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THE
English Metropolis ;
OR,
LONDON IN THE YEAR 1820.

CONTAINING
SATIRICAL STRICTURES
ON
PUBLIC MANNERS, MORALS, AND AMUSEMENTS ;
A Young Gentleman's Adventures ;

AND
CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTES OF SEVERAL EMINENT INDIVIDUALS
WHO NOW FIGURE IN THIS GREAT THEATRE OF
TEMPORARY EXHIBITION.

BY THE
AUTHOR OF A SATIRICAL VIEW OF LONDON.

" Houses, churches, mixt together,
Streets unpleasant in all weather ;
Gaudy things enough to tempt ye,
Showy outsides, insides empty ;
Lawyers, poets, priests, physicians,
Noble, simple, all conditions ;
Women, black, red, fair, and grey,
Prudes, and such as never pray ;
Many a beau without a shilling,
Many a widow not unwilling ;
Many a bargain if you strike it :
This is London—how d'ye like it !"

London :

Printed by Barnard and Farley ;
AND SOLD BY SHERWOOD, NEELY, AND JONES,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1820.



Dedication.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE GEORGE HARRY GREY,

EARL OF

STAMFORD AND WARRINGTON,

AND LORD-LIEUTENANT OF CHESHIRE.

MY LORD,

YOUR permission to inscribe this Work to your Lordship is truly gratifying to me, while it affords me an opportunity thus publicly to express my gratitude, for your benignity, and munificent patronage. Equally prized by the virtuous part of the community, for your genuine patriotism, and your unostentatious liberality as the patron of several public institutions; and esteemed by your friends, for those social

virtues which render Nobility still more illustrious : may your Lordship long continue, one of the ornaments of that superb "*Corinthian Column*," which adorns, while it supports the national edifice.

I remain,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's grateful,

and most obedient Servant,

JOHN CORRY.

London, March 1, 1820.

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THE
ENGLISH METROPOLIS;

OR,

LONDON IN THE YEAR 1820.

A BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF LONDON.

ALL the researches of our antiquaries have failed to discover the precise time when London was founded. Some authors trace its origin to the Aborigines, whom they assert were Goths, who settled in Britain long before this island was invaded by the Romans. Even the etymology of this city is attributed to those settlers, in whose language *lun* signified a grove, and *den* a town, or the town in the wood: other writers derive its name from the language of the ancient Britons, in which *leyn* is a lake, and *din* a town, or the town on the lake; but it must be evident to common sense, that both these conjectures are arbitrary, vague, and unsatisfactory.

The first historical account of London is that recorded by the Romans, whose common prac-

tice it was to give new names to the places which they conquered. They first called this city Londinum, and afterwards Augusta. London is mentioned by Tacitus as a place of some importance in the first century. "Suetonius," says he, "marched through the country as far as London, a place not dignified with the name of a colony, but the chief residence of merchants, and the great mart of trade and commerce."

Among the few remains of antiquity in this city, may be mentioned London Stone, near St. Swithin's church, in Cannon-street. It is *supposed* to have been the Milliarium of the Romans, from which they measured distances to their stations in Britain. Watling-street was one of the Roman military ways, and Old-street another. The first erection of the Tower of London was ascribed to Julius Cæsar by Fitz-Stephen, an historian of very doubtful authority; but it is certain that William I. erected a fortress on the present site of the Tower, to overawe his new subjects, the citizens of London. Westminster Abbey was built by King Edgar, in the year 968, and Westminster Hall by William II., about the latter end of the eleventh century. Some remains of the religious houses suppressed by Henry VIII. are to be found in the city, but they are inconsiderable, and neglected. This great metropolis has undoubtedly existed

nearly two thousand years, and has undergone many memorable vicissitudes since the huts of the Aborigines, and the more convenient mansions of the ancient Romans, were erected on the northern bank of the Thames. At the present moment, London is the most interesting spot on the habitable globe, whether considered as the nursery of arts, the centre of European commerce, the seat of the legislature, or the abode of a vast population. According to the computation of a living author, this world is inhabited by one thousand millions of human beings: of these London contains about one million, or a thousandth part of the population of the earth; and in what other community are such numerous and comfortable accommodations attainable, so much general knowledge, and so steady and uninterrupted an enjoyment of social happiness, secured and protected by the wise and impartial administration of equitable laws? As far as regards the human person and character, London presents an endless diversity to the observant eye, from the glossy sable of the African, to the perfect bloom of English feminine beauty; and from the imperfection of the misshapen dwarf, often to be met with in the city, to the elegant symmetry and majestic stature of the manly form. In mental endowments and acquirements, too, a most interesting gradation is

frequently perceptible in this metropolis, from the rustic simplicity and innocence of the village maid just arrived at her first place in town, to the beauty, grace, and refinement of the young lady,

“ ————— Adorn’d

With all that earth and heaven can bestow
To make her amiable ;”

and the gradual developement of mind, from the plain good sense of the industrious handicraftsman, intent upon earning his daily bread, up to the aspirations of the sagacious statesman, the successful researches of the experimental philosopher, and the inventive energy of the man of elevated imagination, who shines as a musical composer, an artist, or an author.

But while the city, as it is significantly called, is thronged with merchants, tradesmen, and the subordinate classes of society to whom they give employment ; while the pleased Rambler views alternately numerous warehouses stored with valuable merchandise, and shops overflowing with the most choice and elegant, as well as useful, productions of nature and art ; or gratifies the imagination with a glance at those magnificent edifices which adorn the eastern division of the metropolis, the western part is not without objects of equal, or, perhaps, still greater attraction :

Westminster has for many centuries been dis-

tinguished as the seat of government. It contains the edifice appropriated to the purposes of legislation, and the courts of law. It is also the principal residence of the nobility and gentry of the United Kingdom, who come to town about the end of autumn, and usually spend the winter here, except during the Christmas holidays, when many of them revisit their country seats, for the purposes of festivity, hospitality, and that noble munificence which they annually exercise by the distribution of clothing, fuel, provisions, and money, among their indigent neighbours.

The presence of some thousands of our opulent nobility, gentry, and merchants, in the west end of the town, operates as a powerful attractive to ingenious and aspiring individuals, who crowd thither to share the animating influence of wealthy patronage. Hence the mansions of the great are furnished with elegance and splendour beyond the power of description; and the drawing-room, and the assembly, display those polished circles where social parties with the freedom and propriety of polite manners, enjoy the delights of music, dancing, luxurious refection, and the still higher gratification of friendly conversation.

London has for several ages been gradually enlarged with a steady progression, arising from prosperous commerce; and its regular improvement has been the happy consequence of that

intellectual power and intelligence, for which the free mind is peculiarly pre-eminent. Genius, aided by wealth, has thus produced a city abounding with all the accommodations that man can require, or invention devise. The rapid improvement in the western part of the metropolis within the last fifty years, has been superior to that in any part of the world, with the exception, perhaps, of Liverpool. For many ages, the mansions erected by several of the nobility in Westminster and its vicinity, contributed essentially to the increase of this part of the capital, both in houses and population. Speculators purchased ground, marked out new streets and squares, and erected commodious and beautiful mansions. The salubrity of the place, the convenience of the tenements, and the hope of patronage from the great, soon induced tradesmen to occupy the new buildings; and numerous shops displayed the various merchandise of the mercer, the milliner, the embroiderer, the jeweller, the upholsterer, and all those trades which aid in the embellishment of a great city.

The erection of several modern edifices also contributed to the magnificence of London. Three new bridges across the Thames, in addition to the three which had for ages been the boast of this city, at once promoted the convenient intercourse of the public, and presented

noble objects to the observation of natives and foreigners. The new Custom House, erected on an extensive scale, is at once ornamental, and conducive to the success of commerce, by the facility it affords to the man of business ; the church of Mary-le-bone, near the Regent's Park, an ornamental edifice of stone ; and the new church of St. Pancras, another elegant structure, now nearly finished, constitute superb and durable ornaments to London.

Such is the bright side of the picture of modern London ; but many are the shades of human folly and profligacy with which it is interspersed. The English Metropolis has, indeed, often been a subject for the studied praise of those cunning and avaricious writers and publishers, who extolled it at the expence of truth, for the purpose of obtaining a temporary popularity for their productions. They manufactured their encomiums as Peter Pindar's razor-seller made his instruments—"to sell." Thus London has been repeatedly termed by them the greatest city in the world, the very source and centre of human ingenuity and happiness. The term *great* is certainly applicable to London, both as it regards the excellence and the vice of a multitudinous community. It is great in extent, population, commerce, opulence, the perfection and beauty of numberless articles manufactured for

the accommodation of man, and the embellishment of his habitation. But the vices indigenous to London are also great—nay, enormous : and so complicated is society, that virtue and vice seem in some instances so blended as to be incapable of separation.

Here, as a modern satirist too truly observes, “ Two gods divide the world, pleasure and gain.” The commercial residents in the eastern part of the capital, are particularly influenced by the love of money, while the majority of those who reside in the western division of this immense place, are evidently engaged in the pursuit of pleasure. Yet, if we may judge from the aspects, demeanour, and even the sentiments of such persons as come within the observation of sober reason, neither the man of business, nor the man of pleasure, have yet discovered the true path to felicity. In both characters, self-love is the predominant passion ; and no human being wholly devoted to the mere gratification of the passions, appetites, imagination, or vanity, ever found true happiness. From the social and sympathetic bias of the heart, which is never so delighted as when others share its joys, we feel that man was intended for society ; and that it is equally his duty and his interest to promote all communicable and innocent pleasures to those around him, if he wishes to be happy himself. But in a vast

and luxurious city like London, all the finer sensibilities of our nature seem absorbed by affectation. Here we may observe an individual who can sigh or weep at the representation of fictitious distress on the stage, but who will not give sixpence to real misery in the street. Another is inspired with all the gaiety of Thalia at a comedy, yet is as morose as a misanthrope at home. Indeed, London, like all other populous communities, seems totally at variance with truth and nature: all the delights and blandishments of society, when brought to the test of reason, appear to be merely an artificial and adroit accommodation of manners and sentiments to external circumstances; and love, friendship, nay religion, are but secondary things, if placed in competition with the profits of trade, or even the most trivial entertainment which cherishes or gratifies self-love.

The frauds of London have already been described with sufficient minuteness by Colquhoun; but the perpetrators of crime who now infest society seem characterized by peculiar desperation and obduracy; insomuch, that precocious villany has reared its unblushing front at the public bar, and mere boys have been convicted of the high crimes of burglary and foot-pad robbery, formerly supposed to be practicable only by the most bold and desperate adventurers.

Forgery has also, it appears, been successfully practised by very fine young gentlemen ; and swindling has stained the honour of beaux and heroes ! Thus we are informed of " The sudden disappearance of a man of fashion, who has long taken the lead in the gay haunts at the west end of town. He held high rank in the army, and is an accomplished scholar. An unhappy predilection for play is the cause assigned for his abrupt departure. Some of his friends are said to be under acceptances for a very considerable sum. All his tradesmen are left unpaid ; and more than one hotel-keeper has reason to bewail his loss. The fugitive has winged his flight to the continent."—So much for the superior refinement of modern swindling !

Our great moralist, Dr. Johnson, has but too truly called London " the needy villain's general home ;" and undoubtedly numerous adventurers, who have cheated their creditors in various parts of the United Kingdom, seek shelter here. On the other hand, thousands of estimable and amiable men and women, of every class in society, adorn this great city, contribute by their powers to its prosperity, and obtain the esteem of all who know them.

THE ENGLISH METROPOLIS is situated in 51 degrees, 31 minutes north latitude, and is 400 miles south of Edinburgh, 270 miles south-east

of Dublin, 100 west of Amsterdam, 223 north-west of Paris, 690 north-east of Madrid, 800 north-west of Rome, 850 north-west of Lisbon, 500 south-west of Copenhagen, 790 south-west of Stockholm, 1,360 north-west of Constantinople, 1,414 south-west of Moscow.

This great metropolis is sixty miles distant from the sea; it is built on the banks of the river Thames; is about seven miles in length, from east to west, but of an irregular breadth; being in some parts two miles, in others three, and at the broadest part four miles. Its three distinct and municipal divisions are, the city of London, the city of Westminster, and the borough of Southwark, which, with their extensive suburbs, cover a space of more than twenty miles in circumference. London and Westminster rise regularly from the northern bank of the Thames, and cover several hills diversified by the pleasing variety of gentle slopes and vallies; and when viewed from Blackfriar's bridge, presenting to the admiring eyes of the spectator a vast and magnificent amphitheatre, decorated with stately edifices and spacious streets, and enlivened by the ever-varying spectacle of a busy and crowded population.

According to a modern computation, which, however, is rather questionable, London is stated to contain 8000 streets, lanes, alleys, and courts;

60 squares, and 160,000 houses and warehouses. But according to the Population Return of 1811, this metropolis then contained 149,430 houses, including those building and uninhabited; and since that period there have been but few new houses built, so that the real number is probably not more than 150,000. A similar exaggeration has, from time to time, been presented of the population. In the year 1801, the population of London was ascertained to be 900,000; yet, such is the desire to overrate, that it was then asserted to contain at least one million of inhabitants. The number in 1811, amounted to 1,009,546, including a space of eight miles round St. Paul's cathedral, and consequently comprising the inhabitants of several towns and villages near the metropolis; yet this ample return did not satisfy those multipliers of mankind, who are ever ready to sacrifice veracity to vanity, for London, according to their estimate, contains at least 1,250,000 human beings.

The principal streets of London are wide, and well paved in the middle, with a broad foot-way of flags, raised above the carriage-way for the safety and accommodation of passengers. Beneath the pavement large arched sewers communicate with the houses by smaller ones, with the street by small openings covered with iron grating, and with the Thames, which contributes much to the

cleanliness and health of the inhabitants of this populous place. The houses on each side of these streets are lofty, spacious, and commodious, generally four stories high, and chiefly occupied by tradesmen, whose shops present the most beautiful and perfect productions of nature and art for the general accommodation of man. There are two extensive lines of commercial streets from east to west, the principal of which begins at Mile End, and thence through White-chapel, Aldgate, Leadenhall-street, Cornhill, Cheapside, St. Paul's Church-yard, Ludgate-hill, Fleet-street, the Strand, Pall Mall, St. James's-street, and Piccadilly, to the southern side of Hyde Park. But besides these numerous storehouses of merchandise, there are also many thousand shops in various directions; and where-soever the ramblor moves, new and attractive objects, both animate and inanimate, afford a perpetual variety for the gratification of the most curious mind. The general appearance of the houses in London is that of neatness, and the ample supplies of water afforded by the Thames and New River water-works, are essentially conducive to the health and comfort of the inhabitants.

Among the edifices which adorn this metropolis, St. Paul's Church is the most magnificent. It is situated near the northern bank of the

Thames, and when viewed from Blackfriar's bridge in the vicinity, presents one of the noblest ornaments of superb architecture ever beheld by the human eye. This beautiful cathedral is built of Portland stone, in the form of a cross, adorned in the central part by a lofty dome, on the summit of which is a light and elegant lantern, ornamented with Corinthian columns, and surrounded by a balcony. The lantern supports a gilded globe, which is surmounted by a cross. The interior length of the edifice is 500 feet, the breadth 250, the height to the top of the cross is 500, and the circumference 2,292 feet. This cathedral is adorned by three porticos: the western is the principal, and consists of twelve stately fluted Corinthian columns, over which eight composite columns support a grand pediment enculptured with the history of St. Paul's conversion, beautifully executed in basso-relievo. But it is impossible to convey by words a distinct idea of the general magnificence of the noblest Protestant church in the world, the very appearance of which instantly brings to the recollection of the man of taste, the descriptive lines of Pope:

When we view some well-proportion'd dome,
 The world's just wonder, and even thine, O Rome!
 No single parts unequally surprise,
 All comes united to th' admiring eyes.

Next to St. Paul's cathedral for magnificence, and even greater in extent, is that fine monument of gothic architecture Westminster Abbey, or the collegiate church of St. Peter. On its site once stood a temple dedicated to Apollo by the Roman settlers in Britain. Sebert, King of the West Saxons, erected a Christian college on the spot, which was repaired by Edward the Confessor in 1065; Henry III. rebuilt it, and Henry VII. added the chapel which is known by his name.

It is a magnificent gothic structure in the form of a long cross; the choir is the most beautiful in Europe, and is celebrated as the place of coronation of the Kings and Queens of England.

The Abbey contains many superb monuments of kings, statesmen, heroes, poets, and other memorable men who were distinguished for their patriotism, wisdom, genius, and learning.

Many of the churches in the Metropolis are heavy inelegant structures, erected in obscure streets and confined situations, and aptly described in the line,

"Houses, Churches, mixt together."

But there are also several beautiful edifices consecrated to public worship, particularly St. Martin's in the Fields, and St. George's, Han-

over Square, each of which is adorned with an elegant portico. St. Mary-le-Strand is built in the most beautiful proportions of architecture, and St. Stephen's Walbrook has long been admired for the superior beauty of its interior architecture. Among the modern churches that of St. Mary-le-Bone is remarkable for a spacious and stately portico composed of eight columns and two pilasters of Portland stone, in the Corinthian order ; it has a projection on each side supported by columns, and the circular turret on the roof is adorned by small Corinthian columns, contains a clock and bells, and is crowned by a gilt vane. This church is built north and south, and the northern front, which is opposite the Regent's Park, contributes by its noble and picturesque appearance to the general beauty of the spot. Another new church, that of St. Pancras, is of Portland stone, in the Ionic order, built due east and west, opposite Seymour Place, Somerstown. It will probably be finished in the course of the year 1820, and be equally ornamental to the neighbourhood, and convenient to its numerous inhabitants.

The TOWER OF LONDON, which has been the scene of many a tragic and affecting event, is the only fortress in the city. It is situated on the northern bank of the Thames, eastward of London Bridge, and was inhabited by the sove-

reigns of England till the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It is a place of considerable extent, and contains the Jewel Office, Mint, three armouries, and the royal train of artillery. The menagerie, near the west entrance, has for ages been a principal object of attraction to rustic visitors, who on their arrival considered it indispensable to see the lions.

ROYAL PALACES.

St. James's Palace was an hospital, founded before the Conquest, for fourteen leprous females and eight males. It was surrendered to Henry VIII. in 1532, who erected the present edifice, and enclosed St. James's Park as a place of amusement and exercise to the inmates of this palace and Whitehall. Queen Anne made this palace her winter residence, and it was also preferred as such by George I. and George II. His late Majesty George III., however, gave the preference to the late Queen's Palace, or Buckingham House, at the western extremity of St. James's Park.

St. James's Palace is a plain structure of brick, but contains several commodious state apartments.

The late Queen's Palace is a handsome building of brick, erected in 1703 by the Duke of

Buckingham, and purchased by George III. in 1761, for the royal residence. The apartments are magnificent: it also contains a valuable library, and the rear of the structure is adorned by extensive and beautiful gardens.

But the principal palace in the metropolis is Carlton House, the present residence of his Majesty King George the Fourth. It is situated at the northern extremity of St. James's Park, was rebuilt a few years ago, and contains several commodious apartments, furnished in the most splendid manner. The armoury, which occupies three large rooms, is the most curious in Europe, and contains the rarest specimens of ancient and modern armour.

The principal front of Carlton House is magnificent, and divided from Pall Mall by a low screen, surmounted by a fine colonnade in the Ionic order.

