THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR APRIL, 1809.

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS,

This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates,

1. ANTONIO and ISABELLA.
2. LONDON Fashionable FULL DRESSES.
3. New and elegant PATTERNS for DRESS and CAP BORDERS, &c.

LONDON:

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

Where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE ingenious Authoress of the *Sketches from Nature* is respectfully requested to send a further supply.

The Continuation of the *Elville Family Secrets* would likewise be acceptable.

We have to apologise to Miss *C. B. Yeames*, for the very long time her piece has been mislaid and overlooked.

T. C's Verses were intended for insertion in the present Number, but have again been omitted by an oversight. We shall always be happy to hear from this Correspondent.

Frederic and Matilda, by a Lady, is intended for our next.

Mr. *J. O——ne* is mistaken with respect to the reason why his poetical pieces have not appeared. We will endeavour to give a place to some next month.

*** The PORTRAIT of the KING of PRUSSIA, which we promised last Month, is unavoidably deferred, as it must otherwise have been too much hurried.

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ANTONIO AND ISABELLA.

A TALE.

IN the southern part of the pleasant province of Andalusia, in Spain, resided a gentleman of excellent disposition and many accomplishments. Antonio came early into the possession of a considerable estate, and having received an education suitable to his fortune, he sought amusement in the liberal arts, and devoted himself to the cultivation of painting, poetry, and music. Of poetry he was especially enamoured, and particularly with dramatic poetry. With the plays of Lopez de Vega and Calderon he was well acquainted, and frequently formed parties to perform some of their most celebrated pieces, as also others of more modern date. In these personifications he greatly distinguished himself, and won the unfeigned praise of all his companions who felt that he greatly exceeded their utmost exertions.

Among these dramatic parties he met with Isabella, a young lady of some independent fortune, but still greater in expectations. As their tastes and habits were similar and both had arrived at excellence almost unrivalled in the species of amusement they had chosen, the closest intimacy and union was formed between them, and there was only wanting that which soon afterwards followed, a temporary separation to ripen it into the warmest love.

The uncle of Antonio, to whose advice he was ever implicitly attentive, in consequence of the recommendation of his late father whose memory he highly revered, advised him to embrace an opportunity which then offered to go to Mexico, by which he must certainly greatly advance his fortune. Antonio followed his counsel and shortly after embarked. He had slightly

mentioned his intentions to Isabella, thinking he should have an opportunity to take a more formal and complete farewell; but the ship sailing, on some account or other, sooner than he had expected, and he having many things to do he was obliged to hasten on board, and for that time saw her no more.

Isabella, though somewhat piqued at the negligence which he seemed to show towards her in his hasty departure, found that this is not always a sufficient preservative against the entrance of love into the heart. She reflected on all that had passed between them, on all his behaviour, on every word that he had uttered, and she found in them sufficient nourishment for hope; and as she possessed warm passions and a romantic cast of character she thought she could entertain no doubt that he really loved her; and as he was absent, she gave a full loose to her own affections in return, and determined that the flame should be mutual.

In the mean time the ship which carried Antonio, before it reached the shores of America, (Spain being then at war with England) was captured by an English frigate, after a long and destructive engagement, and brought into an English port, where, however, Don Antonio, who had fortunately escaped unhurt, received all the attention due to his rank, and all those accomodations which it becomes generous victors to bestow on their prisoners when the chance of war subjects them to their power.

The separation of Antonio from Isabella had a similar effect on him to that which it had produced on her. The more he thought of her, and especially when he reflected on the suddenness and abruptness of his departure, without taking that tender leave which now, he conceived, he ought not by any means to have omitted, the more he found that she had a real hold of his heart; and he suspected that he could no where be so happy as he could be with her. His misfortune, too, in being made a prisoner, and losing a considerable part of his property, which had been so engaged that it was considered as public, in some degree depressed his spirits, softened his feelings, and rendered him perhaps more susceptible of the gentler affections.

In Spain, the intelligence of the capture of the ship too soon reached the ears of the tender Isabella. Report even magnified the deaths and wounds occasioned by the conflict, and falsely added that Antonio was left among the slain. Isabella most sincerely grieved; and so far was her romantic passion from leaving her, because he whom she had chosen to suppose her lover was no more, that she resolved never to marry, but to dedicate, as it were, her life to his memory. And as she had now succeeded, by the sudden death of a near relative, to the possession of a very considerable estate, with a large mansion-house, gardens, and park, she caused to be erected in the most secluded and gloomy part of the latter, a kind of monument, or cœnotaph, to the memory of her Antonio. Hither she every evening resorted, and gave vent to her grief in passionate lamentations and romantic declamations in praise of the sincerest and best of lovers; for she was resolved to believe that he was hers, though,

perhaps, reverence for her, and diffidence, had prevented him from making any positive declaration of his affection for her.

At length Antonio, whose mind seemed to be now more fixed on Isabella than ever, tho' without knowing any thing of the love she had as it were deceived herself into for him; and without knowing any thing of the extravagant conduct by which she had manifested it on hearing of his supposed death, found means to procure his enlargement from England, and to return to Spain. No sooner had he landed in his native country, than eager to see, or at least to learn, something of his Isabella, for such she now might be called, so often had she been in his thoughts during his absence; he hastened to the scenes where he had been used to meet her. He found a well known friend, who, after recovering from the astonishment which his unexpected appearance had excited, for he too had no doubt of his death, informed him of the wild though affectionate conduct of Isabella, whose love for him was more proved by her behaviour after his imagined death than it could ever otherwise have been. He conjured him to fly to her, and by his presence arrest that reason which seemed about to forsake her.

Antonio did not require much persuading. He repaired, by the advice and guidance of his friend, to the monument erected to his own memory. He there witnessed her expressions of sorrow, and heard her call upon his name. He could bear no more; he discovered him — he rushed into her arms — he received her when nearly fainting with surprise and agitation — he explained to her what had passed; he vowed to her eternal love — he kept his vow: they were united, and they were happy.

LOVE AND MADNESS.

ON Sunday morning, March 26, about six o'clock, one of the most horrible events occured at Shuckburgh Park, In Warwickshire, that ever shocked the human ear. A Lieutenant Sharp, of the Bedfordshire militia, having paid particular attention to the elder daughter of Sir Stewkley Shuckburgh, bart. was by him and Lady S. entreated to desist from a pursuit, that was in every point of view ineligible to both parties. Disappointed in his wishes, horrible to relate, he formed the dreadful resolution of destroying the life of both the ill-fated young lady and himself, which he most unhappily found means to execute by obtaining (through the medium of a faithful servant) an interview with her at a summer-house in the park, which his most amiable and unfortunate victim had scarcely entered, when, with a pair of pistols, the unhappy author of her death put a period to both her existence and his own.

A coroner's inquest has been held, when, after a minute investigation, a verdict of lunacy was returned against the unhappy man.

No words can describe the distracted state of the family at Shuckburgh, and of the venerable and unfortunate parents of Mr. Sharp.

The following are the letters which were found concealed in

the summer-house, unopened, after the mournful occurrence, addressed by Mr. Sharp to Miss Shuckburgh — the former, bearing date Friday, March 24; the latter, two o'clock on Sunday morning, March 26, 1809 — written about five hours only previous to the perpetration of the horrid deed. The letter, and the extracts, which we have been authorised to lay before our readers, clearly, we think, prove that this amiable young lady, instead of meeting her dreadful fate voluntarily, had not even the least expectation of seeing the deceased, but went solely for the purpose of leaving all the letters she had received from him, and of bringing away those she had written, which he had assured her should be there.

'Friday, March 24, 1809 — (Extracts.) — Caroline, my fate is certain; I am sorry you will not let me live; I am no child in my determination; when once fixed, it is immovable: I have no earthly thing to live for, for you will never be mine, so I will seek another and a better world. I can now again scarcely believe you love me, as you will not trust me with your sweet letters, but I shall soon be insensible to every thing; and on my word you may depend on my putting them at the cave some time to-morrow night. When I am dead, read them over, and judge of my delight when I received them; and of my anguish to be obliged to give them up. My preparations to quit this world take up so much of my time, that I cannot say more than God bless you! and may he ever protect you from the miserable, awful end of your truly faithful and affectionate, though wretched,

'Phillip A. S.'

'I came so fully assured of seeing you last night, that I was not prepared to die, or indeed I should. I acknowlege you have good grounds to treat my threats so slightly; but the time will come when you may see my resolution is not to be shaken. What would have been your feelings (if you have any feelings) had you found me with my brains blown out at the cave this morning, which certainly would have been the case, had I not put such confidence in coming to meet me? O! for shame, Caroline: so long as the gentlemen were over their wine, not to spare me one short moment, to make my death easy; but I forgive you; nor will I repine at my unhappy lot. Had you seen my brains scattered on the earth, you could have taken my letter from my cold hand, and read it with composure, without shedding a pitying tear.

'P. A. S.'

Extracts from the letter, dated Sunday morning, two o'clock, March 26, 1809.

'Now that I have settled, as well as my agitated mind will allow me, all my earthly affairs, I will devote my last sad moments to my ever and for ever beloved Caroline, provided the contents of your letter, I expect to find at the cave, does not compel me to kill you, as well as myself, which I hope in heaven it will not. I came firmly resolved to die; I have exerted all my energy to live, but without you it cannot be; all my religion and fortitude I had used to possess, has now left me

and indeed I am a wretched mortal, and yet I feel not the least fear of death, but can with pleasure and composure quit this life, for it is impossible I can suffer more; and if you doubt me still, which I shall believe you do if you say one other word about your letters, I think I shall be tempted to take you with me, to that other and that better world you talk so much about, where we shall be united, never, never to part; then, indeed, we shall enjoy that bliss your cruel parents deny us here; but I fervently hope your letter will be kind, and give me another solemn vow never to be another's; then I can die alone and contented: but, if you give me room to suspect that you will ever become any one's wife but mine, the thought will be certain death. * * * *

'I am contented to die, and fervently do I hope you may be able to live, and live happy, and sometimes think of me. I have from my heart and soul forgiven all who have injured me, and hope they will grant me their forgiveness. I feel not the least resentment against any one, and I feel I can die happy.' * * *

A short note, containing only the following expressions, was found in Mr. S.'s pocket, after his death: 'Caroline, Caroline! shame, shame upon you! Not one kind line at parting; cruel, cruel girl, adieu for ever!' But it is suppose, that, on seeing her come at a distance, he hastily thrust it into his pocket, and wrote in pencil the following words, which were found lying in the room: 'I cannot live, and feared I should not have had resolution. I shall do it with more composure than I could possibly have expected.'

ANECDOTE

OF MADAME DE POMPADOUR.

WHEN this lady became mistress of Louis XV., all France paid her their court; and persons who had decried her birth, afterwards claimed a relationship to her. The following letter to her, from a gentleman of a very antient family in Provence, will show to what meanness courtiers, or those who wish for favor from courts, are capable of descending.

'My dear Cousin,

'I was ignorant of belonging to you, till the King had nominated you Marchioness of Pompadour, when an able genealogist proved to me that your great grandfather was my great grandfather's cousin, in the fourth degree. You see by this, dear cousin, that there is a real consanguinity between us. If it is your pleasure, I will send you the genealogical tree of our relationship, that you may present it to the King. My son, however, your cousin, who served with distinction for some years, would be glad to have a regiment; and, as he cannot hope to obtain it by his rank, I pray you to ask it from the King as a favor.'

To this, the answer she returned was as follows:

'Sir,

'I shall embrace the first opportunity of requesting the King to grant your son the regiment you desire; but I have, in my turn, a favor to ask of you, which is, to permit me not to have the honor of being your relation. Family reasons prevent me from believing that my ancestors have

been allied with the antient houses of the kingdom.' — Madame de Maintenon, who relates this story in her memoirs, adds, that she should put the half of France to the blush, were she to mention all the letters she had received, full of the most abject submissions and flatteries from the first families in the kingdom.

Anecdotes of Foote.

A Clergyman in Essex, not much celebrated as a preacher, used to wear boots generally on duty, and gave as a reason for it that the roads were so deep in some places that he found them more convenient than shoes — 'Yes,' said Foote, 'and I dare say, equally convenient in the pulpit, for there the Doctor is generally *out of his depth* too.

Foote used to say with respect to the difference between the two qualities of the mind called intuition and sagacity, (the one being immediate in it's effect, and the other requiring a circuitous process), that the former was the *eye*, the latter the *nose* of the mind.

A Foreigner being present at a musical piece, which was hissed off the stage on the first night of it's performance, asked Foote who the author was. Being told that his name was St. John, he asked again — *St. Jean, St. Jean, quel St. Jean?* — (St. John, St. John, what St. John?) — *Oh, Monsieur,* Foote replied; *le gentilhomme sans le tête.* — Oh, Sir, the gentleman without a head.

One of the performers of the Haymarket Theatre was observing to Foote what a *humdrum* kind of man Dr. Goldsmith appeared to be in the green-room, compared with the figure he made in his poetry — 'The reason of that,' said he, 'is, because the *muses* are better companions than the *players.*'

Davenport (the tailor) who acquired a considerable fortune with a good character, asked Foote for a motto for his coach — 'Latin or English?' asked the wit — 'Poh! English, to be sure; I don't want to set up for a Scholar.' — 'Then I have got one from Hamlet will suit you to a *button hole* — List! list! oh! list!'

Anecdote of Garrick.

GARRICK, once having a green-room wrangle with Mrs. Clive, concluded his remark upon her, by saying — 'Madam, I have heard of *tartar* and *brimstone,* and known the effects of both; but you are the *cream* of one, and the *flower* of the other.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

BY SOPHIA TROUGHTON.

[Continued from p. 129.]

LETTER XXX.

Right Hon. Charles Baderly to Sir Robert Legoxton.

I SHALL be with you, Legoxton, nearly as soon as this, which is written in the packet. I have done all I promised in my last — have met the deluded Walsingham; who refuses to have the mask of fancied happiness removed from his eyes; and esteems that man his worst enemy, whom, for five-and-twenty years, he has treated as his bosom friend, because he wishes him to be sensible ere it is too late, of the happiness he now spurns. And what was the reward — He drew his sword, swore I was an impertinent fellow, a sanctified fool, and I know not what. Still I remembered he was my friend, and the husband of Caroline Walsingham; in those characters I regarded his person as sacred, and left him with calmness. I had not been in my lodgings a quarter of an hour, when one of his footmen brought a card, apologising for what had passed, and requesting my company for the evening. I went. He again begged pardon for his warmth, shook me by the hand, and said — 'I am convinced, Baderly, that all you said was with a wish to promote my happiness. But there are subjects on which I cannot bear to think, much less to hear them spoken of; because there may be such charms, such fascinating delights in our delusion, that we may be determined not to give up the pursuit, in spite of the whispers of conscience, or the admonitions of friendship. All, therefore, that can be said on the subject must be irksome, especially from a friend, whose understanding we wish to be as blinded as our own. Besides, my dear fellow, I remember the time when you were not so very sentimental, but took your swing among the women; did I find fault with you for it, or direct your choice? Why then should you envy me the possession of one little lamb.'

