Hampstead, so that her poor husband had a great loss; but at length the gout in her stomach put an end to her fretfulness, and left her husband in possession of himself and a handsome fortune. After a decent time, he turned his thoughts to marriage, and fixed his attention on Miss West, who, from what he had observed when a visitor at his house, appeared to him a very desirable companion; and not having now the temptation to mercenary views, which he had when he married his late wife, he did not hesitate to offer himself to her acceptance: and Miss West having no particular attachment, and Mr. Wilson being a man of a good temper, and not disagreeable manners, and possessing a genteel fortune, she did not refuse him. He left Hampstead soon after the death of his wife, and returned to B—— Hall, a place he was always fond of, and which he would not have

quitted, but to gratify the absurd humors of his wife.

Mrs. West's circumstances being amended by the generous conduct of her young friend, she enjoys greater accommodations. On her daughter's marriage she removed to a small neat house, which Mr. Wilson fitted up for her at one end of his garden. She is much mended in her health, and the affectionate attention her daughter pays her, as well as her son-in-law, renders her very comfortable; and they also are a happy family.

A most striking contrast to these is the family of Lord Dormont; his endeavours to cure his wife of her pride and vanity, and to subdue her spirit, had no other effect but to make her hate him; and they were perpetually wrangling. Despairing of success by these means, he grew indifferent about her, and consulted only how he might preserve his property; and, at the same time, not appear to the world in a harsh light. He brought her to town; she frequented the public places, where she soon met a set of libertines who were ready to ensnare a beautiful married woman, and she fell an easy victim to their flattering arts: they inticed her to play, — she lost her money, — her husband, shocked with the extravagant bills brought in for apparel, refused the payments of her debts of honor. What was to be done? They were discharged by the prostitution of her person. Her reputation was totally lost; and she grew hardened. Her husband finding her irreclaimable left her to her fate. He retired to the continent, leaving her with her jewels and a thousand pounds in bank paper. With this she figured away, but a

short time reduced her to distress. She was seized with the small-pox; it proved a most virulent sort, and destroyed every particle of beauty. As she had nothing but this to engage admiration, her lovers and flatterers forsook her. Her money being nearly exhausted, she was threatened to be turned out of her lodgings. In this distress she wrote to Mr. Wentworth in the most humiliating terms, and entreated him to come to her. He at first hesitated, but soon consented, taking with him his friend Johnson. But how was he shocked at seeing her!—Her beauty all irrecoverably gone; not a feature in her face the same. He waited not to talk with her, but instantly ordered a coach; discharged all demands of the people of the house; took her and her maid to the house of a medical gentleman of his acquaintance, with a request that he would use every possible means for the recovery of her health, and engaged to defray all the expence. She was at this gentleman's four months, and recovered her health in a partial degree; but her constitution had received, from the virulence of the disease added to the mortification for the loss of her beauty, so great a shock, that there was reason to apprehend she would fall into a decline. Mr. Wentworth proposed to her going abroad, and recommended strongly her retiring to the convent where was her friend Lady Amaranth; he judged this to be the most eligible plan. At first she objected, but Wentworth's remonstrances prevailed. He undertook to defray all expences of the voyage; procured her a proper servant; wrote to the Lady Abbess of the convent; agreed with

the captain, and furnished her with all necessaries. He accompanied her himself to the ship. She arrived safe at the convent, and was admitted as a boarder. She continued there about eighteen months, when grief and remorse, added to an enfeebled constitution, put an end to her life. Her fate affords an awful lesson to those unhappy females, whose vanity and passion for admiration has the ascendancy in their minds.

Lord Dormont was a man not totally devoid of merit; he was in some degree a man of sense, generous, and humane. He had received a good education, and good principles were early instilled into his mind, the effects of which never entirely forsook him. He felt severe conviction from every deviation from rectitude; but his being early addicted to gaming, obscured (if not extinguished) all better principles. There were some good traits in his character: he often made restitution where he had injured, and has been known to refund a gaming debt, when the loser had been much distressed by it. He granted an annuity to the girl he had seduced, and placed five hundred pounds in the hands of trustees as a provision for the child. But he wanted uniformity; and these commendable actions seemed more the pacifiers of an accusing conscience, that would make a composition, or set off one good action for several bad ones, than an innate principle of religious or moral duties.

On hearing of his wife's death, he returned to England, renewed his old acquaintances, and of course betook himself to his old habits of gaming, until his for-

tune was reduced to three hundred a-year, on which he retired two hundred miles from the capital. His reflections on his conduct affording him no satisfaction, the consequences of which he could not alter, his life became a burthen, and in about four months after his retreat, he put an end to his life with a pistol. — His sister, Lady Stanley, lately had a severe attack of illness, which seems to have awakened her to a sense of her errors — Dixon being unable to raise five thousand pounds, the amount of the damages, ran away the day after the trial was over. He went to France, and it was said that he was engaged in some of the bloody conventions of Robespierre, and was guillotined amongst many others, perhaps less worthy the punishment. — Mr. Vernon did not survive these events more than two years. He died suddenly, and without a will; and his sisters being sole heiresses divided one hundred thousand pounds between them.

THE END.

EXTRACTS from the *EARL of CARLISLE'S THOUGHTS on the PRESENT CONDITION of the STAGE.*

[Continued from p. 82.]

DWELLING, as I think it useful, though perhaps somewhat tiresome to do so repeatedly, yet when the building of a new house is in contemplation, it is not impertinent to lay before the public all the positive evils as well as possible mischiefs, the consequences of an overgrown space

allotted for the public entertainment.

Garrick, had he been at first condemned to enter upon the immense area of modern Drury-Lane, instead of that of Goodman's-Fields, or on the comparatively small one of the old Drury-Lane playhouse, disappointed by making but slight impression by his wonderful display of countenance, by the mad looks of Lear, by the fears and rage of Macbeth, he might possibly have been contented to have wooed alone the comic Muse; it being easier, for reasons I have before detailed, to have captivated the multitude by his astonishing powers in this line of acting; and his greatest admirers might have felt no regret at his confining himself to that walk, for which nature and his talents seemed so exclusively to qualify him. The younger Bannister appears to be a sort of instance for the elucidation of this observation. It was my lot to be present when he attempted the part of Hamlet: I can safely say he made the best promise of becoming eminent in that character that was ever made by any other youthful attempt. I should hardly expect to gain credit for this remark, if I could not call to the remembrance of many his very superior tragic effort in the *Children in the Wood*, and yet it would be difficult at this day to persuade any one that he was by nature formed for any other style of acting than that which has gained for him deservedly so much of the public favor.

The theatres of the antients, particularly those of the Romans, were liable to the same reproach in regard to size with those of our metropolis; and it must remain a

matter of wonder how the great number of spectators could derive pleasure from the satisfaction afforded to the eye or ear. One of the smallest in Rome was that which Augustus raised to the memory of the young Marcellus. Small as this is described to be, it however contained twenty-two thousand persons. No contrivance was omitted to remedy these inconveniences and defects; and the adoption of every stratagem to swell out the player by immense quantities of drapery, and raising him to the utmost possible height, seemed calculated to give that part of the audience which sat at a distance, some chance of having a view of the comedian. Added to this, the antient mask was held indispensable. It was made of various materials, of the bark of a tree, and of the stronger wood itself. As it covered the whole human head like those described by Captain Cook in the rowers of a boat's crew from Sandwich Island, it could be made of any largeness correspondent to the augmented bulk of the actor; and one must lean to the opinion of those writers who maintain the aperture of the mouth was of the same assistance to the flinging out the voice to an extreme distance as our speaking-trumpet. The vast opening of the mouth strengthens the suspicion that the voice was greatly aided by it. When the sacrifice was once made of watching, and no longer noticing the progress and effects of the passions, working on the face of the comedian, and when the mask with scrupulous propriety was assigned to each character; the severe and majestic, to the tragic; the grotesque, to the fauns and satyrs; the comice, to the farci-

cal; the youthful, to the young; and the aged, to the old; perhaps the reparation for the loss alluded to, will appear the best and most likely to have satisfied an enlightened audience.

Without being able to ascertain by what mechanical ingenuity the mask might have the power of driving the sound into the remote parts of the circumference of our enormous theatres, I shall not gravely recommend the use of it. Of it's utility, as persisted in by the antients, there can be no doubt; and if the new playhouse is intended to embrace a similar space with those whose magnitude has provoked these remarks, it would surely be something gained, were we enabled to judge of the reciting powers of the actor, or of the beauties or imperfections of the dramatic poem, particularly when the mask would not increase the privation we have been made to submit to.

The candid reader will perhaps be inclined to think too much importance has not been given to this part of the subject, when he reflects on the probable advantages likely to be derived from a new theatre of reasonable magnitude, not wantonly sacrificing the property engaged of the manager or proprietor, and yet consulting the reasonable pleasures of the frequenters of it. It must raise the fair hopes, that, by the contraction so often pressed, the Tragic Muse may feel herself recalled, again to visit her once favorite regions, and to call forth again the benumbed faculties of those, who in this and in every age (till barbarism should overwhelm all things in one universal ruin) are and will be found as capable as their predecessors to charm and improve the world.

Nor will the comic authors be insensible to the new day breaking upon them, and assisting them, to scare away those evil spirits of the stage, under the appellation of melo-dramas, &c. &c. &c. with names as barbarous and incomprehensible as themselves. Why may we not look for the return or reanimation of such talents as were possessed by a Congreve, a Wycherly, a Vanbrugh, and a Sheridan? This last person appears to have taken a melancholy leave of all scenic excellence in his valedictory effort of *Pizarro*. By this he seems condemned to put a tombstone on all his pure and correct dialogue, all ebullitions of his truly classic wit and judgement, and leave his admirers to deplore that he has sunk into the rival of those whose abilities were alone calculated to fill up the gap between horsemanship and rope-dancing at Astley's and Sadler's Wells. What in point of amusement and delight might we have not reaped from his powers, had he been called upon to write parts for Garrick, Weston, Mrs. Clive, and Miss Pope? But, alas! the mask is not again to be resorted to; we may, even though he again should take up his pen, pay our money at his door, and return home, without feeling any impression from the humor, or even being able to comprehend the plot of the drama.

I come now to a part of this subject of infinitely higher importance than that of which I have treated: to the consideration not only how the public may be entertained in the most commodious manner, but how it may be entertained without risk or danger. No one frequenting our theatres can reflect without horror on the

scene of confusion that would inevitably ensue, upon a fire breaking out in any part of the house, or even upon a causeless alarm of it. This was demonstrated not long ago at Sadler's Wells, when many perished by the same miserable deaths as was the lot of those wretches who were trampled upon and suffocated at an execution of some criminals near Newgate. It is most alarming to examine any of our theatres, and to perceive, from the smallness of their doors, their slight wooden staircases, their lobbies constructed of timber, how few of the audience would gain the street, or any place of safety.

Without invidiously imputing to the present proprietors any neglect or omissions on this head, that had not obtained for ages before, I shall not refrain from proposing some plans for avoiding the misfortunes I have referred to; and shall solemnly invite the architects employed, and all concerned in the raising the new edifice, either to profit by the following hints, or propose something more efficacious and practicable in their room.

It is in the attempt to provide for the public safety we shall have most to lament the want of the office of the *Ædile*; but it is not sufficient merely to deplore this defect, but to excite the labors, zeal, and care of every one capable of applying the best remedy for it. It thus becomes an imperious duty on us all, a duty perhaps derived from something like a self-interested watchfulness over the many who may be held the most useful part of the community, but it is also rendered sacred by humanity. Can it be imagined that these sons of art, industry,

labor, and who have a right to demand from us a relaxation of their toil, will be able to take care of themselves, and weigh, when amusement is before them, all the consequences of indulging the pursuit of it? Those who have given any thought to this subject, should consider themselves their protectors, and their guardians.

Should the proprietors of the new intended theatre propose no abatement of it's size, weak indeed will be their plea for an augmentation of the price of admittance.

