

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

For JULY, 1809.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates,

1. THE HAUGHTY BARON and the GENTLE AGNES.
2. LONDON Fashionable WALKING and FULL DRESS.
3. New and elegant PATTERNS for BORDERS and TRIMMING.

LONDON:

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

Where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE *Farewell*, which was promised in our Magazine for May, has been again omitted by oversight—It shall certainly appear in our next.

The *Wanderer's Fate*, by J. M. L.; *Henry and Susan*; *Lines to the Nightingale*; the *Complaint to Cupid*; *Lines to Miss E. R—w to Cornelia*; to a young *Lady on the Death of her Sister*; are intended for insertion.

The Conclusion of the *Biographical Memoirs of the King of Prussia* in our next.

ERRATA.

In our Magazine for May, in Miss Squire's *Ode to Contentment*:

Stanza 3, line 1, for *the Goddess*, read *thee Goddess*.

7, 6, for *helpless woe*, read *hopeless woe*.

10, 5, for *tint*, read *tints*.

11, 1, for *nymphs*, read *nymph*.

3, for *sweet*, read *sweets*.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE.

FOR JULY, 1809.

THE ILL-ASSORTED UNION;

OR,

THE HAUGHTY BARON AND THE GENTLE AGNES.

A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

THE Baron Randolph, of Schoenburg, on the confines of Bohemia, more proud of the antiquity, and, as he deemed it the illustrious origin of his family, than even of his extensive possessions, was of a disposition the most haughty, violent, and vindictive. He was arrogant and oppressive towards his inferiors and dependents, and engaged in perpetual quarrels with those who could claim an equality with him. Yet his pride and severity seemed, for a moment, to be softened by that passion which softens all things when he beheld the gentle Agnes, the daughter of a neighbouring Count, of reduced estate, and totally unable to vie with the Baron in the splendor of his pedigree. Agnes felt herself flattered by the addresses of so great a lord, and as his external appearance, and commanding air of deportment, were fascinating to the

female eye, and had been furnished with a mind so rare, he would have been a most unexceptionable suitor, the mild and tender heart of Agnes conceived a much stronger affection for him than he felt for her, which never afterwards left her.

For some time after their union they lived in more happiness than perhaps might have been expected, considering the opposition in their characters. But at length the affection of Randolph for his amiable spouse having cooled, his native haughtiness and evil-nature entirely superseded it. He now despised, as poor and spiritless, that yielding gentleness which had before won, and, for a moment, humanised his heart. By degrees he treated her on every occasion with contemptuous neglect, and the most insulting scorn, which all the attempts of Agnes, to regain his affection, did

but tend to increase, as is ever the case when submissive humility sues to inflated arrogance. He conceived that the meanness of her manners, as all her endeavours to conciliate him now appeared to him proceeded from the lowness of her birth, and his repugnance to her was every day increased. So total a separation took place, that, though they lived in the same castle, they seldom saw each other. Agnes gave herself up to pining grief, lived secluded in a retired apartment, and her health very rapidly declined.

Agnes had in her early youth lived in the closest intimacy with a young lady of her own age, named Elvira. Their friendship had grown with their years, and had never been interrupted but by a temporary absence about the time of the marriage of Agnes. In her dejection, her retirement, and the declining state of her health, Agnes now wished for the company of the associate of her youth. By her attendant she notified her request to her haughty lord, who, in a moment of relaxed pride, and somewhat softened moroseness, vouchsafed to give permission that she should be admitted. The character of Elvira was in some respects different from that of Agnes. Though amiable and good like her she had yet both more vivacity and much more spirit. She was therefore as proper a companion for Agnes in her present unfortunate condition as could have been selected. She had not been long in the castle before she drew the attention of the haughty baron, who found himself pleased with her beauty, her vivacity, and the spirit she frequently evinced, by giving

strong intimations of her abhorrence of his cruel treatment of his wife. These intimations were sometimes so pointed, that the feeble Agnes almost shuddered for the consequences, knowing well the fierce and vindictive temper of the baron. He, however, not only took no offence at her conduct but seemed every day to become more and more attached to her; so that at last he condescended to seek her company, even in the apartment of his wife, to whom he seemed now to behave with somewhat more complacency; and so true and constant was the affection of the feeble and drooping Agnes towards her surly lord, that, though she could not but suspect that it was more for the company of her fair friend than of herself, that he now condescended to visit her, she seemed pleased and revived with his hypocritical attentions.

The friendship of Elvira to Agnes was most sincere, and indefatigable was her endeavours to alleviate her sorrows, and reanimate her fainting mind and wasting frame. But fruitless were all her affectionate efforts; nature was, at length, exhausted, and the feeble Agnes, sinking into the arms of her friend, closed her eyes to open them no more.

Elvira, after the death of Agnes, felt that the baron was more an object of aversion and hatred, to her than ever. She as much as possible shunned his presence; but, faithful to her friend even in death, she watched, with little intermission, during two days and two nights, by her corpse, till it was buried in a neighbouring convent. Elvira and her attendant assisted at the melancholy ceremony, and she then expected to

take her leave of Schoenburg, and it's haughty and severe lord, for ever. But, when she returned to the castle, and, collecting what appertained to her, prepared to depart, she found the baron had left an order that she must favor him with an interview. With this order she was obliged to comply, notwithstanding her aversion to, and even dread of, coming into his presence. The baron received her with so much complacency and politeness, that it reminded her of what she had heard of a fiend transforming himself into an angel of light; and she was ready to confess, that had she not been well aware of his real character, from her knowledge of his unjust and cruel treatment of his late too-fond and faithful wife, she might herself have fallen into the snare in which the unfortunate Agnes was taken. He told her that there were many reasons why she must not leave him immediately, but must stay some days at the castle. It was with the utmost reluctance that she found herself obliged to comply; and still more was she alarmed, when she found that her attendant had discovered that orders had been given that she should not be suffered to leave the castle without his express permission. Enraged to find herself confined thus, as it were, treacherously, she suddenly burst into his presence, and insisted on being permitted to leave the castle that very hour, at the same time upbraiding him with his haughty and harsh behaviour to his late unfortunate wife, whose gentle disposition and affection for him must have been her only fault. Enraged and stung to the heart by these reproaches, he, in the fury of passion, drew a dagger,

which he always carried about him, and stabbed her. But in an instant, relenting at what he had done, and overwhelmed with despair, he swore a tremendous oath that he would never more behold the light of the sun, and immediately stabbed himself. The attendants who were within called rushed in, and surgeons were procured. It was found, however, that the wounds of neither were mortal. Elvira, in a few months, was perfectly recovered: but the baron never recovered his former health; for a slow decline came on, which at last ended his days. From the first recovery of his sense he would not suffer the light of the sun to enter his room, and after he was no longer confined to his bed he retired to a subterranean apartment, from which he carefully excluded the light of day. Thus he lingered out two or three years, cut off, as it were, from the world, a prey to gloomy despair, and a sad example of the fatal effects of immoderate pride and ungoverned passion.

THE TIPPERARY ADONIS.

A TALE.

BY WITHAM FARROW.

‘DON’T tell me,’ said Sir Dogberry Manners to his dirty valet, who stood drumming on a table near him; ‘I’ll have the rascal brought before me instantly; I’ll break every bone in his skin, I won’t leave him his Why, what’s the monkey standing giggling at? why don’t you go?’

‘Where shall I go?’

‘Go, wooden head! go any where, every where, but find and bring the scoundrel here.’

‘I can’t go every where, and, besides, every where is no where.’

‘What! dare you argue with me? Begone, or I’ll throw my crutch at you.’

‘Aye, you could not hit me if you did; for I am as thin as a lath; I’m almost starv’d to death; I don’t wonder servants won’t stay with you — when I first came to you, I was as pretty a chubby-cheek’d lad as ever the sun shone on, and was as blithe and as merry as a grig; and I used to sing so sweet; Lord! how I used to sing! My young mistress, the beautiful Miss Emily, often said she couldn’t sleep for my singing, and she was a judge of music as well as myself — oh dear! how sweet I used to sing! but now my singing days are at an end —’

‘And I’ll end your days entirely,’ you impertinent puppy.

This threat of Dogberry’s was instantly attempted to be put in practice, and the crutch flew with all the strength the knight was capable of, at the head of Peter, who avoided it by popping behind the sofa, and then slipping out of the room.

It will *not* be necessary to inform you, my fair readers, who this Peter is, but, however, I shall do it to please myself. Peter, like many more of the masculine gender, was rather wanting in furniture for the attic story. The lad was foolish; had been an inhabitant of the work-house of St. James’s, Clerkenwell, where the knight saw him, took him home, and made him his valet de chambre, to do little jobs, run on all the family errands, attend his mas-

ter, clean out the stable, look after the old hack, milk the cow, attend to the garden, be thrashed by his master when he was well, abused by him when he was ill, be thumped and bumped about by the old cook, together with innumerable other little comforts and conveniences, only thought of by Peter, who was *fac totum* of the mansion.

Poor Peter was nearly starved to death. The cook declared she had nothing for him. True — she had little for herself. She could never send her master up a bason of soup by him, because it grew less by the way; she could never send him for porter, because he tythed it; she could never send him for the dog’s food, for the rogue spent the money, and said he lost it. But one day he promised to take care of the money, and the cook sent him for the dog’s meat. In vain did Molly pat the dog’s head, and tell him Peter was coming. The dog seemed to be aware of his tricks, and trudged incessantly backwards and forwards to the door — no Peter came. Carlo, by his howling, disturbed the knight, who, in a fury, sent to know the cause. The cook told the truth — Aye! she was a good girl! — and then went to seek the offender; when, at the corner of a street, she saw Peter sitting on a door-step — the little urchin was roused from a luxurious treat by the heavy fists of the enraged Molly, and in his flight he dropped — what? the dog’s meat? — No, the delicious remains of a roll and treacle!

But, in pursuing the faults of Peter, I may be guilty of one myself. We left Peter making his exit — he shortly after opened the door of the room in which the

knight was sitting, and poking his head in, said :

‘ Master, sir, your honor—Dermot is here.’

‘ Where, you scoundrel ?’

‘ On the stairs, your honor.’

‘ Well, reach me my crutch, and show him in.’

The order was obeyed, and the Irishman entered.

‘ Dermot, now arn’t you a pretty son of a gun ?’

‘ What ! a pistol, your honor ?’

‘ Come, sir, I did not send for you to laugh at me ; do you add abuse to ingratitude ? You’re an ungrateful rogue.’

‘ Be aisy, Sir Dogberry ; if any man but your own silf had spoke them same words, wouldn’t I be after flooring him ? Oöch ! to be sure I would, if he was the quean of Morocco himself.’

‘ What, rascal ! do you dare to threaten me ? Do you know, sirrah, I could have you hanged for what you have done ?’

‘ Hanged ! pooh, nonsense, don’t mention it ; I never lov’d hanging in my life ; and, besides, your honor was not born to be drown’d.’

‘ Upon my old slippers, this is not to be born. But I won’t put myself in a passion—why, you ugly, ungrateful, unnatural, unhanged rogue, after I have clothed you, fed you, and made a gentleman of you, to treat me in this way.’

‘ Treat ! the devil a treat is there—you make a gentleman of me ? you *could not* make a gentleman of me. You have got me a watchman’s plase, but what o’ that, I had sooner be a washerwoman.’

‘ Aye, and a pretty watchman you are ; if the king had no better watchmen to take care of him than you, we might all go to old Harry

in a twinkling. Did not I petition the board to have your box removed to my door ? and haven’t I sent you out every night a good supper and a glass of brandy, eh ?’

‘ No, the devil a drop have I seen of either brandy or supper.’

‘ Then that rascal Peter has demolished it—but I’m glad of it ; I had rather feed a fool than a rogue—where’s my daughter, scoundrel ; has not she eloped—has not she run away from me—has’

‘ Your daughter run away ! is that all ? by the powers ! one would think somebody had kilt you, by the fuss you make.’

‘ I have no patience left—’

‘ No, nor nivr had since I have known you.’

‘ I tell you what, Dermot, as sure as you’re alive, I’ll have you taken up—I’ll have you hang’d for a scoundrel.’

‘ Hang’d for a scoundrel ! by Saint Patrick, it will be for you then. But now let me sit down, and we’ll take the matter over coolly, and don’t be after *back-biting* me *before* my face ; but your honor will plase to remember to recollect not to forget to think on what my duty as a watchman is—I am to hinder people from getting in ; as many may come out as plases—But, if I lose your worship’s friendship for iver and iver, I will spake my mind, and that’s flat—Your honor’s a verry cruel man an a bad father.’

‘ I tell you what, I’ll have you turn’d out of you office to-night.’

‘ But you can’t, though : I must tell you I know a little more than I did since I have been in the law, and I shan’t budge an inch without three months’ notice to quit.’

'Dermot, get out — you dog, get out — I'll throw my crutch at you.'

'Aye, do; but, if you kill me, I'll say my say out — Your honor's a cruel man and a bad Christian. Was there ever such a sweet, tender, lovely, charming dear, as Miss Emily? ivery-boddy lov'd her, and none more than myself, your honnor, and Mr. Wilmot — Och! I have seen her cry so pretty, and seen him look as melancholy as the picture in my garret of the babes in the wood — and then I have heard him speak so kind of you, and lament he was not rich — oth, faith! it is a big shame that you dismissed him because he was poor.'

The old man was silent — Dermot was affected to tears. It was a truly-whimsical picture — the knight rubbing his gouty leg — Dermot had not been shaved for a week, and a tear, which had forced itself down his cheek, hung upon his beard, which showed like dew upon

'The stubble land at harvest home.'

'Is poverty a fault, your honnor?' asked Dermot, looking through his tears at the knight.

'No, Dermot,' said Sir Dogberry, softened by the address.

'Well, then, why does your honnor blame Miss Emily — Is not Mr. Charles an honest, noble, young gentleman; and can you blame your daughter for chusing such a ope in preference to a rake? No, your honnor could not wish to see your only daughter miserable. Oh! if you had but seen them together, you niver could have forgot it to the end of the world and after — your honnor's heart would have bled —'

'It does, Dermot, it does,' ex-

claimed Sir Dogberry; 'oh, that I could see her now! I cannot blame the dear girl for leaving her hard-hearted old father.'

'Oh, faith! my eyes is like the spring at Ballacallehey,' said Dermot, drying his cheeks with his sleeve: 'but now, your honnor, if Miss Emily was here, what would you say to her — wouldn't you throw your crutch at her?'

'Dermot, I know not what I should say to her — I could not look her or Mr. Manner's in the face.'

'But would you forgive her for leaving you?'

'Aye, from my soul.'

'Huzza! by the big toe of the pope, you're my own dearly beloved master; now you shall see her in a twinkling.'

'See her! Dermot; do not trifle with an old man's feelings — where is she?'

'Where is she? why in my own dear little cabin. I made 'em go there until they were married, which, faith! was done at seven o'clock this morning — Och, didn't I tell 'em I could soften your heart. The Virgin bless your own self, my dear young mistress's own self, and myself. Now, Sir Dogberry, an't I a beautiful match-maker — by the powers! I am the god of love, and shall be called the Hibernian Cupid. Och, my own dear Miss Judy Maclaukin christened me her own dear Tipperary Adonis.'

Dermot flew to convey the happy tidings to the young run-aways, who were soon at the feet of the knight — the hearts of the offenders beat with love, Sir Dogberry's with affection, while joy made a fairy ring around the honest heart of the *Tipperary Adonis*.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

BY SOPHIA TROUGHTON.