'O! pardon me,' said I, 'I shall never envy you the possession of Lester.'

'Well, well,' interrupted he, 'I know all you would say. But who told you I had the possession of her?'

'Oh! the whole world, Adolphus,' says.....

'D—n the world,' cried he, 'let us drink our wine, and drop the subject. Come, here is our Hibernian friends; if I give you the accomplished Lester, you will not, perhaps, drink my toast.'

'May the wine surfeit me if I do,' said I.

You, who know what an agreeable a companion he is, and with what ease, elegance, and hospitality he treats his guests, will not be surprised that we did not separate till three in the morning. This was declaredly my last visit; and, at parting, I mentioned my intention of paying my respects to Lady Walsingham before I quitted England.

'Aye, do, Charles; she is an angel,' said he; 'I wish I could accompany you to Walsingham;

indeed, there are moments when I wish I had never quitted it. But we are getting on the old story. Perhaps, in a few months I may return this favor in Ireland, and bring my Caroline with me.'

I told him he would rejoice me by such a visit; and took my leave of him with regret.

A few days after, I paid the beautiful widow Howard a visit (though, by the bye, I do not think it will be widow Howard long); but, in whatever situation she moves, may guardian angels watch over her, for the unaffected friendship she evinced in that conversation for the incomparable Lady Walsingham. She assured me I should have the thanks of her friend for my forbearance with her husband (for the story of my meeting him came out, by her asking me why I did not endeavour to open Walsingham's eyes to the happiness he neglected). Seymore came in, and I was prevailed on to stay the evening with them, which passed in one of those delightful conversations which one can look back on with pleasure, and feel the better for as long as one lives.

We parted with mutual wishes for each other's happiness; and Seymour promised to become my correspondent. I did not forget to hint on what subject I wished him principally to employ his pen.

I had other friends to take leave of, and it was some time before I arrived at Walsingham, and still longer before I could summon courage to appear before the lady of the place, uninvited and unexpected. I had some thoughts of writing a note, apprising her of my being in the neighbourhood, and requesting permission to pay her my respects; but, as I had not the smallest intention of using my friend's permission for staying two or three days, I thought it would look extremely formal; and, to confess the truth, I was fearful she might refuse to see me. At other times, when I thought of the pain it would cost me to bid her adieu, and the agitations I should undergo on once more beholding her angelic countenance, I almost determined to embark without seeing her at all: but the news I accidentally heard of her son's death, made me resolve to see her, if possible. Accordingly I went, and was admitted — but O! Legoxton, the pain I had anticipated was far short of what I felt on viewing her faded form. She is much thinner, and the soft tints of the rose, which used to adorn her cheek, is fled — and fled is the enchanting smile which was wont to fascinate every beholder. But her eye, her languishing blue eye, still retains it's magic power, and never did even she appear half so interesting as at present; because, in her happier days, a brilliancy of complexion, and a cheerful animation, convinced me that she enjoyed sound health, though cast in beauty's softest mould. But now, while I gazed, I trembled lest the worm of sickness was undermining this fair flower. Her black dress added to the interest of her appearance, and the tender sorrow, visible in her whole deportment, must have excited sympathy in the heart of a savage.

She received me as an old friend, and treated me with cordiality. She was going to fetch her little girl herself, and, opening the door, discoered one of the female servants listening at the key-hole. The girl owned the infernal Lester set her to work,

with a promise of reward if she could detect Lady Walsingham in any impropriety of conduct. What a devil is this woman! she who.... but I will not waste your time and my own on such a wretch. Walsingham will one day find her to be an angel of darkness. I would to heaven he had heard the confession of the girl. He must be a stranger to the duplicity of her conduct, or the charm which binds him would be broken; but it shows how fatally a man may be blinded who suffers his passions to lead him, else, would he leave such a woman as his Caroline for the low pleasures of sensuality? But it is time for me to conclude, or you will imagine I am going to write a sermon; and, as such, I know you would disregard any thing I could say.

When I rose to go, I trembled, and my speech faltered. She bashfully turned her cheek; I saluted her with tender awe, and, rushing from the house, mounted my horse and rode post to Holyhead, to banish thought, and preserve my senses. By the time you have read to this place you may expect to see

Your friend,
and servant,
CHARLES BADERLY.

LETTER XXXI.

Lady Julia Walsingham to the Countess of Walsingham.

Tunbridge.

My beloved Sister

HAS, by this time, I doubt, accused me of neglect, in not writing sooner; but, did she know the misery I have suffered since we parted, she would pity the unhappy Julia, though the whole world else would condemn her. But I am entering on a tale I durst not as yet disclose.

Ah! Lady Walsingham, I have heard of the loss the noble house of my ancestors has sustained in the death of my sweet nephew: this, I do assure you, added greatly to my other sorrows, though heaven knows they wanted not that to aggravate them: this, and the intelligence I have had of my brother's conduct, has filled up the measure of my woes.

Could the former Earls of Walsingham look down from their happy abodes on the present degenerate children of their house — could they see the trophies and honors won with their dearest heart's blood tarnished and disgraced by those children, how would it embitter their bliss! it would make their heaven a hell! Alas! how has the glory of this illustrious house faded away! Formerly, the sons were all brave, and the daughters all chaste. Now, what a dreadful contrast! You, my Caroline, are the only one in the family worthy of it's ancestors, and you are not of their blood. Had it pleased heaven to have spared your blooming son, educated under your eye, taught your precepts, and imitating your virtues, the world might have hailed the future earl as a person worthy to wear the title, and fit to succeed those heroes now in heaven, reaping the reward of their glorious toils on earth. But heaven, for the sins of his degenerate relations, has taken him from them; and his father, as if resolved to be the last of his family himself, is going to France, I am

told, with that infamous Jezebel, who at Walsingham-hall was treated with so much kindness and hospitality. If they do leave the kingdom, my bitterest curse attend them both! What can Walsingham mean by such a proceeding? He is not satisfied with rendering himself contemptible here, but he must show himself a fool in the eyes of foreigners! and stoop to win the heart of a vile, unprincipled woman, in a country

'Where once his noble fathers won a crown.'

My beloved Lady Walsingham, I feel very forcibly the irksomeness of your situation; and am almost sorry that the virtue, beauty, true nobility, and noble benevolence, which meet in your person, and constitute your character, should be allied to so base a wretch, so stupid a fool as Walsingham. But you are at once the ornament and prop of our falling house.

I have left Lady Alethea, as you will see by the date; but, if you will favor me with a line, it will come very safe by the post, if directed for me on Sion Hill.

Dearest Caroline, I have one request to make, which is, not to visit the old castle. There is a fatal secret concealed within it's antient walls, which, should you prematurely discover, would fill your generous breast with agony; and, I fear, cause you to curse the day on which you became a member of our family. This prohibition, or rather request, to most women would have the contrary effect to what I wish; but with Lady Walsingham, a request from a friend has more weight than a command to an ordinary woman.

I know, as your son lies in the chapel, your compliance will be attended with a pang; but, my dear sister, you can meet nothing there but what would increase the pang tenfold; therefore, for my sake, if not for your own, 'Visit not the Castle.'

Adieu, my dear sister! a line from you would act on my heart as the beneficent sun, when he shoots his glorious beams on the benighted and half-frozen traveller. May your lost comforts be more than restored, and your precious health perfectly re-established. May it be late before you are called to receive your reward; and that you may long grace the house of Walsingham is the incessant prayer of

JULIA.

LETTER XXXII.

Lady Walsingham to the Hon. Mrs. Howard.

Walsingham.

I INCLOSE you a letter I received yesterday from poor Julia; it clears up nothing, but rather obscures what was before dark. That she is unhappy—is evident; that there is a mystery in the castle, and that she is acquainted with it, is as evident. What I have seen and heard there, joined to the contents of her letter, where she so emphatically speaks of a dreadful secret has raised my curiosity; but her desires shall be complied with, though it will debar me of a melancholy pleasure, in preventing my usual visits to my child's grave; but when I can oblige my Walsingham, or

any of his friends, I will, without reluctance, sacrifice my own wishes. I have answered Julia's letter, and conjured her to discover her concealed grief; for, though it might be out of my power to remove it, still I may lessen it by participation. — 'If, my dearest Julia,' said I, 'you think me worthy to bear the honorable name of Walsingham, why refuse to trust me with your sorrows; they should never transpire to my dearest and nearest friend, without your leave. As to the secrets of the castle, let them sleep in oblivion, if it is your pleasure; but your own sorrows, my Julia, why will you be such a miser of them? Why doubt the faith of your Caroline, and fear to communicate your troubles to the sympathising bosom of your sister?' I concluded by assuring her, that no one of her noble ancestors could feel a more fervent regard for the happiness, nor a more jealous sense of the honor, of the family than myself.

I have sent James with the letter, with orders, if he receives an answer to ride post with it back.

[*In continuation.*]

Ah! my sweet friend, I have just received your obliging letter. A thousand kind wishes, and a thousand fond congratulations attend you. Continue to love me as well, now lady Seymour, as Mrs. Howard did. But why should I doubt it? I do not; but feel, at this moment, one of those pleasurable glows which I never expected to feel again in this life. I also congratulate Lord Seymour. His choice does honor both to his eye and heart.

May the Almighty long spare you to bless each other, that a libertine world may see how happy a life a connubial one is, when congenial souls meet.

That I may not damp the pleasure I feel at hearing of your happiness, I will not add a word of my own affairs, but that

I am,
With the truest affection,
Yours,
CAROLINE WALSINGHAM.

LETTER XXXIII.

The Countess of Walsingham to Lady Seymour.

Walsingham.

My beloved friend will not chide me for my long silence, when she hears it was occasioned by sickness.

I do endeavour to bear my inauspicious fate with fortitude; but hearing Julia's intelligence confirmed, that Walsingham is about to leave England — to leave it without seeing me, is a death-blow to all my fond, my latent hopes. I submit it, however, to that Power, who, by withdrawing every earthly hope, leads me to look to another world for comfort. I feel conscious, as it were, that my sorrows are drawing to a period — a languor oppresses both my corporeal and mental powers — a languor which

'Oft leads to sickness, oft to death.'

And, supposing death to be the friendly physician, why need I, or my friend, regret the stroke, which will sever — for ever sever me from care, and pain, and sorrow?

Neither can it be called an untimely death, when I have out-

lived all my soul holds dear. It is a desirable event, and I look forward to the hour of my dissolution with complacency.

The tear of kind affection will bedew the cheek of Lady Seymour; but who else, except a few poor cottagers, will regret me? And who will remember, a few years hence, that ever such a being as Caroline Walsingham existed? No one!—I hope I have convinced you, as I have myself long ago, that it is better for all parties that I should 'cease to breathe.'—Lord Walsingham may then return to his native country; nor live an alien from his friends and family; but make Miss Lester what his forgotten Caroline once was—his happy wife.—His love for her will then be no longer criminal; and they may, perhaps, be happy.

But, my dear Lady Seymour, I have taken care to secure the happiness of my poor affectionate villagers. They will be independent, during their lives, of the caprice of her, or any future countess. Yet, why does this glow swell my bosom, and flush my cheek with triumph, as it were, that I have rendered them independent of Miss Lester?—I have performed but my duty:—Away, then, with every shadow of pride and resentment. It is time I had done with them both.

My tender Jessica watches my every look. She was not satisfied with Mr. Spence's attendance; but importuned me to send for Dr. M——. He came, but honestly declared it was not in the power of medicine to relieve me. He advised air and cheerful company; but did not promise a cure from any thing.

Late last night Henry Highworth arrived, and this morning came hither to pay his respects to me. I was very low, not having slept well; but the animated gratitude he expressed for my letter to his father, and intentions in his favor, joined to the delight which shone in his eyes on beholding his Jessica, inspired me with strength to converse with him for more than an hour. He is a fine tall well-made youth: he has a clear, dark complexion, fine black eyes, softened with an air of benevolence; of universal philanthropy. He has taken up his abode at Jessica's father's; but I cannot prevail on her to quit me. It is in vain I bid her remember, that death has once before stepped between her and happiness. I conjure her not to let a punctilious regard for me again frustrate the opening prospects of felicity, which once more rise to her view. His constant reply is—'I can know no happiness, I can taste no felicity, while the pallid cheek of my benefactress exhibits the hue of sickness.'—Poor girl! I fear if she protract her marriage with Henry till the rose again blooms on my cheek, her prime will be wasted in vain expectation; or rather the time will never arrive.—Ah! my friend, I must conclude; I am very ill; my head seems to turn round—my eyes fail me—and . . .

* * * * *
* * * * *

My pen dropped from my hand; and, for a few moments my senses left me, but I am better now.

Adieu! my happy, deservingly happy Lady Seymour; I pray heaven that the years of life I miss may be added to yours as years of felicity: may each succeeding one find you happier than

the last; and when that last shall arrive, may it, in a good old age, find you rejoicing in the happiness of your children's children.

CAROLINE WALSINGHAM.

[*To be continued.*]

A FRAGMENT.

Of antient sages proud to tread the steps.
YOUNG.

