THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR MAY, 1809.

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS,

This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates,

1. FREDERICK WILLIAM III. KING OF PRUSSIA.
2. LONDON Fashionable DRESSES.
3. New and elegant PATTERN for a LACE DRESS, &c., &c.

LONDON:

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

Where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Continuation and Conclusion of the *Sketches from Nature* have been received.—With many thanks, we hope for further Communications from the very ingenious Author.

The *Tribute Tear to the Memory of Anna* is intended for our next.

The *Farewell* shall appear at the same time.

The Letter to Miss M—n would not be very interesting to any other person.

The *Lucubrations* of *Inertus* are under consideration.

The *Tears of Regret* are intended for insertion.

THE

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BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS

OF

FREDERICK WILLIAM III. KING OF PRUSSIA.

(With his Portrait, elegantly engraved, from an undoubted Original.)

THE Margraviate and Electorate of Brandenburg was assigned by the Emperor Charles IV., in 1373, to his second son Sigismund, who, in 1415, being then Emperor of Germany, sold them to Frederic, Burgrave of Nuremberg, for 400,000 ducats. This Prince was the ancestor of the present royal family of Prussia.

The eastern part of Polish Prussia, or Prussia Proper, was held by the Margraves and Electors of Brandenburg only as a Dukedom, or a fief of Poland, till 1657, when Frederick William, surnamed the Great Elector, compelled John Casimir, King of Poland, to declare, by the conventions of Welaw and Bromberg, this part of Prussia an independent state, of which he and his descendants should be sovereign lords. This Prince is highly praised by his illustrious descendant, the Great Frederick, King of Prussia, in his Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg, as the chief founder of his family. He was succeeded, in 1688, by his son Frederick, who, supporting the Emperor in the contest for the Spanish succession, was by him declared King of Prussia, under which title he was proclaimed at Konigsberg, in an assembly of the states, Jan. 18, 1701, he himself placing the crown upon his own head. His grandson, the Great Frederick, in his Memoirs of his family, gives us no high idea of this first king's

talents for government, but expatiates on those of his own father Frederic William I*., who succeeded him in 1713. This prince certainly possessed strong natural abilities, and considerably increased the revenues of his country, but too often at the expence of humanity. At his death, which happened in 1740, he is said to have left seven millions sterling in his treasury; which enabled his son, the Great Frederick II., by his splendid victories, and the extraordinary resources by which he repaired his defeats, to become the admiration of the age. He in a few years brought the kingdom of Prussia to the utmost height of power to which it has ever attained; though since his time it has almost as rapidly declined. He improved the arts of peace as well as war, and distinguished himself as a poet, a philosopher, and legislator. He died August 17th, 1786, after a long and glorious reign, the event of which, most conducive to the aggrandisement and confirmation of the power of Prussia, was the acquisition of Silesia from the House of Austria in 1742.

He was succeeded by his nephew Frederick William II†., 'who ascended the throne with a well-disciplined army of two hundred thousand men to defend it, and a treasury of forty millions of dollars amassed for the service of the state. This prince, though by no means destitute of ability, had still not powers sufficient to govern, with wisdom, a kingdom organised with so much art as that of Prussia. His mind had been long corrupted by an extravagant attachment to the fair sex, which overcame every other consideration. The natural consequence was, that he and the state gradually declined together. He, however, felt the superiority of Frederick II.; and, in reverence to his memory, attempted, at the beginning of his reign, to be the statesman, and even became his own minister. He also retained the principal officers employed by his predecessor both in the civil and military departments; but it is not always a consequence that the chief under Frederick William should have the same animation as under the eye of a Frederick II. Affairs, however, at first went on pretty smoothly; and some few useful alterations were made; but these did not arise from the fountain head; for this was become turbid and sluggish in it's course, and his majesty, already tired of the cabinet, transferred his chief attention to his amours.

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* In Prussia and throughout Germany in the royal genealogy the name of *Frederick* is considered as distinct from that of *Frederick William*. Thus the sovereigns of Prussia, since it's first erection into a kingdom, are thus enumerated: —

Frederick I.
Frederick William I.
Frederick II.
Frederick William II.
Frederick William III.

† This character of Frederick William II. is extracted from a pamphlet lately published, intitled, '*A Cursory View of Prussia, from the Death of Frederick II. to the Peace of Tilsit, in a Series of Letters, from a Gentleman in Berlin to his Friend in London.*' This tract is evidently written by a person of sense and judgement, who appears to have been well acquainted with the events and characters which he describes. We shall have occasion again to revert to it.

In 1792, Frederick William II. joined Austria and the coalition against revolutionary France, and an army of 50,000 Prussians, under the command of the Duke of Brunswick, entered that country. The duke was joined by General Clairfait with 15,000 Austrians, and a considerable body of Hessians, together with 20,000 French emigrants, making the whole force of the combined army at least 90,000 men. At first their progress into France was very rapid, but they soon experienced great distresses from the want of provisions, from a long rainy season, and from a considerable mortality among the Prussians (by the French accounts estimated at the one-half). The Duke of Brunswick, therefore, found himself obliged to retreat, and give up every fortress he had taken. From this time the war between Prussia and France languished till it was finally concluded by the treaty of Basle, signed April 5, 1795.

Frederick William II., exhausted by an inordinate indulgence in his pleasures, which brought on a general decay, died at Berlin, November 16, 1797, and was succeeded by Frederick William III., the present king.

The following sketch of the character of this sovereign is given by the author of the *Cursory View of Prussia, &c.*

'Had Frederick William III. mounted the throne immediately after Frederick II. with an experienced minister, to instruct him to keep pace with the times, Europe would not apparently have been dislocated as at present: but to purify the then general corruption of Prussia, to heal the cancer which had already corroded the State, was an undertaking too arduous for his mild disposition; and though, in his childhood, he had shown some striking marks of a decided character, yet, by the very worst mode of education a prince could possibly receive, it was stifled in the very germe; so that he became timid and diffident even to bashfulness.

'By his father he was totally neglected, and was indulged with little society but that of his own servants and of his tutor, one Benisch, a sickly hypochondriacal being, always snarling at every cheerful sally, and continually chiding and snubbing the young prince. Under such tuition, he naturally retired within himself, and thus, unsociable and dissatisfied, thought much lowlier of himself than he deserved. Even his domestic arrangements contributed to depress him, as his table was stinted to the paltry annual pittance of six hundred rix-dollars, (somewhat less than a hundred pounds), he has frequently risen hungry from dinner. When he was afterwards put under the care of Count Brühl, who possessed every accomplishment that could adorn the man, or the courtier, it was too late — the bias was fixed, and he remained locked up in himself. Unpresuming, nay, even shy and perplexed, whenever he must appear in public, he rejoiced, when freed from the painful exhibition, to return to his own room. To correct this solitary disposition, it was deemed expedient to marry him; and he afterwards attended the campaigns on the Rhine and in Poland. He even commanded in person at the siege of Landau, but this he was obliged to abandon; and, in his campaign in Poland, to make a precipitate retreat. These small

specimens of warfare gave him by no means a predilection for the field, though on every occasion he showed great courage and intrepidity. But he is more formed for domestic enjoyments; and in his amiable queen he possesses, in the highest degree, every thing that can contribute to them. The delicacy of her mind, the gentleness of her character, added to the loveliness of her person, unite all the charms of her sex, and render their mutual love a happy example to their whole kingdom.

'Austria,' the same writer observes, 'has been ever considered as the most dangerous enemy to Prussia; there were, of course, many persons who deemed it politic to have that power enfeebled. Besides, infected as the greater part of the nation were with democratic principles, success was generally wished to the French arms. Their progress ought not to have been indifferent to Frederick William III.; but he did not like war, and therefore, in 1799, he declined an alliance with Russia against France, and determined to abide by his system of neutrality. But this system, at such a period of devastation and conquest, served only to show his want of energy and power—to sink his state into a cipher; and, by attempting conciliation with all, he became contemptible to all. His dread of expence, and his anxiety to reinstate the public treasure, had also great influence on his conduct, and led him to overlook even the measures most necessary for his own safety. Hence that singular neglect of fortresses. Along the Weser, there was not one; those of Wesel, Magdeburg, Stettin, and Custrin, were by no means in a proper state of defence; and, had Paul not been so early cut off, we should have seen how far the army was able to support the favorite system of neutrality. For Bonapartè, by sending his Russian prisoners, well clad, home, promising to support Paul's claim to Malta as grand master, got such hold of that vain monarch, as to bring him not only to declare war against England, but to use his utmost endeavours to force Prussia likewise to join them. True, however, to his old system of neutrality, Frederick William put the army upon the war establishment to defend it. A war, it is certain, would long ago have been serviceable to the state, were it only to have cleared the country from those profligate desperate reptiles, who, too intemperate for sober study, professed no other professional knowlege than that of harassing and tormenting their troops. Under such commanders, destitute as they were of every idea of tactics, what real discipline could be expected? The army was therefore, like themselves, varnished up for the eye, but rotten at the core. Proud of the recollection of Frederick II. all seemed only to vegetate in the letter of his well-earned fame, without understanding to benefit from the spirit. Devoid of this, they sunk into their natural apathy, and a general relaxation ensued. Some few generals were, it is true, yet remaining, animated with an honest zeal for their country's arms; but these were grown almost too old for farther active service. Besides, during this long neutrality, the officers of the staff, together with many others, had, by marriage and by purchasing landed property, quite domesticated themselves in their quarters;

and possessing besides, in their own opinion, sufficient fame and authority, derived from the achievements of their fathers in the wars of the Great Frederick, they preferred their present quiet situation to the more active life of a soldier, and were therefore indifferent to military glory. Even the King himself had neither the judgement nor energy to restore the lost spirit of his army. We have already observed his repugnance to war, and may therefore presume that his inclinations would not lead him deep into the study of it. He seems to have dwelt too much upon superficial forms; and the twist of a curl, or the cut of a coat, were deemed the most important considerations in the forming of a soldier: but future events have shown, how little these will avail, when opposed to military science, and tried experience.

In 1802 the cabinet underwent a change of ministers, but without undergoing any change of measures. Count Haugwitz and a Mr. Lombard, both deeply imbued with French principles, obtained the direction of affairs — Bonapartè's future operations somewhat indicate his security of the continued neutrality of Prussia; for, by his gradual proceeding until he afterwards took possession of Hanover, he entered almost into the heart of the kingdom, as both Magdeburg and all Westphalia lay at his mercy; yet still Prussia slept, secure in the contemplation of her own sincerity. Haugwitz remained not long in office, and Hardenberg succeeded him; a man, from real principle, devoted to the English. It was, therefore, now expected that his influence would break the charm of the neutral system; but no, this must undergo a farther trial. The consequences were, that Bonapartè was quietly suffered to become master of Ulm, and gain the victory of Austerlitz; both which might apparently have been prevented, had not the king unfortunately carried his principles of moral rectitude into his politics. He trusted to the Corsican's promise to respect his neutrality; and, though Duroc was sent to Berlin with the view to shake it, yet the only result he could draw from his mission was, that his Majesty of Prussia adhered inflexibly to his system, which, if infringed upon, he should know how to defend. — Duroc hinted, that it nevertheless seemed that the Russians were encroaching. 'In that case,' answered the Monarch, 'necessity will oblige me to join the French.' Indeed, Duroc had so artfully conducted himself, and thrown out so many advantages to Prussia, that an immediate alliance would have probably taken place, had not Hardenberg's more powerful arguments and manly remonstrances kept Frederick William true to his old favorite system. Troops were, however, sent towards the Russian frontiers; and Bonapartè, in the hope that hostilities would certainly soon commence there, wrote to Bernadotte, 'that now, all must be risqued to gain all;' and forthwith the neutrality of Anspach was violated. 'Sire,' (Mack as reported to have said, before the capitulation), 'had I not respected the neutrality of Anspach, I should have thwarted your majesty's plans.' — 'You ought to have attempted it.' — 'But I should then have involved the Emperor my Master

in a fresh war, and perhaps lost Bohemia.' — 'No, no,' answered Bonapartè, with a significant smile; 'you needed not to have apprehended that.' By which you will observe how well he knew Frederick William's moderation and pacific disposition. These were, however, at length put to the proof. A courier from Anspach brought the intelligence to Berlin, that the French had actually forced a passage through that territory. This threw the whole cabinet into the utmost consternation; and Hardenberg called loudly for war. The King, upon this flagrant breach of faith, felt himself highly offended; but was still undetermined how to proceed. By this irresolution, he gave Bonapartè time to obtain all that he wanted.

The whole nation seemed now in a ferment, and parties opposed each other with such vehemence, that the King was quite embarrassed, and knew not on what to resolve.

The Duke of Brunswick, with all the first nobility, apprehensive, that Bonapartè would set the crown of the German empire upon his own head, warmly seconded Hardenberg's decision for war. Schulenburg, as a courtier, left his Majesty to his own determination; but, at all events, recommended dispatch and energy.

The Prince of Hohenlohe, a man of unbounded ambition, was desirous, as Prince of the Empire, to distinguish himself by the command of an army. He was warmly for war, as were also Kalkreuth, Rüchel, and Blücher, who were solicitous of still increasing their military fame, and Prince Louis Ferdinand, who dreamed of nothing but the glory of conquering Bonapartè, was all fire at the idea of war with France.

Prince Louis was in every respect the most accomplished and animated of the whole family: the energy and ardor of his mind had formed him for a throne; but the circumscribed situation to which, as a younger branch, he was limited, was far too insufficient to employ the vigor of his powers; they therefore took an unfortunate course, and he gave up the reins of his judgement to dissipation and pleasure; nor did he admit any idea of morality to interrupt the gratification of his passions; for he held the whole world made for his enjoyment. A character of such vivacity, and in every point so diametrically opposite to that of the temperate and frugal Monarch, could not possibly avoid giving offence to the latter. The contempt was mutual, they took every opportunity to avoid each other; and as the prominent feature of the King's character, his irresolution, had been frequently the subject of the Prince's sarcastic wit, the present appearance of war furnished him with a sort of triumph; particularly as at this period the Emperor Alexander came to Berlin, and soon prevailed on Frederick William to conclude the well-known convention of Potsdam.

THE LEGACY.

A TALE.

BY WITHAM FARROW.

[Concluded from p. 177.]

WHEN Frank reached his mother's cot he found that she, with Delaware, had fixed his departure for the following week, which accordingly took place, and on his arrival in London he inquired for Mr. Adams, who, being a man of considerable practise, was soon found. The newspaper, with the certificates of baptism and marriage, were produced, and Frank with astonishment and delight heard the attorney declare that, as soon as the necessary arrangements were made, and a few further inquiries answered, he would be let into possession of estates to the amount of 600*l.* a-year.

'Jack,' said Mr. Adams to his son, a dashing blood of the first order, 'I think this gentleman had better put up with what accommodation we can give him, it will be better than continuing at his inn, what say you?'

'Aye, Dad, I think it wou'd, for he must go into training. — Well, John Lump, how are you?'