[Continued from p. 254.]

LETTER XXXV.

Lady Julia Walsingham to Lady Seymour.

Madam,

YOUR Ladyship's letter distressed me exceedingly. The news of my sister's dangerous illness, joined to my other misfortunes, I hoped would have ended me, but I am reserved to witness the ruin of our noble house. To witness it, did I say?—No; I shall not witness it, I shall only hear of it, and that many miles distant.

Lady Walsingham honored me with a truly sisterly letter some weeks ago, which remains unanswered. I could not then communicate my unhappy story, but now that I am about to quit England, my beloved native country, never more to return, and Lady Seymour joins her request to the wishes of an adored sister—I comply; yet, alas!

'Mournful is the tale which you so fain would hear.'

You both, dear Ladies, very well remember my journey with my aunt to the German Spa. From that journey sprung all my woe. It was there I first saw Signor Alphonso, of the younger branch of the house of Lowen. He inherits but a small portion of

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their wealth, but claims a large share of the pride and haughtiness for which that family is so distinguished.

At a ball given by the French ambassador I was struck by the uncommon graceful appearance of a young chevalier. His height was majestic, his deportment commanding. A native grace accompanied every motion, and a dignified pride, a consciousness of his worth, seemed to reside on his high-polished forehead; in short, his whole appearance evinced that he was not born to obey. I inquired his name of the lady who sat next me. 'It is,' said she, 'the young Signor Alphonso of the Lowen's House, which is distantly related to the Emperor himself. You see his person, Madam, but, nobly-graceful as it is, it is inferior to the spirit which animates it. He is to his inferiors gentle, affable, and winning; to his equals pleasant, agreeable, and friendly; but to his superiors, especially if they wish to exert an undue authority, stern, haughty, and quick to resent an imagined affront, or the slightest allusion to the poverty of his family. Yet every one knows that the noble blood which flows in his veins is nearly the whole of his patrimony.'—She was prevented from saying more by the gentleman's approach, who, with a grace peculiarly his own, requested the honor of leading me into the dance. I consented; nor did he quit my side the remainder of the evening. Never did time fly so fast; never had I spent an evening with so much satisfaction. I discovered many amiable qualities in my partner, which my informant had not pointed out; for he appeared little less than a divinity in my

eyes. He led my aunt and me to our coach, and requested that he might be permitted to pay his respects to us in the morning. I bowed, but spoke not during our ride; and when we arrived at home I immediately retired to my chamber. It was there I reflected with exultation on the noble deeds of my ancestors — ‘Yes,’ cried I, aloud, ‘the gallant achievements of my forefathers will rival the glory of his. He venerates his ancestors for their active lives, and envies some of them their glorious deaths: he admires their deeds and means to imitate them. Oh! Julia, thou hast certainly met with the counterpart of thyself. This man, or no one is to be thy husband.’

I went to bed, but dreamed of Alphonso. The following morning brought him, when he appeared more charming than the evening before. From that time he became a constant visitor. He spoke of love and I did not forbid him.

At length my aunt began to take offence at his frequent visits. His family was unexceptionable, but he was poor, was dependent; and her ambition and fond partiality for her niece made her consider every man under an English Duke unworthy of our alliance. Then she had an aversion to foreigners, and Alphonso and she could seldom agree concerning the antiquities of their families.

He frequently importuned me to give him permission to ask my aunt’s consent for our nuptials; but this I refused, being assured that she would not only withhold her consent, but offend him by reflections on the reduced state of his finances.

This time was protracted till

my aunt left Spa. I accompanied her, and Alphonso became furious. I was as much displeased as he; for I had offered him my hand, which he refused, unless presented by one of my family. It was in vain that I told him no one had a right to dispose of it but myself. He was peremptory. ‘It would appear to the world,’ he said, ‘like a match of interest on his side, when he was wholly disinterested;’ and we parted in anger.

You, my dear Ladies, will think this behaviour noble, and worthy of Alphonso. I at that time considered it in a contrary light. After my return to England I received many letters, in one of which he informed me that he could not live at such a distance from me, and under my displeasure; that he meant to throw up his commission and come to England. Accordingly in a few months he arrived. He did not sleep at the park, but was with me every day, and in the evening returned to the village.

Thus time passed till I received the letter from Lord Walsingham, acquainting me that he was coming down, accompanied by his lady, and a party of friends. I read the letter to Alphonso, and he again requested me to let him apply to this beloved brother for his sanction to our union. I was offended — ‘My father,’ said I, ‘thought that at one-and-twenty I might be able to choose for myself, and why should you wish to fetter me to a relation’s caprice? — No,’ continued I, with a kindred pride to his own, ‘my father left me free, and I will maintain my independence, nor sue for the consent of any one, when I am my own mistress.’

Would to God I could add, that, offended by my stubbornness, he left me, and that I had never seen him since. Then might Julia once more clasp her beloved sister to her bosom, and again lift-up her face without a blush. But, alas! peace and Julia are twain!

Alphonso was determined to quit Walsingham-hall when you came down; and the thoughts of parting endeared us the more to each other. One evening, one fatal evening, a few days before your arrival, we were walking in the park; the air was cool, the new-born lambs were skipping around us, and the tender grass seemed to have put on a gayer livery than usual. We prolonged our walk till the gay streaks of evening began to obscure the surrounding scenery. I, being wearied, was about to seat myself on a green bank; but Alphonso prevented me. — ‘The damps of the evening will give you cold,’ said he, ‘and a very little farther stands the castle, where you may rest without danger.’ — I leaned on his arm, and we entered through a little door which I had before observed was not locked. It conducted us to a small hall, round which a stone bench was fixed against the wall. We sat down on this rude seat; a window was opposite on which the rays of the rising moon beamed. Not a breeze agitated the newly expanded foliage; not a sound reached us but the melancholy murmurs of the distant cascade. Alphonso, who possesses a most exquisite voice, directed by a masterly judgement, sang one of those pathetic little sonatas, which his country is so justly celebrated for.

It was descriptive of the pains lovers endure in absence. My soul melted at the pathos of his voice; my bosom heaved with sobs.

Alphonso tenderly folded his arms around me, and kissed the tears from my cheek. Oh! what an unguarded moment was this! What a dangerous one! Yet, how could the descendants of two such noble houses as Walsingham and Lowens, but for a moment, forget the virtues of their predecessors? You, my chaste, my virtuous sister, will be glad I should draw a veil over the guilty scene.

When we reached the little arched door through which we had entered, Alphonso stood with it in his hand for me to pass. The moon shone full on us; I ventured to cast one look on his face. His eyes were steadily fixed on mine. That one glance convinced me that he was as little pleased with his conquest as myself. The burning blushes of shame overspread my face, my eye sought the ground, remorse agitated my bosom.

We pursued our walk in silence. On reaching the house he took my hand, sighed, and turned from me without speaking. I did not dare look up. I expected to meet looks of contempt. How could it be otherwise; I despised myself.

Oh! Lady Walsingham, you know not, you cannot know, for you are innocent, the heart-corroding pangs which tore my bosom on entering my late father’s house. I darted up the stairs like a pursued thief; I dreaded even the eyes of the servants; but they were too busy preparing for your arrival to notice

the actions of the frantic Julia. I bolted the door of my apartment; but, alas! I could not bolt out my new inmate, guilt. — Innocence was for ever fled — remorse and horror were my only companions.

I threw myself on the bed, nor thought of it's being dark till my maid knocked at the door to ask if I did not want candles? — 'No, take them away,' cried I, 'and come no more to-night; I want nothing.' — Oh, what a night was this! and yet I have passed many such since.

The moon shone through the unclosed windows; I sickened at her chaste beams, and rose to exclude the light which seemed prying into my sorrows. Thus a guilty conscience reverses the very beauties of nature.

The next day was passed in expectation of seeing Alphonso; evening arrived, but he came not. Another sleepless night, and another anxious morning were wasted in vain, expecting of his coming. At length I conquered my simplicity, and sent a note to the village requesting him to meet me that evening in the west tower of the castle.

When the hour arrived I hastened, with fearful trembling steps, to the appointed place. I found him waiting at the door for me. I had the keys of the west apartments in my hand, but my emotion was so great that I was unable to open the door. Alphonso took them from me, and, opening the low-arched door, conducted me to a room which was not quite destitute of furniture, and placing an old-fashioned chair for me, sat down himself in one opposite.

I for the first time ventured to

raise my eyes to his face; it was pale and dejected. He withdrew his eyes, which were mournfully fixed on my countenance. This gave me courage to propose his speaking to my brother, according to his desire. He started from his seat, and, covering his face with his handkerchief, groaned aloud. — 'Then you do not wish,' said I, 'Signor, my Lord Walsingham to be made acquainted with our affairs?' He removed the handkerchief from his face; it was no longer pale. 'Lady Julia,' said he sternly, 'you know I do not fear Walsingham's arm; but the imprudence I have been guilty of makes me abhor myself — I that ought to have been your guardian, your supporter — oh! what an unmanly weakness! what a detestable crime have I suffered to blot my hitherto unsullied name! And you, Julia,' continued he, softening into tears, 'you could forget the chaste, the virtuous examples of the noble ladies who have graced your family. — I see, I see, my still-adored Juliet, by the paleness of your cheek, the pain your deviation has cost you; but, should you become my wife, what assurance can you give me, that the first soft moment when opportunity should serve, and some cursed seducing villain should be near, that you would not surrender to him that honor I would ...' He stopped, without finishing the sentence, but it was easy to guess what he meant.

'Then,' said I, with a faltering voice, 'your love for me is annihilated — you wish not to call me yours?'

'Oh, Julia! would to heaven my love, or my life, were annihilated, then should I be spared the pangs I now endure. —

But can a descendant of the house of Lorrens take a wife whose strength of mind he fears? a woman whose virtue evaporates

I did not stay to hear the conclusion of his discourse; but, starting from my chair, rushed from the castle with such precipitation, that I almost knocked poor Johnson, the old park-keeper, down. Scarcely knowing what I did, I entered his little parlour, where my senses kindly left me for a few moments. When I recovered, I found the simple, honest couple, entertained an opinion that I had seen a ghost! Poor souls! they knew not it was a guilty conscience which haunted me. However, I did not deceive them; indeed, I could hardly speak; my mind was distracted,

In a few days you ladies arrived, and were surprised at my melancholy. But how could I be otherwise? Oh! how would Lady Walsingham distress me, when, with a truly sisterly affection, she would press me to unfold my concealed grief, and sweetly offer to share it with me. I was obliged at those times to assume a moroseness foreign to my nature. Her charming company became irksome to me. The contrast was too humiliating; and, to add to my distress, in a short time I found a fresh source of shame and terror: a living witness was to be the detector of my guilt. Terrified, I wrote immediately to Alphonso, from whom I had received several letters, informing me that he was in Switzerland. Before I could receive an answer, lord Beauford was proposed to me; and I know my brother was offended at what must have ap-

peared an obstinate refusal. But what could I do? Soon after the wished-for answer arrived, which communicated a gleam of comfort to my distracted bosom, as it contained assurances of both love and pity. He said he should embark immediately for England, and bade me frequently visit the castle, as he should conceal himself in the ruins of its antient walls. I accordingly retired there at every opportunity; and one evening, in the very apartment where last we parted, I found him sitting pensively in the chair I had that evening occupied. But oh! how altered, how emaciated was that manly form! how colorless that once-blooming cheek! He appeared as but the ghost of his former self. The alteration in his person convinced me of his unabated love; but it also convinced me that he thought me unworthy to be his wife. A consciousness of this unworthiness, notwithstanding my high birth and noble fortune, joined to the apparent ill health of the man my soul adored, overpowered me, and I sunk senseless to the ground. When I recovered, I found my face wet with the tears of my lover. The tears of my Alphonso were as the dew of heaven to my heart. He spoke of comfort, and I was consoled. He advised me, as I found myself unhappy at my brother's, where so many eyes were on me, to take leave of my friends there, and spend a few days with Lady Methea; then to retrace my steps, and wait, in the castle of my ancestors, the hour of pain I expected. He undertook to have every necessary conveyed secretly into the castle.

I did not there fear either interruption or detection, as I was

well acquainted with the intricateness of the place, and the fear it was held in by the country people.

I took my leave of you, Lady Walsingham: Heaven only knows with what heartfelt pangs.

I staid a week with Lady Metha, and then returned by night to the castle, to 'hide my shame from every eye,' and mourn in solitude.

In a secret apartment, which I had shown Alphonso, I found him with an old German woman, waiting my arrival. She was to be at once my companion, *accoucheur*, and nurse.

Forgive me, my sister, for unintentionally frightening you in the thunder-storm: From a child I could never hear thunder unappalled; but, on that evening, it appeared to be more terrible than usual, when I was hiding myself

— 'In a vault, an antient receptacle, Where for those many hundred years the bones Of all my buried ancestors were pack'd.'

Ah! Lady Walsingham, guilt makes terrible cowards of us. I had just before been beguiling my sorrows with a little pathetic air, taught me in happier days by the composer, my own Alphonso.

My apartment joined the chapel, concealed behind a fictitious monument. A figure of death is the door; it was this you saw shake—it was Alphonso in the dress of his country who so much alarmed you. The dismal groans you heard were groans extorted from the wretched Julia by the agonising pains of child-birth. Yes, my sister, that was the dreadful moment, when, surrounded by death, with no other assistance than the old German

woman, I brought forth the fruits of my guilt, a still-born female infant.

The figure in black which betrayed such emotions at the foot of the tomb, was the sympathising Alphonso—it was him you traced and lost in the audience-hall, where is a painting which Lady Seymour mentions. This painting, when pressed in a particular place, flies up, and discovers a small pleasant room, which was occupied by my Alphonso, and to which he then retired; and him it was you saw follow the light, which was carried by a boy, his only attendant, and son to my nurse.

Thus, in relating my own sad story, I have developed the mysteries of the castle; and sorry I am that I have occasioned so much terror to my beloved sister.

As to vaults beneath the castle, I am more a stranger to them than yourselves.

The high sense of honor Alphonso has been educated in, and still entertains, will not permit him to marry a woman he fears to trust. He thinks that she who, in the hour of folly and softness, could yield to one man, might to another. And he may be right. Did I think myself in danger of committing such folly a month, nay, even an hour before it happened? No, no, I did not. How have I condemned the same fault in others! What a total want of charity have I evinced! This makes me resolve to retire from the world, from public notice, and not stand a candidate for that mercy from others which I have denied.

Alphonso says that, for my sake, he will remain single; and since he cannot, consistent with his no-

tions of his honor, make me his wife, I will not carry pollution and dishonor to the arms of another; but seek in solitude, by penitence and prayer, to wash away my stains, 'and patiently attend my dissolution.' When you think of me, remember me with pity, but without regret. I shall be happier than in the public world, where every eye that gazed on me, I should think, could read my shame.

I shall make frequent inquiries after your health and affairs. An immediate account will be sent you of my death when it happens, but this is the last letter you will ever receive from me.

Adieu, my dear sister, my beloved Caroline; may every wish of your heart be accomplished! And, O! pray, for you are good! and your prayers will be efficacious, for

the guilty, but penitent

JULIA.

(To be continued.)

OBSERVATIONS ON SATIRE.

IT is possible that satire may not do much good. Men may rise in their affections to their follies as they do to their friends, when they are abused by others. It is much to be feared that misconduct will never be chased out of the world by satire; all, therefore, that is to be said, for it is that misconduct will certainly never be chased out of the world by satire, if no satires are written. Nor is that term inapplicable to

graver compositions. Ethics, heathen and Christian, and the Scriptures, are, in a great measure, a satire on the weakness and iniquity of men, and some parts of that satire are in verse too. Historians themselves may be considered as satirists, and satirists most severe, since such are most human actions that to relate is to expose them.