Should no provision be made for the escape of the audience from danger, the Lord Chamberlain should have something to say in behalf of the public, before he gives his fiat for any performance. But will it not be hard to insist upon a reduction of receipts at the time novel expences are incurred for additional outlets or buildings, and at the very moment when the patentees are under a great recent loss, and when the increase of population of the metropolis calls for even more extensive accommodation? I can only answer, they have been subject to misfortune with every man, every merchant, who speculates upon gain. The insurance-office was open to them: they best know whether they might not have made the blow much lighter.

As to the increase of our population in London, the answer is equally ready; why have we not more licensed theatres?

By limiting the space of the house it is impossible to deny but that the payments for the entrance will be less: but it must occur to the managers, that in such a commodious arrangement they will be enabled to produce

both the best tragedies and comedies without the cost of much decoration, or of new scenery or dresses. And I doubt whether the getting up a melo-drama, with a full compliment of enchanted castles and fiery dragons, will not press more upon their finances, than ten of the other sort I have mentioned. If so, the exchange will not be to be regretted, of cheap sense, for expensive nonsense.

THE PORTRAIT.

AN IRISH STORY.

BY WITHAM FARROW.

AS Mr. Patrick Mahone, one of the society of itinerant hay-markers, was trudging the high road to Liverpool to join the packet for Dublin, his native place, the sight of a letter lying on the foot-path attracted his attention, and he stopped short in the midst of a vociferous duet by himself, of

"The fidler he follow'd before,

"And the bride was just behind—

to pick it up.

"And what does it say?" said he. "Sir Peter Kyan, Knight, Pepper Hall! and where can that hot-house be. Oh! and wont I ax the first public house man I sees; and perhaps, if I give it the joutleman, I mayn't lose a thirteen by it."

He had by this time arrived at the black bull on the road, when he thus addressed it:

"Oh! Mister Bull, and is that your ould black face that I see, and won't I be after shaking hands wid your foot?"

He entered. The only persons

in the tap were a countryman and a Jew pedlar; he sat himself by the Jew.

‘Mr. Potboy,’ he shouted, ‘bring me a pint of beer, for it mayn’t be you have no Irish white wine at all.’

‘What do you call Irish white wine, Sir?’ said a cherry-cheeked lass, putting down the porter as she spoke.

‘Arrah faith!’ he returned, ‘and our potboy’s a girl — what do I call it? and don’t I call it buttermilk? but what’s your name, my sweet cratur?’

‘Moggy,’ said dimple mouth.

‘And where did you get them two little black eyes?’ by Jabers, and they are not the ones my ould wife had, save her soul — little Cupid, sweet rogue, tipt yours wid love, but I tipp’t my wife hers.’

The girl quitted the place, and the Jew pedlar pushed his shop toward the Irishman.

‘Von’t you pay Moggy any ting?’ said he.

‘And where’s the money, you pork-eater; and haven’t I but seven thirteens left, and if I stay wid you, shall I have them long?’

‘Vy you need not make so much vork apout it; you’d better lay ’em out vid me, den you can’t be robb’d atop of ’em.’

‘Oh! you may say dat wid your own knavish face, and vat have you got for to give away, Mr. Mordecai?’

‘Give away, I’m surprised atop of you; tink I can afford to give any ting away; vy, you’ve cot no conscience at all.’

‘Och, and haven’t I, but for the matter of that a little more than yourself. Mine is not so often put to the blush as yours, Mr. Moses; besides, and it is not so

often brought on the carpet; yours, by this time, must be worn threadbare, if the devil a bit have you — but what have you got to sell?’

‘Every ting, my love, every ting.’

‘Oh! then tip us hold of a big bushel of porates, Mr. Gauze conscience.’

‘I tont sell it —’

‘What then, I’ve been shaking hands wid your foot, and have I — get out wid you: a Jew is twelve degrees worse than a Turk, and a Turk is ten times worse than a thief: but none of your tricks upon travellers; an’t I a tramping, and where am I tramping to?’

‘You’re a scaly vite face plack-guard; your vorse den Philip Levi the fishmonger.’

‘Hold your ugly tongue, or perhaps my fin may give you a dab.’

‘Vat — strike me! I’ll call te Lord May’r, I’ll have you put atop of the Counter, I’ll fetch Mendoza, and I’ll take de law of you.’

‘Oh, and so you may, but it shan’t take me.’

‘Vat, an tink my Lord May’r von’t soon take you — ah, you von’t like it, dat you von’t, for I didn’t —’

‘Ah, what! your own ugly self has been there, and have you — Oh! oh! and how did you stomach the brid and water, Mr. Moses?’

‘Vy, it stuck in my stomach — oh, tear, let me go.’

‘Well then, I say, Mr. What-do-you-call-em?’

‘Salek Lyons, an’ please you.’

‘Well, if Mr. Salek Lyons thinks himself affronted, let him call on Mr. Patrick Mahone, big

uncle to Mr. Dermot O'Doddy-pole, Esquire, the great small beer brewer, in dear little Dublin; he will receive the satisfaction of a jontleman; and if they are both kilt all together, by Jabers, but they shall get drunk after it over a bowl of butter-milk.'

'I dont like butter-milk.'

'And what do you like—och, and to blow up an Irish jontlemen-bred and born, because he is not so big a rogue as yourself?'

'Let me come out—I vant to come out.'

'No, thank'ee, Moses, and that I wont: may I be choak'd wid a big poratee if I do at all. Come, Mister Salek Lyons, out wid your purse and tip us a little whiskey, by way of getting into favor again.'

'Me send for whiskey—you mean my broder, he keeps a whiskey.'

'Did you come to the alehouse man widout a thirteen in your pocket, or do you think that an Irish jontleman will pay for you—no, no; here Moggy, you sweet cratur, get the pedlar half a pint of rum; he never tasted it, he says.'

'I don't vant it—I don't vant it—I've cot no money to pay for it.'

'Oh! here it is, here it is, Moses; take a sup of it, and drink this toast wid you: "May the man who loses his eyes in defence of his country, never see a Jew rogue wid de other."

The poor Jew repeated every word, but, before the glass touched his lips, the Irishman seised it.

'Oh! be off wid you, and never let me see your face again. What! stir about the sugar wid that big ugly beard of yours—Oh fie! and had it got to that

mouth of yours, like the gulph of Mexico, should I have tasted never a drop of the eratur—faith, and it's the black hole at Calcutta.'

'Vat, pay for it and not trink it? but let me come out.'

The Jew got himself released, and was going.

'Stop wid you,' said Patrick; 'what picture face is that you have yonder in your shop; and faith if it is'nt—och, faith, by St. Patrick! and so it is the sweet face of the nobel Fitzgerald, and what is the worth of his head?'

'Vy, noting at all,' answered the Jew, who would gladly have escaped with the loss of the portrait, but the vociferation of the enthusiastic Irishman arrested him.

'Come here, you double-distilled rogue in grain, though your watches won't go, you will fast enough.—Come here, I say, and think yourself well off I don't let this toothpick fall on your bald head—worth nothing at all you—but there's a thirteener for your picture, and it's the best article you every sold in your life. Be off wid you, or I'll be after you before you can say butter-milk.'

The Jew's exit was quickly made; the Irishman watched him from the house, his eyes then quickly reverted to his purchase, and, as he viewed the well-remembered features of the chief, the tear of recollection dimm'd his eye—he folded it up—put it into his bosom—again took it out, and again deposited it—then flinging himself upon the bench, he laid the print once more before him, and thus pondered:

'What will I do wid him, now I've got him—do wid him—why I'll frame him, and then I'll hang

him in my garret, that I may always remember, "Erin go bragh."

Again he replaced the portrait ; and, taking up his bundle and stick, left the black bull, wiping his eyes with his sleeve, and whistling the popular anthem of 'Croppies lie down.'

'Oh ! but didn't I forget to ax Mr. Publichouse man where the nite lives what I've got the letter for ?'

He was returning back, but at that instant the countryman who had been in the room from Patrick's first entrance, came out, and the Irishman taking the letter from his pocket, said :

'Friend, and can you tell me where Sir Peter Kyan, Knight, of Pepper Hall, lives ?'

'Aye, to be zure, but thou ben't going there, be you ?'

'And to be sure I am ; haven't I got a letter from him, and won't I be after being the postman.'

'That alturs the caze ; I thought you mought be gawing arter the sarving man's plecte.'

'Well, and what of that ?'

'Why, don't mun ; he be a mortal wicked sort of an oldish gentleman — dang un, and he be zo hot too — he falls into sitch woundy passions 'at quit astounds all't folks ; and, besides, he do keep a columbine mun.'

'A concubine you mean — an' can I help that at all — no, to be sure I can't — where does he live ?'

'About twea mile from thie plecte, straight along as ever yow can go ; but I'ze ganging past it, I'll shou you.'

When the Irishman arrived at the hall, he rung a lusty peal on the kitchen bell, which was answered by a servant girl.

'Give this letter to his honnor,'

said Pat, 'and tell him I must see him.'

The girl took the letter to her master, and shortly after desired the Irishman to walk in : while going up stairs, he was preparing a long string of compliments for Sir Peter in thorough Irish, but his 'worship's honnor' stopt him.

'So, young man, your late master gives you a most excellent character for sobriety and honesty, and that's quite enough for me : you may consider yourself my servant from this time ; my steward will settle with you respecting wages — there, you may go.'

'What, Pat,' said the Irishman to himself, as he closed the door after him — 'what, Pat, and is it your own sweet self that has jumped into a place of all work — oh ! see if I don't drink bumpers to his honnor's health every day in the week.'

He met the steward at the foot of the stairs, who desired him to walk into the parlour.

'Have you any character, friend ?' said he, throwing himself into an arm-chair.

'No faith, I haven't,' answered Pat, following his example on a sofa.

'Does any one know you ?'

'Och ! that they do.'

'Who can you refer me to for a character ?'

'Why, I've no relations alive but what's dead.'

'Have you liv'd with no one ?'

'Yes, Sir, wid my wife.'

'I don't mean that — what place were you longest in ?'

'The big house in the Ould Bailey.'

'Aye, indeed, what did they put you there for ?'

'Becaise an ould woman robb'd

me one day, that I was sarvant to.'

'I fancy you must have robb'd her.'

'Oh, faith! and it was that thing.'

'How did you get off?'

'As well as I cou'd, after the dogs wid a cat o' nine tails tann'd Mr. Mahone's hide well for him.'

'What did you do with yourself after that?'

'Why, Sir, having one night about two o'clock in the morning a shallaley fight wid a man; I gave him such a neat one wid my toothpick here, that I laid him as flat as a herring; then I was sent aboard the Tender, where, faith, and I was not very tenderly used; and then to a transport, but the devil a bit of transport was there: we soon met wid a Frenchman, and our head man the captain lost his head, which spoilt the look of his face for ever and ever.'

'And why did you leave them?'

'Arrah, faith, because they left me; for one day being ashore, the ship sailed away, and there was I by myself all alive o!—didn't my heart kick up a pretty botheration when I had got rid of our big nosed boatswain, who every day play'd at the same game wid me as Mister Jack Ketch did at the big house.'

'What became of you then?'

'Why then I went to Ireland, and ——— his eager tongue was just ready to launch his connexion with the rebels—a tear filled his eye, and roll'd down his rough cheek—and intuitively thrusting his hand into his bosom, he unconsciously drew out the portrait.'

'What paper is that?' said the steward, reaching out his hand,

which Patrick instantly gave the paper into.

'The head of Fitzgerald,' he observed, looking attentively at it, 'and I would not part from it for a bushel of ———'

'But you must part from it, and that instantly; if Sir Peter knew you had this in your possession, he would discharge you; therefore let me advise you to put it in the fire.'

'No, and that I wont, never; but, if I must part from it, it shall be to my brother, it shall be his companion, if it cannot be mine; and please you, Sir, if you will give me a piece of paper, and I'll write to him.'