'Me, Sir! you're mistaken; I bean't John Lump; my name, Sir, is Francis Sedley.'

'Sedley — fine romantic name, and Francis is a hearty name, for it is *Frank* with every one. — Neat cut that coat of yours, Sir!'

'Yes, Sir, I paid a matter o' four and six-pence for t' cloth before a single stitch was put in't; you may titter, but it's as true as I'm Durham and you're a cockney!'

'Bravo, Bumpkin! you'll soon make a man of fashion by your impudence, but you must have the rust taken off — be polish'd a little; I'll make you another thing quite, and then, my Lad, you'll be quite the thing. — Your arm, Frank; come along, Frank.'

In this manner Jack rattled off his new found acquaintance, and, taking his arm, they proceeded to the residence of Mr. Adams, in Russell-Square.

My fair reader will wonder why young Adams made thus free with Sedley, but he had several reasons which would make an acquaintance with him very seasonable; he was looked upon among his fashionable friends to be an original, and the idea of bringing out an immense rich booby country squire would be the talk of the West. Moreover, the young lawyer was in daily expectation of receiving a slight touch on the shoulder from those rude uncivil wights, yclepped bailiffs, which, though such taps had ceased from their frequency to act as an electric shock on him, still, like a sensitive plant, he shrunk from the idea of seeing those rude weeds worse than rue among the fair flowers in the garden of the law. By him, too, he thought to feather his nest anew, and none knew better how to pluck a pidgeon than himself.

Young Adams introduced his friend, as he termed him, to his companions, where, in the continual routine of dissipation, the heart of Sedley gradually became estranged from his former self, and soon he forgot the mother

who had watched his infant years with care, and the rustic maid to whom his solemn vows were plighted.

'Frank,' said Adams to him one day, 'it will be some time before you can touch—I'll put you up to a mode of getting a supply until then; an old acquaintance of mine, Mr. L——, of Jermyn-Street, will let you have a trifle; but, by George, Frank, he'll make you pay through the nose for the accommodation.'

The expression young Adams used of *paying through the nose* will not, perhaps, be understood by many of our readers—Oh! happy ignorance. Know, then, it is as follows:—When any person is in want of a loan of 1000*l.* for one, two, or three months, an application is made to the broker, who, after a great many hems, &c., consents to *accommodate* you with the sum, in consideration of which you purchase a jewel for fifty or sixty guineas, worth near three, and give your bond for the sum, with interest at five per Cent.; thus the only proof that appears in black and white *is legal.*

Sedley obtained five hundred guineas, and, having given his bond, he made the usual purchase of a broach, which the broker vowed he lost by, and Adams swore was worth double the money.

'Now,' said Jack, 'my Lad, to Brighton; but first of all let's off to Tattersall's and get a brace of bloods; you must be paymaster for the present, you know I can repay you. I cannot ask Dad for any more cash at present, for I have cursedly run out at elbows lately.'

To Tattersall's they went; a pair of thick bloods were pointed out by the fashionable dealer to be the go. A curricle was hired at Thrupp's, and the following morning named for their departure.

The same night Frank, at the persuasion of his tutor, gave a supper at the Thatched House, where the young lawyer drank confusion to the drudgery of the quill, declaring he liked no deed but a *deed* of gift, no *will* but his own, and writs, latitats, bills of middlesex, and the evils, entailed thereon, thereto, and thereupon, might all go in the custody of Lucifer, instead of the Marshal of of our Lord the King.

Young Adams and his pupil, equipped as grooms, *à-la-mode*, drove Jehu like through the town, and took the road to Brighton, at which place they dined; the next morning the race course was eagerly sought. The moment the dashing curricle entered the ring, a host of sharks, well-skilled in horse flesh, came to greet their arrival.

'Jack,' said turf Mellish, who at that instant rode up, 'I know you are a judge, who will be the winners to-day?'

'What horses run?'

'Volante against Devil.'

'And wins for a cool hundred,' said Adams.

'Done!' returned Mr. Mellish; 'I'll back the Devil for any sum.'

Frank wondered how his friend would pay his bet in case he lost, but this is an age when wonders should cease. In the end, however, the Devil was triumphant, and the bet was paid out of Frank's store. But this was no-

thing; was not young Adams teaching him how to get rid of his cash? Was he not making him a complete blood of the ton? and could he do enough for him? No —it was impossible.

Frank thought himself a judge of cattle, and could not fail of success, but he did not know the the jockeys could win or lose according to their master's will, and he was jockied out of another hundred.

Adams, at night, introduced him to a new species of entertainment, the fashionable game of billiards; and, being a dab, no one will wonder that, before they left off, Frank found he had dabbled so far in it, that great part of the loan to his friend in the morning was wiped off; yet he was likely to be introduced to company, and become a don himself, consequently he was under an obligation to Adams.

A letter was transmitted to Sedley from the elder Mr. Adams, inclosing one from Delaware, in which he informed him his mother was no more, and ending with a gentle reproof for his long silence. His once-loved Susan added a few lines, which she thought would be acceptable to her Francis, as she termed him, and earnestly prayed him to hasten down and attend the last remains of his mother.

Frank was so unfashionable as to be capable of feeling; an emotion, never before experienced, agitated his breast, occasioned by his neglect to his mother, so that when Adams turned toward him, he saw the big drop of sorrow teeming in his eye.

'Why, Frank, you certainly are not crying? I'll be shot if you are not, though. Give me the letter from some tender piece of goods in the country? Mother dead! Well, how can you help that? 'Tis very hard, the parish must bury her.'

'The parish!—Never. I will instantly go and....'

'Go!' exclaimed Adams, hastily seising his arm, for he wisely thought, if you go I must too—'Go! Nonsense; send them a trifle; here, let me write; who shall I inclose it to?'

Sedley, with a sigh, said 'Delaware.'

He took the pen and began—

'Sir,

'Yours has been received by Mr. Sedley, who is dangerously ill, and I am directed to transmit the inclosed bank note for 20*l*.

'And am, Sir,

'Your humble Servant,

'JOHN ADAMS.'

'There—short and sweet, like a Bath bun; that's a rare dividend upon your bankrupt; gratitude, as for me, I never dealt in it; and when a bill of that kind is presented at my shop I always return it the same way as the bankers do my bills—"No effects."

In the evening young Adams went to the theatre, Sedley would not accompany him; and, when left to himself, he read with increased emotion the letter of Delaware. The thought of his departed mother and of his Susan cut him to the heart, and he wondered how he could have lived so long from them. At length, virtue resumed her empire, and he determined to leave his dangerous companion; a livery stables furnished him a conveyance, and, before Adams

returned, he was many miles distant.

When Adams heard he was from home, he asked the waiter what was become of the gentleman that accompanied him! The waiter informed him that he had discharged the bills and left the house, that he put on his chaise coat, and he expected the gentleman had returned to London.

Adams now felt himself in a very awkward situation, and the next morning he wrote to his father as follows:—

'Dear Dad,

'That bumpkin, Sedley, has come York over me completely; for, upon my returning from the theatre last night, I *found* he was *lost*, and I can obtain no tidings of him any where.

'You know the last hundred I had of you! Well, all's gone; I lent it to Durham, (who, by the bye, is as sharp as his native mustard), so that I am nonsuited, and shall be ejected from my present dwelling, if you do not send me a small supply; only think what a cut; the Prince and half the world are here. Races on, and I confined by *room*atism—Ha! ha! Do you take, Dad? If you do, take pity on

'Your truly affectionate Son,

'J. ADAMS.

'———— Hotel, Brighton.'

Here the short history ends. Sedley again visited his native place, wept for his mother, kissed his Susan, and was greeted by his friends. The tear of affection ceased to flow; the sigh of remembrance usurped it's place; within a twelvemonth from the death of Mrs. Sedley the lovers were married, and Stockton never witnessed a more joyful day than that which united Susan Harcourt to Squire Sedley.

ANDROMACHE DELAINE;

A TALE.

BY CATHARINE BREMEN YEAMES.

[Concluded from p. 164.]

BLANCHE DAVISON had many admirers; although not handsome she was very engaging, and, when in good humor, affable and pleasing. Leonard Kingston stood foremost on the list, and, by specious arts and consummate flattery, had completely won the affections of his mistress, who could scarcely exist, except when in his presence. It was in one of those hours when Leonard had just left his Blanche, that Andromache requested the story of Mrs. Sneerwell. Miss Davison smiled consent—'You must not expect to hear, my Andromache,' said she, 'any thing but a few simple truths; no romantic love-scenes, no castle or headless spectre, but all plain and unadorned. I am no authoress, Delaine, therefore prepare yourself for no glowing descriptions.'

Miss Davison laughed; her smiles extended even to her mother.

Andromache, in the ardor of her soul, caught her hand, and passionately raised it to her lips, saying, 'Now you are my own dear Blanche.' Pleasure sparkled in her large blue eyes, and her

every feature betrayed the pleasure that she experienced.

Blanche now began her story — 'Flirtilla was the only daughter of respectable parents, and, being more pretty than otherwise, was continually extolled by her mother and father, as possessing every feminine loveliness. Flirtilla was by nature vain, and of a proud overbearing spirit. The foolish whisperings of her mother that she was handsome and witty made her imagine that she was the fairest of the fair, and none, in her opinion, could ever possibly be her equal. A youth, of the name of Edwin, solicited her love, but solicited in vain; he was but a paltry shop-boy. A tradesman's wife the high-minded Flirtilla would never be, and Edwin was rejected with scorn and insult by the satirical girl. Only in private did he give vent for his loss (as he then thought it); happy for him had he always remained so, but fate ordained it otherwise. Flirtilla was passionately fond of dancing (it showed her fine form to advantage), and equally so with a red coat and lofty feather. At one of those balls she frequented, her partner for the evening was a young recruiting officer, Captain Dash; he pressed her hand, praised her slender shape, nay, swore by the bright lustre of her eyes that he could not live without her. Flirtilla was in raptures; her father and mother were equally so, who now thought they beheld their adored child advancing to that sphere of life which their mistaken fondness thought her fit to adorn. Captain Dash was a complete man of intrigue; he vowed he loved her more fondly than man ever loved before, and would not quit her presence till she had given him hopes of a return. Flirtilla's heart panted with delight — her head grew giddy with the idea of approaching felicity, and she fell fainting in his arms, softly whispering, "Too much hold have you on my affections, beloved captain, for me to withhold this candid confession." This was enough — Dash had gained her affections, and soon, very soon had Flirtilla reason to repent her forwardness. She became an easy prey to the smooth-tongued captain, who shortly left her to repent at leisure the fatal effects of her guilty passion.

'To all but her parents Flirtilla's fall from virtue at present was a secret; and, if possible to preserve it so, Edwin was selected by the prudent father as a match for his unfortunate daughter. Flirtilla's proud soul was hurt by a union with the paltry shop-boy, and by her he was treated with unkindness, contempt, and cruelty. Edwin was unhappy, he sighed, he wept, and wished he had never seen the destroyer of his repose. Long before the prescribed period Flirtilla presented her husband with a son, and Edwin then too well knew his wretched fate. Nevertheless, in spite of Flirtilla's ill conduct, Edwin would again have taken her to his arms, and treated her, as he had always done, with enthusiastic fondness. Flirtilla would not submit to be received as a penitent wife; she uttered the most illiberal abuse against her low-minded husband, as she always called him, and sneered at his fondness. Hurt by such repeated proofs of the malignancy of her disposition, the gentle Edwin determined on leaving his virago, and in a bleak night, in the middle of winter,

regardless of his future prospects, the ill-treated husband left his wife and home for ever! Mrs. Sneerwell exulted in again having her liberty restored to her, pressed her guilty offspring to her breast, and set out to join the father. By Captain Dash she was met with apparent affection, and for many years lived openly as his mistress, till he discovered that she had an amour with a young ensign, and being perfectly tired of her, as her conduct had been glaring, in a fit of pique he thurst the wretched woman from him; but, at the same time, generously settling on her a trifling annuity for life. This annuity, with a little fancy-work, enables her to appear in the style you saw her; and, by coqueting and toying with even paltry shop-boys, 'Flirtilla renews the dancing days of her youth.'

Blanche Davison having ended her narrative, rose, and telling George to beware of all such women as Mrs. Flirtilla, left the room. Andromache sighed, 'Oh! that all women were only half as amiable as you, my dear Mrs. Davison!' Mrs. Davison then softly said—'You must accompany my brother and myself to Mrs. Kingston's this evening, Andromache. It is Ophelia's birth-day, and my family, as her friends, are invited. Nay, do not hesitate, for you positively must go. My Leonard will escort us to his sister's, and we shall all be so happy!' Delaine consented, and at seven o'clock they entered the elegant drawing-room of Mrs. Kingston. Andromache was introduced to the lady of the mansion with a graceful eulogium by Blanche, and seated next to Miss Ophelia, who endeavoured by every little action to win her esteem and confidence. Miss Delaine wanted not penetration, therefore could easily discover the character of Ophelia. George Davison sat on the right hand of Miss Kingston, and with the most gross flattery was amusing his 'adored angel!' who greedily devoured every sentence of her admirer. Ophelia this day had completed her twenty-second year. She was not pretty nor graceful, but, in her own ideas, was a model for perfection in both. As for abilities, few could possess less than Ophelia: she was illiterate and simple in the extreme. She had been pampered up by her mother as her darling, and every wish that Ophelia expressed to her mother was gratified. Miss Kingston was in raptures with Davison by her side, for she really thought that imprudent young man sincerely loved her, and continually kept the room in a titter by her simple and nonsensical remarks. It is true, the more wise Leonard sometimes bestowed a frown on her for her impertinent behaviour with her beloved George; but, as mamma was too much engaged at quadrille to take any particular notice, Ophelia smiled in triumph.

The Kingston family was neither rich nor amiable; pride was their prevailing foible, and many more foibles than pride might have been added, had not they possessed the most specious art to hide, under the mask of virtue, every petty, designing, crafty connivance. Mrs. Kingston was mistress of great sense, great economy, and great knowlege of the world, whose good opinion she endeavoured to gain with the most assiduous care. Her language was pure, elegant, and flowing,

her manners gentleness itself; and the pleasing smile that ever and anon glowed on her features, would have made her appear, to a common observer, as a most bewitching and well bred woman. Leonard Kingston was bred to the profession of the law, and, being master of extensive abilities, would have made considerable progress in it, had he not given up his every attention to the most abandoned profligacy. His amours were numerous, but having the happy art to conceal them, he was received with admiration in every company of both sexes. Leonard was handsome, polite, and engaging, but cunning, deceitful, and treacherous. Long had he been searching for a proper object to fix his affections on (as his mother termed it) when chance brought him acquainted with George Davison, who, finding in him in every respect a similarity with himself, immediately selected him as his chosen friend and companion. Young Kingston had frequently met with Miss Davison in public, and, in justice to him, it must be confessed that he was greatly struck with her person and behaviour; her fortune, likewise, was a great stimulus, as it was well known that Mr. Davison's property was considerable. He therefore, by George, was particularly introduced to Blanche, who could not behold his delicate attentions without a something bordering on partiality, which soon was matured into an ardent affection. Leonard was delighted, and exultingly led the beloved Blanche to his mother. The first wish of Mrs. Kingston's heart was now gratified, in the approaching happiness of her son, as her most fervent prayer was for the aggrandisement of her children with people of fortune and fashion. As a matter of course, Lieutenant Davison was always well received by Mrs. Kingston and Ophelia; the former behaved as she always did to her particular friends, but the latter's attentions were pointed. George was gallant, and always had half a thousand pretty nothings to whisper in the female ear; and seeing Miss Kingston of that particular cast of ladies who cannot receive a compliment without fully believing it's truth, he laid close siege to her follies and simplicity. Ophelia loved him, and, after covering her face with her handkerchief, one day told him so; sighs burst from her agitated bosom; and George, pressing her in his arms, swore to be hers for ever!