No man can converse much in the world but at what he meets with he must either be insensible or grieve, or be angry or smile. Some passion, if we are not impassive, must be moved; for the general conduct of mankind is by no means a thing indifferent to a reasonable and virtuous man. Now, to smile at it, and turn it into ridicule, appears most eligible, as it hurts ourselves least, and gives vice and folly the greatest offence; and that for this reason, because what men aim at by them is, generally, public opinion and esteem.

Laughing at the misconduct of the world will, in a great measure, ease us of any more disagreeable passion about it. One passion is more effectually driven out by another than by reason, whatever some may teach; for to reason we owe our passions. Had we not reason we should not be offended at what we find amiss; and the cause seems not to be the natural cure of any effect.

Moreover, laughing satire bids the fairest for success. The world is too proud to be fond of a serious tutor; and, when an author is in a passion, the laugh, generally, as in conversation, turns against him. This kind of satire only has any delicacy in it. Of this delicacy Horace is the best master; he appears in good hu-

mor while he censures; and therefore his censure has the more weight, as being supposed to proceed from judgement, not from passion. Juvenal is ever in a passion; he has but little valuable but his eloquence and his morality. Boileau has joined both the Roman satirists with great success, but has too much of Juvenal in his very serious satire on woman, which should have been the gayest of all. An excellent critic of our own commends Boileau's closeness, or, as he calls it, pressness, particularly; whereas it appears that repetition is it's fault, if any fault should be imputed to him. There are some prose satirists of the greatest delicacy and wit; the last of which can never, or should never, succeed without the former. An author without it betrays too great a contempt for mankind, and opinion of himself, which are bad advocates for reputation and success. What a difference is there between the merit, if not the wit, of Cervantes and Rabelais? The last has a particular art of throwing out a great deal of genius and learning into frolic and jest, but the genius and the scholar is all you can admire; you want the gentleman to converse with him. He is like a criminal who receives his life for some services; you commend, but you pardon too. Indecency offends our pride as men; and our unaffected taste as judges of composition. Nature has wisely formed us with an aversion to it; and he that succeeds in spite of it is *alieni venia quam sua providentia tutior*. (More indebted to another's clemency than his own discretion.)

Such wits, like false oracles of old, (which were wits and cheats),

should look up for reputation among the weak in some Boetia, which was the land of oracles; for the wise will hold them in contempt. Some wits too, like oracles, deal in ambiguities, but not with equal success; for though ambiguities are the first excellence of an impostor, they are the last of a wit.

Some satirical wits and humorists, like their father Lucian, laugh at every thing indiscriminately; which betrays such a poverty of wit, as cannot afford to part with any thing; such a want of virtue, as to prefer it to a jest. Such writers encourage vice and folly which they pretend to combat by setting them on an equal foot with better things; and while they labor to bring every thing into contempt, how can they expect their own abilities and endowments should. Some French writers particularly are guilty of this, in matters of the last consequence, and some of our own. They that are for lessening the true dignity of mankind, are not sure of being successful, but with regard to one individual in it. It is this conduct which justly makes a wit a term of reproach.

LONDON WALKING AND FULL DRESS.

1. A SHORT walking dress of plain India muslin, or cambric, worked round the bottom in an elegant antique border, and finished with a worked front and collar round the throat. Bonnet of pea-green sarcenet, turned up in front with jonquil crape; a

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



London Fashionable Walking & Full Dress.

short cloak of the same, trimmed all round with a rich black French lace; yellow sleeves and gloves, and white saracenet parasol.

2. A train dress of jonquil crape, richly ornamented with lace down the front and sleeves, over a white satin; slip cap of white satin, confined with a silver band, and ornamented with a demi wreath of roses in front; necklace cornelian and gold; white kid shoes and gloves.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE art of *deciphering* being sometimes eminently useful, and being (so far as relates to simple ciphers) very easy of acquisition, I send you a few rules, sufficient to enable any person of ordinary capacity to detect any common cipher without difficulty or delay. Should you deem them worthy of admission into your widely circulating miscellany, their insertion may perhaps prove gratifying to some of your fair readers, and will much oblige,

Sir, yours, &c.

J. C.

Islington,
July 2, 1809.

THE ART OF DECIPHERING.

THE name of *Cipher* is given to any secret alphabet, that is, any set of arbitrary characters, used instead of the common alphabet, for the purpose of secrecy: and the art of *Deciphering* is the art of detecting and ex-

plaining what is thus written in secret characters.

Various kinds of ciphers have been invented—some more and some less difficult. The difficulty, however, does not consist in the *form* of the characters; for that is perfectly immaterial; and the letters of the common alphabet are just as difficult as any others, when once they are used in a signification different from the ordinary practice—as, for example, by making *G* to stand for *A*, *M* for *B*, *X* for *C*, &c. &c. or deranging their order in any other manner, according to the writer's fancy. The grand difficulty in deciphering is, when the writer, not content with a bare change of alphabet, has had recourse to some other device for the purpose of eluding detection. Several very ingenious contrivances of the kind may be seen in the *Encyclopædias*; and these require very considerable skill, with much patient labor, on the part of the decipherer. With such, however, I do not here meddle, but content myself with giving a few plain and simple directions, sufficient for the speedy detection of any ordinary cipher.

I. — The Characters.

First, examine and ascertain how many different marks stand for characters, and count how often each occurs. Next, observe that the vowels occur much oftener than the consonants.

Of the vowels, *E* occurs the most frequently: for, besides being (like the other vowels) an initial and middle letter, it often terminates words. The letter, therefore, which most frequently occurs, is certainly *E*.

II. — *Short Words.*

Many short words are easily detected, and help to discover each other.

If a *single letter* be a word, it generally is *A* or *I*, seldom *O*. — *A*, when detected, helps to discover *And*, *An*, *As*, *At*, *On*. — *On* discovers *Or* and *No*. — *No* discovers *Nor* and *Not*.

If a word of *two letters* often occur, it probably is *Of*, *Or*, *It*, or *Is*. Any one of these, once detected, leads to the detection of the others.

If a word of *three letters* frequently occur, it is, nearly to a certainty, *The* or *And*, which are found in almost every line, and are always to be suspected when we see a word of three letters often repeated. The former (*The*) is easily discovered by its terminating with a vowel, and helps to discover the latter (*And*). — *The*, moreover, naturally leads to the detection of *This*, *That*, *Then*, *Thy*, *Thine*, *To*, *He*, *Be*, *Me*, *We*, *Ye*, *She*.

Did and *Ere* are discovered by their first and last letters being the same.

For is easily discovered by means of *Or*, and helps to discover *From*.

If a word of *four letters* begin and end with the same letter, it most probably is *That* or *Hath*. Either of them, when detected, helps to discover the other.

If a word of *five letters* often occur, having the second and fifth letters the same, it, almost to a certainty, is *Which*; and this word, once detected, leads to the discovery of *Who*, *Whom*, *Whose*, *Why*, *What*, *When*, *Where*, *While*.

A careful application of the rules contained in the two preceding sections will be found amply sufficient for the detection of any ordinary cipher — that is to say, for the deciphering of any piece of manuscript merely written in a simple cipher, with the words properly spelled, and divided from each other. And, if the writer, by way of increasing the difficulty, has run on his words without division, still those same rules will lead to a detection. For, when once you have discovered the vowels, you have only to notice what consonants are most frequently placed immediately before or after them. If, for example, you observe the *E* to be several times preceded by the same two letters, you may pretty safely conclude them to be *TH*, making with it the word *The*. The same observation will apply to the other short words noticed in the second section.

The following directions may, on some occasions, prove further useful.

III. — *Initial Letters.*

Of vowels, *A* is the most frequent as an initial; *U* next; *E* and *I* equal; *O*, the least frequent.

Of consonants, *S* is by far the most frequent — more so even than any vowel. Next to *S*, the most common initials are *C*, *B*, *D*, *F*, *H*. — *P*, *T*, *W*, are pretty equal. — *G*, *L*, *M*, *N*, are not much less frequent than these — but *K*, *Q*, *X*, *Y*, *Z*, seldom occur at the beginning of English words.

The reason why *S* so frequently occurs as an initial, is, that ten of the consonants can follow it, viz.

C, H, K, L, M, N, P, Q, T, W*; whereas no other consonant can be immediately followed by above four or five†. *B*, for example, can be followed only by *L, R*—*C* by *H, L, R*—*D* by *R* alone—*F* by *L, R*—*G* by *L, R*, sometimes by *H, N*—*K* by *N* only—*H, L, M, N*, are followed only by vowels—*P* is followed by *H, L, R, S, T*—*Q* by no consonant, always by *U*—*R* by *H—T* by *H, R, W*—*W* by *H, R—Y* by no consonant—*Z* by none.

Where distinct characters are used for *J* and *V*, the *I* and *U* will less frequently occur as initials than *A, E, O*. This is certain at least of *U*, if not of *I*.

IV. — Second Letters.

Almost all the consonants can be followed by *R*; and, next to *R*, the most common second consonants are *L, H*.

The vowels may be followed by all the consonants, except *H*.

V. — Intermediate Letters.

Letters which cannot unite at the beginning of words, may often unite in the middle or end, as

B—Abdicate, Abhor, Objection, Lambkin, Absent, Obtain, Obnoxious.

C—Acknowledge, Acquit, Action.

* The reader will excuse the impropriety of calling *H* a consonant: I do it merely for convenience, to avoid circumlocution and repetition.

† I here and elsewhere speak of common English words, and hope the reader will not cavil with me for a few such exceptions, as *MNemosyne, YClept*, &c.

D—Adhere, Adjacent, Bodkin, Admit, Bundle, Goodness, Bedstead, Advise, Adze.

F—Afford, After.

G—Ugly, Augment, Hogsh-head.

H—Parchament,, Highness, Lightning.

K—Wrinkle.

L—Elbow, Alchymy, Elder, Selfish, Indulge, Talk, Elm, Helper, Already, Also, Alter, Always.

M—Umbrage, Comfort, Hamlet, Damn, Ample, Hamstring.

N—Unbend, Inconstant, Indeed, Infringe, Drink, Thinly, Inmate, Unpleasant, Conquest, Unravel, Unsaid, Into, Unwise.

P—Upbraid, Uphold, Upmost, Upwards.

R—Verbal, Urchin, Hardy, Surface, Urgent, Bark, Tarnish, Storm, Snarl, Carp, Worse, Marvel, Part.

S—Disband, Wisdom.

T—Witch, Butler, Nutmeg.

W—Lawful, Lowly, Browze.

X—Arle.

Z—Hazole.

VI. — Terminations.

The common terminations of short words are *D, E, L, M, N, P, R, S*—often *T* and *H*—seldom *A, I, or U*.

Long words commonly end in *LY, MENT, BLE, TION, NCE, or ENCY*, and are to be discovered by their syllables, in each of which there is always a vowel. They are likewise often detected by their terminations.

A—Pea, Sea, Tea, Plea, Yea, Flea.

E—Words innumerable.

I—Proper names, and words borrowed from the Latin or Ita-

lian, as *Delhi, Broccoli, Literati*.

O — *Also, Who, So, To, Too, Do, No, Go, Two, Lo, &c.* likewise proper names.

U — *You, Thou, Lieu,* and proper names.

C — *Catholic, Public, &c.*

X, Z — Some short words, and proper names.

B, F, G, H, K, W — Many short words.

D, L, M, N, R, S, T, Y, are very common terminations, especially S.

VII. — Duplicates.

Duplicates are very common. — E and O are often doubled, particularly in short words, as *Heed, Feed, Feel, Creep, Sleep, Seem, Food, Good, Fool, Blood, Flood, &c.*

A is rarely doubled; I and U never.

E is often doubled in the end, as *Agree, Fee, Flee, See, Thee, &c.* — O never, except in *Too, Woo, Coo, Cuckoo.*

The words that have duplicates in the beginning, are commonly of Latin or foreign derivation, and arise from the composition of these prepositions, *Ab, Ad* [ac, af, ag, al, ar] *Com* [col, con, cor] *In* [il, im, ir] *Ob* [op] *Sub* [sup, sur] *Inter*. Hence, there is no consonant, except H, K, Q, V, W, X, Z, which may not be found double in Latin words. There are, however, many duplicate consonants which are purely English, as in *Affright, Adder, Boggy, Stubborn, Hurry, Hammer, Gallows, Running, Dipped, Blessing, Fatten, Puzzle, &c.*

Duplicates are rare after the fifth or sixth letter of a word: they commonly occur at the se-

cond or third. They never begin a word, unless where V and J are expressed by the same characters as U and I, or in proper names, as *Lloyd* — except, however, *Eel, E'en, E'er, Ooze, Oozy.*

By composition, the duplicate is often thrown to a distance from the beginning of the word, as *Intermission, Counterplotting*; and sometimes by joining LY or NESS to an adjective, as *Lawful-ly, Sullen-ness, &c.*

Short words often end with duplicates, as *Kiss, Will, Shall, All, Add, Err, &c.*

If a long word end with a duplicate, it is commonly SS, as *Righteousness.*

VIII. — Words of four Letters, with Duplicates in the middle.

Abba, Adds, Ally, Anna, Anne
— *Beef, Been, Beer, Bees, Beet, Book, Boom, Boon, Boor, Boot*
— *Cook, Coop, Coot* — *Deed, Decm, Deep, Deer, Doom, Door*
— *Ebbs, Eddy, Eggs, Ells, Errs*
— *Feed, Feel, Fees, Fret, Food, Fool, Foot* — *Geer, Good* — *Heed, Heel, Hood, Hoof, Hook, Hoop, Hoot* — *Ills, Inns* — *Jeer* — *Keel, Keen, Keep* — *Leek, Leer, Lees, Look, Loom, Loon, Loop* — *Meek, Meet, Mood, Moon, Moor, Moot*
— *Need, Ne'er, Nook, Noon* — *Odds* — *Peel, Peep, Peer, Pool, Poop, Poor* — *Reed, Reef, Reek, Reel, Rood, Roof, Rook, Room, Root* — *Seed, Seek, Seem, Seen, Seer, Sees, Soon, Soot* — *Teem, Teen, Took, Tool* — *Weed, Week, Ween, Weep, Wood, Wool* — *Veer.*

I now present the fair reader with a specimen of common cipher, to serve as her first trial of

skill; from the result of which essay, she will clearly perceive that a simple cipher affords no security against detection, since it can so easily be deciphered.

Wa wg hx psmwusz cyf zegwz-
acpgunlk gu c vutxm ua yegsmx
gu legpo gox fxtxvurxixyg ua c
rvcyg um cy wyzxpq, wg lusvf hx
zgwv iumxzuuam gox gousjogav
cyf eggxygwtx rowvuzuroxm gu
legpo gox awinzg mckz ua wy-
gxvwxypx wy c powvf, cyf gox
awmzg xiugwayz ua gox oxcmg
wg ick rxmoerz hx puybxpgsmxf
locg e icy lww bx wy gox ixmw-
fwey ua owz vwax lk zgsfkwyj
wg fely iwjog wg yug octx hxy
dumxguf gox oxmpsvxz lusvf
zowyx c oxnu amui zxxwyj owi
zgmcjvx gox zxmrxygx wy owz
pmcfvx.

THE

ELVILLE FAMILY SECRETS.

A NOVEL.

[Continued from p. 76.]

