

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR JUNE, 1809.

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS,

- | | | | |
|---|-----|--|---------|
| 1 The fatal Effects of Intemperance, | 243 | rick William III. King of Prussia, | 271 |
| 2 The Spanish Lovers, | 245 | 12 Portraits of the King and Queen of Sweden, | 275 |
| 3 The Even-Tide Recess, | 247 | 13 Character of Dr. Arbuthnot, | 276 |
| 4 Sketches from Nature, | 249 | 14 POETICAL ESSAYS.—Ode for his Majesty's Birth-Day—William and Merna—To the Editor—The Vesper Bell—To Friendship—The Hour of Pleasure | |
| 5 Ladies' Dresses on his Majesty's Birth-Day, | 254 | Patriotic Effusion, | 277—280 |
| 6 The London Female Penitentiary, | 259 | 15 Foreign News, | 281 |
| 7 Letter from one of the Sabine Virgins, | 262 | 16 Home News, | 284 |
| 8 London Fashionable Dresses, | 265 | 17 Births, | 287 |
| 9 Albert and Jessy, | ib. | 18 Marriages, | 288 |
| 10 The Intriguing Valet, | 266 | 19 Deaths, | ib. |
| 11 Biographical Memoirs of Freder- | | | |

This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates,

1. THE FATAL EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE.
2. LONDON Fashionable DRESSES.
3. A New and elegant PATTERN for a VEIL, &c.

LONDON:

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

Where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE cannot promise insertion to the *Lines on a celebrated Termigant at Liverpool*.

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

Mr. J. Osborne's Communications are received.

ERRATA.

In our last, p. 202, col. 2, line 2, for *thick* bloods, read *brisk* bloods.

Among the Marriages, p. 210, col. 1, line 33, for *by the Rev. Thomas Grove, Esq.* read *Edward Grove, Esq. to &c.* and for *Four-Oaks, Hull*, read *Four-Oaks-Hall*.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE.

FOR JUNE, 1809.

THE FATAL EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE.

A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

THE evil effects and serious calamities resulting from intemperance cannot be easily estimated with accuracy. No man who has resigned himself to the temporary loss of reason which this occasion can say, with certainty, that there is any other folly or vice which he shall not commit. Not only is he exposed defenceless to every temptation, and the assault of every passion which was known most easily to beset him; but, not unfrequently, other passions, other vices, which had before lain dormant, and as it were in the germ, seize on him as their prey, and hurry him to his ruin before he recovers sufficient understanding to be even aware of his danger.

George Edwards was a young gentleman of good fortune, of numerous accomplishments, and the

most polite manners. He was particularly remarked for the general suavity of his disposition, though occasionally somewhat addicted to a hasty warmth, which, however, his good understanding enabled him almost immediately to restrain. As he possessed a great quantity of ready and genuine wit, and a great flow of spirits, he was peculiarly acceptable in all convivial parties. But George, among his various good and numerous splendid qualities, had one infirmity which acted rather as a drawback upon them—the effect of wine became visible in him sooner than it does in many, and more completely subverted his reason; and, at such times, the natural warmth of his temper became fretful irritability, which was no longer modified by that good sense which restrained it in

his sober moments. The riotous companions of George, for such, in fact, he too often associated with, rejoiced above all things in this weakness of their companion, when compared with their own strength in drinking, which they considered as the grand test of merit.

While at the university, George had contracted a particular intimacy with a young baronet of the name of Sir Frederick Mostyn. This intimacy continually increased with their years, till they became, as it were, inseparable, and the festive board which was attended by the one, almost constantly afforded a seat to the other. The friendship of Sir Frederick with George produced an acquaintance with every other part of the family, and he became the ardent lover of his amiable sister Maria, to whom he was soon to be inseparably united.

In the mean time, however, one of those jovial meetings at which Sir Frederick and George were rather too frequently present took place. The bottle circulated freely, as usual; and Sir Frederick seemed more than ordinarily to triumph over the infirmity of George, by plunging him into the most complete state of intoxication a short time before himself. For some time, every thing went on tolerably well: the jokes of Sir Frederick were parried by George, and those of George by Sir Frederick, without any thing like serious offence being taken. But at length the too great quantity of wine having begun to act on the latent irritability of George's temper, he grew captious, and at last retorted in very virulent terms, and

Sir Frederick, who was likewise much flushed with what he had drunk, replied in the same violent language. Their companions, most of them in the same condition as themselves, did not attempt to moderate their passion, but rather to fan the flame. A challenge given by George was the consequence, and a place not far distant appointed for deciding the dispute; though Sir Frederick wished to defer the decision till the next day; but George, frantic with liquor and passion, was peremptory and obstinate, and his antagonist, scarcely less intoxicated and furious than himself, consented with that kind of absurd valor which excludes all reason. Pistols were procured, and George, at the first fire, mortally wounded his companion, his faithful and affectionate friend, who was on the eve too of becoming his brother. Sir Frederick fell, exclaiming, 'George, you have killed me!' The words acted on him like an electric shock; he ran to his dying friend and embraced him in a kind of agony. All his frenzy of passion was instantly dissipated, even his intoxication seemed to have vanished, and he appeared sensible only to his own wretchedness. Sir Frederick was removed to the house of a surgeon who happened to live not far from the scene of the duel, and George continued with him while he survived, but that was only two hours. He then rushed wildly out of the house, and after wandering about for some time in despair, he went towards his home, but no sooner did he arrive at the door of his house, than unable longer to bear his miserable feelings, he put a pistol to his

distracted head, and terminated his existence. The report brought out his brother and his mother to visit the direful scene. His sister, the amiable Maria, was so shocked at thus suddenly losing both her brother and her lover, the one by the hands of the other, and the other by his own, that she became the victim of frenzy, and never after enjoyed reason but at short intervals. The mother yielded to a more silent but equally heart-rending grief which, in a few months, brought her to the grave. These calamities which befel the son, the lover, the sister, and the mother, all had their first origin in intemperance, and Sir Frederick brought on his own fate by seeking the silly triumph of making his friend intoxicated before himself.

THE SPANISH LOVERS.

A FRAGMENT.

IT was in the magnificent palace of the Marquis Granada, in Toledo, after the sun had withdrawn it's scorching heat, and the clear western wind gently breathed to exhilarate and add fresh vigor to the nerveless, that the pensive Palmira seated herself in the balcony which overlooked the extensive garden of the palace, with her eyes fixed on the glorious orb of light, and her thoughts, raised in all the warmth of fond imagination, on the lively image of Don Pedro de Magnac. Pedro was the younger son of a noble family, but not rich, and riches only swayed the

adamantine breast of Granada, the savage father of the beautiful Donna Palmira. In private they alone dared to breathe their passion, which was virtue itself. Fate ordained it, and Pedro followed the every wish of his mistress. The amiable girl would often fain have told the Marquis the secret workings of her soul, but his fierce looks repelled her eager confession, and Pedro continued his nightly visits to Palmira to this fatal period! Happy for them had they never met; but, what avails it? We all must sooner or later die, and blessed are they whom the Almighty Father first selects. At a distance a light rustling was heard, the tall trees waved with the breeze, and the faint echo of distant footsteps was heard. Palmira sighed, 'Be still my heart!' Softly mourned she:—'Be still and ease thy throbbings, for now, methinks, my Pedro advances!' She loosened her long lace veil, and streamed it gracefully over her chesnut hair; then slowly descended by the marble steps into the garden. Palmira paced the walks luxuriantly lined with blooming flowerets, eagerly expecting her adorer, and ever and anon sighing out the loved name of Pedro. She then hastened to an elegant pavillion at the upper end of the garden, and gently reclined for support near the fragrant branches of a citron tree. She sighed, a tear fell on her soft white hand, and Pedro's well-known step drew near. He seized and imprinted on it numberless kisses, saying, 'How happy, beautiful maid! your condescension makes me.—Here, far from the hum of men, my tongue can utter the flowing language of my

soul. Here can I catch the ambrosial breath of my charmer, and here can I clasp my lovely Palmira to my breast, without the stern eye of a father hovering near to damp, with a killing frown, my virtuous love! — A soft smile played around her ruby lips, and an unbidden tear slowly stole down her ivory cheek. — ‘Indeed, indeed, my beloved Pedro,’ returned she, ‘we must no longer indulge these pernicious meetings, for soon, ah! soon, must I leave my revered haunts, and — Pedro. ‘What means Palmira?’ eagerly demanded he. — ‘My father, the Marquis, commands it, and you well know I dare not, even for my life, deny compliance with his wishes,’ replied the beautiful Donna. ‘But, ah! my heart will often pant with bursting anguish for the gardens of Toledo and you, my De Magnac!’ — Her head reclined on his shoulder, and her eyes involuntarily fell to the ground.

‘You speak, fair Palmira, in enigma,’ returned Pedro; — when Palmira continued — ‘Ere the hour of eleven had beat this morning, I was summoned into the presence of the Marquis. With unequal steps I followed; for, ah! I dreaded what might be passing. On my entrance he led me to a seat, told me I grew too handsome, and to keep my affections disengaged, as he had a suitable match in view for me. He said no more, but his eyes read my soul, and, I doubt, discovered my inability to obey him. ‘My sister, the lady Clara,’ continued he, ‘has sent an express for me to send her loved niece, Palmira, to cheer dull care from her brow; therefore to-morrow’s dawn must

see your departure for Madrid. I ventured to inquire if my sister Julia would not do in my stead, but a stern negative was the only reply, and I left the apartment in an agony of mind. What am I to do, De Magnac? What would you advise me?’ — ‘Sweet question to ask thy devoted Pedro!’ cried he, pressing her hand. The lovely Donna blushed. ‘Fly from the rigid control of your obstinate father into the arms of your dotting lover. Fly, this very eve, nor longer tarry in this dreary place.’ — ‘Thy council,’ replied she, ‘I cannot take; for never, by an elopement, shall Palmira be called disobedient.’ Long did Pedro urge the beautiful Spaniard to compliance, but in vain. Duty reigned predominant, and with tears and sighs she left him. His eyes were following the slender form of her he loved, through a vista of the garden, when two armed ruffians rushed upon the unsuspecting youth. Pedro clasped his hand to his sword, and would bravely have fought, had not the features of the Marquis riveted him to the spot. ‘Villain!’ loudly exclaimed the Marquis, ‘is it thus I find you teaching disobedience to Donna Palmira? Draw! draw! and let your base blood wipe away the stain of having insulted the Marquis Granada!’

‘In my own vindication I can say nought,’ returned Pedro, dropping his shining blade at the feet of the Marquis. The uplifted poniard of the Marquis was raised to the breast of De Magnac, when a loud shriek was heard through the avenue of trees, and the lovely Palmira, pale and trembling, stood before them at

the moment her Pedro fell by the hand of her father, who, with a ghastly smile, was viewing his triumph. — 'You have killed all my heart held dear!' frantically she exclaimed; 'but to you it shall avail nought. I will not survive you, my Pedro,' she cried, 'but breathe my last sigh out on your faithful bosom.' Palmira snatched up the fallen dagger, and plunged it into her bleeding bosom. Falling by the side of her loved Pedro, she took his cold hand, kissed his colorless lips, and breathed out her last groan on his mangled bosom. Thus fell the two Spanish lovers, victims to a parent's cruelty.

CATH. BR. YEAMES.

Norwich, Feb. 9.

THE EVEN-TIDE RECESS.

BY S. Y.

'A matchless pair,
With equal virtue form'd, and equal
grace;
The same, distinguish'd by their sex
alone:
Hers the mild lustre of the blooming
morn,
And his the radiance of the risen day.'

THOMSON.

IT was one evening in the summer season, when the departing gleam of Phœbus summoned from the fields the rustic sons of labor, that a traveller hastened from the inn in the village, and in a not

unpleasant reverie wandered to a wood, to taste the sweets of a lonely hour. Charlotte Smith has, in the following lines, fairly portrayed the scene:

'Should the lone wanderer, fainting on
his way,
Rest for a moment of the sultry hours,
And tho' his path thro' thorns and rough-
ness lay,
Pluck the wild-rose or woodbine's gad-
ding flowers,
Weaving gay wreaths beneath some
shelt'ring tree,
The sense of sorrow he awhile may lose.'

He watched the trusty shepherd, and saw him pen his fleecy charge, and then departed to seek his lowly cot: he entered the copse, and seated himself upon the trunk of a felled elm; while the objects that fell under his inspection were such as furnished him with

'Ample food for meditation.'

Fond remembrance told him, that this was the spot where late he repaired to with his beloved Eliza, and wore away the evening in mutual love and pleasing converse — here too had his delighted eyes ranged with hers over nature's beauties — and here, Oh! here did he first own his love, and pledged vows of perpetual constancy — The recollection was dear to him — the spot was endeared and hallowed by the tender recollection — He sincerely regretted her absence; for, alas! an impediment had arisen. Shakspeare truly says —

'The course of true love never did run
smooth;
But either it was different in blood;
Or else misgrafted, in respect of years;

Or else it stood upon the choice of friends.'

Thomo truly loved Eliza: he was enamoured not only with her person (which was truly heavenly), but of her goodness of mind and mental accomplishments. Dryden very forcibly assures us, that

'Love alters not for us his hard decrees,
Not though beneath the Thracian clime
we freeze,
Or the mild bliss of temperate skies
forego,
And in mid winter tread the Lapland
snow,
Love conquers all.'

As he sat ruminating on the maid of his bosom, the sounds of some distant village-bells floated upon the breeze; the groves were partially silvered by the moon, now slowly rising above the distant wooded hills, and the gentle zephyrs at intervals fanned the lowly willow — He recalled to his mind the past happy moments, when, with his Eliza, he strayed with mutual delight around the fields and meads, and culled from the brake the choicest wild flowrets, to form her a posy — It was here he breathed forth his soul in love, and obtained the dear assurance of her constancy; and, as he indulged himself in the fond recollections, his heart was agitated too powerful for endurance, and, with a sigh, he bade adieu to the retreat. The lines of Macniell are here very applicable —

'The primrose in clusters breath'd fragrance around,
And witness'd the vows that were given;
The lark, that sat list'ning, soar'd swift from the ground,
And warbled the contract to heaven.'

He now bent his way towards the inn in the village; for the night had advanced, and

'The dawy-star of evening shone in tears.'

As he walked with tardigradous step by the side of the grove, Philomel began her nightly song; and, as he stopped to enjoy the sadly-soothing strain, he could not help exclaiming with the Poet —

'O, nightingale! that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May,
Thy liquid notes, that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success to love.——'

Thomo, with quickened step, now reached his place of destination, took a little refreshment, and, ere he sunk into the lap of Morpheus, articulated to himself the following soliloquy:

'Come, balmy sleep!—tir'd Nature's soft resort!
On these sad temples all thy poppies shed;
And bid gay dreams from Morpheus' airy court
Float in light vision round my aching head!
* * * * *
Clasp'd in her faithful shepherd's guardian arms,
Well may the village-girl sweet slumber prove:
And they, O gentle sleep! still taste thy charms,
Who wake to labor, liberty, and love;
But still thy opiate aid dost thou deny
To calm my anxious breast, to close my streaming eye.'

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

BY SOPHIA TROUGHTON.

[Continued from p. 159.]

LETTER XXXIV.

Lady Seymore to Lord Seymore.

Walsingham-Hall.