Leonard made formal proposals to Davison for his daughter, but he rejected him with scorn, and forbid him his house. Stung to the soul, he sought his Blanche—'Your father,' said he, 'has refused my suit with insult, and has forbidden me his house for ever; but you, my beloved girl, are, I trust, above such narrow prejudices, and, in accepting the man who adores you, forget the difference of fortune.' Miss Davison blushed consent to his wishes, and shortly after eloped with him to Scotland, where they were united. Mrs. Davison's grief was violent, she shuddered at the gloomy prospect of her child, and kindly forgave her her errors when she kneeled for forgiveness. Not so with the father of Blanche, who struck her from his will, swearing he would hinder her of every shilling that was in his power, saying, 'Thus I will disappoint the mercenary views of

Kingston, the needy fortune-hunter.'

Ophelia shortly after became the dupe of George Davison; and Mrs. Kingston was nearly distracted at the sudden depravity of her darling child. The lieutenant's speciousness overcame the simplicity of Ophelia, and he now left her for some other object.

Leonard's heart beat high, and he thirsted for revenge on the author of his sister's dishonor. Blanche entreated, supplicated — but in vain — revenge the hot-headed Leonard panted for, and swore he would have. Miss Kingston was far advanced in pregnancy, her situation was really pitiable; for, although fallen, her soul was not lost to virtue, and she shrunk back with horror from the presence of her seducer! If Davison would retrieve his conduct in part, by marrying Ophelia, harmony would be restored to the Kingston family, and Leonard would again receive George as his friend and brother. The threats of Leonard were disregarded, as Davison was not by any means to be frightened into an union with a woman like Ophelia; he therefore braved them — braved the tears of the frantic girl whom he had thus wronged, and sneered at the friendly counsels of his mother. Leonard, distracted with various emotions, met the seducer of his sister; the ground was measured, and all settled, when the first shot fell to Leonard to fire — 'Little did I ever expect,' exclaimed he, 'that our friendship, cemented by the ties of relationship, would terminate in such an event,' sighed he: 'your life I do not covet — no, Heaven forbid that I should be so depraved! Ophelia's wrongs demand reparation, and if you will not give it, by making her your wife, this arm must do her justice!' — 'Then we are parted for ever — never will I make the lost Ophelia mine,' returned the lieutenant with mortifying coolness; and, taking his proper distance, bade Leonard do his duty. Kingston fired, and the contents lodged in the heart of George, who fell with a horrid groan, calling on Ophelia to forgive him! Leonard, in despair, rushed from the spot, took a chaise, and fled.

All now was despair and consternation. Poor Blanche followed her husband — left her country, and became with him a wanderer. The bleeding body of George was conveyed home, and shortly after interred in a splendid vault of his ancestors. His father had lost his pride, his darling boy, and his gloomy soul sunk to apathy. Mrs. Davison's reason was for a while disordered; she shrunk from society, shrunk even from herself, and only with her loved Andromache by her side could she dare lift her eyes from the earth. 'Eleanor, George, Blanche, — all gone from me!' she would say, then falling into hysteric fits, remain so for hours. The poor Ophelia, in giving birth to a daughter, closed her own life — and by so doing took from the sight of her mother a bane which she could ill support. The child lived but a few hours; and with pleasure did the grandmother behold the exit of the poor little infant, who was laid in the coffin by the mother.

'If pity yet survive, here turn thy eye,
Survey the scene, behold thy victim die.'

Andromache Delaine was extremely partial to the French lan-

guage; her mother was a great proficient in it, and, under her tuition, Andromache had made considerable progress. A French emigrant of distinction, a constant visitor at Mrs. Davison's, beheld Miss Delaine with partial fondness—his bosom glowed with every manly virtue, his handsome face with every amiable and engaging grace. His heart was sincere, and fair was every action of his spotless character. Ferdinand Le Blanc to Miss Delaine was the most pleasing and amiable of men, and nearly equally so with Mrs. Davison, who, with real delight, beheld the fondness of her adopted daughter for the worthy Frenchman. Andromache blushed, her heart acknowleged his numerous virtues, and she could not say nay, when he laid his hand and fortune at her feet for acceptance. Mrs. Davison presented her fair friend with a present of five thousand pounds, as a tribute of her sincere affection, and Andromache Delaine returned to Aimwell Cottage and Eliza, the wife of Ferdinand Le Blanc, a youth every way worthy to possess such an inestimable treasure.

Norwich,
February 9.

THE VISIT:

With Strictures on Modern Female Education.

(From the Novel entitled, 'Cælebs in Search of a Wife.')

SOME days after, while we were conversing over our tea, we heard the noise of a carriage; and Mr. Stanley, looking out from a bow-window in which he and I were sitting, said it was Lady and Miss Rattle driving up the avenue. He had just time to add, 'these are our *fine* neighbours. They always make us a visit as soon as they come down, while all the gloss and lustre of London is fresh upon them. We have always our regular routine of conversation. While her ladyship is pouring the fashions into Mrs. Stanley's ear, Miss Rattle, who is about Phœbe's age, entertains my daughter and me with the history of her own talents and acquirements.'

Here they entered. After a few compliments, Lady Rattle seated herself between Lady Belfield and Mrs. Stanley, at the upper end of the room; while the fine, sprightly, boisterous girl of fifteen or sixteen threw herself back on the sofa at nearly her full length, between Mr. Stanley and me; the Miss Stanleys and Sir John sitting near us, within hearing of her lively loquacity.

'Well, Miss Amelia,' said Mr. Stanley, 'I dare say you have made good use of your time this winter. I suppose you have ere now completed the whole circle of the arts. Now let me hear what you have been doing, and tell me your whole achievements, as frankly as you used to do when you were a little girl.'

'Indeed,' replied she, 'I have not been idle, if I must speak the truth. One has so many things to learn, you know. I have gone on with my French and Italian of course, and I am now beginning German. Then comes my drawing-master; he teaches me to paint flowers and shells, and to draw ruins and buildings, and to

take views. He is a good soul, and is finishing a set of pictures, and half a dozen fire-screens, which I began for mamma. He *does* help me, to be sure, but, indeed, I do some of it myself, don't I mamma?' calling out to her mother, who was too much absorbed in her own narratives to attend to her daughter.

'And then,' pursued the young prattler, 'I learn varnishing, and gilding, and japanning. And next winter I shall learn modelling and etching, and engraving in mezzo-tinto and aquatinta; for Lady Di. Dash learns etching, and mamma says, as I shall have a better fortune than Lady Di., she vows I shall learn every thing she does. Then I have a dancing master, who teaches me the Scotch and Irish steps, and another who teaches me attitudes, and I shall soon learn the walz; and I can stand longer on one leg already than Lady Di. Then I have a singing-master, and another who teaches me the harp, and another for the piano-forte. And what little time I can spare from these *principal* things, I give by odd minutes to antient and modern history, and geography, and astronomy, and grammar, and botany. Then I attend lectures on chemistry and experimental philosophy; for, as I am not yet come out, I have not much to do in the evenings; and mamma says there is nothing in the world that money can pay for but what I shall learn. And I run so delightfully fast from one thing to another, that I am never tired. What makes it so pleasant is, as soon as I am fairly set in with one master, another arrives. I should hate to be long at the same thing. But I shan't have a great while to work so hard; for, as soon as I come out, I shall give it all up, except music and dancing.'

All this time Lucilla sat listening with a smile, behind the complacency of which she tried to conceal her astonishment. Phœbe, who had less self-control, was on the very verge of a loud laugh. Sir John, who had long lived in a soil where this species is indigenous, had been too long accustomed to all it's varieties to feel much astonishment at this specimen, which, however, he sat contemplating with philosophical but discriminating coolness.

For my own part, my mind was wholly absorbed in contrasting the coarse manners of this voluble and intrepid, but good-humored girl, with the quiet, cheerful, and unassuming elegance of Lucilla.

'I should be afraid, Miss Rattle,' said Mr. Stanley, 'if you did not look in such blooming health, that, with all these incessant labors, you did not allow yourself time for rest. Surely you never sleep.'

'O yes, that I do, and eat too,' said she; 'my life is not quite so hard and moping as you fancy. What between shopping and morning visitings with mamma, and seeing sights, and the park, and the gardens (which, by the way, I hate, except on a Sunday when they are crowded), and our young balls, which are four or five in a week, after Easter, and mamma's music parties at home, I contrive to enjoy myself tolerably; though, after I have been presented, I shall be a thousand times better off, for then I shan't have a moment to myself. Won't that be delightful?' said she,

twitching my arm, rather roughly, by way of recalling my attention, which, however, had seldom wandered.

As she had now run out her London materials, the news of the neighbourhood next furnished a subject for her volubility. After she had mentioned in detail one or two stories of low village gossip, while I was wondering how she could come at them, she struck me dumb by quoting the coachman as her authority. This enigma was soon explained. The mother and daughter having exhausted their different topics of discourse nearly at the same time, they took their leave, in order to enrich every family in the neighbourhood, on whom they were going to call, with the same valuable knowlege which they had imparted to us.

Mr. Stanley conducted Lady Rattle, and I led her daughter; but, as I offered to hand her into the carriage, she started back with a sprightly motion, and screamed out, 'O no, not in the inside, pray help me up to the dickey; I always protest I never *will* ride with any body but the coachman, if we go ever so far.' So saying, with a spring, which showed how much she despised my assistance, the little hoyden was seated in a moment, nodding familiarly at me, as if I had been an old friend.

Then with a voice emulating that which, when passing by Charing-cross, I have heard issue from an overstuffed stage vehicle, when a robust sailor has thrust his body out at the window, the fair creature vociferated — 'Drive on, coachman.' He obeyed, and turning round her whole person, she continued nodding at me till they were out of sight.

'Here is a mass of accomplishments,' said I, 'without one particle of mind, one ray of common sense, or one shade of delicacy! Surely somewhat less time, and less money might have sufficed to qualify a companion for the coachman!

'What poor creatures are we men!' said I to Mr. Stanley, as soon as he came in. 'We think it very well, if, after much labor, and long application, we can attain to one or two of the innumerable acquirements of this gay little girl. Nor is this, I find, the rare achievement of one happy genius; there is a whole class of these miraculous females. Miss Rattle

'Is knight o' th' shire, and represents them all.'

'It is only young ladies,' replied he, 'whose vast abilities, whose mighty grasp of mind, can take in every thing. Among men, learned men, talents are commonly directed into some one channel, and fortunate is he, who in that one attains to excellence. The linguist is rarely a painter, nor is the mathematician often a poet. Even in one profession there are divisions and subdivisions. The same lawyer never thinks of presiding both in the king's bench and the court of chancery. The science of healing is not only divided into it's three distinct branches, but, in the profession of surgery only, how many are the subdivisions! One professor undertakes the eye, another the ear, and a third the teeth. But woman, ambitious, aspiring, universal, triumphant, glorious woman, even at the age of a school-boy, encounters the whole range of arts, attacks the whole circle of sciences!'

'A mighty maze, and *quite* without a plan,' replied Sir John, laughing; 'but the truth is, the misfortune does not so much consist in their learning every thing, as in their knowing nothing; I mean nothing well. When gold is beaten out so wide, the lamine must needs be very thin. And you may observe the more valuable attainments, though they are not to be left out of the modish plan, are kept in the back ground, and are to be picked up out of the odd remnants of that time, the sum of which is devoted to frivolous accomplishments. All this gay confusion of acquirements, these holiday splendors, this superfluity of enterprise, enumerated in the first part of her catalogue, is the *real business* of education, the latter part is incidental, and, if taught, is not learned.

'As to the lectures so boastfully mentioned, they may be doubtless made very useful subsidiaries to instruction; they most happily illustrate book-knowlege; but, if the pupil's instructions in private do not precede and keep pace with these useful public exhibitions, her knowlege will be only presumptuous ignorance. She may learn to talk of oxygen and hydrogen, and deflagration, and trituration, but she will know nothing of the sciences except the terms. It is not knowing the names of his tools that makes an artist; and I should be afraid of the vanity which such superficial information would communicate to a mind not previously prepared, nor exercised at home in corresponding studies. But, as Miss Rattle honestly confessed, as soon as she *comes out*, all these things will die away of themselves, and dancing and music will be almost all which will survive of her multifarious pursuits.

'I look upon the great predominanee of music in female education,' said Mr. Stanley, 'to be the source of more mischief than is suspected; not from any evil in the thing itself, but from it's being such a gulph of time as really to leave little room for solid acquisitions. I love music, and were it only cultivated as an amusement should commend it. But the monstrous proportion, or rather disproportion of life which it swallows up even in many religious families, and this is the chief subject of my regret, has converted an innocent diversion into a positive sin. I question if many gay men devote more hours in a day to idle purposes, than the daughters of many pious parents spend in this amusement. All these hours the mind lies fallow, improvement is at a stand, if even it does not retrograde. Nor is the shreds and scraps of time stolen in the intervals of better things that is so devoted; but it is the morning, the prime, the profitable, the active hours, when the mind is vigorous, the spirits light, the intellect awake and fresh, and the whole being wound up by refreshment of sleep, and animated by the return of light and life, for nobler services.'

'If,' said Sir John, 'music were cultivated to embellish retirement, to be practised where pleasures are scarce, and good performers are not to be had, it would quite alter the case. But the truth is, these highly-taught ladies are not only living in public where they hear the most exquisite professors, but they have them also at their

own houses. Now one of these two things must happen. Either the performance of the lady will be so inferior as not to be worth hearing, on the comparison, or so good that she will fancy herself the rival instead of the admirer of the performer, whom she had better pay and praise than fruitlessly emulate.'

'This anxious struggle to reach the unattainable excellence of the professor,' said Mr. Stanley, 'often brings to my mind the contest for victory, between the ambitious nightingale, and the angry lutanist in the beautiful Prolusion of Strada.'

'It is to the predominance of this talent,' replied I, 'that I ascribe that want of companionableness of which I complain. The excellence of musical performance is a decorated screen, behind which all defects in domestic knowlege, in taste, judgement, and literature, and the talents which make an elegant companion, are creditably concealed.'