Opposite the front of this palace a small square, called Waterloo-place, and a regular street, extending along the gradual ascent to the end of Piccadilly, will, when finished, add considerably to the architectural beauty of this part of the town. It is to be regretted, however, that the bad taste of the architect has induced him to form the fronts of the houses, and even the columns at the entrances, of that composition termed Roman cement, or, in plain English, *plaster*; which is so

liable, by its cracks and flaws, to discover the deformities of its very perishable substance. The fronts of those two fine lines of building ought to have been either solid Portland stone, or good Greystock brick, either of which would have combined durability with elegance, and harmonized with the magnificence of the palace at the southern end.

The only remains of Whitehall Palace is the *Banqueting-house*, which stands on the east side of Parliament-street. It is an exquisitely beautiful piece of architecture, of hewn stone, two stories high, adorned with columns and pilasters of the Ionic and composite orders, the capitals of which are ornamented with ensculptured foliage and fruit: the roof is covered with lead, and surrounded by a balustrade.

The other remarkable public buildings in Westminster, besides the Abbey already mentioned, are the Horse-Guards, a structure of stone; the Admiralty, a large brick building; Westminster Hall, the House of Lords, and the House of Commons.

PUBLIC COMMERCIAL BUILDINGS.

Of these, the Royal Exchange, founded by Sir Thomas Gresham in 1566, and opened in the presence of Queen Elizabeth in 1570, is remark-

able not only as the noblest fabric of the kind in the world, but the facility which is afforded in its ample square for the intercourse of merchants of all nations.

The Royal Exchange was destroyed by the great fire in 1666, and rebuilt of Portland stone in its present form, by Sir Christopher Wren, at the expence of 80,000*l*.

The Bank of England is an extensive and strong edifice of stone, situated to the north-west of Cornhill. The front is built in the Ionic order, and consists of a centre and two wings, adorned by a colonnade. The company of the Bank of England was incorporated by act of Parliament in 1694. Their original capital was limited to 1,200,000*l*., but it has been augmented at different periods, and now amounts to 14,608,500*l*.

The Custom House is an extensive modern edifice, the first stone of which was laid by the Earl of Liverpool, on the 25th of October, 1813. The south front is of Portland stone, and is plain, with the exception of some figures in the alto-relievo which adorn the attic; but the eastern and western fronts are highly decorated with allegorical imagery. The long-room, perhaps the most spacious in Europe, is 190 feet long, 66 wide, and proportionably high.

The East India House is situated on the south

side of Leadenhall-street, and contains the offices of the greatest and most opulent commercial company in the world. The front of this edifice is of stone, adorned in the centre with six fluted columns in the Ionic order, and a pediment, containing several emblematic figures.

PUBLIC OFFICES.

Somerset-place is a magnificent edifice of stone, situated in the Strand. The grand entrance, by three lofty arches, opens to a spacious vestibule, ornamented with columns in the Doric order. The vestibule contains the rooms of the Royal Society, the Society of Antiquarians, and the Royal Academy of Arts.

The southern front, on the verge of the Thames, is erected on a terrace fifty-three feet wide, which is erected on a rustic basement, supported by an arcade of thirty-two arches, each twenty-four feet high, and twelve feet wide. This arcade is adorned by rusticated Ionic columns, and the whole front may now be viewed to great advantage from Waterloo Bridge, to which it adds much magnificence. A particular description of this vast edifice would occupy several pages; it will amply gratify the curiosity of the visitor, whether a man of taste or a man of business. It contains twenty one public offices, with commodious apartments

in each, for the accommodation of a secretary, a porter, and their families.

The British Museum is situated in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury. The edifice is built on the plan of the Thuilleries, and was erected by Ralph, first Duke of Montague. It contains a grand collection of antiquities, books, and natural curiosities, well worthy of the attention of every visitor to London.

Besides the before-mentioned public buildings, the metropolis contains many others, including no less than forty-nine large halls belonging to the incorporated companies of traders and artisans.

The Guildhall, or public hall of the city of London, is situated at the northern end of King-street, Cheapside. It was founded in the year 1411. The new front, built in 1789, is a superb piece of gothic architecture, and the hall harmonizes with the beautiful exterior; it is a very magnificent room, 153 feet long, 48 broad, and 55 high, adorned with monuments erected to the memory of Mr. Beckford, Lord Mayor of London; the first Earl of Chatham; and his son, the Right honourable William Pitt, and numerous portraits of Kings and Queens of England.

THE RIVER THAMES AND ITS SIX MAGNIFICENT BRIDGES.

This far famed river, celebrated by historians and poets, and to which the English metropolis is chiefly indebted for its opulence and grandeur as a commercial city, takes its rise from a large spring called **Thames Head**, two miles south-west of **Cirencester**, in **Gloucestershire**. It is navigable by ships of 800 tons up to **London Bridge**, and by the largest ships to **Deptford** and **Greenwich**. The whole course of the **Thames** from its source till it falls into the sea, is 200 miles; at **London** it is about a quarter of a mile broad, and at **Gravesend** a mile.

The banks of the **Thames**, in the metropolis, are lined with large manufactories, such as iron foundries, glass-houses, &c.; and capacious warehouses, where merchandize is stored by the wharfingers. Wharfs are of two classes, one named **Legal Quays**, and the other **Sufferance Wharfs**, and certain goods are appropriated to each. The business of a wharfinger is of great importance, insomuch that their stores are the repositories of the principal wealth of this great metropolis; and they, with the lightermen, ticket porters, and other assistants, manage the whole of the water-side business—such as lightering,

landing, housing, unhousing, loading, and delivering every description of merchandize.

LONDON BRIDGE, the most ancient in this metropolis, was first built of wood, in the eleventh century. It was for ages encumbered with houses on each side, which overhung the arches, and leaned in a terrible manner. They were removed in 1756, when the upper part of the bridge was rebuilt in a very elegant modern style. The water-works on the north-west side of the bridge supply a considerable part of the inhabitants of the city with water. There is also a water-wheel at the southern angle of this bridge, which throws up the water into a large pipe, and affords a supply of that element to Southwark.

SOUTHWARK BRIDGE is intended to form a communication from the bottom of Queen-street, Cheapside, to Bankside. It consists of three large arches of cast-iron, placed upon piers and abutments of stone.

BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE is a most magnificent ornament to the metropolis. Its situation is admirably adapted to add to the effect of its beautiful architecture, being nearly in the central part of the capital, combining utility with elegance as a place of transit, and presenting a very general view of the greatest city in the world from its central elevation.

This bridge has eight piers, adorned with Ionic pillars, which support nine elliptical arches. It is built of Portland stone; is 1,100 feet long, and 42 broad, with flagged footpaths, and recesses for the accommodation of passengers. Its gradual elevation adds much to its picturesque and majestic beauty—especially when compared with the dull plane of Waterloo Bridge, which has been overpraised by the pretenders to a taste for architecture.

WATERLOO BRIDGE crosses the Thames from the western angle of Somerset House to Lambeth Marsh. It consists of nine regular arches, and is so flat that it reminds the traveller of the aqueduct which conveys the Lancaster canal over the river Lane, about half a mile from that town; with this difference, that the latter has only five, and the former nine arches. But, notwithstanding its dull flatness, it is a magnificent structure, erected by the subscription of a joint-stock company, sanctioned by an act of Parliament. Their capital is one million sterling; but whether the tolls required of passengers will ever repay the interest of the money is very doubtful, when its comparatively remote situation, and the *free passage* over Blackfriars Bridge, in a much more populous and central part of the town, are considered.

WESTMINSTER BRIDGE. This beautiful ornament of the west end of the town is 1,223 feet long, 44 feet wide; it has thirteen large, and two small arches, and is adorned with twenty-eight semi-octangular towers.

VAUXHALL BRIDGE. This is the most unimportant structure of the kind in the metropolis. It crosses the river at Millbank, to the opposite vicinity of Vauxhall Gardens; consists of nine arches of cast-iron, supported by piers of stone; and is said to have cost 300,000*l*.

There are many other architectural ornaments in this great city, among which the **MONUMENT**, situated 200 yards north of London Bridge, is remarkable. It is a fluted column of the Doric order, 202 feet high. It was erected in memory of the great fire, which, in 1666, broke out at a house on the spot, and destroyed the metropolis from the Tower to Temple Bar. The inscription on the pedestal, imputing the calamity to Popish incendiaries, excited the indignation of Pope, who alludes to it in one of his satires in the following lines :

“ London’s column pointing to the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies.”

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON THE VARIOUS CLASSES OF THE INHABITANTS OF LONDON.

Major famæ sitis est quam
Virtutis; quis enim virtutem amplectitur ipsam,
Præmia si tollas? JUVENAL.

FROM the foregoing descriptive Sketch of the Topography of London, and of its principal edifices, the transition to strictures on the manners of the inhabitants, is obvious and natural. In this respect the metropolis is as unrivalled as it is in every other distinction, which marks it as the capital of the British Isles, and the first city on the habitable globe.

A classification of the population of London might appear formal and absurd, if not impracticable; yet certain it is, that the different gradations of society are almost as distinctly perceptible, as if there had been a philosophical arrangement of this vast community.

Next to the Royal Family, our nobility are conspicuous, not only for their hereditary honours, immense revenues, and splendid establishments, but in numerous instances for their intellectual refinement, elevation of sentiment, be-

nignity and amenity of manners, and that characteristic munificence, which has been inculcated by their parents and preceptors, and enforced by the liberality of their intimate friends, till it has become so habitual as to be considered an indispensable duty. The English nobleman is generous because he is a nobleman, and however parsimonious his natural disposition may be, he is obliged to "assume a virtue," so general among his countrymen of high rank. Hence our nobility continue to be as their ancestors have for ages been, the patrons of every ornamental and useful art, which contributes to the gratification or improvement of society; and the architect, the artist, and the author, are successful, beneath the animating influence of combined opulence and taste.

That there are worthless and insignificant, as well as profligate, individuals among our nobility, cannot be denied; but the number is now comparatively few, and those shrink from the scrutinizing glance of an enlightened and high-spirited community, whose animadversions make vice and folly tremble in the inmost recesses of the most splendid mansion. Indeed, a comparison of public manners in London twenty years ago, and at the present moment, must convince the most sceptical, respecting national amelioration of morals, that a steady, and it is to be

hoped progressive improvement distinguishes the present age, above all former periods in the history of this capital.

From the beginning of the present century to the present moment, there has been a gradual change in the morals, not only of persons in high life, but throughout the community, which is peculiarly delightful to the speculative mind; and highly beneficial to the individual and the community.

Twenty years ago profligacy had attained a gigantic form, and moved with the celerity and importance of a conqueror in this great city. The monster then displayed as many heads as the fabled Hydra. Gaming, drunkenness, duelling, musical parties on Sunday evenings, concubinage in all its ramifications, and adultery, in all its infamous and nauseous varieties, vitiated many individuals of very exalted rank, whose example and influence produced a shocking vitiation of morals, not only among their immediate dependants, but throughout the inferior ranks of society. Trials for *crim. con.*, as they were then gaily and politely termed, became a kind of public amusement; our courts of justice were thronged by curious tyros in the art of seduction; our newspapers were filled with the nonsensical ribaldry, and indecent explanation deposed by witnesses, to substantiate facts, and

criminate male and female profligates; while pamphlets, containing those trials, written by needy sensualists, and published by unprincipled booksellers, spread the contagion of vice among the vulgar herd, who always grasp with avidity whatever has a tendency to depreciate their superiors. This pestilential crime, which seemed to menace the gradual dissolution of matrimonial and collaterally of national honour, derived much of its pernicious energy, from the circumstance that the delinquents were permitted to marry; and hence, in some instances, divorce was in reality a cause of exultation to the shameless violator of the first connubial vow. But although the laws could not punish the offender in a signal and efficient manner, the indignant aversion of an enlightened community, by unanimously setting the stamp of infamy on the names of the adulterer and adultress, terrified many gay and dissolute beings, and compelled them to pay some deference to the public opinion, whatever might be their own propensity to folly and vice. The natural decay too of some first-rate sensualists counteracted the spread of dishonour among us, insomuch that conjugal infidelity is now out of countenance. Several of its warmest advocates and audaciously shameless practitioners, whose example for a time concealed its deformity, are become superannuated. Their limbs will no

longer perform the service of vice; their grey beards and hollow eyes remind them of mortality; the palsy, atrophy, and death itself, assail them; and they can no longer empoison the springs of social morality, even if they felt the inclination. The inferior degrees of incontinence have also fallen into disrepute, and matrimony is again in fashion.

As for the follies of the great, though some traces of frivolity and levity remain, yet those foibles are trivial, compared with the exploits of men who aspired to notoriety twenty years ago. We seldom hear of the mad pranks of the Four-in-hand Club, who made such a noise, and raised such a dust, at that period. Bacchanalian orgies are also less frequent and celebrated, since the wit of S——, and the good humour of F——, ceased to enliven those convivial circles, where they shone like stars of the first magnitude, and Hamlet's apostrophe to the skull of Yorick is now applicable to theirs.

When the beauties of spring invite our nobility to the country, the citizen feels all the regret of selfishness at their temporary absence. He explores his ledger with a heavy heart, and beholds the accumulated account unpaid, while his noble customers are flying away from him on horses as fleet as the wind. Well may he cen-

sure the tardiness of some *honourable men* in the payment of their bills!

The dealers in lace, millinery, perfumery, and cosmetics, have most reason to repine at the annual excursions of the fashionable and gay. Our nobility, indeed, like the genial sun, give existence to the various insect tribes of effeminacy that thrive only in their fostering smiles.

If the votaries of pleasure pay a transient visit to the antique castles of their ancestors, where hospitality once reigned, they soon grow listless, and all the charms of Flora's musky tribes afford them little amusement. Impatient of solitude, and unable to bear the presence of reflection, they hasten to some watering place, where they purify their exterior by frequent ablutions. Can vice exist where external purity prevails? Alas! the cold-bath is too often resorted to as a preparative for the repetition of new excesses during the next winter's campaign in the metropolis; and though our modern goddesses rise like Venus irresistibly charming from the sea, yet few of them are possessed of the chastity of Diana.

A variety of amusements gratify the fancy of the frequenters of watering-places. The morning ride, or walk along the shore; the agreeable trip in a pleasure-boat; the newest publications at the circulating libraries; and the exhibition

of pantomimes and farces at the temporary theatres. The whispers of scandal, and the sighs of wantonness, vibrate in unison, as the gay throng wander through the deceptive labyrinth of unreal pleasure—

“ That, like the circle, bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, and as they follow, flies.”

In this vortex of dissipation, the fair sex are made giddy with the flattery of their beaux: here the kept-mistress rears her supercilious front with unblushing confidence; and wantonness, sanctioned by the approving smile of the crowd, appears amiable! What an excellent school for the youthful, modest virgin! Here the modish rake will exercise every artifice to effect her seduction. His graceful form, elegant manners, and the ease attained by having seen the world, render this accomplished lover irresistible; in-somuch that, allured by his seductive wiles, she elopes with her betrayer, mars her own happiness, and blasts the hope of her fond parents.

Were you, ye fair, but cautious whom ye trust,
Did you but know how seldom fools are just;
So many of your sex would not in vain,
Of broken vows, and faithless men complain.

ROWE.

Were persons of quality unanimous in pro-

moting virtue and decency, we might soon hope to see a favourable change in the manners of the people. But where are those magnanimous individuals, who will, with a noble fortitude and self-denial, begin the work of public reformation by their example ? Where is that gigantic mind, that, rising superior to the derision of fashionable vanity, and contemning the childish vagaries of a disordered imagination, wisely prefers the approbation of the *Deity*, and the “ *sunshine of the breast,*” to the fantastic joys of effeminacy and profligacy !

Let such truly great minds shine on the world of fashion, like light rising out of chaos, and by their brightness expose the deformity of vice and the misery of dissipation. Such benign beings may yet, like ministering angels, cherish the good propensities of the human heart, and convince the rest of our nobility, gentry, nay, the whole community, that decency of dress and manners, purity of heart, charity to man, and piety to God, only, can conduct mortals to the blissful regions of eternal felicity.

Next to the nobility in rank, importance, and respectability, are those gentlemen of landed property, whose senatorial duties require their presence in London during several months in the year, and, excepting the distinction of a title, there is a very great similarity of manners and

habits, as well as an intimate social intercourse, between them and the hereditary legislators of the upper House. The vast estates, and great wealth of many of our country gentlemen, entitle them to that distinction and superiority in London, which have been considered the peculiar privileges of the opulent in all ages of the world; and the progression of civilized society; and the candid and unbiassed observer will readily acknowledge, that the majority of our numerous and enlightened gentry, well deserve the riches they possess; and are equally distinguishable, while in town, for their liberal encouragement of the fine arts, and exemplary in the country for their munificence to those around them, and their unostentatious manners.

In London, like the nobility, they hold a very important place in society, and contribute, by the expense of their extensive establishments, to the general prosperity of this capital, where a very considerable part of their income is annually circulated; in return for which, they receive numerous gratifications from the productions of nature and art, which they could not obtain elsewhere, on any terms. In many instances, they are patrons of whatever they conceive to be praiseworthy or useful; and their munificence in the promotion of every institution, that has a tendency to improve the human mind, or mitigate

the evils of life, are unequalled by the great in any other community in the world. Some silly and imbecile votaries of affectation and folly, occasionally appear, in what is termed the fashionable world ; but they merely serve to amuse the more sensible and refined nobility and gentry, with whom, in consequence of their rank, they are suffered to mingle. Indeed, the gaieties and whims of flighty individuals, serve to amuse their acquaintance, just as the buffooneries of the comedian, the rant of the tragedian, and the agility of the dancer, afford them a pleasurable spectacle on the public stage.

It has been almost the invariable custom with writers on popular manners, to satirize the higher classes of society, without much discrimination. To censure those above us is natural enough, because, though we cannot emulate, we may envy them ; but truth requires more dignified strictures ; if vices or follies become dangerous as imitable pursuits, they ought to be exposed ; but the variations in dress, or even manners, while they continue inoffensive, and have no tendency to violate decency, or pervert sentiment, may be suffered to pass away without comment, or amuse the spectator, like the transient display of the butterfly on the wing.

Whoever will candidly and dispassionately observe the conduct of the nobility and gentry of

the United Kingdom, must acknowledge, that in all their transactions, integrity and liberality are conspicuous virtues. Educated with the utmost care, their minds imbued with the most virtuous precepts and honourable sentiments, they constitute an illustrious assemblage in the embellishment of society in London. By them, the fine and the useful arts, are patronised with a promptitude and munificence, unknown in other nations. When they retire to their rural mansions, many of which are adorned with the costliest ornaments of Grecian architecture, and surrounded by every species of sylvan beauty, they enlighten and cheer those surrounding husbandmen and their families, who are so happy as to come within their observation. In retirement, the virtues of our nobility and gentry, are productive of the most beneficial effects among their tenantry and dependents; and in numerous instances, they perform the duties of true patriots, by the encouragement of industry, by premiums and other benefactions; and the inculcation of piety and morality, by the endowment of institutions for the instruction of youth. Yet we seldom meet an encomium on the virtues of those estimable individuals, because they are unostentatious; like the luminary of day they cheer and enlighten all within the sphere of their in-

fluence, and their best earthly reward, is the contemplation of that felicity enjoyed by others, to which they are instrumental.

But while thousands of our manly and generous countrymen in *high life*, thus promote the happiness of their dependants and friends, there are, it must be confessed, some gross sensualists of very high rank indeed; who, in a moral sense, contaminate whatever they touch, shine to allure, and smile to destroy! Beneath their baleful influence, purity of heart, delicacy of sentiment, and dignity of mind, are exposed to debasement, and too often perish in the dreadful ordeal. The only safety for the ingenuous youth, or the blushing virgin, is to fly from the seductive fascination of voluptuousness, lest they become as impure, unfeeling and impious as the obdurate votary of habitual licentiousness.

