

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

For NOVEMBER, 1809.

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS,

1 The Wanderer restored,	483	ford's Translation from Camoens — Stanzas to the Maid I once loved — Stanzas to the Maid I love — Sonnet written extempore while contemplating at my Bed-Room Window in the Evening — Lines written extempore on seeing a young Lady in Tears, at parting from her — The Farewell — Truth and Gallantry — A Ballad, founded on Fact — The Steersman's Song — Stanzas, by W. Wordsworth,	517—520
2 On the eight-armed Cuttle-Fish,	485	14 Foreign News,	521
3 On the Dimensions of a Whale,	487	15 Home News,	524
4 An Evening Ramble,	487	16 Births,	527
5 Miscellaneous Observations,	488	17 Marriages, Deaths,	528
6 Benedict,	489		
7 Character of the late Lord Clare,	502		
8 Virtuous Love rewarded,	506		
9 On the moderating of our Desires,	511		
10 London Fashions,	513		
11 Dr. Carey's Answer to Sophia, on Greek Names,	514		
12 Detached Thought,	516		
13 POETICAL ESSAYS. — Lines written on a blank Leaf of Strang-			

This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates :

1. THE WANDERER RESTORED.
2. LONDON WALKING and FULL DRESS.
3. New and elegant PATTERNS for BORDERS and TRIMMINGS.

LONDON :

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

Where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.



Augustus and Rosabella has been received. We should be obliged to the writer to inform us of what length it may be expected to be, and to furnish us with a further continuation.

Mr. Webb's Elegy is received, and intended for our next.

Miss Joanna Squire's pieces are received, and shall certainly be inserted.

The *Verses* by *Mr. James Guy*, of *Haverhill*, we believe did not come to hand, or have been mislaid.

The conclusion of the *Resuscitated Mariner*, by *Mrs. Pilkington*, is unavoidably deferred till our next, when it shall certainly appear.

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1809.

THE WANDERER RESTORED.

A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

IN one of the wide and newly-peopled provinces of the Transatlantic continent, a youth of the name of Newry first saw the light, and attained that age when the passions attendant on, or rather which compose human nature, commence their operation. His father having engaged early in trade, and long continued in the habit of commercial speculations, not without considerable success, had gradually lost almost all relish for every thing but gain, and wished to infuse into his son the same spirit, as the only quality which could be ultimately advantageous to him. But young Newry, however congenial and favorable to the propagation of such sentiments might be the habits and dispositions of all he saw around him, imbibed very slowly the salutary doctrines. The blooming charms of the gentle Hannah, the amiable daughter of a neighbouring planter, had made a

strong impression on his heart, which increased at every interview, till at length he conceived that the possession of her as his bride must be more conducive to his happiness than the possession of all the mines of the Indies, either east or west; which wild and extravagant notion he ultimately did not hesitate to avow, even in the hearing of his father. That prudent and grave man was struck with astonishment, and even with a kind of horror, at hearing his son give utterance to such an idea, and it appeared to him that nothing less could be the cause of it than some derangement in that noble faculty of man styled reason. For, finding his wealth rapidly increase, he had resolved to remove to one of the principal trading towns on the coast, where he could more conveniently still further augment his fortune, and where he had observed, and marked out for his son, the daughter

of by far the most wealthy merchant of the place, whom, in consequence of his money and connexions, he had no doubt but he should be able to obtain for him. Now to find his son treat with indifference, nay absolutely refuse to co-operate in carrying into effect such a golden plan as this, appeared to him an indubitable proof of insanity. Young Newry, however, most pertinaciously refused to surrender his hopes, sacrifice his love, and separate himself from his Hannah.

Yet was not this all the opposition which the enamoured youth had to encounter; for the father of Hannah learning the dislike, and the nature of the objections of old Newry to the union of his daughter and her lover, found his pride piqued; and another young man, in very excellent circumstances, and with his property in his own possession, making Miss Hannah an offer at the same time, he recommended to her, and even urged her to discard Newry, and accept the other; but to this the faithful and tender Hannah could not be brought to consent — her father, however, revenged himself for her non-compliance with his request, by forbidding Newry his house, and their interviews, consequently, became much less frequent, though they still continued to have some, which, however, Hannah was obliged to take care should appear to be accidental.

But all these obstacles only tended to increase the ardor of young Newry's passion, so long as he thought he was convinced that his love was returned by her on whom it was bestowed with equal affection and equal fidelity. But at length, groundless jealousy,

born of, and nourished by trifles light as air, invaded his breast, and all tranquillity, all hope, and fortitude forsook him. The world appeared to him as one wide wilderness, inhabited solely by animals rapacious and selfish, ever intent on making each other their prey by open violence or insidious hypocrisy. He determined to abjure such society, and seek in solitude that repose for his indignant mind which it could not find in the haunts of men. Romantic as was this determination, he prepared to carry it into execution. Having provided himself with the few things he conceived to be necessary for the recluse life he proposed in future to lead, he became a hermit and a misanthrope. He left his home, he removed far from all his relatives and all his friends, and wandered, heedless whither, over the extensive plains, and through the thick and gloomy woods, subsisting on the roots and fruits which, as it was summer-time, nature seemed to have provided in plenty for his entertainment. By the side of a rocky hill, down which a rivulet trickled, he found a romantic cave, in which he took up his residence, calling it his new home, and amusing himself with excavating in it different apartments, and, as it were, fitting it up for his dwelling.

For several weeks he led this extraordinary life, the sense of the supposed wrongs he had suffered animating, as it were, his fortitude to endure any privations rather than return to the society of those he deemed his ungenerous and selfish fellow-creatures.

One fine summer evening, having wandered far into a wood, indulging his resentful meditations on the crimes and follies, and

multiplied errors of the imperfect creatures of this world, he sat down at the foot of a large and wide-spreading tree, and being somewhat fatigued with his long excursion soon fell asleep. In the morning he suddenly awoke, without knowing what had disturbed him, and, opening his eyes, saw advancing towards a serpent, prepared to strike at him, the bite of which he knew to be very dead. He had awaked but just in time to avoid the danger which threatened him. He, however, did escape it, and was fortunate enough to kill the serpent before it had done him any injury. This circumstance produced a very peculiar effect on the mind of the young wanderer, and restored him to a more just sense of the nature of the world and his duties in it—‘Do I not find,’ said he to himself, ‘all creatures actuated by love of self, and careless of the evil they may cause to others? Why should I require in man a perfection of which I scarcely perceive the traces in any other animal? And while I condemn others for selfishness, am I quite certain that my chief reason for abhorring it as a vice is not because it militates against my own selfishness? To renounce society, to lead a life which, according to every thing I see around me, does not appear to have been intended for man is surely wrong. It is certainly my duty to submit to the dispositions of that providence which, when it created this system, must have been infinitely more wise than myself; and it is as certainly my duty not to fly from my fellow creatures, because I suffer from their imperfections, but to remain with them, and endeavour, as far as lies in my power, to

serve and amend them. I will return into the world, I will bear with fortitude the evils with which it, perhaps, too much abounds, I will be thankful for the good of which it certainly is not destitute, and I will endeavour to extend and improve it.

He returned to his native place, and related in what manner he had acted and the reflections he had made; when to his pleasing surprise he learned that during his absence of a few weeks, the circumstances which had given him so much disgust had entirely changed. His father had suffered some losses and disappointments which had humbled his pride of wealth; the merchant's daughter for whom he had intended to propose his son was married. His Hannah he had the most indubitable proof had always been faithful to him; her father was found to be in much more affluent circumstances than he had been supposed to be; and all parties now consented that he should be made happy in the way he had desired, which he soon was, and found that in this changeable world, evil no more than good can boast an unalterable permanency.

On the EIGHT-ARMED CUTTLE-FISH.

(From Dr. Shaw's Zoological Lectures.)

MR. PENNANT, in the fourth volume of his *British Zoology*, speaking of the eight-armed cuttle-fish, tells us he has been well-assured, from persons worthy of credit, that in the Indian seas this species has been found of such a size as to measure two fathoms in

breadth across the central part, while each arm has measured nine fathoms in length; and that the natives of the Indian isles, when sailing in their canoes, always take care to be provided with hatchets, in order to cut off immediately the arms of such of those animals as happen to fling them over the sides of the canoe, lest they should pull it under water and sink it. This has been considered as a piece of credulity in Mr. Pennant, unworthy of a sober naturalist. It is certain, however, that a great variety of apparently authentic evidences seem to confirm the reality of this account. The antients, it is evident, acknowledged the existence of animals of the cuttle-fish tribe, of a most enormous size: witness the accounts given by Pliny and others of the large polypus, as he terms it, which used to rob the repositories of salt-fish on the coasts of Carteia; and which, according to his description, had a head of the size of a cask that would hold fifteen amphoræ; arms measuring thirty feet in length, of such a diameter that a man could hardly clasp one of them, and beset with suckers or fasteners of the size of basins that would hold four or five gallons a-piece. The existence, in short, of enormously large species of the cuttle-fish tribe, in the Indian and northern seas, can hardly be doubted; and though some accounts may have been much exaggerated, yet there is sufficient cause for believing that such species very far surpass all that are generally observable about the coasts of the European seas. A modern naturalist chooses to distinguish this tremendous species by the title of the colossal cuttle-

fish, and seems amply disposed to believe all that has been related to it's ravages. A northern navigator, of the name of *Dens*, is said, some years ago, to have lost three of his men in the African seas, by a monster of this kind, which unexpectedly made it's appearance while these men were employed, during a calm, in raking the sides of the vessel. The colossal cuttle-fish seised these men in it's arms, and drew them under water, in spite of every effort to preserve them: the thickness of one of the arms which was cut off in the contest was that of a mizen-mast; and the acetabula, or suckers of the size of pot-lids.

But what shall we say to the idea of a modern French naturalist, who is inclined to suppose that the destruction of the great French ship, the *Ville de Paris*, taken by the English during the American war, together with nine other ships, which came to her assistance on seeing her fire signals of distress, was owing, not to the storm which accompanied the disaster, but to a groupe of colossal cuttle-fishes, which happened at that very time to be prowling about the ocean, beneath these unfortunate vessels.

These accounts, whether true or false, naturally recal to our recollection the far-famed monster of the northern seas, often mentioned in a vague manner under the name of Kraken or Korvea. The general tenor of these accounts is, that in some parts of the northern seas, during the heat of summer, while the sea is perfectly calm, a vast mass, resembling a kind of floating island, about a quarter of a mile in diameter, is seen to rise above the surface, appearing to be covered

with a profusion of sea-weed, corals, and other marine substances. When it is fully risen it seldom fails to stretch up several enormous arms, of such a height as to equal that of the masts of a ship; and after having continued in this position for some time, it again slowly descends. From the general description thus given of it's shape, it has been supposed that it is a species of *Sepia*, or cuttle-fish. Linnæus, in the first edition of his work, intitled *Fauna Suecica*, as well as in the earlier editions of his *Systema Naturæ*, seems inclined to admit the existence of this animal, and forms a genus for it under the name of *Microcosmus*.

On the DIMENSIONS of the WHALE.

(From the Same.)

WITH respect to the anatomy of the whale, I shall content myself with observing that on so colossal a scale of magnitude does nature act in these animals, that the vertebræ or joints of the back-bone are of the size of moderate barrels; the ribs and jaw-bones so large as to be occasionally used to form the sides of tall arched gateways; the heart too large to be contained in a very wide tub; the aorta, or principal artery, measures a foot in diameter; and it is computed that the quantity of blood thrown into it at every pulsation of the heart is not less than from ten to fifteen gallons.

The strength of the great northern whale is prodigious: it is able to shatter a strong canoe in pieces

with a single stroke of it's tail. It swims, according to the computation of Cépède, at the rate of about thirty-three feet in a second; and it is further computed that in the space of about forty-seven days it might circumnavigate the globe in the direction of the equator, even allowing it to rest by night during the whole time. The female produces in general but one young at a birth, which usually measures more than twenty feet in length; and she has the reputation of being very tenderly attached to her offspring.

AN EVENING RAMBLE.

THE shepherd's pipe sweetly sounded in the vale below, accompanied by the artless notes of the rosy milk-maid, who rested her fragrant pail son a neighbouring style, as I descended the hill leading from my humble cottage, to taste the sweetness of the evening breeze. My faithful Clio, the only companion of my walk, gambolled on before me, as I struck into the most unfrequented path; and sought in solitude to ease my oppressed heart of it's load of sorrows. Ambition had planted her sharpest thorns in my bosom, and filled my mind with ideas of imaginary greatness. The gilded palaces of the great, their gaudy equipages, and a long train of splendid images occupied my thoughts too much to allow me to observe the beautiful scenery which surrounded me: and I was impious enough to repine at the decrees of providence, who had placed me in an humble sphere of life, than that, in which I was foolish enough to suppose I should

enjoy perfect felicity. Immersed in gloomy reflections, I had wandered to a considerable distance, when the loud chiming of the village clock warned me of the lateness of the hour, and I prepared to return home, when my attention was arrested by what I had not before observed — two mendicant children sleeping on a mossy bank by the hedge side; the pale beams of Cynthia, who had by this time risen, discovered their rosy countenances glowing with health and beauty. The arm of the little boy was thrown round his sister (for such I supposed her to be,) and his flaxen hair fell in luxuriant ringlets over her white neck, while the evening zephyr sported among the tattered apparel which scarcely covered their little forms. Peacefully they slept, the smile of content dimpled their cherub faces, and Happiness seemed to spread her snow-white pinions o'er the massy bed of these children of want. — What an impression did this scene make on my mind! the sense of my impiety rushed forcibly to my thoughts, as I surveyed the scene around me. I felt how deeply I had erred in repining at the will of my Creator, who had given me more than a sufficiency, while the babes who lay before me had no roof to cover them but the starry heavens, no bed but the cold damp ground. I sank on my knees beside them — sleep on, sweet children! I exclaimed: for innocence wants no safeguard, and that Almighty Power, without whose permission not a sparrow falls to the ground, shall protect your infant slumbers, and watch over your safety. You have taught me a lesson I never shall

forget. Never again, oh power supreme! will I dare murmur at thy divine will, or let the sigh of discontent heave my bosom. My humble dwelling shall be open to the child of misery, and the little I have, I will share with the unfortunate. Pomp and grandeur shall no longer fill my mind with restless wishes, for I know that,

All the good that individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to mere
mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys
of sense,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace,
and Competence.

Exeter.

F. I.

MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS.

WHEN we are young the opinion of the world governs us, and we study more to be well with others than with ourselves. Upon the verge of old age, we begin to find what is foreign to us less precious, and nothing so highly concerns us as ourselves, though we are on the point of seeing this self-care of little or no effect to our satisfaction.

A man might be happy by the entire exclusion of certain passions, and by granting only access to some others. His days would thus dawn amid the smiles of peace, and close with the sense of pleasure. His actions would be uninfluenced by fear, sorrow, hatred, and jealousy. He would desire without violent eagerness, hope without inquietude, and enjoy without transport.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I RECOLLECT having read a remark of some celebrated author (and I am inclined to think it was made by the immortal Fielding), namely, that it cost him more trouble, to compose a Preface, than to write four folio volumes. — This circumstance might, perhaps, easily be accounted for; without entering upon metaphysical arguments; but as the generality of readers seldom take the trouble of perusing a Preface, I shall not trespass upon their time by any disquisition upon the subject, but merely assign a reason for intruding the following pages upon the eye of the public.