'I have made,' said Sir John, 'another remark. Young ladies, who, from apparent shyness, do not join in the conversation of a small select party, are always ready enough to entertain them with music on the slightest hint. Surely it is equally modest to *say* as to *sing*, especially to sing those melting strains we sometimes hear sung, and which we should be ashamed to hear said. After all, how few hours are there in a week in which a man engaged in the pursuits of life, and a woman in the duties of a family, wish to employ in music. I am fond of it myself, and Lady Belfield plays admirably, but with the cares inseparable from the conscientious discharge of her duty with so many children, how little time has she to play, or I to listen! But there is no day, no hour, no meal in which I do not enjoy in her the ever ready pleasure of an elegant and interesting companion. A man of sense, when all goes smoothly, wants to be entertained; under vexation to be soothed; in difficulties to be counselled; in sorrow to be comforted. In a mere artist can he reasonably look for these resources?'

'Only figure to yourself,' replied Mr. Stanley, 'my six girls daily playing four hours a-piece, which is now a moderate allowance! As we have but one instrument they must beat in succession, and night to keep pace with their neighbours. If I may compare light things with serious ones, it would resemble,' added he smiling, 'the perpetual psalmody of good Mr. Nicholas Ferrar, who had relays of musicians every six hours to sing the whole psalter through every day and night! I mean not to ridicule that holy man; but my girls thus keeping their useless vigils in turn, we should only have the melody without any of the piety. No, my friend! I will have but two or three singing birds to cheer my little grove. If all the world are performers there will soon be no hearers. Now as I am resolved in my own family that some shall listen, I will have but few to perform.'

'It must be confessed,' said Sir John, 'that Miss Rattle is no servile imitator of the vapid tribe of the superficially accomplished. Her violent animal spirits prevent her from growing smooth by attrition. She is as rough and regular as rusticity itself could have made her. Where strength

of character, however, is only marked by the worst concomitant of strength, which is coarseness, I should almost prefer inanity itself.'

'I should a little fear,' said I, 'that I lay too much stress on companionableness; on the *positive duty of being agreeable at home*, had I not only learned the doctrine from my father, and seen it exemplified so happily in the practice of my mother.'

'I entirely agree with you, Charles,' said Mr. Stanley, 'as to the absolute *morality* of being agreeable, and even entertaining in one's own family circle. Nothing so soon, and so certainly, wears out the happiness of married persons, as that too common bad effect of familiarity, the sinking down into dulness and insipidity, neglecting to keep alive the flame by the delicacy which first kindled it; want of vigilance in keeping the temper cheerful by Christian discipline, and the faculties bright by constant use. Mutual affection decays of itself, even where there is no great moral turpitude, without mutual endeavours, not only to improve, but to amuse.

'This,' continued he, 'is one of the great arts of *home enjoyments*. That it is so little practised, accounts in a good measure for the undomestic turn of too many married persons. The man meets abroad with amusement, and the woman with attentions to which they are not accustomed at home. Whereas a capacity to please on the one part, and a disposition to be pleased on the other, in their own house, would make visits appear dull. But then the disposition and the capacity must be cultivated antecedently to marriage. And whose whole education has been rehearsal will be dull, except she lives on the stage, constantly displaying what she has been sedulously acquiring. Books, on the contrary, well-chosen books, do not lead to exhibition. The knowlege a woman acquires in private, desires no witnesses; the possession is the pleasure. It improves herself, it embellishes her family society, it entertains her husband, it informs her children. The gratification is cheap, is safe, is always to be had at home.'

'It is superfluous,' said Sir John, 'to decorate women so highly for early youth; youth is itself a decoration. We mistakingly adorn most that part of life which least requires it, and neglect to provide for that which will want it most. It is for that sober period when life has lost it's freshness, the passions their intenseness, and the spirits their hilarity, that we should be preparing. Our wisdom would be to anticipate the wants of middle life, to lay in a store of notions, ideas, principles, and habits, which may preserve, or transfer to the mind that affection, which was at first partly attracted by the person. But to add a vacant mind to a form which has ceased to please; to provide no subsidiary aid to beauty while it lasts, and especially no substitute when it is departed to render life comfortless, and marriage dreary.'

'The reading of a cultivated woman,' said Mr. Stanley,' commonly occupies less time than the music of a musical woman, or the idleness of an indolent woman, or the dress of a vain woman, or the dissipation of a fluttering woman; she is therefore likely to have more leisure for her duties, as well as more inclination, and a

sounder judgement for performing them. But pray observe that I assume my reading woman to be a religious woman; and I will not answer for the effect of a literary vanity, more than for that of any other vanity, in a mind not habitually disciplined by Christian principle, the only safe and infallible antidote for knowlege of every kind.'

Before we had finished our conversation, we were interrupted by the arrival of the post. Sir John eagerly opened the newspaper; but, instead of gratifying our impatience with the intelligence for which we panted from the glorious Spaniards, he read a paragraph which stated 'that Miss Denham had eloped with Signor Squallini, that they were on their way for Scotland, and that Lady Denham had been in fits ever since.'

Lady Belfield, with her usual kindness, was beginning to express how much she pitied her old acquaintance. 'My dear Caroline,' said Sir John, 'there is too much substantial and inevitable misery in the world, for you to waste much compassion on this foolish woman. Lady Denham has little reason to be surprised at an event which all reasonable people must have anticipated. Provoking and disgraceful as it is, what has she to blame but her own infatuation? This Italian was the associate of all her pleasures, the constant theme of her admiration. He was admitted when her friends were excluded. The girl was continually hearing that music was the best gift, and that Signor Squallini was the best gifted. Miss Denham,' added he, laughing, 'had more wit than your Strada's nightingale. Instead of dropping down dead on the lute for envy, she thought it better to run away with the lutanist for love. I pity the poor girl, however, who has furnished such a commentary to our text, and who is rather the victim of a wretched education than of her own bad propensities.

Observations on the Irish Nation.

By the late Bishop Lowth.

(From an unpublished Sermon preached by Bishop Lowth for the Benefit of the Irish Charity Schools.)

THAT the native Irish so closely connected with England should have continued for so many centuries, and should, in some degree still continue, in such a state of darkness and barbarism, might seem incredible and inexplicable, were not the fact evident, and did not history point out to us the causes of it.

The fate of that nation has been somewhat singular, and the disadvantages under which it has labored in a manner peculiar to itself. No time can be assigned within the period of certain history, in which Ireland had any favorable opportunity of making those improvements which it's natural capacity admitted, or it's happy situation even pointed out. As it escaped the dominion of the Romans, so was it likewise deprived of the benefits which this government generally introduced; order, laws, civility, cultivation; and being separated from other nations in a remote corner of the world, and unskilled in navigation, it had little inclination or oppor-

tunity to profit by intercourse with them.

We have indeed notices from undoubted history, of a subsequent age in which Ireland was celebrated for literature and sanctity. Learning, driven out of the rest of Europe, by the incursion of the northern nations, seemed for a while to take refuge there; and from thence letters and religion were propagated to the neighbouring countries. But this bright age was of no long continuance; the light of it was soon obscured, and at last utterly extinguished, by repeated invasions of still more northern barbarians. And it must also be observed that their learning at best was such as could only have shined in dark times; and that their religion consisted chiefly in the extravagant austerities of the monastic life, unfavorable to improvement of every kind as it encouraged and sanctified inactivity, and considered the cultivation of the arts of life as profane, and even sinful.

Whatever their former attainments might have been, the English certainly found them relapsed into a state of complete barbarism, in respect of science, manners, laws, and religion; without arts, manufactures, and almost without agriculture, that first mark, and most essential part of civilization; in a country eminently fruitful, and abundantly supplied with every thing proper for the accommodation of it's inhabitants, in a manner destitute of the conveniences and even the necessaries of life. To this state they were reduced by a perpetual succession of domestic wars between their several elective kings, under whom they were cantoned; and of foreign invasions, to which they lay entirely open and exposed; and whatever short intervals there might be of either, public depredation only gave place to private rapine, and military law was only exchanged for tyranny or anarchy. Nor was their condition mended when their dissentions had thrown them into the hands of the English: the same series of contentions either among themselves or with their invaders succeeded. In despite of many solemn acts of forced and insincere submission, they perpetually revolted against an ill-established ill-supported, a weak and unsteady government; the effect of which was little more than to keep up their resentment against their new governors ever fresh and keen, and to mature it at length into an inveterate hatred.

Thus, for many centuries this unfortunate nation labored under all the disadvantages of subjection to a superior power without partaking of any of the advantages with which it is often accompanied. The conquerors even refused to impart the benefit and protection of their laws to the conquered. Unable to reduce them to order by force, they would not condescend to try the gentle but more powerful influence of benevolence; and, instead of reforming the natives, suffered even their own people, settled among them, to degenerate and become barbarians. The constitution of the times, the manners of the people, were unfavorable to every kind of civil improvement. Those who are accustomed to live by plunder and rapine, always look upon manual labor, and the arts that depend on it with contempt and aversion;

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London Fashionable Dresses.

and who in a state of civil confusion will bestow his pains the fruits of which he can have no reasonable expectation of enjoying? The very laws were calculated to extinguish every inclination to industry, by affording no security in the possession of property, nor certainty of it's descending by inheritance.

When the light of the gospel was relumined by the reformation, the same pillar of fire which gave a guiding light to England, became a cloud of darkness to the Irish, making a greater separation between both, so that one came not near the other. It threw them more irrecoverably into the arms of Rome, and made them seek alliances with every Popish nation that could flatter them with promises of protection. These connexions formed so long ago still subsist: hence the constant supplies which they afford to foreign armies; doubly destructive to their country, as they diminish it's force, and at the same increase the strength of it's enemies.

The next age was unhappily distinguished by discord and devastation more violent and more general; by rebellions and massacres; by civil wars, inflamed and heightened by religious fury; rendering ineffectual every approach which had before been made to order and government, imbittering and confirming old animosities, aggravating antient prejudices, and rendering them invincible.

The great æra of British liberty, the revolution, marks the commencement of peace and prosperity to Ireland, after at least nine centuries of uninterrupted discord, confusion, and desolation. The way to happiness was then laid plainly open; but in so long a course of time as hath passed since, what advances have been made towards it? Much less than in reason might have been expected, even allowing to every obviating cause it's full efficacy. Barbarism hath retreated with a slow pace: some remains of it at least still appear in the genuine manners of the people, by it's genuine marks, ferocity and indolence; outrageous acts of lawless violence unheard of in any civilised country, are still frequently committed there; and hardly any other country bears on the face of it such indications of the bounty of God in imparting the gifts of nature, and of the sloth of man in neglecting to improve them.

London Fashionable Dresses.

[*With an Engraving elegantly colored.*]

1. A short pelisse of colored sarcenet without sleeves and open at the sides, but drawn together at equal distances with a small raised silk button, and trimmed round the bottom with a silk fringe to match. Over a worked muslin-dress cap, same as the pelisse, with a lace veil confined with a silver band. White kid shoes and gloves: silk scarff, and white sarcenet parasol.

2.-A short dress of yellow net or leno, ornamented down the front with small roses over a train of white sarcenet; lace veil confined with a wreath of small roses; pearl necklace, silk shoes, and white kid gloves.

To the Editor *of the* Lady's Magazine.

Sir,

A witty author, after remarking that the law has appointed search-

ers to inquire when any one dies into the cause of his death, expresses a wish that searchers were also appointed to examine into his way of living, before a character be given of him on the tomb-stone, and truly, I seldom amuse myself with reading the various inscriptions in our church-yards, without being of this author's opinion. I really know no right we have to impose upon our posterity with a false detail of our good qualities, and oblige them to hold in *sacred* and *eternal* remembrance persons of whom it is difficult for them to know any thing at all, or to trace any one virtuous act worthy of remembrance.

I believe it will not be denied that there is scarcely any excuse for a violation of truth, yet we have heard of a certain class of falsities, which are called *pious frauds*, a sort of trick by which it is supposed that no person is greatly injured, and some good may be produced. This, although contrary to the apostolic precept, that we should not do evil that good may come of it, is nevertheless probably one of the causes of the many undeserved characters engraven on tomb-stones, and consequently a most fertile source of *tender husbands, affectionate wives, dutiful children, benevolent masters*, and other saints who fill our church-yards. We are willing to induce our posterity to be good by showing them so many bright examples, and to coax them into something like merit, that they in their turn may be commemorated by such honorable mention. Many persons think it is very wrong to give a young man an idea that the world is filled with rogues, lest, from contracting habits of suspicion and cunning, he may in time become a rogue himself. In like manner those to whom the character of the dead is intrusted, wish to place the world in as favorable a light as possible, that succeeding ages may study to improve upon the models presented, or, or least, may be ashamed of disgracing them.

Another reason for this unvarying excellence of character to be found in our cemeteries may be *vanity*. Every man has some portion of this as regarding himself in particular, and some portion that regards society in general. Although we often complain of the degeneracy of the age in which we live, we are unwilling that our successors should look back with contempt upon us; we are rather willing that they should think better of us than we deserve, that they may bestow on our memory (from ignorance) those encomiums which we have cut in stone by design. Such are our feelings with regard to the age in which we live and the society of which we form a part; but our vanity is still more predominant in what more immediately relates to ourselves. Hence, although a son knew that his father was one of the worst of characters, he would not, for his own sake, give a detail of his vices on his tomb-stone; on the contrary, he would either bury him in obscurity (if pride would allow it) or he must have such a quantity of virtues as may qualify him to keep company with his *amiable, pious, tender*, and *charitable* neighbours in the same burying ground. Again, if a young man by the death of any relation inherited a splendid fortune, would it be wise in him to inscribe on the tomb-stone of the deceased that this fortune was acquired by public and private

fraud? Surely he would be thought a madman, and yet, were he to be wholly silent as to the merits of his departed benefactor, he would be thought ungrateful.

A third cause of the superlative praise which freestone and marble abound in, may be the desire, so natural to man, of being thought to descend from virtuous ancestors. No desire, surely, can be more natural than this, and no desire was ever so completely gratified by the labors of the chissel; since it is in the power of any man to provide himself, at a very short notice, and no vast expence, with a string of illustrious ancestors in whose characters not a blemish can be found. Now there is a double advantage in this, which I beg leave to explain.

In the first place, he who has provided himself with such a race of *perfect* progenitors, is highly pleased to be thought descended from them, and acquires considerable respect from this circumstance; and, in the second place, and a very important consideration it affords, he is hereby, in a manner, obliged to keep up the dignity of the family by emulating the virtues of his ancestors. Hence, therefore, it is unreasonable to expect that the breed of *tender husbands* will ever be extinct, while they can be preserved upon stone, or that *affectionate wives*, *dutiful children*, and other excellent persons, will not be handed down from family to family, while a foot of marble remains in the kingdom. Tied down in this manner, by our own voluntary act, to be good, because our forefathers were so, we shall be ashamed to fall off from the standard of merit, which we have appointed, and who knows but that hereafter it may be as common to find a tender husband living as dead, and a wife as affectionate in her house as in her grave? Who knows but that our children may be dutiful while the breath is in their bodies, that a benevolent man may supply the poor even in his life time, and that the many virtues we read of may be found to exist in a more evident form than the gratitude of residuary legatees?