——'NO,' said I, with quickness,'I do not pretend to say, that moral virtue is inimical to revealed Religion: on the contrary, I believe it to beperfectly compatible with the mild precept of the Christian faith; I only mean to advance, (continued I, glancing my eye towards him who had so strenuously supported the philosophy of the heathen world,) I only mean to advance, that moral virtues, unconnected with scriptural truths, infuses into the soul of man an arrogant pride, unbecoming that being whose origin is from the dust. I would have proceeded, but the eyes of the company were bent inquiringly on me: an heightened tint flushed my cheek; I was silent.—'Your reasons are excellent,' replied Mr. ——; 'they also may be just; but excuse me, if they bring not conviction to my mind; pardon me, if in this instance I dissent from your opinion: allow me to offer to your consideration another shining proof of moral virtue, that dawned upon the world before the introduction of Christianity.—What think you of the divine Plato?'—'As of a being whose nature was half angelical,' said I, in the tone of energy; 'as of a soul that loathed it's earthly mansion, and soared above the material world, resting on scenes congenial to it's purity; but, does this, Sir, illustrate your observations? Far from it. Recollect you not, that it is said Plato was acquainted with the writings of Moses, from whence he obtained the knowlege of a supreme Deity, and of a future state?'—'Well, my fair controvertist, returned this advocate for the antients; 'what say you to my favorite Socrates?'—'I believe him to have reached the highest degree of perfection that human nature left to it's own guidance can possibly attain,' said I. 'But did not Socrates read Plato?'—I paused. Again was the attention of the party riveted on me: I looked down, and continued—'Far be it from me,' said I, laying my hand on my heart; 'far be it from me to draw a line between man and his Maker! Let me not judge of the actions of others, lest the judgement return sevenfold upon myself: But thus far, Sir, will I agree with you—I believe, that in the dark ages of Paganism, when the laws of nature were all that formed the rule of life; I believe, that among the unenlightened heathens, there has existed men who are more acceptable in the eyes of Heaven, than the nominal and careless Christian, whose heart walks not with his God. But ought those, Sir; those who live in happier times, whose understandings has been illumined by the lustrous beam of Revelation; those immortal sons of mortality, for whom a Deity tasted death, that they might live eternally! Ought beings blessed as those to trample on this unparalleled proof of Hea-

venly love! and turn from the irradiated path of the Gospel, to wander in the delusive shades of false morality, groping for shadows in midnight darkness, when happiness unending invites them to her arms?'—'I thank you, Madam,' said a venerable old gentleman, 'for your arguments; these are exactly what I would have myself advanced.'—'I fear me, Sir,' said I bowing, 'I fear me I have intruded on the patience of my auditors; but my zeal for the cause I was pleading has carried me beyond the bounds I had prescribed myself.'—'No apology is necessary, Madam,' he replied: 'endued with your powers for conversation, were you to let the finger of silence rest on your lips, then indeed might an apology be requisite.'—'O! teach me how to answer you, Sir,' said I; 'I am fully sensible I deserve not the compliment you have passed on me, neither can I suffer myself to think you would descend to flattery: will you not guide me out of the labyrinth in which you have bewildered me?'—'Most willingly,' said he: 'know you not, my fair pleader, that those who covet not praise deserve it most.'—'But are there not exceptions, Sir,' said I smilingly.

MARY of Coleshill.

1809.

ANDROMACHE DELAINE;

A TALE.

BY CATHARINE BREMEN YEAMES.

'FAREWELL, best of mothers! Most kind of sisters, once more farewell!' said Andromache, in a pensive tone, as she pressed their hands at parting; and, with a gentle sigh, ascended the steps of a stage coach, which was to take her on a visit to a respected friend of her mother.

Aimwell Cottage was situated in a neat village, many miles remote from the metropolis, and distant from the town to which Andromache was going one hundred miles. Never having been from under the roof of a fond parent, she felt the most extreme regret; and her being obliged to journey so many dreary miles, without the cheering society of her beloved Eliza, made her more unhappy than she had ever been in her life. Inside passengers there were but two, and these of so uncouth an appearance, that Andromache refrained from joining in conversation, which, by any means, was not agreeable. Silent and dejected passed the first few hours, when the stage stopped to change horses; and, on their again setting off, Andromache felt a little more composed in beholding a young man and genteel looking woman, who were going the remainder of the way.

'A pleasant afternoon, Madam; fine weather for January;' cried the young man, addressing Andromache Delaine, who, for the first time, beheld his eyes intently fixed on her countenance.

'The prospect is enchanting, and the weather inviting,' returned she.

'Most beautiful, indeed,' he continued, 'seising her soft white hand, which he would have carried to his lips, had not Miss Delaine, with a look of the utmost contempt, snatched it from his grasp. He, however, heeded not her coolness, but continued in the

most fulsome terms to perplex her. By his dress he appeared to be a naval office, a character which Andromache Delaine had always reverenced, her father being high in the service and repute of his King and country. Unfortunately he was slain in battle, leaving his wife and two blooming girls with little else to support them than his pension; and, hid in obscurity, the lovely orphans grew up to womanhood. Mrs. Delaine possessed a friend, whom adversity of fortune could not change; and many were the acts of friendship she experienced from her kindness. Eleanor Davison was a complete pattern of humility, goodness, and humanity: fair virtue was conspicuous in every action; and greatness of soul was never better depicted than when, with becoming gentleness, she would endeavour to bring back her mistaken husband to his duty, a sense of which he had greatly neglected.

At this time Mrs. Davison labored under a heavy misfortune in losing her eldest daughter by a fever; and knowing that if Andromache Delaine in any way resembled her mother, she would and could lull her griefs; she requested her company for some months in ——; and, for this purpose, Miss Delaine left Aimwell Cottage and Eliza.

Mrs. Davison was the mother of three children: two daughters and one son, Eleanor, Blanche, and George. Miss Davison equalled her mother in every virtue; possessed her every grace; and was completely mistress of every feminine accomplishment. Eleanor's face was beautiful; her intelligent features spoke the genuine sentiments of her guileless heart; and her figure, if not the most graceful, was the prettiest in the world. Miss Davison was the sole delight of her oppressed mother, who, at times, nearly sunk under the ill treatment of her husband, added to the disobedience of Blanche and George, who imitated too much the example of their father; and, in the most cruel terms, insulted their amiable mother. Eleanor abhorred the unmanly treatment of him who called her sister, and shuddered at the intolerable obstinacy of Blanche. Fate was unkind; the virtues of this incomparable fair one could not spare her from an early grave; and, with lifeless despair, Mrs. Davison received her a lifeless corse in her arms. For a short period Blanche obeyed the mild commands of her mother; but when the gloom of death was a little erased from her memory, her ill conduct again returned, and Mrs. Davison, left wretched and forlorn, was for ever deploring the loss of her beloved child.

George Davison was a lieutenant in the navy; and, at Eleanor's decease, was absent in London, having business to settle with his agent, as lately he had been very successful in taking many prizes. Flushed with the hope of future riches, he left his dying sister; and heeded not her gentle prayers for his safety.

George had been away from —— two months; and, by Blanche and his mother, was eagerly expected to return; for, if Mrs. Davison possessed a fault, it was that of loving her giddy children too well.

Let us now return to Andromache, whom we left in the stage, wearied with her journey, and persecuted with the trifling in-

sipidity of her male companion. When the coach had wheeled into the inn yard, Andromache was met by a servant, who came to conduct her to Mrs. Davison. Her companion accosted the footman with — 'James! stop and see my trunks are safe brought home, and I will conduct this lady, if she will give me leave, to wherever she may be going.' — Andromache hesitated; her confusion increased; she felt her lonely situation; and a tear glistened in her eye — 'And Miss Delaine's too, your Honor?' inquired the servant.

'Delaine! Delaine!' repeated George Davison; for her companion was no other, and he now stood abashed before her, till Andromache, with her usual sweetness of behaviour, explained the nature of the affair. George, however, soon recovered his accustomed foppery, and conducted her to the house of his mother. Andromache was welcomed by Mrs. Davison with affectionate warmth, and by Blanche with smiling politeness.

A night's rest composed Miss Delaine; and, in the morning, she wrote a long and affectionate letter to the cottage, telling the dear inmates that, although she felt herself extremely happy under the kind care of Mrs. Davison, she could not help sighing for a speedy return to the cottage and her beloved relatives. Andromache soon endeared, by her affectionate zeal for their welfare, her society to her friends, and reconciled, in part, Mrs. Davison to the lamentable loss of her Eleanor.

Blanche Davison was the gayest of the gay; the delight of her volatile acquaintances; and, when rioting in every scene of mirth and dissipation, Andromache, the mild feeling Andromache, was the only soother of her languid mother.

Miss Delaine had never seen a theatrical performance; and therefore, when George and Blanche asked her to accompany them to the theatre, she wanted little entreating. The evening arrived: simple and unadorned Andromache entered the box, leaning on the arm of Miss Davison. The first scene was nearly over; they, therefore, took their seats, and it was not till the end of the act, that smiles and nods went briskly round. George asked the opinion of our heroine on the performers; and, before she could have time to answer, yawned out, 'Don't you think them horrid? absolutely murder the piece — no spirit at all in them — have not the stage attitute, but appear like puppets suspended to wires. The manager,' he whispered, 'is crabby — don't give good salaries, therefore can't expect high candidates for his paltry engagements.' The eye-glass was repeatedly used, but it had very little effect, and more sneered than blushed, at the disgusting behaviour of Davison.

A pretty young woman now entered the next box, and an obsequious bow from George, and smile of approbation from Blanche, followed. 'That is a charming little girl,' said Andromache, after she had been some time looking on her with earnestness; 'modest, mild, and unassuming.'

Blanche smiled — 'I agree with you, Andromache,' she said, 'and can but admire your penetration of her worth.'

When George, with an affected

air, said to our heroine, 'Mind, Miss Delaine; look not too much, for fear of being criticised; for that pretty blue eyed little girl is no less than an authoress, a novel writer, a professed candidate for the fickle laurels of literature. Though forced to appear friendly, as I dread her satire — forced to smile, to conceal my chagrin — forced to subscribe my name to her productions, to appear every thing but what in fact I am, her enemy.' He added, in a low tone: 'I hate your women of genius; they are so affected, so knowing, so conscious of their own superiority, that there is no approaching them without hesitation.'

'For once you speak your real sentiments, Sir,' returned Andromache, hurt at the illiberal narrow-minded prejudices he so clearly betrayed.

The play was now concluded, and George gallantly handed to his companions oranges, sweetmeats, &c., not forgetting the pretty little authoress, who, with the most pleasing simplicity, returned thanks; and then, with peculiar sweetness, hoped Miss Delaine experienced pleasure and amusement from the performance.

'Never till this moment did I know in reality what true pleasure consisted in,' replied Andromache with emphasis, fixing her expressive eyes earnestly on the face of the authoress, and never till this moment did Andromache appear half so amiable.

'That is my brother's favorite,' exclaimed Blanche with a sneer, 'though not mine, nor any one's else. She is a forsaken damsel of forty-eight. Your eyes wander, child — not in that stage-box with them red coats, but in the upper tier, flirting with an haberdasher's boy of twenty.'

Andromache raised her head, and beheld in the front seat a tall bony woman, dressed in the extreme of fashion; her golden tresses flowed luxuriantly round her face, and in part shaded a pair of diminutive grey eyes, which she endeavoured to animate by giving herself all the coquetish airs of a girl of fifteen. Yet spite of all, spite of the borrowed rose and lily, flowing tresses and enamelled teeth, age showed itself; and Andromache could not help shuddering at the insufferable vanity of a grandmother. The little spark that attended her every wish was a pretty-faced youth; nature and the graces had been rather liberal to him, and well he knew his own lady-like perfections. Like his partner, he was dressed in the extremity of the prevailing fashion; and it was but too evident, that the grandmother and haberdasher's boy engrossed the attention and contempt of two-thirds of the house.

'Mrs. Sneerwell,' said Miss Davison, pointing to the old coquet, 'is the completest virago on earth, and likewise the most contemptible. I will tell you her story some day, and then you may judge for yourself.' Andromache bowed her thanks, and the party left the theatre, and returned home.

The next morning, before the family was stirring, Andromache arose, and descended to the parlour, where, taking a book of poems, she was amusing herself till their appearance. She had not long been seated before they entered the room; and, by Mrs. Davison's request, Delaine made

coffee, as Blanche was much out of humor; and Andromache could not suppress a sigh as she gazed on the pallid countenance and woe-worn figure of her second parent. George took up the newspaper, and began reading aloud several very liberal subscriptions—'Will not you add your name, Miss Delaine,' added he; 'it is quite the ton to see one's name in print; and Andromache is not so unfashionable, methinks, as to wish not to be signalised for a good action now and then.'

'Fashionable subscriptions,' said she, 'I never regarded; I want no such deeds to render myself known and pointed at; my means are trifling; limited are the views of Andromache; but never do I feel the want of affluence except when relieving indigent virtue; it is then I feel the want of fortune;' and a cloud passed for a moment over the features of Miss Delaine.

The languid smile of Mrs. Davison spoke her approbation; but, when she inquired whether George did not mean to put down something considerable for the charity, she was answered by—'Demme, no; last night I gave away a twenty pound bill for a two at the theatre, and therefore cannot afford it.'

Mrs. Davison grew pale, her trembling limbs refused to do their office, and she leaned for support on the shoulder of Andromache. Happily, a few tears came to her relief, and, with the assistance of Blanche's smelling-bottle, she recovered. Blanche said, when she presented her bottle, that she wondered when she would throw aside such stupid ways, and not give up to such foolish nonsense. Andromache looked on her with disgust, and mentally exclaimed: 'Can it be possible for the saint-like Mrs. Davison to be the mother of such a child as Blanche!'

When that good lady's agitation had a little subsided, she ventured to ask George if he had not endeavoured to obtain restitution of the note he had given by mistake. 'Certainly, but without the least effect: that is nothing to the night when I sat down and lost at picquet two hundred pounds.'

'Two hundred pounds!' ejaculated Mrs. Davison; 'I fear, George, thou art a lost young man. Cannot you select some better object to squander your property on? Cherish not the love of play too much; it is the hidden assassin of the wretch, whom it leaves to weep his too fatal folly.'

'You are a pedantic old fool,' George returned, with uncommon warmth, and, turning on his heel, quitted the room with a contemptuous sneer.

Weeks rolled on, and no change in the scene. Davison still continued his love for gambling, and lost considerable sums; all which planted daggers in the breast of his fond mother.

[*To be continued.*]

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

SIR,

I INCLOSE an effusion of fancy, written after Lord Nelson's funeral. I am not sure that the thought is entirely new, but I

believe it has never been carried so far, and embodied, as it were.

I had no idea at first of giving it to the public; but a friend, looking over papers with me, persuaded me to send it to you, thinking it might afford some entertainment to your fair readers.

Yours,

EUSEBIA.

April 8, —9.

FRAGMENT OF A LETTER TO AN INHABITANT OF A PLANET, REMOTE FROM THE EARTH,

Of a superior Race of Beings.

FROM THE EARTH.

—I can now give you some of my own observations on the beings who inhabit this very remote planet, you remember with what compassionate accents the celestial cherub elated to us the creation and defection of man; for which defection he was punished by the decree of his justly-incensed creator, with the dissolution of soul and body after a certain period; although the infinite mercy of God provided a remedy, by the stupendous sacrifice of his beloved son taking mortal flesh, and suffering the decreed dissolution, in a most painful manner, that their death might not be eternal. You remember, too, that he said all living creatures in this planet participated in this dissolution, and that even there was a temporary kind of death to man, and every animal, within the space of twenty-four hours, (a period by which they divide their time, and in their language call a day). By the diurnal motion of this planet, they are deprived of the light and warmth, which their sun emits, for eight or ten hours of that time, which is called night. Their globe is then dark and cold: all business ceases, or should cease. The various animals fall into a state of death-like torpidity. Man, for this purpose, has certain chambers in his house, which are sepulchres for the time; and certain smaller receptacles, termed beds, on which he reposes in a horizontal position. At his final dissolution, he is so placed in a coffin, differing from a bed in being less spacious. The bed has an ornamental canopy over it, whilst the coffin is fitted to receive the body, with a lid fastened down, and then carried from the habitations of living, to be deposited in the earth, there to return to it's parent dust. — We often reflected, and talked over the unhappy state of those beings, who must not only be in continual dread, but actually suffering a perpetually renewing death. The cherub said — 'God in his judgements always remembered mercy;' and that this dread was mitigated in an astonishing degree. This we could not comprehend; but I have now received a full confirmation of this assertion.