I ARRIVED here last night about nine o'clock, in good health and spirits, but they met a terrible damp on my introduction to Lady Walsingham. Oh! Seymore, this charming woman is stealing fast from us, she is hastening to an untimely grave; I see it but too evidently. Her lovely face is wasted, and her graceful form emaciated. What a despoiler of beauty is grief! What a horrid devastation has it made here in a few months! She was astonished, and even chided me for coming; but I told her she mortified me extremely by giving me reason to think that she imagined my friendship of so transient a nature as to desert her when the clouds of adverse fortune gathered. 'No,' continued I, 'the jocund months of spring, when fortune smiled, and every heart was joy, I passed with you; and in the less pleasant months of autumn, when not only nature, but your health and happiness, is declining, shall I be absent? forbid it heaven, forbid it friendship.'

'But my Lord Seymore,' said she.

'My Lord Seymore,' inter-

rupted I, 'would despise me if those were not my sentiments — 'Shall the friend of your heart,' said he, 'be suffered to pine in solitude with sickness and sorrow? Surely no. Hasten, my Sophia, and by your presence endeavour to dissipate her sorrows.' — I took him at his word,' continued I, 'and here I am.'

She could not for a moment articulate a word, but her eyes were most grateful. When she did speak, it was to invoke blessings on you for sparing me to her.

This morning she introduced me to her Jessica. Had I not been prepossessed in her favor, I must have loved her the moment I beheld her tender, interesting countenance. I have also seen Henry, who pays his respects here morning and evening regularly, as Jessica has not resided at her father's since Lady Walsingham's indisposition. The venerable Maynard is to spend the evening with us. My company is desired below — Adieu for the present.

[In continuation.]

At the bottom of the stairs I met Doctor Mortimer returning from Lady Walsingham's dressing-room — 'How have you found your patient, Sir?'

'Much the same, Madam, as I left her yesterday.'

'But, my good Sir, what is your opinion of her case — Do you think it dangerous?' He cast his eyes on the ground, but answered not.

'Ah! doctor,' cried I, 'I see the fate of my friend in your countenance.' — I was near fainting, tears came to my relief. Jessica, who had overheard our conversation, rushed from the parlour

where she had been sitting, and throwing herself at the doctor's feet — 'Say, oh say not,' cried she, 'that Lady Walsingham's fate is certain — exert your skill, for in preserving her you save the friend of human kind — perhaps a warmer climate, a more congenial country. Oh! Sir, if possible, save her precious life; the happiness of hundreds is dependent on it.'

'My dear young lady,' said the benevolent man, raising her by her clasped hands, his own eyes glistening, 'you require impossibilities from my art. Happy should I esteem myself if it was in my power to restore health to my amiable patient; but the fate of Lady Walsingham is determined — a few months — perhaps days —' My head sunk on my shoulder, and the good doctor was prevented by his own emotion from saying more.

Jessica started up — 'She will die then!' cried she; 'inexorable death will again deprive me of my dearest friend, my generous benefactress!'

She stood with her hands crossed on her swelling bosom, her eyes cast up to heaven, as if praying for the life of her friend. The tears had ceased to flow, but the one which hung on her cheek seemed congealed there, by the confirmation of our worst apprehensions.

As for me, I sat on the stairs without motion, gazing on Jessica, as if I had lost my senses. At last the doctor resumed the conversation — 'I,' said he, 'have had the honor of being consulted by her ladyship's family for many years, indeed before Lady Walsingham was born; I therefore know her constitution well, indeed so well that I am sure no medical assist-

ance can be of service. Notwithstanding, for the satisfaction of her family and friends, I would rather have had the advice of some other person of the faculty on her case; but, when I mentioned it to her ladyship, she candidly told me she was convinced it would be of no use — "Can a physician," said she smiling, "administer to a distempered mind? No, Sir, I will have no more doctors. I the more readily sent for you, as I could converse with you on former times, on days that are past, with the freedom of an old friend; and that I might not be thought obstinate, or seem to disregard my life, which it is our duty to preserve as long as we may." She then put it to me how long I thought her time might be; I told her, ladies, the same as I have told you, that it might be months, but it did not seem very probable that it would be longer than a few weeks: and since then she has been more cheerful than when in doubt.

'Her disorder has been for some time undermining her constitution; but the agitation her mind has experienced for the loss of her son has hurried her into a rapid decline. As to a warmer climate, she is much too weak to go through the fatigue of such a journey, but would incontestably die on her passage. Pardon, ladies, one caution; but, if you wish to prolong the life of your friend, you must moderate your grief in her presence: much depends on her being kept cheerful, for, though we may not be able to preserve her life, we ought to endeavour to render the remains of it as comfortable as is in our power.'

I thanked him for the friendly admonition, and promised to remember it, if possible. I then

folded my arm round Jessica's waist, and returned to my own room, forgetting that I had been sent for down, or inquiring who had wanted me.

We had not sat mingling our tears together long before a servant again requested my company below, if I was not engaged.

'But I am engaged,' said I, without raising my eyes.

The man was retiring, when I called after him to ask who wanted me. — Lady Walsingham was the answer. — 'Tell her ladyship I will wait on her instantly. — He bowed and closed the door.

'Come, Jessica,' said I, 'we must endeavour to shake off this useless sorrow, if we obey the good doctor. You see, but this moment, I had like to have refused the dear creature's request. While we have her with us, let us devote ourselves cheerfully to her, remembering that we may make her last days seem less irksome by our attentions; and when we are deprived of her....'

'O! then,' interrupted she, 'we shall have nothing to do but mourn her loss. — But come, Madam, let us go.'

When we entered her dressing-room we found Henry and Mr. Maynard with her. She was sitting in an arm-chair, and sweetly smiling at an observation of Henry's. When she saw me — 'You lazy creature,' cried she, 'where have you been? I sent for you half an hour ago, to request you to join your influence with mine in a favor I have to beg of Jessica.'

The poor girl stood motionless, her complexion varying. I looked at her, and she understood the look. — 'Any request your ladyship is pleased to make, I am certain will not need enforcing by

me. Jessica will be happy to oblige her friend.'

She bowed in confirmation of what I had said; I believe she could not speak.

'Thank you, my dear girl,' said Caroline, 'and be assured I would not make a request but what should tend to your happiness. Oblige me by selecting one day in this week for rewarding the constancy of my friend here. Every thing is settled, every thing is ready: you intended to have solemnised your marriage before this time but for my indisposition. Sick people have their humors — you will not refuse me mine. We know not what a day may bring forth, and I could wish to see my Jessica happy with her Henry before —' She stopped. The generosity of this charming woman affected us all. Poor Jessica burst into tears, and left the room. I followed, to conceal my own emotion.

'Jessica,' said I, 'you will not hesitate to oblige Lady Walsingham?'

'O! madam,' replied the weeping girl, 'how can I think of my own happiness, when my benefactress is hasting, overwhelmed with sorrow, to an untimely grave? What auspices are these to enter the marriage state under!'

'But, my dear Miss Maynard, remember what Doctor Mortimer said, "though we may not be able to preserve her life, we ought to endeavour to render the remains of it as comfortable as is in our power." And who will not say it is in your power to give her pleasure, by a cheerful compliance with her request — a request which will ultimately tend to your own happiness?'

'Then your ladyship thinks I

should show my gratitude more by a compliance with her generous wishes, than by refusing to build my happiness on the ruin of my benefactress ?

‘ You see the affair in a wrong light, Jessica ; but I do think it will be much more grateful to oblige, and give her pleasure now, while she is with you, than to refuse her request, and weep over her when she is no longer sensible of your joys or sorrows.’

‘ Then,’ said she, ‘ this hand, with this heart, shall be plighted at the altar to-morrow, or this moment, if it will give pleasure, or show my gratitude to Lady Walsingham.’

I pressed her hand to my lips, and led her to Caroline, who thanked her with as much fervor as if it had been her own felicity she had confirmed. Henry was in high spirits, and thanked Lady Walsingham and me for the favors we had conferred on him. Mr. Maynard was speechless with gratitude. But, notwithstanding their joy, I observed them all cast several apprehensive looks on the lovely promoter of their happiness. However, it is settled that Henry and Jessica are to be married the day after to-morrow.

In the course of conversation, Lord Walsingham’s affair with Miss Lester was mentioned (for it is almost as much talked off here as in town now), and, on my expressing an abhorrence of her, for her ingratitude, the amiable creature turned to me, and with calm dignity repeated those lines from Shakspeare :—

‘ Leave her to heaven, and to those thorns that in her bosom lodge to goad and sting her.’

O ! Seymore, of what vile inside-

lities are your sex capable— that such a woman as this should be left to pine in solitude ; beautiful as an inhabitant of heaven, not less pure, scarcely less wise ! But I would hope you are not all alike.

[*In continuation.*]

This lovely woman evidently becomes worse and worse. She had passed a very ill night, and was not able to rise to breakfast this morning. Doctor Mortimer was much alarmed, and advised me to lose no time in writing to Lord Walsingham, who is at Dover. I wrote, desiring him, if he wished to see his lady in this life, to hasten to Walsingham-Hall. It is more on my friend’s account than his that I wrote ; for indeed, Seymore, I could hardly be civil to him even in a letter ; but I knew it would be a satisfaction to my Caroline to see him before she bids an everlasting adieu to earthly things.

I also wrote a letter to the venerable Countess of Aubry, and another to Lady Julia, directing it to Sion Hill, though she certainly does not reside there ; for, when James took one from Lady Walsingham thither, and said he must wait for an answer, the people of the house told him, that the lady did not live there then, but that they had orders to take in letters directed for her, and keep them till sent for. Julia is extremely mysterious in every thing she does.

I mentioned in my letter the various noises Lady Walsingham has heard in the castle, and attribute the illness of her sister in a great measure to the fright she met with in the chapel. I then minutely detail every circum-

stance which has happened to Caroline, and conclude by wishing her, if in her power, to unravel the mystery.

I wish, my dear William, your business would permit you to come down. I never stood so much in need of consolation, and never met fewer persons able to afford it than here. Every morning the spacious hall is thronged with anxious inquirers after the health of their friend, or benefactress. I cannot help thinking that even the beautiful scenery which surrounds this charming house is altered for the worse, and droops in sympathy with it's mistress. You remember a few months back how pleasant the hills of grass appeared, and how delightfully the green valleys were embroidered with the most vivid colors. 'What worlds of verdure' did yonder woods seem, and the sun was wont to gild the scene with bright irradiance; but now

'Melancholy masks the face of all things;
The crystal streams and founts assume a gloomy hue.'

The grass is cut, the wild rose and eglantine have lost their beautiful colors; the verdure of the woods is exchanged for a few yellow leaves, which are continually falling. The glorious orb of day is frequently obscured by heavy clouds, and the loud thunder drives furiously through the troubled air; indeed, all nature seems to mourn the loss of her favorite child.

I am going to sit with her in her dressing-room; for Jessica, attended by young Highworth, is gone to the school to bestow the usual rewards on the industrious.

I shall not be able to write again

till to-morrow, perhaps. Adieu till then.

[In continuation.]

Well, Seymore, the indissoluble knot is tied, and it is now out of old Highworth's power to sever two faithful hearts. He did not favor us with his company; however, his room was quite as agreeable; but he wrote a very kind letter in answer to his son's, wishing him joy in his nuptials, and informing him that he had taken a very handsome house in Golden Square, which would be ready to receive him in a month's time.

Lady Walsingham was anxious to attend the ceremony, though Doctor Mortimer advised the contrary; but, I believe, her principle reason for disobeying the doctor's order was her wish again to see the village where she had once been so happy, and to see and reward the children fed and educated by her bounty. When the doctor found her mind was set on going, he ordered pillows to be put in the sociable, and advised Jessica and me to sit on each side, to prevent it's galling her weak frame. The sociable was accordingly the carriage in which we proceeded to church, where we found Mr. Maynard and Henry waiting.

After the ceremony, we visited every cottage. Lady Walsingham shook the affectionate inhabitants by the hand, and made them a handsome present each. Those poor people seemed to think this was the last time they were to see her; for we left every one in tears. Caroline herself was excessively affected; but, when we came to the school, she looked round with

an eye of satisfaction. She was lifted out of the sociable. She inspected the children's work, commended it, and made them all a small present for fruit. She thanked their instructors for their care, and kissing the children with as much affection as if they had been her own, quitted them in tears.

At the door were assembled the poor, so often fed by her bounty, and the richer farmers, so often made happy by her condescensions. A murmur of sighs proceeded from among them when her fragile frame presented itself. She stopped — 'My dear friends,' said she, 'this concern is kind, but unnecessary. I shall soon be happy — I needed not this to convince me of your regard. This is a wedding-day; let it be a cheerful one. I expect you all and your families at the park in the evening; but, for fear I should not then be able to see you, I took this opportunity. Adieu — may you be as happy as I wish you, and God Almighty bless you all.'

She was placed in her sociable — 'The Lord preserve you!' — 'God restore your precious health!' — 'Heaven bless you!' were the exclamations which ascended to heaven as the carriage moved slowly on. Caroline turned her face to take a last look of those affectionate people. Her eyes filled with tears, her exquisite sensibility overcame her, and her beauteous head sunk on my shoulder. Some of the elder women were following to render her some assistance, but Henry stopped them — 'You will oppress her,' said he, 'by your endeavours to serve her; return home, and, perhaps, you

will see her again in the evening; but leave her now to her friends.' — They burst into tears, and retired, praying for the recovery of the best of ladies.

She did not speak till we had reached the house. Her exertion had been too much for her strength. I advised her to go to bed immediately, and she complied. She has been extremely ill ever since, and quite incapable of rising. In the evening the tenants came. Profusion spread the board, yet no one was cheerful. The lovely mistress of the feast could not be present, and every heart mourned; every face wore a gloom. The pensive bride caught my hand — 'Oh! Madam,' said she, 'little did I once think the day which made me Henry's wife would be such a day of woe!' — The tears gushed from her eyes. I endeavoured to comfort her, but only distressed myself. — There are no hopes of her recovery, and we both knew it.

Adieu! I am going to make one inquiry before I retire to bed.

Yours, with the truest love,
S. SEYMORE.

[*To be continued.*]

LADIES' DRESSES

ON HIS

MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

HER MAJESTY. — A green and lilac silver tissue petticoat, with lace draperies, richly ornamented

with diamonds, festoons of Valenciennes lace, and beautiful diamond tassels; train to correspond, with a most superb border, composed of diamonds, &c. This dress exceeded, in respect to magnificence, any of the dresses worn by her Majesty of late years.

PRINCESS AUGUSTA. — Petticoat of amber-color tissue, richly embroidered with lilac lilies of the valley, in silver stripes, with a very rich border of oak leaves; a mantle of Turkish silk, a late present from the Ottoman court to his Majesty. This dress was peculiarly beautiful.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH. — A dress of sea-green silver tissue, with magnificent drapery of silver net, divided in rows, laced open, and fastened together by silver beads and silver bullion, forming a net-work, contrasted by the drapery, and bordered by the same in pendent festoons, with a profusion of handsome silver tassels displayed in looping up the drapery; large bunches of fern or mountain fougère had a strikingly new and elegant effect; the addition of a massy bottom of silver, bordered with beads and foil, completed this superb dress.