He obtained his request, and, retiring into the kitchen, to the amazement of the other servants, began writing his letter; however, he stopped, as if he recollected himself, and saluted them as follows:

'Good day to you all, my darlings—Oh, Mrs. Cook, won't I be after being better acquainted wid you before long—Heaven and St. Patrick bless you all—but I can't stop jabbering now, for I've got to send a man by the post in this letter.'

The epistle was as follows:

'Dear brother Jenny, and sister Gorg,

'The nobel Fitzgerald cums wid this letter; keep it for mi sak, for I have got a very gud please, and don't waunt to bee run thro' the boddy anny moor; so no moor at prissent from your bu-tifool brothur,

'PATRICK MAHONE.'

With this letter the portrait of the chief reached the cottage of his brother, who was the owner of

a little farm in the county of Kildare; he had been married about a year, and had one child. Although not so great an enthusiast as his brother Patrick, he hung up the portrait above the fireplace in one of his rooms.

Some months had elapsed, when one night his wife being taken ill, he left his bed to get her relief, and, having struck a light, he placed it on the mantle-piece, and administered a cordial to her; it soon relieved her, and he was preparing to return to rest, when a violent noise from without alarmed them—they waited in anxious suspense—some one was trying the door, which was soon after burst open, and a body of people, known by the name of Thrashers, entered the apartment. His wife sunk senseless in his arms, and he did not expect they would leave him his life. By their inquiries, he learned they came to search for fire-arms; when one of them stepping forward to reach the candle, discovered the portrait of Fitzgerald; his coarse features instantly relaxed, as he eagerly ran over the well-drawn likeness of his chief; then calling his fellows around him, he showed them the picture, which, after they had gazed at for some time, they prepared to depart, and expressed their sorrow that they had broken into the peaceful habitation of a friend to their cause.

*On the CONNEXION between
POETRY and PAINTING.*

A coalition of a very pleasing nature has been attempted by some British artists, between poetry and painting, are no doubt

congenial arts: they have some principals or essential qualities in common, and denote similar energies in the mind of the poet and the painter.

It is therefore exceedingly pleasing to see the fine fancy of the poet, particularly the bold and striking imagery of Shakspeare, as it was exhibited in the Shakspeare gallery, realised by the pencil and displayed, as it were, not only to mental, but actual vision.

But the observation is no less just in criticism than in morals, that where we enjoy a great deal of pleasure, we also encounter a good deal of danger. Pleasing as on many occasions may be the effects of this combination between two of the most elegant arts, it ought not to be attempted in any instance, without cautious deliberation and acute discernment. In particular much discernment and good taste are required for ascertaining what passages in a poem are proper subjects for painting. Here the admirers of painting and the partisans of it's alliance with poetry may be inclined to ask—Are not all fine passages in a poem fit to be delineated by the painter? Are not the arts congenial, and are they not produced by similar energies? They are admitted to be congenial, but some distinctions must be attended to. Let it be particularly attended to and remembered, that what is highly poetical is not always picturesque. Many fine thoughts of the poet, cannot, by all the creative power of lines, colors and shades, be rendered visible. Can any grief be more natural than that of Cordelia, when she is informed how cruelly her sisters have treated their father? But who can pourtray the

feelings that shrink from notice, as the sensitive plant from the touch; that veil themselves with reserve; that fly even from consolation, and hide themselves in the secret mazes, and mysterious sanctuaries of the heart.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief?

Gent. I say she took 'em, read 'em in presence —

And now and then an ample
tear trill'd down

Her delicate cheek: it seem'd
she was a queen

Over her passion, which, most
rebel-like,

Sought to be king over her.

Kent. O, then it moved her.

Gent. But not to rage. Patience
and sorrow strove

Which should express her good-
liest. You have seen

Sunshine and rain at once.

Those happier smiles

That played on her ripe lip
seem'd not to know

What guests were in her eyes
which parted thence

As pearls from diamonds dropt.

In brief

Sorrow would be a variety most
belov'd,

If all could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal
question?

Gent. Once or twice

She heav'd the name of father
Pantingly forth, as if it prest
her heart

Cry'd Sisters! Sisters! What
I th' storm of night

Let pity ne'er believe it! then
she shook

The holy water from her hea-
venly eyes,

And then retir'd to deal with
grief alone.

In like manner the sublime and

awful vision in the book of Job, the indistinct form of the spirit, the portentous silence, and the solemn voice, shake and appal the soul; but set at defiance all the skill and dexterity of the most ingenious artist.

'In thoughts from the visions of the night when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up: it stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof, an image was before mine eyes; there was silence, and I heard a voice.'

In fact persons of real candor, who are capable of discerning, and of giving attention to the beauties of nature, will acknowledge the existence of many fine and striking landscapes, which cannot be imitated or displayed by the painter. Exquisite scenery, without being picturesque, may be distinguished both for beauty and grandeur. Or shall we say, as I have heard asserted by some fashionable connoisseurs, that nothing in external nature, no combination whatever of water, trees, and verdure, can be accounted a beautiful object unless it can be transferred to the canvass. Contrary to this, it may at least be doubted, whether many delightful passages, if I may so express myself, both at the Leasowes, and among the lakes in Cumberland, though gazed at with tenderness, or contemplated with admiration, would not baffle all the power of the pencil. Though poetry ought to be like painting, yet the maxim or rule, like many other such rules and maxims, is not to be received without due limitation.

It is, therefore, the duty of the painter, who by *his* art would illustrate that of the poet, to consider, in every particular instance, whether the description or image be really picturesque. I am loth to blame where there is much to commend, and where the artist possesses high and deserved reputation. But will it not be admitted, that the picture by Reynolds, which represents the death of Cardinal Beaufort, as described by Shakspeare, is liable to the censure of injudicious selection in the choice of a subject? Or is it possible for any coloring or delineation to convey the horror of the situation so impressively as in the words of the poet.

Sal. Disturb him not; let him pass peaceably.

King. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be.

Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on Heaven's bliss,

Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope —

He dies and makes no sign — O God forgive him!

The subject is entitled to more particular consideration. Certain dispositions of mind produce great effects on the body; agitate the whole frame; impress or distort the features. Others again, more latent or more reserved, suppress their external symptoms, scorn, or reject, or are not so capable of external display; and occasion no remarkable, or no immediate change, in limb, color, or feature. Such peculiar feelings and affections, averse to render themselves visible, are not fit subjects for that art which affects the mind by presenting to the eye the ressemblant signs of it's objects. Des-

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pair is of this number; such utter despair as that of Cardinal Beaufort. It will not complain, for it expects no redress; it will not lament, for it desires no sympathy: brooding upon it's hopeless afflictions, it neither weeps nor speaks, 'nor gives any sign.' But, in the picture under review, the painter represents the chief character in violent and extreme agitation. Nor is even that agitation of a kind sufficiently appropriated. Is it the sullen anguish, the suppressed agony, the horrid gloom, the tortured soul of despair? No; it is the agitation of bodily pain. The poor abject sufferer gnashes his teeth, and writhes his body; as under the torment of corporal suffering. The anguish is not that of the mind. No doubt, at a preceding moment, before his despondency was completely ratified, the poet represents him as in great perturbation; but the affliction is from the pangs of death.

War. See how the pangs of death do make him grin.

But, after his despair receives full confirmation from the heart-searching speech of Henry, his feelings are scared with horror, and his agony will 'give no sign.' For the moment of the picture is not when Beaufort is said to be grinning with mortal anguish; but the more awful moment, when, having heard the request of Henry, he sinks, of consequence, into the deepest despondency. Before that, it would have been no other than the picture of a man, of any man whatever, expiring with bodily pain. If, indeed, the picture is to express any thing peculiar or characteristic, it must be despair formerly excited, but now

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raised and confirmed by the speech of Henry.

King. Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on Heaven's bliss,

Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope —

He dies and makes no sign — O God forgive him!

In short, the passage, highly sublime and affecting, as it must be acknowledged, is more poetical than picturesque; and the artist has wasted, on an ill-chosen subject, his powers, rather of execution, in this instance, than of invention. Surely we see no masterly invention, in the preternatural being placed behind, or beside, the cardinal; for, though the poet has said in the character of Henry, that 'a busy meddling fiend was laying siege to his soul,' yet, as the speaker did not actually see the fiend, there was no occasion for introducing him by the side of his bed. Nor is there much invention in the stale artifice of concealing the countenance of the king, because his feelings could not be painted. In fact, the affectionate astonishment, and pious horror of Henry, were fitter for delineation, than the silent, sullen, and uncommunicative despair of Beaufort.

The rage of delineating to the eye all that is reckoned fine in writing, may be illustrated also in the performances of other able and famous artists. In Gray's Ode on the Spring, we have the following allegorical description:

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd hours,

Fair Venus' train, appear,

Disclose the long-expecting flowers,

And wake the purple year.

The hours accordingly, adorned with roses, disposed as the poet describes them, are represented on canvass, as a company of jolly damsels, twitching or pulling another very beautiful and buxom female, who is represented as sleeping on a bank, and clothed with a purple petticoat. Seeing such things, it is impossible not to think of Quarles' or Hugo's emblems. The thought, 'who shall deliver me from this body of sin and death,' is presented to the eye in one of them, by the figure of a man inclosed within the ribs of a monstrous and hideous skeleton. In truth, the inventor of the prints in some editions of the *Pilgrim's Progress* (where, among others, Christian is represented as trudging along like a pedlar, with a burthen on his back), is intitled to the merit of priority in the extravagance of such inventions; for let it be remembered, that it is only against extravagancies and misapplications, and not against the invention itself, that I have ventured to remonstrate.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

BY SOPHIA TROUGHTON.

[Continued from p. 71.]

LETTER XXVII.

Lady Walsingham to the Earl of Walsingham.

Walsingham-hall.

My Lord,

IS it possible the letter your servant has brought can be your

writing? The hand indeed is yours, but not, I hope, the sentiments.

Spies on your conduct, my lord? Who, let me ask, told you that tale? but I think I know; for it is a common failing of the unhappy beings who have fallen from the heights of virtue, to endeavour to drag the less erring to their own level.

I have even forbore writing to your lordship, lest you should imagine that I had a curiosity to pry into those affairs on which you seem so tender.

I inclose my informant of your being in town; which is a paragraph cut from an old newspaper, which I received from the village as an envelope to some ribands. Your lordship's remark, that 'the longer we are acquainted with some persons, the less one sees to like,' I have most sensibly found true. But, my lord, cast a retrospective glance on your own conduct: could you, a few months back, have been thus long from your wife—your children, and not send one letter, nor make one inquiry concerning them? Ah! my lord.

Alas! how are you altered: what a whirl of dissipation must you have run through, that you could write so unfeelingly of your blooming little daughter?

I find it is your lordship's pleasure to protract the time of our meeting. God Almighty bless you, and grant you the full gratification of every wish which shall tend to your honor and happiness. Wherever you are, or wherever you go, the fondest wishes of my heart will attend you.

The remains of my sweet Adolphus will be deposited by the side of your honored parents to-mor-

row night, at ten o'clock. Your lordship's commands are obeyed; his funeral will be splendid.

I hope this letter will not be so unfortunate as to displease you, like the last. I would not recriminate; neither can I palliate faults I have never committed.

I entreat your lordship to believe (whatever an invidious tongue may whisper to the contrary), that I am, sincerely,

Your disinterested friend,
and most submissive
servant,

CAROLINE WALSINGHAM.

LETTER XXVIII.

Mrs. Handy to Mrs. Pinthurst.