The love of amusement, so natural to the human mind, is, doubtless, the master-passion of the frivolous, gay and thoughtless in every class of society, not only among the youthful votaries of pleasure, but thousands, who have "grown early grey but never wise," in pursuit of that phantom of perishable delight, obtainable in great cities. In this respect our nobility and gentry possess a great superiority over merchants and tradesmen, whose attention is preoccupied by bu-

siness; hence the wealth and munificence of persons of quality not only gives them a pre-eminence, but renders them the arbiters of fashion and taste; their patronage ensures the success of the ingenious sculptor, painter, and engraver; and even on the public stage, the player is chiefly indebted to their approbation, for that very temporary fame, acquired by excellence in the histrionic art.

Much of the prosperity of tradesmen in London arises from the liberality, and elegant luxury of our nobility and gentry, whose mansions, shining with the splendour of a palace, are decorated with the costliest furniture, paintings, and books, which can be produced by human ingenuity in its highest state of perfection.

While the noblemen and the country gentlemen thus contribute to the embellishment of London, the merchants of this celebrated emporium of commerce, are still greater public benefactors, not only to their fellow-citizens, but the inhabitants of the whole British empire. Within the last half century, the foreign and domestic traffic of England in general, and this metropolis in particular, has increased beyond credibility; wealth has flowed into our seaports from every point of the compass, and while the mercantile property obtained by the knowledge, activity and application of our manufacturers and merchants, has

enabled us to supply the wants of most European nations, the consequent acquisition of wealth by trade raised the landed property of our nobility and gentry to double its former value. Hence the princely revenues which they possess; revenues more valuable than those dependent upon commerce, because not liable to fluctuation or accident.

To the English merchant then, our nobility, and even the king on his throne, owe the increase of their income, while all the elegant accommodations, and even the comfortable necessities of life, have been multiplied and more easily obtainable by persons in every gradation of civilized society.

Most of the magnificent as well as useful improvements which adorn modern London, originated in the public spirit and opulence of her merchants. The three new bridges over the Thames, which at once adorn the capital, and facilitate the intercourse with the inhabitants on the southern side of that river, were built by the subscriptions of merchants. Those excellent literary and philosophical establishments, the London, and Surry Institutions, also arose from the munificence and taste of men engaged in trade; and the numerous improvements in the streets, edifices, and police of London, so conducive to the convenience of residents and vi-

sitors, have been effected by the indefatigable perseverance of the corporation of this great city; or, in other words, by her patriotic merchants and tradesmen.

That there are men actively engaged in trade, who are a dishonour to the British name and nation, will not be denied by any person at all conversant with public life. Nefarious speculators will insinuate themselves into the best regulated communities, and fraudulent bankrupts, at once cheat their creditors, and destroy their own peace of mind, by premeditated perjuries; but the merchants of London, with a few exceptions, are not only the glory of their native city, as the successful contributors to its prosperity and aggrandizement, but an honour to human nature itself, by their unimpeachable probity, and their liberal habits, sentiments, and manners.

As public characters, the punctuality and credit of our merchants have long been established; and when any national exigence requires a contribution, the generosity of the mercantile body equals even that of the nobility.

In private life they generally are amiable characters. But, however estimable when detached from business, they seem to consider many evils, connected with commerce, as necessary consequences, and therefore venial. Commerce, that empress of luxury and dissipation, pours her

treasures into this city ; the people become selfish ; and while Trade liberally rewards her votaries, she laughs at the scruples of conscience. What was once stigmatized with the name of *extortion*, is now softened into *speculation*. Speculation is a sonorous word, applied with great success both in trade and philosophy ; but its true meaning in plain English is **IMPOSITION**. The speculating merchant looks forward, and perceives that there will probably be a scarcity of an article of commerce : he hastens to purchase : the event justifies his expectation, and he sells his merchandise, for perhaps double the price it cost.

But this is a very moderate monopoly. Let us, for a moment, turn our eyes toward the East, and we will behold an inoffensive people deprived of their possessions by men whom they never injured, and who live in affluence and luxury on the spoils of the widow and the fatherless. What says Commerce?—they are *all honourable men*.

The spirit of enterprise in this vast city is astonishing. Cornfactors monopolize our grain ; and even dairymen prevent the waste of milk and butter, by enhancing the price of these necessities.

Many slight deviations from rectitude are overlooked in civilized society. Perhaps the

most pernicious evil which accompanies wealth is, the idea that every thing is purchasable; that the integrity and talents of men, and the chastity of women, may be sacrificed on the altar of Mammon; nay, that love and even friendship are venal. This assertion, though plausible, and in too many instances applicable, is not generally true; and it were much to be wished, for the honour of human nature, that its fallacy should be exposed by every lover of social happiness.

Those moralists, who contend that mankind are happier in a state of agricultural and pastoral simplicity than in communities where commerce prevails, seem to have forgot that "*strength of mind is exercise, not rest;*" and that we enjoy a thousand conveniences and elegances unknown to the untutored agriculturists of Otaheite, or even of the Western Isles of Scotland.

A classification of the merchants of London is requisite to impress the mind of the reader with a proper idea of the order which prevails in the various departments of the greatest commercial community that ever existed on earth. The first or highest class of merchants, chiefly reside at the west end of the town, and assimilate in manners and habits with the nobility and gentry, with whom, in many instances, they are intermarried, or on habits of the most amicable intimacy. Some of them are members of the lower House,

and they are in general, very rich. These commercial men commonly go to the city about noon, and amuse themselves with whatever intelligence is afloat respecting trade. They never take an active part in business, for their affairs are transacted by deputy, even to the writing of letters. They return home early in the afternoon, and generally dine about six o'clock.

The second class of merchants are more industrious. They are mostly very opulent, and reside in their country houses in the vicinity of London, particularly in or near Hackney, Hornmerton, Blackheath, and Camberwell. They generally arrive in the city at ten o'clock in winter, and nine in summer; and spend the early part of the day in making inquiries respecting the markets. Their information is obtained from brokers, who act as agents between buyer and seller. They appear at the Royal Exchange from four to five o'clock in the afternoon; write their letters after 'Change hours, and then return home.

A third class of merchants rank with ship brokers, like them are very assiduous in business; and their hours of refreshment depend upon commercial circumstances.

Ship brokers act between merchants and masters of vessels, and are paid by the latter, at an agreed rate on the amount of their freight. Thus,

sale brokers, ship brokers, and insurance brokers, with the inferior gradations of custom-house agents, wharfingers, lightermen, &c. transact the import and export business of London, by the instruction and authority of the merchant; nay, so universal is this system of agency, or doing business by proxy, that when application is made to a merchant respecting his goods, he cannot give an immediate answer, but either a reference to his agent, or a promise that he will inquire, and give the requisite information at an appointed time.

**GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE PEOPLE
OF LONDON, WESTMINSTER, AND SOUTH-
WARK.**

The predominant and most obvious characteristic of the common people of this great metropolis, from the merchant down to the vender of ballads and matches, is a bustling and incessant eagerness to get money, and a disposition to spend it luxuriously. To the acquisition of gain all the powers of the body, and energies of the mind are directed by the great majority of tradesmen, who seem to think themselves born for no other purpose but to acquire wealth. In this pursuit they are generally successful; pro-

party is obtained by industry, and the commercial man retires from business to enjoy the good things of this life, when his capability of enjoying them is almost extinct.

But many of the most sagacious of our trades-folk, aware of the uncertainty of life, wish to profit by the present moment, and are not less remarkable for their propensity to good living, than their knowledge of business. The art of living well, or good living, according to the standard set up in London, does not always promote the health and serenity of the practitioner. View a voracious citizen, or a rustic visitor to the capital, seated in a tavern with the good things provided by culinary skill before him, what a number of innocent animals must be put to death to gratify his taste, and satiate his appetite ! The most ferocious savage of the wild appears amiable, compared with such a gourmandizer. The citizen devoted to good living, undoubtedly consumes more than double the quantity of aliment requisite for his salutary sustenance, and in the course of twenty years, devours a flock of at least forty sheep, and lambs, and a herd of twenty oxen, fifty swine of different gradations of growth, one hundred Newcastle salmon, and some millions of smaller fishes, including sprats and shrimps. As for liquors, such is his thirst, that the vine seems inadequate to supply sufficient

liquid for the dilution of his food, and the foul water of the Thames must be purified by the action of fire, and be improved in colour and flavour, by a fermentation with decocted malt, and an infusion of hops, to quench his feverish fervour. Such excess swells many of our "fat and greasy citizens," to that enormous corpulence, so frequently the subject of the caricaturist's art, and so continually a burthen to themselves.

Next to the love of money, and good living, a prominent characteristic of the good folks of London, is a passion for public spectacles. Since the beginning of the present century they have been amused with several public exhibitions, the most remarkable of which was that of the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, with their retinue of princes and heroes in June 1814. Wherever the Emperor and King appeared in public, acclamations from the throats of thousands stunned them. "Surely," said they to one another, "there must be something very remarkable in our appearance, or very absurd in the minds of the populace of London, to provoke such vociferation. They must have the best lungs in the world, and be very idle too, or they would not thus assemble in crowds, in the dusty streets, to gaze on a few foreigners." In fact, so perpetually were Alexander and William annoyed by the curious looks, and outstretched hands of the vulgar of every

class of society, during their continuance in London, that they were obliged to rise early, and ride out incognito, to have the pleasure of a view of the English metropolis. In one instance, Alexander's saddle-girth happened to get loose, he nimbly alighted and buckled it; and this imperial act was recorded among the wonders of the day in our newspapers, as if there was something extraordinary in an emperor's having the use of his limbs!

This was an era productive of magnificent spectacles. Those grand exhibitions in the Royal Parks—the Pagoda Bridge, the Temple of Concord, the Fair, and the Lilliputian sea-fight on the Serpentine river were the most memorable scenes of this splendid and expensive national farce.

Since that period, the people have been amused by processions at the general election, in which the brutalized mob evinced their savage disposition by outrageously insulting some of the candidates. They also distinguished themselves by their reception of Henry Hunt, on his return from Lancashire; and evinced their impiety and propensity to evil, by the approbation which they expressed of the publishing blasphemers on Ludgate-hill and in Fleet-street.

The passion for public spectacles is not confined to the *canaille*, or dregs of the people, for

genteel tradesmen, handicraftsmen, and even professional men delight in theatric exhibitions, and are not only the principal patrons of the minor play-houses, but in many instances expose their own vanity and incapacity, as performers at private theatres. To such an absurd height, and extent too, is this most preposterous indulgence of folly and sensuality carried, that the satire of Petronius Arbiter is properly applicable to those ridiculous mimics of the mimetic heroes and heroines of the sock and buskin on the public stage :

"Mundus universus exercet histrioniam."

Or, as Shakspeare has it,

"All the world's a stage, &c."

While engaged in these light and frivolous pursuits, business is often neglected ; and the admirer of representations of interesting events, sometimes makes a figure in the Gazette, an event which might have been prevented by industry and frugality. The fascinations of the stage are certainly numerous and seductive. There the imagination, the senses, and the sensual appetites, are stimulated by the combined powers of poetry, painting, music, eloquence, wit, humour, sentiment, and the paramount at-

tractions of bedizened and bepainted female beauty.

In common life, the people are remarkable for very superficial knowledge, and great vanity—a cleverness and dexterity respecting their own business, but an almost total ignorance of literature, religion, or whatever dignifies and enlightens the human mind. Even genteel tradesmen, though intelligent and obliging in common occurrences, are mostly defective in those acquirements which give a zest to conversation, and enliven the fireside. Many of them converse fluently, indeed much better than they can write, yet they all pretend to be critics. Occasional visits to the theatres give them a taste for dramatic entertainments, and a familiarity with the manners, and peculiar powers of performers, which embolden them to decide with a diverting dogmatism on every histrionic performance. Most of these sagacious critics would, doubtless, consider it the highest presumption in a country visitor to London, to give an opinion in contrariety to their own; for, according to their customary and favourite assertion, “**THEY KNOW BETTER.**”

As for merchants, and men engaged in the learned professions, they are diffident in their critical decisions, and like most of the nobility and gentry, content themselves with consulting

the comments on theatrical representations, written by the literati of the daily papers, who are doubtless well paid by the managers of our various places of public amusement, for their persuasive and well-timed puffs.

Among the characteristics of the common people, a disposition to ridicule is very general. They delight to grin at any unfashionable peculiarity in the dress or manners of strangers, or even of their own intimate friends. Hence exterior elegance, a pleasing address, and assumed consequence, operate like a passport in our intercourse with society in London, in many situations where greater accomplishments, may, talents, would fail of success.

A credulous and inexperienced individual, on his first visit to London, might imagine that he had arrived at a spot where the knowledge of all the arts and sciences was acquirable in a short time; so plausible are the pretensions of different adventurers, who, incited by the love of gain, or the pride of distinction, modestly propose to instruct pupils for a moderate recompence. Here a lecturing astronomer offers to make the science of the heavenly bodies as familiar to the cockney, as the way from Mile End to Cheapside. A Welchman professes to teach Englishmen how to speak; a Frenchman proposes to instruct Mr. *Jean Bull* in the art of reasoning; a German

will, for money, produce machinery by which passengers and parcels may be conveyed along the king's highway without the aid of the horse; and an Irishman swears, that he has discovered a mode of increasing the population by the proper application of steel as a tonic! Indeed, this may well be termed the Age of Pretence. In the public and private theatres, sound is preferred to sense, and graceful agility to impressive action. One vocal performer obtains more money by the exertion of her vocal powers at the Italian opera, than all the original authors in England, by their utmost efforts.

But among the pretenders, or quacks of London, the magnanimous Cobbett must not be overlooked. His praiseworthy exertions to instruct the ignorant weavers and cotton-spinners of Lancashire, the shearmen and dyers of Yorkshire, the silk-weavers of Cheshire, the toymen of Birmingham, and the ribband manufacturers of Coventry, entitle him to the gratitude of those poor, ignorant, miserable, improvident beings, whom he so humanely returned from America to enrich, inform, and render at once prudent and happy, by an exposure of those arts of taxation, which may all be counteracted and nullified by abstinence. He can scarcely fail of success in persuading sottish artificers to prefer water to that destructive preparation known by the name

of beer or ale ; especially, when the pupils in this new system of political economy are informed, that the simple element has been recommended by an author of such high authority as Dr. Armstrong.

Learn temp'rance, friends, and hear without disdain
The choice of water,

was the advice of the Scottish Esculapius, in his " Art of preserving Health ;" and now this precept is enforced with irresistible eloquence, by that great and honourable statesman, the modest and erudite William Cobbett. Whatever may be the success of this new system in the country, it will require some ingenuity to prevail over the prejudices of the people of London, whose attachment to their porter, is almost as strong as even that to the king and constitution.

Another patriot has proposed a still bolder expedient for the reduction of the revenue ; and would fain persuade our ladies to prefer an infusion of wholesome English grass, under the name of *hay tea*, to that enervating, unpalatable, and *dear* production of China called tea. But the Black Dwarf will prove himself a greater hero than Jack the giant-killer, and more eloquent than that florid orator Phillips, if he can prevail so far over the habits of our lovely country-women as to make them forego their favourite refreshment, to gratify a few vain and malignant

empirics, who are so noisy on the topic of political reform, while they neglect their own personal reformation. Wooler has probably been told, that hay tea is given with great success twice a day to calves ; and by a very natural inference, conjectures that it may prove equally nutritious to asses ; but, however delicious this beverage may be to his enlightened brethren ; our elegant females will turn up their pretty noses at the very effluvia or steam of this coarse refecton, and will continue to indulge in " large potations," of that exhilarating fluid, which has so long contributed to their improvement in gossiping and gaiety.

As for the determined proselytes of Carlile and Co. who while they despise the word of God, persist in their belief of the writings and assertions of impudent atheists, and envious scribblers, they are so well described in the following passage, that it presents a strong illustration of their ferocity and presumption.

" During the grand fête given by the Spanish Ambassador, on the 15th of December, 1819, one of the disgraces of the police of London, a gang of pickpockets, baset the doors, and endeavoured to rob amidst the confusion and alarm which they created. Their *yelling* and actual violence became at last so terrifying, that Laverder, finding all his exertions ineffectual to maintain the peace, sent for the military, who, how-

ever; did not arrive for a long time. Their presence soon restored order, and preserved it during the rest of the night."

But even among the genteel class of society in London, a very great majority of young unmarried men, and some thousands of heads of families too, seem totally careless, or destitute of a sense of religious responsibility. Their idea of integrity, veracity, and dignity of mind seems merely to be circumscribed by the term *honour*—honour, that proud but inefficient substitute for virtue. Thus these honourable men, break their engagements, and say they forget them; and so consider a breach of promise as a very trivial matter. They seem to live without plan, the sport of every passion, or whim, of themselves and their giddy companions; and are tossed about on the ocean of life, like ships without compass, rudder, or helmsman, till they founder in the abyss of imprudence and ruin.

In society, many of them are entertaining, and some even interesting companions, but they are content with the acquisition of such superficial accomplishments as enable them to shine the mere meteors of a moment. The fashionable topic of the day; trivial approbation of some provincial player who strolled up to town and became stationary on the London stage; some witicism, or satire against statesmen in power;

some new melo-drama, or pantomime; or even a new cut in the coat, fixes the attention of these men of fancy and spirit. As for immortality—a future state of rewards and punishments—or a belief in Divine Revelation—such topics are considered by these lively and polite mortals, as vulgar and rural ideas, totally incompatible with the comfort of an evening in town, where the theatre or the card-table present their inexhaustible gratifications.

The gradation from infidelity and luxury to criminality is so easy and natural, that it imperceptibly becomes part of the system adopted by sensualists. Like the progress down a smooth and gradual descent, adorned on either hand with flowers, while the perfumed air, vibrates with the enchanting sounds of harmony; those rambles along the path of life insensibly resign themselves to the delightful illusions of an overheated imagination. Their wants multiply as they proceed, till they become so completely helpless and unresisting, that oblivion interrupts, or infamy terminates their pernicious waste of time, treasure, and health.

Such are the delusions and miseries ever attendant on luxurious vice; and all those evils which affect the dissolute originate in irreligion. It is a subject of deep regret to the man of reflection, to observe that the Deist, whose penetration has

discovered such errors in the religion of our ancestors, should be so successful in the depravation of his fellow-creatures. When Addison flourished, this metropolis could boast of only a few free-thinkers; "but we are polished now," and the attorney's clerk, the man milliner, nay, even the waiting-maid and footman, embracing the modern philosophy, deride the faith which led their parents to heaven. From the tribunal of impious wit there is no appeal:—ridicule is her sword; sophistry her shield; and vain-glory her reward. In short, the modish Deist denies the authority, and execrates the precepts of the Bible, because it prohibits the indulgence of his passions; while, by his affectation of humanity and sentiment, he passes through life with the character of an accomplished gentleman, though destitute of that modest dignity which ever accompanies merit.

Were we to inquire why so many new systems of metaphysics and ethics are promulgated among mankind, we should find that they originate in the pride of aspiring individuals. Learned pride in the philosopher, and the flattered vanity of his votaries, are the origin of all those abstruse systems of human knowledge that now militate against Revelation, and the happiness of mankind; but the voluminous produc-

tions of French, German, and English free-thinkers and atheists, will, when brought to the test of truth, be found to consist of a few impious ideas, expanded into long dissertations. These aerial castles, like immense columns of clouds, will, when exposed to the pervading rays of common sense, evaporate into thin air.

