W. L.

E. F. Lansdale.

Hampton Court.

Lady Caroline Lamb's Album

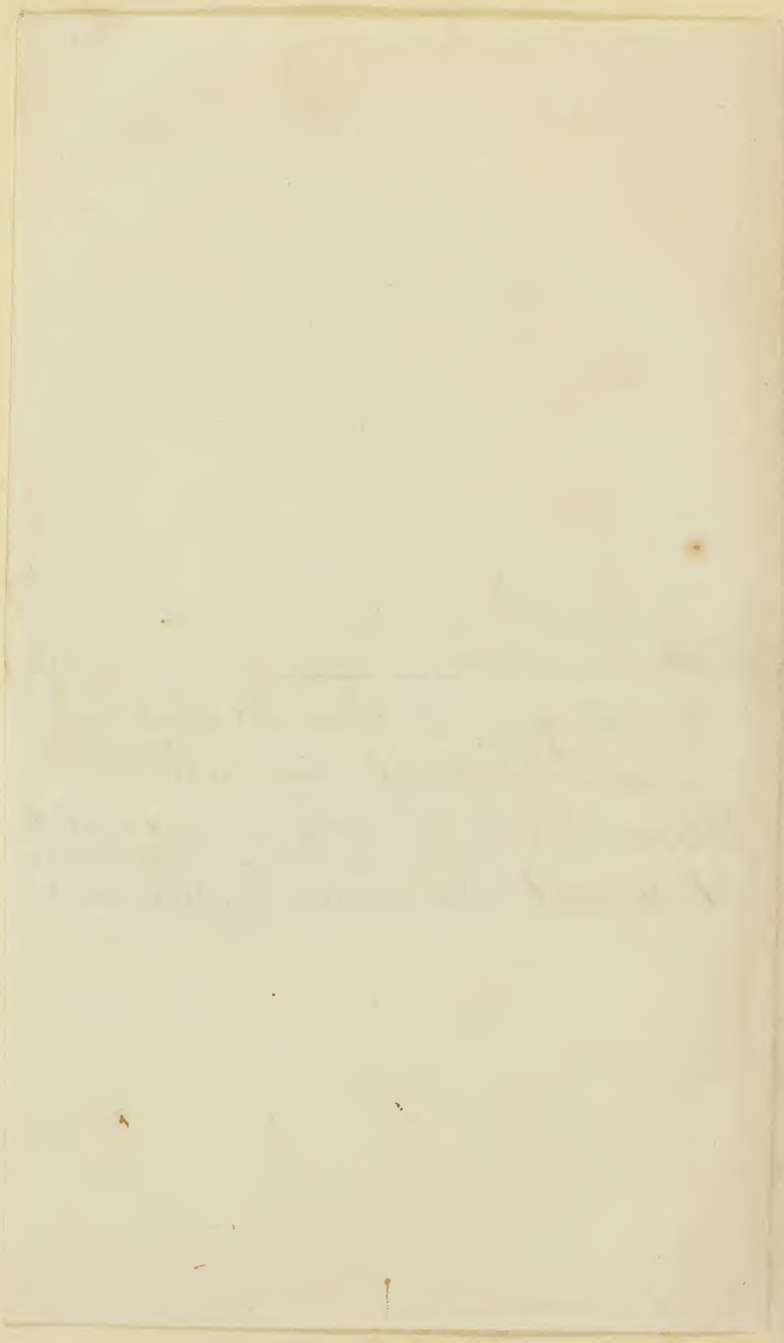
479

321 LAMB (Lady Caroline)
The Album of Lady Caroline Lamb, mostly in her Handwriting, *containing portraits, sketches, &c.; richly bound in morocco*

MS. 43365

Plus près de sa victime il allait la surprendre
Quand il l'entendit soupirer
Alors il vit le sang qu'il venait de répandre
Et se mit lui même à pleurer

Lady Caroline Lamb's Album



179

321 LAMB (Lady Caroline)
The Album of Lady Caroline Lamb, mostly in her Handwriting, *containing portraits, sketches, &c.; richly bound in morocco*

MS. 43365

With modest sidelong look and downcast glance
Behold the bull matched couple now advance
The Land Lord kiss'd her hand her grasped his hip
But yet not pinned pummits hold to slip
For to the laws laid down by Baron Trip
In such pure Partners our first Parents mov'd
When hand in hand thro Eden Bowers they
Ere yet the Devil with meaning foul and false
Turned their poor heads and taught them how to Waltz.

Sheridan —

How arts improve in this aspiring age
Peers mount the Box & Horses mount the stage
While waltzing Females with unblushing face
Forbear to dance but in a Mans embrace
How Arts improve when sense & wit are dead
and all our reason like our Millions fled

for Knight

written on the Duc d'orleans Gardens

Dans ce jardin on tout se rencontre
hormis les arbres et des fleurs
l'on y vient pour regler sa montre
mais l'on y déregle ses meurs —

a famous Dial! formal cut Garden - plenty of Company of every description —

To the Poppy —

Tis not because thy brilliant die
attracts & cheers my wandering eye
above all Flowers I hold thee dear
For others greater beauty wear
But for thy latent power
I love thee scarlet flower
that sheds the balmy dews of sleep
on eyes that only wake to weep

An idle woman is The Devil's play-fellow. —

H. Estrange.

μὴν Ἀσκληπιάδης ὁ φιλάργυρος εἶδεν ἐν οἴκῳ
Καί τι θέλεις ἀρ' ἔφη φίλτατέ μω πάρ' ἐμοί
Ἦδυ δ' ὁ μως γελάσας, μηδὲν φίλε φῆσι φοβηθῆς
Οὐχὶ τροφῆς πάρα σοι χρηζόμεν', ἀλλα μονῆς

Once a Miser found out he had harbour'd a mouse
And cried Pray, little friend what d'ye want in my house?
Quoth the mouse with a smile to the lover of hoarding
Dont be frightend, my object is lodging, not boarding.

H 7 Bes.

Partez quand vous voudrez
Je pourrai y demeurer
Et si jamais je pleurai
C'est quand vous voudrez
Partez quand vous voudrez.

V.

Τας τειχας, ω Νικυλλα, τινες βαπτειν σε λεγουσιν,
ας συ μελαινοτας εξ αγορας επριω.

How curious, Rosalind, to say you dye
those dun tresses which I saw you buy.

The Zephyr and the Tempest

from the German

The laughing Zephyr, thus the storm addressed
"Relent fierce foe, and calm thy angry breast,
"Whisper voluptuous secrets to the spring
"In every breath bewitching odours bring,
"Kiss the soft Rose, amid the Lilies play
"And hail the dawn, and greet the close of day;
"Like me be blest, — be blest the Tempest Fair,
My pride is ravage, and my boast is dread!
With blasts of terror I infect the Air
Destroy the Hamlets, and the Valley tear;
Begone fond hope, at my approach be gone
Unalterable nature, thrives me on —

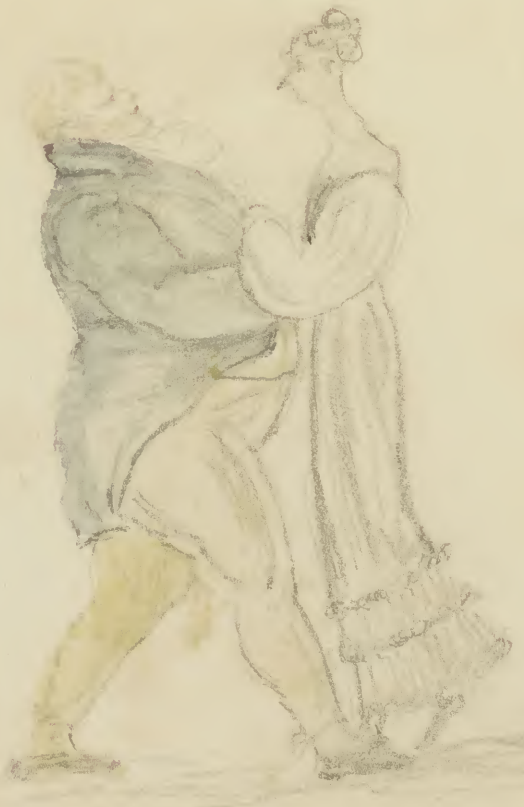
Ye guardian Powers presside above
Who still extend to Virtuous Love
a tutelary care.
The Virgins bosom's earliest dole
The first fond Passion of the soul.
Must find protection there.

Fever on Fever gratifies day,
Has charms of Love & high & Heighday,
Which morning Stars enspire.
We can no later passion prove
That glow which gilds the dawn of Love
The day spring of the heart.

P.L.

on seeing Lady Mary Dearhurst in
Mourning just after her marriage — impromptu by

no wonder Lady ~~Dearhurst~~ Mary mourns
For Dearhurst's Wife thats Dead
For who the Devil would not mourn
To be his Wife instead —



Watson

Mrs Hamilton

Sleep lovely Babe! Sleep unfearn dangers free
Thy gentle Mother wakes to watch on thee
She wakes thy Every innocence to guard
Thy softest unconscious Smile her dear Reward
Sleep lovely Child nor wish thy peaceful hours
To know the transports which those Smiles impart
For could'st thou know them thou would also share
The anxious fondness of a Mother's care.
That tender heart that Cares the humble flower
And Shields its sweetness from the Northern lour
But loves the infant & Protects
Bends o'er its Cradle with Devotion Eyes

ξοδετ' ἐμὰ βρέφεα γλυκερὸν καὶ ἐγερσιμὸν ὄπνον
ξόδετ' ἐμὰ ψοχᾶ, δὸ ἀδελφεώ, ἐοσσα τέκνα·
ὄλεσε σοιάζοισθε, καὶ ὄλεσε ἀῶ ἴκοισθε.

Περσεφόνα· ῥᾳδία μὲν ἁ θεὸς ἐνδιδύσκει
ἐσθᾶτ' ἐξ Ἰφύας· ὑπὸ τὰν ἀνίαν δὲ μάτηρ
τὰν ἁπαλὰν — Theocritus.

By C^t Fox

Where the loveliest expression to features is join'd,
By nature most delicate Pencil design'd,
Where blushes unbidden and smiles without art,
Speak the kindness & feelings that dwell on the heart
Where in manners enchanting, no blemish we trace,
But the soul, keeps the promise we had from the face,
Sure Philosophy, reason and coldness must prove,
Defences unequal to shield us from love
Then tell me Mysterious Enchantress, oh tell!
By what wonderful art; by what magical spell,
My heart is so fenced, that for once I am wise,
And gaze without madness, on Amoret's eyes,
That my wishes, which never were bounded before,
Are here bounded by friendship & ask for no more.
Is it reason? No, that, my whole life will belie.
For who so at variance, as reason and I ——
Is't ambition that fills up each chink of my Heart
Nor allows to each softer sensation a part —
Oh no! for in this all the world will agree,
One Folly was never sufficient for me, ——
Is my mind overbusied too intensely employ'd
Or by pleasure relaxed, or by vanity cloy'd

For alike in this only enjoyment and pain,
Both slacken the springs, of those Nerves, which they strain
That I've felt each reverse, that from fortune could flow,
That I've tasted each bliss, that the happiest know,
Has still been the whimsical fate of a life
Where anguish and joy have been ever at strife,
But tho versed in the extreme of both pleasure and pain
I am still but too ready to feel them again,
If then, for this once in my life I am free
And escape from a snare, might catch wiser than me,
'Tis that beauty alone, but imperfectly charms,
For tho brightness may dazzle 'tis kindness that warms
As our Suns in the winter with pleasure we gaze
But feel not their warmth, tho' their splendour we praise
So beauty our just admiration may claim
But love, and love only, the Heart can inflame

Lines
by the Duchess of Devonshire Dec^r 1805

Nelson, by Valour led to deathless fame,
All toils surmounted and all foes o'ercame,
Brav'd every danger, calm and unchang'd!
Whilst some new triumph, mark'd each step he made,
Inspired force his ardent soul displaid,
He conquer'd, knew it, bless'd his God and died,
Britannia glorying, in her Heroes fame,
On her victorious shield, inscribes his name,
Gratefull proclaims the safety which he gave,
Yet melts her triumphs weeps upon his grave.

by the Duke of Devonshire

Oft hast Britannia, sought amidst alarm,
Divine protection for her sons in arms,
Gen'rous and brave, tho' not from vice free,
Britons, from Heav'n receiv'd a mix'd decree,
To crown their merits, but to check their pride
God gave them Victory, but Nelson died,

'Aunt Mary & niece!

Pretty Toy for good boy—

Two years old Madam Joy!

Spring sending presents to George—

Mr. Allen &
Holland House

Peace to dull Slaves, but mercy then on those
Fair freedom kindles, and the muse inspires,
Blest with each talent, and adorn'd to shine,
In pleading, painting, Politics and Wine,
Should such a Man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear chief Justice o'er the stage Dominion,
Usurp the Drama, lord it o'er the Scene
And make of Tottenham Court a Versailles.
View each young Manager with jealous Eyes,
And hate for arts which caus'd himself to rise,
Friend to the Jews, as much as to the Stage,
So long as each will in his cause engage,
Entrench himself behind the Morning post
And spread his poison without fear or cost,
For private property affect a care
As if poor Gould possess'd his share,
Against Coin Con declaim with Saint-like rage
And tremble for the manners of the age
Who would not laugh if such a Man there be
Not split his sides, if Foote were he.

The ocean, which now with fresh wonder was stain'd
The navy of England was moor'd in the bay,
While subdued by debauch, and by passion enchain'd,
In the arms of a fair one the conquered lay.

The Moon it shone bright, when emerg'd from the flood,
On a sudden the Ghost of a warrior appear'd,
Indignant he frown'd, on the waves as he stood,
And his high plumed crest he majestical rear'd,

The black frowns of death, in his features were seen,
Behind him came sweeping a glimmering host;
Then with aspect undaunted and menacing mien
Behold, cries the Spectre, (unsheath'd) his ghost!

Behold gallant — my comrades and me
Who were strangled, and flung in our watery grave
Condemn'd, by a treacherous Tyrant and Thee
To perish in the wind, or to float on the wave

Three days have our bodies, in whirlpools been tost,
Or unburied, unwept, on the rocks they remain
Three Nights have our shadows been seen on the coast
Or wander'd by this trembling light, o'er the main

At this hour, I arise from my billowy tomb,
And collect my pale bones from the caves of the deep,
To compliment you on the shameful and merciless doom,
And the ill-fated Garth, and endeavour to weep,

To Britain's once Queen,— or rather her shrivel'd,
An effeminate Tyrant, and prodigate Count,
Who by promises lur'd and false Beauties deceiv'd,
Had me ever consented to yield up the Fort,

But with arms in my hands, me dead gloriously low
Or buried perhaps in the ruins had been;
The Ocean then never had roll'd o'er our heads,
Nor these hateful shores, our dishonour had seen.

Could no Woman persuade thee, such deeds to approve,
To indulge the revenge of a prodigate Queen.
And the instrument thus, of another to prove,
Than herself more abandon'd, — a new Messaline.

The wanton perhaps, some fresh murders resolves,
The wanton e'en now, while you lie on her breast,
And your Heart as the price of her favours, resolves,
To accomplish the crimes, which her counsels suggest.—

Mean time our Avenger, his wide spreading sails
Unfurls to the wind, and triumphantly rides
Exulting, and wafted by prosperous gales,
By fortunes soft breezes, and glorys high tides

Whilst in dalliance you revel, and amorous play
Your duty, your honor, neglected and lost,
His banners victorious, the North shall display,
And avenge my foul murder, and quiet my Ghost

The tender Gazel I inclose
It's for my love – my Syrian Rose –
Take it – when night begins to fall
And throw it o'er her mother's wall

Gazel

Remembrest thou the hour we past
That hour, the happiest and the last!
Oh! not so sweet the Sicha thorn
To summer Bees, and break of morn –
Not half so sweet, through Dale & Dell –
To Camels' ears the tinkling bell
Oh is the soothing memory
Of that one precious hour to me!

How can we live – so far apart?
Oh! why not rather heart to heart
united live and die –
like those sweet Birds that fly together
with feather always touching feather
linked by the Hook & eye!

Le nombre d'amis est utile
De tous les Biens c'est le plus doux
On doit être l'ami de tous
Mais en choisir un entre mille
Il faut surtout bien l'éprouver
S'il vous aime et s'il sait se taire
Le Ciel qui vous l'a fait trouver
N'a plus de présents à vous faire.

W Lamb
Vandyk Brown

My wife! my plagues, my household curse, the spy
Of all my faults – my sleepless eye!

Oh do not think my words are cold
Because they breathe not all I feel
Because they may not guile unfold
What sick'ning tongue could guite conceal

Though others pour in warmer verse
The mettled wine, the liquid fire
Their hearts, dear Lady do not burn
In fonder truer tone than mine

I too have gazed upon your face
And gazed like them to sight the while
For every bright bewitching grace
That lightens in your lovely smile

And I have watched the dancing rays
That kindle in those eyes of yore
As when the beams of summer days
Warm the blue light of morning skies

Like flame - so I have marked the flush
Of feeling overspread your cheek
That gentle, chaste pure - that living blush
Whose very silence seemed to speak
And all your Love so light and fleet
And fascination wild and free
Snatched from the world's deceit
And true to sensibility!

But I have labored to refrain
The thoughts that stray the sight that warm
And trembled to confess a flame
That burns and burns not with meet return

Then came to think My words are cold
Because they breathe not the speech
Of all too dangerous to unfold.
Yet oh! too painful to conceal!

Lines by Madame de Staël.

Lorsque sur cette terre on se sent délaissé
Qu'on n'est d'aucun objet la première pensée
Lorsque l'on peut souffrir sans que ses douleurs
D'aucun regret jamais ne fassent couler les pleurs

Que se désintéresse à la fin de soi même
On cesse de s'aimer, si quelqu'un ne nous aime
Et d'insipides jours l'un sur l'autre entassés
Se posent lentement et sont vite effacés -

Translation

If she find interest in no heart but mine
But wander lonely thro' the vale of years
If in affliction's hour she seek alone
No friend to soothe with sympathetic tears

Her days in dull assumption sadly flow
Her love a trace of pleasure on the mind
Then to ourselves indifferent she grow
For love a being shunn'd by all mankind

Mr Whittread's Speech in Lord Mobullos trial

I am like Dickinsons for sixpence and truth
I am like the young Prince who went Sandwich for the fish
And so struck the heart of the fair, he it said
I am like a young lady just springing to bed.
If you ask why the eleventh of June I remember
So much better than April or March or December
It because on that day his with pride I espouse you
My painted grasswidow look to it
That day he set up for a Brewer of Beer
That day he began his commercial career
That day he received and he issued his Bills
That day he cleared out all his cash from his Tills
That day too, he died, having finished his cunning
And the Angels cried out here's old Whittread a coming
So that day I'll kill with a smile and a sigh
For his Beer with an S and his Bear with an S
And Bill on that day in the hottest of Weather
The whole Whittread family feast all together

My Lords while the beams of this Hall shall support
the roof which o'er shades this respectable Court
Where Hastings was tried for oppressing the Indoos
Whilst the beams of the Sun shall pour in from the window
His name shall shine bright as his ancestor shines
Shine revealed on journals Fame painted on signs

To Lord Farlee

Should you this thinking in the Park
you in like manner - for my promised Park.
Leaving their Lord to the World
to pass these Hours
and Wishing that same - Highland Dirk
Would stop their Throats
Long may gain at young Leads
through Shady dells and flowry Meads
seeking some Brook where to vow Reeds
The World apart
To ponder on My past Misdeeds
With thankful Heart
I George My Pillie could con the
How few there are I think of with

Was once fancy of Abigail
The Willing friend
Good Wonder why so oft I sweet
Among the Bread
But Christ he dwelt when I am above
I cannot think of time that gone
With you comfort to I one fine
Was one to Sit
I God and Spirit with my Love
Except Abigail
For I with some I must have
Your Sister fair Garden as I've gone
Such flowering faithless Flower Rate blow
I've Hoped to Kiss
Fish all the better Plants are grown
Fish come My Grief
The Weapons of My youth are fled
And comes the fruit Crown in Christ Head

Each plant & tree, wishes such success
To Scotia's Shrines
And wi' the lays with dancing heads
As jolly drives
He too who lives on Pontack's drink
Had muckle rather laugh than think
He's glad to give the Jade a clink
Though for a wee.
A pathetic joke without a think
I sad. Compunge
But when to Chance I get my dog
Amongst decent lads and lasses gay
With song wi' dance & witty foolish play
Each Script & Sect
Gives me a light above the brae
Of Fortune's Pitch;
Then fancy's canty glass & cogue
And let the Bosom all a bleeze
With mirth and song and social ease

And Musics sound
While rosy wine its colour gies
To ilk around
Yet dinna think My weirsome dad
Tho sometimes daft I am alongst mad
I made sang for birth of late I'se had
My faithful frien
Wae thames tone oft makes me sad
And blinds mine ein
Yet with nae ? of tone to mplain
For wch the Lass loves me again
Hence Earth born thought of worldly gain
My faith is plight
More worldly love My wealth obtain
Or true delight
Then come ye hours with love replete
And bid My heart with rapture beat
And fush ye silent tears bure sweet

by Dear Tom Sheridan
now Dead a year

Tears, my hard fate to take a cold farewell
To hide the anguish of a breaking heart
To smile & parting glad farewell to tell
My tender dear lord, tears agony to part

Yet for a moment to forlong his stay
Or subjects foreign to my thoughts bring:
Before he came, ah! I had mind to say;
But when he came; speech faltered on my tongue

As the door closed which shut him from my sight
My poor heart died; I felt the trembles die
My shuddering frame balls summed unwelcome light
My struggling heart sought freedom in a sigh.
Was did the dignity of virtue fail?
Did one unconscious sigh my passion tell?
Did my voice falter? did my cheek grow pale?
No! the poor hypocrite dissembled well. —

"Hear thy Prayer"!

The sacred song that on thine ear
Her Master from that voice of thine,
I heard before from one so dear
For strange it struck upon mine,
But oh! so sweet that look and tone
To her and thee alike is given;
It seemed, as if for me alone,
That both had been wrested from Heaven,
And though I never can redeem
The vision thus endeared to me
I scarcely can regret the dream
When realized again by thee.

Pierres des Mois avec leur influence

Janvier — Jacynthe ou Grenat —
Constance et fidelité avec tous vos sentimens
Février — Amethyste —
Garantit des passions et procure le repos —
Mars — Jaspe Sanguin
Courage et bonheur dans toutes les entreprises et les dangers
Avril — Saphir ou Diamant
Pierres du repentir ou de l'innocence
Mai — Emeraude
Bonheur en Amour
Juin — Agathe ou Onyx
Longue vie et santé
Juillet — Cornaline ou Rubis
Pierre de l'oubli ou guerison de tous
les Maux d'amour et d'amitié

Août — Sardonix.

Fidelité conjugale.

Septembre — Chrysolithe.

Préserve ou guérit la folie.

Octobre. Aigue-marine ou Opale

Pierre du Bonheur ou de l'espérance.

Novembre — Topaze.

Fidelité en Amitié

Décembre — Turquoise ou Malachite

Bonheur ou succès constant en tout ce genre

La Turquoise a de plus la propriété

d'assurer l'Amitié.

Pleasure

While yet the pulse beats high and life's gay prime
Bids every thought to nobler joys aspire
While genius soars beyond the bounds of time
And lights his blazing torch at fancy's fire.

While transports such as youth alone can know
Untinctured by the colder touch of art
Tinge every rapture with a deeper glow
Lighten the eye and revel in the heart.

Where shall I turn? shall I with learned strife
Toil and grow pallid o'er the tedious page?
Or quaff the sweets of a voluptuous life
And leave dull books to solitude and age.

See to strains of soft delight
Visions burst upon my sight
Attended by her laughing train
Pleasure spies her golden reign;
Surrounded by lascivious smiles
Wanton sports and amorous smiles

See, the blooming Dryads stand
See, her wave her snowy hand
And calling to her fairy bowers
Her painted domes and beds of flowers
Every harsher care reprove
Round her scattering life and love
'Tis she — I know her vest of blue
I know her hair of chesnut hue
I know her sweetly melting eye
I know her cheek of vermil dye
That hanging vest, which half conceals
Her beauteous limbs, and half reveals
That hair whose waving honours flow
In ringlets down her neck of snow
That eye whose softly rolling charms
Would lure a hermit to her arms,
That cheek, whose blushes might adorn
The freshness of the rising morn;
Hark! both men and gods rejoice,
Pleasure pours her silver voice;
Hark! she charms the listening sphere,
Earth and heaven pause to hear;

3

Catch the hour while youth's gay hand
Showers its roses on your head
Quickly ebbs the flowing sand;
A moment gives you to the dead.

Time unrelenting shakes his glass
No prayers obdurate fate can move,
Catch the days then as they pass
Days of mirth and nights of love.

Crop my sweets that ne'er can cloy
Haste and worship at my shrine
Here's the sum of mortal joy
Here is love and here is mine.

The voice! still I'm fixd to hear,
Still it vibrates on my ear,
Still I'm in attention drownd,
Still I learn to catch the sound,
See she beckons come away
See she beckons — I obey
In odours bathe my flowing hair
With myrtle wreaths my Temples crown.

Livy be my guit and cue
Pleasures Votries cannot frown
Bacchus smiles my doubts are ov'r
Lead me to the festive roar,
Here I am at thy command
Lead me to the ~~jolly~~ jovial band,
Where no corroding cares annoy
Who only live for wine and joy
He waves his spear with wry bound
His mystic followers throng around
Fauns & satyrs swift advance,
Bacchanals lead the furious dance,
Revelry amidst the train
Roars aloud the jovial strain,
The sweetest nymph of all the throng,
Hoth with laughs inspires the Song,
While jollity without control,
Rushes round the sparkling bowl
But who with soft seductive voice
Calls me from my favrite choice?
First of Gods that reign above,
I know thee now, resistless love!
The fillet o'er his forehead bind
The golden arrows at his side,

O

The silken pinions that she bears
The purple hue his bosom wears
The trifling face with which he trod
Betrayd at once the powerful God
See! he takes his sharpest dart
See! he aims it at my heart.
Smiling Archer bend thy bow
I meet the sweetly painful blow
Here points, where soft rodines, with eyes on fire
And undulating bosom, young desire.
A shading vine protects her head
Idalian myrtles strew her bed,
And bloom beneath the weight they bear
Proudly glad to hold the fair
The Graces waiting at her beck
Strive anew each limb to deck
Breathe o'er her form a fresher charm
Swell the breast Crown the arm
With deeper crimson paint the cheek
Train the hair and mould the neck
Instruct the lip and amorous eye
More soft to melt, more sweet to sigh.
Nemore our raptures then restrain
Suns can set and rise again
But we when past a short lived light,
Remain one long eternal night
Catch the sun beam ere it flies,
Man, has not leisure to be wise.

'Farewell the rosie cheek, the eye of fire
'Farewell the nameless of the placid breast
'Farewell ye hours, that never knew desire
'Ye days of frolic and ye nights of rest'

'For I have seen a fascinating face
'Have felt an eye more brilliant than the day
'Have viewed a shape adorned with every grace
'That love can ask or beauty can display

'Twas Anne I saw 'twas Anne's love breathing form
'That fired this rushing tumults thro' my frame
'That moved my passions like the whirlwinds storm,
'And raised a madness time can never tame

'Twas Anne I saw 'twas Annes love breathing form
'Enchained my freedom and destroyed my ease
'While every pulse beat high each vein run warm
'With joys that torture, & with pangs that please

'I saw thee Anne, and duller is the wretch
'Than the dark cloud, that clogs the sky with tears
'Who feels not every nerve with rapture stretch
'When native loveliness like thine appears.