O LUD Pinthurst, we have had such a kettle of fish at our house; and all my fats in the fire toe, for would you believe it, that false man Sur Harey Camply is gone—yes, indeed, Pinthurst, he his, and left me in the suds; but i dont car much abot it, for i may mak my fortin yet, as yew shal here. You must know, Pinthurst, my lady took it in her heed to go to a old frowsy ant of hurs, and leve me here, so i have a grate deel of time on my hands, and have been a most poked to death. Then, to make bad matters worse, i had turned up my nos to pore deer Mounseer Pabloss wile Sur Harey keep me compeny; an now his master is put him in a in, and he has mad hour Sally, the under house mad, a bride befor my hies. Then, for the next bad job, away gos my lord, and the hole troop of them; to be shure they al comed down the thing that was hansom, and sow they ot; they mad fus enouchf. So

befor they goes coms Mis Lester to me, and says she, Lettice, yew are a monstrous clever body, an I hav took a liken to you, — an if you will mind and do what I tell yew, i will mak your fortin, and it's no harm, it's only to tell me every thing that is don in this here house, and yew may think it a honnor to corespond with me; and let me no if ever that Irish Baderly coms, and maks love to Lade Walsingham, and if yew do ketch them i wil give yew five hundred pounds, and then you may go to Itialy, and, has yew ar such a hansom gale, yew may marry to yew lik, and by him a tittle, and be caled my lade as well as yewr mistress. So i told her i wood be proud to write to her; and she sade, here, Lettice, tak this as a earnest of what I will do for yew, and she givd me five gunies. And I think, Pinthurst, i shal some hays the five hundred, for i saw Baderle, the Irish felor, yesterday in a by walk in hour park a talking to himself; i wated, an wated, hopping hur lade ship wood com to him, and then I would have had my five hundred pounds; for i cold have mad a litle love talk for them, and have sent it of to my friend Mis Lester; but i shal ketch um yet, for I have nothing to do but watch her ladeship, and i onli wish to sea hur with him, thats awl — if yew was to sea hur, yew wood think butter wood not melt in her mouth; but lord i can look very demur myself befor my lades. O Pinthurst, i sea him coming along, this sam Irish Baderle; he is coming to the house. This is luckey for me, for i can lisen at the key-hole. Excuse my hurry — this is so luckey for your friend,

LETTICE HANDY.

LETTER XXIX.

*Lady Walsingham to the Hon.
Mrs. Howard.*

MY beloved friend, I received your letter of condolence, and thank you most sincerely for the consolations it afforded, which were neither few, nor small. I inclose you the copies of two of my letters to Walsingham, and one of his to me. When you have read them, you will perhaps think I was overwhelmed with sorrow. But no, my friend; the unkindness of my husband has nerved my heart with fortitude; and the loss of my child has constrained me to look only to that Power, who, for wise and good ends, has stripped me of almost every earthly tie. I know my child cannot come to me, but I shall go to him; and something tells me the meeting is not very distant. I have now no regrets, but look forward to death as an inn, where I shall sleep, and be at rest, and remember my misery no more. Beyond the grave, I may hope for happiness which is denied me here.

The hopes of the family are buried in the grave of my Adolphus, and my hopes are blighted by the treachery of false friends. My sweet girl is the only earthly thing which twines around my heart; and to your friendly care I could consign her with confidence.

But whether my life is lengthened to years, or contracted to months, I will endeavour to render to others that happiness I am denied to enjoy myself. I will have pleasure in the felicity of those about me, and live in expectation

of a noble recompence in another and a better world.

In this temper of mind I frequently walk to the village; inquire into the wants and necessities of the poorer sort, and endeavour, all in my power, to prevent their feeling the absence of their youthful benefactress — the blooming, generous, Mrs. Howard. I then turn my pensive steps to the abode of the worthy Maynard. From an hour passed with him, and his gentle daughter, I am sure of reaping advantage and consolation.

Young Westbery has used such dispatch in fitting up the deserted poor-house, that I have already eighteen children: six boys and twelve girls settled there. The house is roomy and commodious; every thing about it wears an air of comfort, content, and cheerfulness, and is a source of pleasure to me whenever I visit it, which is generally once a day. Mr. Maynard has taken the trouble to select proper persons as instructors to the children in every branch of useful knowledge. They are an elderly couple; and, with their unmarried daughter, have for years been tenants to lord Walsingham. They are thankful for the place, and seem very proper persons for the situation.

I think the worthy souls around me are acquainted, by some means, with my lord's infidelity. Whenever I come in sight of them, they flock to me with such affectionate love, such respectful duty, that at once they both grieve and delight me.

Last night I overheard one of the farmers say to his wife — 'What pity it is, Betty, that our Lord should leave such a Lady as

this, for one of the fine Madams of London.' I will not repeat the wife's answer: it was too bitter against the man I must always love, as the father of my children, the husband of my heart.

I have received a letter from Mr. Highworth, in which he compliments me on my unparalleled generosity — tells me his son is in Naples; that he had, by letter, refused two very advantageous offers, declaring that he would marry none but Jessica Maynard. He could marry no other with a safe conscience. To oblige his father he would give up the thoughts of being her husband; but, for the peace of his own mind, he must decline all connexions with any other woman; — 'So, you see, Madam,' continues he, 'that unless I consent to your Ladyship's proposals, the family of the Highworths are likely to become extinct. My sister would have given Jessica five thousand pounds; (that was the agreement, I assure you, Madam.) But my sister, dying before the marriage took place, I came in whole and sole heir, as a body may say. So the case was altered; I could not afford to marry my son to a girl who had got nothing but a string of poor relations. However, things are now altered again; and as my silly boy will fancy none other, and as it will oblige your Ladyship — why, I give my consent to the match; and will write to my son immediately. Jessica's portion, as I said, was to have been five thousand pounds; but if you will give her three, Madam, I will set down with the loss of the other two myself, and furnish them a house into the bargain; for the sake of

having the honor to oblige the Most Noble, the Countess of Walsingham.

‘Witness my hand, &c. &c.’

I have written to this strange mortal, assuring him that I will, with pleasure, advance three thousand pounds, to promote the happiness of two such deserving young people.

A gentleman inquires for me — perhaps a messenger from my husband! — I go to attend him.

[In continuation.]

And who should this gentleman be but your old favorite Baderly. His back was to me when I entered, but when he turned round and I saw who it was, the emotions of my mind almost overcame me. The last time he arrived here he was introduced to me by my husband; I was surrounded by friends, and rejoicing in the society of the perfidious Lester. — Now, my own sad thoughts were my only companions: — My child! my husband! but I will not dwell on the contrast: — enough to say, I felt all the wretchedness of my situation at that moment. He hastened towards me, and respectfully pressed my hand to his lips: — gazed a moment on my face, turned from me, and I saw the sympathising tear fall on his manly cheek. He passed his hand over his face — ‘I hope your Ladyship’s little daughter is well —’

‘O, perfectly recovered from that cruel disorder, which.... But I will go and fetch her.’

I was hastening from the room to hide my emotion, and opening

the door with quickness, surprised Handy, my sister’s maid, on one knee, listening at the keyhole. It was with difficulty she saved herself from falling on her face.

‘What boldness is this, Handy,’ said I; but before she could speak Baderly had hold of her; and, with his usual impetuosity, dragged her into the room, and shutting the door with violence — ‘Speak!’ cried he, ‘Who set you on your cursed employment? Or, was it the effect of your own impertinent curiosity? Speak!’

‘I will, I will, sir,’ said she, trembling, ‘if you will not punish me; I will tell you the truth, though I shall lose five hundred pounds by it: Miss Lester told me to listen.’

‘Miss Lester!’ said I, with astonishment.

‘Yes, Madam, Miss Lester bid me write her word of every thing which passed in this house.’

‘And, I suppose, you have not disobeyed her commands,’ said Baderly, with indignation.

‘No, Sir,’ whimpered Handy; ‘I have, to be sure, wrote her word of every thing which has happened, and should have told her every word you would have spoke to my Lady to-day, because she promised me five hundred pounds; but I’ll never do so again, nor send her word of any thing that is done in the house.’

‘I will take care, Handy,’ said I, ‘that you never shall; for, from this moment, I discharge you. Go to the steward; he will pay you your wages. Your Lady will not be displeased when she is informed of your contemptible behaviour.’

She did not reply, but quitted the room; and Jessica coming in

at the same time relieved me from a situation, which would otherwise have been embarrassing. I told her of the affair. She spoke warmly of the treacherous meanness of Helen, and the ingratitude of Handy.

I left her with Mr. Baderly, while I fetched my Sophia. He praised the symmetry of her little form: rejoiced that her beautiful face had escaped the ravages of the cruel disorder with which she had been afflicted; and after a short, general conversation, rose to take his leave. I was obliged to appear inhospitable; I could not, after what had passed, ask him to stay the night. He took a tender, and even a solemn, leave of me, and, bowing to Miss Maynard, rushed from the house, and was out of sight in an instant.

I acquainted Jessica with my successful negotiation with Mr. Highworth. She was speechless with wonder and gratitude; and soon retired to give vent to her emotions; and I came up to give you an account of this unexpected visit of Baderly's. I think him, notwithstanding his imprudent conduct to me, a sensible, worthy, tender-hearted, man; a character well calculated to render a deserving woman happy. I hope that in him I see the future husband of the amiable Lady Mary Brilliant, as I am sure she loves him, and I think them worthy of each other. He is going to embark immediately for his own country. My best wishes attend him, as it is most probable this is the last meeting we shall have in this world. I am now going to pay my usual visit to the tomb of my lost Adolphus.

[*In continuation.*]

Ah! my dear friend, my sweet incredulous Howard, had you been with me this evening, you would have been convinced that the solemn groans, the heavy sighs, I before heard in the chapel, did not proceed from owls, but from the unquiet rest of unembodied spirits. O, my friend! what horrors have I gone through this evening; but I will endeavour to describe them:—

I proceeded, as usual, to the grave of my child. I do not recollect whether I told you before, that he is laid in the tomb of the late Lord and Lady Walsingham. I was sitting on the steps of the altar, and gazing on the letters which compose his name, when my attention was suddenly roused by a deep, a hollow groan! proceeding from the same tomb from whence I had before heard similar sounds. A solemn silence reigned for a moment, which was broken by another dreadful groan, followed by a piercing scream of agony. I sat in anxious terror, my blood half-congealed, and my eyes fixed on the tomb, till I observed the arrow in the hand of the marble figure of death, which ornaments the monument, shake. That I might be sure my eyes did not deceive me, I looked again—and again saw it shake more violently. As unable to bear the sight, as to account for the cause, I hid my face on my knees, which smote each other, while the drops of terror trickled down my face. After a long silence, I ventured to look up, and cast a fearful glance towards the tomb, but was almost petrified at seeing a tall, thin fi-

gure standing at it's side. It was clothed in a black robe, which was folded round one arm; the other hung listless by it's side. The face was shaded by a large hat; a plume of black feathers nodded over the crown in sullen grandeur. This, thought I, is the dreadful head Mr. Young saw, and I no longer wondered at his fear. But though the face was shaded, and partly hidden by the large hat, I could observe a thin pallid visage. It appeared young: 'But the youthful blood had long ceased to tinge with healthy hue it's colorless lips and cheek.'

It's eyes were sunk in their sockets, and rolled with indescribable horror round the chapel: it's black bushy eye-brows were contracted, and it's whole appearance denoted internal agony and despair.

Imagine my terror, in the presence of an inhabitant of another world, (at least such I had reason to think it.) — Alone, among tombs, in the very courts of death, in the chambers of the dead; and not only in the presence of a spirit, but, by the agitations it underwent, it appeared not of the happy order.

Unacquainted with the cause of it's appearing, I set in momentary dread of it's turning it's horrid eyes on me; but though it scowled repeatedly round the chapel, it seemed to overlook me, and stood without motion for the space of five minutes. A hollow, long-drawn, groan issued from the tomb on which it leaned. It started — The groan was repeated in a still more dismal tone — Again it started; and, stamping on the pavement, as if with impatient fury, paced backwards and forwards. The groans seem-

ed to die away in hollow murmurs — silence succeeded. The spectre which appeared so lately agitated by conflicting passions now seemed calm. It bowed it's head on the tomb, and uttered some words, but the language was quite unfelligible to me. It rose, and wrapping it's arms in the folds of it's black robe, proceeded down the north aisle, with a slow, solemn pace.