Without a God, the universe would be as dreary as our system without a sun. The comfortable idea of his presiding Providence, enables the believer to struggle with adversity, and to hope amid the most discouraging circumstances. On the other hand, the atheist, who has erected for himself a fanciful edifice of human perfection, and who, trusting to his own sagacity and exertions, finds to his inexpressible woe that his proud notions were unfounded, either sinks into the torpor of imbecility, or rises to the frenzy of despair; and often flies to *self-murder* as a refuge from reflection!

Atheists, look around! behold the wonders of Creative Wisdom in the heavens and the earth; contemplate the structure of the human frame—the faculties of the mind; and exclaim with David, “Fearfully and wonderfully am I made!” Do not impiously employ your endowments in opposition to the revealed will of the beneficent Giver of life and reason. Act not

so ungratefully ; but, with melting hearts, fall prostrate and repenting before your omnipotent Creator.

A more formidable and ingenious sect of speculatists has emerged into public observation. These sages adapt their system to the natural propensities of the human heart. By rejecting and deriding the moral precepts, which enjoin self-denial, and by artfully cherishing the passions, they enchant their votaries, who extol them as demi-gods.

Our modish sages, with an ingenuity and effrontery unknown to the ancients, have combined the pride of the stoic with the voluptuousness of the epicurean ; and at once gratify their proselytes with the idea that they are pursuing the dictates of virtue, while yielding to the impulse of every desire. Hence their popularity, and the pernicious effects of their sophistry on the morals of the community.

Thus vice has not only assumed the garb, but even the sentiments of virtue ! Under the plausible name of refinement, the most abominable sensuality allures the unsuspecting mind both in the closet and the theatre—in the drama, novels, and philosophical publications of the day. Did our fashionable infidels allow themselves to exercise their own reason, they would discover, that instead of thinking independently, they are the

most superstitious of mortals ! Misled by the eloquent sophistry of a few proud modern *illuminati*, they are neither free in thought nor action, but led captive by their tyrannic appetites.

The freethinkers of the last century, both French and English, endeavoured to depreciate the Christian religion, by impudently asserting that it was invented by statesmen to overawe the credulous multitude, and render them obedient to human laws. But the infidels of the present day have gone farther, and contend that our established religion is subversive of morality ! The exertions of certain English atheists and deists, for they are of the same fraternity, are unremitted ; and so gross is their presumptuous infatuation, that they will suffer any penalty rather than acknowledge their error.

As church and state are established by law in this country, the Reformers, as they modestly term themselves, at once aim at the subversion of all political and religious distinctions ; and under the plausible semblance of universal liberty, not only cherish a disposition to licentiousness, but to gross immorality, and horrid impiety, in the minds of their ignorant partisans.

A free people, and such the English now are, notwithstanding the assertions of Cobbett, Wooler, Hunt, Cartwright, and even the bold Hobhouse, to the contrary, are apt to censure

those who exercise authority over them, however moderately administered. Yet the history of England affords many proofs, that the nation has also been prompt in the expression of their approbation of any act of patriotism by the Prince or the Senate. The aristocratical part of our legislature indeed, derives its right to assist in the enactment of laws, from hereditary custom, and to the honour of the House of Peers, be it mentioned, that they have, in many instances, been tenacious of the people's rights, and identified them with their own. As for the House of Commons, though some abuses have crept into the representation, the majority of the county members, whether on the side of the Ministry, or the Opposition, are men of education, integrity, and fortune. The clamour about parliamentary reform, by a few adventurous egotists and demagogues, and the bold assertions of a few scribbling pamphleteers, are therefore not only untrue, but dangerous. It is an easy matter to excite the evil passions of an ignorant and envious populace, but not so easy to keep them within legal bounds; hence the present Ministry have been compelled to make some encroachments on our political constitution, for the preservation of public tranquillity.

The servants of the Crown are responsible to the King and the people for their public ac-

tions, and they have, in general, performed their political duties with great cleverness and success. Their opponents, if placed in the same situation only six months, probably would become as odious to the readers of certain political pamphlets, as they now are. The Opposition indeed, possess in a pre-eminent degree the talent of satire ; and may be compared to reviewers, who can point out the errors in a new publication, though their own powers may be inferior to those of the author. But an opposition in both Houses of Parliament, has from the sanction of custom been deemed indispensable ; it has gradually grown up with our free constitution, and is useful. The Ministry and the Opposition may be termed the flint and steel of British liberty ; and by occasional collision, produce those sparks which revive the flame of patriotism. By the frequency of violent contact, however, Opposition, like the flint, seem to have lost part of their *matériel* ; insomuch, that some of their best friends are apprehensive, that they will eventually become so diminished and dull, as to be incapable of producing either political light or heat.

SKETCHES OF PUBLIC CHARACTERS.

THE PINK OF NOBILITY.

This amiable and accomplished woman, whose heart beats in unison with the most generous emotions, has, on all occasions, evinced a superiority of intellect, combined with the most conciliating urbanity. With a poetic genius, chaste and classic, and a taste refined by conversation with the most intelligent persons of both sexes, the *pink of nobility* is estimable for still greater perfections. It is the pride and pleasure of her heart to fulfil the social duties of daughter, wife, and mother; and happy would it be for many high-bred dames were they to imitate her example, and relinquish their chase of the phantom PLEASURE, which they now pursue through the labyrinth of life.

The fair subject of this sketch has long been the patroness of genius; and if she has, in some instances, been attracted by the whirlpool of fashionable amusements, she ever preserved the dignity of virtue; and shared the frivolities of others, rather to avoid the imputation of singularity, than from levity of disposition.

THE MODERN FINE LADY.

It is only in the serenity of retirement that

the amiable and social qualities of woman appear in their genuine lustre. In London the beautiful sex assume an unnatural character. Their passion for admiration, and love of pleasure, become excessive. Not content with natural beauty, the modern fine lady has recourse to art. The hairdresser supplies her with artificial locks; the corset-maker manufactures a *false bosom*; and the vender of cosmetics prepares his beautifying wash; the light drapery of fashion is supplied by the mantua-maker and milliner; and the lovely dupe of vanity obscures her charms with artificial decorations. She eyes herself at the mirror; adjusts her dress, limbs, and deportment; and steps into the public walk, or the assembly, courting observation. All her native grace and amiable simplicity are lost in affectation; she revels in the giddy whirl of fashionable life, at routs, masquerades, and musical parties; and at length finds that happiness "allures from far, but, as she follows, *flies*."

THE FALSTAFF OF REFORM; OR, AN EGOTIST
ON STILTS.

"Will his own merit sees.—This gives him pride
That he sees more than all the world beside."

This boaster, like his great prototype, is convinced, that "the better part of valour is dis-

cretion," and has acted accordingly; for he has two or three times ventured his life on the immense ocean, to escape the fangs of the officers of justice. His common theme is self-praise; insomuch that even when he *runs away* he claims the merit of being the *leader* of the most ignorant and silly faction that ever disgraced Christendom. So consummate is his egotism, that had the ship he sailed in encountered a storm, he would doubtless have cheered the mariners with, "Fear not, thou carriest Cæsar!" nay, Hercules! the modern corrector of state errors, the fearless, honest, and disinterested champion of reform.

To a person in retirement, who perused this statesman's impartial record of public events, it doubtless would appear that he alone was qualified to regulate the political world, decide on the destiny of public men, and harmonize society in one general brotherhood. Yet what, in reality, are this egotist's motives for thus assuming public spirit? A malignant desire to calumniate those statesmen whom he envies; a vain effort to obtain temporary popularity with the common herd; and an avaricious eagerness to extract the *last sixpence* from the pockets of his dupes.

THE DWARF OF INNOVATION.

“Cunning little Isaac!”

Next to the political enlightener of England, may be mentioned his humble imitator; for it has ever been customary in romance, for a giant to have his attendant dwarf. In this instance, indeed, the imp seems almost as ingenious, and fully as mischievous as the master-demon; and they have both been wonderfully successful in persuading the people to buy their sixpenn'orth of misrepresentation. There is a natural aptitude among the bulk of mankind to be gratified with the ridicule of their superiors in rank and fortune; the satire, whether true or false, is sure to please; and the bold and unprincipled vilifier of religious and political institutions, may safely calculate on the success of his productions, while he laughs at the clergy, and the legislators of his country.

It certainly is amusing to contemplate the progress, and hear the pretensions of the political scribblers of the day. One of them, from the humble situation of a common soldier, has, by the combination of ingenuity and impudence risen to the enviable pre-eminence of a common calumniator, and alternately loaded democrats,

and aristocrats, with every epithet of opprobrium that his venomous malevolence could supply. This Falstaff of Reform, equally remarkable for his cowardice and his violence, reminds us, by his temporising versatility, of the famous vicar of Bray. As for the Dwarf of Innovation, he has hitherto strutted his hour; but mortality must be his portion. His dupes cannot long afford to pay him sixpence, weekly, for his abortions of malice; and he probably must recur to the practice of the *black art*, "cease to write and learn to think."



THE CASTOR AND POLLUX OF BLASPHEMY.

They nobly take the high *priori* road,
And reason downward till they doubt of God.

POPE.

These aspiring descendants of that *Jupiter Tonans*, or rather, that British Beelzebub of audacious impiety, Thomas Paine, have come forward to amuse and inform the British public with a confidence never before exhibited in a court of justice.

CASTOR, by his contemptible parodies, delighted those myriads of infidels with which London abounds. With what glee did they laugh at the humorous application of the dogmas

of the church, to certain officers of the state. How witty and how wise must Castor and his underling (Mills) appear to those judicious estimators of atheistical buffoonery! While the *mania* lasted, Castor was brought before his betters, and acquitted of any intention to ridicule the religion of his country; nay, money was collected for him, as if he had been a public benefactor, and certain senators were not ashamed to appear among his patrons!

The success of Castor prompted Pollux to try his talent at blasphemy. He wrote, published, was imprisoned, tried, and condemned! Hence these brethren in iniquity, however congenial in their sentiments and sympathies, have been very differently treated by a jury of their countrymen. Castor now holds the ascendancy, and continues to shine as a star of the first magnitude among the enlighteners of deism and atheism; while poor Pollux, like the fallen archangel, "his brow with thunder scarred," droops in the obscurity and incarceration, which presents an image of that eternal oblivion, that he seems so desirous should be the portion of all mankind!

**SIMPLICITY AND REFINEMENT; OR, MODERN
IMPROVEMENTS IN FEMALE EDUCATION:
ILLUSTRATED IN A DIALOGUE BETWEEN
MISS GAYTON AND MISS WOODLEY.**

Miss Gayton. I suppose, Matilda, that you pass much of your time in the country, in reading.

Miss Woodley. Yes, my dear, I delight in the study of our best authors.

Miss Gayton. Study! what an unfashionable expression. I do not mean study, but amusement. You have, I suppose, a taste for poetry?

Miss Woodley. Yes; I admire good poetry.

Miss Gayton. So do I, especially amatory pieces, such as Hammond's Elegies, and the modern productions of a certain sonnetteer. But you know—we must not mention these things in company.

Miss Woodley. I have made it a rule, never to peruse any production in the closet, which I should be ashamed to acknowledge in the drawing-room.

Miss Gayton. What a Gothic being! I protest, Miss Woodley, I'm shocked at your rusticity. You'll require a winter's polishing to qualify you for a participation in the amusements of fashionable company. You must know, my dear, that musty morality is nearly obsolete in high life.

My French governess says, she feels an aversion to those antiquated precepts, which, however proper they may be for the regulation of a nunnery, are unfit for the consideration of people of fashion.

Miss Woodley. I'm afraid that people of fashion have degenerated from the dignified manners of their ancestors.

Miss Gayton. Quite the reverse, my dear, I assure you. We daily improve in all the elegant arts of life. Our milliners provide the raw materials of personal decoration, and we adjust them. Our perfumers collect cosmetics and odorous essences, and we apply them. Our booksellers manufacture repositories of arts, London and Paris fashions, amusing tales of scandal, and pretty poems, and we purchase them for the encouragement of literature and the fine arts. In short, we patronise whatever contributes to personal or social elegance, from the invention of a new movement in dancing, to the philosophic analysis of the component parts of a comet. You must endeavour to elevate your taste to the altitude of modern refinement.

Miss Woodley. That I shall never attempt. If, to be accomplished, it is requisite to become vitiated, I shall, without repining, cherish my harmless simplicity of manners, and prefer the dictates of nature to the illusions of art.

Miss Gayton. The dictates of nature! O heavens! Matilda, you quite terrify me! Why, girl, if we were to obey the dictates of nature we should throw ourselves into the arms of the first handsome fellow we met. Your simplicity, as you term it, would soon make fine work in the fashionable world. We should hear of ladies running away with their footmen—lords carrying off cookmaids in triumph—and dames of high rank, like Mrs. Gregson, making love to their coachmen. No, Matilda, as Falstaff says, “no more of that, if you love me.”

Miss Woodley. Well, my lively cousin, since I find I cannot convince you of the advantages of simplicity, I only beg that you will not urge me to adopt your principles of refinement.

Miss Gayton. No, my dear Matilda, no; you are a free-born Englishwoman, and have a right to judge for yourself, but I have no doubt that you will soon become a convert to our delightful system of modern elegance. Pray what's your opinion of Captain W—— of the guards? we expect him to spend the evening with us.

Miss Woodley. I only saw the gentleman once at my uncle's, and therefore cannot pretend to judge of his merit or character. He seemed foppish, or what in your new vocabulary is termed a Dandy.

Miss Gayton. Ah! that is perfectly in cha-

racter. An officer, without foppery, would be a strange kind of animal. Their dashing manner is quite charming.—I delight to see them look like heroes.

Miss Woodley. And I hope they look like what they are.

Miss Gayton. Who can doubt it, after the trophies they gained at the battle of Waterloo? But there's young Weston, the West India merchant, a fellow polite enough I grant, but seemingly with a bosom as frigid as the rocks of Nova Zembla.

Miss Woodley. Pray where did you learn these hard names?

Miss Gayton. From my tutor in geography, to be sure; don't you know, my dear, that young ladies are now taught every thing, by the most approved masters?

Miss Woodley. Then they must be very knowing indeed!

Miss Gayton. No doubt of it, Matilda. A modern fine lady's head is the circle of the sciences—a terrestrial, or, if you will—a celestial sphere of knowledge. I'll engage to find you a boarding school adept in fashionable accomplishments, who knows more than is contained in Rees's cumbrous and voluminous Cyclopaedia! But I must defer my dissertation on modern acquirements till another opportunity.

Miss Woodley. Very well, my fair cousin; from your present lecture I have learnt, that the boasted accomplishments communicable in London, resemble their specious improvements in architecture—such as their Roman cement, or *artificial stone*, which, at a distance, looks grand, but, on our approach, we observe the cracks and flaws which deform it; and, like the charms of *enamelled ladies*, renders deformity still more disgusting, because it has the semblance of grace and beauty.

QUACKERY.

Aviendo pregonado vino, venden vinagre.

Spanish Proverb.

After having cried up their wine, they sell us vinegar.


London, so justly celebrated for whatever can contribute to the comfortable and elegant accommodation of man, also abounds with such a variety of specious productions of empiricism, as must excite the indignant wonder of the rational observer. Indeed, the credulity of the people, not only of this great city, but of England in general, respecting the healing powers of advertised medicines, as well as the skill of regular physicians, is almost incredible. Men who, in the common transactions of life, are prudent, cautious, and vigilant, lest they should be out-

witted, seem quite divested of suspicion when they resign themselves and their families to the Doctor. They very sagaciously conceive that a man of science who has, like a true patriot, devoted his attention to the structure of the human machine, who has watched over all its movements from the first period of infancy to the last of old age, and who has administered medicine in all its forms and combinations, must be much better qualified to manage the health of his neighbours than a cobbler, or a tailor. Hence, every gentleman, nay, every genteel tradesman, has his family Physician, who, for an annual sum, engages to keep the machinery of his fire-side in thorough repair, as far as human skill can operate. The propriety and expedience of employing a popular physician must be evident—should Madam be attacked by the vapours caught over an unfortunate game at cards, or Miss be visited by one of those imaginary evils of Pandora which are nameless, because they never existed, the Doctor is sent for, and after feeling the lady's pulse, rather a critical operation, and viewing her tongue, the conformation of which would puzzle the most experienced Anatomist, he prescribes a palatable mixture from the *luxurious pharmacopœia*; and she is sent to bed at an early hour, as "*the best medicine is a sound sleep.*"

A

YOUNG GENTLEMAN'S
ADVENTURES IN LONDON;

*With Illustrations of Characters and Manners,
Arts and Literature, in this Metropolis.*



EDMUND VERE, the son of an opulent cotton manufacturer at Spring Hill, in Lancashire, accompanied by his friend Mr. Wright, and a Mr. Buersil, from Yorkshire, set out in a post-chaise from Manchester for London in the beginning of January 1820. Mr. Vere was yet a minor, in the twenty-first year of his age; his father had given him an introductory letter to his partner in trade, Mr. Bolton. The stay of the youth in the metropolis was limited to three months, and that he might enjoy all the gratifications obtainable from polished society, five hundred pounds were allowed for his expenditure during that time.

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On the arrival of the travellers at the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, Edmund proceeded in a hackney coach to the residence of Mr. Bolton, in Upper Brook-street, where he was received by his father's partner with the urbanity of a gentleman, and the cordial welcome of a friend. But his eager curiosity to view London was yet ungratified, and Mr. Bolton could hardly persuade him to restrain his impatience, and defer his ramble till the next day.

After breakfast, on the following morning, Edmund, who was an excellent pedestrian, set out on foot on his proposed ramble through London. He had predetermined to wander without a particular plan, rightly conceiving that he should derive a higher gratification from those incidental circumstances, and architectural beauties, which might present themselves, as it were, spontaneously to his observation. Consequently he required no impertinent leader through the labyrinth of squares, streets, lanes, and courts, which perpetually met his eyes; nor was he disposed to consult engraved plans, or literary guides, trusting rather to his own eyes, and determined to obtain his knowledge of the topography of London, Westminster, and Southwark, by experience arising from reiterated excursions.

On stepping into the street, he inquired the

way to St. James's Palace, of the first passenger he met, and was directed to Bond-street, and thence across Piccadilly, down St. James's-street. At ten o'clock in the morning Bond-street was comparatively quiet, if not dull; several of the shopkeepers were arranging their merchandise in the most attractive forms to catch the glance of the beautiful, the gay, the noble, and the rich, who were soon to pass in such crowds through that celebrated thoroughfare; and jewellery, cosmetics, silks, lace, paintings, and books, presented a pleasing variety to the observant eye. But Edmund had never seen a palace, and he passed with accelerated quickness down St. James's-street, entered the royal court yard, and beheld a low quadrangle of mean brick work! He was disappointed. "Is this," said he to himself, "a meet habitation for our king? can the nation, with its characteristic magnanimity and munificence, permit our first magistrate to be so humbly lodged; or, is this pile considered venerable for its antiquity, and therefore preferred to a more magnificent edifice?"