For nature sure when first thy form she planned
And saw thee rise in every grace arrayd
Hailed thee, the happiest labour of her hand
And wonderd at the work herself had made

I saw, and when I saw thee I admird
I gazd, and gazing stood in speechless trance
Love at thy radiant eyes his torches fird
Grace ruled each step and beauty decked each glance

Young smiling loves thy bright attendant band
Their different stations round their mistress seek
Hang on thy eyebrow, perch upon thy hand
Melt on thy lips and blush upon thy cheek

But thy bright eyes assume a brighter light,
O'er every limb a downyer softness throw,
Swell thy alluring bosom with delight
And breathe new whiteness on thy neck of snow.

I view thy form too short the live long day
I speak thy charms too weak is human breath
Thy beauty tears me from myself away
Each look is danger and each gaze is death.

O shun ye youths the wound by which I die
The spot where Anna shines, with caution tread
Nor ever imprudently the treacherous eye
Which softly charms you while it strikes you dead.

The Gods forget what pangs thy sight would arm
Nor send the future sufferings of mankind
Or when they gave thee love the rest to harm
They sure above the rest had made thee kind

And if they sent thee down a public care
To vex poor mortals of the ease they prize
Had form'd thy breast as yielding as 'tis fair
To heal the wounds inflicted by thy eyes.

For me great Venus quitting Paphian plains
Descends into my frame without control
Fills all my throbbing breast and proudly reigns
Imperious mistress of my subject soul.

Forbids my Lyre to sound the battles rage
And all its powers on wanton themes employs
Tunes it to amorous sighs, which lovers wage
To half reluctant maids and eager boys.

7

Ah! while I tell how other lovers moan
No foreign impulse bids me sweep the string
To feel the miseries I paint my own
And weep the very torments that I sing.

Of joy, which ah! I ne'er can feel, I sign
My heart the empty semblance disapproves,
Where'er I stray my breast is torn with pain
My mind is Emma, and my soul is love's

(Emma and Love! what glowing thoughts arise
Thoughts that torment by day I live by night,
While dreams of rapture float before my eyes
And fleeting visions mock me with delight.

Oh! were I once imparadis'd in bliss
Entranc'd in full possession of thy charms,
Not worlds should tempt me to forego a kiss,
Nor heaven itself allure me from thy arms

While sun thy hand, delay thy light,
And yield to love-befriending night
A portion of thy sway
I would not change the airy form
That seems to meet me kind and warm
For all the glare of day.

In vain I pray stern fate denies
My slumbers break, the phantom flies
I lose my Laura's charms
That taper waist that bosom fair
Dispersing into empty air
Elude my longing arms

So watch whose days of respite done
Beholds his last uprising sun
And only wakes to die
Curses the light with so much pain
Or sighs and weeps to sleep again
So ardently as I.

Invidious light! my hated bane,
Why rudely break the ideal chain,
From which my raptures hung?
I saw sweet Laura's every grace,
My eyes more fixd upon her face
My Soul upon her tongue.

She's gone, and yet I seemd to press
Her snowy arm. my fond caress
The fair one did not shun;
Her smile was soft her eye was gay
Dark night admird the unusual ray
Which far outshone the sun.

I heard her voice which softly clear
Breathd music to my ravishd ear,
For it avowd her love
I heard her dulcet voice; ah! when
Shall that sweet voice, so kind again
Such thrilling raptures move.

To thee sweet nymph, to thee I fly
To thee I kneel to hush my sighs
And bid me cease to weep
Oh! dry my cheek with sorrow wet
Nor let me while I wake regret
The banish'd joys of sleep.

Deign then to smile, and let me find
For once reality as kind
As golden visions seem,
For it has been my lot to rue,
Heart rending sorrows, ever true,
Transporting joys, a Dream!

The greatest art in Human life
consists in gaining every Heart
and having them Slain & then
Restored & Captives in discover

Enfant de l'art j'imite la Nature
Sans être née j'empêche de Mourir
Plus je suis vraie plus s'accroit l'imposture
Et je deviens trop jeune à force de vieillir

Mon premier est l'immensité
Mon second est la clarté
Mon tout est l'éternité

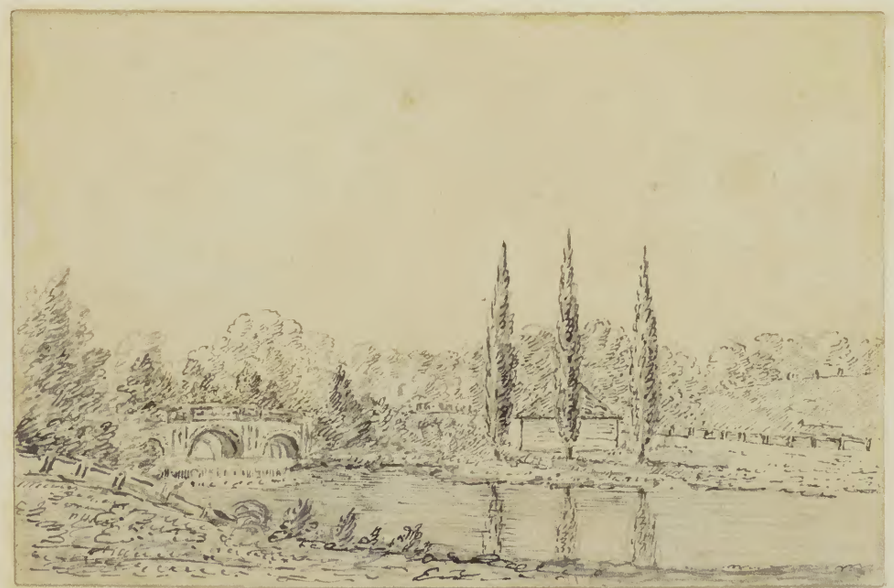
What is Majesty without its eternals? —
by Burke

Le depart

ah dans un long adieu dont la Douleur s'irrite
Le coeur s'echauffe en vain sur l'objet que l'on quitte
on s'eloigne a pas lents les bras en vain tendus
et l'oeil le suit encore quand on ne le voit plus

Le Retour

Oh Bonheur ! il succede a des ailes
Tout plaisir de toutes les saisons fidelles
Que de fleurs ! le moment va donc les essuyer
Que d'heures le moment les fait tous oublier



Epitaph on Douglas Duke of Brandon & Hamilton
By Mr Dunlop

Here lies reposed beneath the sculptured stone
All that remains of princely Hamilton
All that remains of beauty, Strength & health,
Graced by high lineage & the gifts of Wealth.
Gentling Nature when the child was born
Lavished her store the Favourite to adorn.
And when the beauteous boy to manhood sprung
Knit every joint and every Sinew Strung.
Gave grace to Motion, to exertion ease,
A Mien unrivalled, and a power to please.

She crowned him with perception's brightest beam
And bathed his heart in friendship's living stream.
O'er his fine form her radiant mantle threw
And with his strength her choicest talents grew.
Oh Gifts neglected! Talents misapplied!
Favours contemned! & Fortune unenjoyed!
At this sad shrine the serious man may find
A subject suited to engage his mind.
And the rash youth who runs his wild career,
May tremble at the lesson taught him here.
While baffled Nature kneels dejected by,
And hails the shade of Douglas with a sigh—

Thirsick, once more I seek thy sad retreat
With heart oppress'd with silent steps & slow,
I seek lamenting, and with streams of woe
Once more I'm solitary shades I greet:

Here Britain
The Patriots eloquence has ceas'd to flow,
The Patriots breast with generous fire to glow
His heart with heavnly Charity to beat.
His was the lofty Mind with every grace.
Attemper'd sweetly, and to him alone
With partial hand by bounteous Nature given
The World grown common, and the human race
Sunk in the scale of being; since his grace
Who rais'd the character of Man to heav'n —

To Mr Rogers.

"Pleasures of Memory" Oh supremely blest:
And justly proud beyond a Poets praise
If the pure transfires of thy tranquil breast
Sometimes indeed the subject of thy lays.
By Me how envied! for to Me
The Herald Style of Misery,
Memory makes her influence known
By Sighs & tears, and griefs alone.
I Hail her as the friend to whom belong
The Vultures ravening beak, the Ravens funeral song
Alone at Midnights haunted hour
When Nature seeks repose in vain
Remembrance rules with grinding power
The Tyrant of the burning brain

She tells of pleasures past, of comforts lost
Of joys occasions gone for ever by
Of Hope how fondly buried! how unlucky crost
Of many a cause to wish, yet dread to die
For what but the instinctive fear
Least the Surviver detains me here.
When oh the love of life is fled.
What, but the deep inherent dread
Least the beyond the grave resume her reign
And realize that hell which Priest & bedlam feign —

by Joanna
of Trinity College
Dumb hour 10

Mark Antony of old we find
For love alone the world resign'd
How much less loss his love attends
Who only gives up oh his friends —

1809

Written after the Battle of Corunna.

How shall we mourn our heroes slain
Upon Corunnia's bloody day
How to the brave who died for Spain
Shall Britain's ample honours pay?
The cenotaph of stately size
The pomp a nations cost can yield
But marks the putrid corpse that lies
Unburied on Corunnia's field
The hungry vultures mangling tread
The brutal plunderers lewish trade
Are insults to the valiant dead
By no funereal pomp repaid
Unsaid be the notes of praise & woe
They to the dead are worthless all
When raised by those, who cold & slow
Have not as yet avenged their fall.

And let no sad Memorial live
To Count their Names & actions dear
Until some glorious day shall give
To place a Gallic Eagle there

No dirge be sung, no writer be done
Till France shall mourn amidst her slaves
For ev'ry Briton slain a son
And humbly honored both their graves

G. L:

Love, I am bound to very thee
By every thought I have;
Thy form I only wish to see,
Thy heart I only crave.

All that in Women is adored,
In thy dear self I find,
For the whole sex can but afford
The bounteous and the kind

Why should I seek them further stars,
Or wish to know anew?
When change itself can give no more,
'Tis easy to be true.

Sir Charles Sedley.

She is far from the land where her true lover sleeps,
And sisters are round her sighing;
But coldly she turns from their glances, and weeps,
For her heart in his cold grave is lying.

2

She sings the loved song of her dear native plains,
Every note which He loved awaking.
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
That the heart of the Minstrel is breaking.

3

He had lived for his love, for his country he died
They were all that to life, had entwined him;
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

4

Oh make her a grave, where the sun beams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west,
From her own loved Island of sorrow.

When he who adores thee, has left but the name
Of his fault, and his sorrow behind,
Oh! say wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
Of a life, that for thee was resigned?
Yes weep, weep
And perhaps my faults may condemn
My tears shall efface the deep dye
For Heav'n can witness no guilt has been mine
I have been but too faithful to thee
2
With thee were the dreams of my earliest love
Every thought of my reason was thine
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above
Thy name shall be mingled with mine
Oh! blest are the lovers & friends too who shall live
The days of thy glory to see.
But the next dearest blessing that Heav'n can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

Sophocles. Ajax. V. 473.

Shame on that Man, Who plung'd in hopeless Woe
Still pines for further length of Life below;
For what delight can be in mere delay
Of Death, & Day still following after day.
Worthless to me the Wretch, Who weak & blind
Lets empty Hope delude & cheat his Mind.
He truly generous, if their Lot deny
To live with Honour, must with Honour die.

Prometheus chained to the rock. Chorus of the Daughters of Oceanus, Sisters of the Wife of Prometheus, Hesione. Hesychius. Prometheus vinctus. V. 526.

Oh! never may my fearful Will
Oppose thy Might & all-ruling Jove
Never may I fail approaching still
With Victims slain the Gods above
& solemn rites, Where o'er the Beach
My Sire's eternal Waters flow
Nor e'er may I transgress in Speech
The duty, Which to Heav'n I owe
May this resolve deep in my Heart imprest
For ever firm endure, nor perish from my breast.

'Tis sweet, indeed for frail Mankind
Upheld by Hope's confirming Power
To cheer with fair Contents the Mind,
& lengthen out their Lives short hour.
But oh! My soul with fear recoils
E'en to behold the fate Thou prove
Thus crush'd beneath a thousand toils,
For that not fearing, Mighty Jove
Nor mov'd, Prometheus, with too fruitless zeal
Thy Pleadings overlook'd on Mans foreweighted scale.

O, friend, for all this favour say
Say, what return can e'er be made?
Where is the help? Where is the stay?
What is the strength of Mortal aid?
Hast thou not mark'd Mans erring course?
How blind, how low his efforts seem
Restless & vain his utmost force
Vain as the struggle of a dream—
E'er can the dread designs which Mortals move,
Disturb the fix'd decrees & harmony of love—

This bore my mind, Prometheus, learns
From thy dear lot in endless pain,
& ever on my ear returns
Sadly returns that different strain,
That soft, auspicious nuptial lay,
In which I bore a joyful part
Around the Earth, on that glad day,
When having gain'd with gifts her heart
Pleasure, thy father's Child you led
Your fair & virgin Bride, the partner of your bed—

* This alludes to the ancient allegorical fable which makes Hope a present from Prometheus to Man— The Meaning is, Hope is indeed a great benefit to Mortals, but you have paid too dear a price for the pleasure of conferring it— The punishment, as may be collected from this Chorus was inflicted on Prometheus on account of his partiality to the human race.

Found in the Poet's repeating Decanter, &c. &c.

Horace —

'Tis late, and I must hasten away—
My last hour of jest is near;
And do you press me yonder to stay,
I stay, and need longer here—

Then give me back the years of yore,
With spirits light in health than;
And give me back the dark brown hair,
Which curled upon my even brow;

And give me back the playful jest,
Which once could midnight's hours beguile;
The life that [bounded] in my breast,
And joyous youth's becoming smile—

and give me back the peaceful sou
Which bore enplanted with strange delight,
When erst I roamed near the bowl
Of Blois gay and wanton flight.

Alas! 'tis late I must away,
My usual hour of rest is near,
But give me thee and I wish stay
Till Iz tik prays and send here. —

A l'abbé de Lisle sur son Poëme des J

Vous dont la lyre enchanteresse
Unit la force à la douceur
De la nature amant flatteur
Vous qui l'embellissez sans cesse.
J'ose vous offrir en tremblant
De l'humble fils de la fleur bruyère
Si vous acceptez le présent
Je le tiendrai d'une immortelle.

On happiness by K. B. L.

True happiness is not the growth of Earth
The soil is fruitless if you seek it here
Tis an exotic of celestial birth
And never blooms but in celestial air -

Sweet plant of paradise its seed were sown
In here and there a breast of heavenly mould
It rises slow and ~~buds~~ but never was known
To blossom here. The climate is too cold -

Festinat angustæ miseræque brevissima vitæ
Portio. &c. – Juvenal. Sat. 9.

The flowers of youth and blossoms to decay,
And life's short portion hastes to flow away -
We ask for wreaths our odorous hair to twine
For gilding beauty and inspiring wine -
Meanwhile old age through every thoughtless day
Its sterling impress on its prey -

---

a fragment from one of the Dr of Dr letters

For hand in hand the little lars shall go
And gaber fropitious smooth the angry wave
While smiling providence its care bestows
To honor lead, and prosper his partner save
Lead to the Mother trembling on the shore
With early promess crowned her boy restore

from Carlo Maggi by Dr of D.

Cherchez un Dieu, un Cœur discret et Sage
A qui confier la douleur
L'infortuné se soulage.
en parlant à celui qui comprends son malheur
Cherchez un Cœur dont la tendresse
Offre un doux soulagement
Le Malheur qui plus nous blesse
S'adoucit en se partageant

Our Parent Power extend a new born Child
Weeping from rest, while all around her smile;
So live, that sinking in thy last long Sleep
Calm thou mayst smile, while all around thee weep—

Yes My fair friend though doomed to stray
Where sorrow marks thy dreary way
And countless shines to view
My heart contented still would prove
If still it found one friend to love
And that one friend were you—

By M. G. Lewis

November 1800

And thee Amanda, thee whose lovely mind
Radiant through Warm and artless though refined
As honor open and sincere as truth,
In virtues gay and innocent in youth
Armed in thy Guiltless bosom Weare Alarms,
Nor the Resistless Eloquence of Charms
Made Wrongs thy Soul a quivering Transport flow
And taught a new acuter sense to glow,
Taught thee to feel Affections purer fire,
And raise the Love that springs not from desire
Thee too I leave, and thy despairing Mind
Leaves every hope of happiness behind.

To Mrs A— on his birthday

Of years I have now half a century past
Yet none of them fifty so blest as the last
How it happens my troubles thus daily could cease
And my happiness still with my years should encrease,
This defiance to Nature, to general laws
You alone can explain, who alone are the cause.

Charles Fox

A Toast

God bless the King, God bless our Faiths defender
God bless him (where's the harm in't) the pretender
But which the Pretender is, & which the King
God bless them both, — is quite another thing.

a Charles Fox Bust

By William Lord ~~a temperance~~ aged 18

Live Marble, live; for Thine's a sacked Bust
The Patriot's features, which pronounce his Mind.
Live, that our Sons may kneel before this bust,
And hail the benefactor of Mankind

For he amidst conflicting factions rage
Upheld undaunted Freedom's purer cause
Warr'd with prophetic voice a servile age,
And o'er the fixed her doom, bade ~~Europe~~ pause
Live Marble, and record his upright Name
And record his useful fame.
Live and recall his life's illustrious scenes.
To bless his fellow creatures was his aim
And universal liberty his Means.

Kennst du das Land? wo die Citronen blühen
Im dunklen Laub die Gold Orangen glühn
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht
Die Myrthe still und hoch der Lorbeer steht
Kennst du es wohl? dahin! dahin!
Möcht ich mit dir o mein Geliebter ziehn.

Kennst du das Haus? auf Säulen ruht sein Dach
Es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert das Gemach.
Und Marmorbilder stehn, und sehn mich an
Was hat man dir, du armes Kind getan?
Kennst du es wohl?
Dahin! dahin!
Möcht ich mit dir o mein Beschützer ziehn.

Kennst du den Berg und seinen Wolkensteg
Das Maultier sucht im Nebel seinen Weg
In Höhlen wohnt der Drachen alte Brut
Es stürzt der Fels und über ihn die Flut.
Kennst du ihn wohl,
Dahin. Dahin
Geht unser Weg! o Vater laß uns ziehen.

Goethe

Epitaph on L^d Spencer

Duke of Devonshire -

If ever sincerity inscribed the stone
Giving the dead the Merits but their own
Behold it here! This verse with sculptures rich
Secures the debt by love and duty paid
That Strangers and posterity may know
How pure a Spirit Heaven did bless below
But they who felt the virtues of his life
Whether the orphan, friend, or child, or Wife
Need not the poets, or the sculptures art
To wake the feelings of a grateful heart
Their love, their grief, his honours best proclaim
The living Monument of Spencers fame -

Inscriptions in the Temple of friendship
at St Anns Hill Fitzpatrick

The star whose radiant beams adorn
With vivid light the rising morn
The season changed, with milder ray,
Cheers the calm hour of parting day—
To friendship, of the ~~generous~~ virtuous breast
The earliest and the latest guest
In youthful prime with ardour glows
And sweetens life's serener close.
Benignant power in this retreat
Oh deign to fix thy tranquil seat,
Where raised above the dusky vale
Thy favourites brighter scenes shall hail
And from life's busy scenes remote
To thee their cheerful hours devote
Nor waste a transient thought to know,
What cares disturb the crowd below —

To Lady E Foster

by Georgina Devonshire

Imitated in the French art
My tints I gather from my heart
Where truth and love together trace
The various beauties of my face
My form unincumbered fair and fine
My brow where sense and sweetness shine
My smile the antidote to pain
My voice that never spoke in vain
As diamonds on the crystal trace
In lines no efforts can efface
To please forever is my lot
Once seen once loved, and never forgot-

The Wish

My treasured hope. My fondest dream.
With dearest rests on Thee
I think without Thee all would seem
And life would lifeless be. -
The place thy presence glads to seek
Is where I'm ever best
And when I hear Thee kindly speak
And speak to thee I'm blest.
Yet should heed fate command it so
With dearest I'm resigned.
And if from me Thou mouth bent to go
or be altered or unkind.
Unfelt by Thee my silents care
Shall never claim relief
And with the wish Thou mayst not share
My solitary grief -

To Lady Spencer

I cannot remember eighty four
And twelve o'clock at night
The gentle hours I employ
To you dear M. to write

While in a little room I bide
My little fire help grace
My little taste by my side
A little light thereon

While dreaming in her little bed
My little child asleep
Pray angels guard her little head
My little darling keep

Adieu and though my little verse
Be little wit can prove
For you it has a little force
If not a little love.

To Lady B

Militat omnis amanset habet sua Castra Cupido

The Soldier Cupid whom I send
A Christmas present to My friend
Though ill accoutred for the season
For all your eye has special reason:
He wears his hat for he respects
Nor garb nor form, nor age nor sex;
He bears a Musket on his shoulder
For who more fierce is or Bolder?
Why treating winter's blast with scorn
He goes stark naked as he's born
Reasons abound — let two suffice,
True love disdains the least disguise,
Nor frost nor cold, can do him harm
For while he's love he must be warm
His pair of wings most aptly shows
How quick he comes, how soon he goes

And from the Ear. This plain enough
That Love is made of brittle Stuff.
For let it cause the least surprise
That spite of sense he sees his Eyes
Since tales of blindness were untrue
He proves his sight by seeking you.

From Hecuba Euripides

ΕΚ- "φεῦ δ' ἔστι θνητῶν ὅστις ἐστ ἐλευθέρ©
ἢ χρημάτων γὰρ δοῦλός ἐστιν ἢ τύχης
ἢ πλῆθος αὐτὸν πόλεος ἢ νόμων γραφαὶ
εἴργουσι χρῆσθαι μὴ κατὰ γνώμην τρόποις
alas there is no one of Mortals who is free For he is
the slave either of Wealth or of Fortune or of the Multitude
of the City - or the written Laws - compel him to adopt
manners contrary to his inclination -

Χορός
Σὺ μὲν ὦ παῖ Διὸς Ἰλιὰς
τῶν ἀποβήτων πόλις
οὐκέτι λέξη τοιόνδ' ἐλ-
λάνων νέφος ἀμφὶ σε καλύπτει

Δοχὶ δη δοχι πεχραν
Ἀπὸ δε σεφὰναι κεκαφραι
πύργωι καῖα δ'αιθαλὸν
κηλῖδ οἰκτροταῖα κεχρωσαι
Τάλαιν σκελι σεμβαλεύσω·

You oh Troy my Country no longer to be numberd amongst the impregnable Cities – such a cloud of Greeks hath coverd you around destroying you with the spear of war the Crown of your Towers is shorn away you are defild with the wretched stain of the black smoke —— no more shall I enter into you

Αντιστροφη – ά

Μεσονύκτιος ὠλλυμαν
Ἧμος ἐκ δειπναν ὕπνος
ἡδυς ἐπ ὄσσοις κιδναται
Μολπᾶν λ'ἄπο καὶ χαροποιῶν
Θυσιῶν καταπαυσας
ποσις ἐν θαλαμοις ἔκειτο
Ξυσον δ'επὶ παστάδω
Ναυταν σκεδ ἐρῶν ὅμιλον
πρόιαν πλια'δ' εμβεβῶτα·

Στροφη – β·

Εγω δε πλόκαμον αναδέτοις
Μιτραισιν ἐρῥυθμιζομαν
Χρυσεων ἐνοπτρων
Δεύσσθο α τερμονας εις αὐγας
Επιδεμνιος ὡς πεσοιμ' ἐς ευναν
Ανα δε κελαδος ἔμολε πολιν·

κελευσμα δ᾽ ἦν καὶ ἀφ᾽ ἁγνοίας
τόδ᾽ ὦ παῖδες ἑλλαναι ποτε δὴ
ποτε γαν ἴλιαδος σκοπιαν
περσαντες· ἥξει εἰς οἴκους·

In the midst of the night I perished, when sweet
sleep from the banquet is spread over the eyes
of men My husband resting from the music and
the feast that gives delight, was reposing in his
chamber his spear hung up nothing expecting the
sound of sailors who were at that time marching
through Troy; and I was composing my hair
under the bands that confine it, looking upon
the shining surface of the golden mirror
standing near the couch, that I might fall
upon it, when the crash went at once through
the city and this was the cry in the streets of
Troy — oh ye sons of the Greeks, when

when I say, having destroyed the high Towers
of Ilion, shall you return to your own homes?-

Sir Edw. H. [illegible] Page [illegible] Augustus [illegible]

Written on the back of an Bill entitled
an Act for granting to his Majesty an aid
and contribution for the protection of the Bay
by Govr Pownall

Plan by general confiscation
To redeem a ruined nation,
Plan through all its parts a blunder
Credit to maintain by plunder,
Plan which property protects
By the seizure of effects,
Plan securing general comfort,
(Can we pay too large a sum for it)
Which such comforts soon shall bring us,
Writs of capias and distringas
Into poor Jacks Houses breaking
Ev'n the beds they sleep on taking,
Thus by Widow and Children starving
All that's dear to Man preserving,
Virtue most good morals guarding,
Base informers by rewarding,
Strengthening all our social ties
By encouraging of Spies

Setting down in each man's scot
What he has, and he has not,
What tho' gone, all fortune gave him
No Economy can save him,
Base conceit to fight the French meant,
By prohibiting Retrenchment
Vital Christians still repining
That Religion is declining,
Then, in her behalf observe,
Premiums upon perjury
Grants of place subordination,
Here, 'twixt high and humble station,
Cordial union to secure
Drive the rich to starve the poor;
Here, a Clause which needs much pleasure
Of superfluous cash to ease us,
Whence the Tax by death to shift,
All at once becomes a gift:
Clause which leaves an option pleasant,
To be robbed, or make a present,
For should you decline the honor,
Thus to be as nations done,
Shortly to your cost you'll find,
There's a process still behind
Which how closely e'er you lock it,
In due time will reach your pocket,

So sham cripples whom we meet,
Asking alms through many a street,
Red by night, their wooden leg off
Those they on the morning beg of,
And, as Laws are made restraining
Suffering wretches from complaining,
These, to stop poor people bawling,
Lift their crutch, and lay them sprawling.

In this Project which can Man see
But their rulers in a frenzy,
Still the desperate course pursuing
Which has brought us all to ruin!
Who 'mongst country bodies we are,
So absurd and void of reason,
To encounter State-Lyon loads,
He has plunged in many roads?
British sloths, if 'tis your pleasure
To endure such loads as these are.

Prate no more about your freedom,
Empty boasts, for none will heed 'em;
All your Spirit is but vapour,
Magna Charta mere waste paper;
All your boasted fire but smoke,
Beasts of burthen bear the Yoke.

1

Rions, chantons, aimons, buvons,
En quelque point c'est ma morale,
Rions tant que nous le pouvons
Afin d'avoir l'humeur égale.
L'Esprit sombre que tout aigrit
Tourmente ce qui l'environne
Mais l'Homme heureux qui toujours rit
Ne fait jamais pleurer personne.

2

Souvent le plus grave Caton
Endormi dans un autre siècle,
Mettons la morale en chanson
Pour la graver dans la mémoire:
A ses vœux un chantre dévot
Rendit l'Enfer même docile,
Orphée a mort ce qu'un sermon
Ne vaut pas un bon vaudeville

3

Quand Dieu détruit le genre humain
Il sauva Noé du naufrage
Et dit en lui donnant de bon vin
Voilà ce que doit boire un Sage,
Buvons donc jusqu'à tomber
Car d'après l'arrêt du tel Juge
Tous les mécontents sont Buveurs d'Eau
C'est bien prouvé par le Déluge.

4.

Il faut aimer, cest le vrai bien,
Celui qui ne jamais aima
Du ciel dessonore l'ouvrage,
Et pour aimer Dieu nous forma
Puisquil fit l'homme à Son image;
Il faut aimer, cest le vrai bien
Suivons Amis ses loix divine,
Aimons toujours notre prochain,
En commencant par Nos voisins.