I descended on the northern part of this planet, soon after their day began to dawn, in the midst of that division of their annual revolution round the sun, which they call winter, when the whole of the vegetable world is in a state of death; trees bare, stripped not only of their fruit, but even of their foliage; not a flower to be seen, or scarce a herb, so that the whole face of the country presents a dreary prospect,

of which it is impossible to give you, who enjoy an ever-springing verdure, any idea.

The spot of my descent was a capital city in the quarter called Europe. In these cities an immense number of houses are crowded together, including a large circumference of some miles, totally depriving themselves of every pleasure, and even comfort of fresh air, gardens to walk in, or produce vegetables; by this means destroying their health and shortening their lives. I found the principal streets lined with warriors in a military garb, and the windows of the houses crowded with spectators in anxious expectation. My conductor, who possesses intuitive knowlege, informed me they were waiting for a grand funeral procession of a deceased hero, who had fallen nobly in defence of his country. For these unhappy beings, add to their unhappy lot, by their perpetual quarrels, and wars with their fellow-mortals, by which they destroy each other, and bring on a speedier dissolution than they would otherwise undergo by the actual progress of nature. I remarked that though there was a general appearance of concern for the departed hero, yet no countenance expressed either horror, or any melancholy reflection, as I expected that it might soon be their own turn to be carried to the silent receptacle appointed for them. They were, in general, habited in sable color, which is worn as a mark of grief, but so ornamented, that since I have had time to observe, even for their nearest and dearest relatives and friends, they enjoy a secret vanity in it's elegance and becomingness, not only amongst their females, who have been defined 'animals fond of dress,' but even the other sex, who are supposed to have stronger minds.

On this particular occasion, I observed small parties sitting round tables, diverting themselves with throwing pieces of painted paper down, and taking them up again. I was informed this was playing at cards, and that, as they were obliged to assemble in those houses very early, to arrive without crowd or tumult, and to procure good places at the windows, this was to kill the time. 'What!' said I, 'is not their time sufficiently short; and if it is to play, which their eagerly-busy looks and gestures contradict, is this mourning for their departed hero?' My conductor smiled. The procession in time arrived. The deceased was in a coffin richly ornamented with gold (which is esteemed a most precious metal with these mortals, and for which many rush into the very jaws of death). The coffin was placed on a triumphal car, and emblems of dignity were carried before it, and it was attended by many great officers. — Is there then a pomp in death, which renders it less terrible. My conductor again smiled.

I wished to see how they submitted to the daily death, and how their inferior funerals were performed. To the first I was soon an eye-witness; for, before this great man had been committed to the earth, with all the circumstances of pomp and solemn music, the day had died, and they were obliged to substitute an artificial day, by the light of torches and tapers, which create a glare that weakens the sight, and brings on a premature old age: for my conductor told me,

that many, particularly in great cities, reversed the order of their Creator; lived in the night, and died in the day, which, like all disobedience, brought on it's own punishment.

I then visited their sepulchral chambers, as my subtle vehicle could easily pervade the walls of their habitations. I found many of them highly ornamented, according to the rank of their owners; the beds made soft with the plumage of birds, and warm with the fleece of the sheep; so that they retire to their repose, as they term it, with the utmost satisfaction, instead of dread, as I expected. In truth, merciful Providence has decreed it to be a necessary refreshment to their exhausted spirits and bodies; and when, through any cause of indisposition, it is denied to them, they fly to medicine to procure this neccessary death.

I afterwards saw the ceremony of various funerals of various ranks: sometimes the relatives appeared in sorrow for a short time; but strangers, who happen to be passing, and even those who are called friends of the deceased, look on with more unconcern than the immortal beings who have no dread of suffering dissolution. Various causes produce this unconcern; and it is no doubt partly owing to the mercy of the Almighty, that his creatures' sufferings should be lessened: and by their being permitted to inflict death on the animal creation to sustain their own lives; so that they have death always present to their view. The tenderest among them sit down to feast on the mangled limbs, or even the whole carcase of an animal; and the most delicate pride themselves in dissecting them with a grace. The art of making them palatable is a science which requires much study and skill, as well as labor and time. There are artists on purpose; every family keeps one of an inferior degree, if they can afford it; and there are books which professedly treat of it. In short, these beings have not a clear conception of happiness unconnected with sense. *

Character of a Parisian Coquette.

(From the Journal des Dames et des Modes.)

AGLAE is a young lady of twenty. Her countenance is delicate, mild, and agreeable; her behaviour decorous and reserved. Her mouth never opens but with a smile of innocence. Her eyes seem to reflect the sensibility of her heart, and the virtues of her soul. Her address is seductive, and conversation interests us still more and more in her favor. She never says any but obliging things, even when she seems least attentive to the person she converses with. She has talents which render her admired and sought in the best societies. She sings enchantingly, and plays Italian music with great taste, and with admirable precision and vivacity. Her dress does not appear studied, though it is highly elegant. In a word, he who only sees Aglae in

public, must take her almost for a divinity.

But if he follow her home, and observe her more closely, he will find that he has been strangely mistaken in his judgement of her. She is a refined coquette who sees thirty lovers at her feet, and suffers them to remain there, as giving a triumph to her charms. She has the art to captivate them all by turns, and render them her abject slaves. Those who crouch most flatter themselves that by their humiliating submission they shall one day obtain the palm. How much are they mistaken! She wishes unqualified homage, but despises those who render it. If there be one to whom she appears to grant more than to the rest, be not surprised at it. He is proud and indifferent, and the hope of subjecting him flatters the ambition of the fair one.

This is not all: she passes four hours at her toilette; there she prepares and receives her correspondence; there she practices, before a glass, an agreeable smile, impassioned gestures, and the air of countenance it suits her to assume. Yet, in the midst of her suitors, of what may be called her brilliant court, she does not always appear happy. Torrents of tears sometimes inundate her bright eyes in the midst of pleasures and entertainments — it is because Aglae, being endowed by nature with a heart of some sensibility, feels that she is far from the happiness which she seeks with such avidity. Aglae, thy heart tells thee there is only one short season for youth and love. Thou wilt one day wish to obtain a sincere lover, and thou wilt not find him; thou wilt only find among the flatterers which surround thee, some cold and reserved friends. This state is not desirable, but you will have brought it on yourself.

LONDON FULL DRESSES.

1. A DRESS of plain India muslin, bordered in needle-work round the bottom, over which is a tunic of sky blue crape, fastened on the right shoulder with a rich gold brocade, and tied under the left arm with bows of narrow ribaud. — Head-dress, the hair brought round to the left side, and falling in natural ringlets, with a band round the head, composed of several rows of gold chain. White shoes and gloves.

2. A white satin hair dress, with a front of footing and lace over the dress; a demi robe of rose colored crape or Italian net. Head-dress, a Turkish turban; the centre composed of rose colored velvet, surrounded with a twisted band of gold or silver muslin. Necklace of rubies and gold chain.

MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS.

THE expression is always inferior to the meaning of real friendship.

He whose minds is fixed on melancholy objects and scenes of past times, is to be lamented for possessing a sense for memory, but none for hope.

London Fashionable Full Dresses.

EXTRACTS from the LETTERS of Mrs. ELIZABETH CARTER* and Miss CATHARINE TALBOT, published from the Original Manuscripts in possession of the Rev. Montague Pennington, M. A.

Mrs. Carter to Miss Talbot.

Deal, July 20, 1744.

I HOPE, my dear Miss Talbot, you will not again think it necessary to limit yourself to thirty minutes, for really you are not one of those orators whom I could wish confined to a clepsydra. I could with the most pleasing attention listen to such discourses as yours 'from morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve,' especially when you preach only your own doctrine; for as to David Simple, (though I respect a great many of his opinions) I am somewhat inclined to be heterodox; not that I am going to trouble you with my reasons for dissenting from him, which I have at this present time of writing totally forgot, but hope you will believe they are right good ones.

As for your second scheme I am utterly forbid to think of it, from an extraordinary tenderness to the safety of my person, as I do not find you have mentioned any expedient how I should avoid breaking my neck, which I believe would certainly follow my ever getting within side of them, for *libera io naqui et vissi, et morrò sciolta*,† I am something to volatile to live for ages, 'in shady cloisters mewed;' a scheme very inconsistent with my principles, who am so real a friend to universal liberty, that I make a scruple of keeping birds in a cage, and but last week refused the offer of a very musical linnet.

But now, my dear Miss Talbot, it is time for me most gratefully and sincerely to thank you for the serious part of your letter, which I hope will contribute to make me wiser and better, of which, to my sorrow, there is abundant need. I must, however, in justice to myself tell you it was not from a contracted principle of monopolizing, who I think possesses every amiable quality, that gave me the uneasiness I troubled you with; for her favorites always become mine, and could I flatter myself the case would be parallel to what you describe, I could bear it with tolerable tranquillity; but I am persuaded it would be quite different at all events, be that as it may your advice is equally good, and I shall pay a much greater regard to it than if it was dictated by Seneca or Epictetus.

I make no doubt but you have read *Siris*,‡ as I have, to no great purpose you will think, as I fairly confess I have no clear idea what one half of it means: what I can understand of it extremely pleases me, but possibly it's being beyond the reach of my

* For biographical memoirs of this literary lady, see our Magazine for Feb. p. 61.

† I was born, and have lived free, and will die so.

‡ By Bishop Berkeley, of whom Pope says, with his usual truth of character, that he possessed 'every virtue under heaven.' This ingenious and eccentric work was first published in this year.

comprehension is the cause that some parts of the book appear entirely visionary, and more like the glittering confusion of a lively imagination than any regular system of distinct reasoning. Pray what is your opinion of tar-water?

As I am as perfect a hamadryad as you can possibly be, I should pay the utmost deference to your favorite trees. I hope by this time the fair face of the creation has recovered all it's charms, and you are no longer insensible to the beauties of a season when every sense and every heart is joy. Where, indeed, shall happiness be found if it flies from a mind like yours. If I might venture to dispute any point with you who understand every thing so much better than myself, I should be inclined to philosophize a little with you upon this melancholy reflection. Give me leave, however, dear Miss Talbot, most sincerely to wish you may very seldom, if it were possible never, feel any stronger argument against human nature than such as accidental flagging of the spirits as an hour's enlivening conversation, or a hundred varied amusements might easily conquer. These transient fits of *oscitation* and inactivity are perhaps no more than a necessary relaxation to the mind, and serve to quicken it's faculties to a more lively sensation of returning pleasure.

I am greatly inclined to be an advocate for the happiness of human life, and you will allow my opinion to be tolerably impartial when I tell you that I am at this moment talking in downright contradiction to what I feel, however, luckily for you, the want of a frank puts an end to my speculations, for I believe all the philosophy I might utter would not be worth sixpence to you, so adieu! &c.

Miss Talbot to Mrs. Carter.

Cuddesden, Sept. 7, 1744.

At length, dear Miss Carter, I have broke the sleepy charm in which indolence has kept me *et me voici mademoiselle à votre service.* How have you done this age? How have you amused yourself? What have you read? What have you writ? and in what kind of speculations have you been engaged?

Have you read the new fables writ in the manner of Gay, but I think more agreeably? They are really very pretty. Dr. Young has now, I suppose, done with his 'Night Thoughts,' he has given us one for every night in the week. I do not know whether you critics and fine folk will allow them to be poems; but this I am certain of, that they are excellent in their kind; though they may be of a kind peculiar to themselves. He shows us the Muse in her antient dignity, when she inhabited temples, and spoke an immortal language, long before sing song came into being *.

* With respect to Dr Young's poetry, Mrs. Carter, as will be seen, agreed with Miss Talbot; but the Editor has heard Mrs. Carter say, that she was much disappointed in his conversation. It appeared to her light, trifling, and full of puns. The last part of this character might have been expected. The quaint expressions and tendency to wit, even in his most serious and affecting compositions, would naturally lead to playing upon words in cheerful and easy discourse.

You ask my opinion of tar-water, as if you knew how great a quack I am in my neighbourhood. I have not, however, ventured to try it on my poor neighbours, though by what I can learn of it, it is very good if properly applied.

'Tis very hard, I think, the good man who published his opinion of it, from no other motive than a general benevolence, should be so vilely abused for it, as he has been by various paltry scribblers. But their abuses are supportable; the thing not to be borne is their spirit of panegyrising, which has pursued the ashes of Mr. Pope so unmercifully that I could almost expect a satire from the other world to lash them for it. Seriously, it is a mortifying thing to see we have nobody among us that can, or will write any thing tolerable to honor the memory of such a man.

There is something towards the end of your letter that gives me real uneasiness, as it mentions your own being in low spirits at the very time you were giving me excellent advice against indulging them. However, I hope we shall both easily recover from the gloomy fit (which a thousand little incidents throw one into now and then), because we are both, I believe, very right in our theory, and equally advocates for the happiness of human life. One may allow it, I think, to be greatly an overballance to it's sufferings, and yet find it at the best so trifling and imperfect as not to be more attached to it than gratitude and patience dictate, who, by the way, oblige us to a much more cheerful and contented enjoyment of life than many serious writers are apt to attend to.

I do not know whether I asked you how you liked Madame de Sevigne's letters. I am at present much entertained with them. There are six volumes in French, two of which are very prettily translated by an ingenious man who is since dead; and who took them from a spurious and imperfect edition; I wonder nobody has ever undertaken these, though they would require a great many notes, and a very elegant turn of expression.

I have been talking of books all this while, and perhaps you may be in a humor to hear of the gaieties of a horse race, which I have lately partaken with as much life and giddiness as if loved and cared for nothing else. Even you would have been pleased to see such a collection of pretty women as our ball-room was filled with: and as it is generally a set of neighbours who meet there, and we of this country are good kind of sociable folk, you cannot easily conceive any thing more lively and good tempered, I add this that you may see I converse with the living as well as the dead: and now that you may not die that saddest of all deaths, *mourir d'ennui*, I will conclude. I forgot to say that the Bishop of Oxford desires you will for the future inclose your letters to him, that I may not be cheated of my fourth.

Mrs. Carter to Miss Talbot.