Such, I humbly conceive are some of the extravagant epitaphs with which our church-yards are filled, and which are universal, for I do not remember to have heard a well-authenticated instance of an epitaph (really engraved) which gave a bad character of the deceased. Before the reformation, indeed, we were somewhat more modest as in the common expression — *Ora pro anima miserimmi peccatoris*, &c. 'Pray for the soul of that most miserable sinner, John or Jane, &c.' but since we gave up Purgatory, we have given up all kinds of imperfection and infirmity, and started into a race of amiable, tender, affectionate, pious, &c. &c. saints; not to speak of patriotic statesmen, generous church-wardens, brave commanders, and indefatigable magistrates.

Whether there may not be other causes for the excellence we think proper to inscribe on our marble I shall not now inquire. None else, at present, occur to me, and whether those I have given are just or not, whether we are guilty of vanity or fraud, I have some reason to think that if we do not take very great care, posterity will be even with us, and punish us in a very mortifying way. What suggested this thought to me was an observation I had occa-

sion to make a few days ago in passing through the church-yard of a very large parish in the vicinity of London. In that church-yard, in lieu of gravel walks between the divisions of the burying ground, are walks paved with stones, which, upon inquiry, I found to be the grave-stones of families that were extinct, or removed to other quarters of the globe. Without considering the right which the officers of the church had to do this, what a lesson does it afford to the pride of epitaph excellence! Here are monuments *sacred* to the *eternal* memory of, &c. &c., which are trampled under foot, until every vestige of name and character is obliterated, and what was destined for the admiration of the latest ages, cannot be discovered by the present.

Nor is this the only place where similar dilapidations have taken place, and that at periods so soon after the decease of the parties, that it is to be feared the knowlege of them was extended to very few generations. Is it then, may I ask, even owing to *this* circumstance, that we are anxious to keep up a succession of the virtuous *dead*; and that, so far from relaxing in our admiration of our departed friends, we increase their good qualities by every superlative that the language can afford? If so, let us, at the same time, take another *course*, which, I flatter myself, will remove all the objections that have been made against the extravagance of our epitaphs, and do honor to the present age, while it really contributes to the advantage of our posterity — I mean, a course of living in such a manner as that, when we die, it will be impossible to say any thing *good* of us, but what is at the same time *true*.

I am, Sir, &c.

SCRUTATOR.

FREDERIC AND MATILDA.

A TALE.

BY A LADY.

'O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tears each other sheds;
Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
O may we never love as these have lov'd.'

POPE.

IMMERSED in solitary and pensive musing, 'with careless steps and slow,' I passed through the sweet village of M——. The sounds of a pipe and tabor announced the glee of festivity. Casting my eyes around, I beheld the peasants and maidens on a smoothly-shaven green, dancing with all the gaity of rustic merriment. I stood attentively gazing at them — their convivial mirth for a time suspended the commotion of my breast. Ah! thought I, who would not forego the gorgeous splendors of voluptuousness, to be blest with such happiness and tranquillity as that which irradiates each of their florid aspects;

'Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perched up in glitt'ring grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.'

My ideas thus engaged, I unconsciously walked forward, and, taking an eccentric course, passed

through many pleasant vallies. The fair orb of night gilded through the clear expanse of azure in majesty sublime, and effused her mild rays on the glimmering streams that shone 'in lengthened vistas through the trees.' The solemn bird of night poured her sweetly-mournful strains on the peaceful ear of silence, in dulcet and unremitted warblings. A calm composure pervaded my faculties — I reclined against a tree, and fixed my eyes on the starry vault of heaven, mentally saying:

'These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wond'rous fair; thyself how wond'rous then!
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.'

A soft sigh, apparently breathed by a person near me, caused me to move my eyes, and look to the spot whence it proceeded. I beheld a female near the confines of a shrubbery, seated beneath a shade of poplars, upon a mossy enamelled bank. 'She was of the first order of fine forms;' — her elegant and almost supernatural figure was veiled in a flowing robe of white drapery; her hair, which was a beautiful auburn, fell in unconfined ringlets over a neck white as polished ivory. She appeared thoughtful and melancholy. Raising her dark blue eyes to those celestial regions, where all sorrows cease, with a voice soft as seraphic music, she sweetly uttered:

'Ah! let me to my fate submissive bow:
From fatal symptoms, if I right conceive,
This stream, Matilda, has not long to flow,
This voice to murmur, and this breast to heave.'

After repeating these affecting lines, she sighed profoundly. My bosom echoed a response. She quickly turned her head, and I had a complete view of a countenance beautiful in the extreme, but pale as the virgin lily. My earnest gazing apparently disconcerted her; she arose with precipitation, and darted with celerity into the shrubbery, whose exuberant foliage soon obscured her from my sight. I stood transfixed to the spot, ruminating on the angelic figure that had so arrested my attention — when some one passed, wished me a good night, and observed that it was a fine evening. The stranger's address roused my perceptions, and, answering him, I walked forward — 'Pray, Sir,' said I, 'do you know the young lady whom, I suppose, you saw sitting upon yonder bank?'

'Perfectly well,' replied the stranger, with a sigh, 'her name is Matilda Hubert; but, poor girl! she is afflicted with insanity.'

'Indeed!' returned I, 'it is truly a pity. Will you oblige me, friend,' continued I, 'by informing me what unfortunate incident deprived her of reason?'

'Most readily,' answered the stranger, and proceeded by relating the subsequent narrative. —

"This amiable and lovely lady is the daughter of a gentleman who lives quite in obscurity, upon the revenue of a very small estate

in this country. Having no portion to bequeath his beloved child, Mr. Hubert gave her an accomplished education, which he hoped, together with her extremely elegant person, would procure her many wealthy suitors. I must digress, Sir, to inform you, that beauty was the least of Miss Hubert's perfections, and, when put in competition with her once exalted and refined understanding, it sunk into insignificance. How was her father delighted when his Matilda was addressed by Frederic, the youngest son of the Baron de L——, who resides in yonder antient castle. But what a disparity is there in the father and son! the former is arrogant, dogmatical, and imperious; the latter was a compound of all human virtues, being a youth of unparalleled and exemplary conduct. His suavity and urbanity of disposition gained him the esteem of every one who was blest with his acquaintance. This amiable youth first saw Matilda at Mrs. Belmont's, to whom he was on a visit, as was likewise Miss Hubert. It may be conjectured, that young persons, whose minds were so congenial, soon became enamoured of each other. The elegant form and graceful address of Frederic made the most sensible impression on the susceptible and unwary heart of Matilda. Suffice it to say, in the words of our poet, that

'A mutual flame was quickly caught,
Was quickly too reveal'd;
For neither bosom lodg'd a wish
That virtue keeps conceal'd.

'What happy hours of heartfelt bliss
Did love on both bestow!
But bliss too mighty long to last
Where fortune proves a foe.'

Frederic's frequent visits to the cottage of Mr. Hubert roused the Baron's pride; he remonstrated with him on keeping company with plebeians (as he termed these worthy people, who were, in fact, descended from as noble a family as himself). The Baron employed an emissary as a spy on his son's conduct, for soon was he apprised of his attachment. He commanded him, in an authoritative and peremptory tone, never again to visit the cottage, nor see it's inmates any more. These injunctions were, however, infringed; the youth had recourse to clandestine assignations. With these, likewise, his father was made acquainted, and the sternest interdictions were pronounced, accompanied by the most rigid menaces if ever they were violated.

"One inauspicious day, as the noble Frederic was talking in impassioned strains to his Matilda, and vowing inviolable attachment, the Baron emerged from behind some trees, which had concealed him from their view. He swore and raved like a maniac, levelling the most opprobrious sarcasms at the innocent and appalled Matilda * * * *.

"At length, however, it was settled by the desperate and furious Baron, that his son should be exiled from England, and reside in India with his uncle. This was a thunder-stroke to poor Frederic. The idea of leaving the dear object of his tenderest affection was too much for him. An apparent alteration took possession of his fine animated and manly features: his elegant countenance became pallid and melancholy, and his pleasing vivacity entirely forsook him. A rapid

marasmus was the result; medicines proved inefficacious; his extremely weak and fragile frame totally baffled the art of the faculty.

"The Baron, when too late, began to relent; and his amiable son died, universally regretted and lamented — it is now near two months since he was consigned to his grave — Poor youth! he lies inhumed in our village church-yard; but this was his own request; their place of sepulture is many miles hence.

"I will not attempt a description of Matilda's misery when apprised of Frederic's death; her sorrow may be felt, but never can be described. Suffice it to say, that an almost immediate insanity took possession of her fine and cultivated imagination. Never does a lucid interval cheer her rayless soul, and a sombre melancholy envelops the loveliest face in the world. 'When all nature is at rest,' she retires with her lute to Frederic's tomb, and chaunts requiems to his peaceful shade."

Here my courteous companion ended, and, crossing a style, wished me a good night. I thanked him for his relation of the affecting narrative, and proceeded forward, musing on what I had heard, and resolving to behold the sacred sepulchre of Frederic. Accordingly I walked on with slow and irregular steps, and beheld the moon-illumined windows of the white church shining through the mournful cypress and yew-trees. As I approached towards the solemn repositories of the dead, the plaintive tones of a lute met my ear. Looking through a vista of evergreens, I saw a magnificent mausoleum, over which the dark grey willows bent their ductile branches. The beautiful Matilda was reclined near the silent marble, her voice accompanying the strains of music in divine and melodious cadences. I distinctly heard the following lines, which she played and sung with a pathos that brought tears into my eyes: —

Oh! when shall I to dust return!
When shall I leave this earthly bourn?
Exulting would I soar above,
Thy blessed spirit to behold!
And tune with thee bright harps of gold
In everlasting love!

She ceased — let fall her lute, and hung over the tomb — her snowy arms encircled the urn, whilst her surcharged eyes were raised to heaven. Presently after, with a benignant smile, she exclaimed: 'Ah! Frederic, I see you resting on yon silver cloud, beckoning to your Matilda. I come, I mount, I fly, I follow thee!' So saying, she heaved a gentle sigh, sunk to the ground, and expired!

As the shepherds and nymphs pass by the tomb where this loved girl doth lie, they exclaim, with a piteous sigh — Alas, Mira!

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

SIR,

BY giving insertion to the following humble apology for the polite amusement of card-playing, you will much oblige

Your constant Reader,
and occasional Correspondent,
E. H.

AMONG all the various subjects of satire and ridicule that have from time to time employed the reformers, or rather pretended reformers, of the times, cards have long been the established butt of malevolence and ill-nature. All ranks and degrees of writers, from the grave sermonising declaimer, to the facetious fabricator of the pointed epigram, have constantly been profuse in pouring out their invectives against this prevailing malady, as they are pleased to denominate it. Strange! that among all the vices and follies that infest the age this poor amusement should still be pointed out as one of the grand objects of ridicule. Yet may it not be considered as a proof of it's superlative excellence that we still see it maintain itself, and rise superior to all the united efforts of it's enemies, equally unshaken by the elaborate dissertations of serious moralisers; and all the shafts of satire and ridicule aimed at it by professed wits. It is an amusement equally adapted to all ranks and conditions. The cobler has a mind as capable of enjoying it as the courtier; nor can it communicate a more elevated or refined pleasure to the duchess who figures on the very meridian of the *ton*, than it does to her whose *eclat* extends no further than the delicate abodes of Billingsgate. Shall then such a noble invention, with all it's attendant pleasures, and unnumbered advantages, fall a sacrifice to the attacks of a few ill-natured scribblers? When we have considered a few of it's peculiar excellencies, perhaps it will be found that there is not so much room for complaint, as some (from the frequent invectives they have seen thrown out against it) may have imagined. We shall see it's merit placed in a very conspicuous light by taking a view of a visit, in the polite world. After the company have run through the usual course of common-place compliments, discoursed on the weather and the roads, and handled those important topics, dress and fashion (all which are done in much less time than the laws of ceremony appoint for a visit), what could then be possibly invented to kill the rest of the time with. Subjects that might improve the mind, or mend the heart, are happily banished from the present system of politeness, and too much allied to the obsolete custom of thinking. Wit is not every one's share, and books are 'formal dulness.' To introduce any thing serious would be monstrous! would be shocking! and a rudeness that none but the most consummate pedant, or a methodist preacher, could be guilty of. There would then be no other alternative left, but that disagreeable, though perhaps too frequent subject, scandal; to which every one possessed of the least humanity must have the greatest aversion, and particularly the fair sex, whose amiable and gentle minds could never be suspected to receive any gratification from that which is sure 'to plant a dagger in a sister's heart.' Now to avoid this (O! happy resource) cards are introduced. Every one is then entertained in a truly rational and agreeable manner. The voice of scandal is heard no more! Flirtilla may enjoy her innocent liberties without the censorious remarks of old maids or prudes. Coquetta's conduct may pass unnoticed, and every one's reputation may remain unsullied by envy

or detraction. Then what a happy invention is this for those people who are not endowed with those superior talents which shine in conversation, and which certainly are not the lot of every one? For I have seen some sit, even for hours in a profound silence, and that during the most sprightly and animated conversation, with nothing but the marks of an insipid stupidity impressed on their minds; till, by the simple introduction of these painted pieces of pasteboard (as it were by a magical influence) the gloom that before overspread their vacant countenances has instantly disappeared, and a gleam of joy, and the expression of a cordial welcome, succeeded in it's place. And now they are placed on a level with, or perhaps raised superior to, the rest of the company. But I hope that enough has been said to counterbalance in the opinion of every unprejudiced person any trifling objections that may be raised against this refined, and, as I have proved, truly useful amusement. And I flatter myself that I shall at least deserve the thanks of all the real lovers of cards, when I tell them that I have said all that I possibly could in their favor.

Biographical Memoirs *of* Luis de Camoens, *the celebrated Portuguese Poet.*

SEVERAL towns in Portugal claim the honor of being the birth-place of Camoens, but according to N. Antonio, and Manuel Correa, his intimate friend, he was born at Lisbon in 1517. His family was of considerable distinction and originally Spanish. In 1370 Vasco Perez de Caamans, disgusted at the court of Castile fled to that of Lisbon, where king Ferdinand admitted him into his council, and gave him the lordships of Sardoal, Punnete, Marano, Amendo, and other considerable lands, a certain proof of the eminence of his rank and abilities. In the war for the succession which broke out on the death of Ferdinand, Caamans sided with the King of Castile, and was killed at the battle of Aljabarota. But though John I., the victor, seised a great part of his estate, his widow, the daughter of Gonsalo Tereyro, Grand Master of the Order of Christ, and General of the Portuguese army, was not reduced beneath her rank. She had three sons, who took the name of Camoens. The family of the eldest intermarried with the first nobility of Portugal, and even, according to Castera, with the blood royal. But the family of the second brother, whose fortune was slender, had the superior honor to produce the author of the Lusiad.