Euripides Trajedy
of Hippolitus was acted at Athens in the
Archonship of Aristion in the fourth year
of the eighty seventh Olympiad. The Scene
is in Trozene, The Story is as follows

Theseus was the Son of Aethra and Neptune a King
of Athens he had a Son by Antiope or some say
Hippolita Queen of the Amazons who devoted himself to
Diana Theseus afterwards married Phaedra Sister of
Ariadne both daughters of Minos king of Crete &
Pasiphae Theseus having slain Pallas & his
Relations fled to Trezeni with his wife, in which
place it chanced that Hippolitus was brought up with
Pittheus his Tutor Phaedra took deeply in love with
him not from a want of virtue in herself but to gratify the
wrath of Venus who was incensed against Hippolitus for his
disdain of her. Phaedra driven to dispair by her passion
at length is compelled to acknowledge it to her nurse.
who from weakness & fear informs Hippolitus who is Struck
with horror at the intelligence. Phaedra hearing of this

destroys herself leaving a writing unworthy her
former character by which she accuses Hippolitus
of having used violence towards her person.
Theseus returning home is furious at what he hears.
and in his anger prays to Neptune to destroy his
son. The God complies & Diana, though she exculpates
his character, consoles Theseus & does not betray
Phedra's unkindness to him.

Say ere we part that little word Farewell —
Farewell though spoke in tears may sooth our pain —
Does it not cheer you when it seems to tell
that though we part — we yet shall meet again

But oh how like the knell of death it falls
upon the heart whose every hope is o'er
How the affrighted fancy it appalls
When Farewell seems to say we meet no more

or if we meet the scene may then be changd
Youth may have fled & with it every trace
of what we lovd in manner form or face
all like that affection altered & estrangd

Yet say the word for since we are to part
never again to meet as friends tis meet
You can to speak it that each aching heart
bearing Farewell — shall know it means forever

yes I thought I had never lov'd Woman before
Such a Dupe was I made - to thy foibles & art
But now - I could name you a dozen or more
who were once when I think on't - as dear to my heart

If tears could avail, they should fall like a torrent;
Farewell I would say, if Farewells could relieve.
But why should I sign by such word your death warrant,
when to me all unlook'd, it has prov'd a reprieve!

I lov'd you, ah Laura, I lov'd you to madness,
But now that the dream, the delusion is past,
I wish you could banish those looks & that sadness,
How could you suppose such attachment would last.

Go prate of my Falsehood to lovers more true,
to them praise & their vows lend thy credulous ear,
yet answer me this, while they flatter & sue,—
do they love you as I did, or are they as dear?

While near you, my flame every moment encreas'd,
you left me;— what then I enjoy'd my repose
When the storm & the whirlwind of Passion has ceas'd,
we are apt to forget, that it ever arose.

The years soon shall part us, and time at one blow
my heart from your charms & the letter I free;
then why for my sake should one bitter tear flow?
Do I weep pretty Laura — too painful with thee?

---

gage d'amour paphi recoi la Rose Hetrie
de ses douceurs parer un instant ton sein
Elle etoit fraiche encore ce matin
Favorite du printemps elle a brillé un jour
mais des zephirs ardents et des baisers d'amour
l'ont fanée
demain comme moi elle sera oubliée
fais une tombe pour Doux Rose Hetrie
fais une tombe pour Mathinne amie
mets les tous deux au fond de ton coeur
et qu'amitié au moins les recouvre de ses pleurs

Idole trop aimé secrie
Jeune Papillon qui meurs
Mon Plaisir coûté ma vie
cherchant ton Image chérie
Je succombois en creur —

Flamme la cruelle trompeuse
Malheur a toute sort
Ta fidelité et ta vaine heureuse
Faisoit ma gloire et ma mort

Faute qu'amour fit commettre
Amour seul sait pardonner
Coeur qui cherche un nouveau maître
donne D'ordinaire un traître
qui promait l'abandonner

Souvenance chere et belle
Jouré dans ce triste coeur,
Viens encore rejouir celle -
Malheureuse - mais fidelle
Qui se meurs pour son coeur

Il n'est plus
Temps

The Waltz.

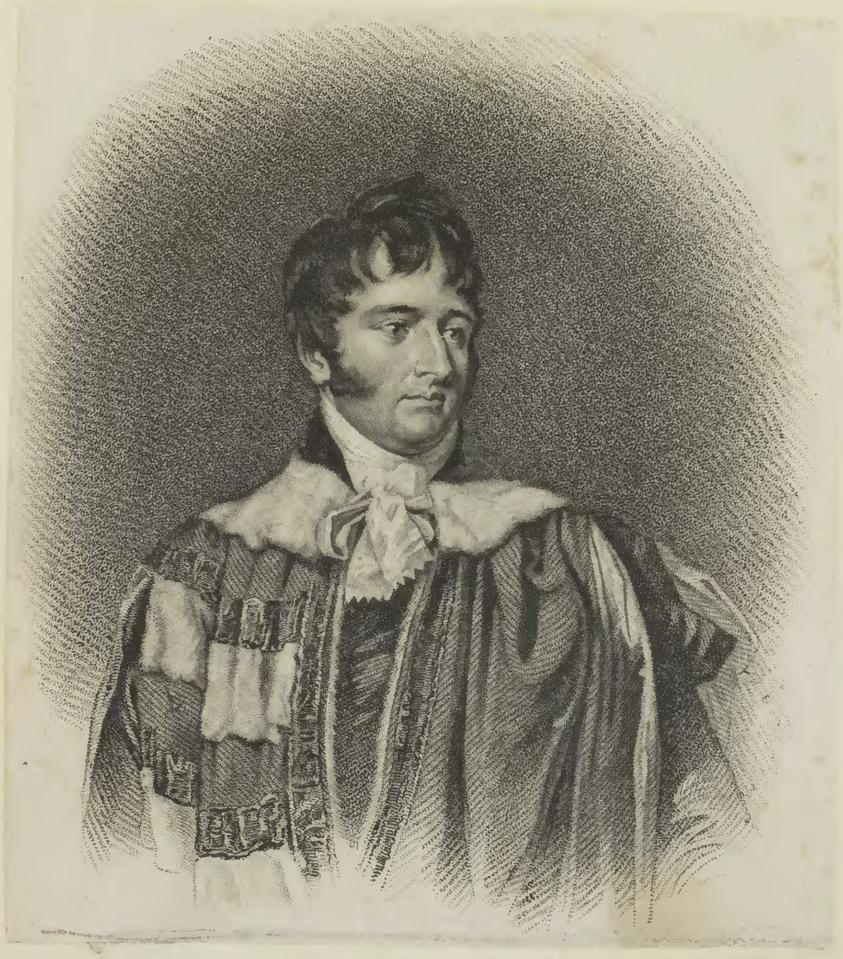
What! the girl I adore by another embraced?
What! the balm of her breath shall another man taste?
What! prest in the whirl by another both knee?
What! panting reclined on another than me?
Sir she's yours — you have snatched from the grape its soft dew;
From the rosebud you've shaken its sternmost dew
What you've touched you may take. pretty waltzer
Adieu.

Harry Dimchurch

But ye - who never felt a single thought
For what our morals are to be - or ought
Who wisely with the charms you view to weap -
say - would you make those beauties quite so cheap?
Not from the hands promiscuously applied
Round the slight waist or down the yielding side
When warm the Rapture thus to clasp the form
From this level grasp a lawful contact warm
At once lovers most endearing thought design
To prest the hand so prest by none but mine,
to gaze upon that eye that never met
another ardent look without regret
approach the lip - that all without restraint
come near enough - if not to touch to taint
If such thou lovest - love him thus no more
or give like her - careless to a score
Her mind with him is gone & with it go
The little left behind it to bestow

—

Supposed by Lord Byron
but I know not to whom



Lang Syne

1

When silent time with lightly foot
Had trod on thirty years
My native Land again I sought
With many hopes and fears
Wha kens gin the dear friends I left
May still continue mine
Or gin I e'er again shall taste
The joys I left Lang Syne

2.

My castle turrets met my Eye
Where Minstrels used to blow
Frae friend kept forth with open hand
Nae heed kind Jane I saw
Wi' ardour fluttered to the door
Whom I left in his prime
And joyd to see the lad return
As bare about Lang Syne

3

I ran to ilka well kend place
In hopes to find friends there.
I saw where ilka one had sat
And hung on every chair

Still soft remembrance threw her veil
around these dear of mine
I shut the door and sobb'd aloud
to think upon days gone

2

some. a new spring race.

Would rest their welcome play
We shudder'd at my gothic walls
and wished my graves away
Let but they cried these aged stones
Lay low those revered pines
& we the fathers fame dwells there,
Memorial of days gone

3

To turn me from these gloomy thoughts
They bade me to the lawn
And here in this wild rural pair
I pipped the youthful bloom

At Balls they pointed to a Nymph
whom she declared divine
Ah! to her Mothers blushing cheek
she fairest far, Lang Syne

When time is past & years are flown
your hearts with fond like mine
And ye shall sing with pleasure fraught
that night you met Lang Syne

Red pencil

Ja tibbi bubbu, a ti mamia bubbi.

FG

The Hon.ble Geo. Lamb as he is to be

given me by himself

The world had just begun to steal
Each hope that led more lightly on
I felt not as I used to feel
And life grew dark as hope was gone

No Eye to mingle sorrows tear
No life to mingle pleasures breath
No tongue to call me kind & dear
'Twas gloomy & I wished for death

But when I saw that gentle Eye
Oh! something seemed to tell me then
That I was yet too young to die
And hope & bliss might bloom again

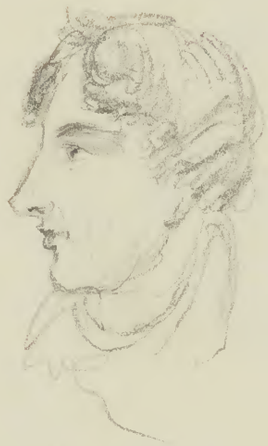
With every beamy smile that crossed
Your kindling cheek you lighted home
Some feeling that My heart had lost
And peace which long had learnd to mourn

'Twas then indeed so sweet to live
Hope looked so fair, & love so kind
That tho' I weep, I still forgive
The ruin which they left behind

I could have loved you, oh! so well
The dream which wishing Boyhood frames
Is but a bright beguiling spell
which only lives, while Passion glows

But when the early flush declines
When the hearts vivid warning fleets
You know not then how close it twines
around the kindred soul it meets

Yes, yes I would have loved as one
Who while his youths enchantments fall
Finds something dear to rest upon
Which pays him for the loss of all —



Weep not my Ella fair
never should love despair
We shall be heaven's care
Tho doom'd to part
See where the Patriot Bands
Countless as Ebro's sands
Sweep o'er their native Lands
Seeking the Foe
Hark! 'tis My Country's call
Answered by one and all
ready to fight or fall
In freedom's cause

Hark where their shouts arise
Rending their native skies
Prelude to victories
And future fame
Cease then ah cease to mourn
Conquering I'll soon return
On wings of rapture borne
My love to claim

But if by fates decree
Numbered midst slain I be
Still do not weep for me
Nor seek My grave

Oh! it is sweeter far
Sorrows like these to bear
Nay even death to share
Than live a slave

upon sending a Deaths head to Lady Cottrie
by- H S- by Henry Grattan

Why take me from thy cold clay bed?
Why violate the refuge of the dead?
Despoil the honors of the grave
those rites that peace which nature gave
Even in death should I deplore
that Albion soon approached this shore
& paid the honor to the tomb
of those whom tyranny hath sealed the doom.
Ah Lady sad & lost I'd be
Did I not hope to find in thee
some sentiments & piety.—

I reigned in lonely & splendid Hall
the great the Ancient Lord of all
who dwelt in Erins emerald bower.
& kept strict watch in southern tower.
I held dominion of the isles
that slumber on Killarney's smiles.
From where Launis amid our plaid streams (stupid) dull
as glowing with the suns warm beams
Kisses the tempting flowers that play
so wanton near his winding bay.

Past where the eagle's nest is placed
On rocky summit wild & waste,
Rising so bold & proud on high,
You'd think he soars above the sky.
The rugged gap of steep Dunloe
And Lickna killa's vane below
Reflecting in its mirror bright
The heavn hung circle's calm'd light
Roynan's isle with purpled heath,
And Laurel wide fringed beneath.
Dinas dark with Holly's spread,
Decked with Arbutus berries red,
Turk's oval mouth & silent lake
And every Mountain, Rock & brake.
Owned all My just & peaceful sway,
Reigning in liberty's bright ray
But when upon this harmless land,
The Stranger came with hostile band
With discord torch & fury armed,
Warr'd against those who ne'er had harmed
We fought for freedom but in vain
Opposed to fraud & rapine's fiery train
Here victim to the Conquerors power
I lived not to lament the fatal hour.—

Now as twilight shade begins to shed,
And dusky wing the owlets spread,
When silence reigns with solemn sway,
O'er ivied isles & cluster grey
And Murcus indistinctly seen
Throws its dark horror o'er the green,
When nought is heard from distant hill
Save Sheep cote bell or murmuring rill,
And nature sunk into repose
Gives man short respite from his woes;
From mortal mixture then set free,
I wander forth & think on thee.
Blest spot of my nativity.
Think on the days of antient pride,
In freedoms cause when heroes died,
In freedoms cause when patriots spoke,
And loosed the galling weighty yoke,
The Scotts mind, the dauntless heart, odious
Proof 'gainst seduction force & art.
They stood a virtuous sainted band
The heaven sent champions of the land,

They gained their rights, their liberty,
And hoped t'would prove a bright Serenity!!
But victims to corrupting power,
Sold in a base & deadly hour,
With virtues fled this short lived fame,
The nations scorn, & the nations blame.
As when the wearied traveller strays
Mourns his lost friends & blissful days.
He sees in the lone hour of night
Fades the last gleam of friendly light
Then sinks upon some cold bleak stone
And mocks his wretched fate without a groan.
Thus Erin's son with grief oppress,
To joy a stranger as to rest,
With sorrowing heart, & drooping head,
By way ward fancy wandering led,
By passions mixed with frenzy lost
His fondest hopes, his wishes crost.
And all his native virtues lost;
By Heaven! it maddens one to see
The guile of regal treachery

Courting in his adversity
Apostate in prosperity
Words falsely meant, though fairly spoke.
And plighted faith so basely broke,
Oh! how great an injury
Viadana to Memory!
Fear & distrust pervade that isle
Where love & hope late reigned the while,
Her Children discordented roam,
Shamed & disqualified at home,
The Station that the Country held,
Basely she was forced to yield,
And now a poor provincial power,
Lingers a trembling feverish hour -
Behold the oak that seems to vie
The ruler of the vassal plain
Flowrets beneath his arms are found
To bloom & shed their fragrance round
While withered beneath Albion's shade
The sweets must die, our verdure fade -

Thy potent charms, thy heavenly spell
Can dark & hopeless thoughts dispell.
With kindred-love & kindred fire
His breast inflame, his soul inspire,
Blest Angel! grant some kind relief
Suspend a while his anxious grief,
And with thy more than mortal art
Thy patriot passions, bountiful, impart,
Led by thee on brilliant Wing
Cam sweet & heavenly Salacia brings
To cheer the dark & dreary way
That tangled & perplexed the Lay
Before this injured, ardent Child
Hungry yet honest, friendly tho: wild
Across his country's scattered & murk loved wilds.—
But why those altered Looks & Mien
Those Eyes that so benign have been
That form of beauteous symmetry
While every grace above did envy
The winning air, deportment sweet,
courtesy ever glad to greet,
a manner gifted with the power
To add new charms to every hour
Judgment, humour, sense profound,
With playful wit enlivening round
the feeling of the tendrest heart,
taste, talent, with directed art.
and mind so straight with learned lore.
as female ne'er possessed before—

Rarest perfections! more than human grace!
Betray the being of superior race —
The cause I mean for well I know
When Mutuals with affection glow
And kindled Friendships ardent fire,
Chaste admiration, pure desire,
The heart so warmly, generously burning,
Demands as cordial sympathy returning, —
Beware of him who early hath
Trod in errors dirty path,
Who quickly spent the treasure nature gave,
Scarce boy, yet man, now man, & in his grave,
Whose brightest day of life was o'er
When Shame ventured scarce from shore,
All fire extinct, the heart of stone
All nobler qualities all gone,
With song so sweet yet fraught with guile
Falsehood conceals beneath his smile,
The Muses stay, but Truth is fled
See Virtue droops her modest head,
And all that looked so bright before
Serves but to shew his errors more
Charms that in death would almost move
Must fail their wonted power to prove.
quickly then away away,
Do not longer thither stay
Leave the cheerless, faithless way

Sedum

See truth & candor haste to light
Thy ardour, wished for, gladd'ning flight
To lead where love & truth are found
By pleasures ~~train~~ chain eternal bound
The jocund hours, the summer year,
The graces play unfetter'd here,
Sorrow dispelling, mirth returning,
Love's vestal flame is brightly burning
Wrapt in heavenly fragrance sweet
While flowrets bloom beneath thy feet
Melodious strains with charm the ear
Such as in rapture lovers hear
When every tender heart is freed from fear,
And lost in revels of the Mystic night
Renew their joys in ecstacy's delight -
Transported to thy Paphian bower
And soothed by love's soft Magic power;
A voice seraphic in that charmed hour
Thy slumbers joyfully with greet
And faithful to thine ear repeat,
"There breathes a Mortal far away"
"Whose True the theme of his fond fruitless lay"
"At every rising morn, at each declining day"
"In fancy's transient airy dream"
"Nor yet forwhile tender breast there theme"

"of vows & hopes & years of bliss"
"Flown o'er the rosy lip they kiss"
"Not the light tone that lives a day"
"Blown in its own soft sighs away"
"But fixed & fervent in his breast"
"The wish to make the blessed blest."—

ff ff

A Rebus

1 The noblest Object in the Works of Art
2 The brightest Scene which Nature can impart
3 The well known Signal in the Time of Peace
4 The Point essential in a Tenants Lease
5 The Farmers Comfort when he holds the Plough
6 The Soldiers Duty and the Lovers Vow
7 The Prize which Merit never yet has won
8 The Planet seen between the Earth and Sun
9 The Miners Idol and the Wedge of Jews
10 The Wifes Ambition and the Parsons Dues

—

Now if your noble Spirit can divine
A correspondent Word from every Line
By each first Letter will be clearly shown
An ancient City of no small Renown

Miss Sewell has left by her Will fifty Pounds
to the Discoverer of the above—
No Discovery has yet been made Dec.r 12.th 1813

The Choice of a Leader.

The recess almost spent, & approaching the hour,
That renews their vain struggle for places and power,
The Whigs, duly summond are met to prepare
Their annual bill of political fare.

Their brows, like the season, are cloudy and dark,
Of hope scarce a ray & of joy not a spark,
Shunn any visage — save Whitbread's alone,
Who grins as he fancies the game all his own;
Expects the whole sway of the faction to bear,
And sees his own strength in his party's despair.

And now to the meeting each Member began
To open his separate project and plan,
And each in each varied event of the times,
Beholds a new mark of the Ministry's crimes —
Bad faith with Murat — and the low price of corn,
The American Lakes — and the Duchy of Thurn,
The Legion of Honour — the trading in Blacks,
Baron Imbert's arrest — and the property Tax,
Colonel Quentin's Court-Martial — and Spain's discontent,
The Catholic claims — and the treaty of Ghent!

For each several point, the proposer of each
Is duly equipp'd with a notice and speech;
While Whitbread, who seizes on every man's theme,
Like bold Bully Bottom, in Midsummer's Dream,
Would play every part, and proposes for ally
Duke, Pyramus, Thisbe, Moon, Lion, and Wall.

But while they prepared the defeat of their foes,
Within their own camp civil discord arose.
And famished and gaunt, Paddy Ponsonby's pack,
Like the hounds of Actæon, their masters attack.
"What boots our debate," thus the rebels began,
"What avails the discussion of topic or plan?
"No plan can succeed, & no Party can thrive,
"With a Leader who neither can lead us or drive:
"Six Sessions of patience have witness'd our toil,
"Six sessions of labour, not lightened by spoil,
"For six mortal years, as rhetorical graces
"We have truisms cheer'd, & cliché'd commonplaces,
"Plaister'd ours with praise every folly and flaw,
"And smiled at his jokes, and looked grave at his law,
"(Could friendship do more?) while indifferent folks
"Ask smiled at his law, and looked grave at his jokes,
"With patience we suffer'd, in hopes he might mend,
"But patience and hope must at last have an end.
"Expect then, to see all the Party secede, or
"Provide us with some one more fit to be Leader.

Applauses ensued; and in shouts from the crowd
"New leaders — new leaders," is echoed aloud.
Less hoarse is the wave on the Hebridean shore,
Less loudly does Mathew for Popery roar;
Less deep are the groans from the bar that arise,
When Newport begins on the Irish ad eundo;
Or when, as the candles burn dim in their sockets
With Smith rises up with both hands in his pockets;
On a course of Morality fearlessly enters,
With all the opinions of all the Dissenters.

But though to a change they all seem to agree,
No two coincide who the Leader should be;
Each states his own merits - the prudent, the bold,
The grave & the light, and the hot & the cold,
The deep in finance, & the dextrous in wit,
Each fancies himself, for the office, most fit,
And amidst All the Talents would have it confess'd,
That his own little Talent's the brightest and best.
At length, to allay all their squabbles and grudges,
'Tis settled that Grenville and Grey shall be judges;
And that, the more fairly the question to try,
The claimants shall open and Paddy reply.

Then Whitbread arose (ever sure to be first
When vanity's bubbles are going to burst)
"Who can dare" he began, "I repeat it, can dare
"Their claims for this honour with mine to compare?
"My talents so various, my industry such,
"I touch every theme, and adorn all I touch!
"Of any one promise, like me, to oppose
"All Men and all Measures, My friends & My foes?
"Like Me, who can say, that he never was known
"To adopt or support any plan but his own -
"To the dictates of reason or feeling to bend?
"In short, who can say, that he ne'er had a friend?
"Have you Eyes, have you ears, Can you write, can you read?
"And do you yet doubt who is fit to succeed?

"Did not Buonaparte deign sometimes to quote
"With praise, in the Moniteur's columns My vote?
"And Denmark, enraged at her Capital's breaches,
"In bitter state papers makes use of My speeches?
"Do Madison's journals not ring with My fame,
"And next to their Jemmy's, place Samuel's name?
"Lo! Murat the great, whom the Austrian's fret,
"Lauds Whitbread the great in the Naples Gazette,
"And in a précis of his foreign relations,
"Supplies me with matter for future orations.
"Magnanimous Monarch! in him I can see,
"Or fancy I can, some resemblence of me;
"In birth almost equal, in manners as bland,
"In temper as sweet, and as mild in command;
"As grateful, as Modest — the blushes you view
"Forbid me the flattering theme to pursue;
"I give but a sketch — you who know me the best,
"Will acknowledge the likeness and finish the rest.
"Give me then the rank, which the wise & the bold,
"Such as Murat and I — are predestined to hold,
"And none but the fool or the knave can be jealous
"Of one, whom his merits exalts o'er his fellows.
"What though a few blockheads should grudge me the meed;
"With scorn I shall see the deserters recede,
"My Rhetric alone will suffice to your aid,
"And of it I may say, as we did to the trade
"Of the prices of beer — (to detain you no longer)
"You can't have it cheaper, but shall have it stronger."

He said; but no plaudit ensued — not a cheer!
Even Creevy himself could not yelp out "Hear, hear!"
And the judges pronounc'd — not a voice saying no —
That weake as they were, they had not run so low
In temper, in manners, in candour and birth,
As to bow to this blustering "son of the Earth;"
A brog-bear, composed, like the idol of old,
Of clay, and of brass, dizen'd over with gold!

Oton, February 7.

Quand on aime on est Roi, on est Dieu quand
on est aimé.

the Interment

Verse on Sir John Moore Vide of the Newspapers

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note
As his Corpe to the rampart we hurried
Not a Soldier discharged his farewell shot
Over the grave where our leader was buried

We buried him darkly at dead of night
The Sod with our bayonets turning
By ~~Night~~ the stryglhing moon beams misty light
And the Lanthorne dimly burning

No useless Coffin closed over his breast
Nor in sheet nor in shrowd we bound him
But he lay like a Warrior taking his rest
With his Soldiers Cloak around him

few and short were the prayers we said
and we spoke not one word of sorrow
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead
And bitterly thought on the morrow.

We thought as we scoop'd out his hollow bed
And smoothed down his earthy pillow
That the foe and the stranger would tread on that head
And we far away on the billow.

Je ne sais ce qu'il faut en croire
Mais nos femmes depuis longtems
On a reproché dit l'histoire
des cœurs légers et peu constans.
Or écoutez donc l'aventure
De cette fille aux beaux cheveux
Dont l'ame courageuse et pure
a brulé des plus nobles feux.

2 Henry

Un matin vient frapper et l'éveille
Un funeste coup de minuit
Accourez dit-il chacun sommeille
Ouvrez moi la porte sans bruit.
Il faut vous quitter chère amie
Las je dois fuir bien loin de toi
Car le juge a livré ma vie
Au fer barbare de la loi.

3 Emma

Ta peine est à moi lui dit elle,
Ami je te suivrai toujours
Ja un autre homme nous seule,
Au désert même jusqu'au bout

Si la fortune mensongère
Un jour change notre sort
Le lien d'une âme sincère
Ne peut se briser qu'à la mort.

PUBLIC OFFICE, BOW-STREET.—The question of the loss o Mr. Horsley's child was resumed by Mr. Birnie on Thursday.—The Magistrate sent for Elizabeth Holbrook, the servant, and examined her privately; and very minutely, as to the whole of the transactions she had with the man who said his name was George Faulkner. Upon a full investigation of the girl, it turns out not to be true, what was generally understood and believed, at the investigation before Mr. Hicks on Wednesday, that an improper or criminal connexion had taken place between her and the supposed George Faulkner. She promised to render every possible assistance to recover the child, and to bring the robber to condign punishment, although the insensibility upon her countenance remained the same, and she appeared unmoved by any thing that took place, or that was said to her. The first thing Mr. Birnie employed her about was to send her to endeavour to find out the house in Severn's-row, Islington, where Faulkner fetched the umbrella from, which we alluded to in our report of the case yesterday. She was accompanied by Godfrey and Goodwin, the constables; they proceeded to Severn's-row, Islington, and, after making inquiries at a dozen houses, they entered one, and, on examining the house, Elizabeth Holbrook observed an umbrella hanging up, which she recognised as the same which the man who had duped her fetched about two or three weeks since, when he was going to walk out with her and Mr. Horsley's children, and when the weather had the appearance of rain; it being of red silk, and of French manufacture, it was not likely she could be mistaken, and she positively asserted it to be the same to the constables. They in consequence proceeded to make very strict inquiries respecting every person in the house, and all the transactions which had taken place there for some time past. They learnt that the umbrella belonged to a female lodger, whose husband had left the house to go into the country last Sunday; and on his person being described, Elizabeth Holbrook had no doubt that he was the man who had passed himself to her as a single man, by the name of George Faulkner, and had duped her by promising her marriage, and sending her to Birmingham. The constables proceeded to interrogate the woman, and from her answers and general conduct, they suspected her to be an accessary with her husband; they in consequence took her into custody, and brought her to the office, together with the umbrella. She underwent a long examination, when it appeared that her husband's name is not Faulkner, but Rennett; that he was of no direct or regular profession, but that he frequently went to France and other foreign parts, for the purpose, as supposed, of smuggling; he was frequently away from her for months at a time; he had lately returned from Aix-la-Chapelle, and had been in England about two months, and at that time had taken the lodging in Severn's Buildings, supposed to be for the purpose of being in the neighbourhood of Mr. Horsley's residence, to enable him to carry into execution the plan for carrying off Mr. Horsley's son. She acknowledged that they lived very uncomfortably together, but that on Sunday, when he went off, they parted friends, and he took leave of her between one and two o'clock, taking with him two portmanteaus and a sum of money; he said he was going to France, and she would not see him again for two months. She denied knowing that he was going to carry off Mr. Horsley's child, or that he had any scheme for that purpose.