PRINCESS MARY — Appeared in a dress of sapphire-blue silver tissue, embroidered all over with bouquets of fancy flowers in dead and bright foil, intermixed with stars and ring spangles, pointed and festooned draperies, with magnificent borders in chains and stars, and branches of large laurel leaves, in dead and bright foil, alternately relieving each other with small branches of foil and spangles in drooping flowers; drapery festoons looped up by large branches of silver oak and across tastefully arranged, re-

lieving the massy borders of the flat drapery; at the bottom a rich border of falling leaves, supported by festoons of ring spangles, and bullion; the whole finished with handsome cords and tassels.

PRINCESS OF WALES. — A superb lilac and silver gossamer gauze court train, richly embroidered with a magnificent plume of feather lama work, embellished with silver spangles up the front and centre of the dress; body, sleeves, and pocket-holes, richly embroidered in plate, silver-work, and spangles; the drapery looped up with superb diamonds in clusters; the richness and beauty of this dress were extremely elegant. Head-dress, diamonds and rich ostrich feathers.

PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES. — A frock of pale blue patent net embroidered in silver, with a light elegant border of the same.

PRINCESS SOPHIA OF GLOUCESTER — As is usual, was most elegantly attired. Her Highness wore a white satin petticoat, richly embroidered with white bugles, and tastefully ornamented with bunches of roses, the latter formed the draperies; body and train of white satin, embroidered and trimmed with bugles, fringe, and roses. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

PRINCESS CASTELCICALA. — A white satin dress, with draperies of the same, blended with crape, tastefully ornamented with beads, looped up with the same, bordered at bottom with satin leaves, knotted to a cluster with a small bead tassel.

DUCHESS OF YORK. — Petticoat of white satin, with draperies of white crape, richly embroidered with blue and almond blossoms,

with a rich border of lilac flowers, silver cords and tassels; train of silver tissue to correspond. Head-dress, a silver turban, blue feathers, and a profusion of diamonds.

DUCHESS OF BEDFORD. — A rich white satin robe and coat, the whole of the petticoat covered with a magnificent drapery of gold lama work, on fine white lace, supported by very large gold tassels and cord, and trimmed with a rich gold fringe, from which was suspended innumerable beautiful gold tassels.

DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUGH. — A petticoat of purple satin, with lace draperies, ornamented with Vandyke silver fringe and tassels; train of purple satin, decorated with silver and lace. Head-dress, embroidered net, with a profusion of diamonds.

DOWAGER DUCHESS OF RUTLAND. — A court dress of Pomona-green, with drapery of lace, tied up with bunches of white lilac. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

MARCHIONESS OF BUCKINGHAM. — Lilac and silver tissue, with beautifully formed drapery of the same, supported by a profusion of magnificent tassels and large cord, richly finished with a silver fringe, on fine point lace.

MARCHIONESS CORNWALLIS. — White satin petticoat, with a broad rich silver border of dead silver flowers, with bright silver leaves, the draperies of pea-green crape, with a rich applique border, in bright silver and dead silver flowers, ornamented all over in dead silver stars, with large silver ropes; the train of green crape, with body and sleeves ornamented to match.

MARCHIONESS OF BATH. —

White crape petticoat, and draperies embroidered in wreaths of roses, with net, foil, and spangles, mosaic applique of silver rose leaf, embellished with cords and rich tassels; train, white crape, with silver borders.

COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE. — Grey sarcenet petticoat, trimmed at the bottom with crape, embroidered with silver concaves and silver bows; drapery of white crape, festooned with rich silver tassels; train of grey sarcenet, trimmed with silver. Head-dress of diamonds.

COUNTESS OF CHESTERFIELD. — A pea-green crape petticoat, the bottom richly embroidered in green and silver pine-apples; right side drapery of green crape, richly embroidered in silver lilies and green leaves; left side, a square drapery, richly embroidered of the same, the ground work a shower of spangles; train of green crape, trimmed with silver. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

COUNTESS OF MANSFIELD. — Petticoat of primrose crape over white satin, with elegant draperies of crape en applique in satin, tastefully ornamented with bunches of flowers, and trimmed with Brussels point; train of primrose crape, trimmed with a border of puce velvet leaves and rich Brussels point. Head-dress, a most elegant plume and wreath of diamonds, and primrose feathers.

THE LADY MAYORESS. Petticoat of lilac, embroidered with lilies of the valley in silver; border of cockle shells, finished with elegant tassels of an entirely novel fashion.

LADY CHARLES BENTINCK — Wore a white crape petticoat, embroidered in waves with concave spangles; draperies of crape, ele-

gantly embroidered with spangles, and a handsome border of wheat ears, with cockle-shells intermixed; the draperies tastefully drawn up with rich silver tassels and ropes of bullion; body and train of crape and silver to correspond, trimmed with point lace.

LADY SOMERS. — A green crape petticoat, with drapery of the same, elegantly trimmed with scale trimming, most superbly enriched with pearl; the robe of the same with trimming to match; the sleeves and bosom ornamented with rich point lace. The head-dress, white feathers and diamonds.

LADY CALTHORPE. — A lilac and silver gauze petticoat, with silver fringe at bottom, and magnificent black lace drapery, beautifully tucked, with bunches of silver grapes elegantly relieved and supported with superb silver chains; the robe, lilac and silver gauze, trimmed with silver and black lace; the sleeve tops and stomacher elegantly embroidered with silver. The head-dress, white feathers and diamonds.

TWO LADIES YORK — Dresses exactly the same: petticoats white satin, with white crape draperies, trimmed most elegantly, with borders embroidered of beetle wings and chains of beads; the left side draperies formed into points, with fan corners of the same embroidery, with festoons of bead-chains; the robes white crape, trimmed to correspond. Head-dresses, white feathers and pearls.

LADY MACCLESFIELD. — A silk petticoat of primrose color, white net draperies, richly grounded with pearls and magnificent wreaths of pearl roses, with a fine fall of leaves, likewise of pearls, on the

left side; the robe primrose colored silk, trimmed in the same way. The head-dress, feathers of primrose color, with a profusion of diamonds and pearls.

LADY DE CRESPIGNY. — Petticoat of sea-green crape, very richly embroidered in gold and spangles, with a rich gold and green fringe; draperies of sea-green crape, embroidered on the petticoat, and tastefully drawn up with gold cords and tassels; body and train of sea-green crape, trimmed with gold, and gold sleeves, point ruffles and tucker. Head-dress of sea-green crape, diamond bandeau and diamond corn flower, with a plume of white feathers; diamond necklaces, ear-rings, and broaches.

LADY CHARLOTTE NELSON. — A train of Pomona green crape, richly embroidered with beads, and diamond stomacher, and the body decorated with wreaths of diamonds; the petticoat was green to correspond, ornamented with chains of beads and tassels of cope de pearl; the draperies fastened with large bunches of variegated choice flowers. Head-dress of green, and plume of white ostrich feathers, supported by the diamond aigrette, which was presented by the Grand Seigneur to her illustrious uncle, Admiral Lord Nelson.

LADY CHARLES SOMERSET. — A white sarcenet petticoat, with dress lace draperies, ornamented with bunches of moss roses and scabiusses, and roses of French pearl; train of figured sarcenet, richly trimmed.

LADY BRADFORD. — A petticoat and draperies of grey crape, embroidered in wreaths of roses, with net, foil and spangles; mosaic and applique of silver rose leaves;

train, grey and silver. Head-dress, grey turban and feathers.

HON. MRS. BURLTON BENNET. — An elegant dress of white and silver.

HON. MRS. LISLE. — Petticoat of white crape over satin, with an elegant drapery of crape en applique in lilac satin leaves and shells, tastefully looped up with bunches of flowers; train of white figured sarcenet, trimmed with rich Brussels point. Head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

HON. MRS. A. STANHOPE. — Petticoat of yellow crape, richly embroidered with dead silver; the drapery looped up with silver snow drops; train to correspond. Head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

MRS. FIELDING. — A white crape dress, richly spangled with silver rings; a magnificent border, embellished with a double row of silver pine-apples; blue silk robe, with silver trimming.

MRS. G. ROSE. — Petticoat of lilac crape, over white satin; at the bottom a Turkish border, intermixed with small convolvulus flowers; draperies of the same, festooned up with bunches to correspond with the bottom; train of lilac crape, trimmed with a wreathing of convolvulus leaves.

MRS. F. G. SMITH. — A dress of white crape, with festooned draperies, intermixed with white beads and satin riband, looped up with delicate wreaths and bunches of apple blossoms; bottom of the dress diamonds of satin and beads, trimmed with a small wreath of apple blossoms, beautifully tinged with pink; white crape robe trimmed with diamonds, and point lace, and small wreaths of apple blossoms.

MRS. LANE FOX. — A dress of cowslip-colored crape, magnificently embroidered with silver vine leaves and rows of spangles, bordered at bottom with a rich silver fringe, having a very brilliant effect; tastefully finished with cords and tassels; a cowslip-colored train, trimmed with silver and point lace.

MRS. CANNING. — Amber-colored dress, richly embroidered in silver drapery, looped up with silver cord and tassels: train of sea color, richly embroidered and trimmed with point lace. Head-dress, ostrich feathers and diamonds.

HON. MRS. KNIGHT. — Dress of jonquille-colored crape, over white sarcenet, the right side of the dress in full folds of crape, fastened at the bottom with a bunch of yellow roses and green leaves; a large wreath of the same, extending all along the front of the dress, with small binders, tastefully disposed, supporting the upper drapery, and ornamented with satin riband; robe of crape, trimmed with ribbon and Mecklin lace.

HON. MISS SOMERSET. — A pink and blue petticoat, with double draperies, ornamented with silver bullion and tassels; wreaths of silver, water lilies, trimmings of broad blond-lace; train to correspond, with silver trimmings. Head-dress, a bandeau and panache of feathers.

HON. MISS GORDON. — Petticoat of pink and silver tissue, over white satin, with an elegant drapery of the same, richly trimmed with silver, and ornamented with branches of silver flowers; train of pink and silver tissue, richly trimmed with silver. Head-dress, pearls and feathers.

THE LONDON FEMALE PENITENTIARY.

A TALE.

BY WITHAM FARROW.

Addressed to the Governors of that Institution.

‘WHAT is the cause of all this merriment?’ said Florio Mandeville to an old cottager, as he approached the merry wake of the happy villagers of Chertsey.

‘This entertainment, Sir,’ replied his informer, ‘is given in consequence of the marriage of Sir Edward Stanley to the Countess of —, where every passing stranger is as welcome as the tenants themselves.’

Mandeville, who had taken up his residence at an inn in the neighbourhood, determined to pass the evening with the villagers, and sat by the side of the cottagers, to observe the gambols of the youths and lasses.

He had not been seated long before the cottager’s daughter, a most interesting figure, flew from the side of her rustic lover to her father. Florio observed the smile that dimpled on her healthful pleasing cheek — his libertine heart panted for the possession of so much simplicity, and many a look he directed which spoke volumes to the unsuspecting girl. She left them to join her lover; but still her eye would cast a wandering look, and steal a glance at the noble figure of the stranger. In short, a smile from him was answered by one from her — her heart beat quick; for she felt flattered at being thus singled out by

the handsome Florio from the rest of her companions.

When the dance was finished, Jane was again at the side of her parents, merely that she might be near the stranger. The good old folk were delighted at the seeming happiness of their daughter, and appeared all life and jollity.

When the dancers were again ready to commence, Edward came to claim the hand of Jane; but it was already in the possession of the stranger, and, amidst the gaze of the villagers, the envied Jane entered the company.

The figure of her companion shone well in the dance; high life had given him an easy grace unknown to those around him, they all were delighted and astonished. How the youths envied him! how the maidens envied Jane! not a female heart in the company but was the stranger’s. He smiled as he led her back to her parents, who, surprised at his condescension, knew not how to behave. They would fain have asked him to their cottage, but the fear of offence kept back their words.

The hand of Jane was fast locked in that of Florio. He drew a ring from his finger, and placing it on one of her’s, raised it to his lips, fraught with the birth of many a deceit, and whispered it to tell it’s future owner how much she would occupy his thoughts till they met next. She blushed as she received the bauble. She was tempted to refuse it, but her heart forbade her; and, when he requested again to see her, his request was granted.

Poor Edward, who saw from a distance the attentive Jane lending a passive ear to the discourse of Florio, felt what no one can de-

scribe. He loved her with the pure affection of virtue, and every look and action of Florio bespoke him the villain.

The evening following the rustic fête, Jane was at a place appointed and met Florio. This meeting was succeeded by another and another, until the affections of the villager was weaned from Edward, and she felt she could leave even her home to bask in the bewitching smile of her new found lover.

Poor Jane! poor innocent! little dost thou think what a serpent thou art admitting to thy bosom; one that will sting thy soul with it's venom, then leave thee to perish!

One day, as Edward was loitering near the cottage of Jane, he by chance encountered her: she was then hastening to an appointment with Florio, and endeavoured to avoid him; but he overtook and accosted her.

'Jane,' said he, 'what am I to think of your flying from me? Has that stranger, with whom I have sometimes seen you, stolen your heart from me? No, no, it cannot be; you never can have forgotten the many times, when we have sat on the bench at your father's door, how you have repeated the fond words of your Edward, and told him of your love for him above all others!'

'And pray, fellow,' said the offended lass, 'who made you an examiner? You have watched me, have you, and what did you see, pray? Do you think I would not give up a ploughman for such a gentleman as Mr. Mandeville?'

'Ah! it is e'en as I expected, Jane; you never loved me. But go! I will endeavour to forget

you. Yet remember this, you will leave a poor heart-broken fellow — but never mind — go! — I'll forget you —'

Jane was too eager to leave him, and was soon in the arms of Florio, who had so far succeeded that, in a few days, he led his unsuspecting victim from the peaceful vale of her friends, a wife in every thing but the ceremony.

Oh, libertines! if you would view for a moment the object of your fancied love — would contemplate her whom you have doomed to drag the remnant of life in misery, whose existence you have so embittered — think then that in one instant, one little instant, you have for ever ruined the peace of a fellow-creature — of a woman! one whom you are ushered into the world to protect. Then would you spare yourselves the many tortures that will fill your breast when death's rude hand shall arrest your sinful existence, and give you up a very wretch to the great Author of all things! It is worth a thought that the *Creator* of your victims will be *your Judge!*

The grief of the parents cannot be described. They had no idea of the villany of Mandeville. In their agony they hastened to Edward; but he would not inform them, although he guessed the dismal truth. He could not settle. Every place reminded him of the ungrateful girl, on whom he had lavished his affection: he, therefore, entered on board a vessel bound for America.

The youthful pair hied to the metropolis, where the giddy vortex of high life, into which the simple girl was ushered, soon

made her forget her parents and her house. She loved Florio, it is true, but yet the love of prudence overtopped by far her love for him. At first she was uneasy respecting the promise he had made of marrying her when they reached his dwelling; but soon every virtue was lulled in her breast, and the once rustic Jane became the patroness of every vice, stamped with the name of fashion.

As gaming was her chief amusement she had occasion for considerable sums, which, after a time, Mandeville began to withhold. The faint flame of affection which burned in her bosom was soon extinguished, and hatred for the object who had placed her in such a situation, without giving her the means of satisfying her extravagant wants, soon filled her every thought.