Early in his life the misfortunes of the poet began. In his infancy, Simon Vaz de Camoens his father, commander of a vessel, was shipwrecked at Goa, where, with his life, the greatest part of his fortune was lost. His mother, however, Anne de Macedo of Santarem provided for the education of her son Luis at the university of Coimbra. What he acquired there his works discover; an intimacy with the classics equal to that of a Scaliger, but directed by the taste of a Milton or a Pope.

When he left the university he appeared at court. He was hand-

some; had, it is said, speaking eyes, and the finest complexion. Certain it is, however, that he was a polished scholar; which, added to the natural ardor and gay vivacity of his disposition, rendered him an accomplished gentleman. — Courts are the scenes of intrigue, and intrigue was fashionable at Lisbon. At this time it was customary with the Portuguese youth to perform serenades at the windows of their mistresses. Camoens, in one of these nocturnal amours, happened to be detected in paying his addresses to a lady of high rank, which gave such offence to her relatives, that he received an order from court next morning to retire from Lisbon, an event which proved the source of all his succeeding misfortunes, which in several of his sonnets he ascribes to love.

Thus banished he sought an asylum among his mother's friends at Saterrem, and renewed his studies. Here he formed the design of writing his poem on the Discovery of India by Vasco de Gama. He soon grew tired, however, of a life of inactivity and obscurity, under the disgrace of banishment; he therefore resolved to share the danger and glory of his countrymen in Africa, and accordingly joined the armament which John III. at this time prepared against Africa, and embarked for Ceuta with a body of troops sent to reinforce that garrison. In the Straits of Gibraltar their ship was attacked by a Moorish galley of superior force: an engagement ensued; victory for some time remained doubtful; at length the enemy, after a desperate resistance, struck to the Portuguese. In this action Camoens gave the most signal proofs of his courage: he was among the foremost in boarding the enemy, an enterprise in which he lost his right eye. Yet neither the hurry of actual service nor the dissipation of a military life could stifle his genius. He continued his *Lusiadas*, and several of his most beautiful sonnets were written in Africa, while, as he expresses it,

> 'One hand the pen, and one the sword employ'd.'

Of his courage in the field his brother soldiers bore ample testimony in many a hard-fought battle in the plains of Africa, while at the close of every engagement he celebrated in the finest strains of poetry the gallant achievements of his companions but forgot his own. Nor did his commanders reward them from the apprehension of giving offence to those personages whom he had formerly offended by his amours, so that the only mark of favor he received for many years' hard service under the burning sky of Africa was permission to return to Lisbon.

After various fruitless attempts at court in soliciting an establishment suitable to his services, and finding himself exhausted both of patience and pecuniary resources, he resolved at length to banish himself once more from his native country. Accordingly he set sail for India in 1553 with a determination never to return. As the chief left the Tagus, he was heard to exclaim in the words of the sepulchral monument of Scipio Africanus — *Ingrata patria, non possidebis ossa mea!* — 'Ungrateful country, thou shalt not possess my bones!' — But he knew not what evils in the East would awaken the remembrance of his native fields.

As soon as he arrived in India, he joined the Portuguese military as a gentleman volunteer. An expedition was ready to sail to revenge the King of Cochin on the King of Pimenta. Without any rest on shore after his long voyage he joined this armament, and, in the conquest of the Alagada Islands, displayed his usual bravery. But his modesty, perhaps, is his greatest praise. In a sonnet he mentions this expedition—'We went to punish the King of Pimenta,' says he, 'and we succeeded well.' When it is considered that the poet had no inconsiderable share in the victory, no ode can conclude more happily than this.

In the year following he attended Manuel de Vasconcello in an expedition to the Red Sea. Here, says Faria, as Camoens had no use for the sword, he employed his pen. Nor was his activity confined in the fleet or camp. He visited Mount Felix and the adjacent inhospitable regions of Africa, which he so strongly pictures in the Lusiad.

When he returned to Goa he enjoyed a tranquillity which enabled him to bestow his attention on his epic poem. But this serenity was interrupted, perhaps, by his own imprudence. He wrote some satires which gave offence, and by order of the viceroy, Francisco Barreto, he was banished to China.

The accomplishments and manners of Camoens soon found him friends, though under the disgrace of banishment. He was commissary of the estates of the defunct in the island of Macao. Here he continued his Lusiad, and here also, after five years residence, he acquired a fortune, though small, yet equal to his wishes. Don Constantine de Braganza was now Viceroy of India, and Camoens, desirous to return to Goa, resigned his office. In a ship, freighted by himself, he set sail, but was shipwrecked in the gulf, near the mouth of the river Mahon, on the coast of China. All he had acquired was lost in the waves: his poems, which he held in one hand while he swimmed with the other, were all he found himself possessed of when he stood friendless on the unknown shore. But the natives gave him a most humane reception. This he has immortalized in the prophetic song in the Tenth Lusiad; and, in the Seventh, he tells us, that here he lost the wealth which satisfied his wishes:

Agora da esperanca ja adquirida, &c.

Now blest with all the wealth fond hope could crave,
Soon I beheld that wealth beneath the wave
For ever lost.

Camoens continued here some time till an opportunity offered for his passage to Goa. When he arrived at that city, Don Constantine de Braganza, the Viceroy, whose characteristic was politeness, admitted him into his intimate friendship, and Camoens was happy till Count Redondo assumed the government. Those who had formerly procured his banishment were silent while Constantine was in power; but now they exerted all their arts against him. Redondo, when he entered on, pretended to be the friend of Camoens, yet he soon afterwards suffered him to be thrown into the common prison.

Camoens, in a public trial, fully proved his innocence of all the charges which it was endeavoured to bring against his conduct while commissary at Macao, and exposed the falsehood and malignity of his enemies. But Camoens had some creditors, and these detained him in prison a considerable time, till the gentlemen of Goa began to be ashamed that a man of his singular merit should experience such treatment among them. He was set at liberty, and again he assumed the profession of arms, and received the allowance of a gentleman volunteer, a character then common in Portuguese India.

At length, after an absence of sixteen years, Camoens, in 1569, returned to Lisbon, unfortunate even in his arrival in his native country, for the plague then raged in that city, and prevented the publication of his poem for three years. In 1572, however, he printed the Lusiad, which, on the opening of the first book, in a most elegant turn of compliment, he addressed to his prince, King Sebastian, then in his eighteenth year. The King was so pleased with his attention, and the merit of his work, that he granted him a pension of 4000 reals (about fifteen pounds) on condition that he should reside at court. This small annuity, however, he did not long enjoy; for, when that unfortunate prince was killed at the battle of Alcazar, Cardinal Henry succeeded to the crown, and, lest there should be one generous act of his on record, he deprived the poet of his scanty stipend, and left him to beg his bread from door to door.

But this story of the pension appears to be doubtful. Correa, and other contemporary authors, do not mention it, though some late writers have given credit to it. If Camoens, however, had a pension, it is highly probable that Henry deprived him of it. While Sebastian was devoted to the chace, his great uncle the Cardinal presided at the council-board; and Camoens, in his address to the King, which closes the Lusiad, advises him to exclude the clergy from state affairs. It was easy to see that the Cardinal was here intended. And Henry, besides, was one of those statesmen who can perceive no benefit resulting to the public from elegant literature.

Enfeebled by age, and the wounds he had received in the service of his ungrateful country, the hoary decrepit bard, no longer able to support his wretched condition, took refuge in an almshouse, and there eked out the remainder of his days on the pittances begged for him by a faithful old black servant in the streets of Lisbon. In this miserable state expired the immortal Luis de Camoens, in the year 1579, the year after the fatal defeat of Don Sebastian, at the age of sixty-two.

Camoens was of a middle stature, had yellow hair, lively eyes, and a fair complexion. He was graceful in deportment, active and vigorous both in mind and body. In courage he was not inferior to any of the heroes of his country; in learning to none of her scholars, and he surpassed them all in genius.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

ODE TO CONTENTMENT.

O THOU! for whom with heart-drawn sigh,
With pallid cheek and tearful eye,
The wretched seek in vain:
Thou peerless good by all pursued,
Why wilt thou thus my grasp elude,
Why thus my suit disdain?

In vain, enraptured with thy charms,
I fondly woo thee to my arms,
In vain I court thy stay;
Deaf to my prayer as waves or wind,
Thou fly'st and leav'st my tortur'd mind,
To wasting grief a prey.

Where shall I seek the Goddess, tell,
In shepherd's cot, in hermit's cell,
Or mid the city's noise?
Or dost thou seek the trifling throng,
By giddy folly whirl'd along,
In search of fashion's toys?

Some say thou lov'st the cloister's gloom,
Where pensive virgins waste their bloom,
Denied each social tie;
But ah! I fear full many a fair,
Condemn'd to dull seclusion there,
For thee in vain shall sigh.

When love, uniting hearts with hands,
Joins the fond pair in Hymen's bands,
They trust thy smile t' enjoy:
Nor dream what clouds may intervene
To darken o'er the fairy scene,
And all it's charms destroy.

The miser, midst his hoarded pelf,
Dares hope with each increase of wealth
Thy beauteous form to see;
Fool! to suppose his sordid breast,
By fraud and avarice possest,
A mansion fit for thee.

Some say to virtue, kind alone,
The good can boast thee all their own,
But ah! can this be so:
When vice rears high her snaky crest,
And pining merit sinks opprest,
Consign'd to helpless woe?

In earliest youth's delightful hours,
When fancy strews our path with flow'rs
Of loveliest gayest hue:
Cheer'd by thy smile elate and gay,
Amidst ideal joys we stray,
Ideal pleasures view.

But soon the baleful passions rise,
Like clouds o'er April's changeful skies,
But, ah! less kind than they:
For they distil the genial show'r
That opes the bud, expands the flow'r,
And decks the coming May.

But, oh! when passion's fev'rish glow
First opes the youthful breast to woe,
More swift than thought you fly;
So vernal flow'rs awhile display
Their beauteous tint, but 'neath the ray
Of fervid summer die.

Then since to all sweet nymphs thou 'rt coy,
Since none thy sweets secure enjoy,
Tho' all those sweet pursue:
Why should I vainly hope to know
The calm delights thou canst bestow
On Nature's happy few?

For, oh! I feel, I know too well,
The griefs that in this bosom dwell,
Nor hope nor time can kill:
Then, fare thee well, enchanting fair!
Henceforth a prey to dark despair,
I'll welcome ev'ry ill.

JOANNA SQUIRE.

Feb. 16, 1809.

THE ORPHAN.

AS Celia o'er the meadow stray'd,
Where sportive lambkins skipp'd and play'd
Mid Nature's bounteous store;
Her sparkling eyes beheld the scene,
She wish'd herself the rural queen,
Those heav'nly gifts to pour.

Beneath a haystack's massy height,
Where superstition paints the spright,
There lay a female child,
She flew like light'ning to the place
To view the little urchin's face,
With looks distracted wild.

The speechless innocent arose
Bereft of friends, bereft of clothes,
Unfeeling left to fate:
'Ah! cruel mother,' Celia cried,
'To leave so young, so sweet a child
In this sad helpless state!

'In me a mother you shall find
To rear, instruct your tender mind,
And teach life's path to tread;
Till God, who rules this earthly state,
Shall call thee to a better fate,
Where virtue's nought to dread.'

SONNET.

FORBEAR!—Nor dare approach yon sacred shade,
Where the pale pensive youth of science strays,
I saw him as the sun beam'd parting rays!
Upon the westward hills I saw him laid
On the smooth moss-clad bank, his hand upstay'd
His drooping head,—he ponder'd wisdom's ways;
Dearer to him than pleasure's lawless blaze!
Or pride's vain pomp, by wit of man essay'd:
Imagination glisten'd in his eye,
Height'ning the vivid brightness of it's beam;
Now fix'd in earnest gaze on the fair sky!
Now glancing o'er the bosom of the stream;
That murmur'd at his feet it's soothing sound,
Pleas'd the 'rapt mind in Fancy's magic bound.

MARY of Coleshill.

London, Feb. 1809.

HENRIETTA.

IS there a name to Mary dear,
As to the afflicted pity's tear,
Or music to the listening ear?
'Tis Henrietta.

Most valued of the chosen few,
To thee my best regard is due,
Accept it from a heart that's true,
My Henrietta.

Most dear are those remember'd hours,
While wreathing friendship's fadeless flowers,
I've wander'd 'neath her roseate bowers
With Henrietta.

How oft amid our varied themes,
Indulging fancy's airy dreams,
Have we plann'd fond and future schemes,
My Henrietta.

How oft, to view each rural charm,
I've pass'd the lowly village farm,
While hanging on the friendly arm
Of Henrietta.

How oft would I at close of day,
Through the dew-spangled meadow stray,
And talk the fleeting hours away
With Henrietta.

How did my heart with sorrow swell,
As on my cheek the warm tear fell,
When last (all sad) I bid farewell
To Henrietta.

MARY of Coleshill.

Feb. 16, 1809.

SONNET.

TELL me, ye gales! that sweep our shores along,
What clime does now the hero's presence boast;
Say, is he chain'd to soft Italia's coast,
Lur'd by the magic of her syren-song,
Or Egypt's fam'd insidious sons among?
On Nilus' bank plants he bright honor's post;
Does Love or Glory charm the hero most;
A conqu'rors name, or beauty's gifted tongue?
'Glory's the hero's love!' methinks I hear
The gale return, in accents proudly high,
His country the sole cause of all his care,
Her fame the dearest object of his sigh!
To him supremest! yes, far, far more dear
Than Love's bland-magic tale, or Beauty's soften'd eye.

MARY of Coleshill.

London, Feb. 1809.

SONNET TO EVENING.

HAIL, placid Eve! queen of the silent hour,
With solemn brow, and mildly-beaming eye,
From gairish noon to thy retreats I fly,
To woo sweet Solitude within her bower.
When night's deep-shadow'd mantle veils the grove,
I'll steal unnotic'd from the busy throng,
And sing while roving thy sweet shades among
The strain of fancy or the song of love:
Yes, I prefer the sable-seeming shades
To all the glare of noon-day's solar beam,
For sweet tranquillity my soul pervades,
And joys beyond what plodding mortals dream.
'Neath this lov'd gloom, while bending o'er my lyre,
I dare invoke the Muse my verse t'inspire.

MARY of Coleshill.

London, 1809.

LINES

Written on seeing a Fly in Winter.

POOR Fly! if thou venture forth thus in the air,
The bleak winds of winter will sharply assail thee;
My window, if thou should'st creep silently there,
Has none of thy poor little brethren to hail thee!

Return then, my innocent Fly! to thy bed,
And sleep in soft quietude winter away;
Go, vain is thy search, for thy kindred are dead,
And thou art as tender, poor insect, as they.

Go, sweetly repose in thy snug little hole,
Till summer shall reign, and the world shall be gay,
The winter will soon again over us roll,
And then, unmolested and gay, thou may'st stroll
In the sun-shine of grandeur and summer's bright day.

C. T.

Feb. 6, 1809.

THE PETITION.

TO CELIA.