Mr. Horsley was sent for to the Office on her being brought there; on his arrival, and seeing her, he appeared extremely shocked at finding his relation's (we understand cousin) wife suspected of any knowledge of such a horrid transaction; but he confessed it did not altogether surprise him that her husband, Charles Rennett, was the wretch who had committed the horrid deed, for he thought he was the man who had carried off the child, from rancorous malignity, combined with dreadful threats that he had made use of towards him and his family. He assigned as his reason for thinking so, that some time since he had a law suit with Charles Rennett respecting the heirship of an estate, and cast him; his son, who Rennett had now by a deep laid stratagem carried off, was heir to the estate. About four years since, at the time Mrs. Horsley was pregnant with the said boy, she received a letter, stating that Mr. Horsley had met with a most dreadful accident near London-bridge—that in consequence he could not survive, and if she wished to see him alive she must hasten to the spot instantly. She accordingly did so, in the greatest distress and anguish of mind, when she agreeably learnt, to her great joy and satisfaction, that no accident had befallen Mr. Horsley, and that the contents of the letter were wholly a fabrication. Charles Rennett was suspected to be the author of the letter, to answer the diabolical purpose of causing a miscarriage, lest the child should prove a boy.

Under all these circumstances, Charles Rennett was charged

EXTRAORDINARY SUICIDES.

Under this head, we inserted in our paper of Friday last, the violent end of two brothers of the name of Younghusband. By the verdict *Felo de se* the whole of their property becoming confiscated to the Crown, a schedule of their stock and effects was taken by the Coroner next day. Their property is said to be considerable. The following additional particulars relative to this singularly unhappy event, are copied from the *Newcastle Chronicle*.

John, the elder brother, was 70 years of age, and unmarried; Lancelot was 65 years old, and has left a widow and daughter to bewail his untimely end. The deceased were inseparable companions, and so accordant were their tempers and feelings, that it is said they were never known to quarrel; they seemed indeed to be of one heart and one mind, and as through their lives they were seldom separate, so in their deaths they have not been divided. They were men of most sober habits, and remarkable for their constant attendance at church. They were truly respected by the whole circle of their acquaintance, to whom their melancholy end has been a source of the most heartfelt regret. They were, besides, in affluent circumstances, and no probable reason can be assigned for their strange conduct: they were in Alnwick market on the preceding Saturday transacting business in their ordinary way, and at church on the Sunday as usual. And it is not unworthy of remark, as shewing that their fatal resolution could not have been long taken, that a very short while ago, one of them wished the landlord to build him a house at Heckley, that he might be nearer his brother.

Their bodies were put into coffins on Thursday night last with their clothes on just as they were found. They were buried at half past one o'clock on the morning of Sunday the 15th, in a foot-path leading from Bailiffgate to Walkergate, Alnwick, and within the Church-yard. This not being considered a sufficient compliance with the terms of the statute, an order was given by the magistrates to the church-wardens, that the sentence of the law should be carried strictly into execution. The bodies were accordingly taken up on Monday afternoon, and buried again, amidst a great concourse of people, in a highway called Hinding-lane, not far from the spot where they committed the fatal act.

SHIPWRECK NEAR KINSALE.

In our Paper of Friday last we inserted an article from a Cork Paper, giving an account of a shipwreck near the entrance of Kinsdale harbour. It was stated, that a boy was cast upon a rock, whose existence was despaired of, as the continuance of the gale defeated every effort to release him. By the above source we have learned the following interesting particulars:—"The praiseworthy exertions of the Sovereign of Kinsale, assisted by several other Gentlemen, to rescue the unfortunate lad, or to convey provisions to him, were ineffectual, the boats having been reluctantly obliged to retire, and to leave the unfortunate boy for the second night upon this desolate rock, without food or shelter, and with all the fearful anticipations that, before morning, cold and hunger would terminate his existence. As they retreated he was seen collecting in a particular spot (a kind of cavern) a quantity of weeds with the intention of making a bed, and picking from the earth some wild vegetables, with which the rock abounds, and which he was observed to eat. A fog suddenly concealed him from further observation while thus employed.

Reluctant to suffer such an interval, as between night and morning, to pass without making a new effort in behalf of the boy, at eleven o'clock at night Mr. Gibbons's whale boat was the second time manned and attempted to get out, but could not succeed. In the morning, long before day, she again started with Lieuts. Bevan and Nason, of the Royal Navy, and John Heard Isaac, Esq. and rowed towards the island, but with no hope of reaching it, as the sea and wind were still higher than on either of the two preceding mornings, and the scene altogether more terrific. The worst apprehensions were entertained for the boy, who had been then two days and two nights on the rock without any other food than the wild vegetables which it yielded. Those fears, however, were in some degree relieved, when he was again seen from the boat moving about; but hope derived no support from the aspect of the morning, which promised a bad and stormy day. After renewed but fruitless efforts to gain any point of the island, the whaleboat was again obliged to return to Kinsale, which it reached about twelve o'clock, after having been several times in imminent danger of swamping. Here a most interesting scene took place: the crew of an American vessel, the Dryad, which was undergoing some repairs in the dock-yard of Messrs. Gibbon and Co. volunteered to go out in the whaleboat, and make an effort to rescue the boy. Their services were gratefully accepted, and they were told they never would return if they did not succeed. They then proceeded to make an experiment, by firing a musket-ball, with a rope

PUBLIC OFFICE, BOW-STREET.—The question of the loss o Mr. Horsley's child was resumed by Mr. Birnie on Thursday.—The Magistrate sent for Elizabeth Holbrook, the servant, and examined her privately; and very minutely, as to the whole of the transactions she had with the man who said his name was George Faulkner. Upon a full investigation of the girl, it turns out not to be true, what was generally understood and believed, at the investigation before Mr. Hicks on Wednesday, that an improper or criminal connexion had taken place between her and the supposed George Faulkner. She promised to render every possible assistance to recover the child, and to bring the robber to condign punishment, although the insensibility upon her countenance remained the same, and she appeared unmoved by any thing that took place, or that was said to her. The first thing Mr. Birnie employed her about was to send her to endeavour to find out the house in Severn's-row, Islington, where Faulkner fetched the umbrella from, which we alluded to in our report of the case yesterday. She was accompanied by Godfrey and Goodwin, the constables; they proceeded to Severn's-row, Islington, and, after making inquiries at a dozen houses, they entered one, and, on examining the house, Elizabeth Holbrook observed an umbrella hanging up, which she recognised as the same which the man who had duped her fetched about two or three weeks since, when he was going to walk out with her and Mr. Horsley's children, and when the weather had the appearance of rain; it being of red silk, and of French manufacture, it was not likely she could be mistaken, and she positively asserted it to be the same to the constables. They in consequence proceeded to make very strict inquiries respecting every person in the house, and all the transactions which had taken place there for some time past. They learnt that the umbrella belonged to a female lodger, whose husband had left the house to go into the country last Sunday; and on his person being described, Elizabeth Holbrook had no doubt that he was the man who had passed himself to her as a single man, by the name of George Faulkner, and had duped her by promising her marriage, and sending her to Birmingham. The constables proceeded to interrogate the woman, and from her answers and general conduct, they suspected her to be an accessary with her husband; they in consequence took her into custody, and brought her to the office, together with the umbrella. She underwent a long examination, when it appeared that her husband's name is not Faulkner, but Rennett; that he was of no direct or regular profession, but that he frequently went to France and other foreign parts, for the purpose, as supposed, of smuggling; he was frequently away from her for months at a time; he had lately returned from Aix-la-Chapelle, and had been in England about two months, and at that time had taken the lodging in Severn's Buildings, supposed to be for the purpose of being in the neighbourhood of Mr. Horsley's residence, to enable him to carry into execution the plan for carrying off Mr. Horsley's son. She acknowledged that they lived very uncomfortably together, but that on Sunday, when he went off, they parted friends, and he took leave of her between one and two o'clock, taking with him two portmanteaus and a sum of money; he said he was going to France, and she would not see him again for two months. She denied knowing that he was going to carry off Mr. Horsley's child, or that he had any scheme for that purpose.

Mr. Horsley was sent for to the Office on her being brought there; on his arrival, and seeing her, he appeared extremely shocked at finding his relation's (we understand cousin) wife suspected of any knowledge of such a horrid transaction; but he confessed it did not altogether surprise him that her husband, Charles Rennett, was the wretch who had committed the horrid deed, for he thought he was the man who had carried off the child, from rancorous malignity, combined with dreadful threats that he had made use of towards him and his family. He assigned as his reason for thinking so, that some time since he had a law suit with Charles Rennett respecting the heirship of an estate, and cast him; his son, who Rennett had now by a deep laid stratagem carried off, was heir to the estate. About four years since, at the time Mrs. Horsley was pregnant with the said boy, she received a letter, stating that Mr. Horsley had met with a most dreadful accident near London-bridge—that in consequence he could not survive, and if she wished to see him alive she must hasten to the spot instantly. She accordingly did so, in the greatest distress and anguish of mind, when she agreeably learnt, to her great joy and satisfaction, that no accident had befallen Mr. Horsley, and that the contents of the letter were wholly a fabrication. Charles Rennett was suspected to be the author of the letter, to answer the diabolical purpose of causing a miscarriage, lest the child should prove a boy.

Under all these circumstances, Charles Rennett was charged with the crime of stealing the child, and Mr. Birnie issued warrants against him, and dispatched the most active and intelligent officers in pursuit of him to Dover, Margate, Brighton, and other parts, and to pursue him wherever they can gain any information respecting him. They are accompanied by Mr. Horsley and some friends, who can identify Charles Rennett and the child.

GUILDHALL.—CHILD-STEALING.—JOHN HOLDSTOCK, who was remanded on Thursday, upon a charge of Child-stealing, as mentioned in our Paper of yesterday, was brought up for re-examination. Arthur and Mary Connelly, the parents of the child, attended, and the boy with them. The story told by the prisoner, it appeared, was true, so far as related to his taking the child to Barking, and also on board the Mercury smack; but it was not the fact that he left the child asleep in the cabin, or that he at all recommended him to the care of the Captain:—On the contrary, while the child, whom he had represented to have neither father nor mother, was playing below deck, he watched an opportunity, and withdrew privately from the smack. Captain Carter had taken care of the child, brought him to Blackwall, and was making the necessary inquiries to whom he belonged; when the father and mother arrived, and the Captain had the heartfelt pleasure of restoring him to his overjoyed parents. The sole object of the prisoner seemed to be that of decoying the child away; but for what purpose did not appear. It was also stated, that he had endeavoured to decoy away several other children in the neighbourhood. The worthy Magistrate represented, in strong terms, the depravity of the prisoner's conduct, and lamented it was not in his power to punish severely for such an offence. As, however, he was idle and disorderly, and had no visible manner of getting his livelihood, he should commit him to hard labour for one month.

Thursday, in the middle of the day, a man entered the fore court of Mr. Golding's house, Potter's-fields, Tooley-street, and from thence proceeded to the parlour window, which he opened, seized a silver tankard, which was standing on a side-board, and escaped with his booty.

EXTRAORDINARY SUICIDES.

Under this head, we inserted in our paper of Friday last, the violent end of two brothers of the name of Younghusband. By the verdict *Felo de se* the whole of their property becoming confiscated to the Crown, a schedule of their stock and effects was taken by the Coroner next day. Their property is said to be considerable. The following additional particulars relative to this singularly unhappy event, are copied from the *Newcastle Chronicle*.

John, the elder brother, was 70 years of age, and unmarried; Lancelot was 65 years old, and has left a widow and daughter to bewail his untimely end. The deceased were inseparable companions, and so accordant were their tempers and feelings, that it is said they were never known to quarrel; they seemed indeed to be of one heart and one mind, and as through their lives they were seldom separate, so in their deaths they have not been divided. They were men of most sober habits, and remarkable for their constant attendance at church. They were truly respected by the whole circle of their acquaintance, to whom their melancholy end has been a source of the most heartfelt regret. They were, besides, in affluent circumstances, and no probable reason can be assigned for their strange conduct: they were in Alnwick market on the preceding Saturday transacting business in their ordinary way, and at church on the Sunday as usual. And it is not unworthy of remark, as shewing that their fatal resolution could not have been long taken, that a very short while ago, one of them wished the landlord to build him a house at Heckley, that he might be nearer his brother.

Their bodies were put into coffins on Thursday night last with their clothes on just as they were found. They were buried at half-past one o'clock on the morning of Sunday the 15th, in a foot-path leading from Bailiffgate to Walkergate, Alnwick, and within the Church-yard. This not being considered a sufficient compliance with the terms of the statute, an order was given by the magistrates to the church-wardens, that the sentence of the law should be carried strictly into execution. The bodies were accordingly taken up on Monday afternoon, and buried again, amidst a great concourse of people, in a highway called Hinding-lane, not far from the spot where they committed the fatal act.

SHIPWRECK NEAR KINSALE.

In our Paper of Friday last we inserted an article from a Cork Paper, giving an account of a shipwreck near the entrance of Kinsdale harbour. It was stated, that a boy was cast upon a rock, whose existence was despaired of, as the continuance of the gale defeated every effort to release him. By the above source we have learned the following interesting particulars:—"The praiseworthy exertions of the Sovereign of Kinsale, assisted by several other Gentlemen, to rescue the unfortunate lad, or to convey provisions to him, were ineffectual, the boats having been reluctantly obliged to retire, and to leave the unfortunate boy for the second night upon this desolate rock, without food or shelter, and with all the fearful anticipations that, before morning, cold and hunger would terminate his existence. As they retreated he was seen collecting in a particular spot (a kind of cavern) a quantity of weeds with the intention of making a bed, and picking from the earth some wild vegetables, with which the rock abounds, and which he was observed to eat. A fog suddenly concealed him from further observation while thus employed.

Reluctant to suffer such an interval, as between night and morning, to pass without making a new effort in behalf of the boy, at eleven o'clock at night Mr. Gibbons's whale boat was the second time manned and attempted to get out, but could not succeed. In the morning, long before day, she again started with Lieuts. Bevan and Nason, of the Royal Navy, and John Heard Isaac, Esq. and rowed towards the island, but with no hope of reaching it, as the sea and wind were still higher than on either of the two preceding mornings, and the scene altogether more terrific. The worst apprehensions were entertained for the boy, who had been then two days and two nights on the rock without any other food than the wild vegetables which it yielded. Those fears, however, were in some degree relieved, when he was again seen from the boat moving about, but hope derived no support from the aspect of the morning, which promised a bad and stormy day. After renewed but fruitless efforts to gain any point of the island, the whaleboat was again obliged to return to Kinsale, which it reached about twelve o'clock, after having been several times in imminent danger of swamping. Here a most interesting scene took place: the crew of an American vessel, the Dryad, which was undergoing some repairs in the dock-yard of Messrs. Gibbon and Co. volunteered to go out in the whaleboat, and make an effort to rescue the boy. Their services were gratefully accepted, and they swore they never would return if they did not succeed. They then proceeded to make an experiment, by firing a musket-ball, with a rope

attached to it, which was found to convey it with ease as far as they considered would be necessary, and thus provided they proceeded to sea.

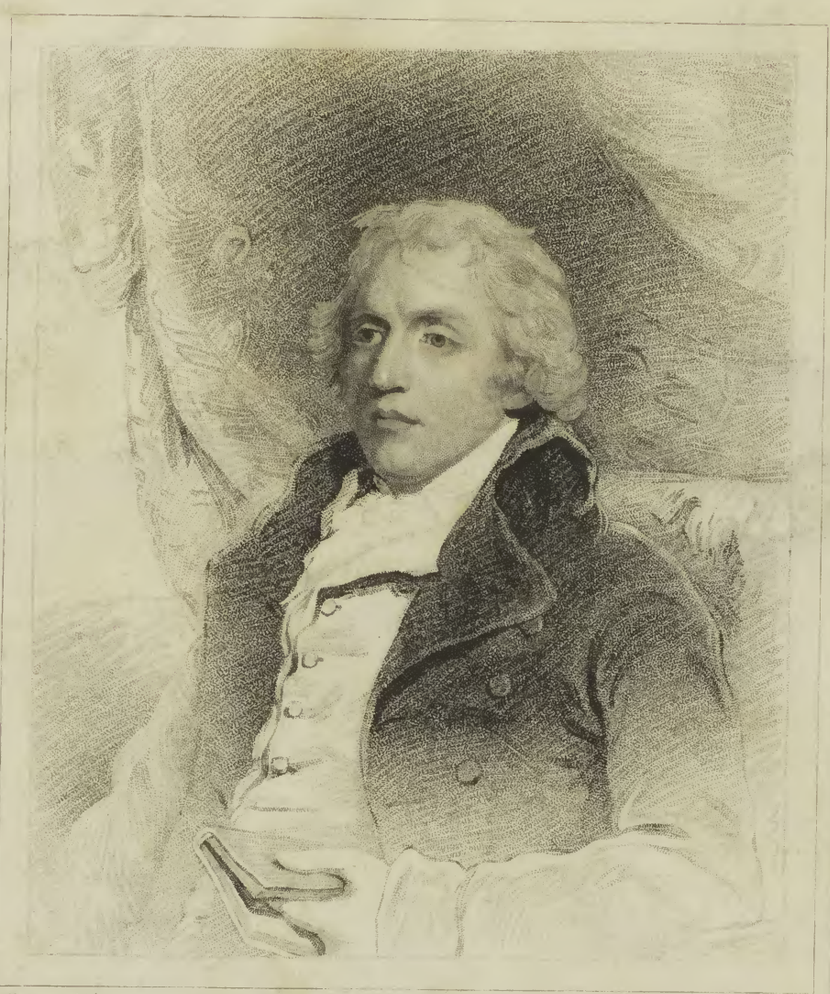
In the meantime the boats from Oysterhaven had got into activity, and they could be seen for three hours in succession, contending with, but scarcely living in, the breakers at the base of the rock. As the situation of the boy became more hopeless, their exertions increased, and their desperate daring was more visible. It was impossible that he could have survived another night, and the knowledge of this circumstance seemed to infuse new resolution in the hearts of the men. Two boats were for a long time seen supporting each other in their perilous undertaking yet they were frequently concealed for minutes together in the dip of the sea, or in the surge of the breakers. The day was then far advanced, and to those who were on the coast provided with glasses, and who could see what was going forward, there appeared as little hope of rescuing the boy as on the preceding day, and his fate seemed inevitable. They did not know, however, the resolution which the crews seemed to have formed, either to succeed or perish, and the interest of the scene was excited into intense agitation, when one of the men, a brave and dauntless fellow, named Jack Carty, the owner of one of the Oysterhaven boats was observed to be tying a rope round his body, and in a few minutes to throw himself with the most fearless intrepidity into the surge, in which his boat could not live. The sensation which prevailed cannot be described, all attention was now turned toward this heroic fellow, and the suspense was unutterable until he was seen clinging to, and occasionally climbing the cliffs, where an immense sea had left him. He succeeded in mounting beyond the reach of the sprays, and was seen most actively employed in assisting the poor boy, who was in a completely exhausted state of mind and body, and who could with difficulty descend to where his preserver beckoned him. At length he reached him, and Jack Carty proceeded to invest his body with the rope which he had taken from his own, and then performed the duty of ushering him to the spot where he had himself been thrown, where he consigned him to the waves. Doubt and anxiety were again painfully excited while the men in the boat were drawing him through the breakers and seas, through which he must pass, before his safety could be said to be ensured, but both were dissipated when he was seen taking in over the gunnel, which was announced by three cheers by the men in the boats. During these few moments of agitation, the intrepid Jack Carty, who remained on the island, was forgotten; but the boy's safety being known, all eyes were turned to the former, and he was distinctly seen sitting down with the utmost composure on the point of a rock, waiting for his own chance of being released. This, happily, was not long accomplishing; a rope was flung on the cliffs, and Jack more adroit than his predecessor on the island, soon seized and tied it round his waist and shoulders. Notwithstanding the perils of the scene, it was almost whimsical to see this fine fellow collecting the boy's and his own clothes, which he deliberately tied up in a bundle and put under his arm, and then descending to the most favourable spot, he watched his opportunity, and threw himself into the sea, from which, in the course of about five minutes, he was released by his companions, who signified his safety by loud cheers, which were returned from those parts of the land where they could be heard. It was exactly half-past two o'clock. The whaleboat, with the American crew, arrived almost at the moment Carty had got into his boat, but they were in sight some time before, and were seen rowing in the most undaunted manner, in the heavy sea, and almost in the surge, closing the most accessible point of the island. Upon learning the safety of the boy, they gave three cheers, and returned to Kinsale, scarcely less entitled to public gratitude than if they had been the instruments of preservation. Other boats also arrived at the moment, ignorant of what had occurred, but all determined to make a simultaneous effort. Lieut. Desprang, of the Royal Navy, and Lieut. Blackyer, a military officer, had proceeded in one boat, with geese and turkeys, to which were attached, such pieces of bread as they could be supposed to carry, and which were to be fled in the direction of the island, when the boats got sufficiently near for that purpose. These preparations were happily rendered unnecessary, but those who provided them and undertook their superintendence, are entitled to the greatest praise.

The King's boat from Oysterhaven, with the Messrs. Holmes, arrived at the moment, and into this the boy was transferred, and every attention that his forlorn situation required was bestowed upon him.

The name of the boy thus providentially rescued by the heroic interposition of Carty and his associates, is Austin: he says he is a native of Limerick, and has a brother residing there, who is a chandler. Such is the account the lad gives of himself, and there is no reason to doubt it. At eleven o'clock on Saturday, at which hour the accounts came away, he was better than could have been expected, and was very voracious for food, which with the exception of warm wine, was very sparingly, but sufficiently given to him for his situation.

LADY MORGAN.

THOMAS MOORE, Esq.r



Hoppner del.

Meyer sculp.

WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQR.

Engraved for the New Monthly Magazine by W. Meyer.

On the death of Mr. Hare

Hark! 'Twas the knell of Death! what spirit fled
And burst the shackles man is doomed to bear!
Can it be true, and midst the senseless dead
Must sorrowing thousands count the loss of Hare

Shall not his genius life's short date prolong
Pure as the ether of its kindred skies
Shall wit enchant no longer from his tongue
Or burn in vivid flashes from his Eye

Oh no that mind for every purpose fit
Has met alas the universal doom
Unrivalled fancy judgement sense & wit
Were his, & only left him at the tomb.

Rest Spirit rest for gentle was thy course
Like tempered suns (thy ray) no venom knew
For still benevolence alloy'd the force
Of the keen dust thy matchless nature threw.

Yet not alone thy genius I deplore
Nor yet thy various talents drop the tear
But weep to think I shall behold no more
A kind companion and a friend sincere

Duke of D...

We lay before our readers this day the melancholy details of the death of that incomparable person whose loss has filled the metropolis with sorrow. They will be read with the most lively interest by all whose hearts can sympathize in the anguish of that sensibility of frame which brought Sir SAMUEL ROMILLY to a premature grave. It appears that Lady ROMILLY long laboured under a complicated disease, which by its quick and many changes, kept her anxious husband in continued agitation. Flattered at one moment by gleams of convalescence, and shocked the next by symptoms of an ominous relapse. That tenderness of nature which led Sir SAMUEL ROMILLY to embrace with love the whole of his fellow creatures, and to exert himself to serve them, was most fervent, as it ought to be, at home. His affection for his wife and family was so pure and ardent, that with feelings so susceptible as his, it is not to be wondered at that he should be kept in an agony of suspense by the alternate hopes and fears which her malady excited; for nothing can be more unjust than the observation, we might say the *insinuation*, in *The Courier* of last night—that as Lady ROMILLY "had been lingering under the pressure of "a *hopeless* disease for nearly twelve months, it seems "difficult to admit her death as the exclusive cause "[of his], because there was room for that patient "though severe self-discipline which arms the mind of "man against foreseen calamities." So far was the case from being hopeless in his eyes, that as his excellent friend Mr. DUMONT stated, he was kept in an incessant state of change, from depression of spirit to the indulgence of hope, and again thrown back from confidence to despair, till within the three last weeks of her existence. The very day after Sir SAMUEL had written to his friend Mr. DUMONT the letter which was read before the Coroner, and to which we refer in our report of the proceedings, he sent him the following note to relieve him from the anxiety which the first would occasion. Nothing can prove more clearly that up to the date of this letter he entertained hopes of her recovery:—

"Cowes, Sept. 28, 1818.

"DEAR DUMONT—I cannot, after my letter of yesterday, suffer this post to go without telling you that my dear ANNE is better—not very considerably, but yet she certainly is better. I know your kindness and affection for us must have rendered my last letter alarming to you, and therefore I hasten to give you somewhat better news.

"Ever, my dear Dumont, most affectionately yours,

"SAMUEL ROMILLY."

It was not, therefore, till the month of October that the symptoms of Lady's ROMILLY's case [illegible]

of his own profession. Not a Barrister made his appearance either in the Court of Chancery, or Vice-Chancellor's Court, and the meeting of the Solicitors, which stood for yesterday (the Assoign), was put off—so dear had Sir SAMUEL rendered himself to them all, by the urbanity and liberality of his conduct, as well as the superior talents and incorruptible integrity which he possessed.

Real Coleraine of the improved bleach, perfectly soft, and the most beautiful white, per yard . 3 0
Real French Cambrics, a piece . 20 0
Real Russia Sheeting, yard and quarter wide, per piece . 25 3 0
Lancashire Sheeting 1 0
Mock Russia ditto 1 6
Half bleached ditto, 6½d. 8d. and 10d.
Counterpanes 3 yards long, . 14 6
Marcella Quilts, 3 yards square . 28 6
Flannels, Stuffs, Hangings, Baize, &c. Pelisse Cloths.
Large purchasers may be At T. Craig's, 78, Oxford-street, exactly opposite the Pantheon.

The greatest variety of Cashmere, Norwich, Scotch and Spitalfields Shawls
A large stock of Printed Furnitures in every design and colour
Capital stout Furnitures, fast colours, per yard 1 0
Chintzes, and an extensive variety of colours on the finest Cambric Cloths . 1 6
Furniture Linings, perfectly fast . 1 0
Capital stout Furniture Dimities . 0 7
Beautiful quality . 0 10½
Real Irish Tabbinets 3 6

We lay before our readers this day the melancholy details of the death of that incomparable person whose loss has filled the metropolis with sorrow. They will be read with the most lively interest by all whose hearts can sympathize in the anguish of that sensibility of frame which brought Sir SAMUEL ROMILLY to a premature grave. It appears that Lady ROMILLY long laboured under a complicated disease, which by its quick and many changes, kept her anxious husband in continued agitation. Flattered at one moment by gleams of convalescence, and shocked the next by symptoms of an ominous relapse. That tenderness of nature which led Sir SAMUEL ROMILLY to embrace with love the whole of his fellow creatures, and to exert himself to serve them, was most fervent, as it ought to be, at home. His affection for his wife and family was so pure and ardent, that with feelings so susceptible as his, it is not to be wondered at that he should be kept in an agony of suspense by the alternate hopes and fears which her malady excited; for nothing can be more unjust than the observation, we might say the *insinuation*, in *The Courier* of last night—that as Lady ROMILLY "had been lingering under the pressure of "a *hopeless* disease for nearly twelve months, it seems "difficult to admit her death as the exclusive cause "[of his], because there was room for that patient "though severe self-discipline which arms the mind of "man against foreseen calamities." So far was the case from being hopeless in his eyes, that as his excellent friend Mr. DUMONT stated, he was kept in an incessant state of change, from depression of spirit to the indulgence of hope, and again thrown back from confidence to despair, till within the three last weeks of her existence. The very day after Sir SAMUEL had written to his friend Mr. DUMONT the letter which was read before the Coroner, and to which we refer in our report of the proceedings, he sent him the following note to relieve him from the anxiety which the first would occasion. Nothing can prove more clearly that up to the date of this letter he entertained hopes of her recovery:—

"Cowes, Sept. 28, 1818.