Know then, Mr. Editor, that though I never peruse the common herd of novels with which the Country as well as the London Circulating Libraries are infested, yet I have given my bookseller positive orders to send me all the new ones he can recommend, and amongst the number, about six months back, I received the celebrated publication which the author has thought proper to intitle *Cœlebs*. — This work I need not inform you, sir, has already passed through the fiery ordeal of criticism; and though many are it's admirers, yet there are many by whom it has been condemned. — Upon it's merits, or it's failings, however, I shall make no other comment, than to tell you I should have been proud of having written the book; and having reached the conclusive page, I turned to the beloved companion to whom I had been reading it, exclaiming,

VOL. XL.

'My Louisa, I am determined to publish my adventures, and bring them down to the present blissful period!'

'Publish your adventures!' repeated the gentle being, who has closed the busy part of them, with so much tranquil happiness, — 'Why as well, my dear Henry, might you turn geographer, as biographer, and describe the course of the meandering rivulet which fertilises our meadows, as to suppose the public mind would derive entertainment from such a placid theme!'

'Be that as it may, I will try the experiment,' I repeated, in a still more determined tone of voice: 'Why should not a Benedict expatiate upon the joys of wedlock? Why should he not display the rich treasure he possesses in a wife?'

'Flatterer!' repeated the dear girl, directing one of those angelic smiles towards me, which never fail filling my bosom with delight, 'you may deceive that wife, into a belief of unpossessed attractions, but think not to impose upon the public mind; the happiness we enjoy in a great measure proceeds from the fulfilment of domestic duties; and it is only a broad field of action by which the generality of mankind can be entertained.'

'Utility and entertainment are as widely separate as the extremities of the Poles,' I replied; 'and if womankind should be benefited by my Louisa's example, I shall not be accused of undertaking a fruitless work.'

Various were the arguments the object of my affection made use of to dissuade me from the premeditated design, but I had been suddenly seized with the hy-

3 Q

drophobical rage for writing ; and I believe neither Willis, or Monro, could have checked the disease ; in short, Mr. Editor, I retired to my study, and began the narration which I had previously determined should be intitled **BENEDICT**.—A specimen of this precious morcean accompanies this epistle, and if you, sir, think it deserving a place in your Magazine, I shall regularly furnish you with an appropriate number of sheets, and in the mean time beg leave to subscribe myself

Your obedient

Humble servant,

BENEDICT.

BENEDICT.

A TRUE HISTORY.

THOUGH I have thought proper to give my narrative the title of **BENEDICT**, many persons might have thought that of **THE ORPHAN**, more appropriate, for I was deprived the fostering aid of parents before I was old enough to be sensible of the irreparable loss I had sustained.

My father was the younger son of a baronet, whose estate lay in the northern part of England, but whose fortune was inadequate to the support of a numerous family, without each branch, (excepting the heir-apparent) making choice of some profession by which they might, in a certain degree, support themselves ; for as the title was extremely antient, the comforts of the minor chil-

dren were, to be sacrificed to the grandeur of it.

Neither law, physic, or divinity, corresponded with my father's taste ; and being permitted to make a choice between Mars and Neptune, he embraced the former profession, with all the ardor of a youthful mind.—An ensigncy was accordingly purchased in a regiment destined for foreign service ; and he soon had the happiness of hearing the East Indies was the seat of war, where he might not only have the power of signalling his courage, but of reaping a more gratifying reward.—Though a mere youth in age, yet his person had acquired the full vigor of manhood ; and to the strength of Hercules was added the beauty of Adonis, with a symmetry of form, that was frequently compared to Apollo, and was rendered still more applicable, from his passion for, and excellence in, music.

Nature having formed a casket of such superior workmanship, seemed no less determined to furnish it with a precious gem ; and at a very early period of life he displayed symptoms of those shining abilities, which adorned his character when he became a man. Yet with all these external and internal advantages, my father was by no means a perfect being ; for that ardor which inspired the performance of so many military achievements, frequently led to the commission of so many imprudences : his passions were seldom under the control of his judgement, and made him an easy dupe to the artful and designing. Still he had a high sense both of honor and integrity ; his noble and independent mind soared above all sordid schemes ;

he was, in fact, the child of nature, and abhorred every species of policy and deceit. His temper, though warm, was exquisitely tender, and he possessed that kind of insinuating address, which carries with it a letter of recommendation, and it is difficult to say whether he was most admired or beloved.

Such was this favorite child of nature, when the regiment to which he belonged set sail for the Indies; nothing material occurred during the passage, and the whole body arrived in Bengal in high spirits and health. The chances of war, united to the heat of climate, soon raised my father to the rank of lieutenant; and a fort of great strength and equal consequence, having been ordered to be bombarded, my father was the first subaltern officer who volunteered his services. His zeal was applauded, though his want of experience rendered it doubtful whether it would be prudent to intrust so young a man, but in proportion to the difficulties which the more able commanders started, he in theory defeated; and by arguments gave such proof of scientific knowledge, that at length he obtained the wished-for appointment. By the men he was actually adored; and so enthusiastic was their attachment, that they would have braved the greatest danger with him at their head; and the commanding officer having been killed by a cannon ball, at the very commencement of the bombardment, the whole honor of the victory was allowed to him.

The spoils of an eastern potentate at that period were sufficient, when shared, to make a subaltern moderately rich; and

my father, who by the death of the commander supplied that distinguished office, acquired from that one fortunate circumstance an unlooked-for portion of wealth. The honors he obtained, however, were far more gratifying to his feelings than riches, and inspired him with still greater passion for a soldier's life: in short, though at the expiration of five years, many of his brother officers requested leave to return to their native country, he refused a privilege they were so anxious to enjoy. The seat of war had been extended many hundred miles up the country; but at the time leave of absence had been solicited by the officers in my father's regiment, a cessation of hostilities had taken place; and they were ordered to relieve the troops which had been stationed at Calcutta.

The sound of the trumpet of fame had extended to that renowned capital; and my father was received with the most flattering marks of distinction; and though the governor's doors were open to all the British officers, particular marks of civility were shown to him. A few days before his arrival the English fleet had landed a valuable cargo from their native soil; and though beauty in that country is by no means a rare commodity, yet every voice resounded with one young lady's praise. This fair prize had been consigned to the particular care of the captain of the vessel, who happened to be nearly related to the governor, and to his house she accompanied her protector, until he found a convenient opportunity of sending her to her brother. This young lady, whose name was Melville, having lost two noble patrons,

was at an early period of life thrown upon the mercy of an unfeeling world; her father, though a man of rectitude and probity, filled no higher station than that of a nobleman's house-steward; but that nobleman's wife, having been struck with the beauty of the little Caroline, when a mere infant, offered to take upon herself the responsible office of god-mother; and, having no children of her own, adopted the lovely Caroline, when she had attained her third year. A governess was engaged, and masters of every kind procured for the apparently fortunate Caroline, as soon as her understanding was sufficiently ripened to benefit by their tuition; whilst all the domestics were commanded to treat her with as much respect as if she had been born to the rank in which she had so unexpectedly been placed.

No ostentatious vanity, however, marked the conduct of the unambitious Caroline; to her equals she was at once attentive and polite; and to her *inferiors*, so sweetly *mild* and *condescending*, that she was universally *beloved*, *without* being *envied*. *Amiable*, but yet unfortunate Caroline; little wast thou prepared for the impending evil which hung over thy hapless head! a malignant fever broke out in the neighbourhood of Lord Dudley's castle, and both him and the amiable countess fell victims to it!—so rapid were the inroads of the fatal distemper, that no time could be given to the arrangement of worldly affairs?—The blow was struck before any warning could be given; for the fever instantaneously attacked the brain; and, after raging only six and thirty hours with unprecedented violence, conducted the

till then vigorous Lord Dudley to the dreary mansions of the grave!—His lady, who had watched over him in spite of all remonstrance, inhaled the putrid atmosphere, which arose from the disease; and in proving the tenderness and strength of her affection, in three days became the sharer of her beloved husband's unfortunate fate.

Caroline, who had been prohibited by the positive injunctions of her benefactress, and the personal constraint put upon her, by her *governess*, no sooner heard the melancholy intelligence, than in spite of commands and entreaties, she flew towards the mansion of death; threw herself upon the lifeless body of the being, whom she had loved with more than filial fondness, and neither prayers nor persuasions could remove her from it, until nature, exhausted by the violence of mental suffering, was hushed to composure, by a fainting-fit; in that situation, she was removed to her own apartment, and every care and attention bestowed upon her, by her governess; who dispatched a messenger to Mrs. Melville, who at that time happened to be upon a visit to a distant relation. The father of Matilda, it has been observed, filled the office of *house-steward* to Lord D—; and upon the death of that nobleman had, by the express orders of the countess, dispatched an express to the heir at law, who residing at a remote distance from the seat (he was by this melancholy event become master of) did not arrive until some hours after every prospect of Caroline's future happiness was entirely closed.

Mr. L—, now Lord Darnley, was one of those dissipated cha-

acters whose hearts are too sordidly selfish, to admit the gentle feeling of compassion; and having by an unexpected event become master of a property (years, according to the course of nature, were likely to intervene between) he had scarcely decency enough to conceal the joy of his heart. The title and estate by law devolved to him; but his cousin in all probability had left a will, and made ample provision for that new-born creature, who had even as an *infant*, been his *aversion*. With what joy, then, must his sordid mind have expanded, when upon searching every spot likely to contain it, not even the slightest memorial of his intentions could be discovered; and when in addition to this circumstance, the attorney, employed by his predecessor, informed him he was persuaded no such deed would ever appear; as his lordship, only two days previous to the fatal disorder which terminated his existence, had appointed the following Monday for that purpose; saying that as an epidemical disease prevailed in the country, he thought it a duty incumbent upon him, to make an ample provision for the being he had fostered; desiring him to bring a rough copy for his inspection, of thirty thousand pounds sterling money, lodged in the funds.—*Fatal delay! unfortunate procrastination!* by which the lovely creature who had been cherished in the lap of luxury, was thrown pennyless upon an unfeeling world! for a sum termed *hush-money*, having been given to the petty fogging attorney, this *intention* of the deceased Lord Darnley's never transpired.

Caroline at this hapless period just completed her sixteenth year; and to the most exquisite personal and mental attractions was united to a noble and susceptible heart! From the state of insensibility into which she had fallen, she was restored by the tender exertions of Mrs. Dawson (which was her governess's name) but what a dreadful change had a few days produced in her situation! The whole world only presented a dreary void! She had, it is true, been in the habits of intercourse with her parents;—but what different beings did they always appear to her, to those with whom she associated! They were nevertheless worthy characters, but education had widened that connexion which nature had formed between them. Her father though not a *menial attendant*, to the man who had treated her with parental tenderness, was nevertheless his *domestic*; and though proud of beholding his offspring elevated to a rank in society, to which he had no aspiring wish, yet he could not help feeling the wide distinction which separated them. Had Lord Darnley lived to fulfil his generous intentions towards Caroline,—had she been the undisputed claimant of thirty thousand pounds in funded wealth—Melville would have felt proud in acknowledging her as his *daughter*—but far different were his sensations upon discovering there was no will.

The young heir, it has been observed, had always felt envious of that tender attention his predecessor had displayed towards the amiable girl, and his first question to the servants upon arriving at the castle, was, 'Whether that in-

terloper Caroline had taken care to feather her nest?

The servants, contrary to the generality of that class of beings, were not guided by motives of *self interest*, and instead of framing their reply, according to the disposition of their *new master*, said, 'they believed Miss Caroline to be incapable of any *artful trick*; and they sincerely hoped their lord had taken good care of her, as she was truly deserving of every thing he could give.' The praise bestowed upon Caroline, even by the domestics, added a fuel to that flame which selfishness had kindled, and the imperious lord of Darnley castle, inquired where he should find the object of his aversion.

The new possessor of the Darnley estates had never been upon terms of intimacy with the late noble inheritor of them, for their dispositions were as opposite as *light and shade*; in consequence of which four years had elapsed since the earl had beheld Caroline, at which period she was, in appearance, a mere child. Though he had inquired where she was, he considered it would degrade his consequence to offer any mark of respect to the house-steward's child; not reflecting that child had, from the period of infancy, been treated with as much respect as if she had been nobly born. Calling one of the servants, therefore, he desired him to inform Miss Melville he wished to see her in the library; but the man, either from custom or feeling, delivered the message in a very different style.

Caroline, however, being overpowered by the acuteness of her feelings, was incapable of fulfilling

the arrogant Lord Darnley's wish, therefore sent a dignified, though polite apology, for declining it. A sense of insult and impropriety, notwithstanding, struck her the moment the servant quitted her apartment; and, throwing her alabaster arms round the neck of Mrs. Dawson, she sobbed out, 'Oh, my friend, how soon has the proud possessor of Darnley castle made me sensible of my irreparable loss! It was not thus, you know, he was accustomed to treat me; for scarcely would he inquire after the health of my benefactors before he flew up stairs; but the scene has changed, and he now unceremoniously desires me to wait upon him!'

It was in vain Mrs. Dawson endeavoured to give a different color to the motive by which the new created peer was actuated; for Caroline still felt an innate monitor within her breast, which told her he would not have acted in the same manner, had death not deprived her of her best and dearest friends. If the lovely girl had been mortified by a mode of conduct she considered degrading, the heir of Darnley castle was still more so, by the dignified apology which she sent; and which the servant took pains to deliver with a degree of emphasis, which rendered it doubly impressive.

'Does the upstart presume to teach Lord Darnley the rules of politeness!' exclaimed he, as the servant closed the door. 'Was it not for the opinion of the world, I would instantaneously turn the young serpent out of my house. Yet a message so degrading to my rank and consequence, could never have proceeded from the lips

of a child. She must have been instigated by her delectable governess, and upon that woman will I wreck the vengeance of wounded pride.'

Such was the soliloquy of the exasperated Lord Darnley, as he paced the library, when the attorney was announced; who, it has been observed, gave him the pleasing intelligence that no provision had been made for Lady Darnley's adopted child. Sounds more sweet than those which that degrading instrument of injustice uttered, never reached the human ear; the young lord, of course, had known himself heir to the estates and title; but the funded property he had always believed would be divided between the countess and Caroline. Death, fortunately for him, had canceled the claims of the former; and the latter evidently had none to make; but, to obtain the good opinion of that world in whose eyes he was desirous of appearing generous, it would be necessary to make some trifling sacrifice; and he therefore resolved to make a virtue of necessity, and present Caroline with a five hundred pound note.

In the period allotted to human existence, no four years can possibly intervene which make a more striking difference in the appearance than those which occur between twelve and sixteen. Caroline, when Mr. L—— visited that mansion of which he was then master, was in form and manners a mere child; notwithstanding which, there was a dignity blended with the latter, which he degraded by the appellation of upstart pride. This child he, of course, expected to see taller; yet he entertained no idea of her per-

son being completely formed, much less had his imagination pictured her adorned with every elegance, and endowed with every charm. Faint, from an excess of mental suffering, and overpowered by the violence of heat, Mrs. Dawson persuaded her lovely pupil to accompany her in a walk overshadowed by trees, on the evening of the following day after Lord Darnley's arrival at the castle. The walk which Mrs. Dawson had chosen was at once retired and sombre, and one that was seldom frequented; her astonishment was therefore great, when arriving at the end of it, to behold it's new possessor seated upon a bench.