Among those who passed by the name of friend was one Saint Austin, who had long envied Mandeville the possession of Jane. She was on a familiar footing with him, and from him she borrowed considerable loans, which the infatuated Florio passed his word for the payment of, and at the earnest desire of his friend at length consented to give his bond for the sum, which was no sooner done than Saint Austin gave him notice to pay the money by a certain day not very distant. In vain did he remonstrate; in vain did he declare his inability to comply with the request. Saint Austin gave him to understand that if the money was not forthcoming by the time specified, he must proceed to enforce his bond.

Florio returned to his home — Jane was absent. He packed up

what valuables remained, and left his home, determined to get over to America; and, having found a vessel on the eve of sailing, he went on board. Their voyage was fraught with misfortune; on the second night the vessel struck. The captain, with part of the crew and Florio, hove out the ship's boat, but they soon found it was impossible for her to live, and before they could reach the shore she overset. The crimes of Florio rushing on his mind deprived him of the power of aiding himself — life hung tottering on the verge, when the arm of some one, for an instant, buoyed him up — then, with a groan, it let go its hold, and both sunk together. The arm, thus preparing to save the wretch, was no other than Edward, the former lover of Jane.

The sunshine of Jane's day was not of long duration. Saint Austin obtained and soon was tired of her; she passed from him to another, and another until

'The native innocence she once possessed
Had left the maid for ever.'

Thus was she left afloat upon the world's wide ocean, tossed in a sea of vice; the billows of disappointment breaking with incessant fury over her. Virtue was fled, and she had no friend to whom she could repeat her tale of woe.

One tempestuous night the wretched Jane sought refuge at the entrance of a court in the Strand from a violent shower of rain. After a time, a gentleman came to the same spot, and Jane addressed him with the accustom'd freedom of the frail sister-

hood. The gentleman *, with an intention that does him honor, questioned her as to her wretched mode of life, and with tenderness advised her to quit it. The voice of compassion had long been a stranger to her wounded heart. It recalled the tenderness of her parents to her mind; she was affected to tears. 'Oh, Sir,' [she exclaimed, 'whan can I do; my character is for ever gone; who will have compassion on me?']

The worthy man's heart was lifted. He saw before him one ruined by his own sex. He thanked Heaven he knew of an asylum where she would be for ever free from harm. He named the place to her. She with tears thanked him; and now she is an inhabitant of the penitentiary, and one of it's greatest ornaments.

Could we trace the history of every unfortunate inhabitant within it's walls, we should find perhaps the whole of them once possessing the native innocence of the female whose short history we have selected. Oh! if there be a class of females most to be revered, it is those who have come forward to alleviate the woe of her whom vice has ruined, and left destitute. For the same reason, the man most to be praised is he who, struck with the cruelty of his own guilty sex, relieves the miserable houseless wanderer, and places her in an asylum, where her soul's cure and her future welfare are alike attended to. But my tale is finished; and, perhaps, I infringe upon the reader's patience. I conclude, with envying the heart

that first-conceived, and the hand that first gave towards such a charitable establishment. The thanks of a doating father, the gratitude of a fond mother, the never ceasing blessings of a brother and sister, are theirs. May the prayers of those you have rescued from infamy be heard, and you enjoy the reward.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

AS you did me the favor to insert the *Fragment of a Letter to an Inhabitant of a remote Planet*, I am encouraged to send you another *jeu d'esprit*. I do not know whether your fair readers may be acquainted with the *Lover*, a periodical work published by Mr. Steel in 1714. It had some merit, though not equal to the *Spectator* or *Tatler*, nor had it the same success and celebrity.

I believe he afterwards changed it's title to the *Reader*, and they are bound up together. One of his correspondents, who calls himself an Antiquary, says, he has several letters in his possession from the Sabine virgins to their parents, friends, and lovers, in their own country, after that famous rape, which laid the foundation of the Roman people. One written by a Sabine lady to her mother ten days after that memorable mad wedding, is inserted in the sixth number of the *Lover*. — I have attempted to translate another in still more modern language. How I came in pos-

* The Rev. Mr. W—, of Ely-Chapel.

session of it, I will leave the critics to investigate; but as Mimarantis, the lady spoken of, mentions the state and plenty she lived in her father's house, I have taken the liberty to suppose the same luxury reigned, that is the consequent effect of riches, in some mode or other. Be that as it may, a little Anachronism is often pardoned in superior writers to

Your Correspondent,

EUSEBIA.

L E T T E R

*From one of the SABINE VIRGINS
to her Mother, three or four
Years after her Marriage.*

Transcribed into Modern Language.

My dear Mother,

I AM happy to embrace this opportunity of conveying a letter to you, to inform you of my welfare and domestic felicity. Since I am become a parent myself, I can feel what your emotions must have been to hear that I was torn from you for ever, destined, perhaps, to be the wife or slave of some tyrannic brute. Thanks to the Gods, my husband is all that can be wished by a reasonable woman; nobly generous in his sentiments, consequently tender to all the imbecilities of our weaker sex, that do not spring from caprice. He expresses this in his fine manly countenance person. Giddy girl, as I was, when he first seized me, I the less regretted it seeing him so handsome, thinking too there was some degree of spirit and gallantry in the frolic, like what I

used to read in the novels at our circulating library. He carried me to a beautiful bower, elegantly decked with flowers and odoriferous shrubs, so that I fancied it a *fête champêtre*. The roughness of his first appearance was, I hoped, only a kind of masquerade resemblance to a savage.

After a few days I ventured to make this remark to him, and wished him to be shaved, have his hair dressed, and his servants about us; for the novelty of living in this Arcadian style, however pretty, began to tire. I told him that I hoped we should go to town in the winter, mix in the public diversions, as plays, operas, balls, masquerades, &c. I was very moderate in my wishes of an establishment. Two maids and a footman were no more than absolutely necessary. I would not demand a chariot, as I had brought him no fortune. In truth I wanted to go into the city for some clothes, my white dress was soiled, as he could not but perceive; and it was impossible for me to visit or receive company till I had a change. I wished too to display the elegance of my taste, but that I did not say. This harangue struck him dumb with astonishment for some minutes, nor could he understand half what I said, when I explained the term *shave*, to take the beard off. He rather sterily asked me if I wished for a monkey instead of a man? City they had none. It was predicted that these rural huts and bowers would, in process of time, be formed into the greatest city, and mistress of the world; but if the train of luxuries I had reckoned up was to be introduced, he was glad the Gods had sent him into life before that

time arrived. He could not imagine, that any free-born Roman would submit to the *servile* employment, or degrade any reasonable being to it. The children, that in future we might be blessed with, would assist their parents in all seasons by labor. Romulus himself cooked his own viands. As to the varieties of cookery, sauces, &c., which I had described, they were only diseases in the mask of dainties. I had, with some difficulty, made him understand what the different amusements were, though he has not yet comprehended wherein consists the pleasure of seeing representations of nature, when that real nature can be viewed every day. Can the scene of a grove, or a painted landscape, be as beautiful as the real grove or landscape? Can an artificial sun or moon rise so sublimely majestic in a theatre as the glorious luminaries themselves? — What is the comedy and farce you talk of but reason degrading itself to buffoonery? You must feel a contempt for what excites laughter. To what end are the distresses of tragedy feigned? Is grief or terror to be deemed pleasure? — As to masquerades, where is the gratification in debasing oneself to a chimney-sweeper, a cryer of matches, or old clothes? It requires, no doubt, a great degree of wit to talk in the language of such people. To assume the character of a demon, is flying in the face of Jupiter for creating you a superior being: it betrays too a kind of acknowledged depravity. — He supposed I must have had enough of dancing when I had gotten a husband by it. A married woman dancing was like a tree in Autumn putting forth blossoms when it should be bear-

ing fruit. Nor could I wish to please any but him with dressing, and he thought me 'when undorned, adorned the most.' — The science of card-playing I found was inexplicable to him; a card-party the greatest of all absurdities. If friends met surely it was to converse to enjoy 'the feast of reason, and the flow of soul.'

With such reasoning I was forced to be convinced. Pouting or hysterics were in vain. Where there was no physician or apothecary, no drops or medicine were to be had; where no disease is known, there is no use for remedies.

When he came in this morning from the chace, and heard me singing to my sweet infant on my knee, who crowed to me in her language; while my boy, as robust as a hero, was playing about and hallooing all his might, he asked me whether the operas I had formerly talked of so much would now be so harmonious to me, as 'this sweet concord of sweet sounds;' for so it seemed to his ear.

I must further inform you that I spin and make all our clothing, and can roast mutton or veision equal, my husband says, to the great Achilles; so that I find not the least *vacuum ortædium* *.

I mean to imply no reflection, my dear Madam, but I intend to educate my daughter with the utmost simplicity, to fit her for the wife of a Roman, and a hero, which are, indeed, synonymous terms.

* I could find no words in a modern fine lady's language fully to convey the meaning of these two Latin ones; I thought the French *ennui* was not quite adequate.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



London Fashionable Dresses.

I assure you that I am prouder of being a Roman matron than of having been accounted one of the most beautiful Sabine virgins. And if you will pardon my adding one thing more, it is to request my younger sisters may not be educated at a boarding-school, but under your own eye, to learn what is truly useful, for the ornamental accomplishments are of little avail to the wife and mother.

I remain still
Your dutiful Daughter,
SABINA.

LONDON FASHIONABLE DRESSES.

[With an Engraving elegantly colored.]

1. A LONG train dress of white muslin, elegantly embroidered round the bottom in a border of gold thread; stomacher and sleeves to correspond; yellow crape turban, worked in silver, silk scarf; yellow shoes and gloves.

2. Short dress of white figured sarcenet; front and sleeves of footing and lace over the dress; a demy robe of lilac crape, terminating in points, worked in silver; white satin turban, ornamented with a gold spray; white shoes and gloves.

ALBERT AND JESSY.

A FRAGMENT.

‘HOW much you are like my Jessy!’ one evening exclaimed the young Agnes to her beautiful friend, the Lady Constance, (as she rested her arm against the heavy fretwork of the Gothic window), ‘How much you are

like my Jessy! — Just so mild, so sweet did she look in sorrow; such was the smile that beamed over her pale countenance to reward me for the pains I took to amuse her; I was delighted to see it, yet that smile always made me more sorrowful than her pensiveness. — Oh! how I loved her I never shall forget when my father first found out her affection for poor Albert. He was only a soldier in my father’s clan, but he was so handsome, so good, that he soon won the heart of my sister. Besides, he saved her life once, when she must have been dashed to pieces down a precipice had he not caught her, at the peril of his own. Jessy was grateful, and gratitude soon kindled into love. My father discovered her secret, and forbad him ever to see him again. Jessy was obliged to tell him so; and Albert, in despair, went away, and enlisted in a foreign service. So we found afterwards, for my father, seeing Jessy so wretched, gave his consent that she should marry him. Jessy was his darling; he could not bear to see her weep, and every search was made for him, but in vain; and when this sad news was brought, Jessy fell to the ground in a swoon. She recovered at last, but a fever seized her, and nearly deprived her of her senses and her life. I used to sit by her bedside, and bathe her burning hand with my tears. It was all I could do. She did not know me during her illness; but one day, when she got rather better, she said to me, “My Agnes, should Albert ever return, will you tell him that the last prayers of Jessy were offered for him — Alas! he cannot pray for me; it was I who made him a traitor to

his country, but my error will soon be expiated by my death; I feel my heart is breaking; I shall not be with you long, Agnes." — With tears I implored her not to leave us; she did not die then, though she recovered but slowly. I used to go and sit with her in a little arbor, which, in happier days, Albert had built for us. Jessy loved that place, though it only nursed her sorrow. Sometimes she would smile, just so sweetly, so sorrowfully, as you do, Lady Constance, when I used my simple endeavours to amuse her. Heaven knows I have often laughed when my heart has been so full that I could scarcely restrain my tears, merely to raise a smile on her sweet pale face. But I am afraid I shall tire you with my long story; it is now almost finished. One beautiful morning we were wandering on the banks of the lake, and Jessy, being fatigued, sat down on a little grassy mound by the side of the water. I sat down too, and we were enjoying the freshness of the air, when a poor soldier came towards us as if to ask alms. We arose and approached him; his hat was slouched over his face, and his tattered regimentals were foreign; he bowed humbly, and, lifting his hat to speak to us, Jessy beheld, in the pallid countenance of the object before us, the well-known features of her long-lamented Albert. She could not bear it—she fell to the ground in convulsions, and was conveyed home, senseless. The fever returned — Oh! Lady Constance, in three days after, my hapless sister expired in the arms of my heart-broken father. He wished to die too, but I prayed him to live for my sake, and we got him

at last into his own chamber. Lucky it was I did, for I thought my heart would burst; when, to complete our misery, I beheld the breathless body of Albert brought in by the servants. The silver waters of the lake had received his last sigh. He had once more seen his Jessy, and it was all he wished. — A traitor to his country his life was forfeited, and Albert could not bear an ignominious death. — Poor Albert! Poor Jessy! — One grave received them, one willow hung over them both. — My father was saved the pain of knowing his death till some time after. But his heart was broken; all my cares could not suffice. His wishes were centred in the grave with Jessy. Dying he bequeathed me to the guardianship of your father; and now, Lady Constance, you know my sad story. You, too, have wept for the sorrows of Jessy.' — She paused — Lady Constance wiped away the tears that bathed the sweet countenance of the youthful narratress. She pressed her tenderly to her bosom, and endeavoured to console her; but for the rest of the evening Agnes could only weep, and sigh — Poor Albert! Poor Jessy! —

F. J.

Exeter.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

AMONG some papers and memorandums which I happened to be looking over the other day I found a translation of a French comedy which I had attempted

some years ago, by way of exercise in that language. It is a piece of a single act performed at the *Theatre des Variétés Amusantes* at Paris, and is intitled *Le Valet a deux Maîtres, ou le Mari a deux Femmes*. — The Valet with two Masters, or the Husband with two Wives. — As I do not know that any translation or imitation of it has appeared in English I have transmitted it to you, and if you judge proper, should, I own, feel myself gratified by seeing it in print. I think the title might be altered to — *The Intriguing Valet — The Disappointed Doctor* — or, indeed what you please.

Your constant Reader
And occasional Correspondent,
ELIZ. H——.

**The INTRIGUING VALET. A
COMEDY.**

CHARACTERS :

- MR. TAMARINI, - A Quack Doctor.
MADAM TAMARINI, His Wife.
LUCILLA.
MADAM DALLIN, - Mother-in-Law to Lucilla.
DORVILLE, - - - Lover of Lucilla.
LEPINE, - - - Valet to Dorville and to Doctor Tamarini.

The Scene is at Paris in the house of Doctor Tamarini.

SCENE I.

Madam Dallin, Lucilla.

Lucilla. But Madam —

Madam Dallin. No, Miss, I am resolved. You shall marry Mr. Tamarini to-day, or to-morrow you go back to the convent.

Lucilla. Dear Madam, I would rather be buried alive than pass my life with a man whose age and

disposition would make me die a thousand deaths for one.

Madam Dallin. What obstinacy! Hear me, Miss. You were ten years old when I married your father. You were his only daughter. But he left you nothing; at least what may be called nothing. Having no children by him I attached myself to you, and promised him that I would have for you all the care of a tender mother. But observe I expect that you will show yourself grateful for my kindness; for my fortune is at my own disposal, and I can bestow it as I think proper.

Lucilla. I feel, Madam, the full value of your goodness, and if you will deign to continue it my gratitude shall be boundless; but if I must submit to render my life unhappy ...