"DEAR DUMONT—I cannot, after my letter of yesterday, suffer this post to go without tel ing you that my dear ANNE is better—not very considerably, but yet she certainly is better. I know your kindness and affection for us must have rendered my last letter alarming to you, and therefore I hasten to give you somewhat better news.

"Ever, my dear Dumont, most affectionately yours,

"SAMUEL ROMILLY."

It was not, therefore, till the month of October that the symptoms of Lady's ROMILLY's case became so decided as to reduce him to unmixed despair of her recovery—and then the effect upon his heart was so poignant, that his frame was agitated to a burning fever, and he got no sleep but from the efficacy of medicine. We have felt it our duty to make this remark in answer to *The Courier*, though we trust and believe that the supposition of any other cause, producing the brain fever that ended so fatally, than the irreparable loss of his beloved wife, came from the writer of that Paper inadvertently, and not from a malignant feeling. The whole tenor of Sir SAMUEL'S unsullied life, upon whose spotless name not even, in the unsparing and unblushing virulence of a contested election, could any other cry be set up than that he was a *Lawyer* (would to God we had many such Lawyers!)—contradicts the idea, that there could be a premeditated motive for self-destruction. And, indeed, the evidence before the Coroner proves that it arose from an instantaneous paroxysm of the brain—since all his language with his friends dwelt on the new load of duty towards the care and education of his children, which the death of Lady ROMILLY had thrown upon him. Every thing indeed proves that nothing had transpired to give to those most dear and most interested in his life the slightest suspicion.

Of the heartfelt sense of the loss which his country, and indeed which the human race has suffered, the most unequivocal testimonies was yesterday given by all ranks of the people. It was the subject of universal condolence—and no class of society displayed more unfeigned or more honourable sorrow than the members of his own profession. Not a Barrister made his appearance either in the Court of Chancery, or Vice-Chancellor's Court, and the meeting of the Solicitors, which stood for yesterday (the Assoign), was put off—so dear had Sir SAMUEL rendered himself to them all, by the urbanity and liberality of his conduct, as well as the superior talents and incorruptible integrity which he possessed.

Cookery, a correct List of Stamps for Bills, &c. a Table of the Assessed Taxes, &c. &c.

Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, Paternoster-row, London; and R. Cruttwell, Bath.

Also lately published, price 5s. 6d.

CONSIDERATIONS on the ALARMING INCREASE of FORGERY on the BANK of ENGLAND and the Causes which have prevented the adoption of Remedial Measures; with an Essay on the Remedy for the Detection of Forgeries, and an Account of the measures adopted by the Bank of Ireland. By CHARLES WYE WILLIAMS, Esq.

Printed for Longman and Co. Paternoster-row; Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange; and C. P. Archer, Dublin.

On Thursday, the 12th instant, will be published, dedicated, by permission, to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, handsomely printed in two vols. 4to. and illustrated by numerous Views of the principal Buildings, ancient and modern, Maps of the City, &c.

THE HISTORY of the CITY of DUBLIN, from the earliest accounts to the present time; containing its Annals, Antiquities, Ecclesiastical History, and Charters; its present Extent, Public Buildings, Schools, Institutions, &c. To which are added, Biographical Notices of Eminent Men, and copious Appendices of its Population, Revenue, Commerce, and Literature.—By the late JOHN WARBURTON, Esq. Deputy Keeper of the Records in Birmingham Tower; the late Rev. JAMES WHITELAW; and the Rev. R. WALSH, M.R.I.A.

Printed for T. Cadell and W. Davies, Strand, London; J. Cumming, at Dublin; and W. Blackwood, at Edinburgh.

DON QUIXOTE, HIGHLY ILLUSTRATED FROM PICTURES BY MR SMIRKE.

On Friday, the 20th instant, will be published, handsomely printed in four vols. 8vo.; a limited number thereof, with early impressions of the Plates, on Royal Paper, and a few Copies, with Proof Impressions on India Paper, in 4to.

THIS new Edition of the celebrated WORK of CERVANTES is a Translation, partly new, and partly founded on former Versions extensively corrected: it will be embellished with between seventy and eighty Engravings, all of which have been executed by the most distinguished Artists of this country, from Pictures painted by ROBERT SMIRKE, Esq. R.A.

As the elaborate and highly-finished style in which these Engravings have been executed, will necessarily render the present much more valuable than any future edition, the Publishers request to be honoured with the Names, transmitted through the medium of their respective Booksellers, of those Gentlemen who may wish to possess early Impressions, when the Copies will be faithfully appropriated according to the dates of the orders.

Printed for T. Cadell and W. Davies, in the Strand, Booksellers to the Royal Academy.

MACKLIN'S BIBLE, with its numerous and splendid Engravings, re-published on an improved, yet far less expensive plan (dedicated, by permission, to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent).

This new and superior Edition of the Holy Scriptures, with numerous Engravings, and now including a Preface and Historical Accounts of the several Books, written expressly for the purpose, by the Rev. EDWARD NARES, D. D., Rector of Biddenden, Kent; and Regius Professor of Modern History, in the University of Oxford, will be completed in Twelve Parts, published Monthly, price Two Guineas each; Six of the Parts are already published, and the remainder will follow in regular succession. The printing is executed by Messrs. Bensley and Sons, in the size called Atlas Quarto. The Engravings executed by the principal Artists of this country, from Pictures by all our most distinguished Painters, consisting of seventy Historical Subjects, besides more than one hundred Vignette Head-pieces, and Tail-pieces, emblematical of the several Books; and the Work, when completed, will form Three elegant Volumes of convenient size.

It has been thought important, in this opulent and highly civilised country, to engage Young Persons in the Higher Classes of Society in a more diligent study of the Sacred Page, by presenting to them the Bible in a more ornamental form, enriched with Graphical Illustrations of the Text, of undoubted merit and character; thus making the elegant arts of Painting and Engraving subservient to the advancement of the great interests of Christianity, and the gratification of Taste conducive to the improvement of Piety. With these views, the present Edition has been undertaken, upon a scale of sufficient importance to command the attention of the highest and most enlightened persons, yet with every possible care to avoid unnecessary expense.

Printed for T. Cadell and W. Davies, Strand.

Maps, and Editor of a new and improved Edition of Adams's Useful Knowledge, &c.

Printed for G. and W. B. Whittaker, late Law and Whittaker.

"We think the mode of communicating instruction in Mr. Jamieson's Grammar of Rhetoric, is calculated to illustrate the faults and beauties of composition, and to sharpen the judgment of the Pupil in his study of our native Tongue."—Antijacobin Review, Sept. 1818.

FOR THE NEW YEAR.—Just published,

THE STUDENT'S JOURNAL; Arranged, Printed, and Ruled, for receiving an Account of every Day's Employment for the space of one Year. With an Index and an Appendix. In post 8vo. half-bound in red morocco, price 4s. 6d.

"I propose from this day to keep an exact journal of my actions and studies, both to assist my memory, and to accustom me to set a due value on my time."—Introduction to Mr. Gibbon's Journal.

The PRIVATE DIARY; formed on the plan of the Student's Journal, for general use. Half-bound in blue morocco, price 4s. 6d.

The LITERARY DIARY; or Complete Common Place Book; with an Explanation, and an Alphabet of two letters on a leaf. Post 4to. ruled throughout, and half-bound in morocco, price 12s.

Printed for Taylor and Hessey, 93, Fleet-street.

Lately published, in one closely printed volume, 8vo. price 14s. boards,

A DICTIONARY of LIVING AUTHORS of GREAT BRITAIN and IRELAND; comprising Literary Memoirs and Anecdotes of their Lives, and a Chronological Register of their Publications, illustrated by a variety of original Communications from Persons of the first eminence in the world of letters.

This Dictionary, (containing notices of nearly 10,000 Authors), in the compilation of which several eminent men have together bestowed a laborious application of three years, has long been a desideratum in English Literature.

It presents the greatest advantages to men of letters, by bringing before the world at one view their literary labours, many of which are probably at present almost unknown; while to the general reader it will serve as an important guide in directing his inquiries with respect to the merit of different Writers, and the titles, dates, and editions of their respective works.

Printed for Henry Colburn, Conduit-street.

Just published, the 2d Edition, in 2 vols. 8vo. embellished with several fine Portraits, price 1l. 8s. boards,

THE Life of the Right Hon. R. B. SHERIDAN. By JOHN WATKINS, L.L.D. with a particular account of his Family and Connexions, drawn from authentic documents, and illustrated with original correspondence, and a variety of interesting anecdotes of distinguished persons, among whom will be found Burke, Fox, Dr. Johnson, Dr. Parr, Garrick, &c. &c.

When the various talents of this celebrated man are considered, the distinguished part he took in the political affairs of the Country, his long connexion with the Stage, his intimacy with the highest characters and the greatest wits of the age, and those embarrassments which too frequently accompany genius; a faithful and impartial history of his life could scarcely fail to prove one of the most useful as well as entertaining works that has ever issued from the press. In this expectation the public will not be disappointed; they have here presented to them a faithful and accurate history of his private as well as public life—every act of his splendid career comes forth in gradual review, and it is but justice to say, that his Biographer "hath nought extenuated nor set down aught in malice:" he is not the mere flatterer and encomiast as is too much the case with modern life writers: he has executed his labour with fidelity and impartiality, and with that entire freedom from political bias which should ever mark the pen of an historian.

☞ A few Copies of the 2d part in Quarto, may still be had to complete the first Edition.

Printed for Henry Colburn, Conduit-street, London.

OPERATION FOR THE STONE.

In the press, and speedily will be published, by J. C. CARPUE, F.R.S. Member of the College of Surgeons, 72, Dean-street, Soho,

AN ACCOUNT of the HIGH OPERATION; or, Means of Extracting the Stone from the Bladder by an Incision above the Pubis: in which will be shewn, by numerous successful cases, that calculi of large dimensions, which cannot be extracted by the present mode of operating, may with ease be taken from the bladder by this method; that it is attended with no danger of hemorrhage, with less pain to the patient, and is performed in much less time.

134

DEATH OF SIR SAMUEL ROMILLY.

The late hour at which the Inquest on this melancholy event terminated, restricted us to a very brief notice of the concluding proceedings, and the insertion of the verdict in a part of our impression of yesterday. The following is a minute detail of the evidence in continuation:—

On Dr. Dumont appearing to give in his deposition, the Coroner inquired—Is not Sir Samuel Romilly's family from Geneva?

Mr. Dumont—No; Sir Samuel's grandfather came from France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantz. I was in this country some years since, and remained here some time; but I returned to Geneva upon the restoration of the Republic, and I came here to spend the summer with my best friend, Sir Samuel Romilly.—[Here the emotion of the witness was most afflicting, and excited the sympathy of all around.—When he had recovered from his depression the witness resumed.] I did not spend the summer with Sir Sam. Romilly in the manner originally proposed, although I frequently saw him and his family; for, in consequence of the illness of Lady Romilly, we did not go into the country, as was intended.—Here I beg leave to read a letter which I received from Sir Samuel some time ago, and to put it in as part of my deposition, as it appears to me material to illustrate the case under your consideration.

"Cowes, Sept. 27, 1818.

"Dear Dumont,

"I did not intend writing to you till to-morrow; but I cannot suffer Mr. Nash's letter to go without inserting a few lines in it. I need not say how happy we shall all be to see you.—Your visit, however, will be one purely of charity; for I am afraid you will meet with little pleasure in it.

"Since I last wrote to you, Anne has been worse, and certainly considered by both the Medical attendants as being in some danger. She is at present a little better, but for myself I still apprehend the worst. I take care to neither let her nor the poor children see the anxiety I feel, but it costs me a good deal.

"With all this, do not suppose that I have not quite resolution enough to undergo every thing, and to preserve my health for my children's sake.

"I would not have you communicate my alarms to any one, but I could not suffer you to set out upon such a journey without apprising you of the real truth. I am, my dear Dumont,

"With most sincere affection, your's,

"SAMUEL ROMILLY."

At the time this letter reached town, I was at the house of Sir James Mackintosh. I received it on the 1st of October, and I received two or three letters within a few days afterwards, expressive of my friend's belief that his Lady appeared somewhat better, and illustrative of his wish to tranquillize my solicitude for her recovery. I set out for Cowes in consequence of the invitation of Sir Samuel, and on my arrival I had the happiness to find that his Lady was so much better that she was able to spend two or three hours each day among the company at Mr. Nash's house. But still the mind of Sir Samuel was not at ease. He seemed, indeed, to entertain no confidence of her recovery, and therefore he appeared to me constantly in the same state of anxiety. Lady Romilly had at length a severe relapse, and she was for some days in a great state of suffering. During that time nothing could equal the excruciating pain of Sir Samuel, but his fortitude and resignation. He was almost entirely deprived of sleep for about six weeks; and from that circumstance, I began to entertain the greatest apprehension for his fate. Twice or three times he himself expressed to me his fears of mental derangement. On one occasion he sent for me in the middle of the night. It was about two o'clock in the morning, and he spoke to me of a dream which he had had that was full of horror. He said that the impression was as strong upon his mind, even after he awoke, as if it had been a reality. He asked whether I did not consider that as a proof that his faculties were impaired? However, some conversation about his children [illegible] a certain degree of peace to his mind and [illegible] conversed me about his plans for the educ[illegible] and establishment of his children. Lady Romilly [illegible] at Cowes, on Thursday, the 29th of October about eleven o'clock at night. Sir Samuel was informed of [illegible] death next morning by his nephew, Dr. Roget, for wh[illegible] he always shewed the same attachment as for one of his own sons. I have omitted to state, that two days before the death of Lady Romilly, and when there was no hope of her recovery, two of her Ladyship's sisters arrived at Cowes, and Sir Samuel could not shed any tears when he saw them; but he complained to me of a most tormenting and buring heat in his head. He left Cowes with great reluctance the day after Lady Romilly's death, but he declared that he would be governed entirely by Dr. Roget and his friends. On Friday night we slept at Winchester, on our way to town, being accompanied by Mrs. Davis, who is one of the sisters of Lady Romilly, as well as by Miss Romilly, the eldest son, and some of Sir Samuel's servants. I travelled in the same chaise with Sir Samuel, and on our arrival at Winchester, he said that he felt himself extremely exhausted. Dr. Roget slept in the same room with him at Winchester, and Sir Samuel was throughout the night extremely restless, as I understood from the Doctor. On the next morning Sir Samuel shewed marks of agitation, which he tried to subdue. He was continually tearing his gloves or the palms of his hands, or scratching his fingers and nose. Some blood came from his nose. When we arrived at an Inn at Muller's-green, which is two stages from Winchester, Sir Samuel was so weak that he could proceed no further: we therefore slept at that inn. Dr. Roget still slept in the same room with Sir Samuel. I had proposed to Sir Samuel not to go to Russell-square, but to take some other house for the present. He answered that as he was likely to have a long illness, and to be laid up for some time, he preferred his own house. As he proceeded homewards, I observed a more violent degree of irritation, with still more tearing of his hands and of his nose. In a moment when he was shutting his eyes and wringing his hands, I took the hand of his daughter, and placed it in his; upon which opening his eyes, he perceived what I had done, and casting upon me the most expressive look of gratitude and tenderness, he embraced his daughter. When we arrived at Russell-square, he made a great effort to compose himself, and went into his library, where he threw himself upon a sopha, in a state of calm, which appeared to me, who knew him so well, peculiarly frightful. In this situation he was for some moments joining his hands as if in a state of prayer. In a moment after he got up from the sopha, he took my arm, and walked with me about the two rooms. He appeared to me in the state of a man dying from an internal wound. A few hours after his arrival at Russell-square, he expressed a desire to see Dr. Marcet, saying that his nephew, Dr. Roget, suffered too much, and that he would give him the comfort of some medical friend's assistance. He wanted, he told me, particularly to consult Dr. Marcet about a shower bath, which he was inclined to think likely to relieve the heat of his head. Of this heat he perpetually complained, and what is most astonishing, he declared at the same time that he had no head-ache. But as to what refers immediately to the nature of his disease, I shall leave that to be described by the medical gentlemen who know the subject so much better than me. After Dr. Marcet had made his visit to Sir Samuel, which was about nine o'clock on Sunday evening, I followed the Dr. to his house, and I saw that he was much alarmed by the state

THE MARKETS.

TUESDAY, NOV. 3.

COTTON.—There is no mention whatever of ano[illegible] East ia sale, and it is now confidently anticipated that no E. I. ttons will be declared for this year.

The demand has continued very limited since our last, and the quest for Surats for home consumption, and Bengals for export, appears to have nearly subsided; the purchases are about bags; the principal part (about 400 bags) were for exportation. The particulars are—150 Pernambuco 2s. 1d.; 110 Bahias 1. a 22½d.; a few Demeraras 23½d.; Boweds 20d.; and in the se, 20 Surats 14½d.; and 200 Bengals 8¼d. to 8¾d.

"LIVERPOOL, OCT. 31.

"During the early part of the week the demand for Cottons s very limited, the dealers having bought freely last week, and ting for the public sales advertised for yesterday. These sales t off without spirit, and Orleans and Tenessees were about per lb. lower; but on the whole the prices were fully as good vere expected.

UGAR.—The demand for Muscovades last week continued dy, but not extensive; the advance of the Tuesday was y maintained; the request was chiefly for good and strong ars.

This forenoon, notwithstanding the favourable accounts from erpool and Glasgow, the demand for Muscovades has been limited; no depression in the prices can, however, be stated, ere is the same confidence evinced by the holders that Sugars not decline; the purchases are, however, more limited than ng any day last week.

he demand for Refined goods was rather limited last week; was little variation in the prices, yet the market generally it be stated heavy; there appears to be some wish amongst export houses to offer contracts for goods to be deliverable in the spring about the present prices, but we believe no actions were finally carried into effect.

e sale of Sugars at the India House consisted of 8607 bags 424 baskets; the yellow descriptions went 2s. to 3s. lower; hite at the decline of 3s. to 4s.

ngal, good and fine yellow, 41s. to 42s. 6d.; damaged 34s. 6d. s.; ordinary white 45s. to 45s.; damaged 39s. to 42s.; good 46s. to 48s.; damaged 42s. 6d. to 44s. Manilla, in baskets, 36s. 6d.; Communes 40s. to 44s.; Terres 46s. to 48s.; Petit 48s. 6d. Bourbon, brown 34s. 6d. to 36s.

FFEE.—The public sales of Coffee last week went off lly; in one or two instances a shade lower, but no general ssion could be stated. At the India House 6624 bags were ght forward—

cha. ordinary mixed, 138s. to 142s. 6d.; Cheribon, pale and yellow, 138s. to 140s. 6d.; damaged 127s. 6d. to 135s.; Su- 130s. to 132s.

demand for Coffee by private contract has considerably d, and it was stated that the purchases were at a small advance. This forenoon three public sales were brought forward, ting in all of 276 casks and 15 bags; chiefly Jamaica de- ons; the whole went off freely at an advance of 2s. on the of the public sales last week, and fully confirming the im- ment reported by private contract—Triage sold at 126s.; ordinary Jamaica Coffee, which last week sold at 132s., d this forenoon 133s. 6d. and 134s.; fine ordinary 135s. 6d.; ng to good middling 141s. to 142s. in considerable parcels. ote the Coffee market 2s. per cwt. higher than last week, n improving demand.

RN.—There was a small supply of English Wheat in yes- 's market, the prime runs obtained an advance of 2s. per r; there was little doing in the middling and inferior qua- Foreign is reported to sell rather heavily and no life cted in the trade, till it is ascertained as to the shutting of rts next quarter, an event now very doubtful.—Barley is her than the preceding Monday, but not in so brisk or ex- demand as on Friday.—Early in the morning Oats ad- 1s. to 2s. per quarter, but towards the close of the market mand gave way, and the improvement was not sustained. g ascertained that the importation of Beans from the Me- nean was legal, the late arrivals being in consequence t to market, and an abundant supply from the opposite occasioned a decline of 3s. per quarter.—Grey Peas ad- 3s.; Boilers were 2s. higher.—There was nothing doing in d.

SH PROVISIONS, &c.—There is little business doing f or Pork. No new Bacon yet arrived; the shipping price erford is stated 80s. to 82s. free on board. The prices of are entirely nominal. The public sale advertised for to- s been withdrawn.

E.—At the India House last week about 9000 bags were t forward—Yellow (cargo) 17s. 6d. to 19s.; White Ben- od, 20s. 6d to 24s. 6d.; Patna, good quality, 26s. to 27s.; e 40s. to 40s. 6d.

CES.—The prices of Pepper are advancing on ac[illegible]unt of ed price at the India House being fixed at 9d. The other are—Cinnamon, 1st quality, 10s., 2d ditto, 9s.; Cloves, ace, 1st quality, 8s., 2d ditto, 7s.; Nutmegs, 1st quality, ditto, 4s. 3d.; Saltpetre, 40s.

IT.—By public sale—37 brls French Prunes, 47s. to 30 half brls 49s. to 51s.—125 chests French Plums, pass- half ditto 56s.; 1357 quarter ditto, 70s. and 76s. to —250 half chests Imperial Plums, 62s. to 65s.; 1082 quar- 83s. to 136s.; 150 small boxes 102s. to 147s.

The demand for Whale Oil continues limited; the [illegible] may be quoted at a small advance; [illegible] at 100l. A public sale of American Spermaceti [illegible] last week; the particulars of which we subjoin; the was very indifferent. To other descriptions of Oils are heavy, and a shade lower.

—By public sale—About 46 tons of fine American Sperm ely landed, 95l. 15s. to 96l. per ton.

BACCO.—The prices of Tobacco continue nominal.

VAL STORES.—There have been no sales we believe gh Turpentine; prices in consequence are nominal.—Spi- ntinue to deline.—There has been a steady demand for Rosin and Pitch are heavy.

OCKING ACCIDENT.—On Friday evening, the 23d the Lord Exmouth coach was returning to this place from , heavily laden, the night being dark, and the co[illegible] hted, it was unfortunately overturned at half-[illegible] six about six miles on this side Totnes, by the wheels coming act with the parapet of one of those narrow bridges which h disgrace the county. The inside was full, and there even persons on the outside, four of whom were thrown emendous violence over the parapet of the bridge into the a height of nearly 20 feet) the bottom of which is covered rge stones, and the water at the time only twelve inches One of them, a sailor's wife, was fortunately saved by her d, who caught hold of her great coat, but we lament to three others were dreadfully hurt; one of them, the Rev. ules, fractured his skull; another, Mr. Brockedon, broke near the ancle, and received a violent contusion on the nd the third, Mr. Badcock, of Ridgeway, broke his shoul- e, three of his ribs, dislocated his hip and one of his wrists, remains at the inn, with but slender hope of recovery. chman also was much hurt, and unable to proceed. The ssengers, amongst whom was Mr. Ramsey, of this town, ntially escaped with a few bruises.—Plymouth Paper.

BIRTH.

Monday last, at Clapham-Rise, Mrs. T. Kennion, of a son.

MARRIED.

Monday last, at Marylebone Church, Francis Marion Wes- sq. of South Carolina, to Mildred, eldest daughter of Mr. Weston, late merchant of this city.

DIED.

Tuesday morning, in the 14th year of her age, [illegible]

sequence must be a brain fever?

Dr. Marcet—It is impossible to say what consequences might follow from such causes. I should have deemed the case extremely alarming if such symptoms had appeared in other men, but relying upon the known firmness of Sir Samuel Romilly's mind, the idea of such a fatal catastrophe as has occurred never once entered into my contemplation.

Dr. Babington deposed, that he attended yesterday between ten and eleven o'clock at the house of Sir Samuel Romilly, in consequence of an urgent note from his friend, Dr. Marcet. Previous to his going up stairs to the bedroom of Sir Samuel Romilly, he had an opportunity of learning from his friends, Drs. Marcet and Roget, all that had occurred antecedently to his arrival. His visit to Sir Samuel was therefore short. He found Sir Samuel in a situation corresponding exactly with the account which his medical friends had given him. He had therefore but a few questions to put to Sir Samuel, and these that worthy man answered with the most perfect distinctness, although his manner appeared peculiarly thoughtful and reserved. "I," said the witness, "expressed my hopes to the patient, that, from the change which had taken place in his situation, more especially from the apparent quietude which he had experienced in the night, and the perspiration which had occurred, we should have the satisfaction of finding a further improvement when we had the pleasure of seeing him again in the evening." Witness then left Sir Samuel, and the consultation took place in another room; but the particulars of that consultation, or the measures recommended for the patient, it was not usual to describe on these occasions.

CORONER—Do you concur with the account given

DEATH OF SIR SAMUEL ROMILLY.

The late hour at which the Inquest on this melancholy event terminated, restricted us to a very brief notice of the concluding proceedings, and the insertion of the verdict in a part of our impression of yesterday. The following is a minute detail of the evidence in continuation :—

On Dr. Dumont appearing to give in his deposition, the Coroner inquired—Is not Sir Samuel Romilly's family from Geneva?

Mr. Dumont—No; Sir Samuel's grandfather came from France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantz. I was in this country some years since, and remained here some time; but I returned to Geneva upon the restoration of the Republic, and I came here to spend the summer with my best friend, Sir Samuel Romilly.—[Here the emotion of the witness was most afflicting, and excited the sympathy of all around.—When he had recovered from his depression the witness resumed.] I did not spend the summer with Sir Sam. Romilly in the manner originally proposed, although I frequently saw him and his family; for, in consequence of the illness of Lady Romilly, we did not go into the country, as was intended.—Here I beg leave to read a letter which I received from Sir Samuel some time ago, and to put it in as part of my deposition, as it appears to me material to illustrate the case under your consideration.

" Cowes, Sept. 27, 1818.

" Dear Dumont,

" I did not intend writing to you till to-morrow; but I cannot suffer Mr. Nash's letter to go without inserting a few lines in it. I need not say how happy we shall all be to see you.—Your visit, however, will be one purely of charity; for I am afraid you will meet with little pleasure in it.

" Since I last wrote to you, Ann has been worse, and certainly considered by both the Medical attendants as being in some danger. She is at present a little better, but for myself I still apprehend the worst. I take care to neither let her nor the poor children see the anxiety I feel, but it costs me a good deal.

" With all this, do not suppose that I have not quite resolution enough to undergo every thing, and to preserve my health for my children's sake.

" I would not have you communicate my alarms to any one, but I could not suffer you to set out upon such a journey without apprising you of the real truth. I am, my dear Dumont,

" With most sincere affection, your's,

" SAMUEL ROMILLY."