ARDGOUR returned home, considering in what manner he might overcome so formidable a rival as Donald. Not that he suspected his fair friend was so devoid of penetration, as to harbour a favorable opinion of one who merited the reverse. A few minutes' reflection led him to dread more the pretensions of the unassuming amiable Randolph, his much-esteemed friend. He saw, with heart-felt anguish, should he succeed, what a blow he must

strike at the peace of one so much esteemed. Yet how could he avoid it? He was not such a novice in female dispositions, as not to discover the ascendancy he had gained over the affections of Elgiva, who was not insensible to the gifts nature had lavishly bestowed on him. His fascinating address had rendered him a welcome visitant in all circles, particularly those of the other sex. He was yet not a little indebted to his rank and fortune, as the only son and heir to extensive domains. Several wealthy families had already sought such an alliance, but had been refused. One in particular was anxious to gain his hand, and what was far more desirable, his fortune. But all the arts which human invention could suggest, did not effect what the simplicity and innate goodness of Elgiva had, unsought, attained. From the first interview she was conscious of the anxiety she was bringing on herself. — Perplexed in mind and solitary she spent her time much alone. Her mother and cousin Randolph in vain endeavoured to know the cause of such a change in her behaviour, which was apparent to every one. She answered the kind inquiries of the latter with a coldness that chilled his soul. He rightly divined the cause—her attachment to Lord Ardgour, which several circumstances suggested to him must be the case, as he visited more frequently at the house, and was so particular in his attention to her, that he never seemed to think of any one else present when she was near.

In the mean time the insidious observer of her conduct, and no less ardent lover, Donald, saw that if he did not pursue her

closely he must inevitably lose her. He was vain enough to think she could not refuse him, although every attempt of even addressing her with common civility drew forth expressions of downright contempt, so much she detested him and his fulsome assiduities. Finding his attentions had not the desired effect, he could hardly restrain his indignation within due bounds. The pride and malignity of his disposition were aroused, and he meditated revenge on his brother, whom he considered as the only obstacle to his wishes.

A secret acquaintance was carried on between Lord Ardgour and Elgiva. They often met in the most remote parts of the adjacent woods, unperceived by any person of their respective families. They breathed out their vows of mutual constancy and affection: each determined to form no tender connexion again, if by some unforeseen disaster they should be deprived of each other: even the penetrating eye of the Countess did not discover their retreat; although suspicions that Elgiva did not continually pursue her rambles alone. With her Randolph was a great favorite. He inherited from his father all that sense of honor which distinguished his race, the pride of his country and friends. How then, as her nephew, the son of a much-loved sister, could he be otherwise? Constantly was one in the presence of Elgiva, bestowing the warmest eulogiums on his exalted character, wishing to raise him in the esteem of her daughter, as the first wish she had on earth was to see her united to a man so deserving, capable of discovering her many great and good quali-

ties, and treating her accordingly.

One evening when the Countess was engaged with a party of friends Elgiva stole out, unperceived, to meet Ardgour in a distant part of the woods; they had just seated themselves very gently under the spreading branches of a venerable oak, conversing on their unfortunate destiny in thus being compelled to seek the society of each other in such a clandestine manner, when Randolph and Donald passed very near in apparent serious discourse. The gentle breeze of the evening wafted to their ears sufficient to convince them of the subject of their conversation: Donald urged his birthright as strengthening his claim to Elgiva. Randolph said his prior attachment certainly gave him most reason to hope; but must refer it to his cousin's good sense for a decision; assured that no interest would lead her to act contrary to her inclinations. — 'But,' added he with apparent uneasiness in his look and manner, 'much I fear neither of us are fortunate enough to gain the good opinion of such excellence.'

They now turned toward the spot where they were seated, but each so involved in thought as not to see Lord Ardgour spring up with the greatest rapidity, and dart into the thick shades of the forest to avoid discovery, leaving the trembling Elgiva to the care of her cousins. She kept her seat in hope of hearing more of their sentiments, when the sudden alteration of Donald's ferocious countenance, distorted by anger, alarmed her for the fate of the generous Randolph. She had half determined to rush forward

and surprise them ; but ere this determination was put into execution, Donald, highly exasperated, turned his footsteps towards home, thereby removing her fears for Randolph's safety, who, pondering on his hopeless passion, walked towards the tree under which Elgiva was seated, and threw himself on the spot Ardgour had just left before he perceived his cousin. Thunderstruck to find her thus alone, in so dreary a place, he paused for a few moments to overcome his surprise. At length, as the long-wished for moment had arrived, he determined, at all events, to know whether he was to hope for a return of his love, or be consigned to the corroding anguish of seeing her in possession of another. —

‘Why is my fair cousin thus alone this evening, silent and solitary, as usual?’ said he, endeavouring to stammer out an apology for intruding himself on her seclusion — ‘Long have I waited for an opportunity, which fortune has now favored me with, to know the state of that heart I fear I have sought in vain to obtain. I am above dissimulation. Does my fair cousin feel enough interested in my fate to share with me the pleasures, or rather alleviate the cares of life? Though much I fear I have not been fortunate enough to gain those affections I would have given worlds, had I possessed them, to obtain. I fear some more happy being has succeeded in his wishes, and left me to despair. If to ingenuously confess it, rely on my generosity, however painful may be the task, I will resign my pretensions, and endeavour to promote your happiness, though in so doing I forfeit

my own. My affection is of a peculiar nature; if I see the object of it happy, I will not repine; I have revealed my passion for you to your much-esteemed mother, she approves of it. She doubted my success, saying, she had long perceived a great alteration in you, and was hurt at your want of confidence in not revealing the cause to her.’

Elgiva was so overpowered by various emotion, that she could not utter a syllable. Much as she admired the excellence of Randolph, the fascinating Ardgour had so far ingratiated himself into her good graces, that she could think but of him. Her reflection would sometimes intrude, and show her how much it would hurt her mother, thus to ruin the peace of mind of a man she so much esteemed, and, perhaps, not benefit herself. Then again the sincere affection she entertained for Ardgour would predominate; his amiable qualities, all combined, obliterated every other consideration. She therefore answered with tears in her eyes, and a countenance that indicated her sensations — ‘My invaluable friend, for such I shall ever consider you; but’ here she paused. Randolph knew what conclusion to draw from those words. — Again she falteringly resumed, ‘I know the generous and noble disposition of your heart, but cannot for worlds make any return of that passion which I fear you have cherished too long for one so unworthy of it.’ — Donald came in sight and prevented any farther conversation on that subject. Elgiva was confused, which he attributed to the preference shown his brother. Enraged beyond de-

scription he cast on them a fiend-like look, and hurried away without speaking.

Nothing particular occurred on their way home: Elgiva spoke little, Randolph less, occupied by his thoughts not altogether very satisfactory. The countess met them at the door happy to see them together, thinking it might be a premeditated plan. Elgiva retired to her chamber early to avoid conversation which she could not endure, fearing it might turn on a subject she of all others wished to be silent on, at least till an opportunity offered of avowing her passion for Ardour.

In a few days after she was astonished to hear Randolph say he intended to go to England, without assigning any particular reason. She knew herself must be the cause of the unsettled state of his mind, yet could not possibly by any means render it more tranquil, without sacrificing her own happiness. To consider on what path to pursue she took her accustomed evening walk. Before she returned, she met with Ardour, with whom she had a very long conference. Impatient of delay, and fearing the vengeance of her cousin Donald, he gained her consent, though very reluctantly, to elope with him to some distant country, and there enjoy, unmolested, that happiness denied them in their own.

She returned home more tranquil than she had been some time; Randolph received her with a significant countenance, hoping she had had a pleasant walk, not doubting it could be otherwise with so charming a companion. She answered in an indifferent manner, and no farther notice was

taken. The next morning was fixed for his departure. He demanded a few minutes' conversation with her, previous to a long journey which he was going to take. This she could not deny; it was solicited in so unassuming a manner. He, as a kind of preliminary, expatiated on the virtues of his mother and aunt, saying, how sorry he was he could not see their first wishes accomplished in a union of their families. 'But as it is so decreed,' added he, with a heart-felt sigh, 'I must submit. I am no stranger, my fair cousin, to the interview between you and my much-esteemed friend Ardour; that does not lessen him in my good opinion, though he for ever robs me of all I can tenderly love. Had I been in his situation I must have acted so too. It will not in the least diminish that sincere regard I must ever entertain for him. I am sorry to be under the disagreeable necessity of cautioning you against my own brother Donald. He says, whoever obtains your hand shall not long remain in quiet possession of it. He has threatened me, because he thinks I, by gaining your good opinion, have injured him in your esteem. It is useless saying more. When the brave, the gallant Ardour is made your legal protector, what can you want beside? Why do I address you on such a subject so injurious to my peace? Should you ever want my humble assistance I will fly to the remotest part of the globe, if you require it. I will protect the person of your choice at the hazard of my life. Adieu, fair cousin, I must resign you, though Heaven only knows how reluctantly. With you all hope of happiness vanishes,

but I must submit, and endeavour to forget my own misery in the idea of your bliss. May every blessing attend you! In other regions I will pray for your happiness. — My afflicted mother shall not see the unhappiness of her son; I must remain an exile from my native country; yet will I not conceal the place of my retreat from your intended husband. Surely he will sometimes so far commiserate my distress as to favor me with a line, to satisfy my inquiries concerning your health and prosperity, which will always be the first care on my mind. No other female can ever supply your place in my affections; for satisfied I am that I can never find your equal. And now farewell! I have loved to enthusiasm, but that sense is for ever dried up in my bosom, except for you. I shall not disconcert the unruffled serenity of my friend's breast by bidding him adieu, nor by drawing from him any explanation of his conduct I know all but too well. I make every allowance for his apparent unkindness, and I wish him sincerely that happiness he cannot but enjoy in your society.' — He then took her hand and hastily pressed it to his heart, cast on her a lingering look, and hasted away, not without drawing tears from her eyes, at his uneasiness, which she could not alleviate. He took an affectionate leave from his mother and aunt, saying, he was going a long journey, which motives of delicacy, for the present, made him keep the cause of secret. Elgiva was deeply affected. She saw what anguish she brought on her whole family. Her mother in vain implored her to reveal the cause of her mysterious

behaviour; she answered only by her tears, and her mother relinquished her entreaties.

[To be continued.]

The INTRIGUING VALET. A COMEDY.

[Continued from p. 270.]

SCENE VI.

Tamarini, Lepine.

Lepine. HERE am I, Sir.

Tamarini. Come here, (*observing his medical gown lying on an arm chair*). What does that gown do there? I no longer want it.

Lepine. Oh! I had forgotten. (*Carries it into a closet*).

Tamarini. Let me look at the list. (*Looks over a paper lying on his desk*). We have not had many customers this morning.

Lepine. No, Sir, I am afraid your enemies have too much succeeded in their endeavours to cry down your specific.

Tamarini. Impossible! — Besides I have certain means of bringing it again into vogue: I have only to renew my quarrel with the faculty. The more noise that makes, the more my fame and profit will increase. But we will say no more of that now — Lepine, you are a lad of good sense, and I believe you are attached to my interests. I wish to consult you on an affair of great importance — I have determined to marry. What would you advise me?

Lepine. You are determined, you say?

Tamarini. Absolutely.

Lepine. It is a settled thing?

Tamarini. Yes.

Lepine. Very well, Sir, then I advise you to marry.

Tamarini. Well! And now who do you think I ought to choose?

Lepine. O! Sir, that is according to your taste.

Tamarini. Oh! doubtless, but yet....

Lepine. If she be handsome, she will betray you; if she be ugly, she will disgust you; if she be rich, she will be your mistress; if she be poor, she will ruin you — Choose yourself.

Tamarini. Oh! my choice is made — I intend to marry Lucilla.

Lepine. Lucilla!

Tamarini. Yes, Lucilla; and you see with her I have none of those inconveniences to fear. She has been well brought up: she is prudent, modest, timid; she is innocence and gentleness themselves.

Lepine. To be sure! But velvet paws have got claws.

Tamarini. Do you think then I am to blame to choose her for my wife?

Lepine. Oh Heavens! no. But girls are so giddy.

Tamarini. Certainly, they sometimes are.

Lepine. They are so frivolous, and have such a bad taste, that they prefer a well-made sprightly young man to an old rich curmudgeon, jealous, peevish, ill-humored....

Tamarini. (*Angrily*). And, pray, if you please, whom do you mean by this old, jealous, peevish curmudgeon?

Lepine. O dear, Sir, you never

can imagine this picture resembles you. What an idea! In the first place I cannot say you are jealous; for I never knew you have either mistress or wife; and as for peevishness, it is true you have occasional fits of passion, in which you send us all to the devil. But this does not happen above four or five times a day; and every one has his little defects. As to your age....

Tamarini. I own I am no longer in my spring.

Lepine. No, nor in your autumn; but what does that signify while you are in good health?

Tamarini. What, indeed? There are many men younger than I am by twenty years....

Lepine. Who have not better health; yes, I admit that.

Tamarini. It is the effect of my universal antidote.

Lepine. There is only one thing to fear, and that is, that your wife should have no more faith in a medicine of which she does not stand in need, than in the physician who ought to be useful to her. But you will doubtless supply this defect by lenitives always efficacious and suitable to the constitution of a young woman.

Tamarini. What do you mean?

Lepine. I mean that you will let her enjoy a prudent liberty, that you will take care to anticipate her wishes, to satisfy her fancies, to indulge her in her caprices, by way of indemnification.

Tamarini. Fancies! caprices! I hope she will have none of them. And I have chosen her young and without fortune, to enable me to mould her to my own fashion; to make her a perfect woman.

Lepine. A perfect woman! Yes; a very fine scheme; unluckily to complete it requires some time, and you have none to lose.

Tamarini. I see you endeavour to put me out of conceit with marriage, but all your talking and all your jeers shall not prevent my marrying Lucilla this very day. I know that one Dorville makes pretensions to her, and I intend to take advantage of his absence. Madam Dallin is gone to her notary. He promised to draw out the contract this morning; and I expect him here with it immediately for me to sign it.

Lepine. (Aside). All is lost.

Tamarini. What?

Lepine. I say, you have done right.

Tamarini. O here comes Madam Dallin.

SCENE VII.

Madam Dallin, Tamarini, Lepine.

Tamarini. Well, Madam!

Madam Dallin. Well, Sir; every thing is done according to your wishes.

Tamarini. Where is the notary?

Madam Dallin. He cannot come just now, but here is the minute of the contract. As soon as we have signed it we must send to him; and he will bring it us to-morrow copied in proper form.

Tamarini. Come, then, let us sign it — But where is Miss Lucilla?

Madam Dallin. Never mind her, I have settled every thing with her — Come

Lepine. (Aside). Has she signed! — What madness! — or what weakness!

Madam Dallin. It is true she made some difficulty.

Tamarini! Difficulty!

Madam Dallin. Yes; like a child — She is so young — Modesty, timidity — Besides, I know by experience that one cannot pass suddenly from a state of innocence to another so serious without a certain emotion. She feels, as you may suppose, a flutter of the spirits, an agitation.

Tamarini. (Eagerly). You alarm me. I must fly to her assistance.

Madam Dallin. Don't be uneasy. It is all over now.

Tamarini. It does not signify. *(To Lepine).* Here, Lepine, take and carry this paper to the notary and return immediately. I must go and sooth my dear little wife.

Lepine. (Aside). His dear little wife! an old fool! — He has not got her yet.

(Exeunt Madam Dallin and Tamarini.)

SCENE VIII.