Madam Dallin. (*Mimicking her*). Render your life unhappy! — Do you think you know better than I what will render a woman's life happy? Besides, what reasonable objections can you make to Mr. Tamarini?

Lucilla. To Mr. Tamarini? Every objection. First, you will allow that his age ...

Madam Dallin. (*Tristly*). He is not sixty; and if he were, the more mature he is the fewer extravagances he will be guilty of.

Lucilla. It is no small one to marry at that age.

Madam Dallin. You don't know the value of an old husband, especially when he is rich.

Lucilla. Different persons think differently. Less fortune and more happiness would be my choice. — And then the profession of Mr. Tamarini —

Madam Dallin. His profession! — He is a man without an equal,

whose knowlege astonishes the whole world.

Lucilla. A mere mountebank.

Madam Dallin. His enemies, his rivals, only, give him that odious name; but the miracles he has performed by his universal specific have confounded all their cabals, and silenced envy itself. And as his remedy has realised to him an income of some thousands a-year, I cannot but think him a most admirable man. Besides, he is willing to marry you without a fortune, a disinterestedness which charms me: he has made presents already to the amount of a thousand louis; a generosity which enchants me. So let us have no more of this nonsense; my word is given.

Lucilla. A foreigner!

Madam Dallin. What does that signify? his property is in France, that is the principal matter. And I am acquainted with him.

Lucilla. Yes, he has lodged about a fortnight in the same hotel with us.

Madam Dallin. Very well; is not that long enough? It is now four days since he made me his first proposals. I mentioned them to you the same evening, and I gave you till the next day to consider of them. Yesterday I made with him the necessary arrangements, and you shall marry him to-day. This, I hope, is not being too much in a hurry.

Lucilla. Oh! Madam, shall I go down on my knees to you?

Madam Dallin. You ought to do so, to thank me for the establishment I have procured you. But your ingratitude shall not prevent me from showing the respect I own to the memory of your father, by rendering you happy in spite of yourself.

Lucilla (bursting into tears). How much I am to be pitied! Only think for a moment, madam, I entreat you.

Madam Dallin. I have thought of every thing. I have foreseen that you would oppose this marriage; that you would use reasons that would not convince me, make entreaties to which I should be inflexible, and shed tears that would not melt me. All this is intolerable folly. I see that Dorville still has hold of your heart, but his behaviour has much displeased me; and besides he is not so rich as Mr. Tamarini. I therefore conclude in two words: marriage or retirement to a convent; my friendship, or my indignation; choose as you please.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

Lucilla alone.

I have then nothing to expect! and Dorville does not write to me! His silence distracts me.

SCENE III.

Lucilla, Lepine.

Lucilla. Lepine, is that you?

Lepine. Yes, miss, at your service.

Lucilla. My mother-in-law is just gone.

Lepine. I know it. I have heard every thing.

Lucilla. What must I do?

Lepine. She has proposed to you two things; you do not like either one or the other. Suppose you take a third?

Lucilla. What third?

Lepine. You do not like the thoughts of this marriage?

Lucilla. Need you ask that question?

Lepine. And you have no relish for a convent?

Lucilla. No, but rather than marry Tamarinini....

Lepine. I can find nothing but absence to remedy this hard case.

Lucilla. Absence!

Lepine. Yes, absence, or elopement, whichever you please to call it. It is a certain expedient to avoid all persecution.

Lucilla. How dare you propose to me such a thing? I would die first.

Lepine. Fine talking! Listen to me a moment, I beg of you. If you do not sign the contract to-day, to-morrow your mother-in-law will take you to the convent. Once shut up there, all your hopes are at an end for life. Mr. Dorville will neither be able to see you nor write to you; too good care will be taken of that. What will your lover do? He will be guilty of extravagancies which will cause you to be confined still more closely. He will be furious at first, but he will at last despair; and then, you know the proverb — 'Love and hope fly away together.' — He will go, and meet with some charitable beauty, whose friendship will be his consolation. Friendship between a young afflicted lover of this kind and a tender sympathising fair one, will make a great progress in a short time. They will love one another without saying so, say so without thinking of it, and find themselves married before they are aware. — And you, poor recluse, what will be your lot? Regret, tears, and despair. Take courage, miss, take courage. Have you not a right to dispose of yourself? Have you not given your faith to Mr.

Dorville with the consent of your persecutress herself? And because she forfeits her word, shall you violate your engagements, and offend against both love and honor? Yes, love and honor are the securities for your promise, and, if you violate it, dread the punishment that awaits you. It is terrible — the convent — think of that.

Lucilla. It does not signify, I prefer any suffering, even death itself, to dishonor. Dorville may forsake me, but he can never cease to esteem me.

Lepine. Mr. Dorville is incapable of being false to his engagements while you are true to yours; but if you break them yourself....

Lucilla. What can he reproach me with? During the six weeks he has been gone, he has written to me but once. Why this neglect?

Lepine (*seeming surprised*). Written to you but once?

Lucilla. No.

Lepine. Here is some mistake in the calculation to your disadvantage.

Lucilla. What do you mean?

Lepine. You know that when Mr. Dorville went away, I thought it would not be amiss for me to enter into the service of Mr. Tamarinini, because the said Mr. Tamarinini lodging in the same hotel with you, I, being his servant, should find it easier to be useful to Mr. Dorville and yourself. Now here is a letter I have just received from him.

Lucilla (*eagerly*). From Dorville!

Lepine. Yes, from Dorville — I will read it to you — (*reads*) 'My dear Lepine; my uneasiness

is extreme; I have written four times (*makes a pause*) four times to Lucilla, and to Madam Dallin, and have not received a word in answer from any of them. What can be the reason? Can Madam Dallin falsify her word to me? Is Lucilla inconstant? Conceal nothing from me. This uncertainty is unsupportable. Since the death of my uncle, who has made me his heir, after paying certain legacies, I have been so employed that I have several times been up all night, in order to get through my business and fly to my dear Lucilla. May I find her as constant as is her faithful

‘DORVILLE.’

Lucilla (astonished). How can this be explained? He has written to me four times! — No doubt Madam Dallin....

Lepine. No doubt this is the solution of the riddle. Take three from four and there remains one. Your mother-in-law is an excellent accountant; but the rule she understands best is subtraction.

Lucilla. Dorville must be written to immediately — an express should be sent — Suppose you go yourself — take a post chaise.

Lepine. Pshaw — Recollect he is nearly a hundred miles off; and you have only to-day to resolve what you will do. — If you were to go yourself, the message would more certainly be delivered.

Lucilla. No; that I cannot think of, whatever I suffer.

Lepine. Take care what you say: — you have but six hours left — But I hear somebody coming — Be gone directly, and remember that what is done must

be done immediately. I shall be always ready to receive your directions.

[*Exit Lucilla.*]

SCENE IV.

Lepine alone.

At any rate the marriage is not yet completed — Tamarin! — Here he is — he is talking to himself — I won't disturb his meditations: I may perhaps learn something.

SCENE V.

Tamarin alone.

Shall I marry Lucilla, or shall I not marry her? My passion tells me that I cannot be happy without possessing her; and my reason tells me that she may very likely render all my future life unhappy. I am rich, and am infatuated with this girl. If she were less prudent, and her mother-in-law in narrow circumstances, I would not mind throwing away upon her a quarter or the half of my fortune. But nothing is to be done this way, and so I must marry. There is only one small difficulty in the way, and that is I have already a wife in Italy. But nobody knows that here; and I have heard nothing of her for these ten years. Perhaps she is dead. Suppose I write — make some inquiries — No, no: it is better to take it for granted that she is dead: that's the shortest way (*calls*) Lepine! Lepine!

[*To be continued.*]

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF
FREDERICK WILLIAM III.
KING OF PRUSSIA.

[Continued from page 200.]

THE convention of Potzdam was scarcely concluded*, and the Emperor Alexander on the road to his army, when intelligence of the battle of Austerlitz was received. The king now immediately regretted having swerved from his old system; but, hoping that this transaction would remain a state secret, he, instead of resenting Bonapartè's duplicity, most heartily wished to bring his own situation with him to it's former footing; even openly observing, 'that it was fortunate for the world that Bonapartè had so completely conquered, as this must lead to a general peace!'

Those in the French interest took this opportunity to encourage this sentiment; and, as Haugwitz was supposed to be in favor with Bonapartè, he was recalled, and ordered to sound the Corsican's opinion of their old system. - Haugwitz was received with great politeness; but, on proceeding to business, Bonapartè drew a copy of the Potzdam convention from his pocket, and told him, that, with such a document in his possession, there was no thinking of neutrality.

Haugwitz had apparently his orders to effect a reconciliation *on any terms*. It was therefore agreed that Prussia should oblige the English, Swedish, and Russian troops to evacuate Lower Saxony; that she should take conditional possession of Hanover, place the

remainder of her army on the peace establishment, and deliver up Anspach, Cleves, and Neufchatel to the French. The submission of Prussia to these degrading terms was the prognostic of her further fall; for neither Bonapartè nor the French nation could have any respect for a monarch who was so inconsistent in his conduct, so indecisive in his measure, and seemingly only desirous to fish in troubled waters.

Bonapartè himself is said to have compared the eagle of Prussia to a bird of prey, always in scent of carrion. The nation also, in general, was much dissatisfied with this humiliating peace; and, on the return of the troops to Berlin, an evening serenade was brought to Count Hardenberg, almost as it were in the very presence of the king, whilst at the same time the windows of Haugwitz' house were broken. As Prince Louis Ferdinand was suspected to be at the head of these scenes, they passed over unnoticed. Some few persons, indeed, for quietness sake, were glad of the peace; as they thought that success could have brought no advantage, but that misfortune would have totally ruined a country which had so few resources within itself.

In this unpleasant state of affairs, both France and Russia openly avowed their contempt for the cabinet; as the former would not transact any business with Hardenberg, nor the latter with Haugwitz.

At this moment of such grievous censure, and public disregard of the royal authority, the king felt himself inexpressibly unhappy, and her majesty was inconsolable. She had hitherto never meddled

* See *Cursory View of Prussia*, p. 48.

with politics: but, as the French journalists had employed their wit to ridicule Hardenberg's administration, and even accused him of being bribed by England, he so far forgot himself as to be seriously offended at their false accusations, which, at the same time, no one believed. Yet, as a proof of his innocence, he insisted on permission to retire from public affairs. The queen now ventured to interfere, and, by letter, requested him not to resign. He had already written an answer to his accusers; and, with this in his hand, he went to the king, and, as a condition of his remaining in the cabinet, besought his majesty's permission to publish his defence. The condition was accepted, and Hardenberg remained. The queen had thus taken one step, and, to entice her to another, the party of Hardenberg irritated the feelings of the whole woman, by showing her the caricatures and pasquinades which were handing about, and commented upon them in such a manner as was most proper to excite her indignation. At length, they also succeeded in their endeavours to convince her that it was Bonapartè's determined plan to overthrow every dynasty which would not submit to ally itself to his family; if, therefore, Prussia did not soon and powerfully oppose these arrogant pretensions, she, with all her children, must be lost; and it was, they said, in her power alone to determine the king's wavering disposition. The queen had frequently witnessed the violent desire of several generals, and other officers, for a vigorous war; she had read many publications, pointing out the dangerous consequences of Bonapartè's absolute

power on the continent; Prince Louis, in particular, was continually throwing out to her his sarcastic remarks on the present pusillanimous government; in short, roused by every mean the party could devise, she was at length brought to argue the point with the king.

In the mean time, the opposite party did every thing they could to create a misunderstanding between this exemplary royal pair. A momentary interview which his majesty accidentally had with an opera dancer in his garden, at Charlottenburg, seems to have given them a subject to raise a suspicion; and his majesty's then depressed state of mind was apparently attributed to such a cause, as might, by designing insinuations, possibly excite some little jealous sensation, especially when we consider, that even conjugal affections may sometimes sink into a short slumber, under such anxiety as the king now suffered; for, wherever he turned his eyes, he saw dissatisfaction with his feeble government, and petitions were frequently presented him, not to alienate any more of his provinces: nay, they even went so far as to cause one to be printed, with the answer of Frederick William I., on a similar occasion, affixed to it — 'that he must be either intoxicated or insane, were he to think of changing such faithful subjects against such Mameluke fellows as the French.'

At this distressing period, Luchesiini wrote from Paris, 'that Bonapartè's promises were not to be relied upon; that he meditated the destruction of the whole Hohenzoller branch; and that he soon would drop the mask of friendship.' This filled the cup;

and his majesty is said to have exclaimed, 'Why has Heaven destined me for a throne?'

It was now that the king began to feel his impolitic forbearance on Bonapartè's infringement of Anspach, and the consequent loss of that whole district; which, as the foundation of the Hohenzoller family, he regretted so much, that he ordered Haugwitz to intimate this, as a motive for Bonapartè to spare it — 'Poogh!' answered this dictator, 'when one grows up, we may throw the cradle away.'

Many considerations brought Frederick William, at length, to doubt the wisdom of his old neutral system; and, whilst his thoughts were busied on this, and on his own critical situation, the queen made an excursion to Pyrmont. This temporary absence from his Majesty, at such a juncture, was attributed to various causes. On her return she was received with the greatest tenderness; and, very soon afterwards, his majesty ordered his adjutants forthwith to send off couriers to put his whole army in motion, and war against France was declared.

The king was one of those characters who, having once adopted an opinion, change it with reluctance; but, being forced to abandon it, hurry into the opposite extreme, and, in this moment of transition, seldom choosing the most proper means for their purposes, generally run into disappointment and ruin.

As an illustration of this remark, we shall take a candid view of the state of Prussia at the time of this hostile declaration of the king.

A young prince is on the throne,
VOL. XL.

whose antipathy to war had long chained him to a system of neutrality; whose whole natural disposition is for domestic life alone; and, doubtful of his ability to guide the state, he feels the necessity of sharing the government with others, who, individually, often work against each other, and thwart his best intentions to do good.

Conscious also of his own slender military genius, at least in comparison with his competitor, he sees the army, that cornerstone of the state, is without a chief. Those who have a command, suppose their birth and the date of their commissions sufficient proofs of their military merit. The inferior officers, long unaccustomed to restraint, having lost all subordination, lead the most profligate lives, and are unfit for the field; whilst a long peace, and neglected discipline, have made the troops in general become only like a meteor in the atmosphere, to be dissolved by every blast.

Hazardous as such a situation, which had long existed, must always appear, yet still a similar bold step might have been ventured a twelvemonth earlier, both with approbation and great probability of success; but, after the battle of Austerlitz, I confess I could not suppress an anxiety for the result of such a sudden, and almost unsupported, contest against the known tempestuous energy of the hitherto fortunate opponent.

This seems to show, that this sacrifice of his favorite neutrality was only the rash result of a momentary ebullition; particularly as the unprovided and undefended state of the country made this

hasty step the more alarming. For there were no magazines furnished, no ammunition prepared, no fortresses in a proper state of defence, no plans of the operations of the campaign thought of; and, above all, no one was yet fixed upon to take the chief command. — Nearly forty years peace had kept every general from attending to reforms in military operations. They, therefore, adhered to their old methods, because they had succeeded so well under the Great Frederick; but, like all others, here also, the modes had changed with the times. — In this dilemma, the king, who had not sufficient military discrimination, either to perceive this, or even to estimate the characteristic abilities of his various generals; yet, finding a choice necessary, he, from the known reputation of the Duke of Brunswick, decided in his favor, and gave him all his confidence.