The military guard stationed in this square now engaged the attention of Edmund. It was composed of veterans, men who had braved death in the field of battle, and victoriously survived every conflict. The breast of each war-

rior was decorated with a medal, the meed of valour for success in the decisive battle of Waterloo. Though no advocate for war, Edmund felt his heart palpitate with national exultation. "These are my countrymen," said he, "how serene in peace, how invincible in war! The Briton, with all his foibles, is first of men, and Englishmen deserve the freedom and opulence which they possess." He then passed into St. James's park, where several persons in various situations of life passed along the spacious walks, shaded by high over-arching elms. The motley appearance of these passengers was amusing. Here the pretty affected nursery maid, imitating the gestures of the fine lady, led the little blooming group of infants committed to her care, while she rewarded the attention of the "lean unwash'd artificer," or the pensive half-pay officer, with a gracious simper; and, like a true woman, seemed eager to extend her empire over the heart of man, whether the subject were a clown or a fine gentleman. There the pursy cit, with legs scarcely able to support his body corporate, though aided by a staff, waddled along; while the place-expectant, trimly dressed to attend the levee of his patron, exhibited his superior powers of loco-motion with a celerity that would have excited the envy of Captain Barclay, or any other walking egotist. The

letter carrier, the baker's boy, and a variety of industrious citizens, freely passed along, for the walks in the Royal Parks are open for the accommodation and pleasure of the public. At the end of the principal walk, Edmund came in sight of the building appropriated to the Life Guards; and was met by another detachment of infantry, on their march to relieve the guard at the palace. Their colours waved over the heads of those heroes who had so gallantly defended them; while the animating sounds of martial music, the glitter of arms, and the regularity of the march, delighted a promiscuous throng of idle people who accompanied the soldiers.

On passing through the arched gateway of the Horse Guards, Edmund came in sight of Whitehall palace, near the front of which Charles the First was beheaded. The beauty of the architecture engaged his attention, and on inquiry he found that the fabric had formerly been the abode of royalty. "That," said he, "is a palace indeed; how superior does it appear to the plain brick building appropriated to our Sovereign!" "Yes," replied the man who had answered his inquiry, "yet the last royal inhabitant of Whitehall had no reason to boast of his security; the misguided and unfortunate though magnanimous Charles miserably perished before his own palace, after a sanguinary, unsuccessful, and un-

constitutional warfare against the liberties of the people." "You express very independent and bold sentiments, Sir," said Edmund with a smile, "in the very precincts of the Treasury." "Yes, Sir, but my sentiments are just, because they are constitutional; and I'm convinced the present royal family of England owe their popularity and security to their respect for such sentiments." Edmund bowed, and on looking to the right, the lofty square tower of Westminster Abbey presented itself to his eye, rising majestically above the roofs of the circumambient houses. "Is that the tower of the Abbey, Sir?" said he. "Yes," replied the stranger, "and if you have an hour to spare, it will not be misemployed in exploring the recesses of that ancient fabric. I would willingly accompany you, but business requires my attendance at another part of the town, and you can be at no loss for a guide through London and Westminster, while you possess ready money." They parted, Edmund entered by the door which is generally left open during the day, and passing along one of the aisles, in a moment found himself in the poet's corner, with the statue of Shakspeare before him, and busts and inscriptions on either hand. Edmund was not enthusiastically fond of poetry, yet it was impossible for an Englishman with genuine feelings, alive to national fame, not to be animated with a

strong emotion while he trod on the dust of those bards, whose genius had so essentially contributed to the refinement of language and manners; and whose dignified sentiments had by adoption inspired that manliness, intrepidity, love of freedom, and reverence for virtue, which immortalized the names of legislators and heroes, and exalted the national character to a pre-eminence hitherto unattained by any other people. While he gazed around, his bosom glowed, and the spontaneous tribute of admiration burst from his lips, "Shades of Shakspeare, Milton, and Dryden," exclaimed he, "ye worthies of our land, ye exalters of our species, hail! If from the happy region to which you doubtless have been exalted, ye can sympathise with a countryman proud of that distinction, receive the tribute of approbation due to godlike genius! But what do I see," continued Edmund, looking downward, "the tomb-stone of Samuel Johnson beneath my feet! There lies all that could perish of the Christian moralist, the elegant monitor, and the virtuous citizen; while his works daily instruct and enlighten thousands of intelligent beings, and the malignity of prejudice and misrepresentation, like inefficient shells exploding against the walls of an impregnable fortress, only tend to establish more firmly his illustrious name!"

Just as Edmund had finished his soliloquy, a small party of genteel young men and women entered the Abbey ; they advanced, read the inscriptions, and made their comments. "There's the bust of Milton," said one. "Yes," replied a young female, "and yonder's the bust of Goldsmith, or I'm mistaken ; but as the inscription is in Latin, I can make nothing of it." "Nor I," replied her male companion, evidently chagrined at his want of knowledge. "I think it was very injudicious in the writer," said another of the company, "to compose the epitaph in Latin, of so eminent and popular an English author as Goldsmith." "Yet that writer whom you censure," said Edmund, turning to the person who spoke last, "was Dr. Johnson, a man still more highly celebrated as an English author." "Well, Sir," said one of the young men, bowing, "we will all be much obliged to you if you will favour us with a translation of the epitaph, which records the character of Goldsmith." "With pleasure," replied Edmund, and he immediately read the elegant encomium inscribed by the hand of friendship, as a memorial of the worth of departed genius. The whole party, particularly the ladies, expressed their gratification and thanks, and Edmund accompanied them into the body of the fabric, where a guide attended to shew them the curiosities of the place.

From the Abbey, Edmund proceeded to Westminster-bridge, and for the first time beheld the celebrated river Thames, which, as the tide was then on the ebb, did not correspond with Denham's description,

“Though *deep* yet clear, though gentle yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.”

For it was then comparatively shallow, and its stream tinged with mud, and the various discolorations of the liquids thrown into it by dyers, hatters, and other manufacturers, and the filth of numerous sewers. But the architecture of the bridge, on which he stood; and those in perspective, afforded some gratification to Edmund, while numerous wherries, lightly gliding across the stream, gave animation to the scene.

It was now noon; the streets were crowded by tens of thousands of passengers on the footways, hastening along, some engaged in business, others in quest of pleasure, and a few, like Edmund, prompted by curiosity. The perpetual variety presented by this moving picture; the well dressed multitude, passing along the footways like two distinct streams on each, which flowed without interruption; the regularity preserved amid apparent confusion; and the noise and velocity of private carriages, and hackney-coaches, drays, carts, waggons, and hearses in the carriage-way, as

sailed the ears of Edmund with such a din, and presented such a diversity of images to his eyes, that he became giddy, and was hardly conscious where he was, as he passed along Charing Cross, the Strand, Fleet-street, and up Ludgate Hill, into St. Paul's Church-yard. Here he paused to take breath, and view the exquisite beauty of that magnificent Cathedral. Though no architect, he had a taste for the beauties of architecture; and taking his stand on a stone step, which led into a warehouse opposite the south west angle of the building, he satiated his eyes with the superb display of the Grecian orders, presented by the west front of St. Paul's, to which the stately and beautifully proportioned dome in the centre, formed such a superb termination. The apposite illustration of Pope, instantly came into his recollection, and he concluded his survey by repeating,

“When we view some well-proportion'd dome,
The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!
No single parts unequally surprise,
All comes united to th' admiring eyes.”

As he descended into the street for the purpose of surveying the beauties of the interior, he met his friend and fellow traveller Mr. Wright, who with a hearty shake of the hand, exclaimed, “Well, Mr. V., I hope you have seen the curiosities of London, and have now time to turn your

attention to its commerce." "O, Sir," said Edmund, "I have only just sipped the flowing cup which curiosity presented to my lips, and suppose it will require a month at least, to see all the rare things in this world in miniature." "That would be a month idly spent indeed ; but as you have a right to dispose of your own time as you will, I shall by no means attempt to violate the privilege. But surely you may vary your gratifications by an agreeable interchange of business and amusement. Will you accompany me to the Royal Exchange? Perhaps you may observe something curious there." Edmund assented, took the arm of his friend, and passing quickly along the crowded footway of Cheapside, the Poultry, and Mansion-house-street, crossed into Cornhill, and entered the square of that edifice, appropriated to mercantile transactions. In its spacious piazzas, merchants from different parts of the globe met, and conversed about business. Thence they adjourned to the rooms in the second story, where transactions to the amount of many thousands of pounds were concluded in a few minutes. Edmund was led by Mr. Wright, into one of these rooms, and could not without admiration behold the order and precision with which business was conducted. From the Royal Exchange, they crossed the street to Tom's Coffee-house, where business and refection were alternately objects of

attention ; and where the modern London merchant and his provincial visitors occasionally interchanged mutual civilities, with all the urbanity of the gentleman, and the cleverness of the accomplished man of business.

Here Mr. Wright and Edmund partook of a slight refreshment, and our rambler, completely fatigued with his morning's exertions, and satisfied with his first day's observations in London, returned in a hackney coach to Mr. Bolton's hospitable mansion.

On his return to Mr. Bolton's, Edmund dressed for dinner ; and when he came down to the parlour, he was introduced by Mr. Bolton to two gentlemen, members of the House of Commons, and four ladies. The person of Edmund was elegant ; he was of the middle size, well proportioned, and graceful ; his countenance was manly, open, and expressive of integrity and candour ; his manners modest, with somewhat of rusticity, which rendered him still more interesting to the friend of simplicity and truth. Such was the young man whom Mr. Bolton introduced to his visitors as the son of his partner in trade, and confidential friend ; consequently, he was admitted to the honour of a social intercourse with them under the most favourable circumstances.

While the company were engaged in that pleasing chit chat, which requires little mental exer-

tion, yet affords much amusement, a thundering succession of knocks at the street door, with all the dexterity of the experienced footman, announced the arrival of Lord L. This nobleman entered with the ease of a well bred man of the world, and joined the party in conversation. In a few minutes three other visitors arrived; they were rich merchants from the east end of the town, and behaved with the politeness of polished gentlemen, with a slight exception in the manners of Mr. Thrift, who had travelled on the Continent, and had imperceptibly acquired much of the vivacity of the Frenchman, with somewhat of the dogmatism of the German.

The arrival of Sir Thomas Touchstone, a Wiltshire Baronet, Lady Touchstone, and their daughter, completed the party, and indeed rendered it doubly interesting, for Sir Thomas, a modern Baronet, still retained the frank and manly manners of the English country gentleman, though his wife was not a little proud of his title, and his daughter, Miss Letitia, was a beautiful, accomplished, and most interesting girl, possessed of great natural vivacity, which had been cherished at a fashionable boarding school near London, yet sensible, and endowed with an elevated mind, which admired whatever was really estimable, but scorned the pretensions of pride, and the vanity of egotism in others.

In such society as this, the susceptible mind of Edmund, rapidly improved. This was one of the happiest days of his life, for his unassuming manners, and agreeable conversation, so effectually gained the esteem of the worthy Baronet, that he received a general invitation to visit at Park Lane. "My doors shall ever be open to you, Mr. V.," said the Baronet; "our country residence is indeed at a considerable distance, but even when there, the medium of the post-office, you know, will facilitate our correspondence." Edmund expressed his high sense of the honour conferred on him by such an intercourse, and unintentionally casting a penetrating glance towards Miss Touchstone, exclaimed, "Who would not be proud of the privilege of visiting such a family?" Sir Thomas frankly shook hands with him, and Miss Touchstone felt a soft blush steal over her face and bosom; called up by an indescribable emotion, which was altogether mysterious to her; nor had she time to analyse her feelings, for the vivacity of a general conversation engaged her attention, and required her lively remarks to give a zest to the graver observations of the gentlemen. Thus the elegant circle spent the pleasant hours in

"The full free converse of the friendly heart,
Improving and improved,"

till the midnight hour of separation, when Ed-

mund had the enviable honour to hand Lady Touchstone and her fair daughter into their coach. When he retired to his bedchamber, the interesting person and accomplishments of the Wiltshire Baronet's daughter, presented themselves to his imagination, with more force if possible than the reality had done ; a sentiment congenial with love, warmed his breast for a moment, but the disparity of rank, like a gloomy cloud, suddenly overcast the sunny scene, and he sighed to think that he was yet a minor without fortune, and that it would be a species of madness to aspire to the hand of Miss Touchstone. From these painful reflections, the friendly oblivion of sleep soon relieved him.

According to the laws of courtesy and custom, Edmund went to Park Lane next morning, to pay his respects to Sir Thomas Touchstone and the ladies. Here he was introduced to a character totally new to him ! a foreign baron of a prepossessing figure, and manly aspect, in which, however, there was a degree of *hauteur*, by no means agreeable to an independent Englishman. After the common compliments of the morning, the conversation became animated.

" Well, Baron Spitzberg," said Sir Thomas, " you favoured us with an amusing description of Germany on a former occasion ; we should now like to hear you describe England." " Pardon

me, Sir," replied the Baron with a bow, "I am not yet sufficiently acquainted with the country, or the manners of the people, to venture an opinion on so delicate a subject." "This is very diffident, certainly," said Sir Thomas, casting a shrewd look at Edmund, "but surely, Baron, you may hint the general impression on your mind respecting us as a nation. You have now been half a year in London, a city which contains individuals from all parts of the United Kingdom."

"Why, Sir," said the Baron, with a smile of self-complacency, "the English are an industrious, pains-taking sort of people enough ; I respect them because their language bears an affinity to the German ; and nothing is wanting to render this country respectable but antiquity." "Antiquity !" repeated Sir Thomas, with feigned surprise, "why, Baron, I suppose you'll admit that our Island is as old as Germany : don't you think they were both created at the same moment ?" "O, Sir, I mean the people—you are mere infants in genealogy, compared with the Germans." "Aye indeed !" "Yes, Sir Thomas," continued the Baron with an air of superiority and triumph, "our own family of the Spitzbergs, which is not quite so ancient as that of the Emperor of Austria, can trace its pedigree up to Noah ; our crest is the dove with the olive branch, that returned with that symbol of security to the ark." "I

would give half of what we are worth," exclaimed Lady Touchstone, "to be authorised to boast of so venerable a piece of antiquity." "Then you would be the more a fool for your pains," said Sir Thomas, with a smile; "pray now, Madam, what superiority can you point out in the dove that belonged to Noah's ark, over the flying-fish which fell on the deck of the Canton, the last voyage my father made to India, which he immediately caught up and adopted for his crest?" "What an ungracious comparison, my dear," replied the lady, "between a nasty flying-fish, and a sweet cooing dove, the emblem of love." "I am honoured, Madam," said the Baron, gaily, "by your compliment to my dove, and shall be happy to unite it with your flying-fish." "An odd conjunction truly," said Miss Touchstone, laughing. "Pray, Miss," said the disconcerted Baron, "are you skilled in heraldry?" "No, Sir, I confess my ignorance, but I think, that even in heraldry, whatever is preposterous should be avoided. What is your opinion, Mr. Vere?" "That I had better be silent, upon a subject with which I am unacquainted, Miss Touchstone, and leave the elucidation to you and the gentleman." "Diffidence is certainly becoming in a young gentleman," said the Baron. "Yes, and even in a German Baron, arrived at the age of discretion," said Miss Touchstone, archly.

The Baron looked grave, and Lady Touchstone, with whom he was a favourite, endeavoured to repress the satiric gaiety of her lively daughter. "I must say, Letitia, that your ideas of rank, and the distinction due to ancient families, are very different from those which prevail in elegant society; a taste for heraldry is now very general, and has spread from the west to the east end of the town. Why, it was but the other day, Lady Puff, the bankrupt publisher's wife, showed me the armorial bearings of the family, newly emblazoned, and just received from the College of Arms; and what do you think they represented?" "I cannot guess, Madam," said Miss Touchstone, gaily; "something emblematic of honour and honesty, perhaps, as the apposite decoration of an adventurous bankrupt." "The crest was a bear and ragged staff," replied Lady Touchstone. "That, Madam," said the Baron, "is a common emblem among the German nobility." "Yes," said Letitia, "and I doubt not, but it is extremely characteristic of the qualities of the noble owners." "I bow obsequiously, Miss," cried the Baron, with delight, "to your most judicious compliment." "Aye," said Sir Thomas, "I believe Letitia has hit the right nail on the head." "She has, Sir," said the Baron; "our German nobility are hardy and patient like the bear, rough and strong like the ragged staff."

"Admirably well explained, upon my honour," exclaimed Lady Touchstone, "I do not think any of our modern poets could have given the subject a finer turn." "Here comes Mr. Bottom," said Letitia, "suppose we take his opinion on this profound subject. He is a man of taste, discrimination, and spirit."

Mr. Bottom now entered, heated, with a countenance glowing with the effects of violent exercise; yet with an inexhaustible flow of animal spirits, he bounded into the parlour, exclaiming, "Ladies and Gentlemen, forgive my abrupt entrance—you know, Sir Thomas, I'm a queer fellow—like nobody else—ever busy—bustling—and happy; life is too short to be spent in lounging—I'm for doing something." "Yes, Mr. Bottom," said Letitia, in a tone of approbation, "and something to the purpose too." "Why, for that matter, Miss Touchstone, we do our share. This morning I arose at seven—met a sparring party in the royal cockpit—gave Lord Goosecap a confounded contusion in the temple, and left him in the hands of his surgeon, who was busied in the application of various emollients to prevent discolouration. But I think nature will prove too hard for chirurgical skill, and the noble Lord may pass for an Irish beauty for some days to come. His Lordship swears he would not for a thousand guineas be seen with a black eye, as he

is engaged to dance to-night with Miss Fitzclarrion, at the Dowager Lady Fuzball's. From the cockpit, I returned to breakfast at half past eight ; mounted my coach-box precisely at nine, and drove to Brentford, and back to Portman-square, a distance of sixteen miles, in one hour, twenty minutes, and fifty-five seconds, upon my soul ! " Ah ! " cried Letitia, in a tone of compassion, " I pity the poor horses. " " O, Madam, the horses are true blood. " " And bottom too, like their master. " " I thank you, Miss Touchstone, " said Bottom, gaily, " I thank you, my dear girl, for the compliment ; yes, my angel, I'm a fellow of some spirit, and the town shall know it ; for, to use the motto of stage-struck Coates, *while I live I will crow !* " " You are, indeed, Sir, a model of modern elegance. " " Nay, Letitia, don't be so satirical. However, if our young fellows of fortune would but imitate me, they would make a very different figure to what most of them do at present. Instead of wasting their hours at the public theatre, the private gaming-table, or in some silly amour, they might improve their health and agility, by feats of horsemanship, pugilism, and other manly diversions, worthy of trueborn Englishmen. At present, there is a base degeneracy among us. Notwithstanding the peace, our military fops continue to imitate stupid Germans, by strutting with largeswords striking their

heels, like some mock hero on the boards; and disfiguring the human form and face by a Germanized uniform, and a ferocious stare." "Do you know, Sir," said Spitzberg, with evident discomposure, "that I am a German Baron?" "What," replied Bottom with a sneer, "the Baron Geramb I suppose; we have had a sufficient sample of German Barons."

Sir Thomas now interposed, and endeavoured to reconcile the disputants, but this unpleasant incident interrupted the harmony of the morning visit, though it developed the characters of two strange individuals to the observation of Edmund, who soon afterwards retired, much gratified by the politeness of the Baronet, but completely cured of his momentary passion for the beautiful and accomplished Miss Touchstone, whose satirical wit, and high spirit, were equally uncongenial with his benevolent and manly disposition.

The weather was fine, and Edmund proceeded to St. James's Park, that favourite resort of genteel pedestrians. He entered the walks about noon, and met his friend Mr. Wright in company with another gentleman. This fortuitous meeting was mutually agreeable; "You have shortened my morning's ramble, Mr. Vere," said Mr. Wright; "I intended to have gone to Mr. Bolton's, for the purpose of introducing this gentleman to your acquaintance. His name is Brown-

low, he is a native of the north of Ireland, but do not start at that, for he is not a wild Irishman. Twenty years intercourse with the inhabitants of London has tamed him ; he is now a man of the world, in the best sense of the word, and well qualified, by his knowledge of the town, to improve yours." Edmund thanked his friend, cordially shook hands with Mr. Brownlow, and expressed his wish to profit by his instructions. Brownlow smiled, saying, "The most that I can do for you, Sir, will be to forewarn you of the mantraps, gins, and snares with which you are surrounded wherever you turn your steps, for, as a modern satirist justly describes the situation of a young man in London, I am aware that,

'Hourly allurements on his passions press,
Safe in themselves, but dangerous in th'excess ;
Here beauty woos him with expanded arms,
Ev'n Bacchanalian madness has its charms.' "

"I hope, Mr. Brownlow," said Edmund, with a smile, "that my state is not so perilous as the poet describes it ; poets you know sometimes resort to hyperbole to give energy to sentiment." "That Mr. Brownlow is sensible of, practically," said Wright, "for, like our former travelling companion, he is an author by profession." "And a satirical one," replied Edmund, "as I already perceive by his readiness at animadversion."