Lepine, alone, putting the Contract into his pocket.

Luckily, I am in possession of this contract — And so Lucilla is to be a victim sacrificed to money! — But how could she bring herself to sign it? Ah! the convent, the convent — there was the rub! — When I write to Mr. Dorville and inform him of all this, he will lose his wits — How! who is this coming? By Heavens! Dorville himself.

SCENE IX.

*Dorville, Lepine.**Dorville.* Well, my honest Lepine, what news? what news?*Lepine.* News? Why the most extraordinary I think, is that you are here.*Dorville.* I could no longer resist my impatience. I had scarcely sent off my letter when I mounted my horse. I had no doubt of the heart of Lucilla, I relied on the word of Madam Dallin, and yet I was distracted with the most intolerable uneasiness.*Lepine.* A natural presentiment! very natural! — especially when you were absent. Why have you been so long absent?*Dorville.* My journey was indispensable.*Lepine.* You should have used more expedition.*Dorville.* I was detained in despite of all I could do. The opening the will — searching the papers — taking an inventory — However, I set out yesterday evening, and have galloped all night without stopping any where.*Lepine.* How long have you been arrived?*Dorville.* Not more than three hours.*Lepine.* Three hours! And why did you not come here instantly?*Dorville.* How could I make my appearance in such a dirty undress? And three hours more or less ...*Lepine.* Are every thing, sometimes.*Dorville.* What do you mean? I explained to Lucilla in my letter the cause of my delay.*Lepine.* And you addressed your letters to Madam Dallin?*Dorville.* To be sure. Considering the terms on which we are, all secresy is unnecessary.*Lepine.* She does not seem to think so. Oh, she is a very prudent woman.*Dorville.* I do not understand you.*Lepine.* She has not said a word to Lucilla.*Dorville.* Impossible!*Lepine.* I do not know whether it is possible or not, but it is so.*Dorville.* How! Madam Dallin!*Lepine.* Lucilla has been alarmed; — in the utmost distress — in despair. — She believed you either dead or inconstant.*Dorville.* Indeed!*Lepine.* Yes, indeed. Will you permit me to tell you what I know?*Dorville.* Proceed.*Lepine.* It is something that ought to be divulged with the greatest caution, for fear of causing a revolution.*Dorville.* Explain yourself.*Lepine.* If you please. I will then relate to you at length all that has passed in your absence.*Dorville.* Be brief, you rascal, be brief.*Lepine.* Oh! we have time now, it is useless to hurry ourselves.*Dorville.* Will you make an end?*Lepine.* You know that you have now been gone six weeks. You know that when you went Lucilla desired you not to be long absent; and you know*Dorville.* Yes, yes, to be sure, I know all that. Now to the fact.

Lepine. Well, then, the fact is that Mr. Tamarini has fallen in love with Lucilla and solicited her hand; that her mother-in-law has granted it from interested motives, and that Lucilla has been made to consent by force, and that they have signed the contract to-day.

Dorville. To-day!

Lepine. At the very time when you were employed in dressing yourself.

Dorville. How! Can Lucilla!....

Lepine. I proposed to her an expedient, but decency — honor — her reputation — it seems, forbid.

Dorville. I feel that I love her still, perfidious as she is. As for the odious rival who deprives me of her, he shall not long enjoy his triumph.

Lepine. What madness! Think a little more calmly.

Dorville. You would have me calmly look on? No, he shall die by my hand.

Lepine. Surely, you might more easily take another revenge.

Dorville. What kind of a man is this Mr. Tamarini? Is he brave?

Lepine. As a mouse. He has, however, killed several people.

Dorville. How?

Lepine. With his medicine.

Dorville. Where is he?

Lepine. With his wife?

Dorville. His wife! That word rekindles all my fury. I must speak to him.

Lepine. Oh! Sir.

Dorville. I am resolved.

Lepine. Stop one moment. The contract is signed it is true, but there is one small ceremony wanting, as you know, to complete the marriage. — Here is the copy of the contract.

Dorville. The copy of the contract? Give it to me.

Lepine. Be satisfied: it shall not go out of my hands. — Hear me. I will go and inform Lucilla of your arrival, prevail on her to grant you an interview for a moment. I shall then leave it to you to persuade her to go off with you.

Dorville. That is well contrived? but what shall we do for money?

Lepine. Have you none?

Dorville. I set out with such precipitation that.... Besides how could I foresee what has happened?

Lepine. It is, however, absolutely necessary.

Dorville. A thought has just struck me — I will make Tamarini supply me with some.

Lepine. Tamarini! (*starts with surprise*).

Dorville. Leave me to manage it. Go and tell him that a young man is waiting for him to consult him. Fear nothing.

Lepine. Faith! here he is. Be careful.

Dorville. Make all haste and inform Lucilla.

[*To be continued.*]

THE
UNFORTUNATE LOVERS.

A TALE.

BY WYNDHAM FOOT JAMES.

[Part the First.]

Duty demands the parents' voice
Should sanctify the daughter's choice;
In that is due obedience shown;
To choose belongs to her alone.

MOORE.

AT a delightful retirement near a genteel town in Hampshire, lived Mr. Whatley, a gentleman of small fortune, but illustrious family. Early in life he married a beautiful and accomplished woman, who, soon after giving birth to a lovely daughter, sought the realms of eternal and everlasting rest! Mr. Whatley was almost inconsolable at the loss of his amiable partner, whom he had ever loved with the tenderest affection; but time, that extirpator of sorrow, terminated his grief, and he again suffered himself to be bound in the chains of hymen. Alas! what a different character was the first, contrasted with the second Mrs. Whatley! The latter a complete Pandora; her exterior was beautiful, her manners soft and insinuating, whilst her mind was obscured by every depraved and wretched foible. She essayed to prejudice Mr. Whatley against his amiable daughter, and peremptorily commanded him to discard the governess, and send Elvina to a public seminary. Remonstrances were totally unregarded; the lovely child was accordingly taken to the metropolis, and put under the care and tuition of Mrs. Lloyd, a lady of many

virtues and superior accomplishments. Elvina, as she inherited the vigorous faculties of her angelic mother, soon made an astonishing progress in every branch of polite literature and useful knowledge. She acquired with facility, and indeed almost intuitively, all those accomplishments which are necessary for ladies, in half the time that is usually spent in such acquisitions by the generality of her sex. Scarcely had she reached her eighteenth year, when her beloved preceptress was consigned to the tomb. Consequently Mr. Whatley arrived in town, and carried his daughter to the villa. Enmity and malignity rankled in the bosom of his wife, when she beheld the transcendent beauty of Elvina. She had not seen her since her first removal. Her elegance of form surpassed even the productions of the art of a Guido. She was tall, and formed by the finest hand of nature. Her complexion rivalled the snowy whiteness of the lily. Her eyes were black as jet, fringed with long silken auburn lashes, which looked extremely soft and feminine, and peculiarly fascinating. Her nose was a handsome aquiline, and rather prominent. Her cheeks transcended the loveliest bloom of the peach-blossom. Her mouth was a portal of coral, ranged with teeth whiter than pearls. A profusion of glossy auburn tresses shaded her fine countenance, which, I may say without exaggeration, was as beautiful as was ever gazed on by mortal.

Nature had been very sparing of her endowments, both personal and mental, to Mrs. Whatley's children (she had three sons and two daughters), and Elvina's

beauty totally eclipsed the few graces which they possessed. Of this their mother was fully apprized, and it augmented her antipathy towards the lovely Elvina.

While at school Miss Whatley contracted an intimacy with *Marianne Crofton* (they were coevals at *Mrs. Lloyd's*), and a friendship was cemented betwixt them on a basis more permanent than juvenile friendships usually are. Often Elvina begged leave of her father to pass a few weeks at *Willowdale*, the seat of *Mrs. Crofton*; he always granted her request, well knowing what indignities she received from her mother-in-law, and her brothers and sisters. The only happiness experienced by Elvina was in visiting the amiable *Croftons*.

Augustus (*Mrs. Crofton's* only son), was a noble, ingenuous, and accomplished youth; he was likewise elegant in his person, and graceful in his demeanour. Often would the tear of commiserating sympathy gem his fine and intelligent eyes at hearing the relation of the sorrows of Elvina. Frequently would he carelessly wander with her and his beloved sister in the umbrageous walks at their elysian residence, whilst he listened enraptured to the refined and judicious conversation of Miss Whatley. He ardently and zealously adored her; and at length

‘He declar’d his love;
She own’d his merit, nor refus’d his hand.
And shall not Hymen light his brightest torch
For this delighted pair?’

But, alas! how evanescent is all sublunary happiness! This was fully experienced by the amiable *Augustus* and Elvina; for their

bliss passed like morning clouds, and, as the dew, it vanished away. The torch of Hymen, the smiles of Cupid, and the loves of Venus, were exchanged by the ignominious and flagitious circumvention of a parent, for melancholy and despair, and finally for the sable apparatus of the tomb.

A newly-created baronet, who had signalized himself by his bravery and military prowess, and who had accumulated an immense fortune in India, came to reside about three miles distant from *Mr. Whatley*, with whom he soon became intimately acquainted. *Sir Lancelot Jarrett*, though he was so eminently conspicuous on the theatre of life, was not possessed of any signal virtues; in fact, he was a licentious and abandoned libertine. This gentleman frequently saw Miss Whatley at her father's, and became greatly enamoured of her beauty and graceful elegance. After some short time, he avowed his passion. She politely rejected his suit, and obliquely intimated a prior engagement. The baronet, however, was not so easily to be repulsed; he complained to *Mr. Whatley* of his daughter's inflexibility, and entreated him to intercede in his favor, at the same time assuring him, that if he could obtain her consent, he would procure lucrative situations for his two youngest sons in India.

This was too advantageous an offer to be rejected. *Mr. Whatley* courteously thanked the baronet, and promised to devise every mean in his power to effect an alteration in Elvina's sentiments. Elated with ideas of ambitious prospects, this infatuated parent sought his daughter's presence,

and began descanting on the grandeur and eminence to which she was to be raised. The lovely Elvina heard him with tacit chagrin, whilst her soul was harrowed in dismay, and her speech was quite suspended. But ere he quitted the room, she recovered the faculty of utterance, and, bursting into tears, avowed her unalienable affection for Augustus.

‘You must implicitly submit to my wishes, Elvina,’ said Mr. Whatley. ‘I will not hear such nugatory and romantic nonsense. Sir Lancelot has promised that, if you will consent to be his, he will procure places of great emolument for Alfred and Rupert; and would you not wish to see your relatives advantageously situated?’

‘And would my father,’ answered the beauteous girl, ‘wish me to sacrifice my peace for sordid lucre, and purchase those aggrandisements, of which you, alas! speak so earnestly, at the expence and forfeiture of my happiness? I wish to see my brothers and sisters eligibly situated, and would do any thing for them, consistent with my own tranquillity; but I cannot, indeed, comply with your present request.’

‘Absurd and preposterous girl!’ rejoined the father, ‘the baronet has made you an offer of his hand, and I peremptorily avow that you must accept it. When accompanied by a splendid retinue, and every pageantry that wealth can procure, you will despise the abject equipage of Crofton, and will bless the hour in which you became Lady Jarrett. Think, my dear girl,’ continued he, relaxing his asperity, ‘that I admonish you for your advantage; and will

you, who have ever been dutiful and obedient, refuse me this my most earnest request?’

‘Alas! Sir,’ returned the weeping Elvina, ‘if it will add to your happiness, I forego my own peace, and submit; but quiet and repose will, ever afterward, be strangers to this perturbed bosom. I despise and disregard ostentation and splendor. Ah! how infinitely more happy should I be at Willowdale, blest with the society of Augustus, than in the gorgeous castle of Jarrett! Can I absolve those vows I have given Mr. Crofton? Will he not accuse me of instability and fickleness? Were my dear mother alive, would she thus endeavour to counteract my inclination? Ah! no, she would approve my choice, and grant me her benediction. Oh, my father! urge me not to inextricable misery.’

These last words softened Mr. Whatley, and he was retiring in disconcerted silence to the window, when the door burst open, and Mrs. Whatley entered, saying: ‘But know, Madam, that I am now your mother, and, as such, will exercise *my* authority. Be assured, that ere another week elapses, *you* shall be the wife of Sir Lancelot.’

Elvina essayed to reply, but her tears and extreme perturbation prevented her. Mr. Whatley said not a word, being constrained to submit to his wife’s caprice and petulance. This diabolical and virulent woman instigated him to confine his daughter, and to dissemble sickness, as proceeding from the effects of her contumaciousness, until she assented to their proposals. The lovely girl was prohibited pen, ink, and paper; she could therefore neither send to

her friend Marianne, nor to her beloved Augustus.

Mr. Whatley feigned indisposition so extremely well, that the unsuspecting and credulous Elvina thought her inexorableness had brought him to the verge of the grave.

The baronet, in the mean time, was a constant visitor. He was apprized of the deception, and, with Mrs. Whatley, frequently implored the almost-distracted girl to save the life of her father. She was at length overcome by their importunate persuasions, and, in bitterness of sorrow and anguish, consented to become the wife of Jarrett. 'But,' said she, addressing these obdurate demons, 'ere the direful ceremony is solemnised, suffer me to write to my friends at Willow-dale, to exculpate my reprehensible and unjustifiable conduct, as they will most assuredly think it.' This request Mrs. Whatley at first refused compliance with; but her fertile and sophistical mind suggested, that she could easily suppress the letter, and, with malign pleasure, she consented. Accordingly, the sorrowful and dejected Elvina wrote to the amiable youth of her most ardent affection the subsequent words:—

'ERE this unconnected epistle reaches my once-beloved Augustus—once beloved!—ah!—I shall be the miserable wife of Sir Lancelot Jarrett, a man whom I abominate and despise. Oh, Augustus! I was constrained to this detested union. Ah! think it not my own choice! My poor father, had I not consented, would have descended to the grave—would to heaven I were there!—Here I shall never more know rest. Tell

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my dear Marianne that I still love her as a sister. She will, I know, with her amiable brother, bemoan the sad destiny of their once-blest Elvina. Oh, Augustus! we must now forget each other, and commit all that is past to oblivion. I wish not to exist, and hope soon to be numbered with the silent dead:—and ah! dear youth,

'When I'm laid low in the cold grave
forgotten,
May you be happy in a lovely fair one,
But none can ever love you like Elvina.'

'Adieu, Augustus!—I will not say for ever; for soon shall we meet in heaven, emancipated from frail and mortal nature, and our then happy spirits will unite, to be parted no more! This reflection will, I hope, assuage the grief of your faithful breast. Once more adieu! farewell!

'ELVINA.'

This letter was given to Mrs. Whatley, who solemnly assured the hapless writer, that it should, by the next post, be sent to Willow-dale: but, when she had left the presence of Elvina, this worthless woman broke it open, and, after reading the contents, consigned it to the flames!

Lidney, June 6.

[To be concluded in our next]

CONSTANTIA.

A FRAGMENT.