The duke, undoubtedly, in his early days had abilities; but he was now grown old, peevish, infirm, and, like an old soldier, fond of talking about former times, without giving any attention to the present. He seems to have had no idea of modern tactics, or the rapidity of their movements. He was, in short, no longer capable of either forming or executing any plan of operations suitable to the present times; nor could he even obtain the confidence or respect of those nearest in command. His authority, therefore, thus disregarded, there now existed no subordination, but each acted separately for himself; from which naturally arose such confusion, that, when the troops had reached Auerstadt, there was no regular army, but only different divisions

in the greatest disorder; and, when these had arrived, they found no arrangements made for the maintenance of them, and not being permitted to follow the French system of requisition, they suffered more from hunger than from the enemy. The soldiers had not even sufficient ammunition, as it was only ordered to be sent from Breslau on the 15th of October. The magazines, such as they were, at Naumberg, Merseburg, and Halle, were all on the right side of the river Saale, without any protection, as the whole army was encamped on the left, and thus the opposite side remained open to the enemy, of which he took the advantage; as Bonaparté immediately knew every thing that passed in their councils of war at Weimar, whilst the Prussians were even ignorant of the positions of the enemy; for, it is said, that Frederick William deems all information from spies contrary to his principles of moral rectitude.

Though we all must love the man, yet we also all must lament with himself, 'that Heaven had, in such times, placed him on such a throne!'

Unfortunately for Prussia, the choice of the Duke of Brunswick was not altogether satisfactory to the whole army, nor was there that cordiality between him and Prince Hohenlohe, who was the second in command, as might be wished; and, either from this personal pique, or from some other cause, he continually thwarted him by perplexing, or unintelligible orders. As these can be no ways interesting to us, I shall pass over every unnecessary detail, and hasten to the important period before us.

The various plans which had been presented to the duke, had been all rejected, and it does not appear that, even so late as the beginning of October, any decisive mode of operations had been determined upon; for, on the 6th, there was a council of war held at Erfurth, at which were present, the King, the Duke of Brunswick, Prince Hohenlohe, the Generals Möllendorff, Rüchel, Pfuhl, and Köckeritz; the General Adjutants, Massenback, Scharrenhorst, Kleist, and Rauch; also Count Hanguitz and the Marquis Lucchesini. After much debate, which had yet produced no result, Lucchesini got up and affirmed, that Bonapartè would not, this campaign, act offensively; because his present policy was not to attempt conquest by immediate force of arms; and he, therefore, most certainly did not think of 'concentrating his troops in Franconia before the following month.' This assertion produced many remarks; but as the king observed, 'that Lucchesini must surely be better acquainted with Bonapartè, and his intentions, than any person present,' every one was silent. — The old duke, whose infirm state made him naturally shrink from every bodily exertion, most heartily acceded to this idea; and thus no plan whatever was adopted. The assurances of Lucchesini were soon put to the test; as not long after Prince Hohenlohe's return to his head-quarters at Jena, he received intelligence from General Tauenzien, who had been with his corps posted at Hoff, that the French had already, on the 7th, attacked, and driven back, his outposts; and as a strong body was advancing very hastily towards Lobenstein, he

was obliged to quit his position and proceed towards Schleitz. Thus were hostilities commenced, and Lucchesini was suspected of having intentionally misled both the king and the duke.

(To be continued.)

PORTRAITS OF THE KING AND
QUEEN OF SWEDEN.

(From Travelling Sketches in Russia and Sweden, by Robert Ker Porter.)

AS soon as the king was seated, a piece of music, with, I suppose, appropriate words (for it was in Swedish) burst from the orchestra. His majesty seemed very attentive to what was sung; while the queen, with a less impressed countenance, sometimes listened, and at others looked round on the assembly with a delightful complacency. I confess that my observation was most particularly directed to Gustavus. He bears a striking likeness to the best portraits of Charles the Twelfth, and seems not to neglect the addition of similar habiliments; for really, at the first glance, you might almost imagine the picture of his renowned ancestor had walked from it's canvas. He is thin, though well made; about the middle stature, pale, and with eyes whose eagle beams strike with the force of lightning: look at them, and, while he is in thought, they appear remarkably calm and sweet; but, when he looks at you, the vivacity of his manner and the brilliancy of his countenance are beyond description. His mouth is well shaped, with

small mustaccios on his upper lip ; and his hair, which is cropped and without powder, is combed upon his forehead.

Her majesty is most interestingly beautiful, very much resembling her sister the Empress of Russia. She is fair, with expressive blue eyes. Her features are fine ; but the affability of her countenance, her smile, her engaging air, independently of other charms, would be sufficient to fascinate every heart almost to forget she was a queen in her loveliness as a woman. She was dressed with exquisite taste. Her hair, in light but luxuriant tresses over her brow and head, was looped up with a double diadem of jewels. Her robe was splendidly embroidered, and on her breast she wore the badges of the order of St. Catharine ; and certainly it must be acknowledged, that the star, whether of distinction, or of beauty, never shone brighter than on the bosom of the fair *Helen of the North* ; for thus this beautiful queen is generally distinguished ; though, were I to give her a title, it should rather be that of *Andromache*, whose beauties, lovely as they were, were yet transcended by the more endearing graces of the chaste wife and tender mother.

During the whole of the evening after the musical salutation, their majesties mingled with the company, conversing with every person with the kindest condescension. Every citizen was spoken to, and their eyes sparkled with joy while their tongues faltered out a reply to the address of their sovereign. His conversation with the subjects of his *brother in arms*, our revered monarch, was of the most gratifying complexion ; no

coldness, no form ; all was frank, great, and consistent with himself. In short, it would have been impossible for any potentate to have shown more graceful, knightly courtesy to all present ; or for a sovereign to be received with deeper homage from a brave and loyal people. In many courts I have seen the body of loyalty ; here it's spirit was felt.

CHARACTER OF DR. ARBUTHNOT.

BY DR. WARTON.

ARBUTHNOT was a man of consummate probity, integrity, and sweetness of temper. He had infinitely more learning than Pope or Swift, and as much wit and humor as either of them. He was an excellent mathematician and physician, of which his *Letter on the Usefulness of Mathematical Learning*, and his *Treatise on Air and Aliment*, are sufficient proofs. His tables of antient coins, weights, and measures, are the work of a man intimately acquainted with antient history and literature, and are enlivened with many curious and interesting particulars of the manners and ways of living of the antients. The *History of John Bull*, the best part of the *Memoirs of Scriblerus*, the *Art of Political Lying*, the *Freeholder's Catechism*, *It cannot Rain but it Pours*, &c. abound in strokes of the most exquisite humor. It is known that he gave numberless hints to Swift, Pope, and Gay, of some of the most striking parts of their works. He was so neglectful of his writings, that his children tore his manuscripts, and made paper kites of them.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

ODE FOR HIS MAJESTY'S
BIRTH-DAY.*(By Henry James Pyc, Esq., Poet Laureat.)*

WHILE Europe, with dejected eye,
Beholds around her rural reign,
Whilom of Peace the fair domain,
The scene of desolation lie:
Or if, with trembling hope, she cast
Her look on hours of glory past;
And burn again with virtuous fame
Her antient honors to reclaim,
And brace the corslet on her breast,
And grasp the spear, and wave the crest;
Yet lies her course thro' war's ensan-
guin'd flood,
Yet must she win her thro' carnage and
thro' blood.

Ah! happier Britain, o'er thy plain
Still smiling Peace and Freedom reign;
And while thy sons, with pitying eye,
Behold the fields of ruin round them lie,
The storms that shake each neighbour
realm with fear,
Like distant thunder die upon the ear;
They bless the halcyon hours that gave
To rule a people free and brave;
A patriot monarch all their own,
Their swords his bulwark, and their
hearts his throne.

And while to this auspicious day
The Muse devotes her tributary lay,
A nation's vows in choral pæan join,
And consecrate to fame a verse as mean
as mine;
Yet not to selfish thoughts confin'd
Are the warm feelings of the virtuous
mind.

The Royal Patriot while he views
Peace o'er his realms her bliss diffuse,
Mourns for the sorrows that afflict man-
kind.

Go forth, my sons, he cries; my Bri-
tons, go,
And rescue Europe from her ruthless
foe!

Behold in arms Austria's Imperial Lord;
Behold Iberia draw the avenging
sword:—

O let with their mingling ensigns
fly,

In the great cause of injured Liberty!
Go forth, my sons, and to the world de-
clare,

When suffering Freedom calls, Britan-
nia's arms are there.

WILLIAM AND MERNA.

THE bright sun in mid career
Saw the devastation near,
Saw the death-doom'd bands engage,
Saw and mourn'd their mutual rage.

The pale planet of the night
Witness'd too the direful fight,
Not array'd in wonted sheen
For to shun the woe-fraught scene.
O'er her face her veil she threw
Triple dyed in pearly dew!
Not a star it's influence shed
On the weary Traveller's head,
Not a beamy ray display'd
Deeds congenial to the shade.

At a friendly peasant's door
 Merna heard the cannon's roar,
 Thro' her heart it's thunders thrill'd,
 And her breast with anguish fill'd.
 On her brow sat black Despair,
 Pale distraction in her air;
 Her fair cheek, where late the rose,
 Did it's liveliest tints disclose,
 Chill'd by Fear's depressing blast,
 Is with deadly damps o'ercast;
 Her blue eye's resistless beam
 Thro' her tears now dimly gleam.
 William's absence Merna mourn'd,
 William had not yet return'd!

At the morning's earliest ray
 William tore himself away,
 With a frenzied gesture prest
 Merna to his boding breast. —
 Heaven, he said, would be his shield
 Midst the horrors of the field;
 Heaven, that heard her ardent prayer,
 Would protect her William there!
 And, if he survived the fight,
 Bid her at th' approach of night
 Hope to meet him at the place,
 Where he snatch'd the last embrace.
 Then, with a convulsive grasp,
 To his heart the maid did clasp,
 Praying blessings on her head,
 To the fatal camp he fled.

Night her sable mantle threw
 O'er the sky of dusky hue;
 Merna long the spot had sought
 Where she his last sigh had caught,
 Long had press'd the moss-clad seat
 Where they hoped again to meet;
 Yet no William bless'd her care,
 Yet, alas! no William's near.

Still the breeze, and now no more
 Merna heard the cannon's roar;
 Echoing to the distant vale,
 Death no more impregns the gale;
 Nothing now she hears, save the
 Martial sounds of victory!
 As they lessen'd on her ear
 Throb'd her heart with anguish drear;
 Hope that her flush'd cheek had warm'd
 Is by anguish Fear disarm'd;
 All the horrors of suspense
 Kindled every torpid sense,
 Waked her soul to scenes of woe,
 Stamp'd it with distraction's glow!
 Starting, as from frightful dreams,
 While her eye with frenzy beams,
 Trembling to the field she flew
 Reckless of the night's damp dew,
 To her view new horrors break—
 Hark! she hears the screech-owl's shriek!

Grisly phantoms hover near,
 Fearful sounds assail her ear;
 Wounded legions' deepen'd groans,
 Dying warriors' plaintive moans,
 Nought the purpose can control
 Of her firm determin'd soul;
 Thro' a scene with horror fraught
 She her long-lov'd William sought,
 The ensanguin'd corse-clad plain
 Echoed with her William's name;
 But no William (conquest-crown'd!)
 Answer'd to the well-known sound;
 While his unknown death she weeps,
 He in Death's cold bosom sleeps!
 While her woe in vain she tells
 William's soul with angels dwells!
 Long with sick'ning thought she
 stray'd,
 No known face her search repaid;
 Oft to view the death-dim'd eye,
 Oft to catch the parting sigh,
 Would the hapless fair-one stand,
 Oft she press'd the chill damp hand!
 None the pressure soft return'd,
 Saw no eye like his and mourn'd.

Ill her fragile frame could bear,
 Horrors that assail'd her here;
 When, at length, well nigh oppress'd,
 Pillow'd by a comrade's breast,
 William's clay-cold corse she found
 Gor'd with many a ghastly wound;
 Dim'd were now those eyes' bright
 rays,

Which on hers would fondly gaze;
 Silent that enchanting tongue
 That of her so oft had sung,
 Bath'd in gore that beauteous face,
 None could his fine features trace;
 But a belt her William wore,
 Which the name of Merna bore,
 By the hands of Merna wove
 In bless'd days of peace and love!
 Soon it caught her madd'ning view,
 She the well-known token knew,
 Near to desperation driven,
 Raising her clasp'd hands to Heaven!
 O'er his corse her form she threw,
 Chill'd by Death's encircling dew;
 Thrice his hand convulsive prest,
 Thrice clasp'd it to her frenzied
 breast:
 Thrice in vain essay'd to speak
 E'er her grief-swoll'n heart would
 break;
 Then, as some fair faded flower!
 Pluck'd in an untimely hour,
 Sinking by the warrior's side,
 She rais'd her eyes to Heaven—and
 died.

MARY of Colleshill.

TO THE EDITOR.

ENCOURAG'D, good Sir, by your known
condescension,
I write to solicit a moment's attention
To a circumstance vanity prompts me to
mention.
By a friend (who is pleas'd with my scrib-
bling) tormented,
I wrote, as a tribute to worth much la-
mented,
A poem (which some undertook to assure
me,
Could not fail a small share of applause to
procure me).
To you I inclos'd it, and candidly hinted
'Twould give me some pleasure to see it
soon printed;
And am now, I confess, not a little sur-
pris'd
To find my request overlook'd, or de-
spis'd;
Despis'd I must think, as I know it's the
way
To tell correspondents the cause of delay:
And tho' to a Campbell the page I'd re-
sign,
And dwell with delight on each soul-
melting line;
Tho', with Blake, I for Mary the maniac
can mourn,
And the beauties of Coleshill and others
discern,
Yet still I must think it a little unfair
To neglect correspondents for prologues
by Eyre;
Nay more, 'tis a slight, tho' perhaps not
intended,
To his name who so nobly his country
defended.
And now, as I dare not much longer
obtrude
On your patience, permit me, before I
conclude,
To express my belief that you'll kindly
excuse
The flippant remarks of my petulant
Muse,
Who like a true woman, with flatt'ry
delighted,
Grows dull and ill-natur'd to find herself
slighted;
Nor will she recover her temper I ween
'Till her labors are shelter'd in your Ma-
gazine.
But a truce to this nonsense, and if, on
inspection,
You have to the poem the slightest ob-
jection,
Pray return it; below you will find a
direction.

Now, Muse! 'twould be teasing this
theme to pursue,
And so for the present we'll bid him
adieu*.

JOANNA SQUIRE.

April 6, 1809.

THE VESPER BELL.

AN IMITATION.

OFTE clouds the dawne o'ercaste
And checke the budde of Maye,
And ofte the northerne blaste
Has stole the bloome awaye.

Faire Agnes' father sawe
Her hearte had gone astraye,
And then 'gainst nature's lawe
He drove her farre awaye.

The vesper bell had toll'd,
'The nuns all gone toe praye;
The vesper bell had toll'd,
Butte Agnes was awaye.

For long before the morne
Bespoke the blush of daye,
The trembling maide was gone
With Edgar fare awaye.

Nowe oft the vesper bell
She hears and goes to praye,
For him who loves her well,
And fledd with her awaye.