An indefinable sensation of disgust struck the sensitive Caroline upon unexpectedly meeting the lord of that newly-possessed domain, blended with a kind of remorse at having acted with a degree of duplicity, in having assigned ill-health as an excuse for not receiving his visit — as curiosity, or some motive of policy, had induced him to send a complimentary message that morning, the purport of which was, that, if Caroline would permit him, he would claim the privilege of an old friend.

If the unexpected rencontre agitated the frame of Caroline, it seemed to have a still greater effect upon his lordship; for he started with as much astonishment as if he beheld a spectre, and actually remained for some moments transfixed. Yet it was not the formidable appearance of the too lovely fair one which excited this sensation, but the unexpected display of charms which struck him as truly angelic; for,

in the being whom he had been prepared to meet with averted glances, he beheld a divinity he felt almost ready to fall down and worship. Her face, her form, her every movement, were calculated to inspire a mixture of admiration and love.

‘My fair cousin,’ said he, an appellation Mr. L—— had always been in the habit of using when he considered Caroline as the adopted child of his predecessor — ‘I rejoice at seeing you sufficiently recovered to enjoy the balmy breeze, which adds additional charms to those attractions nature has bestowed with so lavish a hand.’

‘Miss Melville, my lord,’ replied Mrs. Dawson, ‘has hitherto been unaccustomed to the unmeaning compliments of polished society; and would really be as much at a loss to answer your high-flown language, as if you had accented her in Greek.’

‘Be it my office then, madam,’ retorted his lordship with a degree of vivacity, little applicable to the melancholy scene which had occurred at the castle, ‘to instruct her in that of the eyes; for mine surely must express that admiration which such an unexpected blaze of beauty must inspire, even in the bosom of adamant age: judge then the effect they must have produced upon a being glowing with all the energies of youth.’

‘To the little knowledge your lordship has of my character,’ said Caroline in a dejected accent, ‘do I attribute the mean opinion you entertain of my understanding. Compliments are at all times disgusting; but at the present moment, I am even shocked at hearing I look well; as I

should fear it would seem a tacit proof of the ingratitude and insensibility of my heart.’

The young libertine soon discovered he had indeed mistaken the character of the being who so properly reproved his want of sensibility; and artfully drawing a handkerchief from his pocket, he applied it to his tearless eyes, saying — ‘Amiable Miss Melville, do me not the injustice of supposing I am insensible of the loss we have mutually sustained. Heaven knows how deeply I regret those honorable distinctions which are now bestowed upon me, by the death of the much admired, the most esteemed of men; and permit me to assure you, that this house shall ever be an asylum both for you and your valuable friend. And I entreat, madam,’ continued he, turning to Mrs. Dawson, ‘you and your fair charge will jointly consider yourselves the mistresses of it.’

A speech of that kind demanded some acknowledgements from both ladies; though Mrs. Dawson had too complete a knowledge of the world to be imposed upon by it. The young lord then offered his arm where decorum dictated, and the trio soon afterwards returned to the castle. When Caroline reached the door which led to her own apartment, she politely courtesied to his lordship.

‘Cruel Miss Melville!’ said he, in a disconsolate accent, ‘is it with this formality you treat the sincerest of your friends? Yet I must endeavour to bow submissive to that divinity, whom fate has ordained to be the arbitress of my future destiny.’

Had not Caroline’s mind been too deeply oppressed by sorrow,

she would have made some ludicrous reply to this romantic compliment; but her heart had been so severely probed by her recent misfortunes, as to yield to the natural force of her spirits. The mind of this young nobleman was all chaos and confusion; in the being whom he had predetermined to treat with insult or neglect, he beheld charms which acted as fuel to his illicit passions, and made him sigh to become possessor of them. The education she had received rendered great precaution necessary; for virtue was the idol he was persuaded she worshiped; yet marriage with the daughter of his predecessor's steward would not only be degradation, but the height of madness. Should he endeavour to gain over that steward by the weight of obligation, and continue him in his present office? Or, should he present him with a sum of money, and send him to superintend a remote estate?

If he adopted the latter plan, Caroline, in all likelihood, would be the companion of her father's flight; and, if he retained him in his present occupation, he would in all probability be a spy upon his schemes. Occupied in these, or such like reflections, this unprincipled young man spent the greater part of the night, and the next morning sending for Caroline's father, he made him the proposal of retaining his present employ. 'Business,' said he, 'Mr. Melville, of a very important nature, will prevent me from residing upon my estate; it is, therefore, peculiarly necessary that I should fix upon some confidential person to supply my place. You, my good friend, are

the one I have selected; your prudence and probity have been equally tried; and, though I do not mean to keep up quite so large an establishment as my dear departed relation, I shall maintain such a one here as is becoming my future wife. Reasons I do not at the present moment choose to assign to you, my dear Melville, prevent me from being more explicit, but, as we become better acquainted, I shall treat you with increased confidence; suffice it to say, my charming cousin, as I have always called her, and Mrs. Dawson, will remain inmates of this house; and on you I rely to see every thing conducted with that respect due to the former.'

The unsuspicious steward listened to these declarations with a mixture of exultation and delight; his new lord certainly had not positively said he would marry his daughter, but what other inference could be drawn? He hastened to his wife, and imparted the joyful tidings that he should become father-in-law to a lord, and each congratulated the other on the transcendency of their daughter's charms.

The last sad tribute of respect having been paid to the memory of the deceased Countess of Darnley, the present possessor of that title resolved to hasten his departure from the castle, and having contrived to have a letter delivered to him after the two ladies had retired to their chamber, he ordered a carriage to be in readiness by four o'clock, and set off, attended only by the valet he had brought down. The motive by which this artful young man was actuated rests to be explained:

his wish then was, to lower the amiable Caroline in the opinion of her friends. He had frequently, during his occasional intercourse with her, expressed a hope that she would remain at the castle; but an innate sense of propriety induced her positively to reject the plan; and the preceding evening she had informed him, she should immediately place herself under the protection of her parents.

Those worthy, but misjudging people, did not perceive the slightest impropriety in their child's remaining under a roof where she had been fostered and educated, and of which she was so soon to become mistress; and, instead of applauding, condemned her design. When Lord Darnley had read the letter which he pretended required his immediate presence in town, though late as was the hour, he sent for Caroline's father, to make him acquainted with the news: 'but Melville,' said he, 'your daughter is too fastidious, and has positively refused remaining under my roof; a circumstance which distresses me beyond the power of language; for I consider her as it's lawful mistress. Your house, my good friend, is not fit for the reception of a young lady, educated with all that elegance due to the exalted rank she will soon grace; I am therefore determined to make an addition to it, and I have already engaged both bricklayers and carpenters, who will begin the improvement to-morrow morning: the roof must immediately be taken down, as I purpose adding another story; in short, it is by no means an abode fit for a gentleman, and such, my

good friend, I intend making you, if you will but endeavour to promote my happiness with your lovely girl.'

The unsuspecting father listened to these declarations with a mixture of joy and surprise; and not entertaining the most distant idea of the motive by which the insidious earl was influenced, expressed his acknowledgements with tears of delight. It was finally agreed between them, that Mrs. Melville should take up her abode at the castle during these necessary repairs; and this plan having been settled, the happy man took a respectful leave of his employer. Charmed with the success of his preconcerted measures, Lord Darnley's next plan was to frame an artful epistle to Mrs. Dawson and Caroline, the purport of which was to inform them that, finding the latter could not be persuaded to reside at the castle, he had taken the liberty of giving directions to have her father's house made more commodious for her reception; and, until that work was completed, Mr. and Mrs. Melville would both reside at the castle; and these deceptious letters concluded with expressions of sorrow and regret, that unexpected business in London should have compelled him to quit the castle without the happiness of taking leave.

I shall not trespass upon the time of my readers by describing the various other stratagems this unprincipled young man made use of, to blind the eyes of Caroline's too credulous parents; fortunately, however, for that amiable young woman, the instructress of her childhood was not so easily imposed upon.

By the interest of the late Lord Darnley, an elder brother of Miss Melville's had obtained an appointment in the East India company's service; this young man had, by industry and pleasing manners, acquired the esteem of the superior officers in the company's service, in consequence of which he had been placed in a situation highly advantageous. With his connexions in England he had kept up a regular correspondence, particularly with Caroline, and being a man of deep reflection, he had always considered her situation as precarious. A letter had arrived from this attached brother, the day after the death of the countess, which concluded with a repetition of those affectionate declarations which he had so frequently expressed. 'If ever, my beloved Caroline,' said the amiable writer, 'you should be in want of a friend, remember you have a brother who will rejoice in sharing with you all his worldly wealth; who will receive you with open arms, cherish you as a daughter, and protect you from the insidious schemes of the artful and designing.'

This letter was a balm to the wounded heart of Caroline, and she silently resolved to benefit by its contents; for too painfully did she feel that, in the society of her parents, she could neither enjoy satisfaction or happiness. That conduct which they so much admired in the lord of Darnley castle, she could not help fancying proceeded from some insidious design, and her sagacious mistress was of the same opinion, though she did not think proper to avow it either to Mr. or Mrs. Melville. The plan of altering the house forcibly struck her ima-

gination as proceeding merely from the wish of keeping Caroline in his power; and, whilst her parents were extolling his humanity, she was meditating by what means she could elude his art.

At this fortunate crisis, a nephew of Mrs. Dawson arrived at the castle, for the purpose of taking leave of her, previous to his setting sail to the Indies. This gentleman was captain of the Lord Duncan, and being questioned as to his knowledge of Edward Melville, declared him to be an intimate acquaintance, or, in other words, his most esteemed friends. The idea of becoming the companion of Captain Dawson's voyage instantly struck Caroline, and she as quickly imparted it to her parents, who not only represented it as wild and chimerical, but accused her of ingratitude to the being by whom the fortune of the whole family would be made. Mrs. Dawson, however, was of a very different opinion; she considered the arrival of her nephew as an act of Providence, to rescue her lovely charge from the snares of a villain, who had completely imposed upon her natural protectors.

It has been observed, that Lord Darnley left the castle only attended by a favorite valet; he had not, however, been absent quite a fortnight, when he returned on pretence of ill health, though Mrs. Dawson, from the moment, could not help fancying merely for the purpose of being a spy upon their actions. The name of this agent of his lord's iniquitous plans happened to be Charles Downton, and a letter addressed to him, in a feigned vulgar hand, was accidentally delivered, with several others, to Captain Dawson, whose Christian name likewise was Charles;

he, therefore, without minutely attending to the superscription, opened it, saying, 'Oh! this epistle, I am certain, comes from one of my honest tars!' He perused it and re-perused it, several times, however with a countenance visibly agitated; and folding it up, saying, 'D——d villains!' in a low accent. Mrs. Dawson's attention had been attracted by the seriousness of her nephew's countenance whilst perusing the unexpected epistle, and regarding him with a mixture of curiosity and astonishment, she said, 'Charles, I should like to read the letter you have just put into your pocket.'

The aunt and nephew were that moment left *tête-à-tête* together, as Caroline quitted the room at the moment Mrs. Dawson expressed the wish; the captain, therefore, drew the detestable scroll from his pocket, and audibly read the following words.

LETTER

From the Earl of Darnley, to his Valet, Charles Downton.

'Dear Charles,

'I HAD no doubt of our plan succeeding with those soft-headed beings the Melvilles; but I am rejoiced at finding you had sufficient address to impose upon that female Argus, Dawson.

'You tell me you think Melville may be purchased—bring him then, my lord, upon his own terms; yet, in that cursed conversation with him, I agree with you, I went rather too far; for, though I meant to hold out a bait, I did not think he would have

drawn the inference which you tell me he has done. The chief card you have to play is, to ridicule marriage, and to impress him with an idea that it is an institution formed by that selfish creature man; and, as I find he is religiously moral, desire him to produce any instance of it's being a divine command; bring David's conduct in as an auxiliary, the man after God's own heart; and, above all, dwell upon that engagement my imaginary father made me enter into with that old cat, Lady C——; describe her as afflicted with an hereditary disorder, which the physicians assure me will carry her off in less than two years; and fail not to fee the servant who particularly waits upon my divinity; and invent a thousand charitable deeds, that she may report them to her mistress; and by that means exalt your respectable master in his esteem.

'But Charles, I know I need not admonish; for your own sagacity will supply the place of advice. All I have to say is, that when things are in proper training, and will unexpectedly return, and bring with me a golden harvest sufficient to make a man of you.—Mind that every thing is conducted with the greatest decorum; no romping or toying with the maids; let all things be done in order; as some one of the writers upon religion have ordained; work whilst it is day, my boy, but night, glorious night for me!—

'I shall reflect upon your plan of stealing into my charmer's chamber, and will certainly first try if by wooing she can be won; at any rate I am resolved to possess her, and that, too, before long.

Write immediately upon the receipt of this letter; if you want more money draw upon Hammersley; he has orders to accept your drafts, my honest fellow, to any reasonable amount.

The post is going out; success attend you; burn this the moment it is perused.

‘DARNLEY.’

To describe the various emotions which agitated the mind of Mrs. Dawson and her nephew, whilst the latter was reading this specimen of iniquity and plan, is totally impossible; and, for some moments, both observed a total silence. — At length, Captain Dawson, rising from the table, said, ‘My dear aunt, there is but one measure for the amiable Caroline to pursue, and that is, to throw herself into my protection, and embark without even giving her parents the slightest intimation of her views.’

Caroline, at that instant, entered the apartment, and by the countenance of her maternal counsellor perceived all was not right. But who could describe the agony of the dear girl’s sufferings upon discovering the treacherous plot which had been laid! Her first wish was to fly to her parents with the proof of her premeditated seducer’s base designs, but overruled by the judicious remarks of Captain Dawson, she declared herself ready in every instance to be guided by his advice. The ship which he commanded was under sailing orders, and only waited for his return to it: ‘Will you, then, my dear Miss Melville,’ said he, ‘place yourself under the protection of a man of honor, who most solemnly swears to become both a father and a friend?

I will pledge myself to deliver you to the care of your brother; I will furnish you with every thing that is necessary for your accommodation on board ship; for though I may not be able to purchase all the articles you may want at Portsmouth, I can buy the materials, and it will afford you occupation to make them during your voyage.’

‘Oh, my generous friend!’ replied the agitated Caroline, ‘with what joy should I accept your proposal; but, portionless as I am, (for I am not mistress of more than twenty guineas), how am I to purchase the necessaries for such a voyage?’

‘Am I not the friend of your brother? and have I not avowed myself the willing protector of persecuted innocence? My purse is yours; from this moment I consider you as my daughter — as a treasure deposited in my hands by you, my dear aunt!’ exclaimed he, whilst tears of sensibility glistened in his manly and expressive eyes. Mrs. Dawson alternately embraced her nephew and her pupil, and implored Heaven to pour down it’s choicest blessings on their heads; but the moments were precious, and the captain had arranged every thing for his departure the following morning.