It's retreating gave me fresh courage; I even resolved to follow, unless it led to the vaults beneath. I offered up a silent prayer for protection, and followed as silently, and at as great a distance as possible, without quite losing sight of it. It proceeded through many turnings and places I was unacquainted with: at last it entered one of the rooms on the right. In less than a minute I passed through the same door, yet no traces of it were to be seen. I looked round for another door. There was but one; it was that which leads to the vaults, and that was bolted, as you and I left it, with the key on the side next me. I again looked round for another door, but in vain; my search was arrested by my eye meeting the dreadful glance of that terrific picture, which you must remember. I, shuddering, drew back, and almost thought it was drawing it's half-concealed dagger. I kept this mysterious apartment with silent and fearful steps, straining my eyes over my shoulder, almost expecting some horrid figure would prevent my retreat. However, I reached the chapel without obstruction. All there was perfectly still: the groans were discontinued, and not a sound to be heard but the distant barking of the village sheep-dogs. I pro-

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



London Fashionable Evening & Fall Dresses.

ceeded down the west aisle, with cautious steps, and had just reached the door, when the most frantic shrieks burst on your terrified friend; I looked back, but every object was enveloped in the evening gloom. I thought on the village legends, that the ghosts of the wicked appeared at certain times, and lamented on earth, the misery they suffered for their crimes in another world. But whatever is the cause of those dreadful sounds I am still ignorant. I remained at the door till silence was once more restored, and then walked round to that part of the building inhabited by old Johnson. He, and his grateful Agatha overwhelmed me with thanks and blessings for taking two of their little nieces into my school.

You may be sure I did not mention to them the alarm I had had in the chapel; but asked Johnson in a careless manner if things were more quiet than they used to be in the west apartments. The old man looked earnestly at me for a moment, and then said, 'Ah, Madam! if your Ladyship will but stay a quarter of an hour it will be quite dark; and then, if you will but take the trouble to walk round with me to the west tower, you will see, with your own eyes, the frightful figure which every night, as soon as it is dark, marches through the rooms.' The old man involuntarily shuddered—

'Well, Johnson,' said I, 'I will stay.'

Accordingly, when it became a little darker, we sallied forth; the old man arming himself with a stick. We walked round, opposite the windows of the west apartments, and had not stood ten minutes, before a sudden light gleamed on the walls—'There!

there!' cried Johnson, retreating backwards.—The light proceeded slowly across the room, and was followed by a figure in black, which, by the form and height, I thought to be the same which had so mysteriously vanished from my sight in the hall of audience. It's arms were wrapped in it's robe, and the large flapped hat still obscured it's countenance. The light went first, though no one appeared to carry it—the figure followed, and all was again enveloped in darkness.

'I hope your Ladyship has seen enough now,' said my trembling companion, 'and will leave this place.'—I did not stay for him to repeat his request, but turned my back on the castle, and all it's horrors; and am determined to go there no more in an evening, nor alone at any time.

I will now endeavour to get a little sleep, and leave you to form what conjectures you please on this mysterious affair, which has alarmed

Your
CAROLINE WALSHINGHAM.
(To be continued.)

LONDON EVENING AND FULL DRESS.

1. A SHORT round dress of rich white satin, bordered round the bottom with silver lace; over the dress a short vest crape, richly spotted with silver, and terminating in deep points, to each of which is suspended a small silver tassel. Head-dress a Spanish hat of royal purple velvet, ornamented in front with a gold or silver flower. White satin shoes and white kid gloves.

2. A train dress, composed of

buff figured sarcenet; or the newly-invented washing silk; the dress made quite plain, and ornamented with trimming to match, with a front of white satin. Head-dress a crimson velvet cap, intermixed with lace, and silver flowers in front. Buff kid shoes and white gloves.

CHARLES AND LOUISA.

A TALE.

NEAR a small village in the neighbourhood of ———, stood the seat of Sir Simon Seaton. Sir Simon, from his childhood fond of money, had married early in life the daughter of a rich citizen, who, proud to have his child a Lady, gave with her, on the marriage day, fifty thousand pounds. Lady Seaton died in giving birth to a son, who was named Charles. Sir Simon was greatly afflicted at the loss of his Lady; but her father, dying a short time after, and leaving all he possessed to Sir Simon, soon consoled him for his loss.

Charles, at the age of eighteen, went on a visit to a distant, and unfortunately poor, relation of his mother's. This family consisted of Mr. Stanly, his wife, and daughter. It was here that Charles Seaton saw and loved Louisa Stanly, a lovely girl of fifteen. His passion daily increased, and it was with great delight he perceived, one day, as he entered the room, that Louisa was alone, he proposed a walk, and he led her imperceptibly to a little bower. Here he declared his passion, and the blushing maid confessed she loved. The enraptured Charles pressed her to

name a day; she referred him to her parents; he conducted the trembling Louisa to her apartment, and sought her father; he found him with Mrs. Stanly in the parlour: he confessed his love for their daughter, and asked them to make him happy. They told him how much it was their wish to bestow their Louisa on a youth so deserving of her, and if Sir Simon would consent, they should be happy to see him the husband of their child. He flew to his lovely mistress, and imparted to her his success; yet, as money was Sir Simon's object, he feared it would outweigh his love for his child, and pressed her to consent to a private marriage, but Louisa's delicacy would not allow of such a proceeding.

Charles, finding every argument vain, hastened to his father and told his tale of love; but Sir Simon forbid him ever to see Louisa Stanly again, and immediately to prepare to marry Miss Laura Languish, an elderly but rich lady. Charles, contrary to his father's orders, hastened to impart the heart-breaking intelligence to his beloved Louisa. The blushing girl received the news with anguish; since she thought she must be for ever parted from her dear Charles. But he, lover-like, again ventured to entreat a private marriage; adding, that he had no doubt, but that when Sir Simon knew they were married, he would forgive them. Louisa yielded to the solicitations of her lover, and was secretly conducted to the neighbouring church, and united to her beloved Charles. They then threw themselves at the feet of Mr. and Mrs. Stanly, who readily forgave them, but feared, still more than the lovers, Sir Simon's anger.

Charles, leaving his adored wife to the care of her parents, sought his father; who, on hearing of his son's disobedience, forbid him his presence. Charles, at this, returned half-distracted to his wife, but in their loves they almost forgot Sir Simon's anger. They remained with Mr. and Mrs. Stanly till the lovely Louisa presented her enraptured husband with a son, and she had not long been recovered from her laying-in, when an express was sent to Charles to inform him that Sir Simon was taken ill, and was not expected to recover; and wished to see his son before he died. Charles, who tenderly loved his father, was much affected, and set out without delay. When he arrived he was conducted to the bed-side of his father, and a reconciliation took place. Sir Simon then requested to see Mrs. Seaton and her child, and they were sent for and arrived just in time to receive his blessing, as he expired in the arms of his son not long after Louisa's arrival.

This event greatly shocked the gentle Louisa, and her husband (now Sir Charles) greatly feared for her health; but, happily, the tender cares of her husband soon restored her to his arms in perfect health; and, being now in possession of a large estate, and having handsomely provided for the worthy Mr. and Mrs. Stanly, Sir Charles and Lady Seaton, blessed in each other's loves, 'reared a numerous offspring, lovely like themselves, and good, the honor and ornament of all the country round.'

J. B.

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

INDEED, Mr. Editor, your correspondent, the self-created Squires*, Elizabeth Eagle-eyes, gives herself a wonderful deal of consequence, and an infinity of airs; what! she is afraid, forsooth! of being confounded with honest tradeswomen, and desires to have a title, never heard of, bestowed upon her and her quality-tag circle. But, if that be the case, will she pay her bills better? Will her milk-score be oftener rubbed out, her baker and butcher settled with, or her despised neighbour have ready money for carrots and cabbages? I wish she would send and discharge my long account, for I can hardly find room as it is to chalk down the articles she has had; and, if I am to add Squires to her name too, good lack-a-day, it will lengthen the bill without adding to the sum. Let her but shorten her days of settling, and I care not what her title be; she may call herself knightess, or baronetess, or any other ESS she chooses, provided she sends the money to

Your humble servant,

GRACE GREEN-PEAS,
Green Grocer.

Piccadilly,
March 11, 1809.

* See Magazine for January 1809.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING,

PREVIOUS TO THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN, 1746.

(Written by Thomas Campbell, Author of
'The Pleasures of Hope.')

WIZARD.

LOCHIEL! LOCHIEL! beware of the
day,
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in
battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my
sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scatter'd
in fight:

They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom
and crown,

Woe, woe, to the riders that trample
them down:

Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the
slain,

And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trode
to the plain.

But hark! through the fast flashing light-
ning of war,

What steed to the desert flies frantic and
far?

'Tis thine, oh Glenullin! whose bride
shall await,

Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night
in the gate.

A steed comes at morning: no rider is
there;

But it's bridle is red with the sign of
despair.

Wee, Albin!* to death and captivity
led;

Oh, weep, but thy tears cannot number
the dead!

For a merciless sword on Culloden shall
wave,
Culloden that reeks with the blood of the
brave:

LOCHIEL.

Go preach to the coward, thou death-
telling-fear!

Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful ap-
pear,

Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering
sight,

This mantle to cover the phantoms of
fright.

WIZARD.

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to
scorn?

Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume
shall be torn!

Say, rush'd the bold eagle exultingly
forth,

From his home, in the dark-rolling
clouds of the north.

Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeed-
ing he rode,

Companionless, bearing destruction a-
broad:

But down let him stoop from his havoc
on high,

Oh! home let him speed, for the spoiler
is nigh.

Why flames the far summit? why shoot
to the blast

Those embers like stars to the firmament
cast?

'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dread-
fully driven,

From his eyrie that beacons the darkens
of Heaven.

* The Gaelic appellation of Scotland,
more particularly the Highlands.

Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in
 might,
 Whose banners arise on the battlement's
 height,
 Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and
 to burn:
 Return to thy dwelling! all lonely re-
 turn!
 For the blackness of ashes shall mark
 where it stood,
 And a wild mother scream o'er her fa-
 mishing brood.

LOCHIEL.

False wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled
 my clan!
 Their swords are a thousand, their bo-
 soms as one!
 They are true to the last of their blood
 and their breath,
 And like reapers descend to the harvest
 of death.
 Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to
 the shock,
 Let him dash his proud foam like a wave
 on the rock!
 But woe to his kindred, and woe to his
 cause,
 When Albin her claymore indignantly
 draws,
 When her boneted chieftains to victory
 crowd,
 Clanranald the dauntless, and Moray the
 proud,
 All plaided and plumed in their tartan
 array—

WIZARD.

—Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day!
 For dark and despairing, my sight I may
 seal,
 But man cannot cover what God would
 reveal;
 'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical
 lore,
 And coming events cast their shadows
 before.
 I tell thee, Culloden's dread echo shall
 ring
 With the blood-hounds that bark for thy
 fugitive king.
 Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials
 of wrath,
 Behold where he flies on his desolate
 path!
 Now in darkness and billows he swept
 from my sight,
 Rise, rise, ye wild tempests, and cover
 his flight!—

—'Tis finished. Their thunders are
 hush'd on the moors:
 Culloden is lost, and my country de-
 plores.
 But where is the iron-bound prisoner!
 where,
 For the red eye of battle is shut in de-
 spair.
 Say, mounts he the ocean-wave banish'd
 forlorn,
 Like a limb from his country cast bleed-
 ing and torn?
 Ah, no! for a darker departure is
 near;
 The war-drum is muffled, and black is
 the bier;
 His death-bell is tolling; oh mercy
 dispel
 Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to
 tell!
 Life flutters convuls'd in his quivering
 limbs,
 And the blood streaming nostril in agony
 swims;
 Accurs'd be the faggots that blaze at his
 feet,
 Where his heart shall be thrown ere it
 ceases to beat,
 With the smoke on his ashes to poison
 the gale—

LOCHIEL.