Farewelle, sweet Agnes deare,
Thy hearte can never straye;
And when thy Edgar's neare,
All care is faire awaye.

WITHAM FARROW.

* The poem alluded to, we fear, has been
mislaide: if we are favored with another
copy, it shall be attended to.—The com-
munications of this correspondent are
always extremely acceptable.

TO FRIENDSHIP.

Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico.

HOR.

HAIL, sacred Friendship! Heav'n's best gift,
 Be present, and my soul uplift,
 To taste thy sweetest charm;
 In thee alone conjoin'd we find
 A blessing constant, pure, and kind,
 Adversity to calm.

When Pain or Sorrow man annoys,
 Thy soothing pow'r each pang destroys,
 And lends a present aid;
 And when new happiness arise,
 Thou like the sun that gilds our skies,
 Dispell'st each baneful shade.

Time, that all mortal things disarms,
 Adds only lustre to thy charms,
 And gives a sweeter zest;
 The same thou art thro' change of time,
 Thro' Greenland's zone, and Afric's
 clime,
 Alike thou standst confest.

Then, sacred Friendship! e'er impart,
 Thy social blessings to my heart,
 Till life's short scene be past;
 And may I with blest souls above
 Taste heav'nly comfort, heav'nly love,
 And Friendship that will ever last.

AMICUS.

April, 1809.

THE HOURS OF PLEASURE.

MAY's brightest beauties all around
 were seen,
 When late I stray'd abroad releas'd from
 care;
 The gayest flow'rs o'erspread mild na-
 ture's green,
 Their sweet fragrance now perfum'd
 the air:
 Each feather'd songster, with melodious
 strains,
 So sweetly warbling in the shaded
 grove,
 Proclaim'd the pleasure that in evening
 reigns,
 The pleasing harmony of peace and
 love.

The meads with wholesome verdure co-
 ver'd o'er,
 And fields with growing corn a pro-
 nise blend,
 To add to man his undeserved store
 Of ease and wealth when summer
 pleasures end.

Now slow retiring, Sol's declining rays -
 So softly shone, they warm'd the feel-
 ing heart
 To speak with gratitude th' Almighty's
 praise,
 Who doth to sinful man those gifts
 impart.

Such hours as these, so oft, so kindly
 giv'n,
 Breath, life, and health, and happiness
 to man,
 We realize below an earthly heav'n,
 And sip, of transient bliss, the most we
 can.

Delightful May! be mine the truth to
 sing,
 And welcome thee on each returning
 year;
 When woods and vales, and all the earth
 shall ring
 Repeated echoes through the vaulted
 air!

C. T.

May 9, 1809.

PATRIOTIC EFFUSION.

Bards of the Isles! 'tis yours to make the
 dead
 Survive again in your immortal strain;
 Sing the fall'n hero in the war-field slain,
 Who for his country, liberty, and Spain,
 Bow'd on a foreign soil, bow'd in the dust
 his head.

Sons of the Isles! ye offspring of the brave,
 'Tis yours as on your wave-girt coasts
 ye stand,
 The sword and olive in the alternate
 land,
 'Tis yours from slavery to protect your
 land;
 The happy sacred land that warriors die
 to save.

MARK, of Coleshill.

Jan. 1809.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Ratisbon, May 12.

THIS morning the following Bulletin and General Orders have been published:—

ARMY OF GERMANY.

‘A Saxon officer, or courier, who passed through Ratisbon last night, has brought the intelligence, that on the 9th his Majesty the Emperor and King entered Vienna.—By the Commandant,
(Signed) ‘J. L. FELIX.’

‘At the Imperial Head-quarters at Ems, May 6.

‘By virtue of a command of his Majesty the Emperor and King, Chastellar, *sou-disant* General in the Austrian service, ring-leader of the insurrection of Tyrol, and causer of the murders committed on Bavarian and French prisoners, contrary to the laws of nations, shall be brought before a military commission, and executed within twenty-four hours after he shall be taken, and this as the leader of highway robbers.

(Signed) ‘ALEXANDER,
‘Prince of Neufchatel, &c.’

The detachment of the 65th regiment of French infantry, which were in garrison here, proceeded yesterday to Augsburg. The day before yesterday Saxon troops entered here, proceeding from the Bohemian frontiers. They yesterday went to Straubing.

Augsburg, May 12. According to certain intelligence the French troops are already on the other side of Vienna. It is probable that they will proceed directly to-

wards Hungary, in order to anticipate the insurrection there.

Munich, May 16. We have received very favorable accounts respecting the entrance of the Bavarians into the Tyrol. General Derooy marched on the 10th against Lofer, and made the necessary arrangements to take possession of that pass, and also the Strule pass, which was accomplished on the following day, after an obstinate action of eight hours. General Derooy marched on the same day with his division from Rosenheim. His advanced guard met the enemy at the Kleferbach, where the bridge was broken down. The Austrians and Tyrolese were driven back in confusion, and the bridge was afterwards re-established. The enemy was afterwards pursued from height to height, and at noon General Derooy raised the blockade of the fortress of Kufstein, which still was gallantly defended by Colonel Aigner, against the united force of the Austrians and Tyrolese. After taking Lofer, General Wrede advanced into the interior of the Tyrol, and on the 12th the district of Kufstein was happily freed from the Austrians and the rebels.

On the 13th, General Chastellar was attacked by General Wrede, at Sollen. In the short space of an hour the Austrians were completely defeated. The Bavarians made 3000 prisoners, and took eight pieces of cannon and eight howitzers. The Austrians were pursued to beyond Rattenburgh.

Tarvis, May 17. This morning the Viceroy took, by storm, fort Malborghetto, which the Austrians call the bul-

wark of Carinthia. A great part of the garrison were put to the sword. The remainder, about 350, were made prisoners. We found in Malborghetto twelve pieces of cannon, and several magazines of provisions and ammunition. We lost scarce 80 men.

Lower Saxony, May 18. Small detachments of Schill's corps have been in Helmstadt, Saltzgitter, Schoppenstedt, Halderstadt, and Goslar; at the latter place they carried off the government money and property, such as powder and lead from the magazines. — The Dutch troops are already at Saltzwedel, and General Gratien is expected at Hitzacker.

A division of Schill's troops has also been in Parchim. Works are forming at Domitz. — Some boats on the Elbe have been seized by Schill's troops.

Many believe, that Schill's plan is to gain the coast of the Baltic, in order to embark with his troops for England.

Altona, May 23. The Peterburgh Court Gazette contains a declaration respecting Sweden, which states that the late revolution had thrown an obstacle in the way of the negotiations for peace, which were previously commenced, and that Russia is still disposed to make peace, but that she will negotiate a peace with the lawful government only. The basis of the treaty to be —

1. The possession of Finland as far as Kalis, not merely as subdued by the arms of Russia, but as territory which both in it's political and civil relations is already irrevocably united to that empire.

2. The exclusion of the English from all the Swedish ports in the Baltic.

Prague, May 24. An official account has appeared here respecting the battle fought on the 21st and 22d, near Aspern and Eslingen, which contains the following particulars: — On the 19th and 20th the greater part of the enemy's troops crossed the Danube, from Vienna to the Island Lobau; they afterwards passed the small arm to the opposite bank. Our troops advanced against the enemy, and the action commenced between three and four in the afternoon. The enemy took a position and extended wings to Aspern and Eslingen, both which villages were strongly fortified. Our infantry repelled the charges of the enemy's cavalry, and the battle became general, the whole of the infantry on both sides being engaged, while 200 pieces of cannon played in opposition to each other.

Aspern and Eslingen were frequently taken and retaken, and fell finally into our possession. These villages were burned, and night at last put an end to the contest.

During the night the Archduke Charles sent burning-boats against the bridges on the Danube, but the action was, notwithstanding, renewed by the enemy, on the following morning, with fresh troops. It commenced at four o'clock, and was general throughout the whole line, and was maintained even with still greater fierceness than on the preceding day. Attack succeeded to attack, in a contest which lasted until the evening. The troops of Hesse-Darmstadt were engaged towards the end of the battle. The large Island of Lobau, which the enemy had taken possession of, protected the retreat of his army.

His Imperial Highness the Generalissimo exposed himself to the greatest dangers; the General of Cavalry, Prince of Lichtenstein, particularly distinguished himself.

Nine of our generals are wounded, and a number of Staff-Officers are killed or wounded.

Moravia, May 24. The report of a severe battle, which lasted two days, is confirmed by farther accounts. It was fought on the 21st and 22d near Entzersdorf, between the villages of Aspern and Eslingen, the latter of which belongs to the family of Count Kinski, and is situated about a league and a half to the South-east of Vienna.

May 25. The day before yesterday the head-quarters of the Archduke Charles were at Brietenlee in Marchfield. The strength of the enemy's army is estimated in the Archduke's report at 60,000 men, besides cavalry. The Archduke on his part had collected all his disposeable troops previous to the battle.

The Wurtemberg General Roder was made prisoner at Nussdorf. Generals Boyer and Durognel shared a similar fate in the action.

The regiments of Spleny and Kerper particularly distinguished themselves. The Prince Lichtenstein commanded the reserve cavalry.

Paris, May 25. We learn from Spain that General Sebastiani occupies the province of La Mancha. The Duke of Beluno is at Merida.

The official accounts from Valladolid of the 12th Instant, contain an account of the dispositions of the Duke of El-

chingen, who occupies Galicia, whom General Kellenman has greatly reinforced at Lugo, with the Duke of Treviso and General Bonnet. Several columns must by this time have penetrated into the Asturias, and these measures will complete the deliverance of the whole of the Northern part of Spain.

The German papers contain the Russian declaration against Austria.

It begins by stating, that peace between France and Austria is entirely at an end — that all the means used to induce Austria to discontinue her preparations, were fruitless — that she would not accept the guarantee of Russia for the integrity of the Austrian States — that she has developed ambitious designs, and that war has broken out by the invasion of foreign States, even before a declaration of war in the accustomed manner.

In consequence the Russian minister has been ordered to quit Vienna, and all relations been put an end to between the two Courts.

Gottenburgh, May 26. We have this moment received information that the Russians have positively broken the armistice, and have taken possession of the town of Tornea and seven hundred men who garrisoned it.

Their demands are said to be, that the Queen shall be appointed Regent during the minority of her son; that Finland shall be ceded, and that the Swedish ports shall be shut against England. The whole proposition having been rejected, is the cause of the recommencement of hostilities.

Lindau, May 28. We learn that Chasteller, Carniel, Ischifferly, and other officers of the Austrian corps which was in Tyrol, have effected their escape, and are still busy in exciting and organising insurrection.

Paris, May 28. We are assured that authentic letters from Udina, dated the 19th, at noon, state, that accounts had been received there by an extraordinary courier, of the taking of Trieste by General Macdonald on the 17th; that on the 13th 3000 Austrians in the Tyrol laid down their arms, and that the division under General Seras had taken the strong post of Plesf by storm, and formed a junction with the army of the Viceroy's at Tarvis.

Lintz, May 29. The cannon was fired at nine o'clock this morning, to celebrate

the junction of the army of Italy with that of Germany. The order of the day states, that the former amounts to 60,000 men.

Gottenburgh, May 31. The following is the Act of Abdication of the King of Sweden: —

'In the name of God — We Gustavus Adolphus, by the Grace of God, King of Sweden, of Goths and Vandals, &c. Duke of Sclesoic, Holstein, &c. make known, that having been proclaimed King this day seven years back, and ascended with a bleeding heart a throne stained with the blood of a beloved and revered father, we regret not being able to promote the true welfare and honor of this antient realm, inseparable from the happiness of a free and independent people. Now, whereas, we are convinced that we cannot any longer continue our Royal functions, and preserve tranquillity and order in this kingdom; therefore, we consider it as our sacred duty to abdicate our Royal dignity and Crown, which we do hereby free and uncontrolled, to pass our remaining days in the fear and worship of God, wishing that all our subjects and their descendants may enjoy more happiness in future, through the mercy and blessing of God. *Yes, fear God and honor the King.* In testimony and confirmation thereof we have personally written and signed the present, and corroborated it with our Royal Seal.

'Gripsholm' Castle, the 19th March, in the year of Nativity of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, 1809.

'GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, (L. S.)'
Amsterdam, June 6. His Majesty has received a preliminary report from his Excellency Lieutenant-General Gratien, stating, that with the troops under his command, he attacked Stralsund on the 31st of May, and rendered himself master of that place after a severe conflict, which lasted two hours. Our troops penetrated into the city by a gate which was defended by twenty pieces of cannon, and the action continued in the streets, where the troops fought man to man. According to the General's report, the conflict must have been of the most obstinate and most sanguinary nature. Schill is killed, and his corps are thrown into confusion; one third of his troops is slain. We have also lost some brave men, and, among others, Lieutenant-General Carteret.

HOME NEWS.

Portsmouth, May 29.

The court martial on Admiral Harvey closed, when the court pronounced the following sentence:—

The court having heard and deliberated upon the evidence which had been adduced in support of the charges exhibited against Rear-Admiral Eliab Harvey, and having heard what he had alleged in his defence, are of opinion, that the charges of vehement and insulting language to the Right Hon. Lord Gambier, and of having otherwise shown great disrespect to him as commander-in-chief, on board his Majesty's ship *Caledonia*; and of having spoken of his lordship to several officers in a disrespectful manner, have been proved, and the court doth therefore adjudge the said Rear-Admiral Eliab Harvey to be dismissed his Majesty's service; and he is dismissed accordingly. The court was then dissolved.

Falmouth, May 29. Arrived this day the *Nautilus* sloop of war, from Oporto, four days' passage, with dispatches from Sir Arthur Wellesley. She brings accounts eight days previous to her sailing: the French troops had vacated Oporto, crossed the Douro, and destroyed the bridge. On the following night, Sir Arthur Wellesley ordered all the boats on the river to be collected, with which he formed a bridge, and about twelve at night the 14th and 16th dragoons, with the 29th regiment, the 3d (Bufs) and two others, crossed over. The French, from their own account, had not the most distant idea of the attempt, and in expectation that the whole of the British army was following, they were in confusion for

three hours: these four regiments drove them in all directions, when they were joined by about half the main body, by which a second, third, and a fourth time the French had rallied, but were again routed by the cavalry with immense slaughter; about 4000 were left dead upon the field, and about 5000 made prisoners. Soult has retreated with about 6000 men; the remainder of his army, which were said to be about 25,000 men at the commencement, had fled in all directions: our army were in full pursuit, and from the situation of General Beresford, there was not the least probability of one escaping. About eighteen men of the 14th dragoons made an attack on a whole French column, and were literally cut to pieces. The inhabitants of Oporto, finding the enemy conquered, immediately rose on about 500 left behind to garrison the forts, and the whole of those, together with many Portuguese, were killed, and their bodies lay in heaps at Oporto.

May 25. Last night Captain Stanhope arrived at the office of Lord Castlereagh, with dispatches from Sir Arthur Wellesley. The dispatches were immediately conveyed to his lordship, who was at the house of commons, and soon after the following letter was dispatched to the lord Mayor:—

‘Downing-Street, May 21, 1809.