SWEET Celia! unveil those bright features of thine,
Nor hide from the world all thy exquisite charms;
'Tis pleasure, 'tis bliss — O! 'tis all that 's divine,
To behold, while my breast feels a lover's alarms.

O, Celia! despise not the fondness of youth,
Nor scorn all the vows I so often have made;
They are vows which proceed from a heart full of truth,
Full of love for thy virtues, O beautiful maid!

Behold me, with tears ask a look of regard;
One smile, O, bestow, in compassion, on me!
'Twill relievemy sad heart, and my fondness reward;
For I live, O my Celia! for love and for thee.

C. T.

Feb 6, 1809.

POESY.

'There was a time,' in early youth,
When Poesy was all my joy;
I woo'd the maid with ardent truth,
And, oh! 't was exquisite employ.

If Pleasure call'd me to her arms,
Or Sorrow forc'd her loath'd embrace,
Poesy painted Pleasure's charms,
Or Sorrow's bitter hours would chase.

And I had call'd the maiden mine,
But, ah! the world's perturbed pow'r
Drove from my arms her form divine,
To seek repose in some sweet bow'r.

Yet, yet are mine some secret joys,
That in the shaded bow'r I prove,
Where, stealing from the world's wild noise,
I raise the song of peace and love.

J. M. L.

March 1, 1809.

STANZAS

To MARIA, *on her leaving London on a Visit to Brentwood.*

MILD rosy Spring now rears her verdant green
To picture Nature in it's gayest scene,
Welcomes all hearts to share the gla repast,
And chase remembrance of the piercing blast.

Brentwood's soft breezes claim my gentle fair,
Anxious to greet her safe arrival there;
The warblers, too, melodious echoes swell;
Through meadows, groves, and woods, their raptures tell.

Since hapless fate has destin'd me to bear
A soul depress'd with sorrow and despair;
Such rural pleasures can no joys impart,
Nor quell the tortures that assail my heart.

Farewell, Maria, to thy lovely form,
The pleasing transports that my bosom warm,
Th' endearing smiles which grace that virgin cheek,
Where modest blushes innocence bespeak.

But Hope! the soother of a lover's pain,
Will dry those tears that flew for thee in vain;
Thy pledg'd return will ev'ry sigh subdue,
In that fond hope I take my last Adieu!

I. R. C.

London, April 24, 1809.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Munich, April 7.

EARLY this morning an express arrived from the army, which brought information that the Austrians are advancing in force against Muhldorf and Wasserburgh.

A second express arrived in the evening, mentions that the Austrians at present are only making strong reconnoitring movements, upon which the departure of the Court has been delayed.

Augsburg, April 8. The head-quarters of the Duke of Rivoli (Massena) were yesterday at Ulm.

Vienna, April 8. On the 6th, the Archduke Charles set out for the army, and this morning his Imperial Majesty also proceeded thither. Before he departed a proclamation was addressed to the Austrian people.

Nuremberg, April 11. The 9th will be a memorable day in history; on that day, which was Sunday, war was declared. The Austrians have notified along the frontiers from Bohemia to Italy, that peace was at an end, and that hostilities are commenced. Among other groundless reports is that of an action having taken place at Bamberg.

Dresden, April 12. We understand that a Russian army assembled on the frontiers of Gallicia was, on the commencement of the war, to enter that province. Russia makes common cause with France.

This day we understand that Baron Von Anketstn, the Russian Charges des Affaires at Vienna, delivered a Note to the Court of Austria on the 5th Instant, the substance of which was, that the Court of Russia could not enter into any negotiations for a peace with England while the present Administration remained at the head of affairs in England. This note was occasioned by an article which appeared some time since in the Vienna Court Gazette, in which it was insinuated that new negotiations had commenced in London between the Court of Petersburgh and that of Great-Britain. It is also reported, that the Russian envoy in this city has transmitted an official communication to our court to the same effect. The Austrian envoy, Count Von Zicky, is preparing for his departure.

The army under the Prince of Ponte Corvo is going to encamp; these troops have the greatest confidence in their leader, and are animated by the best spirit.

Frontiers of Bavaria, April 18. The Austrians, commanded by the Archduke Charles, crossed the Bavarian frontiers in the night between the 9th and 10th Instant, near Altheim, Braunau, and Rischenhall; their army is numerous, and the Bavarian troops, whom they far exceed in numbers, have fallen back. The Prince Royal arrived last night in Munich with the division of the centre. General Dervi has retreated with his division, which forms the right wing, to Schongau; and General Wrede, with the left wing, to Neuburgh, on the Danube. The Austrians have occupied Passau, Straubing, Landshut, &c. All foreign ministers have left Munich.

Durlach, April 15. This afternoon at five, his Majesty the Emperor Napoleon passed through this city. His Majesty took the road to Ettleugen, and not that to Carlsruhe. He will reach Stutgardt, and pass this night there, and afterwards proceed to Munich.

Warsaw, April 17. The Austrians have already commenced hostilities against the Duchy of Warsaw. On the 15th Instant the Archduke Ferdinand transmitted to the Polish Minister at War, Prince Poniatowski, a printed declaration of war, dated Gallicia, the 14th of April, together with a letter, in which he informed him, that twelve hours after the departure of the messenger who was the bearer of these, he should advance into the Duchy of Warsaw with the Austrian army. The enemy has taken possession of the frontier town Novemiasto, on this side of the river Pelica, on the direct road to Cracow, ten miles from hence. After the receipt of the declaration of war by Austria, an extraordinary Council of State and War was held, at which the French minister resident, De Sena, was present. — Three hours afterwards all the regiments of infantry and cavalry stationed here, with a strong train of artillery, had already broken up to march against the enemy. In the night of the 15th, the minister of war, Prince Poniatowski, with his whole staff, set out for the army, in order to take the chief command. We shortly expect to hear that a corps of Polish troops, in consequence of the Austrian declaration of war, and the violation of the Polish territory, has entered Gallicia.

Several skirmishes have already taken place between the Austrian and Polish advanced posts, and we daily expect a general battle in the vicinity of Nowimiasto.

18. General Wolidkiewitz, on his journey through Grodno, received an order from the Russian government to General Sevis, directing him, in case the Austrians should enter the Duchy of Warsaw, immediately to advance with the troops under his command into Gallicia. A messenger has this moment been sent off to Bicalijastock, with official advice that the Austrians have made an impression into the Duchy of Warsaw. The day before yesterday a courier set out from hence for St. Petersburgh.

Hamburgh, April 18. We understand that, on the 5th, the Russian Charge d'Affaires at Vienna delivered to that court a declaration, that the Russian Imperial court remained strictly united with the French Imperial cabinet, as well for peace as for war.

19. The day before yesterday arrived here, by an extraordinary courier, the information that war had, on the part of the Austrians, been notified to the French advanced posts. A proper war manifesto has not yet appeared. The following is the latest intelligence in circulation:

Banks of the Elbe, April 19. The Royal Bavarian army had orders, as soon as the Austrians should attempt the invasion of Bavaria, to fall back to the Lech. This retrograde movement has been made with the utmost order, and no action with the Austrians has hitherto taken place. The Duke of Dantzick (Marshal Lefebvre) is with the first Bavarian division, which has taken up a position between Freysingen and Darhau. Should the Austrians attempt to cross the Lech, a decisive battle is likely to take place in the vicinity of Augsburgh, the result of which, considering the known gallantry of the French troops and of their allies, cannot be doubtful.

The army of the Duke of Auerstadt (Marshal Davoust) has concentrated itself in the environs of Donauworth, Ingolstadt, and Eichstadt; it is composed of about 70,000 choice troops, 20,000 of whom are cavalry.

The Archduke Ferdinand is said to have penetrated with an Austrian army from Bohemia into the Upper Palatinate; but this piece of intelligence stands in need of confirmation. But on the other hand it is certain, that an Austrian corps has marched into the North of Tyrol by St. Johann, and another by the Purtesthal into the Southern part of that country. Some peasants who have excited disturbances will soon meet condign punishment.

Reidlengen, April 22. We are informed that the army of the Marshal Duke of Auerstadt marched forward to Ratisbon on the 18th. In the mean time the Wirtenberg and Darmstadt troops passed the Danube at Ingolstadt, where they were reinforced by the Bavarian divisions which were stationed at Geilslengen, consisting of 20,000 men. These last mentioned troops marched on the 19th to the Iser, by which means they speedily met the enemy, and the skirmishes began between Sall and Abach. At all points the Austrian troops were driven back,

and at the same moment one of their divisions was forced to retreat by Ratisbon, on the left. Thus the whole of the Austrian force was confined within Bavaria. Meanwhile the combined troops which came from Landshut by the Lech, had arrived upon the right flank of the Austrians, while a division of French troops which remained on the other side of the above river, had advanced to Aicha.

On the 20th, the Austrian army was vigorously attacked on both wings, and a desperate battle ensued, which lasted for some time; the Austrians were driven back on all sides. The loss of the Austrians consisted of 10,000 prisoners, besides an immense number of killed and wounded, among whom were several officers of rank. More than 40 pieces of cannon were left by them in the neighbourhood of Landshut, on their retreat; fifteen stand of colors also fell into the hands of the conquerors.

The combined armies followed the enemy on the 21st, and fell upon them near Friesing. On this occasion also they were beaten, and pursued to Vilsburg, with an immense loss in prisoners and cannon. From Ratisbon a very strong corps has marched towards Stranbing, whereby the right flank of the Austrians will be still more threatened, and it is not impossible that they will suffer still greater loss on their retreat to the Inn.

Lower Rhine, April 24. Accounts from the neighbourhood of the armies are to the 19th, when the Bavarian army had fallen back upon the Lech. The night before the French troops were all marched out of Augsburgh, and the town was declared in a state of siege. The army of the Duke of Auerstadt was concentrated in the neighbourhood of Ingolstadt, and very important events were expected.

It is said that the organisation of the National Guard, in the countries of the Rhine Confederation, is suspended.

Paris, April 25. According to letters from Strasburgh of the 20th and 21st, all the corps of the grand army are in motion, and important operations are on the point of taking place. There have already been some actions with the advanced posts, and a very serious engagement has occurred between Ratisbon and Neustadt, in which the Austrians were thrown into complete disorder. It is said that they no longer have any retreat without being in danger of being cut off and losing their magazines.

An authentic letter, dated Wellemberg, near Augsburg, April 20th, states as follows:—His Majesty the Emperor and King mounts his horse to visit the advanced post. Yesterday, the 19th, a general battle was fought, in which the Austrians were completely defeated.

Munich, April 28. Yesterday five couriers arrived here from the head-quarters at Landshut, three to his Majesty, and two to the Hereditary Prince, who bring advice that the Imperial Guards had arrived at Landshut, and had been reviewed by the Emperor, who immediately afterwards set out for Wassenburg, where great events are expected to take place.

The head-quarters of the Emperor will to-morrow be at Neusmarkt. A part of the troops of Hesse have entered Passau. The corps under the Archduke Charles has taken a position at Cham: but as the corps of the Prince of Ponte Corvo is marching upon Egra, it is not probable that the Austrians will remain there long.

Yesterday a Russian officer, who appears to be of rank, arrived here, accompanied by a French Adjutant, who will attend him to the Emperor. He is come from the army of Prince Prosorowsky.

Lieut.-General Baron Vredè has passed the Inn with his division at Muhldorff; the 2500 men of the Imperial Guards, together with 1000 grenadiers of the same, who arrived on the 25th, at Augsberg, were the next morning conveyed forward on five hundred waggons, and passed the Lech. The grenadiers, fourteen days before, were still in Madrid.

Banks of the Elbe, May 5. The French accounts published in Germany are full of exaggeration, the Vienna Court Gazettes which have been published down to the 23d, show that the misfortunes of the Austrians is far from being so extensive and complete as they please to state.

By private letters via Berlin, from Vienna, the Archduke Charles has again repulsed the enemy ten leagues on the 28th and 29th ultimo, and General Hiller, who commands the 5th and 6th corps of the armies, has also obtained considerable advantages.

HOME NEWS.

Truro, April 29.

THE Nile cutter, Lieut. Symons, arrived on Thursday night at Falmouth with dispatches from Lisbon and Seville, which were forwarded to London by express. She was sixteen days from Lisbon. The Magicienne frigate, with the 16th dragoons from Falmouth, had arrived at Lisbon, all well. Marshal Beresford had marched at the head of the Portuguese army towards the eastern frontier, which was threatened by the French Marshal Victor. It is said, that the French army which took Oporto continued there; and that Sir J. Craddock, with the British army, remained in the neighbourhood of Lisbon. The Princess Elizabeth packet was to leave Lisbon for Falmouth three days after the Nile, and is hourly expected. It is probable that Sir Arthur Wellesley, with the troops that passed the Lizard on the 18th, are arrived at Lisbon before this time.

Dover, April 30. I fear that we shall hear some bad news from France, as there was a great deal of firing on Friday evening, and also the next morning; and I understand, from an officer just returned from off Boulogne, that there has been an illumination there, and it is reported by neutrals who have come out of some of their ports, that they have defeated the Austrians very much.

The two brigs captured by the French privateers are re-captured and sent in here, by the Desperate gun-brig and a sloop of war.

The Elizabeth cartel is returned, not having been able to go into Calais; they would not receive his dispatches, or suffer them to enter the port.

Portsmouth, May 5. Lord Gambier arrived here on Friday afternoon in the Caledonia from Basque Roads. His Lordship landed at night amidst the cheers of the populace, and set out for London. It is not known when the court-martial on Admiral Harvey will commence. It is supposed that the object of his Lordship's visit to town is to make some arrangements connected with it. His flag was not struck. The fleet under his lordship's orders has been divided into three squadrons. Admiral Stopford, in the Cæsar, commands in Basque Roads, and has with him the Revenge, of 74, Captain Kerr; Tonant, 80, Captain Abdy, acting; Medusa, Hon. Captain Bouverie; two bombs, and several gun-brigs. The French men of war which could not be destroyed had succeeded in getting over the bar into the Charante. The whole of them are quite dismantled, and several of them were ashore in that river. The trade of Rochefort is totally stopped by the activity of our small vessels.

Dover, May 8. The Fair American is arrived from Dunkirk, and brings an account of the dreadful battles between the Austrians and French, in which the former lost 30,000 men in killed, wounded, and prisoners. The loss of the latter was very great indeed. The troops of the Rhenish Confederacy suffered greatly — several corps were cut to pieces.

P. S. The guns are firing from the opposite coast.

Falmouth, May 9. Arrived his Majesty's ship Statira, 36 guns, Captain ———, from Lisbon, fourteen days passage. She brings accounts of the safe arrival out of the transports with the troops under the command of Sir Arthur Wellesley. The British were encamped about thirty miles from Lisbon. Various reports were in circulation respecting the advance of the French; some stated them at 60,000 men, others at 40,000. About 18,000 British are said to have surrounded Oporto, and that General Beresford has detached 6,000 Portuguese towards that port. All the Portuguese are in high spirits.