THE mingled glow of indignation and contempt suffused the

2 S

countenance of Constantia, as, 'severe in youthful beauty,' she stood, like an accusing spirit, before the gilded couch of her destroyer. She fixed her dark eyes on him with an undefinable expression, whilst the guilty Monterina shrunk from the gaze of one whom his conscience told him he had undone for ever. Smitten with the exquisite beauty of Constantia, he had seduced her from her native home, and for some time revelled with her in all the luxuries of dissipation, till, cloyed with possession, he left the wretched maid to want and misery. Constantia knew no medium between love and hatred; the former slighted, had given way to the latter, and horror and disgust was all she now felt for the object she had once so fondly loved. Fired by revenge, and stung by a sense of her shame, she sought him in his own castle, where she saw him surrounded by his wife and lovely offspring. What a pang did this sight inflict on her bursting heart! It told her that her fame was irretrievably lost; it told her that the heart which she once so fondly believed was hers alone, belonged to another. She folded her arms on her white bosom as she stood before him, as if to check it's convulsive throbbings. Monterino first found words — 'Lost, undone girl!' he exclaimed, 'ruin seeks thee here; why dost thou haunt me? Begone; leave my castle, ere thy shame and disgrace is exposed; leave me, I say,' cried he, attempting in vain to rise, for he could not bear the horror of her fixed gaze, it chained him to the spot. — 'I go,' she murmured in low tones: 'I go,' she whispered, bending over him, 'to meditate on revenge and death! Remem-

ber, Monterino, I seek revenge and death!' A convulsive smile distorted her features, and she glided slowly out of the apartment. Monterino would have arrested her steps, but he found the attempt vain; he sunk back on the couch, a faint trembling took possession of his limbs. Vainly he tried to shake off the unmanly lassitude which unnerved him — it was a presentiment of approaching evil. The parting words of Constantia rung in his ears — 'Revenge and death!' seemed to vibrate through the chamber. Unable to bear the conflicting emotions which agitated him, he covered his face with his hands, and remained for some time in painful reverie. From this he was aroused by a servant, who summoned him to the banquet. He descended into the great hall, where his beautiful wife graced the festive board. With a bewitching smile she chid him for his delay, and taking a goblet from the table, pledged him, then drinking part of it's contents, she handed the rest to him, and bid him finish it. He was going to comply with her request, when the goblet fell from her hand; he beheld a livid hue overspread her blooming cheeks, and uttering 'poison!' dropped from her chair. Monterino caught her in her arms. The domestics fled to the assistance of their beloved mistress, but vainly endeavoured to restore her; her pure spirit had fled to happier regions, and nought now remained but the inanimated clay. Long would Monterino have hung in agony over the body, had not a piercing scream, which echoed through the castle, recalled his wandering senses. He listened — it was the voice of his children's attendants. Unknowing

what to fear, yet dreading still greater misery, he hurried up the stair-case, and rushed into their apartment — Heavens! what a sight for a father to behold! He saw the victim of his libertine arts hanging over the blood-stained couch of innocence — he beheld his eldest hope, the heir of all his father's honors, writhing in the agonies of death! — he beheld his youngest darling, with one little hand entwined in the chesnut tresses of his murderess, clinging to her bosom, as if to implore her pity. With frenzied haste, Monterino rushed forward to save him — it was too late — the poniard was hidden a second time in the pure stream of innocence; his cherub hand loosened it's hold, and the bleeding babe fell on the stiffening corpse of his brother. — Constantia gloried in her bloody triumph; she gazed with an eye of exultation on the red stain which covered her garments; she gazed on the statue-like form of her seducer with a dreadful pleasure — 'This is thy blood!' she screamed in thrilling tones of horror; 'this flows from thy veins — Monterino, I am revenged. And now one more blow, and the scene of my guilt will be closed for ever. Ere her hand could be stopped, the reeking instrument of death was sheathed in her bosom. The dagger's point reached her heart — her spirit flew to the tribunal of her Creator with all her crimes upon her head, a victim to her unchecked passions! Madness seized the brain of Monterino — he died in a dreadful delirium of phrensy, cursing himself, and the being whom he was the cause of destroying. So fell the noble house of Monterino — it's blood-stained walls

remain a melancholy monument of the instability of human grandeur.

F. I.

Exeter.

ON THE DISCONTENTS OF MANKIND.

'Know then this truth — Enough for
man to know,
Virtue alone is happiness below.'

LIFE is one continued state of restless inquietude to most mortals. Few, very few there are who see the happiness they enjoy, and do not repine against the will of Heaven, and wantonly sigh for that which they suppose others to possess. In the pursuit of felicity, nine out of ten lose the substance to embrace the shadow. The nobleman, possessed of an extensive estate and ample fortune, sighs for the humble and (in his opinion) happy state of the shepherd swain. The poor man repines against fortune, for not giving him a share in those treasures, which he so liberally dispenses to some of his rich neighbours, and laments that he was not born to the greatness which awaits the peer.

The sailor, fighting the enemies of his country far from home, and from his relatives, sighs for his native clime, the wife of his affections, and a little cottage on shore.

The ambitious priest, not unfrequently forgetting the duties of his holy function, sighs for the fame of an Alexander, and declares the natural bent of his inclination was mistaken by his pa-

rents, and that the army was the only field he should gain applause in. Thus we all sigh for something which we do not possess, and the moment we obtain it we disregard it.

Even kings, the envied of the whole world, are not contented with their lot. Their heads are adorned with the down-lined crown, but their hearts are the seat of despair. Surrounded by a crowd of flatterers and courtiers, they know not whom to trust. Many a moment of serious reflection, many a heart-rending pang, must that man feel, who knows not where he has a true friend. He will envy the contented state of the careless ship-boy, or the poor rude shepherd.

As the Almighty only meant this sublunary world to be a state of probation for us, is it not wicked, is it not ungrateful, to be always murmuring at our untoward fate? It is, certainly it is, almost unpardonable for every individual to be repining at his lot.

Happiness, which all aim at, but few attain, consists in virtue only. A virtuous person possesses a natural goodness of heart, and an universal wish to do good; but to point out where the heavenly plant happiness grows, or in what state of life it most flourishes, is beyond the power of my pen to express.

Plant of celestial seed, if dropp'd below,
Say in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow.

G. J.

E—n m.

ON FALSE EMULATION.

THERE is nothing affords more frequent occasions of ridicule than that false emulation which reigns among most men, by which they study rather to win respect than to deserve esteem. There is this difference, however, between the qualities of the head and those of the heart—the pains we take to cultivate the former are often to no purpose; but labor on the latter is never lost. This is a plain direction given us by nature herself which way we ought chiefly to turn our application. The endeavour to be good never fails to produce goodness; but the endeavour to be witty or polite, very often produces folly and affectation.

OBSERVATION

BY THE LATE

HORACE WALPOLE, LORD ORFORD.

IT is prudent in a writer to consult others before he ventures on publication; but every single person is as liable to be erroneous as an author. An elderly man, as he gains experience, acquires prejudices too; nay, old age has generally two faults—it is too quick-sighted into the faults of the time being, and too blind to the faults that reigned in his own youth; which having partaken of, or having admired, though injudiciously, he recollects with complaisance.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

A TRIBUTARY TEAR

TO THE

MEMORY OF MARIA.

FOR some years past, the Author of the following Stanzas has been compelled, from motives of bad health, to relinquish all intercourse with the world: and being now retired to an obscure village, he accidentally became acquainted with the lovely child, whose loss he so much deplores. — He was singularly struck with her fascinating manners, as well as with the exquisite beauty and elegance of her person, and soon discovered in her tender mind the dawnings of superior genius and the most endearing virtues.

Pleased at the idea of contributing his mite towards the education of this sweet little favorite of nature, who, if God had spared her life, would have proved a rich and valuable ornament to society, he encouraged her visits, and devoted a small portion of time, every day, to her instruction, with the most flattering success. — But he became peculiarly interested in the fate of this dear little angel, when he learned that she was abandoned by her paternal grandfather, the person to whom she had a right to look up for all the comforts that fortune can bestow. — Her premature death, being only in the seventh year of her age, gave rise to the following lines, which plead no claims to poetic merit. They were an attempt to soothe the feelings of the Author, by simply portraying some of the features of a child, so interesting, so universally beloved and regretted.

1.

WHAT presage scares my slumb'ring
head!

What mournful tidings reach my bed!

Ah! is thy gentle spirit fled,

Maria!

2.

On Angel's wings 'tis borne away

Rejoicing, to celestial day!

Thy friends to grief are left a prey,

Maria!

3.

And yet why grieve for thee? sweet
dove!

Since thou'rt restor'd to realms above,

Thy native realms, of joy and love!

Maria!

4.

Forgive th' involuntary tear!

To me thy memory is dear,

O! let me speak my sorrow here,

Maria!

5.

Slow musing through the cypress gloom,
I'll visit oft the hallow'd tomb,

Where fate protracts my ling'ring doom,

Maria!

6.

Thy smile, like beam of early morn,

Thy gentle soul for virtue born,

Thy graces all, my song adorn,

Maria!

7.

Nurtur'd in soft maternal air,

Thy love repaid a mother's care;

And thou didst all her virtues share!

Maria!

8.

Oft straying through the verdant bowers,
 Thy fairy fingers cull'd me flowers,
 Thy converse cheer'd my drooping
 hours,

Maria!

9.

From Nature's pages (ever fraught
 With beauties, hid to vulgar thought)
 Thy lively mind instruction sought,

Maria!

10.

For me the meadows bloom no more,
 Nor bees collect their yellow store,
 Nor larks their warbling music pour,

Maria!

11.

A mournful gloom pervades the grove,
 Where gaily thou wast wont to rove,
 And hymn thy songs of filial love,

Maria!

12.

The poor looks sad, and drops a tear,
 No more thy gen'rous hand is near,
 His wants to soothe, his heart to cheer,

Maria!

13.

The red-breast o'er thy grave shall strew
 The sweetest flowers, of richest hue;
 There warble many a soft adieu,

Maria!

14.

Flora shall there her gifts bestow!
 Meek violets and harebells grow,
 Roses o'er thee for ever blow,

Maria!

15.

When this frail dust shall shrink away,
 And mingle with it's kindred clay,
 Oh! might I hail, in brighter day,

Maria!

16.

Pleas'd mem'ry would enhance my joy,
 There to partake thy sweet employ,
 In scenes of bliss without alloy,

Maria!

W. C.

Flookersbrook, 24th Oct, 1808,

LINES

TO THE

MEMORY OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

DESCEND, O Mercy! from thy bright
 abode!

And bid ambition's direful contests
 cease;

Oh! haste, and with thee bring sweet
 smiling Peace!

And all the blessings by her hand be-
 stow'd;

For, oh! my tortur'd heart grows sick
 with pain,

As fancy paints our gallant warriors
 slain.

Oh! haste thee to Iberia's blood-stain'd
 shore,

And bid those ruthless Gallic ruffians
 stay

Their murd'ring weapons, wet with hu-
 man gore,

Nor fiend-like thus defenceless thou-
 sands slay;

Teach their hard hearts, bright Maid!
 this truth to know,

The brave ne'er triumph o'er a fallen
 foe*!

For, lo, Pritannia! on her sea-girt land,
 Mourns with unceasing tears her va-
 liant Moore!

Who firm 'midst sufferings, unknown
 before,

With matchless valor sav'd her patriot
 band,

From mean submission to the vaunting
 foe,

Who'd vow'd to lay each gallant sol-
 dier low!

Thrice noble Moore! for thee the Muse
 shall mourn,

For thee each maid shall shed her soft-
 est tear,

Tears that should ever bathe the Hero's
 urn;

For what to beauty is so justly dear

* It is asserted, that hundreds of our
 brave countrymen, who dropped, ex-
 hausted by the accumulated sufferings of
 their unprecedented march, were inhu-
 manly butchered by the French advanced
 guard,

As those whose hearts for ardent zeal
beat high,
And for their country's welfare nobly die.

By fancy, wafted to the shores of Spain,
I see our army glorious, e'en in flight;
(Though prudence urg'd to shun the
unequal fight)
With dauntless courage, varied ills sus-
tain;
Struggle 'gainst famine, fierce as battles
rage;
And woes unequal'd in th' historic
page.

Ye brave defenders of our favor'd land,
Undaunted champions of it's rights and
laws!
Who, 'gainst oppression, make a glorious
stand,
And fearless bleed in Freedom's sacred
cause—
Go on, on you your country rests secure,
Your zeal her fame shall spread, her
pow'r insure!

Yes, gen'rous Britons! tho' we all de-
plore
The blow that robb'd us of our valued
Moore!
Who, call'd too soon to join th' illustrious
dead,
In life's bright noon to happier regions
fled;
Yet, 'midst the gloom, his death around
her throws,
Sweet hope appears to soothe Britannia's
woes,
Triumphant pointing to the list of fame,
She bids her gaze on many a hero's name,
Whose brilliant deeds this bright as-
surance give,
In him the spirit of her Moore shall live!

Oh! Moore, a happier Muse than mine
shall tell
How priz'd you liv'd, and how lamented
fell!
A happier Muse attune th' mournful lay,
Recount thy toils, thy brave exploits por-
tray!
In melting strains thy early fate deplore,
And paint thy sufferings on Iberia's
shore;
Where, whilst fell Famine stalk'd thy
troops among,
And Death's chill dew on many a warrior
hung,
Amidst impending dangers, greatly brave,
You to the world a bright example gave,

And bade th' admiring foe with wonder
view
What Britons, led by such a chief,
could do!

Nor shall the Muse alone thy praise
declare,
Whilst those who, sav'd by thy unwea-
ried care,
From death, or what the noble mind
disdains,
The galling bondage of inglorious
chains,
Survive, thy bright achievements to re-
late,
And teach each heart to mourn thy early
fate!

Relentless fate! that could untimely
doom
A nation's champion to the silent tomb;
Oh! when the vet'ran, by thy prowess
sav'd,
Shall tell what toils you shar'd, what
dangers brav'd;
Fir'd by the tale each youthful heart
shall sigh,
Like Moore to conquer! and like Moore
to die!
And whilst the soldier the bright theme
pursues,
And borne on fancy's wing the foe sub-
dues,
His weeping partner shall record thy
fame,
And teach her babe to lisp thy valiant
name!

Accurs'd ambition! bane of all our
joy,
Remorseless fiend: who canst, unmov'd,
destroy
All that attempt to stop thy dread ca-
reer,
Nor heed'st the widows' groan, nor or-
phans' tear;
Thou who, triumphant on proud Gallia's
shore,
With rage unsated, bidd'st war's thunder
roar;
And, whilst thy Bravos, with unsparing
hand,
Spread death and ruin through each
neighb'ring land,
With fiendlike triumph clapp'st thy blood-
stain'd wings,
And tread'st exulting on the wreck of
Kings!

And thou, fell leader of this bandit crew,
Whose barbarous deeds mankind affrighted view;
Thou, who hast myriads to their reck'nings hurl'd;
And spread destruction thro' a groaning world;—
Oh! fiend, to whom avenging Heav'n hath lent
A human form, and for some wise intent
To man unknown, decreed awhile to reign;
But, oh! I trust not long, for in thy train
Fell Murder stalks, and Rapine drags his prey,
And Treach'ry lurks th' unwary to betray.

But cease, my Muse, for, oh! thou try'st in vain,
To paint the horrors of this despot's reign;
A bolder Muse shall tell the woe-fraught tale,
A bolder Muse the wish'd-for period hail!
When Heav'n, in mercy, shall his doom decree,
And bid the conquer'd lands again be free.

JOANNA SQUIRE.

Feb. 16, 1809.

THE TEARS OF REGRET.

(BY A YOUNG LADY.)

DOST thou not see the grey mist on the heath,
The river that rolls through the plain?
Dost thou not see the green valley beneath,
The spot where brave Edgar was slain?

And dost thou not hear the billow's loud roar,
The torrent that falls from the rock?
Dost thou not see how yon sea-beaten shore
Insensibly yields to the shock?

The storm may subside, it's horrors may cease,
And Nature may yet smile again;
The fear-smitten pilgrim may travel in peace,
The ship ride secure on the main.