I AM set down to write to you at Canterbury for the very reason you would not write to me in Bedfordshire, *viz.* that I am extremely happy, and it is no doubt of vast importance to you to know it. Whatever poetical shades or en-

chanting company you might meet with, you would not feel more pleasure than I do in a place and set of acquaintance where I always spend the most agreeable hours of my life. I have been for two months the gayest of all mortals, without any assistance from public diversions: though I am surrounded by plays and assemblies, I have not seen one. For the punishment of my iniquities I was once drawn in at a —— what shall I call it? a drum, a rout, a racket, a hurricane, an uproar, a something, in short, that was the utter confusion of all sense and meaning, where every charm in conversation was drove away by that foe to human society, whist; in a word where I was kept up muzzing and half dead with sleep and vexation till one in the morning, and from that time made a resolution, in whatever company I met a pack of cards, to *fly from it as from the face of a serpent.* I have often borne such a situation with better temper among people I was more indifferent to, but it was beyond all mortal sufferance to see such a change in those whom I knew to be capable of the most enlivening entertainment, for they positively looked as stupid as dormice, and whenever they did speak, it was a language utterly unintelligible. If you have not so great an aversion to cards as I have, it is impossible for you to comprehend the force of my calamity.

Miss Carter to Miss Talbot.

Deal, May 9, 1752.

I CONGRATULATE you, dear Miss Talbot, on your retreat from the hurry and flutter of fashionable visiting to the quiet conversation of wood nymphs and hamadryads, and other good sort of company, who have wrought so happy a reformation to you, and taught you to express yourself with becoming sorrow on the death of the Rambler. It must be confessed, however, that you showed an heroic spirit in defending his cause against such formidable enemies, even in London many a battle have I too fought for him in the country but with very little success. Indeed I was extremely disheartened in my last defeat in argument with a lady of excellent skill in the weapons of plausibility, who so absolutely got the better of me, that, after having displayed the whole force of my eloquence with no manner of effect on her understanding in defence of the Rambler, she afterwards almost convinced mine that there was a tolerable degree of merit in the foolish farce of 'Miss in her Teens.' I must positively take care how I venture to engage with her again, for fear she should take it into her head to convince me of the wit, good sense, and morality, of Mrs. Cibber's oracle.

Both my sister and I are much obliged to you for having introduced her to Lady Pomfret; you are very good in wishing to procure me the same honor, but I should discredit you more than ever, as, if possible, I look more foolish and disconcerted than ever. My company is at present so little diversified that I should feel unusually awkward at any uncommon occurrence. It is so long since I have appeared without either a shuttle or needle in my hands, that without some such plaything I should be utterly at a

loss to know what to do with them, as an excess of good housewifry has prevented me from ever rising a fan. In short, if I was now to appear before people about whom I had more than an ordinary solicitude, I should be in so many perplexities about my hands, as to be utterly regardless how I disposed of my feet, and so infallibly tumble on my nose.

That I may not, however, grow an absolute savage in respect to all forms and fashions of this world, I mean, if I live and prosper, to go to Canterbury this summer to our Kentish races, but as for a journey to London, where you so obligingly wish me, I should as soon think of a voyage to the East Indies. My father is in such uncertain health, and such low spirits, that my youngest brother is entirely under my care, and his behaviour fully repays me for any sacrifices I make for his advantage. And there are such principles of honesty and simplicity in his character, that I rejoice he is not sent to a public school, where, though he would make a greater proficiency in learning, he would run the hazard of becoming a less valuable man. Many an honest heart has been corrupted from a mistaken notion of self defence, and a too early commerce with the world.

Miss Talbot to Mrs. Carter.

Deanery, June, 16. 1752.

YOUR Epictetus would have been sent a fortnight ago, but his lordship had made his criticisms with a pencil, and I, fearful they would rub out by the way, am inking them all over, in which I have a thousand interruptions. What would I give that you were this month in London! That puts me in mind of a chapter. I wanted to enlarge upon to you. I will get a magicle wand, and raise up old Epictetus to scold you. You a reasonable woman, and let *mauvaise honte* get such an empire over you! Let us see what you say. I remember it made me very angry.

If possible I look more foolish and disconcerted than ever. Indeed, my dear, it is very foolish to look disconcerted in the way I have seen you do. Summons up all your fortitude to overcome this monster. Whence is this disconcertedness? It seems to acknowlege a superiority in the folk of the world, that, let them be ever so titled and spangled, they have not. You, my dear Mrs. Carter, cannot come into company that are really your superiors, and will you so basely betray the cause of good sense and reason as to bid them, in spite of their native spirit and dignity, look awkward in the presence of mere outside? I am very serious on this point; it is a duty for you, and a very important one, to get rid of this awkwardness you describe that must always have a needle or a shuttle in it's hand. Learn the exercise of the fan; I will furnish you with fan-mounts. Indeed such a one as you, were Providence to call you out into the world, might be of such vast use in it that I cannot bear to hear you talk in this way, and should your wishes be answered by a continuance of a retired life, the being free from that painful diffidence could possibly do you no harm, and, indeed, it is but an effort of reason and resolution to conquer it, and an effort worthy of them. For my sake I beseech

you to make it; and I have as strong a claim to your performance of this task as can be wished from my being, with the truest regard and affection &c.

From Mrs. Carter, in answer.

SOMETHING must be said in answer to your kind exhortations for me to get rid of my awkward bashfulness, and yet what to say I know not, as it seems an incurable evil. From the very first remembrance of myself I can recollect frequent instances of this folly, when the terrors I was in about entering a room used to damp all the joy that children feel at the thoughts of going abroad. But you are really too severe in fancying that it is the glitter and finery of this world that awes me. Even in this place where we are all nearly on a level, I am often as much flurried as in ever so splendid an assembly, and often have been kept from a favorite walk where we all meet of an evening, because there was not any person of years and experience in the world there to take me by the hand and introduce me. But foolish as this idle timidity makes me appear, in one instance I hope it will never influence me, nor the reverence of any one cause me to fail but that I shall always be with a proper courage to bear my testimony to what appears to me to be right, and oppose whatever seems to injure the cause of truth and virtue in all companies, and upon all fitting occasions. Thus much, by an honest endeavour, Providence has put in every one's power; but whether such untractable things as trembling nerves and fluttering spirits are to be reasoned into firmness and tranquillity is by no means clear, and I much question whether the strongest arguments in the world could help me to make a graceful curtesy, or enter a room with a becoming air.

THE LEGACY.

A TALE.

BY WITHAM FARROW.

IN the suburbs of the town of Stockton, on the border of the river Tees, stands a cottage, which, if content ever had a residence on earth, was her dwelling. It faces the Tees, and a garden lays before it. An envious honeysuckle and vine hide it's whitened sides in part from view; and, from it's windows, as you gaze upon a vast track of land and water, you may gather the fruits and flowers as they seem to present themselves for your acceptance.

Toward this house of peace, Francis Sedley, a youth of twenty, was returning, one Saturday night from his labor, to greet his widowed mother with the hard earnings of his industry. He reached the green painted wicket, and, putting aside a spreading rose bush, whose unpruned branches seemed to deny him entrance, with quick steps trod the path, and, as his finger lifted up the latch, a tender inquiry broke from his ready lip. The early supper he found awaiting his arrival, and his mother wondered that he had staid so long. —

'Why, muther, I stopped in town to buy you a gown; and see,

the draper has put it up in a Lunnun newspaper.'

'Well, that 's a treat indeed!'

'But how dost like t' gown?'

'Oh, it's a bonny pattern, and you'r a cunning lad; it shall be thy Easter gift, boy; but come, let 's to supper.'

'And then to t' Lunnun newspaper.'

The dame put on her glasses to examine the paper.

'Let me see,' said she; 'Robbery and murder — Gully and Gregson — Four to one on Gully.'

'What!' exclaimed Frank, 'four on him at once! Dang me if that wer' fair.'

The dame went on.

'Yesterday morning the celebrated Captain Macnamara had a meeting —'

'What, built a chapel, I suppose.'

'Aye, Francis, I suppose he did, good man. — Elopement. It is rumored that the wife of a respectable attorney in the city has eloped with her coachman; if so he has the *whip* hand of the lawyer; and, having ejected him, has become tenant in tail. — Bless me, what a wicked world this is! — Next of kin of Winifred Johnson of St. Neot's, Huntindon — Why, that is my sister, as I live.'

'No: is it though?' said Frank, laying down his knife and fork, and fixing his eyes earnestly on his muther.

'It is indeed, boy.'

'Well, what 's next, muther?' he exclaimed, impatiently.'

She again took up the paper, and read — 'If Jane Sedley, formerly of Lunnun, and late of St. Neot's, should be living, or her next of kin, and will apply to Mr. Adam, solicitor, Lincoln's-Inn, Lunnun, they will hear of something to their advantage.'

'Muther, I'll go,' exclaimed Frank; 'I'll go to Lunnun, that I wool! Who knows? We may be rich folks yet. I always thought I was born under a lucky star. Well, who would have thought, tho', now, I should be a gentleman — Why, muther, yow'l be a lady — Ha! ha!'

'Hold your tongue, Francis, do,' said the dame; 'we must first speak to our black friend Delaware, and take his advice.'

'Then, muther, I'll go and fetch un' now.'

'Well do, Frank,' said the dame.

'I wool, muther.'

The words were no sooner spoken than he was out of the door; and, with a light heart, panting with the idea of future greatness, he bounded towards the cot of the hospitable Delaware; a man who once could call his place his home, but who had been torn from every tie that binds the human heart to life; a wife on whom he doated; children whom he loved. He was an African who had been sold to a West India planter, and by him brought to England; in whose service he was treated with a benevolence seldom met with among such persons. (For their hearts are estranged from mercy by the many scenes of barbarity they witness). At the death of his master, Delaware retired upon a small annuity to spend the remnant of his lingering existence in the county of Durham. Here he was treated as in intruder by the very men who had stretched out the seeming hand of friendship to him, and led him from his native

country to a distant land, deprived of liberty, of children, wife, and home.

There was something in the action and look of Delaware that won the hearts of Mrs. Sedley and her son. He spoke English with fluency; and, but for his color, he would have been taken for a native of England.

'Well, Francis,' said the African, as the youth entered the door, 'what is the matter? You have been running! Has any thing happened?'

'No — Yes, Sir, some mortal heavy news: Muther has had a fortune left her by her sister, my aunt, sir, and I'm going to Lunnun to fetch it all down here; and so muther wants to see you about it.' —

'Well,' said Delaware, 'give me your arm; we will trudge together. But how do you propose going, Francis?'

'Walk, Sir; walk all the way there, and ride all the way back. I'll buy a chesnut mare, and, dang me, but I'll come down at a pretty rate wi' all t' muney.'

'Aye, but you are too sanguine; you must count not your gold before you get it. Remember the old saying: "There 's many a slip between the cup and the lip."

'Why, that 's what my ould school maister used to say, and I'll be shot if ever I could tell what he meant by it.'

'His meaning was this, Francis; that life is uncertain; that every thing is uncertain.'

'No, Sir; we shall get the muney though, don't Lunnun newspaper say so? and how shou'd they know any thing about muther or aunt, if they hadn't got the muney for us? I shall be a gentleman, and Sue will be a lady.'

'There is some property left you, no doubt; but, as it is uncertain, you must not dwell too much on the idea of becoming a gentleman. Remember what I have frequently told you, there are many vices and temptations that name is heir to; and, if you were to mix with those who go under that denomination, you would find many are only so by name.'

'Why, Sir, maister says there be no gentlemen now, they be all turned 'squires; and I'd rather be a plain country lad than be such a gentleman as our 'squire. He has got no more feeling nor a post, Sir; if I didn't see 'un bang a poor horse about t' head just as if it was as hard as his own heart; but, how ever, it served him right — poor horse cou'dn't stand it long, and he threw t' squire, and has made such a confusion on his leg, that doctor thinks it will turn to an information. And now, as he thinks he shall die, he 's turn'd good all of a sudden. So it 's quite true what muther says: "Some folks be like drums, of no use till they 're beaten." But look, Sir, there be muther coming to meet us, Lunnun newspaper and all.'

'Well, Mrs. Sedley, what is this I hear?' said Delaware as he came near the dame. But, Francis, are you going to leave us?'

'I'm only going up the lane.'

'To meet Sue, no doubt.'

A slight nod and a smile was all the reply he made; and, crossing a style in the hedge, was soon at farmer Harcourt's door.

'O! Sue,' he cried, as a bloom-

ing girl of eighteen flew to give him her hand; 'I'm so pleased.'

'And so am I, Francis, if you are. But what has happened?'

'What has happened! why nothing, only muther's a lady, and I'm a gentleman, that's all.'

'But, tell me; what is it you mean?'

'Why, you see, I was buying muther a gown at Stockton, you see, and I'm not here if t' draper didn't give I a Lunnun newspaper to tak 't home in, and there I seed my aunt was dead, and left a deal of munny; and t' lawyer e' Lunnun has nobody to give it to, and so I'm to go to Lunnun to fetch it all down here.'

'Then,' said Susan, fixing her blue eyes swimming in tears on his face, 'then you will grow rich and forget me.'

'Forget thee!' no, now don't say that; you know I can't do that: I can never forget thee, Sue.'

'Well, Francis,' said the old farmer, extending his hand, 'I am heartily glad to hear the news. I shall provide in comfort for my dear girl, and then I can lay myself down, and die in peace.'

'Die! thou shan't die yet—no, that you shan't; nor ugly auld steward shan't turn you out of the farm, though you can't pay your rent. Many a time have I gone to work wi' a' aching heart to think Susan and you wou'd ha' no home; but so long as muther had one, and I could work, that should never happen.'

The old man's furrowed cheeks bore a streaming testimony of his gratitude. The tear of affection alike fell from the eyes of his daughter. Words were denied them, and Frank stood drying his eyes alternately with his sleeve and the tail of his coat.

'Well, dang it, we musn't cry because I'ze grow'd rich. When I come from Lunnun, I'll bring thee down such a lot o' new ribbobs and jinkumbobs, Sue.'

'But, my dear Francis,' said she, 'when you are in Lunnun, there are many fine folks and things that will lead your thoughts from me, perhaps may turn your heart. Oh! if it should be so, think of the misery it would bring on me: think, only think, that there is one you would leave at your native place, whose heart would break should that happen, that would die if you should forget her.'

'Come, come, don't thee—don't thee take on so. See, faither be crying as well as thee, and rot me if I bean't too; but dang it, Sue, what be we three crying for? why, because we're pleased, that's all. There, don't cry any more—don't thee, Sue.'

The affectionate embrace that followed these words made their tears flow faster; and, as he departed at the rustic gate, again they pledged their mutual loves.

[*To be continued.*]

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

ON THE LEARNING OF SHAKSPEARE.

SIR,

VARIOUS opinions have existed and do still exist as to the learning of Shakspeare. Dr.