12. Arrived the Marlborough packet, Captain Bull, from Lisbon, with mails, in twelve days; his Majesty's ship Bonne Citoyenne, from ditto, with dispatches; and his Majesty's brig Alert, of 18 guns, with the Newfoundland fleet under convoy. Colonel Bayley landed from the Bonne Citoyenne, with dispatches from Mr. Villiers, at Lisbon. The Marlborough brings no particular news—the French were said to be advanced, and are situated as follows: 12,000 men near Oporto; 12,000 at Salamanca, and 35,000 under Victor, near Badajoz. Generals Craddock and Hill have marched towards Oporto.—The Princess Charlotte packet had arrived at Lisbon.

14. Arrived this morning the Francis Freeling packet, Captain Bell, from the Leeward Islands, with mails. She has been twenty-nine days from St. Thomas's—she brings the pleasing information of the squadron which escaped from L'Orient in February last, being now blocked up in the Saints, by his Majesty's ships Neptune, York, Pompee, Captain, and Intrepid, with several frigates; the French force consists of Le Courageux, Le Delafoult, and Polonaise line of battle ships, and L'Italienne and Furieuse frigates. It appears that this squadron was bound for the relief of Martinique, but by some captures they made, was informed that the Island was in possession of the British, they proceeded for Guadaloupe, which Admiral Cochrane being apprised of, dispatched the above; they arrived at the Saints on the 29th March. Admiral Cochrane, aided by troops granted him by General Beckwith, intended landing a force and erecting batteries, which can be easily accomplished, and will compel them either to come out or surrender at discretion. By the arrival of next packet they will, no doubt, be in our possession. The Duke of Kent and Duke of Montrose packets had arrived at Barbadoes; also arrived here this day the brig Commerce, Julian, last from Gibraltar, with brandy and wine, for orders, and the ship Indiana, ———, from Lisbon, with passengers, principally nuns.

Dover, May 11. A neutral vessel arrived here in the night, which sailed from Rotterdam on the 17th Instant; the Captain says, when he left Holland, that a report prevailed, that, since the grand battles alluded to in the French Bulletins, the Austrians had attacked the left wing of the French army and defeated it with great slaughter, that one French General was killed, and another taken prisoner—no rejoicings had taken place in Holland. The insurrection in Hesse Cassel was stated to be very serious.

Plymouth, May 11. Came in a French cartel boat with an English family, exchanged for a French family sent from hence a few days since. When she left Morlaix, a report was current there, and generally believed, that Bonaparte, in the late dreadful battle of Ratisbon, had been severely wounded in the heel by a cannon ball. The Statira brought home the crew of one of our frigates wrecked on a shoal on the coast of Portugal, and burned by the ship's company. Came in the Aigle, 44, Captain Wolfe, from off Rochefort; she brings nothing new.

Came in his Majesty's ship Amelia with the crew of his Majesty's ship Alemene, which was lost last week on the coast of France; the Nile cutter from Falmouth; and the Parthian, from a cruise, and has brought in with her the Nouvelle Gironde French privateer, of fourteen guns, and eighty-six men, which she captured on Thursday last. The privateer had been out four months, and made eight captures, among them the Fortune, from Gibraltar for Glasgow; and Emma, from the Cape of Good Hope.—Sailed his Majesty's ship Theseus, on a cruise.

18. Letters from the coast of France state a very gallant affair of the Contest gun-brig, Lieutenant Gregory; she sailed ashore at high-water mark on a shoal, which the enemy seeing, brought down a column of troops, with two field pieces, to take her. Lieutenant Gregory got a gun over the side, between two rocks, and blazed away at the enemy, who were so mauled, that they all set off and left their field pieces on the beach,

which Lieutenant Gregory took possession of; and at flood tide the Contest floated off again in deep water, but with little damage.

May 15. A fire, as fierce and destructive as any that has for a long series of years spread terror and dismay throughout the metropolis, broke out last night on board a vessel alongside the key adjoining Billingsgate Dock, at a very short distance from the water-edge. It was first discovered a few minutes before ten o'clock; but, although every possible effort was made for it's extinction, it spread so rapidly, and gained so complete an ascendency, as to baffle all exertion. The flames extended themselves almost instantaneously to the other shipping, and from them again to the line of warehouses running from the Dock along Dyce Key, &c. Notwithstanding the prompt assistance afforded by the engines, which reached the spot in a very short period from the commencement of the fire, such was it's rapidity and violence, that the water seemed merely to give fresh strength to the flames. The range of warehouses, filled with sugars, tar, oil, hemp, turpentine, tallow, &c. &c. were all successively consumed, and the volumes of fire, though, generally speaking, almost uniformly thrown up, were rendered more furious and horrible every ten minutes by some new combustible matter which they caught.

The fire communicated in a gradual but rapid manner to the vessels next the shore, and it began with assailing the masts, sails, and rigging of those in the immediate tiers. The sight from London and Blackfriars Bridges was awfully affecting, and it was at one period apprehended that it would be impossible to preserve the whole of the shipping in that part of the river from absolute ruin. Fortunately the tide favoring about eleven o'clock, by the efforts which were made for the preservation of the vessels in the dock, several were towed out, although with extreme difficulty. Four were completely burned, and about the same number damaged. A floating-engine, which was worked with great skill, was of considerable service in preventing the extension of the flames along the river.—The vessel on board of which the fire broke out had nearly the whole of her cargo in, which was destroyed.

The flames first broke out very near that part of the quay where the Margate and Ramsgate hoys usually lie for the reception of passengers.

The ships burned are the Britannia Margate hoy, and Friends, loaded with Port wine and tallow.

Dover, May 16. Two French gun-boats are just come in, taken by the Cherokee sloop of war in Whitsun Bay. They were bound, it is said, to Holland; one is named the Blue Town, of Flushing, and the other the Glory, of Holland, and had thirty men on board, and mount two large guns each. It is said that the Boulogne flotilla is to be sent round to Holland. There is a heavy firing now on the French coast, probably some of our cruizers chasing some other boats of the same description.

May 16. A most melancholy accident took place on Thursday night: As Mr. William Banks, linen-draper, a young man twenty-one years of age, and Mr. Sherry, hatter, of Portsea, were returning from Goodwood races in a single horse chaise, the horse took fright near Chichester, when Mr. Banks, to free himself from his perilous situation, sprung from the chaise, pitched upon his head, and instantly expired. The father of the unfortunate young man (who is a respectable linen-draper, of Cheapside), was on his road from London to Portsea, on a visit to his son. When the coach was passing the spot where the accident happened, seeing a crowd, he naturally inquired the cause of it. He was told that a Mr. Banks had been killed; a thought that it might be his son did not cross his mind. The body was moved to Chichester; and, when Mr. Banks arrived there, he was led to make more inquiries as to the corpse that lay just by; and at last went to see it. His grief and surprise are not to be described on finding it to be the corpse of his son!

London, May 17. Yesterday, Miss Mary York, a young lady about twenty-four years of age, was brought by Lavender before Mr. Nares, the sitting magistrate at Bow-street, on a charge, under the Black Act, of an extraordinary nature. Robert Coombes stated, that on Sunday afternoon, about five o'clock, he was passing through Kempton Park, in Sunbury; and, as he was looking at some young men playing at cricket, he heard a gun go off, and immediately saw the prisoner, Miss Mary York, in a paddock, divided from the park by a paling, with a gun in her hand; he, in conse-

quence, went up to the paling, and found Henry Parker there, speaking to Miss York, and observing to her, that, if she fired the gun off again in such a careless manner, he should come over the paling and take the gun from her. He heard her ask her servant what fellow that was? pointing towards him. The servant replied, she did not know. Miss York then said, 'I shall take the liberty of firing at him,' and presented the gun at him; it snapped twice. He then got behind a tree to avoid it's contents. She snapped the piece again, and it went off, presented at him. He saw Miss York put shot into the gun out of a shot-belt, and saw her prime it with powder; her servant supplied her with powder to prime it. After the gun was fired, he and Parker got over the paling, and took the gun from her. The defence set up by Miss York was, that the witness, Coombes, had made use of some very improper language to her, and had thrown some pieces of paling at her, which induced her to send her servant for the musket, and had discharged it at Coombes in her own defence. This was confirmed by the servant.—Mr. Rolfe, the uncle of Miss York, the proprietor of the house where she resides, and the joint proprietor of the park, attended in behalf of Miss York.—There is to be a further hearing.

May 23. Government received the agreeable intelligence this morning, by the Nonpareil schooner, of Sir Arthur Wellesley having taken possession of Oporto on the 12th. The particulars have not arrived; for Sir Arthur had written to the captain of the Semiramis, desiring an officer to be sent to head-quarters to carry his dispatches; but the westerly winds were so high till the 17th, that no vessel could cross the bar; upon which the captain dispatched the Nonpareil with the important fact above stated. The Nautilus is to bring the dispatches as soon as she can cross the bar.

BIRTHS.

April 22. The Countess of Selkirk of a son and heir.

The lady of Lewis William Buck, Esq. of a son.

27. The lady of T. Chittenden, Esq. of New Millman-Street, of a daughter.

May 1. In Russell-Square, the lady of Major Blackall, of a son.

At Boston, Lincolnshire, the lady of Captain Hobson, of a son.

At Lambeth Palace, the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Percy was safely delivered of a daughter.

The lady of John Henry Gooding, Esq. of a son, who, with his mother, are well.

At her mother's house, Wimpole-Street, the lady of Henry Shank, Esq. of a still-born daughter.

3. At Bredwardine, Herefordshire, the lady of the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Hereford, of a son.

5. At Bath, the lady of J. Thuret, Esq. of Amsterdam, of a son.

11. In Upper Harley-Street, the lady of George Smith, Esq. M. P. of a son.

12. The Lady of the Right Hon. Regenald Pole Carew, was safely delivered of a daughter, at his house in New Cavendish-Street.

17. At Bath, the lady of John Wilson, Esq. of the island of St. Cristopher's, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

April 22. At St. James's Church, Piccadilly, Mr. William Haughton, second son of —— Haughton, Esq. of Chapel-Street, Grosvenor-square, to Miss Isabella Roach, second daughter of Mr. James Roach, printer, Woburn-Street, Drury-Lane.

25. At Wanstead Church, T. A. Curtis, Esq. second son of Sir William Curtis, Bart. M. P. to Miss Harriet Green, youngest daughter of the late Young Green, Esq. of Poole.

At Croxdale, near Durham, William Blundell, Esq. of Crosby-Hall, Lancashire, to Miss Stanley, only daughter of the late Sir Thomas Stanley Mussey Stanley, Bart. of Hooton, Cheshire.

27. By the Rev. John Walker, Charles Mortlock, Esq. Captain of the Hon. East India Company's ship the Charlton, to Amelia Anne, the eldest daughter of James Thomas, Esq.

April 29. At Buntingford, William Hill, Esq. of Uppingham, to Miss Drage, daughter of William Drage, Esq. of Buntingford.

May 1. At Bath, at the Queen's-Square Chapel, by the Rev. Dr. Gardiner, Major Goldsworthy, of the Hon. East India Company's Service, to Miss Livesey.

At Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, the Rev. Joseph Rose, to Miss Babington, eldest daughter of Thomas Babington, Esq. Member for Leicestershire.

At Hampstead, Richard Mills, Esq. of Colchester, to Miss Hines, of West End.

At Edinburgh, Dr. Woodman, of Bognor, Sussex, to Matilda, youngest daughter of the Rev. Thomas Linning.

2. At St. George's in the East, Mr. George Chapman, of Cannon-Street Road, to Miss Elizabeth Woolcombe, of Bethnal-Green.

At West Malling, in Kent, John Scudamore, Esq. of Maidstone, to Charlotte Catharine, youngest daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Francis Downman, of the Royal Artillery.

5. By the Rev. Mr. Williams, Miller Clifford, Esq. Captain of the 28th regiment, to Miss Payne, of Maldon, Essex.

9. At Mary-la-bonne Church, Major William Eustace, of the 96th regiment, to Catharine Frances Talbot, only daughter of Richard Wogan Talbot, Esq. of Malahide Castle, M. P. for the county of Dublin.

At the Parish Church of Sutton Coldfield, by the Rev. Thomas Grove, Esq. of Shenston Park, in the county of Stafford, to Emelia, second daughter of Sir Edmund Cradock Hartopp, Bart. of Fouroaks, Hull, in the county of Warwick.

17. By special licence, the Hon. Mr. Lambe, son of Lord Viscount Melbourne, to Miss Le Jeune, a ward of the Duke of Devonshire. The preparations for the ceremony were in a most superb style of elegance. The grand suite of apartments were brilliantly lighted up for the first time these three years. The Rev. Mr. Predy, Chaplain to the Countess Dowager Spencer, performed the ceremony in the grand back drawing-room. His Grace the Duke of Devonshire gave the bride away, and Viscount Melbourne attended his son on the occasion. The two Miss Howards were bride's-maids. An elegant and select company were assembled in the evening, including his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, Earl and Countess Cowper, Viscount and Viscountess Melbourne, Viscount and Viscountess Morpeth, Lord and Lady G. Cavendish, Lady E. Foster, and several other distinguished personages. The new-married pair will go to Brocket-Hall to pass their honey-moon.

DEATHS.

At Breda, in October last, Sir David Nicolson, Bart. He is succeeded in his title by Lieut.-Col. Wm. Nicolson, of the 72d regiment, Deputy Adjutant General at Madras.

Lately in Paris, Mr. Payne, bookseller, of the Strand.

April 14. At his house, Prospect-Place, near Black Rock, Dublin, the Rev. Oliver Miller, in the 64th year of his age.

20. At Prestwich, near Manchester, Mrs. Barnett, wife of the Rev. William Barnett.

May 5. Three days after his arrival at the New Inn, Hotwells, sincerely and deeply lamented by his numerous friends and acquaintance, of a decline, Charles Hurrell, of Bulmir, in the county of Essex, Esq. aged 28.

7. The infant son of J. R. Whiteford, Esq.

11. In Bulstrode-Street, in the 56th year of his age, Edward Otto Ives, Esq. of Titchfield, in Hampshire, and formerly resident at Lucknow, in the service of the East India Company.

13. Near Dorking, Surry, Mr. George Birch, the second son of Mr. Alderman Birch, London, in the 19th year of his age.

14. At his house at Fulham, in the 78th year of his age, the Right Rev. and Right Hon. Beilby Porteous, Lord Bishop of London, an official Trustee of the British Museum, a Governor of the Charter-House, Dean of the Chapel Royal, Visitor of Sion College, and provincial Dean of Canterbury. This truly pious and learned prelate was a native of Yorkshire. His father, who is said to have been a reputable tradesman, gave him a good education at the grammar school of Rippon, under the Rev. Mr. Hyde, from whence he removed to Christ College, Cambridge.

16. In the 78th year of her age, Mrs. Anna Maria Smart, of Reading, relict of Christopher Smart, M. A. of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, sister to the late Mr. Thomas Carnan, and, upwards of forty years principal proprietor of the Reading Mercury and Oxford Gazette.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

The fatal effects of Intemperance.