—Down, soothless insulter! I trust not
 thy tale;
 For never shall Albin a destiny meet,
 So black with dishonor, so foul with re-
 treat,
 Though my perishing ranks should be
 strew'd in their gore,
 Like ocean weeds heaped on the surf-
 beaten shore,
 Lochiel, untainted by fright or by
 chains,
 While the kindling of life in his bosom
 remains.
 Shall victor exult or in death be laid
 low,
 With his back to the field, and his feet to
 the foe!
 And leaving in battle no blot on his
 name,
 Look proudly to Heaven from the death-
 bed of fame.

* An English historian, after commem-
 orating the severe execution of the
 Highland rebels at Culloden, Carlisle,
 and elsewhere, concludes by informing
 us, that thousands experience his Ma-
 jesty's mercy, in being transported for
 life to the plantations.

MARY; THE MANIAC.

'Twas night and the storm how'd tremendously loud,

Indignant the elements clash'd;
The face of all nature was veil'd in a shroud,

Deep thunders broke forth from each horror-fraught cloud,
And the lightnings incessantly flash'd!

When Mary the maniac distractedly stood
On a rock which the ocean o'erhung;
And mournfully gazed on the turbulent flood,

While Phrenzy's wild phantoms, besprinkl'd with blood,
Her heart with keen agonies wrung.

Now tears of deep anguish bedew her pale cheeks,

Now laughter convulses her frame;
And often with wild incoherence she speaks,

Then, starting with terror, affrighted she shrieks,
And calls on her Henry's lov'd name.

For deep in her bosom, untutor'd by art,
Did Henry's dear image remain;
But when from his Mary compelled to depart,
A mournful presentiment told her fond heart

That she ne'er should behold him again!

Too soon was the fatal intelligence brought,

Too true was poor Mary's surmise;
With Nelson, the pride of his country, he fought,
And, covered with glory, with Nelson he sought
His valor's reward in the skies!

But oh to his love how accute was the wound!

Her heart in her bosom was broke!
In torpid amazement her faculties bound,
Pale, motionless, senseless, she sank on the ground,
And only to madness awoke!

But Henry's remembrance still hung on her speech,

In spite of Insanity's scourge;
And oft would she list to the raven's hoarse screech,
Or sing, as she wander'd alone on the beach,

For Henry a sorrowful dirge.

And now as she clamber'd the rock's rugged height,

Amid the fierce hurricane's rage,
'Dear Henry, where art thou?' she shrieked with affright,

'I seek thee, my love, 'midst the horrors of night,

Oh come! -- and my anguish assuage!

'Tis thy bride that invites thee; -- Oh where dost thou rove?

Dear Henry, forget not thy vows; --
I'll seize the bright stars as they wander above,

A glittering tiara to weave for my love,
And place it myself on his brows.

Ha! -- see, on yon billow majestic he rides!

Blue lightnings illumine his form!
See! see! -- as he rises the ocean divides
He calls me! -- he welcomes the happiest of brides,

And beckons his love through the storm!

I come, dearest Henry! -- ye billows be hush'd!

And milder, ye winds, be your breath!
I come! -- and while transport her countenance flush'd,

O'er the brink of the precipice wildly she rush'd,

And ended her sorrows in death!

JAMES FREDERICK BLAKE.

Islington

Jan. 12. 1809.

TRANSLATED FROM ANACREON.

ATRIDES' toils I long to sing,
And Cadmus' deeds on warlike string;
But lo! my lyre to love resounds,
And hero's acts no longer sounds.
For this my ev'ry string I chang'd,
And all my lyre I fresh arrang'd.
To sing of Hercules I try'd,
But ah! 'tis all in vain I cry'd.
Cupid alone commands my string,
And heroes now no more t'will sing.

THE SIGHS OF LOVE.

The sigh of Tenderness.

WHEN hanging o'er his fair one's form,
While grace sits playing in her eye,
While love does all his senses charm,
How tender is the lover's sigh.

The sigh of Wretchedness.

But when from her he's far away,
And lost the lustre of her eye,
And passing sad each live long day,
Ah! wretched is the lover's sigh.

The sigh of Bliss!

To press the fair one in his arms,
Again behold th' illumin'd eye,
How sweet the moment full of charms,
Then blissful is the lover's sigh.

Banks of the Mole,
1808.

IMPROMPTU

*To a Lady, who desired the Author to present
her with some Verses.*

OBEDIENT, Miss, to your desire,
My grey-goose quill I seise;
Although more skill it does require
Than mine — thy mind to please.

What can I write that you'll approve?
(Nay something I'll attempt).
Flatt'ry, I'm told, most ladies love;
I judge you're not exempt.

Then I will of thy beauties sing,
And all thy charms rehearse;
On Flatt'ry's fascinating wing
I will intrust my verse.

O! I will say, my pretty maid,
You are beyond compare;
That you have manners chaste and staid,
A form that's sweet and fair.

Thy cheeks are like the blushing rose
On April's vernal morn;
Your eye is like the melting sloop
On the autumnal thorn.

Thy breath is like a zephyr soft,
That rests upon thy lip;
Fair Maid, I'll say, I've wished oft
The ambrosial dew to sip.

But the sequel of my verse is this,
(Which you must not reprove)
I'd say any thing to please you, Miss,
But must-not, can-not, love!

SINCERITAS.

By the Banks of the Ver,
Feb. 1, 1809.

STANZAS TO ———.

O! I can ne'er forget thee; ev'ry hour
For thee, sweet Maid, still more and
more I languish;
When thou art absent, Hope her soothing
pow'r
In vain extends, and but augments my
anguish.

And yet, when parting, thou wilt still up-
braid,
And tell me, while the struggling sigh
I smother,
Affection's choicest treasures are decay'd;
That I am false to thee, and love ano-
ther.

Think'st thou, while gazing back with
ling'ring view,
Ere distance intervene the glance to
sever,
When waving with thy hand love's last
adieu,
That I can e'er forget thee? Never!
never!

Jan. 28, 1809.

W. H.

TO A LADY,

Who expected a Compliment from the Author.

NO studied compliment far fetch'd
Need be applied to you;
For that which others compliment
To you, applied is true.

I cannot, Lady, overlook
A merit such as thine;
And hope that you can kindly think
Some share of merit mine.

Banks of the Mole,
1807.

ADDRESS

Written by Mr. EYRE, and spoken by Mr. ELLISTON, at the King's Theatre in the Haymarket, on the Performance of the Drury Lane Company there.

OFT have you seen, upon the silver tide,
A floating bulwark, Britain's guard and pride,
With tow'ring masts, the ages might defy,
(Those naval pillars of her victory),
With gaudy streamers, and with sails unfurl'd,
Looking defiance on the wat'ry world!
Her crew, as hardy as the rocks, that brave
The bold invasion of the furious wave,
With dauntless valor, send on ev'ry breeze,
These sounds of triumph—' Britain rules the sea!'

Yes, on her foes, her vengeance she can pour—
But who can still the elemental roar?
What voice can calm the Ocean's dreadful sound,
When winds sing out the sailor's dirge around:
Or, when by lightning struck, the ship displays
The double horrors of the funeral blaze?
The crew, desponding, leave the burning deck,
And turn with anguish from the sinking wreck!

Thus, our vessel, whose stupendous height
Shone with the radiance of Apollo's light*,
Which erst had stood the many hostile blows,
The awful thunders of our Critic Foes,
Is now dismantled, cast away, and burn'd,
And all her trophies into ashes turn'd!

Whilst we, the shipwreck'd mariners, were toss'd
Upon the world's wide seas, and nearly lost;
But Hope, the steady pilot of the soul,
Took to this Life-boat, and preserv'd the whole;

Bore us in safety to the friendly shore,
Where kind protection open'd wide this door†;

Offer'd a shelter to the suff'ring crew,
(To the Audience)

Whose future efforts must depend on you;

Your lib'ral aid must help us to refit,
And arm the Muses for the war of Wit—
Whilst we, the Champions of the Poet's cause,

Will study to preserve the drama's laws,
And gain the meed of merit—your applause.

TO VENUS.

WHY Venus, cruel Goddess, why,
Why seek'st thou to destroy
My peace with love's insidious sigh,
And damp my future joy?

Why offer'st me the sweet-string'd lyre,
The lyre that Sappho strung?
Say, can I strike 't with equal fire,
Or sing as Sappho sung?

Know, I the proffer'd boon refuse,
And dare thy utmost hate;
Think'st then I'll share for Sappho's Muse
The Lesbian maiden's fate?

MARY, of Coleshill

IMPROMTU

ON RELIEVING A BEGGAR.

TAKE this, old man, thy looks bespeak
thy need,
And pity never questions want and woe:

A bright-hair'd angel registers the deed
In Heaven, the meed of charity below!

London.
MARY, of Coleshill.

* Alluding to the figure of Apollo, which stood at the top of the theatre.

† Alluding to Mr. Taylor, of the Opera House, who generously gave the free use of his theatre for three nights to the Company.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Heidelberg, Feb. 1.

LAST night a messenger arrived here, announcing, that a considerable number of French troops would pass through this place, which are going from this country, near the Maine, towards Swabia.

Hanau, Feb. 8. Last night, at the headquarters of General Oudinot, an order was received that the corps belonging to that General should instantly march to Augsburg. To-morrow morning that corps is to proceed by regiments on their new destination.

Lintz, Feb. 8. The anxiety which the reports of a new war in Austria had occasioned, has been augmented by the late measures of the Court of Vienna. It is certain that some light corps are to be formed, which will be sent to join different regiments.—Other military preparations are likewise making, and magazines are forming in Bohemia and Austria. M. Fasbender, who in the late campaigns was principal commissary to the Austrian army, has been again appointed to that post, and the Count de Guinne, formerly Adjutant-General to Archduke Charles, has been appointed adjutant to the Emperor. The Archduke Ferdinand is to take the chief command of an Austrian army in Bohemia, if war should break out, and Count Bellegarde will command an army in Corinthia and Carniola. In the mean time several Generals who commanded on the Turkish frontiers, have been recalled to Vienna. Many persons, however, doubt, whether the Archduke Charles approves the measures of the court, and will be

willing to enter into a new war. In the conferences which have been held on the subject, and at which both that prince and the Archduke Ferdinand, the brother of the Empress, were present, it is said, a new general levy was spoken of, and different measures proposed to render it agreeable to the people. Those most experienced in military affairs estimate the whole of our regular troops at 148,000 men; but it is not impracticable to find a train of artillery sufficient for an enemy of 60,000 men.

Vienna, Feb. 11. A courier sent off by our internuncio at Constantinople, M. Sturmer has brought intelligence to the government of a new insurrection of the Janissaries which has been very bloody, and by which the Porte was obliged to conclude a peace with England. The courier left Constantinople on the 16th of January. The first consequence of this event has been that the Russian Generals have broken off all communication with the Turks.

The Gazette contains the following article under the head of Turkey:—

‘On the 5th of January peace was concluded between England and the Sublime Porte, by the English minister Mr. Adair and Hakkı Effendi, in consequence of which all the ports in the Turkish Empire are open to the English ships.—This important intelligence was immediately transmitted to the principal commercial towns in Europe, Asia, and Africa, and a great change may be expected in the great towns of the Levant, and the price of most commodities.’

Vienna, Feb. 15. Sixty thousand frontier troops have received orders to repair towards the interior of Austria. A considerable army, above all, well furnished with cavalry, is already in Bohemia, on account of the increase of the French force in the territory of Bayreuth. Fifty thousand men are assembled near Vienna, in order, according to the pressure of circumstances, to repair to the interior, to Upper Austria, or Shalzburg. The garrison of Vienna has not yet received orders to put itself in motion. As soon as it marches out, the militia are to do their service, and occupy the barracks.

Though there were already a number of troops on the other side of the Ens, yet a few more regiments have been sent. Transport pontoons have already been brought hither.

The army is furnished with every thing, except that hitherto no surgeons have been appointed.