But mem'ry has pangs no time can assuage,
And keen is the grief of the mind,
Such sorrows oft bid defiance to age,
So sad is the lot of mankind!

As mild as the breeze on a summer's gay morn,
As the rose-bud just after a shower,
So Marianne once the vale did adorn,
As fragrant and fragile a flower!

The rose of the valley may wither and die
Unregretted, unheeded by man,
But mem'ry regrets, and still heaves a sigh
At the fate of poor Marianne!

Since pleasure to pain so near is allied,
And our sunshine so soon overcast,
'T were happy for man if he were denied
The power of regretting the past!

L I N E S

ON SEEING SOME SWALLOWS PREPARING
FOR MIGRATION LAST SUMMER.

FAREWELL, sweet visitants, once more
adieu!

Maygales propitious waft you to that
shore

Where blooming Spring again shall smile
for you,
And gladden Nature with her boundless store!

To you, sweet birds, how bless'd a lot is
giv'n!

When wint'ry clouds and chilling blasts
are nigh,
Taught by the mercy of indulgent
Heav'n

You shun the storm, and seek a milder sky.

But where shall man, when happiness is
fled,

When the gay summer of his joys are
past,

When hope is wither'd in misfortune's
blast,

And black Despair hangs hov'ring o'er
his head,

Where shall he fly to heal the deadly
sting,

Or where his tortur'd mind find out another Spring?

OSCAR.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Hamburgh, June 4.

THE insurgents in the Tyrol have returned to their frontiers. The Emperor of the French has ordered an army of 30 or 35,000 men to act against the Northern parts of the Tyrol. However, the Bavarian General, Wrede, has received orders to remain at Lintz. But we expect a division of the Army of Reserve, who are transported in waggons from the environs of Mentz to Augsburgh. Another French corps is coming from Italy to enter the South Tyrol by the Brenner Mountains.

Salzburg, June 6. The greater part of the corps under the command of General Chastellar, in the Tyrol, who, by the rapid advance of the Army of Italy, found means of escape by the Punterthal to Carinthia, and thence to Hungary, cut off, again made their appearance in the Punterthal under the same commander; in which quarter, by spreading false reports, and availing themselves of the depature of the Bavarian division, they completely revived the insurrection which had just been suppressed. General Deroi being attacked from different points, at Inspruck, concentrated his force, and took up a strong position near Kufstein, whence he detached a body of troops towards Pang and Ailding, to protect the environs of Munich from depredation, as the insurgents from the districts of Scharnitz scour the country as far as Benedic-bearn.

The insurgents were yesterday at Loffer, and it is not improbable that this

city may soon have a visit from them. Meanwhile the burghers perform guard, and every thing in this place is completely quiet. According to the advices we receive the rebels extend their plundering excursions from Scharnitz, along the Iser, as far as Wolfarthausen, and in the direction of Landsberg as far as Wilhelm.

Reidlingen, June 6. The insurgents in the Voralberg, who had surrendered at discretion, and renewed their oaths of allegiance to the King of Bavaria, no sooner heard that the Bavarian division had marched off to the Danube, than, at the instigation of Austrian emissaries, they again took up arms, and advanced towards the frontiers of Wirtemberg and Baden. Kempten and the places adjacent are again in their possession. The French and Wirtemberg troops are concentrating themselves, and all the soldiers that can any where be procured are sent off to reinforce them. From Stutgard 250 have been forwarded in waggons to the frontiers. From Augsburg 500 infantry and 600 cavalry have marched for Landsberg to make head against the insurgents who are attempting to advance from the side of the Lech. On the other hand the Berg regiment of light horse has entered Augsburg.

On the 2d instant the Voralberg insurgents made an attack on Lindau, but met with such a reception, that they fled in disorder, and carried off with them a great number of killed and wounded.

We expect a numerous reinforcement of French troops in this quarter.

Lintz, June 8. The head-quarters of the Duke of Dantzic, and of the Prince Royal Lewis, are still here. The Prince Viceroy has acquainted the latter, by his Aide-de-Camp, Mert, with the arrival of the Italian army in Vienna. Nothing of importance has of late taken place in our neighbourhood. The Austrians, commanded by General Count Kollowrath, continue in their entrenched camp on the left bank of the Danube. The brave Bavarians wish to advance. The Emperor Napoleon is either preparing some decisive blow, or negotiations are carried on.

Munich, June 9. The Emperor of Austria is said to have requested the mediation of Russia, and offered to purchase peace of France and her allies, even at the expence of sacrifices by no means inconsiderable.

Stockholm, June 10. It is now understood that the late King will be permitted to leave Gripsholm, and retire to a seat on the Island of Wisergo, which island is on the lake of Wiwern, not far from Jonkoping. He is to remain there, without any restraint; and at the end of the war he will be permitted to retire to any part of Europe he may wish to reside in. It is imagined here that England will be his choice.

The Russians have made no advance, although a large force has lately marched to oppose them.

According to a report received from Major-General Dolbeln, bearing date Umeo, the 24th of May, it appears that no change has taken place in the state of affairs in West Bothnia. Yet this tranquillity, considering the vast superiority of the enemy's force, does not prognosticate any thing favorable. The enemy is certainly only waiting for the arrival of their flotilla of galleys, in order to be supported in his operations by a naval force.

Venice, June 11. General Chastella has ventured to advance with his corps, by way of Bassano, almost as far as Maestrot, opposite to Venice. He makes requisitions, and levies contributions throughout the whole of that district. His views will speedily be developed. The most serious preparations are already made to oppose him. Venice has a sufficient garrison; and General Rusca with his corps guards the passage of Palma Nova.

Warsaw, June 12. The Russians are advancing still farther into Galicia, and one Russian column has already formed a junction with the Polish army. The Russian corps from Bielystock was this day to pass the Vistula at Gura, in order to take the Austrians in the rear. The Russian advanced guard, consisting of Cossacks, has passed the Vistula.

According to official reports, General Zajonezbe on the 9th attacked the enemy again, near Jedlinsk, defeated him, and drove him out of his position. He took a number of prisoners, a regimental chest, and several baggage waggons. The general of division, Dombrowski, whose head-quarters were lately at Skiorniewil, is now in full march for Galicia. He proceeds by Nowemiasto on Odizywol. His advanced posts have already been driven out of Raiva and Biala, on this side of the Pelica. About sixty foreigners, of different ranks, have been arrested here, and their papers will be strictly examined. Not only at Warsaw, but in other towns of the Duchy, into which the enemy entered, they have called treason to their aid.

Paris, June 13. The most efficacious measures have been taken in Holland to repel any hostility on the part of the English, should they dare to make any attempt on that country, in consequence of the engagements they have entered into with Austria, to make a powerful diversion in her favor. There has been established, in the different parts of our coast, troops, which, if necessary, can be promptly united. A numerous reserve is likewise in readiness to march, in case of need, to the same points. During his last journey the King himself visited all these preparations. At Flushing his Majesty visited the fleet, and the works executed by the French engineers.

According to advices from Vienna of the 2d, the garrison in that city was very numerous; and the rest of the army were in cantonments in the vicinity. The cantonments extend from Hamburg, through Luxemburg, as far as Klosterneuberg. The divisions forming the corps under the Duke of Rivoli, occupy the two islands in the Danube, which lay between Ebersdorf and Enzendorf.

According to intelligence from Nuremberg, of the 5th Instant, General Kollowrath's corps was posted at Hohenfurt, being ordered to watch the movements of the several French corps in the

environs of Linz, and to cover the Southern frontier of Bohemia, from any hostile attack.

The *Ulm*, of 74 guns, was launched on the 25th *Ultimo*, at Toulon.

The Duke of Montebello (Marshal Lasnes) who lately died of his wounds, was 38 years of age. He was studying for the bar, at the period when the Revolution broke out; but, like Moreau, Joubert, and several other heroes, whose names are celebrated in the military annals of France, he abandoned the gown for the sword. He distinguished himself in the field by the most undaunted bravery; and in the famous campaigns of Italy, and during the expedition to Egypt, he gained the friendship of a hero, capable of justly appreciating merit and valor. He also particularly distinguished himself in the siege of *Saragossa*, and lately at the taking of *Ratisbon*.

The Duchess of Montebello has returned to Paris, having been informed at *Strasburg* of the death of her spouse.

Warsaw, June 19. Last night intelligence was received here, by express, that the Polish General *Scholnicki*, on the 16th *Instant*, defeated the Austrians near *Sandomir*. Their loss consists in 1300 prisoners, 2000 killed and wounded, and four pieces of cannon.

Vienna, June 20. The interchange of couriers between the French and Russian Emperors is very frequent; scarce a day passes without one or two couriers being dispatched from hence — this activity of correspondence gives rise to various conjectures. The Emperor Napoleon is incessantly employed in the inspection of his army, or in the cabinet, and is constantly moving between *Schoenbrun* and *Ebersdorff*. — The Prince of *Ponte-Corvo* is still here with a division of Saxons, who arrived with him on the 4th. The French attempted some days since to remove from *Kloster Neuburgh*, a considerable quantity of pontoons and other bridge materials, but as soon as their object was ascertained, the Austrians from the left bank opened so successful a fire as to render them totally useless. The French, however, continue busy in the construction of rafts and floats, which are conveyed to *Ebersdorff*, and for that purpose employ all the wood which is brought hither from *Austria* and *Bavaria*

for sale. — Upwards of 100 of these rafts are now ready in our canal. Generals *Marmont* (Duke of *Ragusa*) and *Vandamme* arrived here on the 7th. A corps of *gens d'armes* has been formed from amongst the citizens. The payment of the taxes, &c. are rigorously enforced by the French functionaries. By a proclamation of General *Andreossy*, the inhabitants have been obliged to deliver up all arms or ammunition in their possession — they have in some instances been allowed to retain their fowling-pieces, on giving in an inventory of them.

Ladders have been put in requisition to storm the Austrian camp, in the Marsh field, and preparations are making by the French to cross the Danube in three places — in the neighbourhood of our bridges, or on the *Tabor*, and near *Nuesdorff*. Twelve heavy anchors, brought from *Stiria*, have been sent to *Ebersdorff*, to fasten the new bridge. Besides the convents, several public buildings have been fitted up for hospitals.

Leipzig, June 23. Yesterday about 10,000 men passed by this town, who, we understand, will be followed by a much larger number. The Duke of *Brunswick* arrived here yesterday, but immediately set out again in pursuit of the Saxons. A violent cannonade was heard this morning from the side of *Lutzen*.

Vienna, June 24. *Raab* has capitulated. The garrison, 1800 strong, was insufficient. The enemy intended to have left 5000 men, but by the battle of *Raab* his army was separated from that place. The city has suffered considerably from a bombardment of eight days, which has destroyed its finest edifices.

Stockholm, June 30. His Majesty's coronation took place yesterday, and on the 3d of next month the Royal Family will receive the usual congratulations on the happy event.

We have not yet received any further intelligence of the enemy's operations, and must therefore suppose that he has not made any further progress in his intended invasion of this country.

Moravia, July 14. An armistice, preparatory to a treaty of peace, was concluded between the French and Austrians on the 12th *Instant*, in the camp before *Znaim*.

HOME NEWS.

Portsmouth, June 25.

YESTERDAY morning, between ten and eleven o'clock, this town was thrown into a most dreadful state of alarm and agitation, by the explosion of a quantity of gunpowder on the Point-beach, which had been landed there, with some baggage, belonging to the 8th regiment. The explosion set fire to Mr. Lindegren's store, broke all the windows, and many of the window-frames, of the Star and Garter Tavern, the Union Tavern, Mr. Lindegren's Office, the Navy Post Office, and upwards of twenty other houses in that street. The number of lives lost, and of persons wounded, cannot be positively ascertained. Three soldiers of the 8th regiment, who were standing about the baggage, were killed, four were badly, and five slightly wounded. They have been taken to the military hospital at Portsea. Several of the soldiers' wives and children are believed to have lost their lives. One man, belonging to Capt. Patton's boat, had his leg broken, and many others were beaten down and bruised. The upper part of the body of one of the unfortunate sufferers was blown to an amazing height: it went over the houses at the lower end of Broad-Street, and struck against the custom-house watch-house, which is in Bathing-House Square, where it fell, a most shocking spectacle, but in such a mangled state, that it could not be discovered whether it was a man or a woman. It appears that the body of another sufferer was blown against the front of the Union Tavern, near the chamber-windows, where a quantity of blood has stained the bricks. The soldier who was

guarding the baggage, had the barrel of his gun blown out of the stock, and the buttons on his coat torn off, but himself was not hurt. The alarm which this serious and melancholy accident occasioned among the inhabitants is not to be described. When the explosion took place, it was apprehended, and an alarm was spread, that a greater quantity of gunpowder was near the spot, and that other explosions, still more dreadful in their consequences, might be expected. This report, though it proved groundless, it was impossible to deny with any firmness, for it was not generally known that any, or how much, had been landed. Almost every person felt himself to be in danger; and it was not till the engines had succeeded in subduing the flames of Mr. Lindegren's store-house, that the alarm in any degree subsided. The cause of this calamity is attributed to the wife of one of the soldiers, who relates, that she was washing near where the baggage lay, on the beach, when another soldier's wife, who was smoking, asked her if she would take a whiff? She did; but finding the tobacco would not burn, she struck the bowl of the pipe against the pebbles, when a little of the tobacco fell out, and set fire to some few grains of powder that were scattered on the beach; this communicated itself to a cartridge, which flew into a crate of baggage, set some loose cartridges on fire, and (in a moment as it were) communicated itself to a barrel of powder, which blew up. She was stooping down to take up her child, with an intention to make her escape, when she was beaten backwards, her washing-tubs, &c. fell upon herself and child, which nearly covered her; and to this

circumstance she attributes her preservation, which she bewails because she has been the unhappy means of causing the death of so many others. After the cartridges blew up, some of the soldiers, who were near, took that circumstance as a warning, and flew from the spot, whilst others were drawn nearer to it, to ascertain the cause, and these unfortunate persons were of the number of the principal sufferers. The quantity of powder blown up is said to have been a barrel. The whole number of sufferers, we are informed, is seventeen. The Mayor opened the town-hall for the reception of soldiers' wives.

June 26. Nothing is talked of here but the intended expedition and its destination; the latter it would be imprudent yet to mention. There are twenty sail of the line to be employed on the service, twelve of which are to sail from Spithead with the troops that are to begin embarking to-morrow. Admiral Otway is to command them. He hoisted his flag this morning on board the *Monarch*, 74, Captain Lea, having arrived from London last night, whither he was called by a telegraphic message, to receive his instructions. There are orders to embark fifteen regiments here, with two companies of rifles, eight companies of artillery, and several squadrons of dragoons. The men of war are to take their lower-deck guns out, and receive 600 troops each on board, which is considered a most excellent arrangement. We understand that all the ships of war here, large and small, are under orders for the expedition, excepting the *Donegal* and *Africaine*. The object seems to have been undertaken with spirit, and upon a broad and liberal scale. All the ships will take flat-bottomed boats on board.

Dover, July 4. The different regiments continue to march to join their brigades, where they will encamp until all is ready for embarkation. The 52d regiment, which had marched in here the day before, marched this morning for *Shorncliffe* to encamp. A large fleet of transports is arrived in the Downs to receive the troops to be embarked at *Ramsgate*, *Deal*, and *Dover*. The wind is at present west, but there has been no firing or rejoicing on the other side, as the weather has been so moderate, that we must have heard it.