At the time this letter reached town, I was at the house of Sir James Mackintosh. I received it on the 1st of October, and I received two or three letters within a few days afterwards, expressive of my friend's belief that his Lady appeared somewhat better, and illustrative of his wish to tranquillize my solicitude for her recovery. I set out for Cowes in consequence of the invitation of Sir Samuel, and on my arrival I had the happiness to find that his Lady was so much better that she was able to spend two or three hours each day among the company at Mr. Nash's house. But still the mind of Sir Samuel was not at ease. He seemed, indeed, to entertain no confidence of her recovery, and therefore he appeared to me constantly in the same state of anxiety. Lady Romilly had at length a severe relapse, and she was for some days in a great state of suffering. During that time nothing could equal the excruciating pain of Sir Samuel, but his fortitude and resignation. He was almost entirely deprived of sleep for about six weeks; and from that circumstance, I began to entertain the greatest apprehension for his fate. Twice or three times he himself expressed to me his fears of mental derangement. On one occasion he sent for me in the middle of the night. It was about two o'clock in the morning, and he spoke to me of a dream which he had had that was full of horror. He said that the impression was as strong upon his mind, even after he awoke, as if it had been a reality. He asked whether I did not consider that as a proof that his faculties were impaired? However, some conversation about his children restored a certain degree of peace to his mind, and [illegible] ascertained me about his plans for the education and establishment of his children. Lady Romilly died at Cowes, on Thursday, the 29th of October about eleven o'clock at night. Sir Samuel was informed of her death next morning by his nephew, Dr. Roget, for whom he always shewed the same attachment as for one of his own sons. I have omitted to state, that two days before the death of Lady Romilly, and when there was no hope of her recovery, two of her Ladyship's sisters arrived at Cowes, and Sir Samuel could not shed any tears when he saw them; but he complained to me of a most tormenting and buring heat in his head. He left Cowes with great reluctance the day after Lady Romilly's death, but he declared that he would be governed entirely by Dr. Roget and his friends. On Friday night we slept at Winchester, on our way to town, being accompanied by Mrs. Davis, who is one of the sisters of Lady Romilly, as well as by Miss Romilly, the eldest son, and some of Sir Samuel's servants. I travelled in the same chaise with Sir Samuel, and on our arrival at Winchester, he said that he felt himself extremely exhausted. Dr. Roget slept in the same room with him at Winchester, and Sir Samuel was throughout the night extremely restless, as I understood from the Doctor. On the next morning Sir Samuel shewed marks of agitation, which he tried to subdue. He was continually tearing his gloves or the palms of his hands, or scratching his fingers and nose. Some blood came from his nose. When we arrived at an Inn at Muller's-green, which is two stages from Winchester, Sir Samuel was so weak that he could proceed no further: we therefore slept at that inn. Dr. Roget still slept in the same room with Sir Samuel. I had proposed to Sir Samuel not to go to Russell-square, but to take some other house for the present. He answered that as he was likely to have a long illness, and to be laid up for some time, he preferred his own house. As he proceeded homewards, I observed a more violent degree of irritation, with still more tearing of his hands and of his nose. In a moment when he was shutting his eyes and wringing his hands, I took the hand of his daughter, and placed it in his; upon which opening his eyes, he perceived what I had done, and casting upon me the most expressive look of gratitude and tenderness, he embraced his daughter. When we arrived at Russell-square, he made a great effort to compose himself, and went into his library, where he threw himself upon a sopha, in a state of calm, which appeared to me, who knew him so well, peculiarly frightful. In this situation he was for some moments joining his hands as if in a state of prayer. In a moment after he got up from the sopha, he took my arm, and walked with me about the two rooms. He appeared to me in the state of a man dying from an internal wound. A few hours after his arrival at Russell-square, he expressed a desire to see Dr. Marcet, saying that his nephew, Dr. Roget, suffered too much, and that he would give him the comfort of some medical friend's assistance. He wanted, he told me, particularly to consult Dr. Marcet about a shower bath, which he was inclined to think likely to relieve the heat of his head. Of this heat he perpetually complained, and what is most astonishing, he declared at the same time that he had no head-ache. But as to what refers immediately to the nature of his disease, I shall leave that to be described by the medical gentlemen who know the subject so much better than me. After Dr. Marcet had made his visit to Sir Samuel, which was about nine o'clock on Sunday evening, I followed the Dr. to his house, and I saw that he was much alarmed by the state of inflammation in which he found Sir Samuel. Dr. Roget would not quit Sir Samuel, in whose room he slept that night. I slept in a room over that of Sir Samuel, or more correctly speaking, I passed in that room a most uneasy night. About 7 o'clock next morning Dr. Roget came to me in a state of extreme anxiety, telling me that his uncle was much worse, with a violent fever, uttering some expressions in a strain of great perturbation, and complaining that he was quite distracted. Dr. Roget called immediately upon Dr. Marcet, who came in an instant to Sir Samuel's house. They sent for Dr. Babington to join them in a consultation upon Sir Samuel's case. Of their proceedings these Gentlemen will, no doubt, give you a full and satisfactory account. I asked them whether I could see my friend, Sir Samuel, but they desired me not to visit him, observing, that the greatest quiet was necessary about him, and that one person only should be allowed to attend in his room. I went then to Holland House, Kensington, to see Sir Samuel's three youngest children, (whom Lord Holland had taken home from school), in order to make some arrangements with respect to them. When I returned to Russell-square, about half after three o'clock, I found the servant, Thomas, in tears—I found Doctor Roget in a state approaching to despair. My first feeling was that of astonishment; for I had never had the smallest conception or apprehension of what had taken place. During the whole previous month I had passed with Sir Samuel, dividing almost entirely with his son the cares of his mind, while the ladies were employed about Lady Romilly—engaged with him in the most intimate and unreserved conversation, I never could have imagined it possible, that his invaluable life would have been terminated by such means, from the intimate knowledge which I had of his high principles of duty, of his moral and religious fortitude, of his love for his country, of his parental affection.

Coroner.—I dare say the Gentlemen are fully impressed with the state of Sir Samuel Romilly's mind, from the very clear evidence you have given, Sir. Indeed, it is impossible to conceive that a great mind like his could be directed by any thing but the immense weight of affliction which appears to have oppressed him. The circumstance of a mind like his, resting for so great a length of time upon the same melancholy subject, was sufficient, and likely to occasion mental derangement; and it is likely produced an inflammation on the brain, which led to the deplorable catastrophe, but we shall hear this from the medical gentlemen.

Dr. Dumont resumed, saying, that he should only add, that the qualities which he had described, and which notoriously characterised the life of Sir Samuel Romilly, totally excluded from his mind any idea of such a melancholy catastrophe as had occasioned the assemblage of that Court.

The cordial and generous sensibility which this excellent man manifested throughout the delivery of his evidence, was in the highest degree affecting and impressive.

Dr. Marcet was then examined. He stated that he was called upon to attend Sir Samuel Romilly on Sunday last. He had long been in habits of acquaintance with Sir Samuel Romilly and his family, but he did not before attend them professionally. He was called in on Sunday night, about nine o'clock, at the request of Ssr Samuel's nephew, Dr. Roget. Upon going into Sir Samuel's house he found him in the drawing-room sitting with his family. He inquired respecting Sir Samuel's health, and Sir S. He complained of an extreme degree of lassitude and restlessness, especially in the lower extremities, in which he felt frequent and severe muscular pains. No attitude appeared to afford him any rest or comfort. He sat on his chair in a state of most painful agitation. Although he refrained in conversation from describing the anguish of his mind, or giving vent to his feelings, it was obvious from his manner, as well as from every expression which dropped from him, that he despaired of his recovery, in spite of all the attempts that were made to inspire him with hope and comfort. Various steps, which he did not think it necessary to describe, were recommended, with a view to allay his extreme irritation, but he objected to all of them in succession, ultimately insisting upon being allowed to go to bed, without making any attempt to produce relief, on the ground that he felt he must have a wretched life, and that if he were to use any medical prescription, it would only have the effect of taking away all his confidence in the powers of medicine. When witness saw Sir Samuel next morning in company with Drs. Babington and Roget, he found his situation considerably altered. His skin, which the night before was quite dry, was then bedewed with moisture. He appeared much quieter as to his bodily agitation, but he was extremely concise in his answers, and said nothing which would have justified a more favourable opinion with regard to the state of his mind. On the contrary, all that was related to witness, and Dr. Babington, respecting the patient's state during the night, evinced an increased degree of internal agitation. From Sir Samuel's apparent tranquillity in the former part of the night, Dr. Roget, who slept in his room, was led to suppose that he had enjoyed a few hours' sleep; but Sir Samuel, upon the inquiry being made, declared that he had had no sleep whatever. This was the last interview which witness had had with the deceased.

Coroner—" From the mind of the deceased resting perpetually upon the death of his wife—from the heat of which he complained in his head, and the great agitation which you witnessed in him, do you not think such circumstances likely to overset his reason, and that the consequence must be a brain fever?"

Dr. Marcet—It is impossible to say what consequences might follow from such causes. I should have deemed the case extremely alarming if such symptoms had appeared in other men, but relying upon the known firmness of Sir Samuel Romilly's mind, the idea of such a fatal catastrophe as has occurred never once entered into my contemplation.

Dr. Babington deposed, that he attended yesterday between ten and eleven o'clock at the house of Sir Samuel Romilly, in consequence of an urgent note from his friend, Dr. Marcet. Previous to his going up stairs to the bedroom of Sir Samuel Romilly, he had an opportunity of learning from his friends, Drs. Marcet and Roget, all that had occurred antecedently to his arrival. His visit to Sir Samuel was therefore short. He found Sir Samuel in a situation corresponding exactly with the account which his medical friends had given him. He had therefore but a few questions to put to Sir Samuel, and these that worthy man answered with the most perfect distinctness, although his manner appeared peculiarly thoughtful and reserved. " I," said the witness, " expressed my hopes to the patient, that, from the change which had taken place in his situation, more especially from the apparent quietude which he had experienced in the night, and the perspiration which had occurred, we should have the satisfaction of finding a further improvement when we had the pleasure of seeing him again in the evening." Witness then left Sir Samuel, and the consultation took place in another room; but the particulars of that consultation, or the measures recommended for the patient, it was not usual to describe on these occasions.

Coroner—Do you concur with the account given by Dr. Marcet as to the state of Sir Samuel Romilly's mind?

Dr. Babington—From what I heard and saw, I cannot hesitate to say, that I consider Sir Samuel Romilly to have been deranged at the time the melancholy event took place which you are engaged in investigating.

After a short address from the Coroner, the Jury found a verdict, that the deceased had cut his throat in a state of temporary mental derangement.

The Inquest continued from 11 till half after 4 o'clock.

The vicinity of the deceased's residence in Russell-square was crowded during the day by numerous inquirers, who were doubtful of the truth of the mournful event.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

It appears that Lady Romilly long laboured under a complicated disease, which, by its quick and many changes, kept her anxious husband in continued agitation. Flattered at one moment by gleams of convalescence, and shocked the next by symptoms of an ominous relapse. That tenderness of nature which led Sir Samuel Romilly to embrace with love the whole of his fellow-creatures, and to exert himself to serve them, was most fervent, as it ought to be, at home. His affection for his wife and family was so pure and ardent, that with feelings so susceptible as his, it is not to be wondered at that he should be kept in an agony of suspense by the alternate hopes and fears which her malady excited. His excellent friend Mr. Dumont stated, he was kept in an incessant state of change, from depression of spirit to the indulgence of hope, and again thrown back from confidence to despair, till within the three last weeks of her existence. The very day after Sir Samuel had written to his friend Mr. Dumont the letter which was read before the Coroner, and to which we refer in our report of the proceedings, he sent him the following note to relieve him from the anxiety which the first would occasion. Nothing can prove more clearly that up to the date of this letter he entertained hopes of her recovery :—

" Cowes, Sept. 28, 1818.

" Dear Dumont,—I cannot, after my letter of yesterday, suffer this post to go without telling you that my dear Ann is better—not very considerably, but yet she certainly is better. I know your kindness and affection for us must have rendered my last letter alarming to you, and therefore I hasten to give you somewhat better news.

" Ever, my dear Dumont, most affectionately yours,

" SAMUEL ROMILLY."

It was not, therefore, till the month of October that the symptoms of Lady Romilly's case became so decided as to reduce him to unmixed despair of her recovery—and then the effect upon his heart was so poignant, that his frame was agitated to a burning fever, and he got no sleep but from the efficacy of medicine.

The late Lady Romilly was, previous to her marriage with Sir Samuel, one of the Society of the people called Quakers. She was sister to Mr. Galton, who is at this time an eminent manufacturer of arms, at Birmingham, and daughter to the once celebrated Miss Wheeler, afterwards Mrs. Galton, the " beautiful Quaker," who was so much admired in the early part of the life of his present Majesty.

We understand, that when Mr. Mayberry, the surgeon, entered the room, Sir Samuel was still alive, and looked earnestly at Mr. Mayberry; and after the lapse of a few minutes, his eyes grew dim, he fainted away, and expired. It was after he did the fatal act, that he expressed a wish to write a letter; and the sheet of paper, and pen and ink, were given to him by his attendant.

The following anecdote of this most revered and lamented man, has come to us from a very respectable quarter. We give it publicity with the more pleasure, that it not only tends to illustrate the mournful circumstances of his death, but casts an affecting and enobling light on the moral excellencies of his character. It will, perhaps, be asked, what anecdote of his life would not tend to make his memory more esteemed, and his loss more regretted? He commenced his career at the Bar, a young man, liberally educated, with those high principles of honour, and that susceptibility of amiable and generous sentiment, which distinguished his life, but without paternal fortune, and, still more, with both his parents dependent upon his professional success. In this situation, he became acquainted with a young lady, the charms of whose mind and person won his affections. His conduct was worthy of his head and his heart. He declared his sentiments to the object of his affections; but added, that he must " acquire two fortunes" before they could be married: the first for those to whom he owed his first duty—his parents; the second for her. The lady knew how to appreciate his merit and his motives, and their vows were mutually pledged to each other. He entered upon his career of profit and honour with that assiduous energy which forms a chief feature of genuine talent. In a comparatively short period he realized a considerable sum, and with it purchased an annuity for his parents. Having put them in possession of this provision for their lives, he formally declared to them, that his obligations to them were now fulfilled, and he was about to enter into other relations, which must exclusively govern him in their turn. He began a second time with fresh spirit—acquired " a second fortune"—all within a very few years—settled it upon her on whom he had bestowed his heart, and married her. To lose Lady Romilly after an attachment so formed, and after years flown away in the tranquillity of domestic joy, disturbed only by the splendid pursuits of an ambition, synonimous with virtue, was one of those shocks which must be left, undefined, to the imagination of such as know what it is to feel.—*Morning Paper.*

Sir Samuel Romilly previous to the melancholy act which suggested, with deference to the

The Coroner expressed his opinion, that the Jury were impressed with that conviction which uni prevailed, that a man of the principles of Sir Samuel Romilly, put an end to existence

Sir Samuel Romilly died at his establishment

the 29th October last, about eleven o'clock at night. Sir Samuel was informed of her death next morning

nephew, Doctor Roget, for whom he always

same attachment as for one of his own sons. I have

that two days before the death of Lady Ro-

there was no hope of her recovery, two of her

Samuel could not

ficate, of which the ing

e Coroner, who read it

undersigned sician,

from c m. es, I should conclude that

ed to commit the deed.

ing.

ess from the Jury found a

t the deceased had cut his throat in a state of temporary mental derangement.

The Inquest continued from 11 till half after 4 o'clock. Russell-square was crowded throughout the day with inquirers, unwilling to which we communicated yesterday, bear testimony to the loss which death of Sir Samuel

THE LATE DUKE OF RICHMOND.

An official despatch from Charles Cambridge, Esq. addressed to Earl Bathurst, contains the following melancholy detail of particulars attendant upon the death of this lamented Nobleman.

After mentioning the tour which his Grace had taken for the purpose of investigating the actual state of the provinces, and other particulars, the letter proceeds thus:

"When his Grace parted with his family at Kingston, he proceeded, accompanied by Lieut.-Colonel Cockburne, and Major Bowles, and two domestics, to visit the Eastern Township, where already the population had been considerably benefitted by the excellent policy of the administration. On the 23d Aug. the Duke dined with a detachment of officers stationed at Perth, and it was only on the 25th that the first symptoms of that cruel disorder presented themselves which only three days afterwards terminated in death. Early on that morning, his valet found his Grace alarmed at the appearance of some trees which were near a window where he slept, and which he insisted were people looking in, and shortly afterwards, when a bason of water was presented to him, he exhibited evident abhorrence at the sight of it, and on several other occasions on that day, and on the 26th, the same symptoms were but too obvious whenever any liquid was presented, and which it now appeared his Grace partook of with extreme reluctance. On this day, at dinner, he had requested Lieutenant-Colonel Cockburne to take wine with him, but his Grace had no sooner lifted the liquid to his lips, than, unable to control the violence of his disease, he replaced the glass on the table, observing, 'Now is not this excessively ridiculous—well, I'll take it when I don't think think of it.' The same evening, an Assistant-Surgeon, the only one in the vicinity, was sent for, who bled him, and his Excellency apparently found so much relief from the operation, that he arose early the next morning and proposed walking through Richmond Wood, to the new settlement of that name, which had recently received its appellation from its illustrious founder, who was now about to immortalize it by the catastrophe of his death. He had, in his progress through the wood, started off at hearing a dog bark, and was with difficulty overtaken, and on the party's arrival at the skirts of the wood, at the sight of some stagnant water, his Grace hastily leaped over a fence, and rushed into an adjoining barn, whither his dismayed companions eagerly followed him. The paroxysm of his disorder was now at its height—it was almost a miracle that he did not die in the barn. He was with difficulty removed to a miserable hovel in the neighbourhood, and early in the morning of the fatal 28th, the Duke of Richmond expired in

Printed by J. Hobbson; and published by T. P. Glassington, [illegible] Strand, where Advertisements

(To be repeated occasionally.)

	Ditto Third Class, 10l. paid		8l. 10s.
	Ditto Second Class, 40l. share		53l.
41.	Westminster, First Class, 50l. share		66l. 10s. a 68l.
	Sheffield, 2 l. share, 6l. 5s paid		5l. a 3l. pm.
	Ditto New, 100l. share, 20l. paid		15l. 15s.
6l.	City, 100l. share, 60l. paid		23l. pm.
10l.	Bristol, 20l. share, all paid		2l. pm.
	Ditto New, 20l. share, 1l. paid		4l. pm.
	Brighton, 20l. share, 11l. paid		par.
	Bath, 20l. share, 11l. paid		3l. a 2l. 15s. pm.
	GAS LIGHT AND COKE COMPANIES.		
	Surrey 30 guineas	—	10l.
	Russel 25 guineas	—	12l.
	Ditto Life Admission, 30 guineas		18l.
	London, 75 guinea shares	—	45l.
	LITERARY INSTITUTIONS.		
6l.	Union Fire and Life 200l. sh. 20l. pd		33l.
10l.	Royal Exchange	—	231l.
6l.	Globe 100l. share, all paid	—	119l.
6l.	Atlas 50l. share, 5l. paid	—	4l. 6s.
5l.	Albion 500l. share, 50l. paid	—	42l.
	INSURANCE COMPANIES.		

THE LATE DUKE OF RICHMOND.

An official despatch from Charles Cambridge, Esq. addressed to Earl Bathurst, contains the following melancholy detail of particulars attendant upon the death of this lamented Nobleman.

After mentioning the tour which his Grace had taken for the purpose of investigating the actual state of the provinces, and other particulars, the letter proceeds thus:

"When his Grace parted with his family at Kingston, he proceeded, accompanied by Lieut.-Colonel Cockburne, and Major Bowles, and two domestics, to visit the Eastern Township, where already the population had been considerably benefitted by the excellent policy of the administration. On the 23d Aug. the Duke dined with a detachment of officers stationed at Perth, and it was only on the 25th that the first symptoms of that cruel disorder presented themselves which only three days afterwards terminated in death. Early on that morning, his valet found his Grace alarmed at the appearance of some trees which were near a window where he slept, and which he insisted were people looking in, and shortly afterwards, when a bason of water was presented to him, he exhibited evident abhorrence at the sight of it, and on several other occasions on that day, and on the 26th, the same symptoms were but too obvious whenever any liquid was presented, and which it now appeared his Grace partook of with extreme reluctance. On this day, at dinner, he had requested Lieutenant-Colonel Cockburne to take wine with him, but his Grace had no sooner lifted the liquid to his lips, than, unable to control the violence of his disease, he replaced the glass on the table, observing, 'Now is not this excessively ridiculous—well, I'll take it when I don't think think of it.' The same evening, an Assistant-Surgeon, the only one in the vicinity, was sent for, who bled him, and his Excellency apparently found so much relief from the operation, that he arose early the next morning and proposed walking through Richmond Wood, to the new settlement of that name, which had recently received its appellation from its illustrious founder, who was now about to immortalize it by the catastrophe of his death. He had, in his progress through the wood, started off at hearing a dog bark, and was with difficulty overtaken, and on the party's arrival at the skirts of the wood, at the sight of some stagnant water, his Grace hastily leaped over a fence, and rushed into an adjoining barn, whither his dismayed companions eagerly followed him. The paroxysm of his disorder was now at its height—it was almost a miracle that he did not die in the barn. He was with difficulty removed to a miserable hovel in the neighbourhood, and early in the morning of the fatal 28th, the Duke of Richmond expired in the arms of a faithful Swiss, who had never quitted his beloved master for a moment. Whilst in this miserable log-hut, reason occasionally resumed her empire, and his Grace accordingly availed himself of these lucid intervals to address a letter to Lady Mary Lennox, in which he reminded her that a favourite dog, belonging to the household, being in a room at the Castle of St. Louis, at a time (five months before) when the Duke, shaving, cut his chin, the dog was lifted up, in order to lick the wound, when the animal bit his Grace's chin. The recollection of this circumstance gave his Grace but too sure a presentiment (the dog having subsequently run mad) of his approaching fate; and his Grace, therefore, in his letter to Lady Mary, expressed his conviction (which indeed appears an irresistible conclusion) that his disorder was hydrophobia. His Grace recommended the line of conduct to be observed by his children in the painful situation in which they would be placed at his death; and, it is said, requested to be buried in Quebec on the ramparts, like a soldier, there to remain.

"His Grace's remains arrived in Montreal the night of the 30th August, (the very day on which the levee was to have been held,) in a state which I shall not outrage your Lordship's feelings by detailing; far less can I attempt to depict the sensations of the young Ladies of his Grace's family, when so unexpectedly the fatal news had reached them on the 30th, at Montreal.

"His Grace's sufferings were extreme, yet his mind soared above his agony. He directed Colonel Cockburn not to attend to his orders any longer—'For you see,' said this great man, 'the state I am reduced to,' and during a paroxysm of pain, he exclaimed—'For shame Richmond, shame Charles Lennox, bear your sufferings like a man.' The Duke, the first man of his rank perhaps who ever died on the American Continent, will ever be regretted by all classes of his Majesty's provincial subjects. The awful termination of his Grace's illustrious career, must excite universal sympathy."

Εἰ δ' ἀθανάτων τις καταλήθοντ' εἰν Ἀΐδαο,
Αὐλὶς ἐγὼ πάντῃσι φίλη μαρνήσομ' ἑλίσσων

Epigrams upon the Queen —

In the busines that summons your Lordships to Town
You will all be knocked up if you are not knocked down —
And no Creature can gain by the act of the House
But Peers eldest sons Law advisers and grouse

—

on her talking at the Debate

Her conduct at present no censure affords
She sins not with menials but sleeps with the Lords

—

on L^d Hood interfering

To argue this Question his title is good
They swear to the Cloak, and he speaks as the Hood

The Question to solve you are all at a loss —
How the Queen could appoint such a fellow Grant +
But another appointment still more may concern ye
Who the Devil could make such a fellow Attorney —

Epitaph
on
George Charles Canning
eldest son of
The Right Hon.ble George Canning & Joan Scott his wife
Born April 25.th 1801 Died March 31.st 1820

Though short thy span, Gods unimpeach'd decrees
Which made that shortened span one long disease
Yet merciful in chastening gave thee scope
For mild redeeming virtues faith & hope.
Meek resignation, pious charity,
And since this world was not the world for thee
Far from thy path removed with fruitful care
Strife, glory, pain and pleasure's flowery snare,
Bid earths temptations pass thee harmless by
And fixed on heaven thine unrevolted eye.
Oh! marked from birth & nurtured ~~for the skies~~,
In youth with more than learning's wisdom wise
As sainted martyrs patient to endure
Simple as unweaned infancy & pure.
Pure from all stain save that of human clay
Which Christs atoning blood hath wash'd away.
By mortal sufferings now no more oppressed
Mount sinless spirit to thy destined rest.
While I, reserved our natures general doom
Pour forth a fathers sorrows on thy tomb.

I.

Romains pour mourir, c'est ici qu'on vous appelle,
Triste Enfant d'un orgueil nourri pour la Patrie;
L'exemple de Caton servit toujours à vous,
Plus grand est le malheur, plus le mérite est rare;
Romains s'il faut, les armes à la main;
Voilà la seule Secte digne d'un vrai Romain —

John Murray Archive Collection

Special Note

The following 24 pages are blank and have not been scanned

La Différence de l'Amour et de l'Amitié

De l'Amour et de l'Amitié, veux tu[2] savoir la différence
L'un est ~~Aveugle~~ matin[3] et sans pitié, l'autre est[4] les yeux de l'innocence

L'Un est Aveugle et sans Raison
l'Autre voit tout et apprecie
Il n'est pour l'un juste saison,
l'Autre a des droits toutes la vie

Segur

Le Temps

Toujours a ce plaindre du temps
L'humaine engeance est donc réduite
Dont ne fait guères mécontents
Par son retard ou par sa fuite
Il est trop court pour le plaisir
Il est trop long pour la souffrance
Il est trop lent pour le desir
Il vole pour la jouissance ?

From Moore's Irish Melodies

Oh Banquet not — Air — Planxty Irwine

Oh banquet not in those shining bowers,
Where youth resorts — but come to me,
For mine's a garden of faded flowers,
More fit for sorrow, for age and thee.

And there we shall have our feast of tears,
And many a cup of silence pour —
Our guests the shades of former years,
Our toasts, to lips that bloom no more.

There, while the myrtle's withering boughs
Their lifeless leaves around us shed,
We'll brim the bowl to broken vows,
To friends long lost, the changed, the dead

Or, as some blighted laurel waves
Its branches o'er the dreary spot,
We'll drink to those neglected graves,
Where valour sleeps, unnamed, forgot!

Cogliam la Rosa in sul mattino adorno
di questo dì che tosto il Sen perde
Cogliam d'amor la rosa, amiam or quando
Esser si può riamato amando.

Rosa Matilda. May 1811.

5 5 6

Soi tes de πλεκτον στεφανον c

oui Prince, je languis, je brûle pour Thésée:
Je l'aime, non point tel que l'ont vu les enfers
volage adorateur de mille objets divers
qui va du Dieu des morts déshonorer la couche;
mais fidele mais fier et même un peu farouche,
Charmant jeune traînant tous les coeurs après soi
Tel qu'on dépeint nos Dieux ou tel que je vous doi
Il avoit votre port vos yeux votre langage;
cette noble pudeur colorioit son visage
lorsque de notre Crête il traversa les flots
Digne sujet des voeux des filles de Minos,

The 3 Children in y^e fiery furnace Dan: 3. v. 28.

Daniel in y^e Lyons Den. Dan: 6. v. 16.

Nabuchadnezzar: eats grass like Oxen. Daniel 4. v. 33.

Belshazzars impious feast Dan: 5. v. 1.

SIR SAMUEL ROMILLY.

Yesterday, at 11 o'clock, an Inquest was held respecting the death of this able, amiable and universally lamented individual, at the Friend in Hand public-house, kept by Mr. Graves, in the Colonnade, Bernard-street, Russell-square, before Thomas Stirling, Esq. Coroner for the County of Middlesex. The following are the names of the Jury:—

J. Bartlett, Foreman.

Thomas Terry,	Thomas Jesson,
Thomas Lys,	Paul May,
Edward Edmonds,	John Horseman,
John Rudd,	John Smyth,
John Poole,	John Hemmings,
John Hill,	George Smeller,
Matthew Woodman,	James Dodd, and
John Williams,	William King Hall.

The Jury being sworn—

Charles Maybery, Esq. Surgeon Extraordinary to his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, was called in to attend the deceased about two in the afternoon; he found him sitting on the floor, supported by his servant, and Dr. Roget attending him, with a sheet of paper and pen in his hand, attempting to write; a considerable hœmorrhage was perceptible on the floor, and in the wash-hand-basin; there was no pulsation perceptible at the wrist, and only a slight interrupted vibration in the region of the heart. On examining the wound (the bleeding of which had wholly ceased), I found a deep incised wound across the throat, which had penetrated between the os hyoides the thyroid cartilage, and wholly divided the tracea; the epiglottis (or valve of the throat) was cut off, and the pharinx, or gullet, was perforated through to the vertebræ; three arteries were divided; the two laryngeal, and the superior thyroideal, but the carotids remained untouched. Respiration was very imperfect and nearly impeded, and very shortly after my arrival he expired. In my opinion he died from the great loss of blood; but the other injuries, indepsndent of the division of the arteries, was sufficient to destroy life.