At Constantinople an occurrence has taken place, which may throw some light upon the situation of Austria. The Austrian internuncio, Baron Von Sturmer, had, on occasion of the marriage of one of his kinsmen, given a dinner, and invited to it the secretary of the English legation. The French Charge d'Affaires, M. Latour Mauberg, who was also invited, wrote to M. Von Sturmer, that he could not be present at any entertainment while an enemy of France was of the party. M. Von Sturmer not answering this letter, M. Latour Mauberg communicated the circumstance to the diplomatic agents, and invited them to break off all intercourse with M. Von Sturmer; which all the agents who were at Constantinople have carried into effect.

We hear again that a number of Russian troops have lately assembled near the frontiers of Austria, more especially since M. Von Sturmer so openly threw off the mask at Constantinople.

Vienna, Feb. 15. In our Court Gazette, we read an article from Augsburg of the 4th. inst. to the following purpose:—

‘According to the repeated information, there have been in the territories of the Confederation of the Rhine divers movements, which seem to have for their object the bringing considerable bodies of troops together, and putting them into a state of readiness for public service. It is said, that this is the case in Saxony, Bavaria, Wirtemberg, and other members of the confederacy, whose troops are not already gone into Spain. According

to other reports, these movements have likewise taken place on the French frontiers on the Rhine and in Italy. The uninterrupted care with which the Austrian government since the peace of Presburg, and especially in the latest period, has actively labored to secure the peace and prosperity of its numerous subjects, and especially by fit establishments to maintain the external security of the Empire, leave no doubt remaining that every provision has been already, or, according to circumstances, will be, carried into effect which the principal aim and object of the government can require.’

Frankfort, Feb. 11. The corps under General Oudinot is making a movement, apparently towards Italy.

Frankfort, Feb. 12. The articles which have from time to time appeared in the French and German papers, concerned a rupture of peace on the continent added to the numerous couriers, who within a few weeks have passed daily between Paris and Vienna, have had a very disadvantageous influence upon the Austrian paper-money, which suddenly fell considerably and continues to fall. But here we are far from considering war as certain, or even probable. It is believed, that there do exist some differences between the courts of Paris and Vienna; but it is hoped that they will be removed by negotiation.

Nevertheless, there prevails much activity in the war departments of the states of the Rhenish league; so that in Bavaria, Wirtemberg, Baden, and Darmstadt, orders have been issued, and even executed, that troops may be ready to march on the first notice. The soldiers who had received leave of absence have been recalled; and in Westphalia a body of troops has marched towards Saxony, in order to be put provisionally into cantonments.

On the left bank of the Rhine, the march of French troops is not frequent, except some battalions which come from Brabant.

Trieste, Feb. 18. The Austrian troops received on the 15th of February orders, which announce that they will be put upon the war establishment on the 1st of March, and that the militia will enjoy the same advantage. The officers have instruction to purchase their horses and field equipage. Throughout all Austria are spread reports of war with France. The bank paper has fallen 8 per cent. within ten days.

Lisbon, Feb. 17. We are authorised by supreme orders to communicate to the public the following extract of a letter from Seville, of the 8th of February:—

'The French, who were in La Mancha, retreat precipitately for Madrid, leaving behind them baggage and a quantity of arms, which General the Marquis de Palácea has ordered to be collected. A German gentleman has also arrived here, with dispatches from the Supreme Junta; he states, that when he left Germany, the Archduke John had already entered the Tyrol, and that it is probable, that at present the Archduke Charles has entered Bavaria. He assures us also, that in the port of Trieste there were 130 sail of ships for the transport of troops, which were to be conveyed by the English. This intelligence had animated all, on account of its impeding the fresh reinforcements which the French wished to bring into Spain. The enlistment of troops in these provinces is incessant, as the manufacture of all kinds of arms, for the purpose of organising afresh a new army, and arming the masse.

Lisbon, Feb. 20. Within these few days, things have taken a different turn: we have now received information from Trieste, that the Austrians have declared war against France. The truth of this intelligence is said to be confirmed by letters received here from the Swedish Consul at Seville; and it is so generally believed, that more than a dozen of the passengers who had engaged to go by the Walsingham have declined going. Indeed, it seems probable that something has happened to interfere with the plans of the French, by their not following up the advantages they gained in the neighbourhood of Corunna and Vigo; on the contrary, they are said to have retreated towards the frontiers of France; at any rate, they remain quiet with respect to offensive operations.

Paris, Feb. 25. A circular letter from the Prince Nassau Usingen, has been sent to the princes of the second class of the confederation of the Rhine, informing them of the retreat of the British army from Spain; promising protection to the members of the Rhenish confederacy, but at the same time calling upon them to have their several contingents ready to take the field, in case of necessity. The circular letter concludes with the ex-

pression of a hope, that war may yet be avoided, and that Austria will return to that system, upon the observance of which, the tranquillity and security of the continent so essentially depends.

Paris, Feb. 28. The latest dispatches from Spain, dated Burgos, the 14th inst. contains the following intelligence:—

'Order is slowly returning in this district. The revenue is organising. The inhabitants of the town, as well as the country, are all in repose at home.

'Some insurgents commanded by Cuenca (probably Cuesta, Cuenca is a town) have shown themselves on the side of Badajoz. The Duke of Belluna has sent a brigade of infantry in pursuit of them, and according to the steps which have been taken, they are merely deserters from different regiments, and they are ill armed.

'An officer, with dispatches from Portugal, brings us intelligence that General Mermet has entered Oporto, and been well received by the inhabitants of that city.

'Madrid continues to enjoy uninterrupted repose. Last Sunday, the King, accompanied by his Aides-de-Camp, and all the Grantees of his Court, walked in the Prado. The weather was delightful. The people repaired thither in vast numbers, and made the air resound with repeated shouts of "*Vivat*."

'It appears certain, that after the surrender of Saragossa, his Majesty will repair to Seville. It is believed that General Gouvion St. Syr is to take immediate possession of Valencia.'

Nothing new has been said concerning the state of affairs with Austria. It appears that the negotiations which are to determine peace or war still continue. Hitherto there has been no mention of the departure of either minister, which must precede a rupture; and we have not yet given up the idea that the matters which have occasioned the difference may be amicably settled. The time of the departure of the Emperor, which is naturally considered as connected with the negotiations, appears to be not yet determined. The day before yesterday his Majesty reviewed the troops of the garrison at the Thuilleries. During the last fortnight his Majesty has hunted several times for a few hours.

HOME NEWS.

London, Feb. 25.

LAST night Drury-Lane Theatre was destroyed by fire, which began in what was called the Chinese lobby, that is the lobby underneath the grand lobby which faced Brydges-Street. This Chinese lobby was the second entered going into the theatre from Brydges-Street; it was usually but ill lighted, and from it ascended two stair cases to the main passages and lobbies level with the back of the front boxes. According to the original plan of the theatre this Chinese lobby was intended to be surrounded with shops, for the sale of various articles, such as gloves, fruits, &c. during the performance. The shops had actually been made since the opening of the theatre, but they remained shut up with shutters, never having been finished or opened for actual use. This lobby was nearly ready, the varnishers were at work rather late last night, and from negligence the fire happened. How it happened is not exactly known; but it is known that the varnish caught fire, and that almost instantly the whole theatre was in a blaze; the varnish being such combustible matter, new laid on the walls, and much of it lying about, though the fire was immediately discovered by a gentleman of the name of Kent, passing in Brydges-Street, yet there was no possibility of getting it under. No performance having taken place last night, it being Oratorio night, there was but a watchman or two and a porter in the house; and as the fire began at the most remote part from their usual stations, it had acquired an unconquerable height before they were aware of it's having begun. The supply of water on the top of the theatre was

quite useless, the flames being up there as soon as any person could have reached the roof; and the iron curtain, which in case of fire it was intended to drop in the centre of the house, at the front of the stage, thus to save one half of it at least, had been found so rotten, the machinery so impracticable, that it had been removed.

In less than a quarter of an hour the fire spread in one unbroken flame over the whole of the immense pile extending from Brydges-Street to Drury-Lane; so that the pillar of fire was not less than 450 feet in breadth. It is impossible for the mind to conceive any thing more magnificent than the spectacle, if the idea of the horror and ruin which it brought on the sufferers, could have been separated from the sublimity of the object. In about 30 minutes after it's commencement the Apollo on the top fell into the pit, and soon after the whole of the roof also fell. Mr. Kent, accompanied by two others, proceeded by way of the stage to the spot on fire, and at that time it was confined to the saloon under the coffee-room which fronts Brydges-Street. In a very few minutes the whole of that part of the theatre, together with the front row of boxes, were on fire, and the rapidity of the flames was such, that before twelve o'clock the whole of the interior of the theatre was one blaze. — At the suggestion of a gentleman present, Mrs. Jordan's dressing-room was broken open, and her bureau, the looking-glasses, &c. were conveyed away. The treasury was next looked to, some gentleman present having directed the attention of about a dozen persons who were in the house thither, and all the books, papers, &c.

were conveyed away to the houses of Mr. Grubb, Mr. Bowley, in Russel-Street, and Mr. Kent, in Tavistock-Street. These books and papers, with the articles from Mrs. Jordan's rooms, were the only things saved. The persons interested in the theatre speedily arrived, but these, together with the performers, were in time only to witness the destruction of the property. At this moment, Mr. Peake, of the treasury, arrived in a state of agitation not easily to be described; and, against the repeated advice of his friends, resolutely went to the treasury, and succeeded in getting away other private papers. The theatre was at this time left to its fate, and the appearance was awfully and tremendously grand. The interior was most completely destroyed by one o'clock.

When the leaden cistern fell in, it produced a shock like an earthquake, and the burning matter forced up into the air resembled a shower of rockets and other artificial fireworks. Some of the houses partially caught fire in Russel-Street, but the engines, with a plentiful supply of water, continued to play on the houses contiguous to the theatre.

Several of the members of parliament quitted the house and went upon Westminster-bridge to view the flames, which, from that point, presented a spectacle more sublimely terrific than any that has been witnessed in this capital since the fire of 1666. Those who recollect how beautiful and conspicuous an object the theatre appeared from the bridge, may form some conception of the awful spectacle it exhibited. The night was uncommonly fine, and the body of the flames spread such a mass of light over the metropolis, that every surrounding object glittered with the brightness of gold. About half past twelve parts of the outward walls, both in Russell-Street and Vinegar-yard, fell down and completely blocked up the passages.

At three o'clock the flames had nearly subsided, and that one magnificence structure presented to view nothing but an immense heap of ruins. At five o'clock the flames were completely subdued. At eleven o'clock this forenoon great quantities of smoke were issuing from the ruins, here and there small quantities of fire were burning, and some of the engines were occasionally playing. The wall fronting Bydges-Street is standing up in the centre as high as the top of the grand box lobby, and each end

of that wall is standing still higher; but the walls on each side of the theatre, namely next little Russel-Street and Vinegar-Yard, those beautiful stone walls, with the colonnade, &c. are completely down. The houses in Little Russell-Street, facing the theatre, are dreadfully scared and whitened; some of them had been on fire in the window frames, and all the windows are broken by the heat. In Vinegar-yard two or three small houses close to the box-door, are burnt, gutted with the fire, but the walls are not down. Had not the wall in Little Russell-Street fallen inwards on the theatre, it must have crushed the opposite houses. That street was, notwithstanding, filled up across to the opposite pavement with the ruins, chiefly of the broken colonnade, the stone pillars being broken into small pieces, and with the stone-works and half burnt beams of timber.

The walls in Drury-Lane are standing; but in all quarters the wood-work and inside of the theatre are completely down.

We are happy to understand that no lives have been lost, though we cannot answer for that fact. One man standing at the end of Martlet-Court had his leg broke by the falling of a brick.

The building of this theatre cost 200,000*l*. Of the immense property of all sorts, in scenery, machinery, dresses, decorations, music, instruments, plays, &c. of which nothing was saved, we can form no estimate.