It was finally therefore agreed, that Caroline should put all her valuables in Captain Dawson’s trunk; and that when Mr. and Mrs. Melville joined them at supper, he should suddenly propose a scheme to his aunt of her, and Miss Melville accompanying him about twenty miles, and pass the night at the Rectory, with a near relation. The proposal, as had been predetermined, was at first

negatived; but the captain continued his persuasions, alleging that the change of air and scene would be beneficial to Caroline, whose appearance sorrow had materially injured. The unsuspecting parents joined their persuasions with those of Captain Dawson; and as some change of apparel would be necessary, Caroline had an opportunity of packing up all her muslin robes, and on the following morning they quitted the castle, never more to re-enter its walls.

The night was passed by Caroline in writing to her mother, and at once explaining the motive which influenced her flight, knowing the ship would sail as soon as they arrived at Portsmouth, to prevent the possibility of being pursued. The doubts that amiable girl entertained of the rectitude of her parents' conduct from the perusal of the vile Lord Darnley's letter, checked in some degree that depression of spirits which she felt at bidding the authors of her existence adieu; notwithstanding which she found it impossible to say farewell, without torrents of tears.

They traveled with a speed to which both females had been unaccustomed, and arrived at Portsmouth about two in the morning, when, after retiring to rest for a few hours, Mrs. Dawson and the captain purchased the necessary articles; when the wind being fair Mrs. Dawson bade adieu to her beloved pupil, and then put the letter Caroline had written to her mother into the post, with another from herself, requesting her boxes might immediately be sent to a merchant's house in town.

Nothing material happened to

the lovely Caroline during the voyage: her sweetness of manner, more than her beauty, had attracted the affection and esteem of all her fellow-passengers; and as her brother did not happen to be at Calcutta when the Lord Duncan arrived there, she accompanied the worthy Captain Dawson to the governor's house, where she saw my father, and from that moment lost her heart.

[To be continued.] Page
the 9th of the
vol for 1809

CHARACTER of the late LORD CLARE,

LORD CHANCELLOR OF IRELAND.

[From Historic Anecdotes and Secret Memoirs of the Legislative Union between Great-Britain and Ireland, by Sir Jonah Barrington.]

IRELAND, at this æra (1778) possessed many men of superior capacities—some distinguished by their pure attachment to constitutional liberty—others by their slavish deference to ruling powers and patronizing authorities.—Among those whom the spirit of these times called forth to public notice, was one of the most bold and enegetic leaders of modern days, an intimate knowlege of whose marked and restless character is a necessary preface and preliminary to a recital of Irish occurrences, in which the effects of his passions will be every where traced, and the mischievous errors of his judgement be perceived and lamented.

This person was John Fitzgibbon, afterwards Earl of Clare—Attorney-General, and Lord High

Chancellor of Ireland. — His ascertained pedigree was short, though his family name bespoke an early respectability. His grandfather was obscure — his father intended for the profession of a popish priest, but possessing a mind superior to the habits of monkish seclusion, procured himself to be called to the Irish bar, where his talents raised him to the highest estimation, and finally established him in fame and fortune.

John Fitzgibbon, the second son of this man, was called to the bar in 1772. — Naturally dissipated he for some time attended but little to the duties of his profession: but on the death of his elder brother, and his father, he found himself in possession of all those advantages, which led him rapidly forward to the extremity of his objects. — Considerable fortune — professional talents — extensive connexions — and undiminished confidence, elevated him to those stations, on which he afterwards appeared so conspicuously seated; while the historic eye, as it follows his career, perceives him lightly bounding over every obstacle which checked his course, to that goal where all the trophies and thorns of power were collected for his reception.

From his advancement Ireland computed a new epocha — the period of his life comprised a series of transactions, in the importance of which the recollection of former events was merged and extinguished. — To the character of Lord Clare may be traced the occult source of heretofore inexplicable measures — in his influence will be found the secret spring which so often rendered the machine of Irish Government

rapid and irregular; and as we pass along through those interesting scenes, which distinguished Ireland for twenty years, we often anticipate his councils, and as often mourn the result of our anticipation.

In the Earl of Clare we find a man eminently gifted with talents adapted either for a blessing or a curse to the nation he inhabited: but early enveloped in high and dazzling authority, he lost his way, and considering his power as a victory, he ruled his country as a conquest: — warm but indiscriminate in his friendships — equally indiscriminate and implacable in his animosities — he carried to the grave the passions of his childhood, and has bequeathed to the public a record,* which determines that trait of his varied character beyond the power of refutation.

He hated powerful talents, because he feared them; and trampled on modest merit, because it was incapable of resistance. Authoritative and peremptorily in his address; commanding, able, and arrogant in his language; a daring contempt for public opinion seemed to be the fatal principle which misguided his conduct: and Ireland became divided between the friends of his patronage — the slaves of his power — and the enemies of his tyranny.

His character had no medium, his manners no mediocrity — the example of his extremes was adopted by his intimates, and excited in those who knew him feel-

* His lordship's last will, now a record in the prerogative office of Dublin, a most extraordinary composition of hatred and affection, piety and malice, &c.

ings either of warm attachment or of riveted aversion.

While he held the seals in Ireland, he united a vigorous capacity with the most striking errors: as a judge, he collected facts with a rapid precision, and decided on them with a prompt asperity:—depending too much on the strength of his own judgement, and the acuteness of his own intellect,—he hated precedent, and despised the highest judicial authorities, because they were not his own.

Professing great control over others, he assumed but little over himself; he gave too loose a rein to his impressions, consequently the neutrality of the judge occasionally yielded to the irritation of the moment; and equity at times became the victim of dispatch, or a sacrifice to pertinacity.

The calm dignity of a high and elevated mind, deriving weight from it's own purity, and consequence from it's own example, did not seem the characteristic of the tribunal where he presided; and decorum was preserved less by a respect for his person than a dread of his observation; for he disliked presumption in every person but himself, and discountenanced it in every body, but those whom he patronized.

He investigated fraud with assiduity, and punished it with rigor; yet it was obvious that, in doing so, he enjoyed the double satisfaction of detecting delinquency and of gratifying the misanthropy of an habitual invective—for never did he poise the scale, without also exercising the sword of justice.

Yet in many instances he was an able, and in many a most useful judge; and, though his ta-

lents were generally over-rated, and many of his decisions condemned, it may be truly said that, with all his failings, if he had not been a vicious statesman, he might have been a virtuous chancellor.

Though his conversation was sometimes licentious and immoral, and always devoid of refined wit, and of genuine humor, yet, in domestic life, he had many meritorious, and some amiable qualities—an indefatigable and active friend, a kind and affectionate master; an indulgent landlord; liberal, hospitable, and munificent, he possessed the seed of qualities very superior to those which he cultivated; and in some instances evinced himself susceptible of those finer sensations which, if their growth had been permitted in his vigorous and fertile mind, might have placed him on the very summit of private character; but, unfortunately, his temper, his ambition, and his power, seemed to unite in one common cause to impede and stunt the growth of almost every principle which would have become a virtue.

As a politician and a statesman, the character of Lord Clare is too well known, and it's effects are too generally experienced, to be mistaken or misrepresented—the era of his reign was the downfall of his country; his councils accelerated what his policy might have suppressed, and have marked the annals of Ireland with stains and miseries unequalled and indelible.

In council, Lord Clare—rapid, peremptory, and overbearing—regarded promptness of execution, rather than discretion of arrangement, and piqued himself more on expertness of thought, than sobriety of judgement. Through

all the calamities of Ireland, the mild voice of conciliation never escaped his lips; and, when the torrent of civil war had subsided in his country, he held out the olive, to show that the deluge had receded.

Acting upon a conviction that his power was but coexistent with the order of public establishments, and the tenor of his office limited to the continuance of administration, he supported both with less prudence and more desperation, than sound policy or an enlightened mind should permit or dictate; his extravagant doctrines of religious intolerance created the most mischievous pretexts for upholding them; and, under color of defending the principles of one revolution, he had nearly plunged the nation into all the miseries of another.

His political conduct has been accounted uniform, but in detail it will be found to have been miserably inconsistent: In 1781 he took up arms to obtain a declaration of Irish independence; in 1800 he recommended the introduction of a military force, to assist in it's extinguishment;—he proclaimed Ireland a free nation in 1783, and argued that it should be a province in 1799;—in 1782, he called the acts of the British legislature towards Ireland '*a daring usurpation of the rights of a free people**,' and in 1800 he transferred Ireland to the usurper. On all occasions his ambition as despotically governed his politics, as

his reason invariably sunk before his prejudice.

Though he intrinsically hated a legislative union, his lust for power induced him to support it; the preservation of office overcame the impulse of conviction, and he strenuously supported that measure, after having openly avowed himself it's enemy: it's completion, however, blasted his hopes, and hastened his dissolution. The restlessness of his habit, and the obtrusiveness of his disposition, became insupportably embarrassing to the British cabinet—the danger of his talents as a minister, and the inadequacy of his judgement as a statesman, had been proved in Ireland: he had been a useful instrument in that country; but the same line of services which he performed in Ireland, would have been ruinous to Great-Britain, and Lord Clare was no longer consulted.

Thus the Union effected thro' his friends, what Ireland could never accomplish through his enemies—his total overthrow. Unaccustomed to control, and unable to submit, he returned to his country, weary, drooping, and disappointed; regretting what he had done, yet miserable that he could do no more—his importance had expired with the Irish parliament—his patronage ceased to supply food for his ambition—the mind and the body became too sympathetic for existence, and he sunk into the grave, a conspicuous example of human talent and human frailty.

Thus fell one of the most distinguished personages of the British empire. In his person he was about the middle size, slight, and not graceful; his eyes large, dark, and penetrating, betrayed

* In his lordship's answer to the address of Dublin university on the 14th of April 1782, upon the declaration of rights, he used these words; and added, that he had uniformly expressed that opinion both in public and in private.

some of the boldest traits of his uncommon character; his countenance, though expressive and manly, yet discovered nothing which could deceive the physiognomist into an opinion of his magnanimity, or call forth an eulogium on his virtues.

During twenty momentous and eventful years, the life of Lord Clare is, in fact, the history of Ireland—as in romance some puissant and doughty chieftain appears prominent in every feat of chivalry—the champion in every strife—the hero in every encounter—and, after a life of toil and battle, falls surrounded by a host of foes—a victim to his own ambition and temerity.

Thus Earl Clare, throughout those periods, will be seen bold, active, and desperate—engaging fiercely in important conflict of the Irish nation—and, at length, after having sacrificed his country to his passions and his ambition, endeavouring to atone for his errors by sacrificing himself.

VIRTUOUS LOVE REWARDED.

A TALE.

By Miss Wyndham Foot James.

CHAP. I.

IN the pleasant month of May, Lord Cleveland and his family retired from the hurrying scenes of the metropolis to the antient seat of their ancestors.

It was a beautiful and enchanting residence, situate from town about fifty miles. The mansion-house stood in the centre of a fine park, which was well stocked with deer. The lofty mountains, tremendous precipices, and pendulous woods, in contrast with a

grand and expansive river, that rolled majestically along, formed a most picturesque scene.

Lord and Lady Cleveland had buried many children; they had but four, who reached to years of maturity, and these were two sons and two daughters. Their eldest son, Adolphus, was mild and generous; and of a thoughtful and studious turn of mind.

Ferdinand, the youngest, was quite the reverse, being licentious and volatile. The two daughters, Emily and Julia, were handsome and accomplished girls; but the former was somewhat arrogant, being tenacious of her high-birth; the latter was a paragon of humility and meekness. Miss Emily's disposition was similar to her father's; she was therefore his lordship's favorite. This young lady had received frequent offers of marriage; but, as her suitors were destitute of titles, she repulsed their addresses with superciliousness and contempt. 'Never,' would she haughtily say, 'will I give my hand to any other than a peer at least.' Love was known only by name to Adolphus and Julia. This amiable brother and sister were infinitely delighted with their rural abode. Ferdinand and Emily detested the country; it removed the former from his dissipations and follies, and the latter from operas, plays, and other city amusements. Often would she exclaim, 'How I abominate musical woods, mossy banks, purling streams, shady labyrinths, fanning breezes, and silent valleys. Heighho! I shall ever say, that

'Green fields, and shady groves, and
crystal springs,
And larks, and nightingales, are odious
things.'

Thus the beauties of nature, which, to a contemplative and rational mind, are sources of the highest pleasure, palled upon the senses of this gay belle, whose only delights were those of dress and amusements.

The monthly assembly, which was held at an adjoining town, was some little recreation to her. She generally attended it, accompanied by either her cousin, Sir Theobald Hargrave, (a young baronet who resided in their neighbourhood) or one of her brothers.

One evening, she returned from the assembly infinitely delighted. The behaviour of a rustic and illiterate young man, had excited her hilarity. Mr. Raymond had recently been left a handsome fortune by his uncle. He was possessed of an extremely weak understanding, which, unfortunately, had never received the aid of cultivation; for, till his relation's death, he had been constantly employed in driving the plough, and the labors of agriculture.

However he came to the assembly, and, notwithstanding he was totally ignorant of the art of dancing, led forth a partner. He wore a pair of great clumsy shoes, which were of infinite annoyance to the ladies, as he frequently stepped upon their feet. He had a shrill dissonant voice; and, when Mr. H—s, the steward, spoke to the musicians to cease playing, it being twelve o'clock, he screamed: 'Oh, but Sir, I and my lady a'nt a kalled it.'

'I am sorry, for that, Sir,' returned Mr. H—s, mimicking him, 'but neither you, nor your lady will now call to-night.' This, with many satirical remarks on

his person and behaviour, was ludicrously related by Miss Cleveland.

Adolphus told her that he thought the young man was an object rather of commiseration than derision. Emily regarded not her brother's animadversion; she redoubled her burlesque, and, with Ferdinand and Sir Theobald, the latter of whom knew Mr. Raymond, laughed most heartily.

Adolphus one evening by himself, his sisters having taken an equestrian excursion with their brother; walked out to take a ramble in the park; but, finding the beams of Phœbus somewhat annoying, he entered the umbrageous coverts of an extensive wood, exclaiming with the poet,

'Welcome, ye shades! ye bow'ry thickets, hail!
Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks!
Ye ashes wild! resounding o'er the steep!
Delicious is your shelter.'

Absorbed in thought, the youth strayed unconsciously forward. As he passed along, the dulcet warblings of the blackbirds met his ears; he was cooled by the balmy zephyrs, on whose silken wings were wafted the odoriferous exhalations of the primrose and violet. He sometimes ascended an eminence to contemplate the beauties of the distant landscape; and sometimes threw himself beneath the outstretched canopy of the branching oak —

'To pore upon the brook that babbled by.'

Thus he passed the hours, till

Sol, glancing his last rays upon the silver waves of the scarcely undulating river, admonished him to return. 'Which way shall I go,' said he mentally, and gazing around him. 'My ramble has been eccentric, and I am apprehensive of difficulty in discovering the right road.'

Whilst he stood thus irresolute, exploring with penetrating eye the many intricate windings that encompassed him, and which he had so heedlessly permeated, he beheld an aged hind, who was seeking after a strayed sheep. — 'Will you, friend,' said Adolphus, approaching towards him, 'be so obliging as to show me the nearest way out of this wood?'