Farmer thought 'his studies were most demonstratively confined to nature and his own language;' while Upton, on the contrary, maintained him to be a man of learning. I am inclined to think he was neither so deficient as Farmer wishes to make it appear, nor so learned as Upton. That he was no great scholar is probable, but it is reasonable to suppose from the learned age in which he lived, and the education he had received, that he had a decent knowlege of Latin, French, and perhaps Greek: nay, that learned gentleman, Mr. Capel Loft (for whose literary as well as private character I have the highest respect), is willing to allow him to have had an acquaintancewith Italian Literature. As to his claim to Greek, Dr. Langhorne says 'the celebrated soliloquy,' "To be or not to be," 'is taken almost verbatim from Plato, and yet we have never found that Plato was translated in those times.' With regard to French we find some lines from a poem called the Henriad, printed in 1594, which Shakspeare has evidently imitated, one of them is,

Sans pieds, sans mains, sans nez, sans oreilles, sans euyx.

thus:

Sans teeth, *sans* eyes, *sans* taste, *sans* every thing.

This bears a strong resemblance to the French, and what strengthens my belief of Shakspeare's having read it in the original is the use of the word *sans*, which would not in all probability have been preserved by an English Translator. The epistles of Ovid, which we have every reason to conclude were translated by him, prove him to have been a Latin scholar. 'Besides,' says Mr. Loft, 'his style is too deeply tinctured with Latin idiom to leave it credible to me that he was ignorant of Latin. In fact the essence to be drawn at finding so few imitations of the classics in the works of our immortal Poet, is not that he was unable to pursue them; but that he wanted not the spectacles of books to read nature, his vast creative imagination disdaining the assistance of art, spontaneously supplied every idea.

DRAMATICUS.

THE TEARS OF EMMA.

A FRAGMENT.

BY SINCERITAS.

——THE tear bedewed the cheek of Emma as the knell echoed round her cottage, and the sabled hearse passed her window. She wept, for it contained the relics of her lover.—As she followed him to the grave, she wrung her hands.—She saw his dear remains lowered to the dust: with agitated step she approached and took a longing, last adieu! while she bedewed the earth with tears of anguish and despair.

——— See the summer gay,
With her green chaplet, and ambrosial flow'rs;
Droops into pallid Autumn: Winter grey,
Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,
Blows Autumn, and his golden fruit away:
Then melts into the Spring; Soft Spring with breath

Favonian, from warm chambers of the south
Recals the first. All, to re-flourish; fades,
As in a wheel, all sinks, to re-ascend;
Emblems of Man, who passes, not expires.

Poor lonely Emma!—Oft when twilight grey spreads her mantle over the face of nature does she repair to the repository of the departed.—The changing moon witnesses her despair. When the noisy owl hovers round the ivyed tower, and the fleeting bat skims round the mansions of the dead, does she seek the grave of her lover, and over his turfted tomb drop the silent tear. Oft under the solemn yew-tree's shade does she sit alone, and count the tardy moments. These as she hears the murmur of the zephyrs, and the tinklings of distant folds, she weeps. They remind her of departed hours, when she was wont to rove with him whom now the green grass covers. On an eve like this she thought, when scarcely a breath disturbed the stillness of the scene, did she receive his fondest vows, and then returned a sacred promise. Her tears fell as she mused on the past, for no future hope brightened on her view. No peace, no joy was hers; her every thought was deposited with her fond and sincere lover.

She knew,—she sunk,—the night-bird scream'd,—
The moon withdrew her troubling light,
And left the fair—tho' fall'n she seem'd,
To worse than death and deepest night.

Alas! poor maiden, soon will thy griefs be over, soon will thy tears cease, no peace, no happiness can thou find on earth. Seasons bloom but not for thee; thou hast no hope but in the grave. Soon hapless Emma wilt thou follow thy lover, soon rest with him beneath the grassy tomb.

ON THE PASSIONS.

[*From Dr. Cogan's Treatise.*]

ALL our passions, affections, and emotions relate to things which appear interesting at the moment, to some good received, in expectancy, or lost; or to evils suffered, committed, apprehended. They are excited by different modifications of love or hatred; and however various and opposite in their natures, they all acknowlege the desire of well being for their common parent. The transient nature of the passions and emotions demonstrates the versatility of our tempers, the imperfections uncertainty and mutability of our state. The prevalence of *affections* the degrees of their intenseness, and the nature of their objects manifest the prevalence of dispositions stampt innocence or guilt, virtue or vice, excellence or deformity, on the human character, and constitute the permanent happiness or misery of man.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

AN EPISTLE

FROM

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS,

TO

' KIRKALDY OF GRANGE.

During her Imprisonment in Lochleven Castle.

LEAGUED as thou art with those who seal'd my doom,
Hear once my voice, and leave me to the tomb.
Hear from these hateful walls a captive Queen;
Think what that captive is, and what has been.
What tho' thy num'rous vassals crowd around,
Tho' fierce to arms the rattling trumpets sound,
Thy patriot soul no mean emotion knows,
And what thy conscience feels, thy lips disclose:
'Tis Scotland's welfare only fills thy breast—
Pride, Envy, Fear, and Int'rest arm the rest.

Ah, hapless Queen! whose mem'ry still remains,
Each wrong retraces, and each pang retains;
My dreams of youth Parisian pomp recals,
And joins the Louvre to Lochleven's walls:
Now paints the time e'er Francis ceas'd to live,
E'er this unconscious heart was taught to grieve;
When bless'd in love, ador'd by gen'rous France,
Joy fill'd my soul, and beam'd in ev'ry glance;
When troops of gallant knights on bended knee,
No prize demanded, but one smile from me:
When all was splendor, all was grace around,
And polish'd wit the gay carousal crown'd.
And now—ah cruel! all the pageants fade,
And the black contrasts rise in horrid shade!
The gallant Knights, the pomps, the joys decay,
And Scotland's Lords appear in fierce array:
On Carberry's plain the grisly bands I trace,
Bands pledg'd and sworn to work a Queen's disgrace;
Still to my eyes my fainting troops appear,
And still thy parley vibrates in my ear.
Still in my mind (ah! lost to thee) is borne
The firm assurance by Kirkaldy sworn.

Heavens! shall Kirkaldy, whose untainted name
Upholds in distant worlds the Scotish fame,

Whose faith unbroken strong reliance draws,
And gilds with lustre ev'n a Murray's cause;
Shall he, forgetful of his plighted word,
Point at a captive Queen his conqu'ring sword?
Oh! still your knightly faith, your pledge observe,
Nor crush with fetters her you swore to serve.

Grant that the bond your curs'd associates gave,
No clouds of error cast o'er Darnly's grave;
Grant (tho' absolv'd by Scotland's rigorous laws,
And crown'd, insidious, by his Peers' applause)
That in suspicious eye Earl Bothwell stood
Disgrac'd, and tainted with his Sov'reign's blood;
Grant ev'n that I, by am'rous fancy led,
Sought, uncompell'd, a reeking traitor's bed:
Grant all the slanders of this monstrous time,
Ev'n that myself was conscious of the crime —
Yet was a compact sworn on Carberry's field,
By all acknowleg'd, and by me fulfill'd!
Alone, unfriended, Bothwell left the plain,
His penitence, his past acquittal vain. —
Thine ears, Kirkaldy, heard my chilling word;
Thy eyes departing saw that hated Lord;
Led thro' my soldiers by thy honor'd hand,
Fearless I pass'd to Morton's treacherous band;
Smil'd as with false respect he bent his knee,
And fear'd no treachery — for I trusted thee.
See then the sad reverse! allegiance gone,
Bonds are my sceptre, and a gaol my throne:
Hopeless, and torn from all my friends, I grieve,
And count the minutes by the sighs I heave.
Well could my soul the pomp of rule forego,
State happiness, courtly smiles, and gaudy show;
These I regret not ravish'd; but I mourn
The nobler powers that royalty adorn;
Of the sweet privilege, long enjoy'd, debarr'd,
To raise the drooping, and the good reward.
Nurs'd in the lap of wealth, my infant hand
Was train'd to bounty in a foreign land;
And two rich realms an ample source supplied,
As that unwearied hand the streams applied.
Nor did these mighty Peers my gifts disown:
I gave to all, for they were all my own;
Nor e'er (tho' still to spurn the donor bold)
Did the reformer shrink from Mary's gold.
Then my great sire, lamented Henry, smil'd,
And watch'd the op'ning virtues of his child;
With partial fondness o'er each feature hung,
And prais'd each accent of my lisping tongue:
Mark'd with fond hopes my dawning sense unfold,
And years of greatness and of power foretold.

Ill-judging Prince! for other fortunes born,
Mischance and sorrow mark'd my natal morn:
So light a thing as beauty urg'd my fate,
And ting'd with envy sour Eliza's hate:
No plots had she, no fresh-coin'd treasons known,
Had not her sister's features dimm'd her own;
Of Mary's charms she learned with sullen ear,
Look'd in the glass, and found no beauties there;
Then starting, summon'd aid for England's throne —
Alas! the traitors were these eyes alone.
Wretch that I am! what little, little good,
Has my short life to royal birthright ow'd!
Just for a moment giv'n of bliss to taste,
Then left to judge the present by the past.
In youth I learned affliction's pang to prove,
Reft of the partner of my early love:
Deceiv'd by artifice, and trick'd to shame,
I lost in Darnly's tomb my spotless fame.

And now the fierce rebellion fills my throne,
Shut from my last, best joy, my infant son. —
Ah! who now left of all the royal train
Screens the poor babe from insult and from pain?
What tender arms that much-lov'd form enfold,
And softly shelter from the winter's cold?
What tender arms the boist'rous crowd repel,
While o'er his eyes the dews of slumber steal?
Ah! who like me will hush the tumults wild,
Gaze on his calm repose, and bless the child?

Sweet be his slumbers! mute the dire alarms
That ring my knell, and force him from my arms:
For me alone may Heaven these ills prepare,
For me the miseries of intestine war!
'Gainst me alone may Treason's host appear,
And England's Queen exhaust her rancor here.
To Zeal, to Faction, I resign my crown—
Nay, let them take my life—but spare my son.

Yes, be it mine to feel a subject's power,
A lonely captive in Lochleven tower;
Unmark'd, unpitied, here in chains to groan,
And expiate crimes and treasons not my own:
Still roll to me the same each circling year,
No sports relieve me, and no converse cheer;
Ne'er let me taste a short but grateful calm;
Even all-consoling Sleep with-holds his balm,
Till my tir'd eyes at dawn begin to close,
And feverish slumbers creep upon my woes;
Still may the barrier waves my gaol surround,
And all my schemes of liberty confound;
And haughty Douglas still in frowns appear,
Deride my sorrows, and insult my fear;
And on my faded splendor sarcasm throw,
And, once a servant, boast to be a foe. —
Such is Queen Mary's fate—for this thy word
Was pledg'd! behold the trophies of thy sword!
For this dire end, ere yet the boiling realm
Had felt my gentle guidance at it's helm,
The traitor Lords in savage compacts swore,
And stamp'd my ruin ere I touch'd the shore:
For this his wiles insidious Murray try'd,
My councils tainted, and my friends destroy'd;
And furious Knox, to fill the mad'ning band,
Blew the loud blast of schism, and shook the land.
Unequal conflict! Ill might I oppose
My youth unpractis'd to confederate foes:
No loyal Scot detected Murray's guile,
And show'd the treasons ambush'd in his smile;
Not one was near of all great Henry's train
To ease the cares of an ill-omen'd reign!
My sister Queen but flatter'd to betray;
Cold in the grave my sainted mother lay:
And her proud kinsmen in that fatal hour
Reluctant stoop'd to Montmorenci's power.
No kind experience taught my trembling hand
To wield the sceptre of this factious land;
No friend stood forth that sceptic to protect,
All flam'd with hate, or chill'd me with neglect:
Till by advice deceiv'd, or threat'nings aw'd,
I gave the Earl my hand, and crown'd their fraud.

Ah! wherefore no friendly tongue disclose
That the dire act was plotted by my foes?
No—not a friend appear'd to stay my choice:
Erskine was dumb, and mute Kirkaldy's voice:
The spirits of my fathers, from the tomb,
Sent forth no warning of their daughter's doom:
To crush one dame a nation's craft combin'd,
And through her female softness sapp'd her mind.
I paus'd, I trembled—all their Queen betray'd:
My soul revolted, but my hand obey'd.

But scarce the rite — ah, mournful pomp!
— was done,
Scarce on the bridal feast had sunk the sun,
Ere my keen fears could all the fraud descry,
And read my fate in Morton's alter'd eye.
Then was I sunk indeed; my conscious pride
No more the shafts of calumny defy'd;
That conscious worth from Mary's breast was flown,
Which whisper'd peace when other hope was gone.

Of all the Peers who sign'd the fatal deed,
Which forc'd their Queen to share Earl Bothwell's bed,
Not one to grace our mournful court remain'd;
But all around a boding silence reign'd:
While to their bleak domains the chiefs retir'd,
And Bothwell's death and Mary's fall conspir'd;
With fancied crimes the tale of slander swell'd,
And vow'd to punish what their power compell'd;
Insidious Maitland ran from Peer to Peer,
And pour'd his specious lies in every ear,
Till through the realm the base aspersion spread,
And each fierce Lord his troops to vengeance led;
And soon — too soon — Kirkaldy's name adorn'd
The foul associates whom his honor scorn'd.
The day shall come (nor yet a distant time)
When keen remorse shall teach thee all thy crime;
Teach thee, too late, that nought can faith supply,
Nor virtue flourish, if allegiance die.
This hollow league which binds thee now my foe,
Aimed at thy crest a surer, deadlier blow;
Too late will Treason all her projects own,
Burst her thin veil, and claim the Scotish throne;
Too late wilt thou awake to honor's call,
Start from the bands that work thy country's fall;
Too late, alas! my ruin'd cause defend,
And curse the hour that made thee Morton's friend.

TO THE

MEMORY OF DIANA T——.

THOUGH far removed from this sad world of woe
To where fell Misery's pangs thou ne'er canst know,
Thy loss, sweet infant, I must still deplore,
And weep the thought I ne'er shall see thee more! —
Like some fair blossom, nipt by wintry frost,
Thy leaves all scattered, and thy beauties lost,
Still shall the fruit at last perfection gain,
And ripen in a world unknown to pain;
Where no rude blast can blight thy tender form,
No wintry tempest nor the howling storm;
Where peaceful summer even smiles serene,
And an eternal sunshine decks the scene.

F. I.

TO MATILDA.

THY well-know voice still vibrates in my ear,
I see each dimpled smile in Fancy's eye,
On thy soft cheek I see the pearly tear,
Which deck'd the shrine of Sensibility!

Each look, each action, on my memory dwells,
Thy much-loved form in every breeze I see;
And retrospection's sigh my bosom swells
When I recal the hours I've passed with thee.

When last we parted at the cottage door,
Oh, ne'er shall I forget the look thou gave!
I wish'd my bursting heart might beat no more,
I wish'd thy circling arms might prove my grave.

But cruel Fate ordain'd that we should part,
He bid us sever Friendship's sacred tie;
She tore me from the chosen of my heart,
And bid me seek a friend in Misery.