If the theatre cost 200,000*l*. in building fifteen years ago, it cannot now be rebuilt for 300,000*l*. It was insured only for something more than forty thousand pounds in the following offices:

5000 British,	6500 Eagle.
13,500 Imperial,	6500 Globe.
10,000 Hope,	— 41,500.

Oxford, March 6. On Friday night last, about twelve o'clock, a fire broke out in the great quadrangle of this noble college. It was first perceived in the rooms of Mr. Brown. It communicated most rapidly to the adjoining house of the Rev. Doctor White, Regius Professor of Hebrew, which was entirely consumed, and the whole of his valuable collection of oriental books destroyed. The rooms on the south side of the quadrangle, viz. those of Mr. James, Mr. Mackie, Mr. Buxton, and Mr. Parris, were involved in the flames; and, as they join the western extremity of the hall, it was thought

that nothing could have saved that venerable edifice. — Owing to the active exertions of the gentlemen of the university, and of the town, which were greater than we ever witnessed on a former occasion, the fire was got under at six o'clock in the morning.

London, March 6. On Tuesday, Feb. 28, a duel was fought between Lord Falkland and Mr. Powell, in which the former received a ball in the right side of the belly, of which wound he died on Thursday morning. — Lord Falkland dined at Mr. Powell's house with a large party on the Saturday preceding the duel; the party broke up early, and Lord Falkland and Mr. Powell went to the Opera together having taken plenty of wine. They returned from the Opera to Stephenson's hotel, Bond-Street, and parted as they had met, most intimate friends. It was after this that Lord Falkland visited the Mount coffee-house. On Sunday evening Lord Falkland looked in at Stephenson's again, and, on spying his friend Mr. Powell, accosted him in words similar to these: — *What, drunk again to-night, Paddy?* and it is understood that neither were at this time perfectly sober.

Mr. Powell did not relish the mode in which he had been accosted, and, after a retort, Lord Falkland snatched a cane from a gentleman's hand, and used it about his friend. The waiter and some gentlemen present extricated Mr. Powell, who retired. On the following morning Lord Falkland went to Mr. Powell's house, and apologised, attributing his rash conduct to inebriation. Mr. Powell observed, that he could not accept of his Lordship's apology, unless made at Stephenson's, before the persons who were present at the outrage, or to make a public one in another way. Lord Falkland could not accede to this proposition; but, in the afternoon of the same day (Monday) Captain Cotton waited on him from Mr. Powell to state, that if he (Lord Falkland) would allow Captain Cotton to make the public apology at Stephenson's, he would be satisfied. Lord Falkland was unwilling to go further than he had done at Mr. Powell's house, and shortly after Mr. Powell sent him a challenge.

March 8. The Africaine frigate arrived at Plymouth on Monday last from the Straits, with dispatches from Mr. Adair, confirming the intelligence of a treaty of peace having been signed between Great Britain and Turkey on

the 5th January. — The following letter was sent this morning to the Lord Mayor, announcing this important event: —

(Copy.)

'Foreign Office, 8th March, 1809.

'My Lord,

'I have the honor to acquaint your Lordship, that a treaty of peace between his Majesty and the Sublime Porte was signed on the 5th January last.

'I have the honor to be, &c. &c.

'GEORGE CANNING.

'To the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor.'

March 9. Monday evening Lady Charlotte Wellesley, the mother of four children by an affectionate husband, eloped with Lord Paget, the father of ten children by a most beautiful wife. Lady Charlotte Wellesley is the wife of the Honorable H. Wellesley, one of the Principal Secretaries of the Treasury. Lord Paget is the eldest son of the Earl of Uxbridge, to whom he has written a letter, confessing his misconduct, but pleading the violence of his passion in extenuation of his offence. He adds, that his passion had been of long standing, and that his principal object in going to Spain was to subdue it, but in vain.

March 20. A flag of truce arrived at Dover on Saturday from Boulogne, with dispatches for the transport office, which were immediately forwarded to London. The vessel was ordered to sea as soon as she had delivered her dispatches, and returned to Boulogne. The master of the vessel says, that the expectations in France of peace with this country are very feeble. The renewal of war upon the continent has thrown a great gloom over the public mind.

An English woman, aged 92, came over in the flag of truce. She has been a prisoner in France a considerable time, having been thrown upon the coast from a merchant vessel from the westward, that went on shore. — The dispatches are said to relate to an exchange of prisoners.

A vessel arrived yesterday afternoon at Dover, from Rotterdam, the Captain of which asserts that Austria has actually declared war.

March 21. The House of Commons on Friday night, after having been engaged every night for more than a week in debates, on the evidence brought in support of the charges, made by Mr. Wardle on the 27th of January, against the Duke of York, as Commander in Chief of the army, the investigation of which evidence had occupied the attention of the house

in a committee of the whole house, for a great number of successive nights, came at last, on the motion of Mr. Percival, after rejecting several amendments and propositions, to the following resolution, 'That this house having appointed a committee to investigate the conduct of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, as Commander in Chief, and having carefully considered the evidence which came before the said committee, and finding that personal corruption, and connivance at corruption, have been imputed to his said Royal Highness, find it expedient to pronounce a distinct opinion upon the said imputation, and are accordingly of opinion that it is wholly without foundation.'

The house divided for Mr. Percival's motion - - - 278
Against it - - - 196
Majority - - - 82

Yesterday evening Mr. Percival stated to the house that on Saturday morning, immediately after the decision of the house of commons was known, and of his own spontaneous motion, his Royal Highness the Commander in Chief had tendered his resignation to his Majesty, who, with whatever reluctance it might have been, was graciously pleased to accept of the same. The motives which influenced his Royal Highness to choose this time for so acting, and for not having thought any former period so proper, were so honorable and meritorious, that he (Mr. Percival) could not help stating them to the house in the words of the letter in which his resignation was tendered. In this letter his Royal Highness stated that—

'The House of Commons having, after a most attentive and laborious investigation of the merits of certain allegations preferred against him, passed a resolution of his innocence, he might now approach his Majesty, and might venture to tender to him his resignation of the chief command of his majesty's army, as he could no longer be suspected of acting from any apprehension of the result, nor be accused of having shrunk from the extent of an inquiry which, painful as it had been, he trusted he should appear, even to those who had been disposed to condemn his conduct, to have met with the patience and firmness which could arise only from a conscious feeling of innocence.

'The motive which influenced him arose from the truest sense of duty, and

the warmest attachment to his Majesty, from which he had never departed, and which his Majesty had, if possible, confirmed, by the affectionate and paternal solicitude which he had shown for his son's honor and welfare upon the present distressing occasion. To his Majesty, as a most kind and indulgent father, as a most gracious Sovereign, he owed every thing; and the feeling of this alone would have prompted him to forego all considerations of personal interest in the determination which he had taken. It would not become him to say that he should not quit with sincere regret a situation in which his Majesty's confidence and partiality had placed him, and the duties of which had been his anxious study and his pride, during fourteen years, to discharge with integrity and fidelity. Whether he might be allowed to add with advantage to his Majesty's service, his Majesty was best able to decide.'

The House then voted, that 'The Duke of York having resigned, the House do not think it necessary now to proceed any further with the report on the evidence adduced before the committee, &c. as far as it regards the Duke of York.'

BIRTHS.

Feb. 18. At Winchester, the lady of Capt. G. R. P. Jarvis, of the 36th regiment, of a son.

19. At his house at Merton, the lady of Joseph Huddart, jun. Esq. of a son and heir.

21. In Bond-Street, of a son, the lady of G. S. Marten, Esq. of Sandridge Lodge, Herts.

In Devonshire-Place, the lady of Jos. Blake, Esq. of a daughter.

24. At Walbury, in Essex, the lady of Jos. Grove, Esq. of a son.

In Portland-Place, the lady of Valentin Conolly, Esq. of a son.

March 1. At Raveningham, Norfolk, the seat of Sir Edward Bacon, Bart., the lady of Captain Hodge, of the 7th hussars, of a daughter.

2. At Northsands, Sussex, the lady of Major-General Crosbie of a daughter.

At Bloomsbury-Place, the lady of Mr. James Sykes, of a daughter.

6. At Danny, in Sussex, the lady of Wm. John Campion, of a daughter.

10. At Oxford, the wife of Charles Badham, M. D. of a daughter.

14. The lady of Thomas Cadell, Esq. of Upper Charlotte-Street, Fitzroy-Square, of a daughter.

17. At Downes, the seat of James Butler, Esq. the lady of Sir J. T. Duckworth, K. B. of a son.

At Garendon Park, Leicestershire, Mrs. Charles March Phillips, of a son.

March 18. By his Grace the Archbishop of York, Captain Cosselin, of the Royal Navy, to Miss Hadsley, eldest daughter of the late J. R. Hadsley, Esq. of Ware Priory, Herts.

5. At Cheltenham, by the Rev. Henry Foulkes, Fred. Whalley, Esq. to Miss Buxton.

DEATHS.

MARRIAGES.

Feb. 13. By the Rev. J. Poore, the Rev. G. Cook, of Trinity College, Cambridge, to Maria, third daughter of the Rev. Dr. Hoadley Ashe.

Philip Frederic Behrends, Esq. of Broad-Street-Buildings, to Miss Farrington, of Broxbourn, Herts.

14. At St. George's, Hanover-Square, by the Rev. Mr. Hodgson, Captain John Clitherowe, of the Guards, to Sarah, eldest daughter of General Burton, of Upper Brook-Street, Grosvenor-Square, and Hull Bank, Yorkshire.

22. William Sheldon, Esq. of Gray's-Inn, to Miss Hester Cooper, of Thornhaugh-Street, Bedford-Square.

At St. George's, Bloomsbury, by the Rev. Dr. Willis, Charles Ruddack, Esq. late of Tobago, to Mrs. M'Farlane, of Donavoured, Perthshire.

At Putney Church, by the Rev. Geo. Lock, Charles Hammersley, Esq. second son of Thomas Hammersley, Esq. Banker, to Miss Emily Thomson, third daughter of John Thomson, Esq. of Waverley Abbey.

26. At St. George's Church, by the Rev. J. Jackson, Chaplain to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, Mr. Joseph Walley, of Great St. Thomas Apostle, Merchant, to Miss Kingsley, only daughter of William Kingsley, Esq. Surry-Place.

28. At Ormington, near Weymouth, T. P. Luscombe, Esq. Commissary to the Forces in Guernsey, to Miss Wood, daughter of R. S. Wood, Esq. of Ormington House, Dorset.

At St. Mary-la-bonne Church, Captain Reade, of the 1st regiment of foot guards, to Miss Hoskyns, daughter of the late, and sister to the present, Sir Hungerford Hoskyns, of Harewood, Herefordshire, Bart.

Feb. 1. In Lisbon, where she remained on the march of the army into Spain, in the 30th year of her age, the lady of Captain Thompson, paymaster of the 32d regiment, leaving to the guardianship of a Portuguese family an infant son.

16. At Petersfield, Mr. Wm. Reid, second son of Alexander Reid, Esq. of Cateaton-Street.

18. The wife of Mr. Hayter, of Old Cavendish-Street.

At Ramsgate, in consequence of the fatigues he suffered in the late campaign, Lieut. Arthur Disney, of the 32d regiment.

27. At Steyning Barracks, most sincerely regretted by his brother officers, Captain Martin Armstrong, of the first battalion of the fifth regiment.

March 1. At Pendennis Castle, Cornwall, where he was interred with military honors, Assistant-Surgeon Samuel Brailsford, of the North Hants Militia, aged 20. His death was occasioned by a contagious fever, which he took during his close attention to the troops lately arrived from Spain, and laboring under it.

5. At Portsmouth, after a very lingering illness, Mrs. Smith, wife of George Smith, Esq. Clerk of the Surveys of his Majesty's Dock-yard, Portsmouth.

11. In the 80th year of her age, Mrs. Delaval, of High-Street, Mary-la-Bonne.

In her 18th year, Miss Martin, of Hungerford-Street, in consequence of her clothes having caught fire from a candle.

90. At her house in Grosvenor-Square, her Grace the Duchess of Bolton. Her Grace was in a lingering state for a long time back, but from her great flow of spirits, did not take to her bed until a few days previous to her dissolution. She was in her 75th year.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



Antonio and Isabella.