'To be zhure I wul, and please yur honor,' replied the rustic. 'Pray zur,' he continued, 'beant you my young lord at the grate ouse? Voith, I thinks you be his honor.'

Mr. Cleveland gratified his curiosity. They walked along conversing, and, after some time, reached the confines of the wood.

'Now, yur honor's best woy wul be,' said the peasant, 'ta cum down tha wrud along a me; and, arter gwuain about a mile, yur honor ul cum to tha guates of yur honor's pork.'

Adolphus, observing that the sky wore a formidable aspect, and that it indicated an approaching storm, asked, if he could not return a nearer way?

To this he answered: 'Ay, yur honor; but you must then go a cross thesum here vields, and so-a kip up by meastur's barn, which stands in Hob-vield; and then go-a bee Zam Tomkins's.'

Adolphus smiled at this direction, and saying that he knew not

the places which he had mentioned, agreed to accompany him down the road.

They had not proceeded half a mile ere the rain poured down in torrents, the thunder rolled tremendously, whilst vivid lightning flashed amongst the trees.

'Lard, zur,' said the rustic, 'I be avraid you'll be tha wus von gettin so-a wet. I knowe thesum here towns volks and lordly volks be so-a nash that almoost a cowl'd oir makes um bod. But, ou-sever,' he continued, 'we sholl strait cum to meastur's, and there yur honor con stoy till tha roin be auver; and good now him ul be mortal civil to yur honor, be-kase a beant like a little junk auf a varmer. I a lived thesum here yourteen yeers wëen — we, and zouks! ud a rent peart auf his varm auf yur honor's vather.'

Mr. Cleveland made a civil reply to this, and presented him with a guinea.

'Lard, yur honor,' said he, eyeing the shining prize with delight, 'I da return ye a bushol auf thanks.'

They soon arrived at farmer Ashton's, and, as it still continued to rain without intermission, Adolphus walked in. The aged peasant announced whom he was to his master, who conducted him to the parlour, where sat a beautiful young damsel busily employed in reading. At the entrance of Adolphus she arose, and closed the book. The youth, in apparent astonishment, fixed his dark piercing eyes upon her almost celestial countenance, whilst she blushed deep as the damask rose, and shrunk from his ardent gaze.

'Never,' said he mentally, 'did

I behold such consummate loveliness !

Clementina was, indeed, superlatively beautiful :

‘ Her form was fresher than the morning
rose,
When the dew wets it's leaves ; unstain'd
and pure
As is the lily, or the mountain snow.’

Clementina was the protégée of Mrs. Ashton. Mary Adams, an elderly woman, who came to reside at the village near farmer Ashton's, was suddenly taken extremely ill. Mrs. Ashton humanely went to render her, if she were in necessitude, some assistance. She found the poor woman was very near her dissolution. A child, about three years of age, stood by her weeping. The poor creature looked at the little cherub, and faintly said : ‘ Ah, Clementina ! who will now protect thee ? This is not my child, madam,’ continued she, addressing herself to Mrs. Ashton ; ‘ I lived a servant with the dear little angel's mother ; but, poor lady ! she is dead. My master and his son are gone to’ She here fainted, and never afterwards uttered a syllable.

Mrs. Ashton, though she had no family, was extremely fond of children. She took the lovely orphan home with her, and determined, should the farmer have no objection, to become her protectress and mother.

Mr. Ashton, after a very short acquaintance with the little interesting prattler, became as fondly attached to her as his wife ; she therefore became their adopted daughter. An officer's widow, a lady of competent and liberal education, who boarded at the farm during many years, took infinite

pleasure in teaching her ‘ young ideas how to shoot.’ As she grew up, this amiable woman taught her every accomplishment that embellishes the female mind. In the lines of Thomson her exterior beauty has already been panegyricised ; however, I shall say, that it was impossible to look upon her without two sentiments arising in the heart, that is, admiration and the whole energy of love. The latter soon made it's entry into the breast of Adolphus. When she spoke, he gazed enraptured, and her every word she uttered with a voice soft as the music of a shepherd's pipe, penetrated to his soul. When the storm subsided, he slowly walked from the farm, and, immersed in thought, reached his father's mansion. At the door he was met by his sister Emily, who exclaimed : ‘ Oh, here comes the fugitive. Why, Adolphus, we have been returned above these two hours. Where, for heaven's sake, have you been ; paying a visit to the antipodes ?’

Just as he was going to reply, Ferdinand, Sir Theobald Hargrave, and a young man, entered.

Mr. Raymond, said Sir Theobald, smiling, and introducing him.

‘ Yes,’ returned he, ‘ I am Mr. Raymond, a gentleman of five thousand a year. I suppose, Miss,’ continued he, addressing Miss Cleveland, ‘ you, sometime ago, recollect seeing me at S—s—y assembly ; however, I do mind seeing you there, and admired your pretty dancing.’

Miss Cleveland replied, endeavouring to suppress a laugh, ‘ I recognise you, Sir, to be the identical person whose appearance and behaviour engrossed my particular attention.

‘You are vastly praising, miss,’ returned he.

Ferdinand, at this, could retain his risible faculty no longer; he, therefore, burst into an obstreperous paroxysm of laughter. Adolphus gave a look of rebuke both at him and Sir Theobald, who was likewise laughing; but they regarded it not. The appearance of Lord Cleveland, however, silenced them. It being the hour of supper, his lordship asked the gentlemen to stay and sup with them. They accepted the invitation, and Lord Cleveland led the way to the supper room. When seated around the table, Mr. Raymond looked attentively at the viands, and, in a low voice, said to Miss Cleveland, who sat at his right hand, while Ferdinand was at his left, ‘Miss, miss, do you love tongue and fowl?’

‘Yes, sir,’ she answered.

‘So do I,’ returned he. ‘Miss, do you love tarts?’

‘I like them very well.’

‘And so do I. Miss, do you love crab?’

‘Not with any partiality.’

‘No more shudn’t I like it with parsley. Miss, do you love strong beer?’

‘No, sir.’

‘No more don’t I. Miss, do you love roasted potatoes?’

She here gave a deaf ear to his interrogatories; he, however, would have an answer, and, shaking her by the shoulder, continued, ‘miss, do you hear what I say to you?’

Ferdinand, who had been listening to him, with a convulsive laugh, said: ‘She is in love, I suppose, Mr. Raymond.’

‘Why,’ whispered he, ‘five thousand a year is n’t to be met with every day.’

Innumerable were the absurdities and extravagancies of this rustic squire: he drank copiously, which augmented his garrulity. Adolphus was pensive and abstracted; and, that his thoughtfulness might not be observed, pretended to have the head-ache, and soon withdrew. The lovely and unassuming Clementina engrossed all his thoughts, — ‘Ah!’ sighed he, ‘I am no longer myself. I have beheld beauty and virtue, I have seen the everlasting mistress of my heart! Yes, lovely, beauteous Clementina! ever shall I adore thee!’

Thus he thought; nor had the amiable Clementina beheld his elegant and graceful form unmoved. After his departure from their dwelling, in a pensive mood, she took her harp, and played several plaintive airs.

Two or three days elapsed, during which time Adolphus endeavoured to erase her beauteous image from his mind; he vainly had recourse to his books; he found them formal dulness.

Early one morning he walked in the park; his footsteps insensibly led him down the vista that opened into the meadows, which he entered. He proceeded pensively along, imagining the charms of Clementina, and surveying the rural objects around him.

‘Ah! who the melodies of morn can tell?’

The wild brook babbling down the mountain’s side;

The lowing herd; the sheepfold’s simple bell;

The pipe of early shepherd, dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs
above;

The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;
The hum of bees, and linnet’s lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottag-curs at early pilgrim bark;
Crown'd with her pail the tripping milk
maid sings;
The whistling ploughman stalks a field;
and, hark!
Down the rough slope the pond'rous
waggon rings;
Through rustling corn the hare astonish d
springs;
Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy
hour;
The partridge bursts away on whirring
wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd
bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her
aërial tow'r.

Lidney, Gloucestershire.

[To be continued.]

On the MODERATION of our DESIRES.

Pleasure first succours Virtue, in re-
turn,
Virtue gives pleasure an eternal reign.
YOUNG.

TO know how to moderate our desires is making a great progress in the path which leads to true happiness. The generality of men pass their lives in wishing for what they cannot obtain, or if they obtain that wish, they presently form new ones. Their hearts are swelled with more desires than there are waves on the troubled ocean, some are confused, others hurtful, some horrid and detestable; some are ridiculous and senseless, while there are others conformable to reason and virtue. In fine there is nothing either allowable or criminal but what is by turns the object of men's wishes.

To expect that a man should have no desires, is the same thing as to require him to cease to be man; for there are many desires which are essential to his natural existence. These do no prejudice to his happiness, but on the contrary tend to his preservation, and instruct him in what is necessary to it. To desire to eat, drink, sleep, or walk, when nature makes us sensible of hunger, thirst, drowsiness, uneasiness to be always sitting, or lying down is but natural. To wish the prosperity of our kindred, friends, and of good men, is acting according to reason; but there are other desires, which are as pernicious, and as much to be condemned, as these are useful and commendable; and nevertheless, as vicious and unreasonable as such desires are, they are so violent, that there is nothing which a man will not attempt to satisfy them. He traverses sea and land, exposes his life to war, violate friendship, paternal love, filial tenderness, betrays his country, abandons his religion and his God, and, after so many enormous crimes, it often happens that he is justly punished, not only in being disappointed of what he desires, but in the loss of what he enjoys. By coveting superfluities, he deprives himself of necessities; and Fortune, from whom he expects new favors, deprives him even of those for which he was obliged to Nature. He torments himself to acquire riches, but remains poor, and loses health. He hazards his life to gratify his boundless ambition; but, though he has lost an arm perhaps, he is still only where he was. He has betrayed his friend, to make his sovereign, who hates the traitor though he loves the treason. He

has changed his religion in hopes to be revenged on it's professors; but whose is as much despised by those religion he embraces, as by those of the religion which he quitted.

If men were not so blind as they are, they would not spend so great a part of a life so short in an uneasiness betwixt the fears and hopes of satisfying their avarice or ambition: they would see that the happiness they propose is not in every thing of which they are desirous; they would know that true human felicity consists in the tranquillity of the mind, and the health of the body, and that it is impossible to find it elsewhere: they would also be sensible that the real demands of nature are but few. Nature, in order to be preserved from distress, needs no stately palaces, nor spacious gardens adorned with statues of marble and brass; but is satisfied with the natural tapistry of the tender grass, and enjoys all the comforts of health, near some fresh running stream, and under the covert of trees. Why does man form so many schemes to obtain grandeur, which is no conducement to his happiness, and which cannot procure him either health or peace of mind? Montaigne, whom the French were obliged to for teaching them to think, gives us a very true and edifying description of the miseries of the great. 'Do fevers, gouts, and apoplexies,' says he, spare them any more than us? When old age hangs heavy on a prince's shoulders, can the yeomen of his guard ease him of that burthen? When he is terrified at the approach of death, can the gentlemen of his bedchamber comfort and fortify him. When jealousy or any other caprice fills his brain, can our

compliments or ceremonies restore him to good humor? The canopy of the bed he lies on, however much embroidered with gold and pearl, has no virtue against the colic. At the least twitch of the gout what signifies it to be called Sire or Majesty? Does he lose by the remembrance of his palaces and grandeur? If he be angry can his being a prince prevent him from looking red, or turning pale, and it may be behaving like a madman. The least prick of a pin, or the least passion of the soul, is sufficient to deprive a man of the pleasure of being sole monarch of the world.'

Nature is as easily to be satisfied with regard to the understanding as to the body. In order to render the mind contented and tranquil, it is not necessary to possess great employments, or to enjoy vast wealth; it is sufficient for us to love virtue, and to know how to be satisfied with a little, because it is but a little that we really want. In proportion as we retrench ourselves, all that Heaven grants us besides is superfluity. The more we wish to acquire, the more we want, and the farther we deviate from that happiness which we aim at. What felicity can greatness give us that is not to be met with in a middle state? Whoever knows how to limit himself to a moderate fortune is truly rich. If a man measures his necessities by nature he will never be poor, if by opinion, he will never be rich. A man need not be a philosopher to learn how to condemn grandeur, and to know of what little avail riches are to the attainment of true happiness; he need only examine what such wealth and grandeur amount to in the end; for, in fine, if it be

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



London Walking & Full Dress.

evident to him that they cannot procure real felicity, but are often pernicious to the owners, he will be convinced that a condition where a man has barely what is necessary, is preferable to a state of superfluity. Let us only consider what advantage great men can possibly reap from their wealth and grandeur. If their aim be to save their riches, or to increase them, it gives them a thousand uneasinesses; and if they desire to make a good use of them, and distribute them prudently, and according to their own option, they subject themselves to infinite cares and most vexatious perplexities. Nor is their grandeur less a burthen to them than their wealth. If a king be virtuous, he is unavoidably taken up continually with the government of his state; he is under the necessity of being watchful for the happiness and preservation of his people, and must consider himself as the father of a family obliged to maintain peace and plenty among his children. If this king be not virtuous he is nevertheless obliged to act for his subjects out of state policy, though not from any love that he bears them; his fear that his neighbours should rob him of part of what he enjoys, is sufficient to give him a thousand uneasy thoughts. Thus every sovereign is exposed by his condition to a vast variety of cares, from which a private person is exempted; it is therefore folly to desire the state of a sovereign, and to think it more capable of rendering us happy than that of a man who far from noise and free from ambition, lives contented with what he has, and looks upon health as the most precious boon of Heaven, next to virtue.

Whatever a man enjoys, he is
VOL. XL.

unhappy so long as he desires an addition to it; his greediness, to obtain what he covets, hinders him from having a true relish of what he possesses. He is a slave to his desires: then is it that he thinks superfluous wealth necessary, and his fancy, which is continually brooding new wishes, drags him to a precipice, which has no bottom nor banks where he can stop. But when a man is contented with what he enjoys, when he has within himself what the covetous and ambitious think to find in the fortune which they pursue, he knows the full value of the good he possesses, and enjoys it with that tranquillity which renders it more pure and delightful. The covetous man, who travels through Europe to enrich himself, knows not the sweetness of sleep like him who lives quietly in his own house. The former grudges the time he abandons to rest, as so much lost in the improvement of his affairs, and drowsy as he is rises early in the morning. The other reposes quietly as long as he chooses, and when he awakes, his mind and his body are refreshed by the rest which he has taken; he is quiet, he laughs, eats, drinks, and, in short, does every thing with pleasure, while the covetous man, being quite worn down with fatigue, finds no relish in what he eats, is in ill humor, is angry or uneasy at the least trifle, and spreads the bitterness of his gall upon all pleasures which the man who desires but little enjoys without alloy.

Chester, Oct. 3.

M. C—n.

LONDON WALKING AND FULL DRESS.

1. A SHORT petticoat and
vest of fine cambric of India mus-

3 T

lin, made whole in front, and laced up behind; it is finished with a collar, edged with rich antique lace: the dress is bordered with a colored or worked border. A bonnet of amber velvet or satin, with a small front, and tassels on each side. Roman cloak of purple velvet, and with amber sarcelnet: the cloak is ornamented with a gold trimming, and fastened on the right shoulder with a broach or clasp. Purple shoes or half boots.