London, July 5. The most unexampled preparations are making in the King's

Yards at *Deptford*, *Woolwich*, *Chatham*, and *Deal*, not only to equip men of war for the reception of troops, but also to fit out bomb and fire vessels, and other combustible craft for the intended expedition. In the mean time the troops are proceeding to the nearest points, to be in readiness for embarkation on the shortest notice; besides those already mentioned, two brigades from the Eastern district are on their march for the Kent district, and the whole are to reach their respective destinations by the 12th instant. The following are the regiments, and they will be cantoned as under:—

The 4th (two battalions) at *Deal*, the 20th, 28th (2d battalion) and 92d, (2d battalion) at *Dover*, and the 43d at *Shorncliffe*; the 1st and 2d light battalions of the King's German Legion are also on their march from *Bexhill* for *Hythe*, where they are to arrive on Friday and the three following days. The 4th is to arrive at *Deal* to-day and to-morrow, and the regiments destined for *Dover*, to-day and the five following days.

London, July 10. On Saturday night a dreadful fire broke out in the house of Miss *Slarke*, milliner and dress-maker, 62, *Conduit-Street*, *Bond-Street*. The whole family had retired to rest; but before Miss *Slarke* fell asleep, she smelt fire, and instantly rose to ascertain the fact, when, to her astonishment, she discovered that the flames had reached the stair-case. She had presence of mind instantly to fly to the top of the house, where the young people, her apprentices, slept, and happily succeeded in getting them all down stairs, and out of the house, where Miss *Slarke* and they remained a considerable time during a heavy rain, without any other clothes on than their night-dresses. The fire by this time had got to such a height, that the whole house was in flames. Had the discovery been ten minutes later, every soul in it must have perished. It next communicated to the house of the Hon. Mr. *North*, who has lately sailed for *Malta*, the whole of which is entirely consumed. Great part of Mr. *North's* library, which was one of the best in *London*, and had been very lately removed to *Conduit-Street*, we are sorry to add, has been either burned or damaged. The fire on the other side of Miss *S's* house, communicated to the house and shop of Mr. *Hurley*, a grocer, which, with the contents, were consumed. We

are sorry to state, that two men of the imperial fire-office (one of the name of King), in endeavouring to save the library of Mr. North, nearly fell a prey to the flames. The ceiling of the room unexpectedly fell in upon them, and they were for a considerable time buried in the burning ruins. King is so much burned in the legs, that it is found amputation of one or both of them will be the consequence. The other is also much burned, and otherwise hurt by a beam falling across his body. They are both in the Middlesex hospital.

Miss Slarke has lost every particle of her furniture and stock. She was just on the point of setting out for Brighton for the summer, with suitable articles, all of which were in the house.

Newmarket, July 12. Captain Barclay this day completed his arduous pedestrian undertaking, to walk a thousand miles in a thousand successive hours, at the rate of a mile in each and every hour. He had until four o'clock *p.m.* to finish his task, but he performed his last mile in the quarter of an hour after three, with perfect ease and great spirit, amidst an immense concourse of spectators. For the last two days, he appeared in higher spirits, and performed his mile with apparently more ease, and in shorter time, than he had done for some days past. With the change of the weather, he had thrown off his loose great coat, which he wore during the rainy period, and yesterday performed in a flannel jacket. He also put on shoes remarkably thicker than any which he had used in any previous part of his performance. When asked how he meant to act after he had finished his feat? he said, he should that night take a good sound sleep, but that he must have himself awaked twice or thrice in the night, to avoid the danger of a too sudden transition from almost constant exertion, to a state of long repose.

One hundred to one, and indeed any odds whatever, were offered this morning; but so strong was the confidence in his success, that no bets could be obtained. The multitude of people who resorted to the scene of action in the course of the concluding days was unprecedented. Not a bed could be procured last night at Newmarket, Cambridge, or any of the towns and villages in the vicinity, and every horse and every species of vehicle was engaged. Among the no-

bility and gentry who witnessed to day the conclusion of this extraordinary feat, were:—

The Dukes of Argyll and St. Alban's; Earls Grosvenor, Besborough and Jersey; Lords Foley and Somerville; Sir John Lade, Sir F. Standish, &c. &c.

Capt. Barclay had 16,000*l.* depending upon his undertaking. The aggregate of the bets is supposed to amount to 100,000*l.*

London, July 14. The Earl of Chatham transacted business yesterday with a number of naval and military officers, at his house in Hill-Street, Berkeley-Square, among whom were Admiral Sir R. Strachan, Admiral Sir R. Keats, General Grosvenor, General Brownrigg, Colonel Neville, Colonel Upton, Colonel Gardner, Colonel Long, Colonel Cary, Capt. Haddin, &c.

Yesterday morning, the Marquis of Huntly set out from Richmond House for Ramsgate, to take the command there till the arrival of the Earl of Chatham, who is expected thither in the course of a few days; when his lordship proposes embarking with part of the army for the Downs, where all the troops, intended for the grand expedition under his command, will assemble, preparatory to their final departure from thence, about the middle of next week.

Portsmouth, July 16. The embarkation of the force to be employed on the grand expedition commenced here on Saturday, on which day the artillery was put on board, and it was resumed at day-light yesterday. The boats of all the ships lying here are employed upon the occasion, and nothing can exceed the zeal and activity with which the business was carried into effect. The embarkation was conducted by Captain Somerville, of the Rota; assisted by Captain Bowen, of the Hero; Capt. Ward, of the Resolution; and Capt. Garth, of the Impérieuse. The Royals embarked on board the Revenge and Eagle; the 31st on board the Achilles; the 63d and part of the 36th on board the Rota and Pearl; the 35th on board the Sceptre and L'Aigle; the staff corps on board the Orion; the 71st on board the Belleisle and Impérieuse; the 68th on board the Cæsar; the 85th, and a company of artillery, on board the Resolution; a part of the 95th on board the Dryad; and a company of the 85th on board the Plover. The 14th regiment, and six squadrons of the 9th

light dragoons only, are on board transports; the rest of the force will be on board the line-of-battle ships and frigates, amounting to about 12,000 men. They take very little baggage, and only one blanket for each man, no beds. The royal marines of the fleet have been formed into a battalion of 1200 men, under the command of Capt. Liardet. They were landed on South Sea Common, at day-light, on Thursday morning, and went through the field exercise before Sir Eyre Coote, who appeared much pleased with their movements, and told them he should consider them as part of the army. The expedition will sail tomorrow morning. The naval part of it greatly exceeds any former armament: it will consist of 56 sail of the line, and 95 sail of frigates, sloops, gun brigs, and bomb-vessels, besides upwards of 200 sail of gun-boats, which have been fitted up with a carronade for the purpose. Sir R. Strachan is the senior admiral yet appointed to command the naval force, with Admiral Otway and Lord Gardner.

July 17. Arrived the Jasper, Captain Daniel, with dispatches from Admiral Berkeley and Sir Arthur Wellesley. They were landed and sent to London immediately. They announce the junction of the forces under Sir Arthur with General Cuesta, and their being on their march to Madrid. The French had retreated from every place, a choice they had made instead of fighting. It was fully expected that the French would be driven out of Spain and Portugal by Sir Arthur, as his force now amounts to upwards of 60,000 men, twenty-three thousand of whom are British troops.

London, July 19. In consequence of an intimation given by Lord Mulgrave to the commander of the river fencibles, a muster of that body took place yesterday, when near 300 of them volunteered their services upon the expedition now departing. The fencibles of Deptford and Greenwich have also made a tender of their services, which has been been accepted. The same bounty of 50s. as well as the same allowances which were granted to this valuable body of men for their services at Copenhagen, is to be granted them on the present occasion.

July 20. Yesterday, soon after twelve o'clock, the Earl of Chatham left his house in Hill-Street, to proceed to take the command of the expedition. The noble earl first went to the ordnance

office, and then to Downing-Street, where he transacted business at Lord Castlereagh's office; he afterwards was with Mr. Canning, and about four o'clock set off from London. He dined at Rochester, and was to sleep at Sittingbourne. He will this day meet Lord Castlereagh at Ramsgate.

On Monday night four messengers were sent off from the Admiralty, with the final dispatches of ministers, to the commanders of the ships at Dover, Ramsgate, Harwich, and Portsmouth.

A gentleman is arrived who left Flushing last Saturday, and so faithfully do public suspicions conspire on both sides of the water, in fixing upon that place as the object of our attack, that previously to his departure the enemy had removed from thence all unnecessary stores, and whatever else could become the capture of war, to a more inaccessible position up the river.

July 21. The 25th and 26th bulletins of the French army in Germany, picked up, it is said, at sea, by one of our cruisers, in an open boat, which had been launched purposely by the enemy, to convey the intelligence to England. They state, that on the 4th inst. Bonaparte, in the middle of a dark and tempestuous night, crossed the Danube, turned the Austrian redoubts, and came upon their flank; the conflict lasted all the 4th, was renewed on the 5th, and terminated on the afternoon of that day. The Austrians are said to have lost 10,000 in killed and wounded, 20,000 men taken prisoners, including in the killed, wounded, and prisoners, several of the generals. The remnant of the Austrian army has retreated into Bohemia, abandoning Moravia and Hungary.

BIRTHS.

June 22. At Blithfield, in Staffordshire, the Right Hon. Lady Harriet Bagot, of a son.

23. The lady of James Fergusson, Esq. of a daughter.

26. In Montague-Street, the lady of Sir Robert Williams, Bart. M. P., of a son.

30. At her house in Grosvenor-Square, the Marchioness of Tavistock, of a son.

July 8. At Duff-House (Scotland) the Right Hon. Lady Jane Taylor, of a son.

11. At his house in Manchester-Street, the lady of William A'Court, Esq. of a son and heir.

13. At Dalkeith-House (Scotland), the Countess of Dalkeith, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

June 22. At Colney-hatch, by the Rev. Wm. Money, William Key, Esq. of Abchurch-Lane, to Miss Down, eldest daughter of Richard Down, Esq. banker, in Bartholomew-Lane.

26. At Mary-la-bonne Church, Edmond Wodehouse, Esq. of Sennowe, in the county of Norfolk, to Miss Lucy Wodehouse, of Hingham, in the same county.

29. At St. James's Church, Sir Thomas Ramsay, Bart. of Balmain, to Miss Steele, of St. James's-Street, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Steele, of Jamaica, and niece to Dr. Bain, of Hestleton Lodge, Dorsetshire.

July 9. By special licence, at Teignmouth, Devon, by the Rev. Gerard Noel, Charles Noel Noel, Esq. M. P. eldest son of Gerard Noel, Esq. of Exton Park, Rutland, to Miss Welman, only daughter of Thomas Welman, Esq. of Porendsford Park, in the county of Somerset.

At Brixham, in the county of Devon, P. W. H. Hicks, Esq. son of the late Admiral Hicks, to Miss Hearsay, eldest daughter of Theophilus Hearsay, Esq. of Denmark Hill, Surry.

4. At Mary-la-bonne Church, Count S. du Bourblanc, to Miss Juan de Gourville, daughter of the Baron de Gourville, of Trinidad.

6. Mr. Peter Wedd, of Hazeleigh, near Maldon, Essex, to Miss Dunkin, daughter of John Dunkin, Esq. of Woodham Mortimer, near Maldon.

10. At her father's house in Montague-Street, Miss Wyndham, eldest daughter of the Hon. W. Wyndham, to Wm. Miller, Esq. of Ozelworth Park, Gloucestershire.

13. At Islington, Mr. Eyles to Miss Mews, both of Ludgate Hill.

DEATHS.

June 23. At her house in Salisbury, in her sixty-fifth year, Mrs. Wyndham, widow of the late William Wyndham, Esq. of Dinton, in the county of Wilts, and eldest daughter of the late Sir Thomas

Heathcote, Bart. of Hursley Lodge, in the county of Hants.

29. At her house in South Molton-Street, Mrs. Fladong, widow of the late Mr. Frederick Fladong.

30. At Watlington, Kent, aged 48, John Eagleton, Esq. first clerk in the exchequer bill office, in which he had been for thirty years.

Mrs. E. H. Hanson, of Nottingham-Street. She met her death by being overturned in a carriage. The deceased, a lady of fortune, was riding in a chariot, when one of the horses, which had only been twice before in harness, was alarmed by the report of a gun. The carriage was run against some railing, which gave way, and was precipitated into a kind of ditch ten feet deep. The deceased received a severe contusion in her head, which caused her death two days afterwards.

30. At Stone-Hall, in the county of Surry, in the 79th year of her age, the Right Hon. Lady Louisa Clayton, fifth daughter of Thomas, the first earl of Pomfret, and relict of the late William Clayton, Esq. of Harleyford in the county of Bucks.

July 1. At Sidmouth, in Devon, aged 24, Mrs. Arabella Cawsey, eldest daughter of William Anderson, Esq. of Caroline Buildings, Bath.

2. At her house in Upper Berkeley-Street, Portman-Square, in her 67th year, Mrs. Patience Vigden, widow of the late John Vigden, Esq. of the Tower.

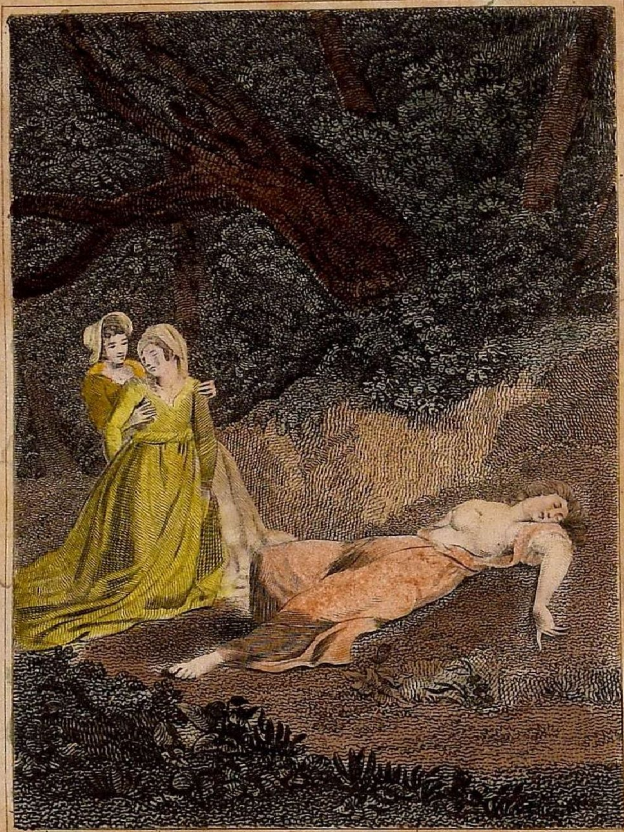
3. At Kew, Lady Bond, aged 59, wife of Sir James Bond, Bart.

7. In the Cloisters, at Windsor Castle, Mrs. Aylmer, wife of Vice-Admiral Aylmer, aged 45.

10. At Uxbridge, after a lingering illness, supported with much resignation, Sarah Frances Griffin, aged 16, fourth daughter of Mr. Samuel Griffin, of Palsgrave-Place, Temple-Bar, wine merchant.

14. At his house in Great Cumberland-Place, the Most Reverend his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Dublin, Primate of Ireland, Earl of Normanton, &c. &c. His Grace's decline was rapid; he kept his bed but three days previous to his dissolution. As a scholar, a prelate, and a statesman, his Grace stood pre-eminently high. His Grace was in his 73d year. He is succeeded by his eldest son, Viscount Somerton, now Earl of Normanton.

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The Wanton Experiment.