Oh where, Matilda, shall we meet again?
When shall I clasp thee fondly to my breast;
In the cold grave, where, freed from toil and pain,
The care-worn mortal seeks a place of rest.

F. I.

TO THE SNOW-DROP.

BY JOHN MAYNE.

Author of the Poems of 'Glasgow,' and the 'Siller Gun.'

FIRST of the Spring, that smiles on me,
I pay my early court to thee!
But, well-a-day! how chang'd the scene
Since, erst, I hail'd thee on the green!
Then, Life and Love were in their prime—
Then, Winter smil'd like Summer-time!
Now, Life and Love are on the wing—
Now, Winter riots in the Spring!
And, e'en in Summer, nought I see
But drizzling show'rs, and blights, for me;
With frequent coffins passing by—
Sad monitors that death is nigh!

Oh! when that solemn hour shall come
Which seals my passport to the tomb,
Be Faith, and Resignation, mine,
And, that sweet soother — Hope divine!

First of the Spring, that smiles on me,
Again I pay my court to thee!
May no rude hand profane thy sweets—
No caitiff bawl thee through the streets!
Or, if thou art displanted there,
To grace the bosom of the Fair,
O! teach Simplicity to them,
Who never knew the peerless gem!
Bid beauty emulate the bee,
And gather sweets from flow'rs like thee!
Tell those by Error led astray,
That Wisdom is the only way
Which leads to purity like thine —
Which leads to ev'ry Grace divine!

ACROSTIC.

T' IMPART instruction with the noblest views,
How sweet the subject for a sister's Muse;
O, Weeden, listen to a sister's lay!
Mark well her counsels, and her voice obey;
Av'rice and cruelty, crimes of deepest dye,
Shun as thou would'st the murd'ring Bas'lisk's eye:

Whate'er thy state let piety sincere,
E'er warm thy heart,—thy Maker's name revere;
Each gen'rous virtue of the human breast,
Do then, dear youth, endeavour to possess;
O, let benevolence adorn thy mind!
Nobly sincere be thou, to truth inclin'd.

Determin'd loyalty, and steady zeal,
Observe to him who governs England's weal;
Devote thy life to save thy country,—fly—
With honor conquer, or with honor die:
Each Briton weeping o'er the patriot's grave,
Loud praise will sing, of him who just and brave,
Loyalty endeavour'd Albion's isle to save.

MARY of Coleshill.

London, Feb. 1809.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Banks of the Elbe, March 3.

ALL the public and private advices from Austria and Southern Germany seem to leave no hopes of an accommodation between Austria and France, particularly since the news of a peace between Great-Britain and the Porte has reached Paris. — The French Papers assume a tone of irreconciliable discontent and implacability. It seems they were little prepared to hear such accounts from Turkey, consequently the movement of troops in France and the territories of her allies, have increased, and the general opinion is, that Bonaparte will penetrate with a large army from Italy, through Dalmatia, against Turkey, after having given a decisive turn to the military operations against Austria from the side of Tyrol and Hungary, while the Russians are to push forward from Moldavia and Wallachia.

At Hamburgh the effects of the Prince of Ponte Corvo are packing up at the Government House, and it is said that he only waits an answer to some dispatches he sent by a Courier to Paris to break up for Hanover, from whence he is to go to Paris. Some say he is to have a command in South Germany, others say he is to go to Italy. The Dutch garrison at Hamburgh have also orders to hold themselves in readiness, to break up for Germany.

Some persons still think that a settlement of the differences between Great-Britain and Sweden on one side, and Russia, Denmark, and Prussia on the other, may yet take place, and give birth to such Northern Convention as will stamp the seal of lasting security on the different States of the North.

Dresden, March 7. We have suffered great alarm here, on account of the movements of the Austrian army, and with great rapidity the treasures of Das gruene Gewoelbe, (the green vault) were transported to the impregnable fortress of Konigstein. The fortifications of the town were repaired, and the army put on it's war establishment; but our apprehensions have, in a great measure, passed over. The Austrian army, we hear, in Bohemia is collecting towards Franconia, and, it is said, Austria will not in this war act offensively. We do not flatter ourselves that peace will be maintained; but in the mean while, we gain time for the return of our army from Dantzic, and of the auxiliaries of our mighty ally.

Passau, March 8. At Brannau the fortifications are repairing with the greatest activity. Between Lenz and the Austrian frontiers are no great number of Austrian troops, but between that town and Vienna is a numerous army. At Salzburgh are scarcely 8000 Austrian troops.

Ulm, March 10. The first column of General Oudinot's army, which consists of 30,000 men, passed the Danube between the 24th and 27th of February, and proceeded in the direction of Augsburg. The second column has been filing off through this city since the 1st inst. and pursues the same route. A considerable part of the artillery attached to

this army has also passed through, besides a detachment of artillery from the grand park at Erfurth.

The Duke of Auerstadt's army in Bayreuth, of which 7000 cavalry are passing the Danube for Bavaria, and those of Oudinot, Bavaria, Wirtemberg, and Baden, which will be immediately united for the protection of this country, are estimated together at 160,000 men; and this force is exclusive of the contingents of Saxony, Westphalia, and the other confederates.

Carlstadt, March 10. An alarming occurrence took place here within these last few days: — Colonel d'Adderparre, who commanded the troops on the frontiers of Norway, after having seduced them, marched in here on the night of the 6th inst. and demanded of the Burgomaster quarters for his troops, which was refused; in consequence of which he made application, in the most presumptuous manner, to Count Rosen, the governor, stating, that if his request was not granted the troops he commanded should enforce it, and take quarters wherever he could find them. Count Rosen still persisting in the refusal, he was ordered under arrest as was the Burgomaster, and the troops forcibly obtained what their leader had demanded. Colonel d'Adderparre, at the head of two thousand regular troops, and about the same number of peasantry, are now on their march to Stockholm, to demand of the king to call a diet of the states, as well as to obtain payment of the troops under his command. Should these demands be resisted, the consequences must be dreadful, as Stockholm is not prepared for defence, all the troops having been withdrawn to Aland.

Gottenburgh, March 10. The troops on the borders of Norway being in a state of insurrection, caused by the want of clothing and provisions, and having broken up from their positions, to march against Stockholm, the magistrates of this place have deemed it advisable to assemble the principal merchants, and to require a loan of 20,000 rix dollars, to pay off the arrears due to the troops in this district, and to prevent them from following the example of those already mutinied. A subscription was immediately opened, and the sum necessary provided.

This city being hitherto garrisoned by the militia, who are unfortunately in a bad state of health, and undisciplined, it has been thought necessary to order a regiment of horse, and one of foot soldiers, to be quartered here; they are expected to arrive in a few days.

The commander in chief set out at one o'clock this morning to Carlstadt, to suppress the insurrection amongst the troops that are in a rebellious state in that neighbourhood.

For the prevention of riots and disturbances the tavern-keepers have had a strict order from the head magistrate to shut up their houses at nine o'clock on common days, and at seven o'clock on Sunday, under a heavy penalty.

15. The king is a prisoner; and I hear that Count Uglas, Count Fersen, and others of his friends have been arrested. — The tribunal lately instituted by the king, at Stockholm, for the trial of some of his Nobles, has been dissolved. — Overtures have already been made to the cabinets of Paris and Petersburgh for the restoration of Peace. — The Revolution which has just taken place, has, I fear, been effected by the influence of France, and will doubtlessly prove injurious to the interests of England.

PROCLAMATION *issued by the Duke of Sudermania on his assuming the government.*

"We Charles, by the grace of God, Hereditary Prince of Sweden, the Goths, Vandals, &c. Duke of Sudermania, Grand Admiral, &c. declare, that under existing circumstances, his Majesty is incapable to act, or of conducting the important affairs of the nation: We have, therefore, (being the nearest and only branch of the Family of age), been induced for the time being, as Administrators of the kingdom, to take the reins of Government into our hands, which, with the help of the Almighty, we will conduct *so that the Nation may regain Peace, both at home and abroad*, and that trade and commerce may revive from their languishing state.

'Our inviolable intention is, to consult with the States on the means to be taken to render the future time happy to the people of Sweden. We invite and command, therefore, all the Inhabitants of our Nation, our forces by sea and land, and also the civil officers of all degrees, to obey us, as our real intention and their own welfare demand. — We

recommend you all to the protection of God Almighty.

'Done at Stockholm Palace,
18th March, 1809.
(Signed) 'CHARLES.
'C. LAGERBRING.'

Banks of the Main, March 12. By letters from Wirtemburgh we learn, that the roads are crowded with troops, particularly French.

13. His excellency the duke of Auerstadt will have the chief command of the centre of the army in Germany, which, including the troops of the confederation of the Rhine, will consist of 180,000 men. The head-quarters of this army are to be at Wirtsburg, where all the Rhenish confederate troops, except the Saxons and Bavarians, must be collected by the 20th instant.

A great number of troops are marching from France. The Russian Chamberlain, Baron Bedburg, is arrived at Munich from Vienna.

Lisbon, March 13. Between 3 and 4000 troops arrived here yesterday from Cork, under the command of General Sherbrooke; and the troops that were sent to Cadiz are returned. Part of our army is encamped here — Seven thousand French troops are said to have entered Chaves. The 29th regiment is returned from Cadiz.

March 17. Nothing particular has transpired since I last wrote you. We consider ourselves perfectly secure for the present, and continue to expect large reinforcements from England. I believe our present British military force in this neighbourhood consists of 26,000 men. Transport boats have been sent up the river within these few days with a month's provisions for 20,000 men. A convoy of merchant ships sails for England on Monday next.

Augsburg, March 18. By letters from Strasburg, we learn, that the Duke of Rivoli (Marshal Massena) will take his head-quarters in that city, and command the troops in those parts by the name of an Army of Observation of the Rhine.

Frankfort, March 15. The great question whether peace is to continue, or a new war to break out on the continent, is yet undetermined, and may remain some days, or (though that is not very likely) some weeks longer undecided. It is, on the one hand, certain, that the cabinets of Paris, Vienna, and St. Petersburgh are still in treaty, and that no Ambassador has yet set off from Vienna except the French, who has gone to Paris upon leave, having left a Charge d'Affaires at Vienna. But it is also certain, on the other hand, that the military preparations on the part both of Austria and of France and her allies, continue to assume a more serious and menacing aspect; and we are strongly disposed to doubt whether the old adage, 'if you wish for peace, be prepared for war,' retains any force or applicability in these times.

March 18. The military preparations on the side of France daily become more serious. This day 1400 conscripts arrived here from Meatz, on their march, by way of Wirtsburgh, to join their respective corps. To-morrow and the day after an equal number of conscripts are expected; and, according to some persons, the passage of this description of troops will continue for several days more.

On the other hand, we have now positive intelligence of a large body of French cavalry and the whole of the General Boudet's division having passed the Rhine at Basle on the 10th and 11th instant, on their march for Ulm, where they are expected on the 19th or 20th. The divisions of Legrand and St. Cyr passed it at Strasburgh on the 13th. That of Moliton was to follow immediately, and these three divisions were also to proceed with the utmost expedition to Ulm, where they will receive further orders.

Ratisbon, March 16. Since the 13th, the greater part of the troops which were in cantonments in Austria have broken up, and marched partly for Lintz, where an army is assembling, and partly towards Italy. Yesterday the Bavarian troops likewise received orders to break up, and advance to the Inn.

On the Bavarian territory, on the opposite bank of the Inn, there are only the ordinary Bavarian garrisons; but at a little distance farther, in the environs of Hohendian, there is a Bavarian corps of about 5000 men.

Stockholm, April 4. M. Alopeus leaves Stockholm to-night, on his return to join the Emperor at Abo or St. Petersburgh. There is not the most distant prospect of an accommodation between Russia and England.

HOME NEWS.

Bath, March 31.

THE destruction of this good city, by a convulsion of the earth, that should cause '*Beacon Hill and Beechen Cliff to kiss each other*,' was predicted to *come to pass* on this day! The tremendous sentence was reported to have been foretold, according to various accounts, either by that arch seer *Joanna Southcott*; by a certain notorious resident expounder of future events; or by some old woman, who is said to have derived her information from a good-natured angel, whom she met on one of our surrounding hills. From whatever source this silly blasphemous report originated, sorry and ashamed are we to say that it had such an effect upon the weak minds of many of our inhabitants and visitors as to render some of the former truly unhappy, and — will it be credited, that it did absolutely instigate crowds of the latter to quit the city!

London, March 31. Yesterday the curious were gratified by the exhibition of an enormous fish of the whale species in a barge on the south side of the river, between Blackfriars and London bridges. A spectacle so unusual in this latitude, attracted, for many hours, some thousand spectators, who crowded round the barge in boats, and furnished a brisk and most productive trade as well to the exhibitors as to the watermen, who conveyed them to behold this stupendous monster of the deep. Many seamen who saw it, and have been repeatedly occupied in the Greenland fishery, allege it to be a young one, not more than a year old; yet it's dimensions are as follow: — It's extreme length from the lower jaw to the end of the tail, seventy feet, six inches. It was killed on the 25th Instant, in the river Thames at Sea Reach, some miles below Gravesend, by Mr. John Barnes, a pilot of the latter place, who was going in his boat down to the Nore, and observing the water agitated unusually by the motions of the fish, he approached it within swivel shot, and fired at it three different times; the second shot passed through the fish's tail, and the third mortally wounded it in the body, when by a sudden and violent plunge a-head, it run upon a shoal near the beach, and was left nearly dry at low water. Four hours elapsed between the time the fish was wounded, until it was completely dead. It was towed the next tide to the beach off Gravesend, where it was exhibited during four days. It was brought up to London, by order of the Lord Mayor, under the direction of the Water Bailiff; and the contrivance for it's conveyance was rather curious. The barge on board of which it now is, was brought alongside the fish at high-water, scuttled and sunk; the next tide of flood the fish was towed to a position directly over the barge, and gradually sunk into her, as the tide ebbed. The barge, being on shore at low water, was of course soon drained through her scuttle holes, and the plugs being then replaced, she floated with her unwieldy cargo the next tide, and was brought up to her present moorings on Wednesday afternoon.

April 1. A very serious accident happened a few days ago on the river Thames. The Britannia, Captain Lamb, with a valuable cargo on board for Halifax, came to anchor opposite Woolwich Warren, at the same time the people in

the ordnance department were proving some guns, when a shot from one of them passed so near to the steward of the Britannia, that he was knocked down by the percussion of the air produced by the velocity of the ball. Another shot unfortunately struck a seaman in the rigging, and completely divided the body, so that the head and shoulders fell down upon the deck, whilst the trunk was entangled amongst the ropes. When this shocking affair took place, the wife of the deceased was on board, in order to take her leave of him for the voyage, and to receive a month's pay for her maintenance and that of her two children. General Bloomfield, the superintendant of the Warren, being made acquainted with the accident, proposed to bury the unfortunate sufferer at his own expence, and to recommend the widow to government as a proper object for a pension. We trust the case will be attended to.