"Why, Sir," said Brownlow, "if you are startled at my first precautionary hint, what will be your feelings, when I describe the vicious deformity of this immense receptacle of human beings? I grant that London has its bright as well as its dark side; happy is the man, who, while he profits by the accommodations, the commerce, and scientific knowledge of this great city, wisely avoids its bewitching pleasures, its enervating luxuries, and its execrable crimes." "I believe," said Edmund, "I may entrust myself to the guidance and advice of this Hibernian Mentor; my prejudices vanish while I listen to him; and by availing myself of his knowledge of the town, I may gain more information in one month, than I could from my own observations in six." "Say six years," exclaimed Mr. Wright; "and if indeed you are so contracted as to feel any prejudices against Irishmen, they will, I trust, be removed by a more intimate acquaintance with this gentleman." Mr. Brownlow bowed.

"I have a particular engagement at two o'clock," continued Mr. Wright, "and shall now leave my English Telemachus under the guidance of his Irish Mentor." The gentlemen laughed at the classical simile of their friend, with whom they now parted, and proceeded to Mr. Brownlow's apartments in the Inner Temple.

"Well, Sir," said Mr. Brownlow, as they

sat down, "we had better proceed to business. I shall just touch a few general heads respecting the state of society in London, and your own daily observation and experience will furnish you with illustrations.

"I need not inform you that the English Metropolis is nearly thirty miles in circumference, and is computed to contain a million of inhabitants. Here every variety of complexion, from the healthful white and bloom of English beauty, to the deep sable of the African, may be seen; and all the variations of human disposition and talent may be found, from the simple innocence of the artless country girl, just entered into her first service in town, to the highest refinement of the elegant lady, 'adorn'd with all that earth and heaven can bestow to make her amiable.' Here we observe by turns the plain, industrious artisan, and the enlightened and munificent nobleman and merchant; and every gradation of intellectual intelligence, from the rudeness and twilight of reason in the mind of the stable-boy, or pampered livery servant, up to the comprehensive wisdom of the practical philosopher, and the devout theologian.

"As for the general characteristics of the common people, they are easily perceptible. The love of gain is their *primum mobile*, the possession of money, no matter how acquired, is their

summum bonum. They are, in general, the most selfish beings on earth.

“ Among the higher classes, the love of pleasure is the predominant passion in London, as it is in all other great cities. Art is the presiding genius in their mansions, and nature seems totally excluded or unknown.

“ Such is the fascination of pleasure, the influence of example, and the empire of fashion, over the occasional visitors to London, that they eagerly imitate those follies here, which they would have rejected with derision in the country. Thus the contagion of folly, and even of vice, is communicated to the unwary stranger, while admiring the imposing pageantry of fashion, as the European traveller over the sultry and pestilential plains of Africa, while gazing at the gorgeous and approaching *simoom*, is suddenly destroyed by its mortal blast.

“ From this picture of the fashionable folly predominant in London, let us just take a peep at its vices. But who can describe their blackness and enormity! All the gradual shades of systematic crime flourish here as in a hotbed, from the first iniquitous efforts of the infant pilferer, to the exploits of the footpad, the highwayman, the house-breaker, the incendiary, and the murderer! Such are the tremendous gradations by which villany

arrives at its zenith in this vast city, which a powerful satirist has too truly described as,

‘The needy villain’s general home.’

“But enough of this. There are other degrees of criminality in this city, which have been glossed over by the address of refined sensualists, and even obtained temporary eclat by the practice of exalted personages.

“Among the general follies which the majority of the inhabitants of London participate, by a kind of temporary sympathy, which for the moment levels all distinctions, may be mentioned their delight in spectacles. Hence the popularity of pantomimes, whether on the stage, or in the streets. Whether the entertainment be Obi, or Cinderella, in mimetic ; or the transit of Emperors and Kings in real life. The people must have something to gape at ; something to rouse their lethargic faculties into momentary admiration, wonder, and astonishment. Hence the farce of several acts, performed in high life in the year 1815, exceeded in popularity, Rich’s famous pantomime of Queen Mab, which delighted the grown children of the metropolis a century ago.

“From this sombre view of civilized man in his highest state of refinement, let us now turn our attention to a more pleasing prospect, while I try

my talent as the encomiast of the most wealthy, celebrated, free, prosperous, and magnificent city in the world.

‘ Babylon of old.

Not more the glory of the world than she,

A more accomplish’d world’s chief glory now.’

“ London is indeed a place well worthy of observation, and while adventurers from different parts of the United Kingdom, goaded by curiosity, make a trip to Paris, and describe the diversity of amusements and characters observable in that gay city, they overlook the metropolis of England, which presents a still greater variety of interesting objects, and a more perfect display of civilized society than any other city on the globe.

“ In the first place, London, as the seat of government, has for centuries been the chief point of attraction to our ambitious countrymen; as the centre of science and literature, hither the ingenious resort; and as the emporium of traffic, the manufacturers and merchants of England and her dependencies, here find ample scope for speculation and enterprise.

“ The facilities afforded by the post-office, coaches, waggons, and inland navigation, have essentially promoted the prosperity of the nation; and connected its inhabitants in one vast chain of commercial intercourse, with a precision that admits

scarcely of any improvement with respect to regularity, while it is highly conducive to a continual advancement in the universal prosperity of the whole community. Thus while London communicates the produce of the most distant or fertile countries to provincial residents, the opulent manufacturers of Birmingham, Bristol, Sheffield, Leeds, and especially of Manchester, contribute to the present unparalleled splendour, magnificence, wealth, and animation of the metropolis.

“A journey from York or Liverpool, to London, two centuries ago, was considered a very fatiguing enterprise; and the travellers parted with their friends with as much solemnity as if their destination was to a remote part of the globe. But with the present improved state of the highway, and the excellence and convenience of the vehicles constructed for the accommodation of passengers, a journey to the capital is now considered as a jaunt of pleasure.

“At the period before mentioned, the slowly moving packhorse, or the still slower and more cumbrous waggon, passed with difficulty along broken and irregular roads. Now the roads are paved, or firmly formed of gravel; hills are levelled, the packhorse is unknown, the waggon moves safely and with increased speed, while the mail and stage-coaches sweep along with the velocity of the wind; and the post-chaise, the cha-

riot, and the coach of the nobleman, or opulent merchant, pass with equal expedition.

“Vain and ignorant asserters of provincial prosperity, have compared the seaports of Bristol and Liverpool to London, but the comparison is that of infancy to manhood ; and unless some unforeseen calamity, such as pestilence or conflagration, revisit this wonderful city, there is no probability, that any other town in the United Kingdom, nay, in the world, will ever rival AUGUSTA, in her firmly established wealth and pre-eminence.

“The merchants of London trade to every part of the habitable globe, their opulence is immense, and their integrity unimpeachable. With respect to their domestic establishments, many of them equal our nobility, with whom they frequently form matrimonial alliances. But this cannot be said with truth of the merchants of any other part of the empire.

“Most of the wealthy manufacturers and merchants of the flourishing towns of Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, and Birmingham, instead of commencing business with a capital transmitted as it were by inheritance, are the praiseworthy architects of their own fortune. They are, at present, rather the imitators than the equals of the principal merchants of London, and in many in-

stances, on great public occasions, their liberality has been truly munificent.

“In domestic trade the superiority of London is evident, presenting to the observant eye, successive streets to the extent of several miles, in which lines of shops and warehouses are stored with the richest produce of every clime, and the most useful as well as elegant productions of foreign and British ingenuity.

“London is, to the political and commercial world, what the heart is to the human body. Here the great senate of the empire is convened, here the Courts of Law are opened to dispense justice and preserve order ; and here the great and the gay, the wealthy and the ingenious, are annually collected by the inviting gratifications offered to their minds.

“A very considerable majority of our nobility and gentry spend two-thirds of the year in London. From the annual meeting of Parliament till its adjournment, the metropolis enjoys the exclusive advantages arising from the residence of our senators, the officers of the Courts of Law, and many thousands of our opulent gentry and merchants, whom amusement or business attract to this great centre of science, ingenuity, recreation and traffic.

“Hence London is always most interesting in winter and spring, and at this moment presents

such a diversity of objects and characters, as must satiate the most eager curiosity, and delight the most enlightened mind.

“London not only abounds in all the necessities, but the luxuries of life. To the opulent, therefore, this city is a kind of terrestrial paradise; and the elegant accommodations obtainable not only by individuals, but private families, at the principal hotels, coffee-houses, and inns, are equally remarkable for their excellence, and the attention paid to the lodger.

“As for amusements, they are multiplied in this city, by the inventive genius of man, to an astonishing variety; insomuch that curiosity may revel in a circle of recreations. The two principal theatres, and the Opera House, afford the highest kind of public amusement to the votaries of Melpomene, Thalia, and Terpsichore. Public Concerts are also frequently performed. Various Museums present the rarest productions of nature and art to the observant visitor; and among mental gratifications afforded by London, those of literature constitute a valuable and interesting part.

“The far-famed lane called Paternoster Row, is the seat of the Muses in this city, and a more sordid, or perhaps a more filthy abode they never inhabited. Yet Milton, and Pope, those favourites of the Nine, were born in London; though

they were indebted for none of their elevated conceptions to the purity of the atmosphere, and still less for their accommodations, to the liberality of their publishers.

“Among dangerous and vitiating diversions, may be mentioned the public and private Masquerades, which alternately tempt juvenile gaiety into their dangerous labyrinths; where with two faces under a hood, intrigue and seduction revel hand in hand; the fashionable nymph is infested with the *mania* of levity, and dances and gambols on the flowery path of infamy in fatal security, till scandal awakes her from the dream of folly.”

When Mr. Brownlow concluded his description of London, Edmund thanked him for the information which he had so freely communicated. “I perceive, Sir,” said he, “that like most men of the world your sketch of civilized life is rather satirical; you have observed more to censure than commend in your intercourse with mankind, Mr. Brownlow, and you must forgive me if I continue rather sceptical.” “Certainly, Sir,” replied his friend; “and in fact, a man’s own experience is always preferable to the cautionary hints of others. But you will certainly escape better than any man I yet met, if you retain your good opinion of society in its highest state of civilization three months hence.” “I

have made one observation on the censors of the human species," said Edmund, "which has diminished the influence of their censure. They seldom or never propose an efficient plan for the improvement of society. Like our political reformers, they talk loudly of existing evils, without proposing a rational and practicable mode of reformation."

"The only way to be truly dignified, honourable, and happy, is to be virtuous. There is, indeed, very little self-denial exerted by any man, who forsakes those sensual delights, which bring disgust or disappointment, instead of anticipated happiness. Let our men of rank and fortune, then, turn their attention from the silly pursuits of fashionable dissipation, to the advancement of their countrymen, in the scale of civilization. Many of those spirited young noblemen and gentlemen are senators. Let them devote their talents to legislation, and establish the glory of their native land, upon the unshaken basis of political integrity. Let them encourage our manufacturers, and lend new wings, and new energies, to the genius of commerce; and, with a manly and philosophical excursion of their mental powers, glance over the habitable globe, and promote the reciprocal benefit, and ultimate felicity, of the great family of mankind. While engaged in such important improvements, they

will consider the indulgence of the passions and appetites, as unworthy of the grasp of an immortal mind."

This termination of Mr. Brownlow's observations, was equally pleasing and instructive to Edmund, who now retired, after promising to revisit his friend.

Edmund had now been a resident in London about a fortnight ; and, in consequence of his introduction to persons of rank and respectability, had hitherto escaped the deceptive arts practised by sharpers and demireps, to outwit raw novices from the country. He safely gratified his curiosity, by frequent rambles through the capital, visits to Museums, and general observations on the population which passed along the streets, with indescribable animation and variety. But he had not yet seen that epitome of human nature, the stage ; and the appearance of Kean, in the character of Hamlet, announced in the play-bills, first induced him to visit Drury Lane theatre.

This, as will be seen in the sequel, was an ordeal to our young Lancashireman, as it had been to thousands before him. He came to London with an excellent disposition, and temperate habits ; but his passions, like those of most young men, were strong, and scarcely controulable by reason ; his natural temperament was

warm, and that ardour was increased by the atmosphere of the metropolis. He was credulous; thought every man, and woman too, whom he met, as good as they seemed; notwithstanding the precautions of his friend Brownlow, he was unable to discriminate sincerity from dissimulation, or truth from error; and, in this perilous state of inexperience, he but too soon encountered the deceptive arts and villainies of London.

EDMUND AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

In the evening, Edmund went to the theatre in Drury Lane, and, for the first time, beheld Hamlet Prince of Denmark, properly represented. The appropriate scenery, harmonious band in the orchestra, and histrionic skill exhibited by the performers, were new, attractive, and delightful to the stranger; and the appearance of the audience constituted no small part of the entertainment to Edmund, who had never beheld so numerous an assemblage of beautiful ladies. As he sat admiring the various and interesting objects, both on and off the stage, a young lady of superior beauty, who sat in the same box in company with a gentleman, became the particular object of his attention. She seemed to

be about twenty, was dressed in the highest style of fashion, and, by the ease of her manners and attitudes, had acquired all the graces, which art could superadd to the endowments of nature.

The heart of Edmund throbbed with a new sensation, while he gazed upon this beauteous object; she soon perceived his emotion, so strongly portrayed in his expressive countenance; and, as her male companion in a few minutes retired, an opportunity, seemingly propitious, was thus afforded for conversation. Encouraged by the fascinating smile of triumphant beauty, which played lightly over the features of the fair incognita, Edmund ventured to address her between the acts, and the soft modulations of her voice, added a charm to the taste she displayed in her observations on the performance. The candour of Edmund, and her dignified urbanity, were so completely in unison, that when the curtain fell, and a footman appeared, to attend the lady to her coach, our novice gallantly tendered his services, which were as graciously accepted.

When he handed the young lady into her carriage, he softly whispered how happy he should be to have the honour of seeing her home; she nodded assent; he bounded into the vehicle, which he now considered superior to the chariot of

Venus; away they went, and in a quarter of an hour, stopped at a house in Wimpole-street. The door was opened by a servant in livery, and Edmund, who had hitherto met with no obstacle, had the temerity to attend the mistress of the mansion, for such in reality she was, to a parlour elegantly furnished.

"You will think me very free, Sir," said the lady, with a smile, "to admit a stranger under my roof; but there is a prepossessing candour in your character, which convinces me, that my confidence will not be abused. Pray sit down, Sir, and accept of such refreshments, as fashionable hospitality can afford." "Your condescension, Madam," replied the youth, "has, if possible, enchanted me more than your beauty. I am in elysium while in your presence."—"Ah flatterer!" exclaimed the lady, "I find you are already an adept in the art of compliment, but we are so accustomed to those words of course, that nobody, conversant with polished society, can, for a moment, be misled by them." "I protest," said Edmund with great earnestness, "I never was more sincere in my life, and the felicitous incident, to which I owe my present gratification, seems like enchantment." "Then I must be the sorceress," replied the lady, laughing. "I grant," continued she, with a more serious air, and a look of apprehension, "that my

conduct has somewhat of levity in it, but what can be expected from a young, unprotected girl, left to her own discretion, or rather, her indiscretion?" "Unprotected!" exclaimed Edmund, with emphasis, "impossible! So lovely a being must find a protector in every manly mind.

‘Friends in all the aged you’ll meet,
And lovers in the young.’”

“I protest, Sir,” said the lady, “you are quite gallant; I never heard those lines of Sheridan more happily applied.” “Nor more justly,” cried Edmund. “Well, Sir, your partiality, is, I see, in the extreme; but prudence requires that our conversation should terminate. If my father should ever come to know how imprudently I have admitted ——” “Your father, madam!” said Edmund, “may I presume to inquire, who has the happiness to boast of such a daughter.” The lady looked at him with a penetrating glance, then, after some hesitation, said, “since I have gone so far, an explanation is certainly requisite, to prevent surmises. I am, Sir,” continued she, speaking in a lower tone, “the only daughter of the Earl of *****, a Scotch nobleman.”

Edmund continued silent, reflecting on his own presumption, and the condescension, if not imprudence of the young lady, who now sat

before him in evident confusion and distress; but like most young fellows, he had a high opinion of his personal merit, and therefore made the erroneous conclusion, that his dulcinea was as deeply enamoured as himself. This restored confidence; he arose, and respectfully taking her unresisting hand, pressed it to his lips, and expressed his passion. Reciprocal sympathy seemed to have taken possession of the fair bosom of Lady Frances *****; the conversation became every moment more interesting, and the delighted Edmund obtained permission to revisit his mistress.

He returned to Mr. Bolton's with all the secret delight of a lover, with whom hope was the predominant passion, and retired to his pillow to indulge in a reverie of future felicity and honour, in his union with the daughter of a peer of the realm.

When Edmund descended to the breakfast parlour next morning, Mr. Bolton pointed out the following paragraph in a newspaper. "Yesterday morning, at half past nine o'clock, a German Baron of some notoriety in the West end of the town, and a young gentleman who has long been distinguished as a member of the four-in-hand club, met on Primrose Hill to determine an affair of honour. The subject of the dispute was the censure passed by the young English-

man on the consequential assumptions of those German adventurers who resort to London; the ground was measured by the seconds, and after exchanging two shots without bloodshed, the parties declared themselves satisfied." "So much for the fire of Mr. Bottom, and the *fierte* of Baron Spitzberg," said Mr. Bolton; "they will now be the town talk for a day or two, and strut about among their friends with renovated presumption." "I agree with you, Sir," said Edmund, "in your censure of this appeal to arms, and yet I do not see how it can be avoided, while countenanced by the fashionable world."

"Fashion," said Mr. Bolton gravely, "can never justify the perpetration of murder, and what is duelling better? But as this is a topic which has been discussed by the eloquent and the wise, without their discovery of a radical or effectual preventive, let us talk of something else. "Pray Sir, how were you entertained last night?" "Never better in my life," replied Edmund; "the tragedy was admirably performed"—"and the afterpiece?" "O Sir, it was still more delightful to me," said the youth; "I never felt higher gratification." "Well, my young friend, at your time of life, theatrical representations may be very entertaining, and perhaps in some instances instructive; but it appears to me, that most of the amusements of refined

society, such as balls, gaming, and especially the diversions of the public theatre, originated in the levity of the human mind, and the desire of the gay, the giddy, and the profligate, to forget death." "This is indeed a new view of amusements to me, Sir," said Edmund; "you may be in the right—but I see Lady and Miss Touchstone alighting from their coach, with faces full of expression. They probably are come to communicate further particulars of the recent duel to Mrs. Bolton." "No doubt of it," replied Mr. Bolton, "the incident is too important to pass lightly away; besides, you know, Mr. Bottom is the devoted admirer of the young lady."