2. A dress composed of lace-nett, spotted or worked in stripes: — a white satin body and petticoat; the front made high and square, and worked in chenille; sleeves of entire lace. Head-dress, a lace handkerchief or hood, ornamented in front with two ostrich feathers. Necklace of gold chain, with cornelian clasp: earrings to correspond: white shoes and gloves.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

IF, in my "*English Prosody*," I have said any thing which is not sufficiently intelligible to my readers, I am sorry for it: but, with respect to the passage, of which your fair correspondent Sophia desires an explanation, I really do not see how I can make it much clearer than it is. To gratify a lady, however, I will try. — I have said (page 73) that, "*in Orpheus, Theseus, Proteus, and a very numerous list of Greek names of similar termination, the EU is a diphthong*," and the EUS

must be pronounced "*as a single syllable, nearly like the French verb Eusse, or the English noun Use*." — All this, I believe, is as plain and intelligible as it well can be, and requires no comment or elucidation. But I have added, that "*Peneus and Alpheus are trisyllabic words, and have the middle syllable long and accented*," whence Sophia wishes to know whether I mean that these are the only exceptions, and that all other Greek names in EUS make the EU a diphthong. Certainly not. If I had meant this, I should have distinctly expressed it: and my chief reason for noticing those two in particular, was, that I had seen them improperly used in English poetry as dissyllabics — an error, against which I thought it right to caution the English reader, who cannot be supposed to know, that, in the original Greek, they materially differ in termination from Orpheus, Theseus, &c; being written *Peneios, Alpheios*, and having the middle syllable necessarily long on account of the diphthong EI. There are, however, many other Greek names in EUS*, which have the E-U in separate syllables: but an attempt to enumerate them would be a tedious and laborious task, which therefore I cannot venture to undertake.

With respect to a general rule, which should, agreeably to Sophia's wish, "*enable a plain English scholar to distinguish those which make the EU a diphthong, from those which do not*," it would, I fear, be impossible to gratify her in that particular; though it is

* That is to say, according to the Latin and the English usage; for, in Greek, their termination is different.

easy to give a sure and simple rule to any person acquainted with the Latin grammar, who needs only to be told, that all those, and those alone, which form the genitive in *EOS*, have the *EU* in the nominative a diphthong. This rule, however—the only one, I believe, that can be given—would be of little use to Sophia, or to others in her predicament, who therefore must, in each individual case, be content to seek information from some classical scholar, unless they choose to rely on the authority of dictionaries, at the risk of being frequently led astray.

Concerning *Timotheus* and *Briareus*, it is easy to give your fair correspondent the desired information. *Timotheus* contains four distinct syllables: and, although Dryden has, *by poetic licence*, used it as *three*, in the following and some other lines of his “Alexander’s Feast”—

“Revenge! revenge! *Timotheus* *
cries”—

it is clear that he did not consider it as a proper trisyllabic; because, in such case, he must have accented it on the *first* syllable, like its English offspring, *Timothy*; the *second* being originally short, and our usual mode of pronunciation forbidding us to place an accent on a short penultimate; whereas, in *Ti-mo-the-us*, the *-mo-*,

* Even here, some prosodians would still scan *Timotheus* as four syllables, making *-the-us* *cries* a trisyllabic instead of a dissyllabic foot—an *anapest* instead of an *iambus*; and they would scan in the same manner the other lines in which Dryden has used the name. But I cannot agree with them, for the reasons alleged in my “*Prosody*,” pp. 49*, &c.

being then the antepenultimate, naturally admits the accent, which he has correctly preserved. In his lines, therefore, (the *EU* not being a diphthong) the *EUS* is not to be pronounced like the French *Eusse*, as in *Orpheus*, *Proteus*, &c. but like the *EOUS* in our English *Beauteous*, which, though in reality a word of *three* syllables, is pronounced as *two*, by *synæresis*. (See “*Practical English Prosody*,” page 9.)

In *Briareus*, the case is different. The *EU* is here a proper diphthong: the word contains only *three* syllables: so we find it in Virgil, *Æn.* 6, 287, in Ovid, *Fast.* 3, 805, and in Lucan, 4, 596; in all which passages, let me observe, the second syllable is short, as it likewise is in a verse of Homer which I shall presently notice. Accordingly, Dryden, in his translation of Virgil, has, with great propriety, used *Briareus* as a trisyllabic word, with the second syllable short, and the accent on the first *, viz.

Before the passage, horrid Hydra stands,
And *Briareus* with all his hundred
hands. *Æn.* 6, 401.

If it be said that Milton has made it *four* syllables, because, in the common editions of his *Paradise Lost*, (b. 1, v. 199) we find

Briareus, or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held—

I have only to reply that the passage is falsified and disfigured by the inaccuracy of either printers or editors, and that, in better editions, we read *Briareos*; the name

* Rowe, in his translation of Lucan, has omitted the name.

being written in two ways—*Briareus*, of three syllables, as in Virgil, Ovid, and Lucan above—and *Briareos*, of four, which occurs in Homer's *Iliad*, 1, 403*. In Mr. Pope's translation of this passage, the common editions make him guilty of an unpardonable violation of quantity and accent, in lengthening the short penultima of the trisyllabic *Briareus*, viz.

Whom gods *Briareus*, men *Ægæon*
name. (verse 523).

But I doubt not, that, after the example of his author and of Milton, he intended *Briareos*, which, as a word of four syllables, properly admits the accent on the second—and that he meant a *synæresis* of the third and fourth, such as he had before his eyes in the very line which he was translating, where the accusative, *Briareôn* is reduced by *synæresis* to three—and such as Shakespear three times exhibits in the name *Romeo* in the following line—

O *Romeo*! *Romeo*! wherefore art thou
Romeo?

which is only a common five-foot hypermeter Iambic. (See "*Practical English Prosody*," pages 14 and 24.)

Having thus, to the best of my power, endeavoured to satisfy your fair correspondent, I shall now conclude this long letter by respectfully subscribing myself,

Sir,

your obedient humble servant,
J. CAREY.

Islington, Nov. 10, 1809.

On the CHARACTER of BISHOP ATTERBURY.

(By Dr. Warton.)

THE turbulent and imperious temper of this haughty prelate was long felt and remembered in the college over which he presided. It was with difficulty queen Anne was persuaded to make him a bishop, which she did at last on the repeated importunities of Lord Harcourt, who pressed the queen to do it because, truly, she had before disappointed him in not placing Sacheverell on the bench. After her decease Atterbury vehemently urged his friends to proclaim the pretender, and, on their refusal upbraided them for their timidity with many oaths, for he was accustomed to swear on any strong provocation. In a collection of letters published by Mr. Duncombe, it is affirmed on the authority of Elijah Tenton, that Atterbury, speaking of Pope said there was—*Mens curva in corpore curvo*—(a crooked mind in a crooked body), but this sentiment seems utterly inconsistent with the warm friendship supposed to subsist between these celebrated men. Dr. Herring, however, in the second volume of this collection says—"If Atterbury was not worse used than any honest man in the world ever was, there are strange contradictions between his public and private character.

DETACHED THOUGHT.

HE that praises only with the view of pleasing, makes his judgment the dupe of his complaisance.

* It is not uncommon to see a duplicate form in Greek names, as *Androchus*, and *Androcles*, *Patroclus* and *Patrocles*, noticed in my *English Prosody*, p. 88.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

LINES

*Written in a Blank Leaf of Strangford's
Translation from Camoens.*

O THOU! to whom the strains are
 dear,
By fancy pour'd at feeling's shrine;
Whose heart is true to passion's tear,
Whose brow the wreaths of song en-
 twine.

Come hail with me the gleams of joy
That brighten round the Poet's head;
With me the vocal shall employ,
To mourn the gloom that wraps his
 bed.

Hast thou not own'd, in passion's
 trance,
The power that dwells in beauty's
 sigh;
Hung on the charm of beauty's glance,
And shared the bliss of beauty's eye?

Then turn'd in pensive step away,
With chaster thoughts to virtue
 given;
With all of love's diviner sway,
With vows of purer life to Heaven?

Come hail with me the gleams of joy,
That brighten round the Poet's head;
With me the vocal shall employ,
To mourn the gloom that wraps his
 bed,

By valor's spell the forms shall crowd,
So wont his bolder tones to hear;
The din of war shall murmur loud,
And bright shall gleam the threat'ning
 spear.

For he who breath'd the sweetest shell
Could rise to valor's lofty strain;
Could bid the breeze of battle swell,
And brave the toils of danger's plain.

Come, beauty, shed the tear for him
Who tun'd for thee his silver lyre;
The heart is cold, the eye is dim,
That throbb'd to love, that beam'd
 with fire.

But oh! thou dream of pale distress,
That frown'd upon his parting soul;
Dreg'd his last cup with wretchedness,
And bade Despair's low thunder roll.

Hide from soft beauty's gaze thy form,
Nor rise to wound the feeling breast;
Nor chill with fear the accents warm,
That bids his parting spirit rest.

STANZAS

TO THE MAID I ONCE LOVED.

IT was with thee, my first lov'd, dearest
 fair,
The happiest moments yet in life I spent;
That time in fondest love, devoid of care
Pass'd smoothly on, when bless'd with
 thee
In peace and calm content.

'Twas then by moonlight on the green
 we stray'd,
 And in the grove, where rills the
 winding stream;
 There oft I've heard thy soothing song
 dear maid,
 Which yet resounds in mem'ry's ear,
 And urges thee, my theme.

Full oft renewing fancy steals away,
 To linger round those once-lov'd scenes
 of bliss;
 And view the oak whereon is mark'd the
 day,
 When first I clasp'd thee to my breast,
 And gain'd the balmy kiss.

But now, alas! how alter'd is each
 scene,
 Since thou hast broke our heav'n-re-
 corded vow;
 Should'st e'er thou tread that youthful
 altar green,
 Where first we met — ah! think on me,
 And of our last adieu!

Oh! may thy cruel deed, to love a foe,
 Be ample warning to the giddy fair;
 With pain I see thou feel'st a deeper woe
 Than e'er was mine — remorseful
 grief,
 How heavy 'tis to bear!

T. F.

Ormskirk.

STANZAS

TO THE MAID I LOVE.

'Twas on the eve of April day,
 Propitious to my ev'ry plan,
 The chasten'd joy of love I shar'd
 Within the arms of Mary-Ann.

So innocently sweet the bliss,
 No language e'er describe it can,
 No joys on earth can those excel
 Within the arms of Mary-Ann.

That night to me will long be dear,
 Which did my glowing passion fan,
 'Twas then my soul in peace repos'd
 Within the arms of Mary-Ann.

When bless'd with her, my charming fair,
 I envy not the greatest man;
 If earthly treasures all were mine
 I'd give them for sweet Mary-Ann.

Ormskirk.

T. F.

SONNET

*Written Extempore while contemplating at my
 Bed-Room Window in the Evening.*

HERE at my basement oft I sit, and
 muse

Upon that creature, which the world
 calls man;

And think how wide, how strange are all
 his views;

How small the thread of life, how short
 the span.

For still some new ideas haunt his brain,
 Imagination rises them on high,

And, while he stedfastly pursues his
 aim,

He still forgets that he is doom'd to
 die:

Vain, thoughtless man, how pityfully
 vain!

Why build thy hopes upon this sandy
 shore?

And why so strive that happiness to
 gain,

Which is but glariness, empty, paltry,
 poor?

Seek a sublimer seat, where souls se-
 renely rest,

And fly this polish'd world, which is but
 pomp at best.

EDWARD PELLY.

Wolverhampton, September.

LINES

*Written Extempore at Castle Hedingham,
 Essex, on seeing a young Lady in tears
 at parting from her.*

WHEN from our sacred friends we part,
 Affection drops the farewell tear;
 As on we plod, with heavy heart,
 The dolesome way seems dull and
 drear.

Yet soothing is the thought, and sweet,
But for awhile we bid adieu;
With welcome smiles again we'll meet
And all our social joys renew.

Haverhill.

JAMES GUY.

THE FAREWELL.

ADDRESSED TO MISS MARY ANN TOBY,
STARCROP, ———, DEVONSHIRE.

1.

RETURNING Spring, with all its
charms,
May secret joys impart,
But woe to me — ere long I must
From the dear girl depart.

2.

O, memory, aid my feeble Muse,
And bring once more to view
The pleasures of the moments pass'd
With Mary, ever true.

3.

When oft o'er * Warborough's shady
grove
At eventide I've stray'd,
And view'd the ocean's silver wave
With thee, my charming maid.

4.

But now farewell to all these joys,
Since gales propitious blow,
I'm doom'd, alas! o'er seas to roam,
Where roaring billows flow.

5.

To all these scenes of sweet delight
I bid once more adieu,
And thee, dear Mary of my heart,
The girl that's ever true.

JOHN OSBORNE.

SONG OF THE SEA FAIRIES

TO THE SEA-NYMPHS.

By the late Miss Seward.

HASTEN from your coral caves
Every Nymph, that sportive laves
In the green sea's oozy wells,
And gilds the fins, and spots the shells.
Hasten, and our morrice join,
Ere the gaudy morning shine!

Rising from the foaming wave,
Instantly your aid we crave.
Come, and trip, like our gay band,
Traceless on the amber sand.
Haste, or we must hence away,
Yet an hour, and all is day!

At your bidding, from our feet
Shall the ocean monsters fleet:
Sea-nettle and sting-fish glide
Back, upon the reflux tide.
Haste, the dawn has streak'd the
cloud,
Hark! the village cock has crow'd!

See, the clouds of night retire,
Hesper gleams with languid fire;
Quickly then our revel join,
The blush of morn is on the brine.
Loiterers! we must hence away,
Yonder breaks the orb of day!

TRUTH AND GALLANTRY.

AN EPIGRAM.

YOUNG Strephon ravish'd by a smile,
From Chloe in a public place,
Exclaims, in a theatric style,
'Nature ne'er formed so fair a face!'
The fool, by chance, was in the right —
'Twas patches, paint, and candle-light.

A BALLAD FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY MRS. OPIE.

ROUND youthful Henry's restless bed
His weeping friends and parents
press'd;
But her who rais'd his languid head
He lov'd far more than all the rest.

* Warborough, a shady grove near Kerton, a village in Devonshire, commanding a distant view of the sea of Exmouth Bar.

Fond mutual love their bosoms fir'd :
 And nearly dawn'd their bridal day,
 When ev'ry hope at once expir'd,
 For Henry on his death-bed lay.

The fatal truth the suff'rer read
 In weeping Lucy's downcast eye;
 'And must I, then,' he said,
 'Ere thou art mine, my Lucy, die!

'No — deign to grant my last, last
 prayer;
 'Twould soothe thy lover's parting
 breath,
 Wouldst thou with me to church repair,
 Ere yet I feel the stroke of death.

'For trust me, love, I shall my life
 With something like to joy resign,
 If I but once may call thee wife,
 And, dying, claim and hail thee mine.'

He ceas'd, and Lucy check'd the thought
 That he might at the altar die —
 The prayer with such true love was
 fraught,
 How could he such a prayer deny?

They reached the church — her cheek
 was wan
 With chilling fear of coming woe —
 But triumph, when the rites began,
 Lent Henry's cheek a flattering glow.