April 3. Friday night, about ten o'clock, an accident of a novel nature happened at Twyford, on the Paddington canal, about five miles from town. One of the passage boats, belonging to Mr. Pickford, was on it's way to the country, laden with various articles—among others, some barrels of brandy and rum, over which were ten barrels of gunpowder. The crew consisted of four men; one was with the horse which drew the boat; one in the little cabin in the afterpart or the stern; and the remaining two, who were on deck, took it into their heads to help themselves to a little spirits: they bored a hole with a gimblet, by mistake, in one of the casks of powder, which immediately took fire, and the boat blew up with a most dreadful explosion. The two men were killed on the instant. One of them was blown to a distance of more than sixty yards, his entrails torn out, and his thigh and leg separated from his body. The man who was in the cabin asleep escaped, almost miraculously, unhurt. Three ricks of hay belonging to Mr. Willan, of Mary-la-bonne park, were set fire to, and upwards of 360 loads of hay consumed. The shock was dreadful in the vicinity, and the houses were agitated as though by an earthquake.

Southampton, April 4. A circumstance has occurred, in the neighbourhood of a large town in Hampshire, which has occasioned much conversation. A young lady, twenty-three years of age, who will inherit a large property at her father's death, was recently discovered by him to be pregnant; and on the enraged parent's demanding to know who had been her seducer, she, to his utter astonishment, answered, it was her *maid* Harriet. Harriet was immediately called before him, and an examination took place, when it appeared that the young lady, during a visit last June, at a friend's house near London, became acquainted with a handsome youth, who was shoplad at a circulating library, of whom she became enamoured, and a secret marriage was the consequence; but fearing her father's anger at such an unequal match (the youth being poor), the idea of being obliged to part with him gave birth to the following stratagem:—The youth assumed the female habit, and accompanied his fair bride to her father's house, where he has, until within this fortnight, figured away as her maid. The old gentleman, however, is now reconciled to the loving couple, and Harry (*alias* Harriet) is as happy as wealth and beauty can make him.

April 6. Between one and two o'clock on last Tuesday se'nnight, the town of Horsham was visited by a storm more alarming than any that had before occurred there within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The tempest appeared to run in a south-west direction, with a thick and gloomy atmosphere, and, after many awful flashes of lightning and tremendous elementary explosions, produced hail with a degree of violence that dealt destruction to the windows and to the cucumber glasses in the different gardens, which have likewise suffered exceedingly, as in many the trees and shrubs exhibit the appearance of having been stripped of their blossoms and buds by the hand of intention, than by the casual effect of an uncontrollable cause. The hail-stones were from two to three inches in circumference, and, from their uneven formation, appeared like detached and rugged pieces of ice, covering the street nearly shoe deep; and, on their yielding to the influence of the warmth that succeeded, many houses for a short time were flooded. The storm, though so heavy and violent, was limited chiefly to the town, the neighbourhood, in many places, being wholly ignorant of the circumstance until report conveyed it, and particularly at Coolhurst, the seat of the Earl of Galloway.

London, April 12. A meeting of the

Freeholders of Middlesex took place yesterday, and several Resolutions were put, returning thanks to Mr. Wardle, and to the members who had supported his motion, together with thanks to those who had supported the amendment moved by Sir Thomas Turton, Bart. Other resolutions, expressive of the necessity of a reform, were also put and carried.

The dispatches relative to the surrender of Fort Bourbon were received this morning, and published at night in an extraordinary gazette. It surrendered on the 27th of February, after a short bombardment, with very little loss on our part.

We are most happy also to announce another success of our arms—it is the surrender of Vigo, by capitulation, to the Lively and Venus frigates and a party of Spanish patriots. About 50 officers, 1500 privates, 450 horses, the military chests, magazines, &c. were taken. The officers and men laid down their arms before Captain M'Kinley, and are on their way to this country.

Accounts have also been received from the Marquis de Romana, dated on the 25th March, stating that on that day the garrison of Villa-Franca had surrendered to him, and that he was on his march to Astorga.

Plymouth, April 15. La Niemen, prize to the Amethyst, 38, Captain Seymour, is not yet arrived, but it is hoped she will be in here in the course of this day or to-morrow. The Niemen is most confoundedly mauled, and has all her masts gone. The fire of the Amethyst was a perfect blaze, and the enemy also kept up a most tremendous fire, till she had 160 men killed and wounded, and lay like a log on the water, when she struck. La Niemen was built in honor of the meeting of the two Emperors on a raft on the river Niemen, after the treaty of Tilsit. She sailed about three weeks since, with four ships under convoy, but perceiving our frigates, hauled her wind and got back to Bourdeaux. Her convoy were taken by the Emerald and Amethyst, and arrived safe here. One of her lieutenants, two midshipmen, and 37 men had returned in the Valiant, 74, but were not on board the Amethyst when the action commenced. About 100 of La Niemen's crew landed at Victualling-Office Point, and are a motley groupe, composed of Swiss, Germans, Americans, Danes, Swedish, and Dutchmen, very few Frenchmen among them. The wounded men of the Amethyst were sent to the Royal Naval Hospital, and are all in a fair way of doing well.

Portsmouth, April 16. Sailed yesterday his Majesty's ship Surveillante, with Sir Arthur Wellesley, and several other general officers on board for Portugal.

London, April 21. Sir Harry Neale arrived at the Admiralty with intelligence that the attack on the enemy's ships in Basque Roads had completely succeeded. Four sail of the line are burned, and five and two frigates driven on shore. Of the four sail of the line burned, two were perfectly new, and had made but one short and fatal trip, the trip from Brest to Basque Roads—As the coast near the mouth of the Charante is understood to be dangerous, the four sail of the line which are on shore under Fouras may be considered to be in a situation of considerable peril, and if ever they get off, of which great doubts are entertained, it will be a long while before they can be rendered again fit for service—The two seventy-four's on shore under Madame, and the seventy four on shore in the river, may be got off with much damage, unless a heavy gale of wind should come on, when they would in all likelihood beat to pieces.

This is a most gallant exploit, performed on the enemy's coast defended by formidable batteries, and peformed by a force much inferior to that which was opposed to it. The enemy had eleven sail of the line, three of which were three-deckers, all prepared for the attack. The ships employed in the attack on our part were two sail of line, the Valiant and Theseus 74 guns, four frigates, and seven smaller vessels, with boats from the fleet. The Cæsar and Theseus were afterwards detached, but they and the other line-of-battle ships grounded, and it was found necessary to haul them out.—This intelligence was immediately communicated from Lord Mulgrave to the Lord Mayor, the Tower guns were fired, and at night an extraordinary gazette was published. The Admiralty, Mansion House, Post Office, &c. were illuminated.

Portsmouth, April 21. Sailed the Imperieuse, 44, Lord Cochrane; Loire, 44, Captain Schomberg; Camilla, 28, Captain Bowen, and the Vesuvius bomb, Captain Cunningham, for Plymouth. These ships are ordered thither to join a squadron of four sail of the line, of which Sir Joseph Sydney Yorke, it is said, is to have the command, which it

going on a secret special service.—Sailed the Goshawk, 18, Captain Innis, with several light transports for Guernsey. A number of transports sailed on Saturday, with the Mediterranean convoy, which have arms and ammunition on board for the Portuguese levies, to be landed at Lisbon.

Plymouth, April 24. Owing to the waters being out yesterday beyond Exeter, the London bags did not arrive till this morning. The mail coach yesterday from Salisbury came in dressed in laurels and blue ribbons, having met Sir H. B. Neale going to town express from Admiral Lord Gambier, with the news of the destruction of the French fleet in Basque Roads, which occasioned great joy in this town and dock. The telegraph of dock published a second edition, giving an account of the business, as received from Weymouth, where Sir H. Burrard landed.

This morning came in the Emerald, 38, Captain Maitland, from Basque roads, with dispatches for the Admiralty, containing further accounts of this able and well-conducted business, which were sent off express. This morning came in from India, in four months' passage, with dispatches for the Honorable East India Company, the Georgiana packet. These were sent off express to the India House, by R. Bindwood, Esq. Agent for the East India Company, in a post chaise and four. The homeward-bound East India fleet may be hourly expected in the Channel, and as the wind is N.E. probably will arrive in this port first.

Deal, April 24. Remain in the Downs his Majesty's ships as per last.

BIRTHS.

March 22. The lady of T. Murdash, Esq. of Tavistock-House, Tavistock-Square, of a son.

In Berner's-Street, the lady of Coutts Trotter, Esq. of a daughter.

23. At his house, Little Trinity-Lane, the lady of Edward Wynn, Esq. of a daughter.

At his house in Charlotte-Street, Bedford-Square, the lady of George Courthope, jun. Esq. of a daughter.

27. At Edlington-Grove, Lincolnshire, the lady of R. S. Short, Esq. of a son.

At the Dowager Lady Whichcotes, at Grantham, the lady of James Arty, Esq. of a son.

31. At Grange, the seat of John Lister Kaye, Esq. the Right Hon. Lady Amelia Kaye was safely delivered of a daughter.

The lady of T. Buckler Lethbridge, Esq. M. P. of a daughter.

April 1. The lady of Richard Hart, Esq. of Darley Dale, Derbyshire, of a daughter.

6. At his house in Portman-Square, the lady of Sir John Johnstone, of Westerhall, Bart. of a daughter.

15. At Bishop's Stoke, Hants, the lady of the Rev. Thomas Garnier, of a son.

16. At Southgate, at her father's house, Sir William Curtis, Bart. the lady of H. C. Adams, Esq. of Ansty Hall, Warwickshire, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

March 15. Mr. George Fincham, Surgeon, St. Alban's-Street, London, to Miss Tupman, of Nottingham, daughter of the late Mr. Samuel Tupman, of the same place.

21. At St. George's, Hanover-Square, Mr. Samuel Withers, chemist, of London, to Miss E. Eastcott, daughter of the Rev. Richard Eastcott, of Exeter.

22. At Harborne, by the Rev. Edward Carless, John, eldest son of Joseph Freeman, Esq. of Pedmore Hall, Worcestershire, to Mary Anne, second daughter of the late William Carless, Esq. of the Ravenhurst, Staffordshire.

In Ireland, George Bamford, Esq. of Drumlargan, to Miss Arabella Winter, daughter of Samuel Winter, Esq. of Agher, county of Meath.

At Glenfeachan, Argyleshire, the Rev. Mr. M'Donald, Minister of Gigha and Cara, to Miss Margaret Stevenson, daughter of John Stevenson, Esq. of Glenfeachan.

28. By the Rev. E. Ravenshaw, Lucy, daughter of Thomas Dickson, Esq. of Prospect-House, in the county of Southampton, to Captain Baird, eldest son of Sir James Baird, of Loughton-Hall, Bart.

April 1. At Southampton, Captain Harvey, of the 18th Light Dragoons, to Lady Honoria Woodgate, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. Earl of Cavan, and widow of the late Captain Woodgate.

4. At St. George's church, Hanover-Square, Thomas Hamilton Miller, Esq. of Dalswinton, Dumfries-shire, to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of Colonel Ram, M. P. for the county of Wexford, Ireland.

6. At St. Giles-in-the-fields, Josiah Hodgson, Esq. of Burgh, near Carlisle, to Miss Barker, only daughter of Richard Barker, of Tavistock-Street, Bedford-Square, Esq.

At St. John's, Hackney, James Hance, of West-Square, county of Surrey, Esq. to Miss Savage, eldest daughter of Mr. Joseph Savage, of Kingsland, Surgeon.

11. J. G. Pohlman, Esq. to Anne, youngest daughter of the late Robert Williams, Esq. of Lamb's Conduit-Street.

12. At St. Magnus, London Bridge, by the Rev. Mr. Hesketh, the Rev. Robert Crosby, M. A. to Miss Middleton, of Ripley, Surrey, only daughter of the late Captain Thomas Middleton, Royal Navy.

Yesterday, by the Rev. B. W. Champneys, at St. Pancras Church, Wm. Berkeley, Esq. of Billiter-Square, to Lucy Frederica, youngest daughter and co-heiress of John Richard Comyns, Esq. late of Hylands, in the county of Essex.

25. The Rev. Benjamin Pope of Caversham to Miss Caroline Viret of Wheatfield, Oxon.

DEATHS.

March 11. At Tiverton, Devon, after two days illness, Mrs. Cowley, authoress of the Belles Stratagem, and other successful dramatic pieces, poems, &c.

22. At his house in Clipstone-Street, Mary-la-bonne, Mr. Thomas Holcroft, author of the Road to Ruin, and several other dramatic pieces, novels, poems, and translations.

25. At Philadelphia, on the 30th January Mrs. Williamina Bond, Esq. the venerable mother of Phineas Bond, Esq. his Majesty's Consul, aged 81.

At Hull, John Voase, Esq. many years a merchant of that place.

At Litchfield, Miss Seward, who has long been distinguished in the literary world.

At the Hotwells, Bristol, in the 18th year of his age, Rich. J. J. Darrah, youngest son of the late Captain Thomas Darrah, of the Bengal troops.

At Bath, aged 87, Glynn Wynn, Esq. of Lincoln's-Inn.

27. Penelope Elizabeth, only daughter of F. D. Harris, Esq. of Hayne, in the county of Devon.

28. In the twenty-first year of her age, at Charlton-House, near Sunbury, Miss Emily Carmichael Smyth, youngest daughter of Mr. Carmichael Smyth.

29. After a lingering illness, Mr. Samuel Richard Heseltine, of the Strand.

30. Deeply and deservedly lamented by her family and friends, aged 65 years, Jane, the relict of Gysbert Van Voorst, late of London, merchant.

At Burton, in Northamptonshire, in the 87th year of his age, the Rev. Samuel Barwick, upwards of 50 years rector of that parish.

April 2. At his father's house, in Somerset-Place, after a short but very severe illness, in the 43d year of his age, George Henry Towry, Esq. a captain in the royal navy, and one of the commissioners for the transport board.

4. On the 4th instant, at Wensley, in Yorkshire, Thomas Mande, Esq.

In Albemarle-Street, in the nineteenth year of his age, Charles Montolieu, Esq. only son of Louis Montolieu, Esq.

In Abingdon-Street, aged 69, Mr. Jane, uncle of Messrs. Ashleys.

8. At Thomas Shepherd's, Esq. Thornton-Hall, Bucks, Mrs. Gurney.

At Colchester, much regretted, Mrs. Moffatt, wife of William Moffatt, Esq. paymaster of the 2d battalion of the 79th regiment, and daughter of Alexander Govan, Esq. of Greenhill, in North Britain.

12. After a short illness, Thomas Boone, Esq. of Sunbury, Middlesex.

20. At his house in Cavendish-Square, Earl Harcourt, Viscount Nuneham, Master of the Horse to her Majesty.