Mrs. Bolton now entered the room with her two visitors. The gentlemen rose to receive them; and while Mr. Bolton observed Miss Touchstone with a scrutinizing eye, his wife said, "My dear, we are indebted for the honour of this early visit to the ingenious paragraphist, who has furnished the tea-table with an account of a duel between two gentlemen, the intimate friends of Sir Thomas Touchstone. The event has strongly affected Lady Touchstone, who thought that a short ride in the morning air might allay her perturbation." "Lady Touchstone was very right, in my opinion," said Mr. Bolton; "and I am happy to have the honour of

her company, with her daughter, at our breakfast table."

During breakfast, Mr. Bolton endeavoured to turn the attention of his visitors to common topics, such as the mildness of the present winter, the generally pacific state of the civilized world, the hope of commercial prosperity, and consequent aggrandizement of England, and the advantages which might be derived by the inhabitants of London from the visits of ingenious foreigners. "I wish those foreigners would stay at home," said Miss Touchstone with a sigh; "their presumption is intolerable, and no Englishman of spirit can listen unmoved to their egotism." "Come, my dear," said Lady Touchstone, "don't be too severe in your remarks on foreigners. The very duel which caused both of us such inquietude, originated in the rashness of Mr. Bottom. He might have let Baron Spitzberg vaunt without interruption." "No, Madam," said the daughter, "Bottom was certainly correct in repressing the vanity of the German, though it might have cost him his life." "I think, ladies," said Mr. Bolton, "both the gentlemen were too much under the influence of the *amor patria*, and literally ventured their lives for the honour of their country. I'm glad, however, that they endured the ordeal without injury." This remark illumined the faces of

the ladies with a smile of satisfaction, and soon afterwards, Mrs. Bolton accompanied her female friends in their morning visit to a lady at Kensington, while Mr. Bolton and Edmund set out on foot, the one to transact business in the city, and the other to amuse himself by a glance at the morning papers in the Chapter Coffee-house.

THE DANGER OF INEXPERIENCE.

The Chapter Coffee-house has long been a noted place of resort, not only for men of business, but those of the learned professions. There the late Dr. Buchan read the newspapers, prescribed to his patients occasionally, and often gratuitously, when the circumstances of the applicant required the aid of his benevolence; and there many a musing bard and proseman have composed their spirits over a refreshing cup of,

“Coffee, that makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes;”

before they ventured to attend the levee of those Hesperian Dragons, the sagacious publishers of Paternoster Row!

While Edmund was smiling at one of those witticisms, with which the morning papers abound, a young gentleman of a most prepossessing aspect seated himself in the same box,

and turning over the papers with a quick hand and rapid glance, said, "There's no news this morning." "Nothing remarkable, Sir," said Edmund, handing him the paper which had entertained him; but there are some good points in that paragraph." The gentleman read it, laughed, laid down the paper, and said, "Why, yes Sir, the diurnal scribblers conjure up a new idea now and then. I'm well acquainted with an individual who lately came from Yorkshire, and was obliged to subsist for some time by the production of such trifles." "Pray, Sir," said Edmund, "what was his name?" "Buersil, Sir," "O, my friend Buersil; but he is now better employed, he writes for a monthly publication." "Do you know what he can earn on an average, monthly?" "About twenty pounds," replied Edmund. "Then he'll soon get rich," replied the stranger; "we have a small account to settle, and I can now look forward with some hope." Did you lend him money, Sir?" "O Sir, a mere trifle, about ten or twelve pounds. 'Tis not worth talking about." "Well Sir, this is liberal," continued Edmund; "but if you are doubtful of re-payment, I will refund the money now." "By no means, Sir," replied the stranger, pulling out his watch, "I hope to have the pleasure of a future interview, and must now wish you a good morning." This parting com-

pliment was accompanied by a graceful bow, and he went away, leaving Edmund doubtful whether most to disapprove of the uncereemonious manner in which he had discovered his intercourse with poor Buersil, or admire the gentlemanly manner in which he declined the proffered re-payment of the debt.

When Edmund returned to Upper Brook Street, he found a letter in an unknown hand, and sealed with a coronet. His heart danced at the sight; he hastened to his room, and breaking open the seal, read the following significant lines.

“ Sir,

“ However indiscreet I may appear in the eyes of him whose esteem I desire, I am unpelled by my feelings to write and inform you, that my father’s return from the continent is daily expected, and unless some expedient can be devised, our eternal separation will consequently be inevitable. I am engaged by the Duchess of ***** to a masqued ball to-night; but to-morrow evening, at six o’clock, if you come disguised and alone, I will seek from your sympathy the aid of friendship.

“ FRANCES *****.”

Thus Edmund, the successful and happy Ed-

mund, like a knight of romance, was engaged in the cause of a distressed damsel—and distressed on his account too ! Oh, how delightful to the vanity of a juvenile lover !

He again sallied forth on a ramble through London, and stepping into the Chapter Coffee-house with a commercial gentleman, he drank a cup of coffee, and heard from him a detail of all the occurrences which had made any noise at the Royal Exchange during the day. His friend recollecting that he had an engagement in a distant part of the city, hastened away, like a true man of business who loves punctuality, while Edmund remained leaning on a table in one of the boxes, with all those felicitous anticipations of future happiness, which only successful lovers know. His ideal fabric of delight was complete, when the gentleman whom he had conversed with in the morning made his appearance, and carelessly expressed his satisfaction at this unexpected meeting. He then invited Edmund to share of a bottle of wine, and he was not in a mood to refuse.

When they had drunk a few glasses, a sprucely dressed tradesman presented his bill to the stranger, who muttered, " Well, Mr. Holland, you know I don't like dunning ; here's a Bank post bill which will be due in three days." With these words he presented the paper, and

Mr. Holland pulling out his pocket-book, found that he had not money enough to pay the balance. "This is provoking enough," exclaimed the gentleman, carelessly throwing his Bank post bill upon the table, "What's to be done?" "Pray how much is the amount?" said Edmund. "One hundred pounds," replied his new friend. Edmund immediately paid down the Bank notes, and put the bill, which was previously endorsed by Thomas Raymond, into his pocket. Mr. Raymond recollecting that he had an engagement, soon afterwards got up and retired, after expressing his satisfaction at the pleasure he received from a reciprocation of friendly sentiments with Mr. Vere. Edmund then went to a Jeweller's in Cheapside, where he purchased several trinkets, intended as presents to his two sisters, and tendered his Bank post bill in payment, which he endorsed with his name and place of residence at the request of the jeweller, who then paid him the change.

As he stepped out of the jeweller's shop he met Mr. Buersil, who expressed his satisfaction at this casual interview. Edmund was glad to see the poet, and inquired how he succeeded in his literary pursuits. "Beyond my hopes, Sir," was the reply; "I now unite the twofold character of Author and Critic; you see no less a personage than a Reviewer before you, Sir; and if

you are desirous to become acquainted with a formidable knot of the dispensers of literary fame, I shall be proud to introduce you to THE DISSECTORS, for that is the denomination, and a most significant one it is, which has been unanimously assumed by the members of our Club."

"Well," replied Edmund, smiling, "I shall certainly embrace your offer; where and when do you meet?" "At a room in the Belle Sauvage Inn, sacred to the Muses, I assure you, Sir; and believe me, if you do not gain improvement, you will at least be amused by the various characters and critical strictures presented to your observation and reflection. You thought me a severe satirist, at the Inn where we first met, but I am yet a mere babe in critical knowledge and acumen, compared with those masculine censors to whom I shall introduce you. To-night is appointed for our next meeting; the hour eight o'clock, and if you have leisure, this card will ensure your admittance." Edmund took the card, and promised to avail himself of the privilege. He then walked to Bishopsgate Street, where he dined with a small party of young merchants. After dinner he mentioned his evening's engagement, which excited the merriment of the whole party. "So, Mr. Vere," said one of the company, "you are determined to become the associate of those craze-brained

poets, poetasters, and pseudo-critics; but if you will go, beware of contagion, for the *Cacoethes scribendi* is, I am told, as infectious as the Scotch itch, and not medicable by the Edinburgh ointment. If you should unfortunately turn versifier, or romancer, it will disqualify you for the counting-house, and you will find that the muses are miserable bankers." "That may be, Sir, but I am as little disposed to study the belles lettres as yourself, yet I own, I am somewhat desirous to see and hear this damnatory fraternity." "Oh, you certainly ought to keep your engagement, Sir," said his host, sarcastically; "you seem far gone in the disease of criticism, and I'm apprehensive a promising young merchant will be lost to our community."

Edmund joined the laugh against himself, and rising with the utmost good humour, wished his companions a good evening, stepped into a hackney coach, and in a few minutes arrived at the Belle Sauvage Inn.

THE LITERARY DISSECTORS, OR THE VANITY OF HYPER-CRITICISM.

On presenting his card, he was conducted by a waiter into a remote apartment, where he found about a dozen individuals seated at an oblong table, with lights and wine before them. Mr.

Baersil, who had prepared the company to expect a stranger, introduced him to his associates as his friend, and the friend of humanity, a man of elevated sentiments and a generous heart, and as such, worthy of the confidence and esteem of the Dissectors. The chairman nodded graciously from his elevated seat at the head of the table. His chair was surmounted by a sky-blue canopy, inscribed in front with the following appropriate lines, in letters of burnished gold :

“ Let’s carve him like a dish for the gods,
Not hew him like a carcase fit for hounds.”

Edmund took his seat next his friend Baersil, and while the company joined in some desultory conversation, of which the news of the day formed a part, he had time to make a few observations. The chairman was a tall well-proportioned man, about fifty, with an intelligent countenance, and strong voice, a qualification which was peculiarly suitable to his situation. Near him sat a little well-dressed man, who by his broad Caledonian accent, proved his descent from the Land of Cakes, and directly opposite to him sat an athletic, talkative, and humorous Hibernian. Another Milesian, who sat near Mr. Baersil, praised the claret, which he swore was the real water of Hippocrene, or table-beer

of the Muses, and that no man could pretend to be a critic without its enlivening aid, which not only improved the organs of vision, for the detection of typographical errors in a book, but actually improved the mental, while it gratified the corporeal taste. Another Dissector, who preferred Madeira wine, extolled its exhilarating effects, and the probability that most of our best writers on criticism used it for their common beverage. "I have no doubt, Sir," said he, addressing the chairman, "but Dryden wrote his prefaces and dedications under the inspiring influence of this vinous cordial. It seems to me to be the Pierian spring to which Pope alludes, though I suspect the little fellow was in jest, when he asserted, that drinking largely of it was friendly to sobriety." "Is Mr. Mawman yet such a novice in the noble art of criticism," exclaimed the Hibernian who extolled claret, "as to suppose Pope literally meant what he said? The passage is finely figurative, and justly applicable to the principles of taste. The poet evidently meant by his illustration, that a superficial knowledge of the art of poetry, had a tendency to inflate the imagination to an extravagant and irrational degree of enthusiasm, ever productive of false taste; but that a more comprehensive knowledge enabled the student to acquire attainments approved by rea-

son, rectified by judgment, and in short, the acme of the art." He then vociferated,

" A little learning is a dangerous thing,
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring ;
 There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
 But drinking largely sobers us again."

" Here," vociferated he, filling a bumper, " Here's to the memory of that prince of critics, Pope." " Well, Mr. Kennedy," said the chairman, " you are certainly in the right ; Mr. Mawman had made an erroneous conclusion, which I trust you have corrected." Mr. Mawman bowed. " At the same time, Kennedy, you seem inclined to follow the advice of Shakespeare in your illustrations, and to ' suit the action to the word, and the word to the action ;' but for the sake of the information which we may obtain from your knowledge of literature, I request in the name of my brother dissectors, that you will not ' o'erstep the modesty of nature,' by too frequent an application to your bottle, till the business of the evening is over." " I'm all obedience, Sir," replied Kennedy, casting however a longing, lingering look at his bottle, " and as you promised the Society a critical lecture on the popular poets of the day, we shall all be properly attentive."

There was now a pause of about five minutes,

during which, the President arranged a few notes, which he held in his right hand for occasional reference. He then delivered his promised lecture in the following words.

Some of our modern poets have obtained temporary celebrity by their power of description, and if the public taste is so low as to approve of those productions,

“Where mere description holds the place of sense,”

such poets as Lord Byron, Walter Scott, and John Wilson Croker, may fairly claim poetical distinction. But a nation accustomed to receive instruction from the sublime and harmonious compositions of Milton, Pope, Dryden, and Cowper, will not long endure descriptive pieces devoid of morality.

Most of our modern rhymsters write to gratify their own avarice or vanity, while they certainly amuse the public; but as their best productions are only descriptive of beautiful imagery or strong passions, they soon satiate popular taste. Such poets resemble a buffoon, who, while he exhibits his activity, excites a smile or laugh of approbation. To the disgrace of our national taste, those poets have for a short time been most admired, who tickled the ear and gratified the fancy, without improving the heart. Thus the legendary ballads of Walter Scott, were in conse-

quence of the arts of puffing resorted to by the publishers, actually sold at the enormous price of two guineas apiece, though not one of them is equal in poetical beauty to the ballad of "Chevy Chase," which is purchasable for a penny. The publishers of Scott's poems might have been satisfied with a crown apiece for his *Marmion*, *Lady of the Lake*, and *Rokeby*, and they would then have had a better chance to survive the author. But the little Scotch versifier, though lame, is not blind; he clearly perceived that the popularity of his poems arose from their novelty, boldness of description, and above all, their high price; for the public naturally expected that what was so dear must needs be superexcellent. Having thus discovered the art of pleasing, he, by versifying obsolete legends, availed himself of popular folly and curiosity, sold his flippant rhymes at a high price, and, doubtless, secretly laughed at his patrons, as well he might. I shall here introduce a short extract from the *Monthly Review*, in illustration of the arts resorted to for the purpose of profiting to the uttermost do it by such temporary popularity. "We have," say these manly critics, in a strain of genuine irony, "to allege against Mr. C. as a candidate for contemporary popularity, the extraordinary fault of being too varied and too short in his productions. Had the 'Ancient Mariner,' or the

‘Christabel,’ been dilated into metrical romances, first published in *quarto*, (some two or three hundred copies at the most), and then rapidly succeeded by several editions, of four or five hundred each in *octavo*,—or had one *well-seasoned* edition *reappeared*, like an old friend with a new face, with *sundry fresh title-pages*, even before the town was again empty,—wonders might have been worked in this way for Mr. C.’s popularity. In the first instance, however, he compresses matter enough for a handsome volume into a two-penny pamphlet, then he scatters his Sybilline leaves over half a hundred perishable newspapers and magazines.”

Lord Byron, who from his boyhood has aspired to the name of poet, has, doubtless, been stimulated by vanity in the production of his tuneful rhapsodies. He never did, as his publisher *most solemnly declares*, write for money; but if he was stimulated by the love of fame, to handle that mystic instrument, the pen, he never committed a more egregious error. *Fame* never did, nor ever will admit the pretensions of the noble Lord; but as a candidate for *notoriety*, he may certainly shine for a time with Romeo Coates, Patriot Hunt, and other meteors, who diffuse an evanescent splendour in the atmosphere of this great city. Indeed, such has been the greediness of this noble Author for public dis-

tion as a bard, that he exposed his social foibles, and made his family quarrels the town-talk, by recording them in harmonious stanzas, that might be set to music by some composer, and sung by those female gossips who delight in scandal, and who are to be found in every class of civilized society. Yet with all his folly and eccentricity, there are passages in his misanthropic *Childe Harold*, which command the admiration of the critic, for beauty of description and energy of sentiment. But these poetic gems are rare, and their splendour is continually obscured by the gloomy misanthropy which excites horror, and is equally unnatural and inconsistent with the design of all true poetry, the proper office of which is to delight and instruct. In this respect Cowper, notwithstanding his puritanical bias, is superior to all his contemporaries; no man can read his *Task* without feeling some of the sacred enthusiasm of the bard, and the devotion of the Christian.

But the poetical progeny of Walter Scott and Lord Byron, are, like their authors, born to die. It is even doubtful, whether they will survive their fathers; and some mischievous wit may possibly write an elegy on their extinction. The principal ideas in Scott's voluminous ballads are evidently borrowed or pilfered from the musty volumes of antiquaries, and combined with a ju-

icious intermixture of amatory sentiments, which gratified the superficial and ignorant pretenders to poetic taste. But the illusion has vanished, and the public will never again be imposed upon by the appearance of a high-priced ballad in quarto! Lord Byron's poems, indeed, are comparatively cheap; but as vanity, not avarice, was probably the motive of his Lordship, he left the prize of cupidity to his northern contemporary, content with the rainbow of fame, which for a moment diffused its radiance on "*Fare thee Well.*"

The transition from these eccentric comets of the muses, to that steady, if not *sedative* luminary, the Poet Laureate, is easy and natural. Robert Southey has undoubtedly been selected from the tuneful throng of poets, by the infallible taste of a great man, and crowned with the pate-protecting laurel. Southey has written some elegant poems in blank verse, containing beautiful passages, but occasionally disgraced by the absurdities of a romantic and headstrong imagination. With the political sentiments of the man we have nothing to do. He is a poet, and a productive, careless, and conceited poet too, with all the errors of the character. He has had a fair share of public approbation for the productions of his juvenile years; but not content with that, he aimed at pre-eminence; and

in his progress to the summit of Parnassus, slipped and fell irrecoverably into the dangerous abyss of incongruity and false taste, where he collected those ideal phantoms which disfigured his *Madoc*, *Curse of Kehama*, and other essays at epic composition.

As for the poetical effusions of the Clerk of the Admiralty, he is literally a *Croaker* among the sons of Apollo ; and his eulogium on a modern warrior, is as dull as his countryman Philips's *Praise of Liberty*, in his "*Emerald Isle*." Poor Liberty, what miserable champions has it been thy curse to employ in these degenerate days ! a Cobbett, a Carlile, a Hone, and a Wooler ! A cause defended by such worthies, may fairly be termed desperate.

Utility, and utility alone, must constitute the value of a literary production, whether in verse or prose. Hence, merely to amuse is trifling with our existence. Some moral principle, some generous sentiment of paramount importance must be inculcated or illustrated. Taking this as the criterion, the claims of most of our poets "vanish into air," while our great contemporary Cowper, appears among them like an unimpaired arch amid the ruins of an Abbey, or the firm and majestic oak, which flourishes though surrounded by decaying underwood.