The nuptial knot was scarcely tied,
 When Henry's eye strange lustre fired:
 'She's mine! she's mine! he faltering
 cried,
 And in that throb of joy expired.

THE STEERSMAN'S SONG.

When freshly blows the northern gale,
 And under courses snug we fly;
 When lighter breezes swell the sail,
 And royals proudly sweep the sky;
 'Longside the wheel unwearied still
 I stand, and as my watchful eye
 Doth mark the needle's faithful thrill,
 I think of her I love, and cry,
 Port, my boy! port.

When calms delay, or breezes blow
 Right from the point we wish to steer;
 When by the wind close haul'd weigh,
 And strive in vain the port to near;

I think 'tis thus the Fates defer
 My bliss with one that's far away;
 And while remembrance springs to her,
 I watch the sails, and, sighing say,
 Thus, my boy! thus.

But see, the wind draws kindly aft,
 All hands are up, the yards to square,
 And now the floating stun-sails waft
 Our stately ship through waves and
 air.

Ah! then I think that yet for me
 Some breeze of fortune thus may
 spring,
 Some breeze may waft me, love, to
 thee!

And in that hope I, smiling, sing,
 Steady, boy! so.

STANZAS.

BY W. WORDSWORTH.

She was a Phantom of delight
 When first she gleam'd upon my sight;
 A lovely apparition, sent
 To be a moment's ornament;
 Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
 Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
 But all things else about her drawn
 From May-time and the cheerful
 dawn;

A dancing shape, an image gay,
 To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

I saw her upon nearer view;
 A spirit, yet a woman too!
 Her household motions light and free,
 And steps of virgin liberty;
 A countenance in which did meet
 Sweet records, promises as sweet;
 A Creature not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food;
 For transient sorrow, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and
 smiles.

And now I see with eyes serene
 The very pulse of the machine;
 A being breathing thoughtful breath;
 A traveller betwixt life and death;
 The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and
 skill;

A perfect woman, nobly plann'd,
 To warn, to comfort, and command;
 And yet a spirit still and bright
 With something of an angel light.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Lyons, Sept. 28.

According to intelligence from Toulon, the French fleet, consisting of 17 sail ships of the line and frigates, and a great number of transports, is ready to put to sea.

Riga, Sept. 29. Admiral Siniavin being arrived here with all the crews belonging to his fleet, the number is altogether 5,700 men. They are to be quartered in the town, and, as it is said, will remain here some time.

The peace with Sweden has been celebrated by a thanksgiving.

Fussen, Oct. 7. On the 4th of October, the birth-day of the Emperor Francis, the innkeeper Hoffer gave a grand dinner of 200 covers, and wore on that day the cross of Maria Theresa, suspended from a chain of gold.

Reichenhall (in Upper Bavaria), Oct. 4. On the 24th of September the Tyrolese insurgents, in numerous bodies, attacked at the same moment, and on all sides, the Pass of Lofers. On this occasion they climbed over hills which were hitherto believed to be impassable: after an obstinate resistance the brave Bavarians were obliged to yield to superior force, and after a not inconsiderable loss, to retreat to Saltzburgh. On the 26th the insurgents appeared on the hills to the south of this town: when, however, they saw that the garrison here was ready for their reception, and that every pass was guarded with cannon, they did not think fit to descend from the hills. We can see

their advanced posts with the naked eye on the points of the rocks. The day before yesterday five of them were brought in here, who had approached within 500 paces to reconnoitre the town. Their dress is an uniform, consisting of a grey jacket, trimmed with green, a broad, round, dark green hat, fastened with a bright green band, and surmounted by a high plume of feathers. They have the neck, breast, and knees bare.

Gottenburgh, Oct. 18. The Danish government have appointed Baron Rosinbrantz to meet the Swedish Envoy Adlerburg at Jonkosing as early as circumstances will allow, to settle the preliminaries of peace between the two countries, which it is supposed will be concluded by the end of next month. The fleet under the command of Sir James Saumarez has arrived at Carlsrona, where it experiences the most friendly reception.

Munich, Oct. 15. The courier which is to bring us notice of the precise time of the Emperor Napoleon's arrival, is expected this evening. It is probable, therefore, that we shall not see his majesty before the 16th in the evening, or the 17th. Post horses and escorts are stationed along the road from Vienna to Lintz, Passau and Munich.

Two young girls at Ratisbon, the one 14, the other 15 years of age, having quarreled about the affections of a lover, provided themselves with a brace of pistols, belonging to the brother of one of them, and in the rage of their jealousy

fired at each other, with the muzzles almost touching; one of them was killed on the spot, and the other dangerously wounded.

Vienna, Oct. 17. The demolition of the works of this city by gunpowder, which was fixed for the 15th, between the hours of two and three, was not carried into effect until the same hour yesterday, when it was accomplished without any injury to the city or inhabitants.

On the 16th the French artillery, and that of the imperial guards, played upon the *tete-du-pont* at the Spitz, for the purpose of demolishing it; but so substantially has it been built, that upwards of 1000 cannon and howitzer shot made no impression on it.

Paris, Oct. 20. Peace between his Majesty the Emperor of the French and his Majesty the Emperor of Austria, was signed on the 14th of this month.

Oporto, Oct. 21. We hasten with peculiar pleasure to communicate to the public the subsequent agreeable intelligence:

Extract of a Letter addressed to his Excellency the Governor of the City of Oporto.

I have the pleasure to inform you, that on the 18th current the Spanish army, commanded by the Duke of Parque, engaged a corps of French troops from Salamanca, commanded by General Marchand, when the Spaniards were victorious. The details I have not yet received. The action was in Tamames, or it's neighbourhood. It is said that the French lost, in killed and wounded, about 1000 men, and the Spaniards only 150. The enemy also lost one 12-pounder, one standard, and 200 stand of arms; and the patriots retook six pieces of artillery mounted, which they had lost in the early part of the day. The French, after the action, retired upon Salamanca. I do not know if all the troops of the Duke of Parque were in the battle. It is reported that the French had 10,000 infantry, 1200 cavalry, and nine pieces of artillery. The day subsequent to the engagement the Duke of Parque was reinforced by General Ballasteros with 2000 men. In haste, I remain, &c.

WILLIAM COX.

Almada, Oct. 20, 1809.

Paris, Oct. 21. The court martial at Rochefort met for the first time on board the admiral's vessel the Ocean, on the 31st of August. The proceedings against and for the prisoners were continued on the succeeding days, to the 8th of September inclusive. The advocate for the

accused was M. Francois Daniel Faure, of Rochefort.

The court, after deliberating with closed doors, and the votes being collected, unanimously declared, that the proceedings were regularly conducted; and found by a majority of eight voices to one, that the prisoner Nicholas Clement de la Rouciere was not guilty of the loss of the ship Tonnere, which he commanded in the action of the 12th of April last. They therefore acquitted him of the charge brought against him, and ordered his sword to be restored to him by the president.

With respect to Jean Baptiste Lafon, the court, by a majority of five voices to four, found him guilty of having, in a cowardly manner, abandoned the Calcutta, in the presence of the enemy, on the 12th of April. They therefore adjudged him to suffer death.

With regard to Guillaume Marcellin Proteau, the court unanimously acquitted him of the charge brought against him; but by a majority of five voices to four, sentenced him to three months imprisonment in his own chamber, for having set fire to the *Indienne* with too much precipitation, and without previously advising the admiral. The court ordered Captain Proteau's sword to be restored.

As to the prisoner Charles Nicolas Lacaille, the court having taken into consideration and found by a majority of six voices to three, that he did not lose the *Tourville*, which he commanded; that he spontaneously returned on board, two hours after quitting her, defended her against the enemy, and brought her into port; adjudged him, for having momentarily quitted his vessel, to the punishment of two years imprisonment wherever the government thinks fit; and further to have his name struck out of the list of marine officers, and to be degraded from the legion of honor.

The sentence was read to the prisoners at half past two o'clock of the 9th; and immediately after, the president retired to an adjoining cabin, where he caused Lacaille to be brought before him. The president then said to him, that having been a member of the legion, and being found guilty of a breach of honor, it was his duty to declare to him, pursuant to art. 6, of the law of 25 Ventose, year 12, in the name of the legion, that he thenceforth ceased to be a member thereof.

On the 9th of Sept. at four in the afternoon, the prisoner Lafon underwent his

sentence on board the admiral's ship the *Océan*.

Paris, Oct. 26. His majesty arrived on the 22d at five o'clock in the morning at Munich; at four he had received intelligence that the ratifications of the treaty of peace had been exchanged at Vienna, between Count Champagne and the first chamberlain, Count Urbna.

At noon his majesty arrived at Augsburg, and alighted at the residence of the late Elector of Treves. As it was Sunday he attended mass. He supped at Ulm with the Bavarian commissary Van Gravesouth. His majesty travelled all night; and on the morning of the 23d, at seven o'clock, arrived at the palace of Stuttgart, where he passed the whole day. After being present at the representation of an opera by Paesiello, which the King of Württemberg caused to be performed by his company, he set out at ten in the evening; and again travelling all night, arrived at ten in the morning at Strasburg, after having visited by the way of Rastadt the family of the Grand Duke of Baden, who was then there.

His majesty left Strasburg at noon, and alighted at Bar, at the residence of the lady of Marshal Oudinot. At seven in the evening he passed through Epernay, where he supped, and at nine in the morning of the 26th arrived at Fontainebleau.

Both in Germany and France his majesty every where appeared in the most perfect health, which is peculiarly satisfactory, considering the false reports which have been circulated in consequence of the journey of Dr. Corvisart to Vienna.

On the 26th of October, at half past eleven in the morning, the return of his majesty was announced by the discharge of 100 pieces of cannon, while the imperial flag waved on the palace of the Thuilleries. Her majesty the empress came the same morning from Malmaison to Fontainebleau. His excellency the prince archchancellor repaired thither likewise. More than sixty chests, containing objects of art taken in the late war, have arrived at Paris: among the most valuable are some original paintings of the Dutch school, which will be deposited in the collection of the Museum, and a number of rare printed books and manuscripts.

The official paper of Milan, of the 21st of October, contains two decrees, dated

Schoenbrunn, Oct. 14. The first is as follows:—

'Napoleon, by the Grace of God and the constitution, Emperor of the French, King of Italy, and Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine, we have decreed and do decree as follows:—

'The circle of Villach, Carniola, the provinces of Istria, formerly Austrian, the provinces of Fiume and Trieste, the countries known by the name of the Littorale, the part of Croatia, and all that has been ceded to us on the right bank of the Saave, Dalmatia and it's islands, shall hereafter bear the name of the Illyrian Provinces.'

The substance of the second decree is—'The Counsellor of State Dauchy is appointed intendant general of the Illyrian Provinces, ceded to us by the treaty of Vienna.'

Oct. 28. The treaty of peace between Austria and France has at length been published in the *Moniteur*. By it Austria loses that part of Upper Austria which is included between the Inn and the Tronn, to Schwanstadt and the Alter lake—Salzburg and Berchtesgaden. Austria also cedes the country of Gorizia, Montefalcone, Trieste, Carniola, with it's dependencies on the Gulf of Trieste, the circle of Villach in Carinthia, and all the countries situated on the right bank of the Saave, commencing from the point where that river leaves Carniola, and following it as far as the frontiers of Bosnia: that is to say, a part of provincial Croatia, six districts of military Croatia, Fiume, and the Hungarian Littorale, Austria Istria or the district of Castua, the islands dependent on the ceded countries; and all other countries, of whatsoever denominations, on the right bank of the Saave; the middle of this river to be considered the limits between the two states; finally, the seignory of Radzuns, contained in the Grison country.

The King of Saxony obtains some small districts in Bohemia and the whole of West or New Gallicia, a district round Cracow, and a circle in East Gallicia.

The Emperor of Russia is to have a part of Eastern Gallicia, containing a population of four hundred thousand souls.

Such are the cessions of territory which Austria makes.

The territories which she keeps are Lower Austria, part of Upper Austria, Bohemia, Moravia, and Hungary.

HOME NEWS.

Dublin Castle, Oct. 25.

HIS Grace the Lord Lieutenant has received a notification of his Majesty's gracious intention, that proper steps should be taken to discharge from imprisonment all persons confined for any debts or duties, whether by fine or otherwise due to or for the use of his Majesty, and within the Royal Grace to remit and discharge; with exception, however, of such cases as may be attended with any peculiar circumstances of violence or fraud: and his Grace has given directions that proper measures be taken for carrying his Majesty's gracious intention into effect in Ireland, with all convenient dispatch.

London, Oct. 26. Tuesday morning Mr. B. a surgeon of his Majesty's navy, and Lieutenant G. of the guards, met on Wimbledon Common to decide an affair of honor. The first shots failing in their effect, they had recourse to a second fire, when Mr. B. was shot dead on the spot, and Lieutenant G. so badly wounded, that no hopes are entertained of his recovery.

Two deputies have arrived in this country from Hofer, the General of the Tyrolean patriots, for the purpose of soliciting pecuniary assistance from our government. These gentlemen have brought very favorable accounts of the resources of the country, and of the disposition of it's inhabitants to sustain the arduous struggle in which they are engaged; and declare that the French and Confederate armies lost upwards of 18,000 men during the last month, in their unsuccessful conflicts with the Tyrolese.

Oct. 31. CURIOUS HOAX. — The neigh-

bourhood of Bedford-street, Covent-Garden, was the scene of much confusion yesterday. Some wag had taken the trouble of going to different tradespeople, and ordered various articles of furniture, and of other descriptions, to be sent to the house of Mr. Griffith, an apothecary in that street. At an early hour, carpets, boxes of candles, articles of household furniture, &c. were sent. The family being out of town, and no person but the maid servant at home, she of course refused to receive them; the consequence was, that the porters were obliged to take up their loads and walk home again, amidst the jeers of an immense concourse of people, assembled to witness this curious hoax. Fresh arrivals in the course of the day induced the crowd still to remain; among these arrivals were a patent mangle, an enormous large rocking horse, three waggon load of coals, &c. At length, to complete the joke, as the dining hour arrived, eight post-chaises, from different parts of the country, with some of the most intimate friends of Mr. Griffith, all anxious, having received cards of invitation for that purpose, to taste his poultry and game, but the populace made game of them, and disappointment being the order of the day, the horses' heads were turned and the guests departed.

Nov. 1. Yesterday evening an inquisition was taken at the Bull and Mouth inn, Bull and Mouth-Street, on the body of the Rev. Mr. Glasse, Rector of Hanwell, who was found suspended from a bed-post in that house. — It appeared in evidence, that the deceased came to the inn on Monday evening, and took a place in one of the northern stages. He

went to bed at an early hour, and when the chambermaid went to call him at half-past four, she discovered him hanging from the bed-post. She immediately gave the alarm, and one of the hostlers came to her assistance, and cut down the body. The suspension was effected by a towel, and the pocket-handkerchief of the deceased. A surgeon was called in; but there was no room for the application of his skill, as the body was then nearly cold, and he was of opinion that the death had taken place some hours. — The jury brought in their verdict — Died by strangling himself in a fit of insanity.