Here Mr. Dumont, a particular friend of the deaceased, begged leave to interrupt the deposition, and, addressing himself to the Coroner, stated, that he had just received a note, which it was material should be instantly attended to. He handed it to the Coroner, who read it to the Jury. It was written in French, and from Mr. Brougham, dated St. James's-square entreating Mr. Dumont instantly to come to him, as he (Mr. Brougham) was unable to leave his room; but that it was of the utmost and most pressing importance that he should communicate with Mr. D. before the inquest should be proceeded in. The latter Gentleman stated himself to have been upon terms of the strictest intimacy with the deceased, and begged he might have time allowed him to attend to the solicitation of Mr. Brougham.

The Coroner recommended Mr. D. to use all possible ex... in visiting Mr. B., and observed, in his absence, that ...uld continue the examination of the intermediate wit...

...Maybery's deposition was resumed. He said that there ...reat quantity of blood on the floor, and also in the basin ...he dressing table. The wound appeared to have ...flicted with a sharp instrument. There was a razor ...with blood lying beside the deceased. The witness ex... a sheet of letter paper which he found near the body. It bore several marks of blood, with some writing in the centre, which it was impossible accurately to decypher.—The appearance of this paper produced a general emotion of horror and affliction. Every one sought to interpret the few words marked with ink upon it. We thought they resembled "I wish," and "witness my dear." But the letters were so imperfectly drawn that we could not decide with precision. The hand which drew them was evidently agitated; but it was the last act it performed. It was, as it subsequently appeared, the writing of the deceased, after he had inflicted the fatal wound.

John Knox, surgeon, residing 65, Great Russell-street, deposed, that he was sent for yesterday to the residence of the deceased, at half-past two o'clock, *p.m.* Mr. Maybery, the former witness, had previously arrived. On witness's entrance into the bed-chamber, he found the deceased lying on his back on the floor. He examined the body, and found a large wound in the upper part of the throat, which had completely severed the wind-pipe, and nearly the gullet. The blood had then ceased to flow, as also circulation in the wrist; respiration continued in so imperfect state until three o'clock. Witness was of opinion that the death of the deceased was occasioned by loss of blood, and the obstruction of breathing, from the separation of the wind-pipe. A considerable quantity of blood was on the floor and some in a basin; a razor lay near the deceased, stained with blood. He had attempted to sew up the integuments, but seeing there was no hope whatever of recovery, he did not proceed.—He understood that the deceased got out of bed for the purpose of cutting his throat.

Coroner—Did he appear to have been shaving...

Witness—Ju...

he had left hi...

Here a c...

handed to...

"I, the...

...

I am...

of...

f...

is...

of S...

put an end to his ... He ... Coroner, the propriety of sending for Drs. Babington and ...cet, who were, he hoped, able to attend; and their evidence was necessary to enable the Jury to judge of the state of the deceased.

The Coroner observed, that from the great talent and superior intellect of Sir Samuel Romilly, it was natural to conclude that something extraordinary must have occurred to overturn his mind, or that such an event as that which the Court were investigating, and the public were deploring, would never have taken place.

Mr. Dumont observed, that Dr. Marcet resided next door to the house of the deceased, and Dr. Babington resided, he understood, at no great distance.

The Coroner issued orders that these two Physicians should be immediately sent for, and he trusted they would soon be found; but, whatever might be the delay, he had no doubt, that upon such a solemn, affecting occasion, no individual would complain of any delay necessary to ascertain the truth.

Officers were accordingly dispatched in search of Drs. Babington and Marcet.

Mr. Dumont was the next witness examined, and his deposition was to the following effect:—My name is Stephen Dumont; I am of no profession; I am á Member of the Government Counsel of Geneva.

Coroner—Is not Sir Samuel Romilly's family from Geneva?

Mr. Dumont—No, Sir Samuel's grandfather came from France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantz. I was in this country some years since, and remained here some time; but I returned to Geneva upon the restoration of the Republic, and I came here with a view to spend the summer with my best friend, Sir Samuel Romilly.—[Here the emotion of the witness was most afflicting, and excited the sympathy of all around. When he had recovered from his depression the witness resumed]—I did not spend the summer with Sir Samuel Romilly in the manner originally proposed, although I frequently saw him and his family, for, in consequence of the illness of Lady Romilly, we did not go into the country, as was intended.—Here I beg leave to read a letter which I received from Sir Samuel some time ago, and to put it in as a part of my deposition, as it appears to me material to illustrate the case under your consideration:—

"Dear Dumont, "Cowes, Sept. 27, 1818.

"I did not intend writing to you till to-morrow; but I cannot suffer Mr. Nash's letter to go without inserting a few lines in it. I need not say how happy we shall all be to see you.—Your visit, however, will be one purely of charity, for I am afraid you will meet with little pleasure in it.

"Since I last wrote to you Ann has been worse, and certainly considered by both the Medical attendants as being in some danger. She is at present a little better, but for myself I still apprehend the worst. I take care to neither let her nor the poor children see the anxiety I feel, but it costs me a good deal.

"With all this, do not suppose that I have not quite resolution enough to undergo every thing, and to preserve my health for my childrens' sake.

"I would not have you communicate my alarms to any one, but I could not suffer you to set out upon such a journey without apprising you of the real truth. I am, my dear Dumont,

"With most sincere affection, your's,

"SAMUEL ROMILLY."

At the time this letter reached town, I was at the house of Sir James Mackintosh. I received it on the 1st of October, and I received two or three letters within a few days afterwards, expressive of my friend's belief that his Lady appeared somewhat better, and illustrative of his wish to tranquilize my solicitude for her recovery. I set out for Cowes in consequence of the invitation of Sir Samuel, and on my arrival I had the happiness to find that his Lady was so much better that she was able to spend two or three hours each day among the company at Mr. Nash's house. But still the mind of Sir Samuel was not at ease. He seemed, indeed, to entertain no confidence of her recovery, and therefore he appeared to me constantly in the same state of anxiety. Lady Romilly had at length a severe relapse, and she was for some days in a great state of suffering. During that time nothing could equal the excruciating pain of Sir Samuel, but his fortitude and resignation. He was almost entirely deprived of sleep for about six weeks; and from that circumstance, I began to entertain the greatest apprehension for his fate.—Twice or three times he himself expressed to me his fears of mental derangement. On one occaison he sent for me in the middle of the night. It was about two o'clock in the morning, and he spoke to me of a dream which he had had that was full of horror. He said that the impression was as strong upon his mind, even after he awoke, as if it had been a reality. He asked whether I did not consider that as a proof that his faculties were impaired? However, some conversation about his children generally restored a certain degree of peace to his mind, and sometim... entertained me about his plans for ... education and ... of his children. ...

...th of O...

...by

...wed

...ersally p... ...the well known princ... Sir Sam... could not possibly commit the dreadful act which p... his life, unless in a state of mental derangement. The... of that derangement was indeed to be concluded from t... positions of the last witness, and it was clear that this der...ment was the result of the most poignant grief for a beloved and affectionate wife. That grief appeared to him to have produced a brain fever, but upon that point he would refer to the opinion of the physicians.

Dr. Marcet was then examined. He stated that he was called upon to attend Sir Samuel Romilly on Sunday last. He had long been in habits of acquaintance with Sir Samuel and his family, but he did not before attend them professionally. He was called in on Sunday night, about nine o'clock, at the request of Sir Samuel's nephew, Dr. Roget. Upon going into Sir Samuel's house, he found him in the drawing-room sitting with his family. He inquired respecting Sir Samuel's health, and Sir S. complained of an extreme degree of lassitude and restlessness, especially in the lower extremities, in which he felt frequent and severe muscular pains. No attitude appeared to afford him any rest or comfort. He sat on his chair in a state of most painful agitation. Although he refrained in conversation from describing the anguish of his mind, or giving vent to his feelings, it was obvious from his manner, as well as from every expression which dropped from him, that he despaired of his recovery, in spite of all the attempts that were made to inspire him with hope and comfort. Various steps, which he did not think it necessary to describe, were recommended, with a view to allay his extreme irritation, but he objected to all of them in succession, ultimately insisting upon being allowed to go to bed, without making any attempt to produce relief, on the ground that he felt he must have a wretched life, and that if he were to use any medical prescription, it would only have the effect of taking away all his confidence in the powers of medicine. When witness saw Sir Samuel next morning in company with Drs. Babington and Roget, he found his situation considerably altered. His skin, which the night before was quite dry, was then bedewed with moisture. He appeared much quieter as to his bodily agitation, but he was extremely concise in his answers, and said nothing which would have justified a more favourable opinion with regard to the state of his mind. On the contrary, all that was related to witness and Dr. Babington, respecting the patient's state during the night, evinced an increased degree of internal agitation. From Sir Samuel's apparent tranquillity in the former part of the night, Dr. Roget, who slept in his room, was led to suppose that he had enjoyed a few hours' sleep; but Sir Samuel, upon the inquiry being made, declared that he had had no sleep whatever. This was the last interview which witness had had with the deceased.

Coroner—"From the mind of the deceased resting perpetually upon the death of his wife—from the heat of which he complained in his head, and the great agitation which you witnessed in him, do you not think such circumstances likely to overset his reason, and that the consequence must be a brain fever?"

Dr. Marcet—It is impossible to say what consequences might follow from such causes. I should have deemed the case extremely alarming if such symptoms had appeared in other men, but relying upon the known firmness of Sir Samuel Romilly's mind, the idea of such a fatal catastrophe as has occurred never once entered into my contemplation.

Dr. Babington deposed, that he attended yesterday between ten and eleven o'clock at the house of Sir Samuel Romilly, in consequence of an urgent note from his friend, Dr. Marcet. Previous to his going up stairs to the bed-room of Sir Samuel Romilly, he had an opportunity of learning from his friends, Drs. Marcet and Roget, all that had occurred antecedently to his arrival. His visit to Sir Samuel was therefore short. He found Sir Samuel in a situation corresponding exactly with the account which his medical friends had given him. He had therefore but a few questions to put to Sir Samuel, and these that worthy man answered with the most perfect distinctness, although his manner appeared peculiarly thoughtful and reserved. "I," said the witness, "expressed my hopes to the patient, that from the change which had taken place in his situation, more especially from the apparent quietude which he had experienced in the night, and the perspiration which had occurred, we should have the satisfaction of finding a further improvement when we had the pleasure of seeing him again in the evening." Witness then left Sir Samuel, and the consultation took place in another room; but the particulars of that consultation, or the measures recommended for the patient, it was not usual to describe on these occasions.

Coroner—Do you concur with the account given by Dr ...cet as to the state of Sir Samuel Romilly's mind.

Dr. Babington—From what I heard and saw I ca... tate to say, that I consider Sir Samuel Romilly to ha... ranged at the time the melancholy event took plac... are engaged in investi...

Aft... ...

Auction
Household Furni , Pictures, Books and Effects of every
cription, intended for immediate Sale.
No. 26, Conduit-street, Bond-street, 2d Nov. 1818.

Coventry, Oxford, and Kennet and Avon Canal and Waterloo Bridge Shares.—By Mr. SCOTT, on Friday next, at 12 o'clock, at the Mart, unless previously disposed of by Private Contract,

COVENTRY CANAL: THREE SHARES in this excellent Concern, connecting the Grand Trunk with the Oxford and Grand Junction Navigation, dividing 44l. per share clear per annum; Oxford Canal, Three Shares, the divided profits have regularly advanced to 31l. per share per annum; and Twelve Kennet and Avon Canal and Waterloo Bridge Shares and Annuity.

Particulars at the New Hotel, Birmingham; at Hatchett's Hotel, Piccadilly; at the Mart; and of Mr. Scott, 28, New Bridge-street, London.

Severn and Wye Railway and Canal, Gloucestershire.—By Mr. SCOTT, on Friday next, at twelve, at the Mart, by order of the Executor, in various Lots,

SEVERN and WYE RAILWAY and CANAL: THREE HUNDRED and SIXTY SHARES in this very improving Concern, which facilitates extremely the conveyance of coals, iron, stone, &c. from the Forest of Dean extensively to the surrounding country, and for exportation, possessing a combination of advantages to form it a very profitable undertaking: the dividend of 1l. per share, now declared, is reserved.

Particulars at the printing offices of the Journals at Bath, Bristol, Gloucester and Hereford; Chronicle, at Cheltenham; Gazette, Birmingham; Mr. Scott, New Bridge-street; and at the Mart.

Grand Junction and Monmouthshire Canals, and Monmouth Rail Road.—By Mr. SCOTT, at the Mart, on Friday next, at twelve, unless previously disposed of by Private Contract,

GRAND JUNCTION CANAL, Eleven Shares, the last half-yearly dividend was 4l. per Share, with an immense increasing tonnage; Monmouth Rail Road, Four Shares, Dividend 2l. 10s. per Share per annum; Monmouthshire Canal, Five Shares, last half-yearly dividend 4l. with a considerably increased tonnage.

Particulars at Hatchett's Hotel, Piccadilly; the Mart; and of Mr. Scott, New Bridge-street.

Forfeited Pledges.—By Mr. JAMES HARRIS, at his Rooms, 12, Gracechurch-street, THIS and two following days, at 12 o'clock,

AN excellent COLLECTION, in about Eleven Hundred Lots, of capital WATCHES in gold, silver, and metal cases, with patent levers, jewelled in several holes, &c. gold chains, seals, brooches, rings, jewellery set with diamonds, pearls, &c. numerous articles of fashionable plate, plated wares, cutlery, excellent fowling pieces, pistols, several hundred yards of superfine cloths, cassimeres, cords, &c. a general assortment of linen drapery, mercery, hosiery, cambrics, laces, shawls, handkerchiefs, table and bed linen, ladies' and gentleman's prime apparel, twenty feather beds, bedding, numerous excellent bed furnitures, glasses, carpets, tables, chairs, and a great diversity of other articles; pledged prior to Dec. 1817, with Messrs. Barber and Jupp, Borough; Briggs, St. John-street; Cassell, Shadwell; Cotton, Shoreditch; Drew, Islington; Higham, Bishopsgate-street; King, Edmonton; Peart, Shoreditch; Perkin, Tooley-street; Robertson, Borough; Robertson (late Mr. Perkin), Bishopsgate-street; Robertson, London-road; and Reynolds, Shadwell.

May be viewed preceding the sale.

Elegant Furniture and Effects.—By Mr. JAMES DENEW, at his Auction Room, Charles-street, Berkeley-square, TO-MORROW and following day, at 12,

THE fashionable HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, chimney glasses, grand piano-forte, porcelaine, lustres, library table and cabinets, splendidly mounted in Buhl; consoles, pier, card, sopha and circular tables, winged wardrobes, secretaire and bookcases, pedestal sideboard, dining tables, parlour chairs in morocco, lounging ditto, capital Persia carpet of very large dimensions, Turkey and Brussels ditto, in excellent condition, with the usual chamber furniture, &c. &c. the property of a Gentleman removed from his residence in Cavendish-square.

May be viewed two days preceding the sale, when Catalogues may be had at the Auction Room, Charles-street, Berkeley-square.

---

twer
n, or

---

y Mr.
Nov. 13, at

A POLICY of ASSURANCE in the AMICABLE SOCIETY, Serjeant's-inn, on the Life of a Gentleman, who is in the 74th year of his age. The Policy entitles the Insurer to Three Shares (Nos. 4227, 4228 and 4229) of the Joint Stock and Fund of the said Society as shall become due upon the death of the said Insurer.

Particulars may be had at the place of sale, and of Mr. Henry Wilson, 105, Hatton-garden.

Mortgage of Twelve Hundred Pounds, secured on Property, Leicester-square.—By Mr. HENRY WILSON, at the Mart, on Friday, Nov. 13, at twelve,

A MORTGAGE for 1214l. 3s. 5d. secured on several substantially built Houses and Shops in Bear-street and Castle-street, Leicester-square, which are held under the Marquis of Salisbury for 51 years.

Particulars may be had at the place of sale, and of Mr. Henry Wilson, 105, Hatton-garden.

Leasehold Houses, Somer's Town.—By Mr. HENRY WILSON, at the Mart, on Friday, Nov. 13, at twelve, in Lots,

FOUR neat brick-built HOUSES, being Nos. 7, 19, 22 and 23, in Johnson-street, at the bottom of Union-street, Somer's Town, two of which are let to tenants at will, at 31l. 10s. per annum each, and the other two are in hand. The Houses are in complete repair, and are held for upwards of 60 years, at a ground rent of six guineas per annum each.

May be viewed, and particulars had on the premises, No. 7, Johnson-street; at the place of sale; and of Mr. Henry Wilson, 105, Hatton-garden.

To Jewellers, Silversmiths, Watch-makers, &c.—Desirable Premises, Piccadilly.—By Mr. HENRY WILSON, at the Mart, on Friday, Nov. 13, at twelve, unless an acceptable offer is previously made by Private Contract,

THE beneficial LEASE, for 29 years (with immediate possession), of a capital showy fronted SHOP and convenient DWELLING HOUSE, established as a silversmith and jeweller's for upwards of 30 years, advantageously situate No. 56, in the most preferable part of Piccadilly, being within one door from the corner of Bond-street. The Shop is fitted up with an elegant modern front, and the Dwelling has recently undergone a complete repair, and has a separate entrance thereto. The Stock in Trade (which is quite modern) may be taken or not, at the option of the purchaser.

May be viewed, and particulars had on the premises; of Mr. I. J. Wilson, solicitor, No. 50, Dorset-street, Fleet-street; at the place of sale; and of Mr. Henry Wilson, 105, Hatton-garden.

Desirable House and Shop, Shoreditch.—By Mr. HENRY WILSON, at the Mart, on Friday, Nov. 13, at twelve,

THE LEASE, for 19 years, at a low rent, of a most desirable HOUSE and SHOP, in complete repair, and of which immediate possession may be had, situate No. 160, in the preferable part of Shoreditch, near the turnpike. The Premises have been established as a boot and shoemaker's, but are equally well adapted for any other business, and possess the advantage of a back entrance, communicating with a building and loft in the yard.

May be viewed, and particulars had on the premises; at the place of sale; and of Mr. Henry Wilson, 105, Hatton-garden.

Improved Rents, amounting to Two Hundred and Fifty Pounds per Annum, arising from Property near Red Lion-square, Holborn.—By Mr. HENRY WILSON, at the Mart, on Friday, Nov. 13, at twelve, in One Lot,

A Very desirable and compact LEASEHOLD PROPERTY, held for 54 years of Christ Hospital, and producing a clear income of Two Hundred and Fifty-two Pounds per Annum, arising from seven substantially built Houses, with Shops, being Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7, in Lamb's Conduit-passage, leading from Red Lion-square to Red Lion-street, Holborn, nearly the whole of which are let to tenants on repairing leases, who paid premiums for the same, and who have also expended money on the premises.

May be viewed by leave of the respective tenants; and particulars may be had at the Dolphin, Red Lion-street; at the place of sale; and of Mr. Henry Wilson, 105, Hatton-garden.

Freehold Estate, Isle of Wight.—By Mr. HENRY WILSON, at the Mart, on Friday, the 27th instant, at 12,

A Valuable and compact FREEHOLD ESTATE, most desirably situate in the parish of Shalfleet, Isle of Wight, and within [illegible] of the borough and market town [illegible], with convenient [illegible] ture, [illegible] good

---

L[illegible]UCTION.

Excellent Household F[illegible]ure, fine India China, [illegible] Screen, chice Wines, Plate, Books, Linen, Town [illegible] Chariot and Harness, and valuable Effects.—By S[illegible] WORTH and STEVENS, on the Premises, [illegible] place, Old Jewry, THIS and following Days, at [illegible] order of the Executors,

THE excellent HOUSEHOLD FURNITU[illegible] Cellar of Wines, of fine vintages and flavour, co[illegible] about 200 dozens of old Port, Madeira and Champaigne [illegible] tuous dinner and desert service of real japan china [illegible] 458 pieces; a beautiful seven leafed japan screen, seven [illegible] in fine preservation; a japan sofa table, several jars, and [illegible] ous ornamental articles, matting, &c.; an elegant yellow [illegible] town carriage and harness, nearly new; a handsome [illegible] 500 ounces of plate, a select library of Books, table and [illegible] a pair of ebony lounging chairs, and miscellaneous ef[illegible] Martin, Esq. deceased. The Furniture comprises four-[illegible] tent bedsteads, with chintz, cotton and other hang[illegible] goose and down feather beds and bedding, mahogany [illegible] and wardrobes, pier glasses of large dimensions, convex [illegible] cheval and dressing glasses, mahogany and japanned [illegible] stands, japanned drawing room and bed chamber cha[illegible] fine cotton and morine drapery window curtains, [illegible] set of mahogany dining tables, set of dining parlour c[illegible] gant rosewood loo, sofa and pillar and claw breakfa[illegible] cellaret sideboard, an eight-day table clock, a few [illegible] paintings, Turkey, Brussels and other carpets, kitche[illegible] sites, &c.

May be viewed receding the sale, and catalogues [illegible] premises, and of Shuttleworth and Stevens, No. [illegible]

Limehouse Dock-yard.—To Shipwrights, Timber-m[illegible] and Others.—By SHUTTLEWORTH and STEV[illegible] the Premises, on Tuesday next and following D[illegible] o'clock,

THE remaining STOCK, Utensils in Trade, [illegible] hold Furniture and Effects of Messrs. A. and J[illegible] tiring from business. The Stock consists of oak, el[illegible] timber, planks, ends, boards, slabs, shores, ground[illegible] quar-tering, knees, tops, stage and other deals, caulk[illegible]'s [illegible], a large quantity of treenails, treble and double bl[illegible] keel and dock slices, caps, spauls, sheathing, bol[illegible] reed, fearnought, thrumbs, scales, weights and chains, [illegible], bolts, screws, spikes, old lead and iron, pitch, tar, oa[illegible] and oil, tarred and other paper, a ship's skiff, a dock-punt, [illegible] and buckets, a large assortment of shipwright and carpe[illegible]'s tools, and numerous useful articles in the trade. The Furniture com-prises four-post and tent bedsteads with cotton hangin[illegible], feather beds and bedding, mahogany chests of drawers, bureau, dress-ing stands and chairs, pier and chimney glasses, Brussels and other carpets, piano-forte, eight-day clock, dining board and Pembroke tables, chairs, sofa, sideboard, kitch[illegible] garden-roller, cucumber frames, greenhouse plants, [illegible] riety of miscellaneous articles.

May be viewed one day previous to the sale, when [illegible] may be had on the premises; at the Ship, Blackwall; Tavern, Limehouse; and of Shuttleworth and Steven[illegible] in the Poultry.

Elegant Residence, with Coach House, Stables and [illegible] with or without an extensive Orchard and Kitche[illegible] adjoining.—By SHUTTLEWORTH and STEVENS, on the Premises, on Wednesday, the 18th inst. at twelve, in Two Lots, unless previously disposed of by Private Contract,

Lot 1. THE very desirable and substantial LEASE-HOLD FAMILY RESIDENCE, now in the occupation of M. A. De Paiva, Esq. finished with great taste, and commanding a most respectable situation and neighbour-hood, at Cannonbury-place, near Islington, within two miles of the Royal Exchange, and equally convenient for the west end of the town and places of public amusement. The House is in ex-cellent repair, dry and airy, containing numerous bed chambers, spacious elegant drawing and dining rooms, library, dressing rooms, kitchen, domestic offices of every description, excellent coach house and stable for five horses, and other appurtenances, with a large walled flower and kitchen garden, disposed with great taste, and abundantly stocked with a superior selection of wall and standard fruit trees, hot house, green house, grapery, and billiard room.

Lot 2. A LEASEHOLD ESTATE, very eligible for a fruiterer or market gardener, situate adjoining to Lot 1, consist-ing of a most productive kitchen garden and orchard, containing one acre and a half, stocked with innumerable fruit trees, chiefly imported by Mr. De Paiva from all parts of Europe, the whole now in luxuriant bearing and highest possible perfection, with a range of brick melon pits, grape houses and [illegible] and a drying ground adjoining, with paved walks [illegible] erected a wash house, workhouse, poultry house and [illegible] buildings. The [illegible] 22 years [illegible] and rents, [illegible] h particulars,

(Signed) ALEX. MARCET, M. D.

...-square, Nov. 3, 1818.

The Coroner and Jury then proceeded from the Inquest-room ... the residence of the deceased, in Russell-square, for the pur... of viewing the body.

Upon the arrival of the Jury at the house of the deceased, a considerable anxiety was manifested to gain admittance to view the body, but the Coroner prevented the intrusion, by threatening to commit any person who entered, except the Jury. We understand that the deceased lay on the floor in the position in which the two surgeons left him.

Thomas Bowen said he was footman to Sir Samuel Romilly. He did not see his master from the middle of August last, until Sunday afternoon, when he arrived in town from the Isle of Wight. He looked well, and appeared in good health at the time, much better than could have been expected, from the domestic affliction which had taken place, and from hearing that he had been so unwell in the country. Soon after he came in he laid down on the sofa in the library, which was between four and five o'clock. Witness heard that the deceased was unwell from the loss of Lady Romilly, who died on Thursday night last; she had been unwell for a long time, and had 6 sons and a daughter, the eldest, a boy, was about 20 years of age, the youngest between 8 and 9. Sir S. appeared always exceedingly happy in his family, but the multiplicity of his avocations prevented his being much with them; he had scarcely any time for enjoyment. Witness did not attend him on Monday morning, but knew he was indisposed and confined to his bed; when well, his general hour of rising was six o'clock, and of going to bed between ten and eleven. Miss Romilly, Mr. William Romilly, Dr. Roget, and Mrs. Davis (sister of Lady Romilly), were in the house on Monday morning, as were also some of the servants (part being in the country); he could not tell who it was that attended Sir Samuel in his bed-room, with his breakfast on that morning. Witness about two o'clock heard a noise up two pair of stairs, and went up to ascertain the cause. The bed-room door of his master was open, and Dr. Roget was standing outside; witness was about to enter, and saw Sir Samuel (as he thought) coming towards the door, in the act of driving the Doctor out. It appeared, however, it was to keep him out, for he raised both his hands and fastened the door: he was then bleeding profusely. Witness did not then observe any instrument in his hand. The door was instantly burst open, and Sir Samuel was found leaning over the wash-hand stand, his throat being cut, and the blood flowing from him profusely; a shirt and a blanket were about him; he was quite speechless, but he made several signs with his hand; he was given a sheet of paper, and pen and ink. Previous to entering the room, Dr. Roget told witness that the deceased had cut his throat. Miss Romilly, previous to the ...act committed by the deceased, had been with him in the room, but he sent her down to the drawing-room, desiring to see Dr. Roget. It was during this interval he cut his throat. He kept a case of razors, in the ordinary way, in his room. There were two beds in his room, in one of which Doctor Roget slept. Doctor Roget exclaimed, that his master had cut his throat. Witness asked the Doctor whether he had seen his master do the act; but the Doctor answered in the negative, adding, that he thought he had a glimpse of Sir Samuel throwing away the razor, when he (the Doctor) was entering the room. Sir S. appeared to him to spend very little time either at home or abroad but in business. He seemed to have no enjoyment but in the bosom of his family. He did not know who took up the tea-things found in his master's bed-room. The lady's maid used sometimes to take up breakfast; Miss Romilly he supposed made the tea yesterday; his master did not ring for him in the course of the day; he had understood that his master was unwell and confined to his bed, but he did not see him there. The cook came into the pantry where he was to take away a waiter with a cup and saucer, but he did not know that she took them up stairs to her master's bed-room. The servants were all in confusion yesterday in consequence of their master's illness and the death of Lady Romilly; he did not look into any other room when he went up stairs on hearing the noise yesterday until he reached his master's bed-room, from whence he thought the noise proceeded; his going up stairs took place about two o'clock. When Miss Romilly was sent by her father for Dr. Roget she had only to go down one pair of stairs, and Dr. Roget went up immediately after being apprized of the desire of Sir Samuel, as witness understood. Dr. Roget's bed was on a couch in the bed-room of Sir Samuel; there were several other bed-rooms in the house, but Dr. Roget slept there on Sunday night for the first time, in consequence, as witness heard, of Sir Samuel's illness. Miss Romilly, who is the only daughter of Sir Samuel, is about 17 or 18 years of age. Upon discovery that his master had cut his throat, his fellow servant was dispatched for a surgeon. He remained with Dr. Roget in the bed-room to support his master, who was placed on the floor by the Doctor and himself.