‘My Lord, I have the satisfaction to acquaint your lordship that the Hon. Captain Stanhope arrived this evening, with dispatches from Lieut.-General the Right Hon. Sir Arthur Wellesley, giving

an account of his having defeated Marshal Soult in three actions, and retaken Oporto on the 12th Instant. In the last action the Lieutenant-General passed the Douro with his centre column, in front of the French army. The Buffs, under the Hon. Lieutenant-General Paget, who first crossed the river, maintained a position with the utmost gallantry against repeated attacks of the enemy, till they were supported by other regiments. As soon as the two other columns had passed, one at Oporto, the other at Avintas, Marshal Soult retreated in great confusion, with much loss in men and artillery.

‘ I have the honor to be,

‘ My Lord, &c.

(Signed)

CASTLEREAGH.

‘ P. S. The loss of the British in killed and wounded does not exceed two hundred and fifty men.’

This morning the Park and Tower guns were fired, and an Extraordinary Gazette published.

May 25. A shocking accident happened on Saturday night to a young Lady of the name of Cummins, at her residence in Halfmoon-Street. She had returned with a party from the Opera, and on retiring to her dressing-room the candle communicated a light to her muslin-dress. Her shrieks brought other young persons from the drawing-room to her assistance, but not until her garments were reduced to tinder. The unfortunate young lady, who was a promising girl of twenty, expired in torture on Sunday night. She was the daughter of a gentleman of fortune in the West Indies, and with a sister and brother resided at the house of an uncle.

Portsmouth, May 23. Last night arrived the Spanish ship *Providentia*, from Gijon, which she left on the 20th Instant. The Bishop of St. Andero, and several other Ecclesiastics are on board, having embarked at Gijon with the greatest precipitation, in consequence of the approach of the French, of which a division had taken possession of Oviedo on the 18th Instant.

The whole of the shipping at Gijon effected their escape except the British transports *F. U.* and *G. U.* which could not get out of the harbour, and it is feared must have been taken. The *C. W.* came off with the Spanish and other ships. The Marquis de Romana got off in the Palermo Spanish sloop of war, with several persons of distinction, and was supposed to have sailed for Vigo.

The approach of the French was quite in the nature of a surprise, for the Bishop, nor any of the other persons in the *Providentia*, knew what division of the French army it is that entered the place. The confusion in Gijon was extreme, and the Bishop and his attendants came off without more apparel than what they had on their backs.

London, May 29. A riot, attended with very fatal consequences, took place at a late hour on Saturday night at Bow Fair. It began in a booth where one of those games calculated to strip the ignorant and unwary of their money was played. An Irish laborer having lost all his money, complained of foul practices, and struck the person who answered for the chances. A violent scuffle ensued, in which the Irishmen and his friends were beaten. This happened about ten o'clock. The vanquished party retired — and in a few hours returned to the field of battle, reinforced by a considerable number of their countrymen, armed with bludgeons. They destroyed the booth in question, and flushed with victory, attacked indiscriminately all who unfortunately fell in their way. The people in and about the place rallying, however, in great numbers, tore up the railing and scaffolding, and thus armed attacked the assailants, who suffered severely in the conflict. As fresh reinforcements occasionally joined both parties, the battle lasted from two until nearly five o'clock yesterday morning, and it was not completely put an end to until the arrival of a strong detachment of the Tower Hamlet Militia, &c. We regret to state that in this brutal riot three persons lost their lives, and several were dangerously wounded. Upwards of sixty are in custody, and the Militia continued on duty the whole of yesterday.

May 30. An Inquisition was taken yesterday at the Crown public house, Duke's-Court, St. Martin's-Lane, before A. Gell, Esq. the Coroner for Westminster, on the mutilated remains of Mr. Joseph Smeeton and Eliza his wife, who were burned in their dwelling-house, in St. Martin's-Lane, on Saturday morning. The principal witness was William Bird, the senior of Mr. Smeeton's three apprentices, and by whose promptitude and presence of mind four persons were prevented from perishing. It appeared that Joseph Thornton, a watchman, was the first that discovered the flames on the ground floor at the back of the house.

He in vain attempted to alarm the family, although he knocked and rung with all his power. The flames at that time seemed to be confined to the ground floor. It appeared, by the testimony of Bird, that his master and mistress slept over the warehouse, which was on the ground floor, where the flames were seen raging by the watchman. This witness was awakened by an engine passing down the street, and he rose to go on the top of the house to see where the fire was. On opening his bed-room door, which was in front on the second floor, he was half suffocated with smoke: on this he burst open the bed-room where his two fellow-apprentices slept, and also that of Ann Farley, the maid servant, and he sent them all up stairs, to escape by a trap-door at the top of the house. Mr. Smeeton's bed-room was down a private stair-case, the door of which Bird also forced, and it fell to the bottom of the stairs with a great crash. He dared not attempt to go down stairs, but continued to call 'Master!' until the flames reached him, and he fancied the stair-case was giving way. The three other fugitives were in the mean while standing, nearly senseless through suffocation, at the trap-door, which they were unable to open; but Bird forced it, and the four persons escaped over the tops of the houses. It was not known how the fire happened; the maid servant went to bed at half past eleven, and her master was in the warehouse, and Mrs. Smeeton was in the drawing-room. Mr. S. had dined at Battersea, but he was sober. It was supposed he had gone into the warehouse to deposit a 200*l.* note in an iron chest, which chest was picked from the ruins on Saturday, and the notes it contained were legible. The unfortunate couple had been married three months. Verdict, *Accidental Death.*

June 6. During the cavalcade to the drawing-room yesterday, a boy, the son of a Mrs. Hartall, who is on a visit in Piccadilly from Bedfordshire, was run over by a chariot in Albemarle-Street, and killed. A servant maid, who was leading the child, was knocked down; and the same wheel which went over the head of the child, passed over the body of the servant without doing her an injury.

June 7. Dispatches were received this morning from Sir Arthur Wellesley, dated the 21st of last month, which

state that Soult had got so much the start of him, retreating with such precipitation, that he found it impossible to continue the pursuit of him without dividing his army so much as to render it less fit for ulterior operations. Our advanced guard, however, composed entirely of the guards, marched so rapidly as to come up with their rear guard, which they immediately attacked and cut to pieces—not a man is said to have escaped.

Sir Arthur adds, that he has driven Soult out of Portugal, with the loss of a fourth of his army, all his ammunition, baggage, &c.

The French destroyed a great number of their horses and mules in their retreat.

Sir Arthur has returned to Oporto, and intends to proceed to the southward immediately. This movement has probably been rendered necessary by Victor's operations, who is said to have entered Portugal on the side of Alcantara. Troops have been sent from Lisbon to join those which are at Abrantes, destined to oppose him.

Carrickfergus, June 10. On the night of Thursday se'ennight four prisoners escaped from the county of Antrim gaol, Carrickfergus, in a manner not inferior to any of the escapes effected by the celebrated Eron Trenck. They were confined in two separate cells, two in each, at the usual hour, nine o'clock. With the assistance of a gimlet and penknife, they cut the wood-case of the door over the iron bolt, so as to introduce the finger, and shoot the bolt; by this means they got into the passage: they had yet four doors to open before they could get into the yard; two of them they opened in the manner above stated; but the third, four inches thick, and studded with iron, was so effectually secured, that it resisted every effort. They had now recourse to a most singular method: by some means or other they lighted a fire, by which they heated pieces of an iron hoop and the bar of a grate, and by this method actually burned the door in two pieces as completely as if cut by a saw. Having now got into the yard, they carried out their two wooden bedsteads, and placed them one on the other against the wall of the yard, which is near forty feet high; then they fastened the blankets of their beds together by a whip-cord; to an end of the blanket they fastened an old iron grating, which they found in the yard, and threw the blanket and

grating over the wall, keeping hold of the other end, and by that means gained the top of the wall, and got clear off.

Newmarket, June 5. Captain Barclay started at twelve o'clock on Thursday night, and at that hour yesterday he was pursuing his task in full health and spirits. The captain is backed freely in London, at six to four, although a task equally difficult was never performed by man. The records of sporting give us to understand that a pedestrian of the name of Jones attempted to do a mile an hour for a month, but he performed less than three weeks. Captain Barclay has apartments at the house of Buckle, the jockey; and his half mile out is measured from his parlour-door down a lane leading to the northward of the course. He lives well, and takes about an hour and a half rest at a time.

June 12. Captain Barclay, in the day time, after he has finished his second mile, puts off his shoes, and reclines on a couch: at night, when he lies down, he falls asleep almost instantly, and rises at the time required without any inconvenience to himself. His diet generally consists of beef-steaks and mutton-chops, which he always eats heartily of, but always cold, and he drinks about two bottles of Port wine every day. The road he has chosen to perform his Herculean task on is well calculated for the purpose, being an unfrequented spot; and seven lamps are erected from the house he lodges at to the end of the half mile, which are lighted every evening, and burn till the morning. Six to four were betted in his favor up to Wednesday night last, but, as the time advances, the odds increase, and on Friday evening seven to four were betted. The friends of Captain Barclay have no doubt that he will perform his most arduous undertaking.

June 15. Captain Barclay continued fresh and well at six o'clock yesterday morning, although rather more inclined to sleep as he goes on. An alarm clock is fixed over his couch, which awakens him at the appointed time. It has already been stated that a row of lamps has been fixed for the pedestrian to go his mile by night; these have been broken by some malicious people several times; but the captain has guarded against this foul play in future by placing a watch, and he now does not go alone.

Another match of an extraordinary nature has been made, between Captain

Webster and Colonel Lee, of the Prince's regiment, for the captain to drive in a curricle four in hand, from Brighton to London, in four hours, such being above fourteen miles an hour. This match is next to an impossibility to do with four horses, and it is to be attempted in December for 1000 guineas. The other match of Captain Webster's, to ride a blood mare from Brighton to London in three hours, is also with Colonel Lee for a like sum, and is to be attempted the first week in July.

London, June 15. A curious scene presented itself yesterday afternoon at Knightsbridge, in consequence of a post-chaise having been stopped by two gentlemen, and in which were a young lady and a gentleman. From the conversation and warmth of the parties, the populace soon understood that the young lady had eloped from her house in Sloane-Street; and the desire to get a sight of her was such, that the way was impeded for upwards of an hour, and the young lady was at length taken away in a gentleman's chariot by her friends. The gallant was an officer belonging to one of the regiments of dragoon guards. Miss had gone to the house of a friend, in Charlotte-Street, Rathbone-Place, with the consent of her parents, at nine o'clock in the morning; and it was in consequence of the receipt of a note, previous to her arrival in Charlotte-Street, that the affair was discovered.

The Earl of Sefton met with a serious accident yesterday afternoon. As his lordship was driving his lofty brouche at a great rate, with four blood bays, with Mr. Churchill sitting on the box, on turning from Arlington-Street into St. James's-Street, the spring of the box broke: his lordship fell upon the horses, but continued to hold the reins, and was thus, by a great exertion, enabled to restrain their speed. He received no material injury; but Mr. Churchill was thrown on the pavement, on the near side of the carriage, with great violence, and remained for a short time nearly senseless; he was conveyed in a sedan to his house at the corner of Park-Lane.

BIRTHS.

June 3. At his house at Norwood, the lady of John Thornton, Esq. of a son and heir.

At Ramridge House, the lady of John Hamilton, Esq. of a daughter.

10. In St. John's-Place, Lady Caroline Stuart Wortley, of a daughter.

At his house, in Welbeck-Street, Cavendish-Square, the lady of John Larking, Esq. of Clare-House, Kent, of a daughter.

19. The lady of R. P. Milnes, Esq. M. P., of a son and heir.

MARRIAGES.

May 25. W. P. Gregg, Esq. of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law, to Frances, eldest daughter of the late John Wombwell, Esq.

In the Parish Church of Great Stanmore, by the Rev. A. R. Chanvel, Major Montalembert, Permanent Assistant in the Quarter-Master-General's Department, and only son of the Baron de Montalembert, to Elizabeth Rosée Forbes, only daughter of James Forbes, Esq. of Stanmore Hill.

At Bawtry, Willian Duncan Campbell, Esq. youngest son of the late Duncan Campbell, of Whitby, in the county of Northumberland, Esq. to Rebecca, only daughter of Thomas Bowker, of Northamptonshire, Esq.

29. By special licence, Richard Bradley Wainman, Esq. eldest son of William Wainman, of Carhead, in the county of York, Esq. to Lady Amcotts, of Amcotts House, in the county of Nottingham.

39. At Queen-Square Chapel, Bath, by the Rev. Wm. Marshall, Henry Wilkinson, Esq. eldest son of Abraham Wilkinson, M. D. of White Webb Park, Enfield, to Jane Sherren Cox, only daughter of S. Cox, Esq. of Lambridge, near Bath.

31. At Mary-la-bonne Church, Walter Nugent, Esq. county Westmeath, to Miss Lagers, of York-Place.

June 1. By the Rev. Thomas Brown, of Conington, Cambridgeshire, the Rev. Lancelot Robert Brown, to Miss Bence, eldest daughter of the Rev. Bence Bence, of Beccles, in the county of Suffolk.

3. At Shalden, Hants, by the Rev. Noel Watkins, James Ward, Esq. of Froyle, to Miss E. Smith, of Shalden.

6. At Dover, Captain Dick, of the 29d regiment of light dragoons, to Mary Sherson Boyce, second daughter of Captain John Boyce, in the Hon. East India Company's service.

At St. Peter's Church, Liverpool, Henry Card, Esq. A. M., of Chapel Hill, Margate, to Miss Christian Fletcher, second daughter of Joseph Fletcher, Esq. Great George's-Square, Liverpool.

12. At Lambeth, William Devey, of Clapham Common, Esq. to Miss Anne Thornton, of Kennington, Surry.

Edward Williams, Esq. to Miss Jones, the only daughter of the late Thomas Jones, Esq. of Enfield, Middlesex.

At Twickenham, by the Rev. Mr. Champagne, Captain Frederick G. Carmickael, of the 9th regiment of light dragoons, to Sarah, eldest surviving daughter of the late Peter M'Kenzie, Esq. of Twickenham.

At Lambeth, Mr. John Sayer, brandy and hop merchant, of West Smithfield, to Mrs. Anstey, relict of the late George Anstey, Esq. of Stockwell-Place, Surry.

13. By the Hon. Rev. T. Monson, Thomas Russell, Esq. of Exeter, to Miss Green, daughter of Joseph Green, Esq. of Guildford-Street.

14. At St. George's, Bloomsbury, Mr. Cope, of Leeds, to Miss Ellen Hill Cooke, second daughter of Mrs. Cooke, of Hadley, county of Middlesex.

DEATHS.

May 25. At Rickmansworth, Mr. Thomas Howard, banker.

29. At Summer-Hill, in Kent, in the 66th year of his age, William Woodgate, Esq.

June 2. Filmer Honeywood, Esq. of Marks Hall, Essex, aged 65.

4. At his brother's, in Philpot-Lane, Mr. William Thompson, late in the Irish provision trade, aged 40 years.

At Veotown, in Barnstaple, Devon, the lady of R. Newton Incedon, Esq. of that place.

At Bowcomb Cottage, Isle of Wight, after a lingering illness, Mrs. Bygrave, wife of George Bygrave, Esq.

11. After a most painful and lingering illness, which she sustained with truly Christian fortitude and resignation, Mrs. Parsons, wife of John Parsons, Esq. of Oxford.

16. At the advanced age of 80, Mrs. Henley, of Laytonstone, Essex.

At Cheltenham, Joseph Lyon, Esq. of Bloomsbury-Square, and Neston, near Chester.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



The haughty Baron, and the gentle Agnes.