Nov. 6. Miss N——, a ward in Chancery, who is intitled to a considerable fortune on her coming of age, eloped on Wednesday the 25th ult. with a strolling player from Tunbridge Wells. The lovers made the best of their way to London, and took lodgings in the parish of Mary-la-bonne, in which church the banns of marriage were published. — Through the activity, however, of the family solicitor, and a Bow-Street officer, their residence was discovered on Saturday, when the person of this young lady was secured, and delivered over to her friends.

Nov. 7. A very destructive fire broke out in the stables of Major Phelleg, at Hardinge-green, Surry, on Sunday evening, which was occasioned by a candle falling from a lanthorn, which communicated itself to a truss of straw. The major had just returned home in his curricule, and the stableman was gone for a pail of water when the accident happened. The building, consisting of a stable and out-house was destroyed, as were also two horses, worth 200 guineas. The dwelling-house caught fire, but it was extinguished before the flames spread.

Portsmouth, Oct. 22. A few days ago, a person having the appearance of a gentleman, agreed with Fabian, a waterman, and his companion at Gosport, to take him to a brig, which he said was lying at the eastern part of Spithead. When they had proceeded about half way to Spithead, he endeavoured most urgently to persuade them to drink some brandy which he had, but which they refused; and observing that he steered the boat, which he had undertook, towards St. Helen's, they asked him what he was about; when he replied that he did not want to go to Spithead, but to the east-

ern part of the Isle of Wight. This prevarication excited a suspicion of his intentions, and seeing that he was searching his pockets, they rushed upon him, and at the moment he drew a pistol out of his pocket, which he instantly threw into the water. They secured him hand and foot, and brought him to the shore, when it proved that he was an officer of the French rifle corps, lately from Flushing, who had broken his parole, and whose intentions were, if possible, to land on the French coast. Another pistol and a pocket compass were found in his pocket.

A sporting farmer the other day, at a village a few miles west of London, was boasting of the excellent speed of his horse, which occasioned an immediate challenge from his neighbour, who thought his horse a second Eclipse. A considerable sum was laid, and the horses were brought out to run a mile on the Bath road; but it was stipulated that neither of them should ride his own horse, on account of their unequal weight; the servant of the challenger, therefore, was fixed upon to ride for his master, and the race would not have taken place for want of another jockey, had not a stranger offered his services, who professed himself to be an excellent horseman, which in the end he verified; for, after they had started, an hour or two elapsed without any tidings of them, until the servant returned and put an end to the sportsmen's anxiety respecting the issue of the race, by informing them that the stranger had decamped with the nag, and that he had pursued him till he could do it no longer; thus leaving the sporting farmer well convinced of the superior speed of his horse. So he lost his wager and his horse too.

Oct. 23. Mr. Murray, a gentleman of independent fortune, late a resident at Margate, had taken his place to return thither in one of the packets on Saturday last. He was lodging at the Gun tavern, Billingsgate, and had but a short time retired to his chamber to pack up his apparel, when the waiter who went to inform him that the vessel was ready found him sitting upright in a chair in a senseless state. The waiter supposed him sleeping, but upon examination found he was quite dead. Medical assistance was immediately procured, but in vain. It is supposed he came to town to receive his dividends, as a considerable sum in new bank notes were found about him.

We are sorry to observe that he has left a widow and eight children to deplore his loss.

Oct. 27. In the afternoon of the 25th ult. John Story, late boatman of the port of Camus, whose daughters were drowned on the 8th, took a young man and two young women, whom were bathers, residing at Blyth, out in his boat in an excursion on the river Wainsbeck. Story got out at Watson's Quay, on the Northumberland side of the river, and having taken from the boat a large stone, occasionally used as an anchor, under pretence that it incommoded the ladies, he removed at a short distance to the edge of the quay; and while the party were amusing themselves on the water, he, unperceived, quietly let himself down in the tide-way with the stone, to which a small rope was attached, fastened round his body; he was an excellent swimmer, and probably had conceived that nature might be too strong for his resolution. It was then about turning of the tide. He was soon missed, and his hat was seen on the quay; and at low water the stone was found, with the rope tied to it, opposite to where the hat had been laid. His body however was not found till last week. This poor fellow was very composed when he attended the remains of his two daughters to the grave on the 12th of last month, but he became daily more dejected. He told his wife he was resolved to follow them; and before he left her and his children for the water party on Monday, he kissed them all three times round. He has left a widow with six children, the youngest an infant at the breast.

Plymouth, Nov. 9. Came in the Quebec, 32 guns, from Lisbon, with an officer with dispatches, which were landed and sent off express. The Quebec brought home several officers of Lord Wellington's army. Marshal Ney, with 12,000 infantry and 1200 hundred cavalry, attacked a Spanish army of 19,000 foot and 600 cavalry; but the Spaniards behaved with so much spirit and vivacity, that Ney was obliged, after a sharp conflict, to retire from the field of battle nine leagues, leaving behind him 2000 killed, wounded, and prisoners.

London, Nov. 13. On Saturday a coroner's inquest was held before Mr. Willis, one of the coroners of the verge of the Palace Court, on the body of Mr. William Dowling, late serjeant in the third regiment of foot guards, who died sud-

denly at the sutling-house at St. James's Palace on Thursday last, where he had supped with the landlady and her brother. On standing up to go home, he fell backwards, and instantly expired. The Jury's verdict, 'Died by the visitation of God.' He was in his 42d year, a stout athletic man, stood six feet four inches high; had on the preceding Thursday, on account of his long and meritorious services, obtained his discharge. He has left a wife and four helpless children to lament his loss.

Dublin, Nov. 15. A conviction for murder took place under very uncommon circumstances, at the last Commission of Oyer and Terminer, in Dublin. Four fellows went out with an avowed intention to rob; they met a jaunting car, which they commanded to stop: on the driver alighting, he was recognised by the gang as being an old acquaintance and friend, and while a general greeting was going on, a pistol in the hand of one of the party went off and killed one of his companions; upon which another of them exclaimed with a curse, that he had often warned him (the person in whose hand the pistol was) that it would do mischief some time or other, as it was apt to go off at half cock. Upon this evidence the jury, according to the old principle of law, which makes an homicide committed in the prosecution of a felony murder, found the prisoners guilty, and they were sentenced to be executed on Thursday last. It is said, that his Grace the Lord Lieutenant, on reading a newspaper report of the trial, was so struck with the singularity of the case, that he sent for Chief-Justice Downes, with whom he communicated on the subject. The men were for the present respited, and the Chief Justice on Thursday last laid the matter before the other judges, who determined, that as it was probable that upon recognising their friend, the intention of the party to commit robbery had ceased, the subsequent accidental homicide could not be said to amount to a murder.

Nov. 14. Sunday, when the unfortunate culprits under orders for execution on Wednesday next, were about to be locked up, after attending divine service, Sullivan, for a rape on an old woman in Stepney-fields, was missing; immediate search was in vain made in every part of the prison, and a universal consternation took place among the turnkeys; at length a close investigation was made

among a group of women, who had assembled at the main gate, to go out, but who had been detained while the search was made, when he was discovered amongst them, completely attired in female garb, having already passed two gates without suspicion.

London, Nov. 15. Yesterday afternoon some mischievous boys discharged a small cannon in Oxford-Street, whilst the carriage of Mrs. Hineson, in Nottingham-Place, was passing. One of the horses took fright, and ran the chariot against a coal-cart, by which it was overturned. Mrs. Hineson and her three daughters were in the chariot; and the youngest, about seven years old, was leaning one arm out at the window when the accident happened, and the carriage fell on it. It was shattered dreadfully. The other ladies did not sustain any material injury.

Nov. 16. Yesterday morning Cornelius Sullivan, Dennis Fitzgerald, and Richard Oakden, were executed, pursuant to their sentence, in the Old Bailey. They appeared to meet their awful fate with firmness and resignation. Sullivan and Fitzgerald were attended on this melancholy occasion by a Roman Catholic clergyman, and Oakden by the Ordinary. None of the prisoners uttered a word on the fatal platform, except to the clergymen by whom they were respectively attended.

BIRTHS.

Oct. 10. The lady of Lord Wm. Beauchamp, at Wentworth-House, of a daughter.

24. At West End, Hampstead, the lady of John Cary, Esq. of a son.

25. The lady of William Jenkins, of Castle, near Wivelscombe, Somerset, Esq. of a daughter. The little one is to be called Jubilee, being born on that glorious day.

At Netheraven House, Wilts, the lady of Michael Beach Hicks Beach, Esq. of a son and heir.

27. At Elm Bank, Leatherhead, the lady of William Stanley Clarke, Esq. of a son.

The countess of Harrowby, of a son, at her house in Grosvenor-Square.

Mrs. Charles Manners, of Edmonthorpe Hall, Rutlandshire, of a daughter.

In Queen-Street, Edinburgh, the lady of the Hon. A. Macdonald, of a daughter.

28. The Right Hon. Lady Arundell, of a daughter.

In Stratford-Place, the lady of the Hon. J. Winfield Stratford, of a daughter.

31. At Radley, Berks, the lady of Sir George Bowyer, Bart. of a daughter.

Nov. 4. At Camerton House, the lady of Arthur Chichester, Esq. of a daughter.

7. In Pulteney-Street, Bath, the lady of Francis Drake, Esq. of a daughter.

9. In Charlotte-Street, Bedford-Square, the lady of Dr. Turner, of a son.

The lady of John Newman, Esq. at his house, in Southampton-Street, Bloomsbury-Square, of a daughter.

11. At Crouch-End, the lady of Geo. Cowie, Esq. of a daughter.

12. At Frogmore Lodge, Hertfordshire, the lady of William Hudson, Esq. of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Oct. 20. At Streatham, James Cole, Esq. of Thetford, to Emily, daughter of Joseph Burnett, Esq. of Streatham, Surrey.

22. At Norwich, by the Lord Bishop of the Diocese, William George Milman, Esq. son of Sir F. Milman, Bart. to Miss Alderson, daughter of Robert Alderson, Esq. of St. Helen's-Place, near that city.

23. At Rossie Castle, Scotland, William Ellice, Esq. M. P. to Miss Ross, daughter of Hercules Ross, Esq. of Rossie.

24. At the Cathedral Church, Salisbury, by the Rev. Mr. Archdeacon Coxé, the Rev. Benjamin Churchill, Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, to Harriet, daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Frome, Rector of East Woodhay, Hants.

25. Captain Nathaniel Vincent Herbert, to Miss Mary Downe, both of Biggleswade.

26. At Easbourne, Joseph Greenhill, Esq. to Ann, daughter of James Ford, Esq. of Midhurst.

28. At Seven Oaks, by the Rev. J. Stonard Francis, eldest son of H. Woodgate, Esq. of River Hill, in the county of Kent, to Martha, daughter of Thomas Ponton, Esq. of Nizells, in the same county.

At St. Augustine's, Bristol, George Protheroe, Esq. of that city, to Sarah, youngest daughter of the late John Powell, Esq. of the island of Dominica.

31. Francis Ludlow Bolt, Esq. of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law, to Miss Bell, of Southampton-Street, Strand.

Nov. 2. At Childwall Church, Liverpool, by the Rev. Mr. Stubbs, William Brydon, Esq. of the city of London, to Miss Combarbach, daughter of Mr. Peter Combarbach, of Mosley Vale.

5. George T. Sealy, son of Richard Sealy, Esq. of Lisbon, to Sophia, eldest daughter of George Roach, Esq. of Liverpool, late of Lisbon.

9. At Stoke-upon-Trent, by the Rev. Thomas Yeoman, George, son of the late Thomas Whieldon, Esq. of Fenton, in Staffordshire, to Saba, daughter of Joshua Spode, Esq. of the Mount, in the same county.

At St. Andrew Auckland, in the county of Durham, Thomas Northmore, of Cleve, in the county of Devon, Esq. to Miss Emmeline Eden, fourth daughter of Sir John Eden, of Windlestone, in the county of Durham, Bart.

Mr. Charles Tottie, of London, merchant, to Charlotte, youngest daughter of Mr. John Bailey, of Chesham, Bucks.

At St. Pancras Church, Mr. Joseph Payne, of the office of ordnance, Tower, to Miss Sarah Pulford, second daughter of Mr. John Pulford, of New Millman-Street, near the Foundling Hospital.

11. At Lambeth Church, Peer Georgi, Esq. of Brixton Rise, Surry, to Cecilia, third daughter of the late Edward Beetham, Esq. of Fleet-Street.

14. At St. Pancras, Thomas Pyne, Esq. of Doughty-Street, to Miss Ann Rivington, of Islington.

15. At St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Alexander Stewart, of Strathgarry, in Perthshire, Esq. to Miss Dart, of Dover.

DEATHS.

Oct. 30. At Burlington House, Piccadilly, his Grace the Duke of Portland. He died in the 72d year of his age. He was a knight of the garter, chancellor of the university of Oxford, high steward of Bristol, and lord lieutenant of the county of Nottingham. He is succeeded in his titles and honors by his eldest son, William Henry Cavendish, Marquis of Titchfield.

Nov. 1. Lately in Pulteney-Street, Bath, Mrs. Richard Franks, daughter of Capt. Russell. In her the poor and afflicted have lost a most valuable friend.

3. At Wickham, in Hampshire, Mrs. Jane Warton, sister to the late celebrated

Dr. Warton, at the advanced age of 78 years.

At Wollington, Suffolk, Lady Cooper, relict of the late Right Hon. Sir Grey Cooper, Bart.

5. At Cheltenham, in the 72d year of his age, Major-General Duncan Campbell, of the Royal Marines.

At his apartments in Windsor Castle, aged near 90, Sir John Dinely, Bart. of Charlton, in the county of Worcester, and many years one of the Poor Knights attached to the Order of the Garter. Sir John traced his descent from the houses of Plantagenet, Lancaster, Tudor, and Stewart. His father, S. Goodere, Esq. Capt. of his Majesty's ship the Ruby, was convicted and executed with Mahony and White, for the foul murder of his elder brother, Sir John Dinely, Bart. on board that ship, off Bristol, Jan. 17, 1741, intending to secrete the crime he had committed, and obtain possession of the title and estates. The family shortly after sunk into indigence, and the last Baronet was for many years a pensioner on Royal bounty.

11. Mr. Hill, of Whitton, near Hownslow. He has left property to the enormous amount of 800,000 pounds. He has bequeathed, we understand, 360,000*l.* each to two gentlemen who conducted his business, and 40,000*l.* to a clergyman, his acquaintance.

14. At Lansdown House, in Berkeley-Square, the Most Noble the Marquis of Lansdowne. His lordship was married a few years ago to Lady Gifford, but he left no issue. His title and estates devolve, in consequence, to his only brother Lord Henry Petty, now Marquis of Lansdowne. The late marquis had nearly completed the 44th year of his age. The titles are Marquis of Lansdowne, Earl of Wycombe and Shelburne, Viscount Calne, and Baron Wycombe.

Same day, at his house in Seymour-Place, after a long and painful illness, John George, Lord Monson. This most amiable and deeply regretted young nobleman had just entered his 24th year. He succeeded his father, the late lord, in 1806, and the following year married Lady Sarah Saville, eldest daughter to the Earl and Countess of Mexborough, by whom he has left a son, born in March last.

Same day, at his house in Pall-Mall, Sir Frederick Morton, Eden, Bart.

Same day, at Chelsea, Theophilus Pritzler, Esq. aged 62.

Engraved for the *Lady's Magazine*.



The fatal Dispute.