Here a parish constable of the name of James interrupted the proceedings of the Court by improperly interfering with the conduct of one of the Jury, and even questioning the regularity of those who summoned the Jury. The Coroner ordered James to be turned out; but on making an apology, and promising good behaviour, he was suffered to remain in Court.

Mr. Dumont, referring to the certificate of Dr. Marcet respecting the state of Dr. Roget, expressed his regret that no medical man was in attendance to give evidence as to the state

... declare ... his friends. ... to town, be... sisters of Lady Romilly, as well as by Miss Romilly, Mr. Wm. Romilly, the eldest son, and some of Sir Samuel's servants. I travelled in the same chaise with Sir Samuel, and on our arrival at Winchester, he said that he felt himself extremely exhausted. Dr. Roget slept in the same room with him at Winchester, and Sir Samuel was throughout the night extremely restless, as I understood from the Doctor. On the next morning Sir Samuel shewed marks of agitation, which he tried to subdue. He was continually tearing his gloves or the palms of his hands, or scratching his fingers and nose. Some blood came from his nose. When we arrived at an inn at Muller's-green, which is two stages from Winchester, Sir Samuel was so weak that he could proceed no further: we therefore slept at that inn. Dr. Roget still slept in the same room with Sir Samuel. I had proposed to Sir Samuel not to go to Russell-square, but to take some other house for the present. He answered that as he was likely to have a long illness, and to be laid up for some time, he preferred his own house. As he proceeded homewards, I observed a more violent degree of irritation, with still more tearing of his hands and of his nose. In a moment when he was shutting his eyes and wringing his hands, I took the hand of his daughter and placed it in his; upon which, opening his eyes, he perceived what I had done, and casting upon me the most expressive look of gratitude and tenderness, he embraced his daughter. When we arrived at Russell-square, he made a great effort to compose himself, and went into his library, where he threw himself upon a sopha, in a state of calm, which appeared to me, who knew him so well, peculiarly frightful. In this situation he was for some moments joining his hands as if in a state of prayer. In a moment after he got up from the sopha, he took my arm, and walked with me about the two rooms. He appeared to me in the state of a man dying from an internal wound. A few hours after his arrival at Russell-square, he expressed a desire to see Dr. Marcet, saying that his nephew, Dr. Roget, suffered too much, and that he would give him the comfort of some medical friend's assistance. He wanted, he told me, particularly to consult Dr. Marcet about a shower bath, which he was inclined to think likely to relieve the heat of his head. Of this heat he perpetually complained, and what is most astonishing, he declared at the same time that he had no head-ache. But as to what refers immediately to the nature of his disease, I shall leave that to be described by the medical gentlemen who know the subject so much better than me. After Dr. Marcet had made his visit to Sir Samuel, which was about nine o'clock on Sunday evening, I followed the Dr. to his house, and I saw that he was much alarmed by the state of inflammation in which he found Sir Samuel. Dr. Roget would not quit Sir Samuel, in whose room he slept that night. I slept in a room over that of Sir Samuel, or more correctly speaking, I passed in that room a most uneasy night. About seven o'clock next morning Dr. Roget came to me in a state of extreme anxiety, telling me that his uncle was much worse, with a violent fever, uttering some expressions in a strain of great perturbation, and complaining that he was quite distracted. Dr. Roget called immediately upon Dr. Marcet, who came in an instant to Sir Samuel's house. They sent for Dr. Babington to join them in a consultation upon Sir Samuel's case. Of their proceedings these Gentlemen will, no doubt, give you a full and satisfactory account. I asked them whether I could see my friend, Sir Samuel, but they desired me not to vist him, observing that the greatest quiet was necessary about him, and that one person only should be allowed to attend in his room. I went then to Holland House, Kensington, to see Sir Samuel's three youngest children (whom Lord Holland had taken home from school), in order to make some arrangements with respect to them. When I returned to Russell-square, about half after three o'clock, I found the servant, Thomas, in tears—I found Dr. Roget in a state approaching to despair. My first feeling was that of astonishment—for I had never had the smallest conception or apprehension of what had taken place. During the whole previous month I had passed with Sir Samuel, dividing almost entirely with his son the cares of his mind—while the ladies were employed about Lady Romilly—engaged with him in the most intimate and unreserved conversation, I never could have imagined it possible, that his invaluable life would have been terminated by such means, from the intimate knowledge which I had of his high principles of duty, of his moral and religious fortitude, of his love for his country, of his parental affection.

Here a Juror interrupted the witness, exclaiming with great emphasis, that every Englishman knew the character and worth of Sir Samuel Romilly; but

The Coroner observed, that although the witness had minutely stated so many particulars in the conduct of the deceased, it was still competent to him to state his general impression on other parts of that great man's character, which he had so full an opportunity of observing.

Mr. Dumont resumed, saying, that he should only add, that the qualities which he had described, and which notoriously characterized the life of Sir Samuel Romilly, totally excluded from his mind any idea of such a melancholy catastrophe as had occasioned the assemblage of that Court.

The cordial and generous sensibility which this excellent man manifested throughout the delivery of his evidence, was in the highest degree affecting and impressive. From what we saw of him—from what was evident to every one who heard him, such a man could not fail to be the friend, and he was worthy of the friendship of Sir Sam. Romilly.

VI

Morning Chronicle Nov. 4th 1818

...ames, ...
...lace of sale ...
...where a plan ...
...may be seen.

OXFORDSHIRE.—Capital RESIDENCE, with LAND and an extensive MANOR, within a short distance of the City of Oxford.—To be LET on LEASE, by Mr. HENRY WILSON, a most desirable RESIDENCE, called LOWER COURT MANSION, with coach house and stables, fish ponds, gardens, plantations, and three closes of rich pasture ground adjoining, delightfully situate at Chadlington, about two miles from the market town of Chipping Norton, and within 14 miles from the city of Oxford. Also the MANOR of CHADLINGTON WEST, with the right of shooting over about 3000 acres of land, on which there are several excellent preserves, well stocked with game.—May be viewed by application to Robert Salmon, at Chadlington West; and further particulars had of Mr. Pratt, at Fawler, near Enstone, Oxon; and of Mr. Henry Wilson, 105, Hatton-garden.

Great St. Helen's, Bishopsgate-street.—By RIST and CROGGON, THIS DAY, at twelve, at Garraway's,

THE desirable LEASE of a substantial brick-built DWELLING HOUSE, eligibly situate No. 18, Great St. Helen's, fit for the immediate reception of a merchant, broker or professional gentleman, and containing six bed rooms, two dressing rooms, drawing room, two parlours or counting houses on the ground floor, with large kitchen and domestic offices, held for a term whereof about 18 years are yet unexpired, at a moderate rent.

To be viewed by tickets, which, with particulars, may be had of Rist and Croggon, 64, Cornhill; particulars on the premises; and at Garraway's.

High-street, Borough.—Stock in Trade, Warehouse, Counting-house and Dwelling-house Fixtures, Household Furniture, and Effects.—By Mr. SAMPSON, on the Premises, No. 21, High-street, Borough, on Wednesday next, at 11 o'clock precisely, by order of the Assignees of Messrs. Geo. Evans and Son, Hop Factors,

COMPRISING KENT and SUSSEX HOPS, in Bags and Pockets; a quantity of new bagging and pocketing; capital beams and scales; iron and brass weights; crane complete; desks, counters, partitions; the whole erection of a drying kiln, malt mill, baleing press; mahogany pulpit and counting-house desks; writing tables, wrought iron repositories, partitions, lead cisterns and pipes, register stoves, ranges, coppers, sinks, lead pipes, venetian blinds, bells, shelves, &c.; also a bay mare, neat gig and harness, and effects. The Household Furniture comprises, bedsteads and furniture, new bedding, carpets, chairs, sofa bedstead, chimney glass, sideboard, dining tables, kitchen requisites, &c.

May be viewed Monday and Tuesday previous to the sale, and catalogues had on the premises, and of the auctioneer, 16, Sise-lane, Bucklersbury.

To Silk Manufacturers, Mercers, &c.—By Mr. SAMPSON, on the Premises, No. 36, Steward-street, Spitalfields, on Thursday the 19th instant, by order of the Proprietor,

THE remaining STOCK in TRADE and IMPLEMENTS; comprising ran and dyed silk, sarsenets, lustres, &c. reeds and harness, beams and scales, engine and hand bobbins, baskets, and miscellaneous effects, which will be specified in catalogues, to be had, three days prior to be sale, on the Premises; and of the Auctioneer, 16, Sise-lane.

To Silk Manufacturers.—Capital Leasehold Premises and Winding Machines, Spitalfields.—By Mr. SAMPSON, on Thursday, 19th instant, at Twelve o'clock, on the Premises, 36, Steward-street, Spitalfields, late in the occupation of Mr. Peter Guillemard, silk manufacturer,

THE desirable LEASE of very capital PREMISES, comprising an excellent and commodious Dwelling House extensive warehouse and silk room, with separate entrance for work people. Also a number of very excellent winding machines, in complete order, and capable of supplying 200 looms, and which will be included in the purchase of the lease. The above premises are most advantageously situate, and immediate possession will be given.

May be viewed; and printed particulars had on the premises; and of Mr. Sampson, 16, Sise-lane, Bucklersbury.

Valuable Silk Mills, Factory, and two Dwelling-houses, at Macclesfield.—By Mr. SAMPSON, at the Old Angel Inn, Macclesfield, on Monday, 23d instant, at four in the afternoon, in consequence of the first Buyer not having completed his Purchase,

ONE UNDIVIDED MOIETY of and in all that compact and desirable FREEHOLD SILK MILL and FACTORY, situate at the Water Cotes, in Macclesfield, and late in the occupation of Mr. James Saywell, a bankrupt, and the yard, garden and orchard thereto belonging; and also of and in all those two genteel Messuages or Dwelling-houses adjoining to the said factory and premises, late also in the possession of the said James Saywell and of Mr. Wm. Saywell, but now untenanted.

Further particulars may be had of Mr. James, solicitor, 29, Bucklersbury, London; of Messrs. Grimsditch and Broderick, solicitors, Macclesfield; and of Mr. Sampson, 16, Sise-lane, London.

...collection of proof engravings, chiefly from the French ...
...lish schools, handsomely framed and glazed; French ... sets, and ornamental articles; a sumptuous table ser... glass, a superb Grecian chandelier, lustres and lamps, ... of the Venus de Medicis, a billiard table, garden lights ... plements, green-house plants, and numerous valuable ... M. A. de Paiva, Esq. The Furniture comprises ele... top, canopy and four-post bedsteads, with fine cotton ... excellent feather beds and bedding, a very elegant ... drawing-room suite, in rich silk and velvet, with ... correspond, capital mahogany pedestal sideboards, ... claw dining tables, mahogany chairs stuffed in Morocco, ... some Axminster, Turkey and Brussels carpets, mahogany ... robes, bookcases, commodes, drawers and dressing sta... val and other dressing glasses, library table, sofa be... lounging chairs, numerous kitchen requisites, melon li... frames, garden tools, a fine collection of green-house p...

May be viewed one day previous to the sale, when ... may be had (at 1s. each, without which no one can be ... on the premises; and of Shuttleworth and Stevens, ... the Poultry.

The late Sir Charles Price's House, in Bedford-squar... Messrs. SKINNER, TUCHIN and FORREST, on Wednesday the 25th instant, at twelve, at Garraway's, by ... of the Executors,

AN excellent and very commodious LEASE ... RESIDENCE, with coach-house, stabling a ... nient and well arranged offices of every description, ... a family of the first respectability, most desirably situa... west side of Bedford-square, late the property of S... Price, Bart. deceased. The house is substantially erec... a judicious plan and handsome elevation, and contai... trance hall, two handsome drawing-rooms, a well pro... dining parlour, library, a Gentleman's dressing-room, ... bedchambers, water-closets, and apartments for serva... premises occupy a very extensive plot of ground, and are held for a term of which near 60 years are unexpired, at a ... rent of only 14l. 10s. per annum.

To be viewed by tickets only, which, with printed ... may be had of Messrs. Skinner, Tuchin and Forrest, ... gate-street.

Park-street, Grosvenor-square.—Household Furniture, ... and Effects.—By Mr. RAINY, on the Premises, No. ... on the West-side of Park-street, between Mount-street ... Grosvenor-street, THIS DAY, at twelve,

THE HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE and ... FECTS of a Gentleman removing to the country, ... prising the usual description of chamber and cabin... pier and chimney glasses, carpets, culinary requisites, &c.

To be viewed, and catalogues had on the premises; and of Mr. Rainy, No. 29, Conduit-street, Hanover-square.

Freehold and Leasehold Houses, Braintree, Essex; ... Islington, Pentonville and Clerkenwell; Shares in ... and Water-works; £600 Mortgage; Rent Charge of ... Seven Years, and Policy of Insurance for 1,000l.—... CROOK, at Garraway's, TO-MORROW, at ... direction of the Assignees, in ten lots,

A FREEHOLD HOUSE in the back road ... ton, three Freehold Houses at Braintree, in Essex; an Equitable Interest in a Copyhold Cottage and Garden, at Highgate; a Leasehold House and Shop in York-street, Pentonville; Leasehold Premises in Ray-street, Clerkenwell; a Policy of Insurance for 1,000l. in the Equitable Office; Twenty Shares in the Weal Falmouth Mine; Twenty-six Shares in the ... loway Waterworks; a Mortgage of 600l. on a Freehold Estate in Kent; and 100l. per Annum for Seven Years, arising out of extensive Paper Mills at Aberdeen, in Scotland.

Particulars may be had of Mr. Nowell, solicitor, Essex-street, Strand; Mr. Cook, solicitor, Woodbridge House, Clerkenwell; of Mr. Orchard, solicitor, Hatton-garden; at Garraway's and Lloyd's; and of Mr. Crook, 51, Skinner-street, Snow-hill.

Northaw, near Barnet, Hertfordshire.—At the Auction Mart, by Messrs. KIMPTON and SON, on Friday, Nov. 20, at twelve o'clock,

A FREEHOLD ESTATE, Tithe free, called THE HOOK; consisting of 105A. 2R. 16P. situate at Northaw, near Barnet, now in the occupation of Mr. Ralph Hale. The Land-tax is redeemed.

For further particulars apply to Messrs. Sparke, Holmes and Jackson, solicitors, Bury St. Edmonds; Mr. Dixon, 3, Gray's-inn-square; or of the Auctioneer, at 108, Bishopsgate-street, London.

Genuine Wines, the Property of a Gentleman.—By Mr. BARNETT, at the Auction Mart, on Friday next, at twelve,

TWO HUNDRED and SEVENTY-FIVE DOZEN of choice WINES, East and West India Madeira, Brown and Pale Sherry, Port, some in pints, Hock, White and Red Sweet Sicilian, Pontac, Tinta, Sercial, Madeira, Vidonia.

May be tasted the morning of sale, and catalogues had at the Mart; and of Mr. Barnett, Upper James-street, Golden-square.

London. Printed and published by J. LAMBERT, at 143, Strand.

for ducks

6 or 8 anyseed
32 " " juniper
2 " almonds
6 " coriander
1 " caraway

& 3 falls L. M. R.

GEORGIANA DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.—A curious and interesting collection of personal relics ing to the famous beautiful Duchess whom Sir Reynolds and Gainsborough painted among thei portraits was dispersed under the hammer of M Sotheby last week. These had long been tre up by Lady Spencer-Clifford, along with many others had belonged to Lady Betty Foster, the bosom fri Georgiana, and who, strangely enough, after the de the Duchess became herself her successor in the affe of the Duke as the second Duchess and was also pa by Sir Joshua. Besides many pretty trinkets—alb Sèvres and Dresden cups and saucers, lockets with of hair, and bouquets of flowers dead this 100 years, were a considerable number of autograph letters from nent persons. Among these were several from Byron to her husband, the poet, and one of great inte which would seem entirely to confirm the views of Jeaffreson in the latest life of Byron, although it has hitherto been publicly seen. There were also some p in the autograph of Byron, one "Hear my Prayer," bably unpublished, dated 1812. This sold for £22 10s. (B The packet with Lady Byron's letters sold for £21 (Th deau) A letter from George IV. to the Duchess refe to her being presented at Court, dated March, 1810 for £11 15s. One from Lady Hamilton (Nelson's "Em to Lady Foster, sold for £10 15s. One from Lady Ca Lamb, sister to Lord Melbourne, the Premier, br £22 (Thibaudeau). Various letters of Lord Melbourne for £45, and his gold-headed walking cane, made from H den's tree, sold for £5, while his travelling writing brought £22. All of these relics of Lord Melbourne bought by Mr. Wilson. Five letters of Madame Reca two of which were to Lady Foster, brought £10 5s. very interesting letters of the great Duke of Wellingt the Duchess of Devonshire, £20 10s. The most inter of the personal relics was, perhaps, the album conta the poem by Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire, calle "Passage of St. Gothard," illustrated by drawing Her friend and travelling companion, Lady Eliza Foster, daughter of the Marquis of Bristol. The valu this album was, however, chiefly in the extremely be tiful miniature in oils by Angelica Kauffman, R.A. of the two ladies, which has been engraved. This album sold for £105. Another album contained poems by Georgiana and others, with various drawings, and the cover bore a charming miniature on ivory of the Duchess Georgiana, by R. Cosway, R.A. This sold for £65. A small library of books brought the total to a little under £1,000.

CATHEDRAL ESTABLISHMENTS COMMISSION.—This Commission held meetings on the 14th, 21st, and 27th ult. There were present the Bishop of Carlisle (chairman), Lord Cranbrook, Mr. Beresford-Hope, M.P., Sir Walter C. James, Mr. C. Dalrymple, M.P., the Dean of St. David's, the Dean of Worcester, Canon Wood, and Mr. Ellicott (secretary).

, as was asserted, Archibald started post haste to
x to make the applications, while Lockhart, relying
promise, remained at Salmon River. In the end the
ations from both parties for the gold areas in question
before the Commissioner of Public Works and Mines,
ook evidence and heard arguments lasting six days.
ommissioner decided that the appellants were en-
d to leases of the areas applied for by them. That de-
n was reversed by the Supreme Court, who held that
applications of the respondents should have been enter-
ed by the Commissioner, and not rejected, and that
appellants had failed in showing any rights under
h a lease should have been granted.
eir LORDSHIPS, on Saturday, stated, after taking time
nsider their decision, that they would humbly advise
Majesty that the judgment of the Supreme Court o
a Scotia ought to be reversed, with costs, and that the
al from the Commissioner to the Supreme Court ough
e dismissed, with costs in the court below.
he appeal was consequently allowed, with costs.

SUPREME COURT OF JUDICATURE.

COURT OF APPEAL.

(*Before the* MASTER *of the* ROLLS, *and* LORDS JUSTICES LINDLEY *and* FRY.)

HE MUNICIPAL PERMANENT INVESTMENT BUILDING SOCIETY V. KENT AND EDWARDS.

his was an action (heard on Saturday) to recove
sums of £125 and £43, being interest upon sum
money which had been advanced to the defend
Edwards, upon a certain indenture of mort
e. The defendant Kent had signed an agree
t of guarantee. He defended the action, however
n the ground that the signature to the agreement wa
fficient under the Statute of Frauds. He had omitted t
the body of the document itself, but had signed
at the foot of it, purporting to be a receipt for
ther advance which referred to the "within mentione
iety." The society was only mentioned in the body o
e document.

Mr. Justice Lopes, before whom the action was trie
having given judgment for the defendant Kent, th
plaintiffs appealed.

Mr Charles, Q.C., Mr. Bowen Rowlands, Q.C., and M
T. Terrell appeared for the appellants; and Mr. Willis
Q.C., and Mr. T. Atkinson for the respondents.

The COURT were of opinion that the agreement wa
sufficiently signed, and that the defendant Kent was liabl
for the advances actually made on the indenture of mort
gage. The appeal was, therefore, allowed.

(*Before the* MASTER *of the* ROLLS *and* LORD JUSTIC
FRY.)

CUNNINGTON V. GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY

This was an appeal by the plaintiff from an order o
Mr. Justice Cave and Mr. Justice Day, allowing

Birchin Lane, Cornhill

Messrs. Vernor & Hood

Dr. to William Cruttwell,

PRINTER OF

The Dorchester and Sherborne Journal.

1796.		£.	s.	d.
Aug. 19.	To Advt. — Beckford on Hunting and Postage	—	6	11

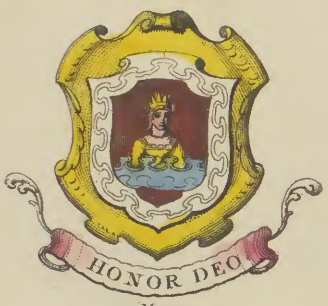
Gentlemen

Please to pay the above Contents to Mr. Wheble, or Order, and his Receipt will be the same as mine.—Any future Favours will have due Attention paid to them, and be gratefully acknowledged, by

Your obliged obedient Servant,

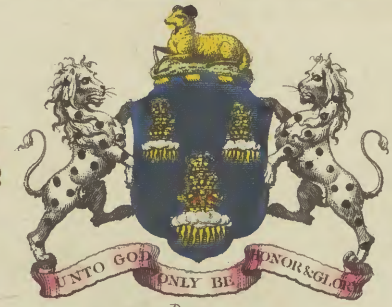
Wm. Cruttwell

The Hon.ble Vernon & Hood



Mercers

Grocers



Drapers

Fishmongers

Goldsmiths

Skinners

Merchant Taylors

Haberdashers

Salters

Ironmongers

Vintners

Clothworkers

Arms of the City of London, and of the Twelve Principal Livery Companies.

London, Published as the Act directs Nov.r 1.st 1815 by G. Jones.

Date about 1377

RICHARD 2ND

H Shaw

6 at 1½ — 0. 8. 9

7 ¾ 5 ¼

7 1 7

7 ¾ 5 ¼

7 1 7

7 1 ½ 9 ½

7 3 ½ 2 0 ½

6 ¾ 4 ½

6 —

2'

2½

3½

48

9½ 1-9

1¾ 3½

GEORGIANA DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.—A very curious and interesting collection of personal relics belonging to the famous beautiful Duchess whom Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough painted among their finest portraits was dispersed under the hammer of Messrs. Sotheby last week. These had long been treasured up by Lady Spencer-Clifford, along with many others which had belonged to Lady Betty Foster, the bosom friend of Georgiana, and who, strangely enough, after the death of the Duchess became herself her successor in the affections of the Duke as the second Duchess and was also painted by Sir Joshua. Besides many pretty trinkets—albums, Sèvres and Dresden cups and saucers, lockets with locks of hair, and bouquets of flowers dead this 100 years, there were a considerable number of autograph letters from eminent persons. Among these were several from Lady Byron to her husband, the poet, and one of great interest, which would seem entirely to confirm the views of Mr. Jeaffreson in the latest life of Byron, although it has not hitherto been publicly seen. There were also some poems in the autograph of Byron, one "Hear my Prayer," probably unpublished, dated 1812. This sold for £22 10s. (Bain). The packet with Lady Byron's letters sold for £21 (Thibaudeau). A letter from George IV. to the Duchess referring to her being presented at Court, dated March, 1810, sold for £11 15s. One from Lady Hamilton (Nelson's "Emma") to Lady Foster, sold for £10 15s. One from Lady Caroline Lamb, sister to Lord Melbourne, the Premier, brought £22 (Thibaudeau). Various letters of Lord Melbourne sold for £45, and his gold-headed walking cane, made from Hampden's tree, sold for £5, while his travelling writing desk brought £22. All of these relics of Lord Melbourne were bought by Mr. Wilson. Five letters of Madame Recamier, two of which were to Lady Foster, brought £10 5s. Five very interesting letters of the great Duke of Wellington to the Duchess of Devonshire, £20 10s. The most interesting of the personal relics was, perhaps, the album containing the poem by Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire, called the "Passage of St. Gothard," illustrated by drawings by her friend and travelling companion, Lady Elizabeth Foster, daughter of the Marquis of Bristol. The value of this album was, however, chiefly in the extremely beautiful miniature in oils by Angelica Kauffman, R.A., of the two ladies, which has been engraved. This album sold for £105. Another album contained poems by Georgiana and others, with various drawings, and the cover bore a charming miniature on ivory of the Duchess Georgiana, by R. Cosway, R.A. This sold for £65. A small library of books brought the total to a little under £1,000.

CATHEDRAL ESTABLISHMENTS COMMISSION.—This Commission held meetings on the 14th, 21st, and 27th ult. There were present the Bishop of Carlisle (chairman), Lord Cranbrook, Mr. Beresford-Hope, M.P., Sir Walter C. James, Mr. C. Dalrymple, M.P., the Dean of St. David's, the Dean of Worcester, Canon Wood, and Mr. Ellicott (secretary).

was acting. Directly after
terview, as was asserted, Archibald started post haste for Halifax to make the applications, while Lockhart, relying on his promise, remained at Salmon River. In the end the applications from both parties for the gold areas in question came before the Commissioner of Public Works and Mines, who took evidence and heard arguments lasting six days. The Commissioner decided that the appellants were entitled to leases of the areas applied for by them. That decision was reversed by the Supreme Court, who held that the applications of the respondents should have been entertained by the Commissioner, and not rejected, and that the appellants had failed in showing any rights under which a lease should have been granted.

Their LORDSHIPS, on Saturday, stated, after taking time to consider their decision, that they would humbly advise Her Majesty that the judgment of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia ought to be reversed, with costs, and that the appeal from the Commissioner to the Supreme Court ought to be dismissed, with costs in the court below.

The appeal was consequently allowed, with costs.

SUPREME COURT OF JUDICATURE.

COURT OF APPEAL.

(*Before the* MASTER *of the* ROLLS, *and* LORDS JUSTICES LINDLEY *and* FRY.)

THE MUNICIPAL PERMANENT INVESTMENT BUILDING SOCIETY V. KENT AND EDWARDS.

This was an action (heard on Saturday) to recover two sums of £125 and £43, being interest upon sums of money which had been advanced to the defendant Edwards, upon a certain indenture of mortgage. The defendant Kent had signed an agreement of guarantee. He defended the action, however, upon the ground that the signature to the agreement was insufficient under the Statute of Frauds. He had omitted to sign the body of the document itself, but had signed a note at the foot of it, purporting to be a receipt for a further advance which referred to the "within mentioned society." The society was only mentioned in the body of the document.

Mr. Justice Lopes, before whom the action was tried, having given judgment for the defendant Kent, the plaintiffs appealed.

Mr Charles, Q.C., Mr. Bowen Rowlands, Q.C., and Mr. T. Terrell appeared for the appellants; and Mr. Willis, Q.C., and Mr. T. Atkinson for the respondents.

The COURT were of opinion that the agreement was sufficiently signed, and that the defendant Kent was liable for the advances actually made on the indenture of mortgage. The appeal was, therefore, allowed.

(*Before the* MASTER *of the* ROLLS *and* LORD JUSTICE FRY.)

CUNNINGTON V. GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY.

This was an appeal by the plaintiff from an order of Mr. Justice Cave and Mr. Justice Day, allowing