Here the President concluded his lecture, and

received the thanks of every individual present. When Edmund arose to express his acknowledgments, he felt somewhat disconcerted; but resolving to give his compliment a gay turn, he said, "Mr. President, I have received much gratification from the mental repast which you so skilfully prepared for your auditory, and, in return; I beg leave to invite you and your colleagues to the more substantial refection of a supper." This offer was received with acclamations, a bill of fare was called for, and a supper ordered to be ready at ten o'clock. The intermediate hour was spent in cheerful conversation; and the subject mentioned for discussion at the next meeting, was the merit or demerit of modern prose writers, with a preliminary discourse by Kennedy. "Yes, yes, my boys," exclaimed the Hibernian, "if you supply me with claret to wet my whistle, you shall hear a loud invective against bombast, delivered pretty much in the style which it satirizes." "No, no, Kennedy," said the Scotchman, "you can produce something better than that; but avoid abusing my countrymen, as much as you can; for I'm a little tinctured with *nationality*, like my brethren, the Edinburgh Reviewers; and was once or twice tempted to interrupt our President when he was so severe on Watty Scott." "O, Mr. Watson," said the President, "you know

that I have neither predilection nor prejudice on these occasions ; impartiality, truth, and taste, should be the guides of the true critic ; and whenever I violate any of these, or deviate from common-sense and rectitude, I shall be thankful to any of my brethren, who will, by a salutary admonition, reclaim me from the path of error." "Yes, Sir," rejoined Mr. Watson, "we all acknowledge your candour. You know that my countrymen have high pretensions to literary eminence, and have been equally distinguished as original authors and critics. You know, Dr. Smollett was the founder of the Critical Review." "He may indeed have established that literary Journal," cried Kennedy, "and if I could bring myself to believe in the Pythagorean doctrine of the metempsychosis, I should certainly consider the present editor as animated by the spirit of that resentful and severe censor, whose acerbity, or rather malignity, embittered his own life." "Come, come, Mr. Kennedy," said the President, "you are too severe. You might, with more truth, perhaps, have applied your censure to the Edinburgh Illuminati, the Aurora Borealis of literature." "Let them alone, let them alone, my friend," said Kennedy ; "if you raise the demon of Caledonian criticism, all your powers of exorcism will not be able to lay him. To do them justice, however, the Edin-

burgh Reviewers have favoured the public with some of the most elaborate and best written essays on poetry and history, that have appeared in print during the present age ; and yet I have made a discovery, which I'm almost afraid to mention." "What is that, what is that?" cried several dissectors at once. "Why, gentlemen, it is neither more nor less than that the sagacious critics of Auld Reekie, have begged, borrowed, or stolen, most of their ideas on those subjects from the Monthly Review. I grant," continued he, seeing his auditors look surprised, "that, like most compilers, they have made some improvements, and even added some ideas of their own ; but their additions and decorations have, in most instances, like the light ornaments of the florid Gothic, destroyed the sublime effect of the original architecture." The appearance of supper put an end to the conversation, and probably prevented a disputation between the Scottish and Hibernian Dissectors.

An entertainment, in which the "*feast of reason*," was superseded for more substantial fare, terminated at midnight, and Edmund went home, completely fatigued with the various incidents of the day.

When he retired to his bed-chamber, he found a letter from Mr. Brownlow lying on his table, in which his friend desired an interview with

him next morning at his chambers. But the predominant idea in Edmund's mind was the image of Lady Frances *****; it had attended him throughout the day, and was the last object of his reflection, as his mind gradually sunk from consciousness into the insensibility of repose.

The passion of Edmund was cherished by two of the most powerful stimulants of self-love, ambition, and love for an accomplished and beautiful young woman. Hence his expectation ran high; he anticipated the surprise and pleasure of his kindred, when they should find themselves allied to nobility, and vanity naturally suggested that the fair prize was due to his merit.

A fine winter's morning, with remarkably mild air and pleasant sunshine, induced Edmund to visit his friend Brownlow at an early hour. The man of the world had not yet come down stairs, but his female servant had prepared the breakfast table; the tea-kettle was boiling, and "the cups that cheer, but not inebriate," were ready, at a moment's warning, to impart their cordial and exhilarating influence to the master of the apartment and his youthful visitor.

Edmund observed several letters lying on a small desk in a corner of the room. They were directed to his friend, and sealed with impressions of the armorial bearings of men of high rank.

"Such will doubtless be part of my correspondence," said he to himself, "when Lady Frances takes me to her arms."

While he was indulging this pleasing anticipation, Mr. Brownlow entered, and welcomed him with the extended hand and cheering smile of unreserved friendship. "I find," said he, "that you have not so completely divested yourself of your rustic habits as to pass your mornings in bed; I must approve your early rising, though I fear it is above my imitation; it is now ten o'clock," continued he, looking at his watch; "come, Mary, let us have breakfast." His servant having set every thing in order, and within his reach, retired; and the friends enjoyed their morning's repast, and the pleasures of conversation without interruption, or the presence of a third person.

"You will be curious to know why I wished to see you this morning," said Mr. Brownlow, "but an opportunity is presented, for the introduction of my pupil into the highest scene of fashionable folly and dissipation. A scene, perhaps, not exceeded in extravagance, by the Cytherean and Bacchanalian orgies of the ancients." "Is such an exhibition perfectly consistent with your strict morality, Sir?" said Edmund with an arch smile. "No, my friend, nor do I wish you to be deluded by the fascination of a species of

amusement, which I consider utterly incompatible with the purity of the religion we profess. But curiosity is not only a strong but an irritating passion; you came to London for the express purpose of seeing the manners and amusements of the inhabitants; and would undoubtedly feel some mortification, if, in answer to the inquiries of your country friends, you were compelled by truth, to own that you had not been present at a fashionable masquerade." "A masquerade!" exclaimed Edmund, while his eyes sparkled with vivacity, "I have long wished for an introduction to a spectacle, which has for ages been the delight of the great and the gay." "Yes; but you must be an actor as well as a spectator; the choice of character is optional; but every body is expected to contribute to the amusement of others at this motley assemblage. You will behold a surprising diversity of forms and habiliments, and hear much wit, much ribaldry, and much nonsense. For once, in a person's lifetime, it may be worth while to ramble through this Vanity Fair of high life: to a stranger it may appear a splendid and ludicrous farce, but I assure you, my friend, that the English masquerade has long been a medium for intrigue, seduction, and those casual interviews between young and volatile persons of both sexes, which have terminated in elopement, or

Crim. Con." "Well, well, my friend," said Edmund, gaily, "you must be convinced, that I shall be in no danger of contamination, by a peep at the gaieties and festivities of high life. Guided by my Mentor, your Telemachus may fearlessly encounter the allurements of a fashionable Calypso and her handmaids."

"Here then," said Mr. Brownlow, rising, and taking a card from his desk, "I present you with this passport, into the fairy-land of the masquerade." Edmund read it, and found that it was a ticket of admission to the Countess of *****'s fancy Ball, in Portman-square, for which eight hundred tickets had been issued.

"Whatever character you assume," said Mr. Brownlow, "must be as well supported as possible, and I need not hint, that as many persons of the highest rank will be present, it will be proper, if you choose a conspicuous character, such as that of Apollo, Mercury, Adonis, &c. to borrow an appropriate and splendid dress." "Be assured, Sir," said Edmund, "I have no desire to personate one of the heathen deities, nor even a modern hero." "O, if you perform your part with spirit, you will prove as agreeable to the company in the character of a chimney-sweeper, or dustman, as that of Jupiter; and if you wish to be more an observer than an actor, you may put on a domino, and be as grave or dull as you

please. For my own part, I shall represent, what, in too many instances, I have been in real life, a blundering wild Irishman." "Then let me also come as near nature as I can," replied Edmund, "as a Lancashire lad. I have only to study Tim Bobbin's dialect for an hour or two, and I think I shall puzzle some of your fashionable friends."

This arrangement being agreed on, and breakfast over, the friends parted, having previously determined to dress in Brownlow's chambers, on the following Friday evening, and proceed in Mr. Bolton's coach to the masquerade.

Edmund now recollected his promise, to visit Buersil, at his lodgings in Gough-square. Thither he went, sent up his name, and in a moment, the critic appeared, pen in hand, at the head of the stairs.

He conducted his friend to the front room in the second floor, where Mrs. Buersil received him. "This is our Lancashire friend," said Buersil, introducing Edmund. His wife blushed, and that blush gave animation to a pretty modest countenance. One of her sons lay asleep in a cradle, smiling in all the felicity of an infant's dream; and before Edmund sat down, the other boy entered the room with a spring, but drew back on seeing a stranger. "Come in, my boy," cried Buersil, "you must shake hands

with this gentleman, for he is our friend." "O," said the child, "if he is a friend, I shall love him." "Why, Charles?" "Because our friends always do us good."

From this childish chit-chat the gentlemen retired to the critic's study. "You must dine with us to-day, Mr. Vere," said he, "just in that familiar way that I dined with you at St. Alban's; but our fare will not be so luxurious." "O never mind dainties," said Edmund, "I don't expect much to gratify the palate at the table of an author, but I expect a refection for my mental taste; 'the feast of reason, and the flow of soul.'" Buersil shook his head, as much as to say, I fear you'll be disappointed.

He conducted Edmund into a back-room. "This, Sir," said he, "is my study, and my bed-chamber, an union not uncommon in the domestic establishment of an author." "So I should think," replied Edmund, "and now I recollect we have the *bonnet nuit* of Merceir, and the 'nightgown and slippers,' of Colman, then why not your's? But this is a very handsome apartment." "Yes, Sir, and we pay a handsome price for the use of it. We have three rooms: first, that which 'serves us for parlour, for kitchen, and hall,' this apartment, and a small garret for lumber. For these I pay half a guinea a week; aye, you may smile, and so should I with

your income ; but, believe me, Sir, half a guinea a week is a serious sum for a common author, or even a critic, to pay for mere shelter." " Yet you seem contented, Mr. Buersil." " Nay, Sir, I am contented. My income is about three guineas a week for my critical productions, and I now and then produce an essay for a magazine, and occasional strictures on the manners of the age, which defray the expence of our lodging ; my wife is an excellent economist, and I'm not extravagant, though I sometimes spend a crown at the monthly meeting of the dissectors."

" Well, Sir," said Edmund, seating himself at a small desk, " I want to have your opinion of that fashionable amusement, the masquerade ; I have a ticket of admission to a masqued ball in my pocket, and, as I am quite a stranger to this modish divertisement, I should like some preparatory information." " I consider a masquerade the school for vice," said Buersil, with some warmth, " and have lately produced some desultory thoughts on the subject. I have, myself, been an eye-witness to the unbounded extravagance of a multitude of persons in disguise, and under no controul ; the sight was appalling to me, as affording a demonstration of the truth of Cowper's satire.

' In cities vice is hidden with most ease,
' Or seen with least offence.' "

"Pray, Buersil," said Edmund, "favour me with your remarks on this amusement; they may be useful to me, and enable me to profit by your experience." "Here they are, Sir, very much at your service," replied his friend, taking some papers out of a drawer. "Read them, Buersil." "I shall comply," said Buersil, "but I doubt you will find the observations rather crude." "O! let me hear them, and judge for myself."

Buersil then read the following strictures on an amusement, which has been praised and decried according to the feelings and views of different writers.

HINTS TO MASQUERADERS.



When we first step into life, and mingle with the busy world, inexperience frequently misleads us into the labyrinth of indiscretion; we credulously believe the assertions of knaves, and we are too apt to imitate the foppery of fools, unconscious of error, till observation enables us to form more just conclusions.

In order to prevent the evils arising from credulity and ignorance, in an intercourse with polite society, those inestimable institutions, the boarding schools, for young persons of both sexes, were originally established by patriotic individuals. At those seminaries of affectation, young people gradually acquire a certain degree of

confidence and effrontery, while they are taught to disguise their genuine sentiments, and conceal their emotions, that they may be qualified to associate with the rest of mankind on equal terms.

But in many instances, even the deceptive manners, obtainable at a fashionable school, are found inadequate for the purposes of high life ; the rapidity of improvements in every branch of philosophy, especially the development of the human powers, outrun the attainments of the pupil of elegance ; and the revival of the masquerade by enlightened adepts, has, as it were, instantaneously refined the docile tyro, who in the whirlpool of voluptuousness, while the head swims, and the heart dances, becomes vitiated by intuition.

This most elegant amusement, at once supersedes the delay, occasioned by female timidity and modesty ; enables the most bashful virgin, while disguised, to shine with all the attractions of a most finished demirep ; and empowers the nobleman's, or even the tradesman's daughter, to outshine her more scrupulous country cousin, as far as the noxious but beautiful gas light is superior to the common lamp in resplendence.

At those promiscuous and disorderly assemblages of the curious, the youthful, the vain, the wanton, and the depraved, a licentious privilege

enables folly to wear the cap and bells with eclat. The laughing votaries of gaiety easily become the victims of vice, and the foul contagion of impure ideas is communicated by the startled ear to the throbbing bosom of indiscreet innocence. The friendly mask conceals those vulgar flushings, which give such an appearance of guilt to the unmasked countenance, and the astonished young girl listens to the impassioned compliments and significant inuendoes of the man of gallantry with the silent attention of a curious novice.

A masquerade is indeed the school of elegant initiation in all the mysteries of licentiousness; it unites the seductive attractions of the theatre, the tavern, and the *****.

By the revival of this imperial or paramount amusement, the most timid young lady may soon become an accomplished coquet, while her reputation remains perfectly safe from the insidious attack of the satirist. Even those scholars and men of sense, who have felt their inferiority in superficial acquisitions, while in the presence of polite coxcombs; or pert, but amusing buffoons; may, by the art of the masquerade, suddenly assume the character of a wit, or man of the world, to the amazement of their most intimate friends.

In order to facilitate the acquisition of requi-

site assurance, the following hints are offered to the consideration of such young persons as are inspired with the laudable ambition of attaining a proficiency in the science of assuming a variety of characters at a masquerade, so as to excel any buffoon on the English stage.

The first and essential requisite of whoever expects to make a notorious figure at a masquerade, is vanity, a qualification in which few young people are deficient, for this amiable self-love seems inherent in most human beings. The next qualification is an inordinate propensity to pleasure, which seems also in some measure inborn. The third, which naturally arises from the two former, is an emulation to excel every competitor. With these preparatory accomplishments, any man of spirit, or woman of fashion, may become an adept in all the artifices of vanity.

During the sanguinary contest with France, the English masquerade languished; but in these "piping times of peace," we may expect a revivification of every species of licentiousness, and of those the fancy ball is proudly pre-eminent, as nobody but persons of high consideration are permitted to share those orgies of voluptuousness. Yet there is something so imposing in the novelty of vice, that we may expect to see this extravagance of the *great* aped by the *little*, and may perhaps soon find the columns of the Morn-

ing Post, adorned with a pompous description of the masquerade given by the political linen-draper's wife in ***** Street, or even by Lady Puff, who, whatever enmity they may feel at the politics of statesmen in office, would doubtless be proud to imitate their high-bred dames in any kind of fashionable amusement, however questionable in point of propriety or morality.

The universality of the gratifications offered by the masquerade, must ever secure its superiority over all other inventions to vitiate mankind. It presents such a variety of pleasurable objects, and communicates such voluptuous sensations to the mind, that it may be compared to the den of Circe, or the song of the Syrens. Nay, it seems to combine the powers of these enchanters, and may be termed Old Nick's galvanic battery, which not only affects the nerves and muscles of the masquerader, but subdues for the moment all sense of shame, and all ideas of decency. Like the delirium of a fever, it fills the imagination with ten thousand fantastic ideas, till a lucid interval, and a sound sleep restores the votary of Comus to reason. He may then laugh at his own folly and the levity of others, but may think himself fortunate if he escape the snares of wantonness with an uncontaminated heart.

"Such, Sir," said Buersil, closing his papers,

"are my remarks on masquerading." "I confess," replied Edmund, "that I was at first rather unable to learn whether you approved or disapproved the excesses of the votaries of pleasure at this grand carnival of sportive gaiety; as you proceeded, I discovered that your strictures were ironical censure in the guise of praise, but the conclusion no man could misunderstand. You will pardon me, however, Buersil, for being somewhat sceptical in this instance, and permit me to see and judge for myself."

The gentlemen were now told that dinner was ready, and they shared a light and wholesome meal provided by Mrs. Buersil, who thought herself highly honoured by her guest's condescension.

But though Edmund was gratified by the simple manners and candour of Mrs. Buersil, and the playfulness and prattle of her boy, who grew more confident as he became more familiar with the stranger; yet as the hour approached for his interview with Lady Frances, he became inattentive to surrounding objects. This was perceived by Buersil, who supposing that the present society was irksome to his visitor, proposed a walk. Edmund agreed, and they sallied into the street.

As the weather was uncommonly fine, and they were active pedestrians, they proposed to

drink tea at Highgate, and return to town in a post-chaise. The walk up the hill was toilsome, and when they arrived at the summit, the sun was setting, and displayed to great advantage the stately cupola of St. Paul's, rising magnificently above the surrounding buildings, while long lines of streets, to the extent of several miles, and clouds of smoke and vapours, carried to the south-east, gave a sublime idea of the vastness of the metropolis.

The principal inn afforded them the light and elegant refreshment of tea; its cheering influence completely restored their animal spirits, and enlivened conversation, so that the time passed imperceptibly away till seven o'clock, when the chaise which they had ordered was in attendance at the minute, and in half an hour they arrived at the Hummums, Covent Garden. Here the friends parted, Mr. Buersil having an engagement for the remainder of the evening, and Edmund went to the theatre purposely to kill time.

While he sat in one of the boxes towards the termination of the play, he beheld a young lady veiled, in an adjacent box, whose figure resembled that of Lady Frances. To this object his attention was now solely directed; she was in company with a young gentleman who seemed highly delighted, and though they talked in a

low tone, the sound of the lady's voice immediately brought the harmonious accents of his mistress to his recollection. He arose to ascertain the fact, but when he entered the box where he expected to find her, she and her companion had disappeared.

Jealousy, that most unpleasant of all the human passions, now, for the first time, agitated the bosom of Edmund. He retired precipitately from the play-house to a tavern, and though habitually temperate, ordered a bottle of wine. But the juice of the grape could not alleviate the anxiety of his mind. It was now ten o'clock, and he had to dress for the interview with his fair mistress. He ordered a hackney-coach, and on his arrival at Mr. Bolton's, hastened to his room without going into the parlour. His well-formed person and youthful countenance, required little adventitious aid to recommend him to the ladies; foppery was his aversion, nor would he have dressed like a beau to gain the heart of a princess. He put on a fashionable suit of clothes, however, and at half past eleven, set out on foot for Wimpole Street.

He obtained instant admission into that mansion which contained his first love, and was conducted into an elegant parlour, where in a few seconds his mistress appeared before him in the

attractions of perfect beauty, adorned with all that venders of cosmetics, jewellers, and milliners, could bestow to make her lovely.

With an air of dignified affability and graceful condescension, the lady received his compliments, and appeared in all the confusion of feminine modesty, while she apologized for the indiscretion she was guilty of in admitting a lover to an assignation. "Nothing, Sir," said she, in a voice evidently tremulous from emotion, "nothing could have induced me to resort to this expedient, but ——" here she blushed, and hid her face with her handkerchief, while Edmund gazed with admiration and fixed attention. "The dread of losing you for ever, was, I must acknowledge, my sole motive for requesting this interview; I was informed by a confidential friend of my father's, that he was expected home in less than a week—but this day's post has happily relieved my anxiety, for I received a letter from my father this morning, in which he informs me, that he cannot return to England in less than two months from the date of this welcome epistle." "Ten thousand thanks, my dearest love," exclaimed Edmund, "for this intelligence. How propitious is his delay, as it will afford me the opportunity to persuade my adorable Lady Frances to make me happy." The lady smiled with a glee which she did not

attempt to conceal, and rising, went to a bureau; took out a paper, and presented it to her lover. He read what he thought the letter of a nobleman to his only daughter, and respectfully returned it to his condescending mistress, who stood before him in an attitude, which would not have disgraced the representative of Juliet.

Edmund was now irrecoverably a dupe to the artifices of this accomplished woman, who, perceiving her influence, resolved to retrieve her affairs by matrimony.

In the course of the night, she yielded to the importunities of her enamoured swain, and agreed to elope with him to Gretna, in Scotland, in six weeks, or about a fortnight before the dreaded return of her noble father from France. "I shall then be of age," said Edmund, "therefore they cannot dissolve our marriage under pretence of our minority, except, indeed," continued he with hesitation, looking earnestly on the lady. "O! I understand you, Mr. Vere," said she, with a laugh; "make yourself perfectly easy on my account; I have arrived at the age of discretion some time ago." "Are you sure of that, Lady Frances?" "Why, I don't know," replied she, apparently musing, "I certainly have not proved my claim to the character of a discreet girl, since my acquaintance with you." "Pardon me, my love," said he, tenderly, "I did"

not mean to offend." A smile of forgiveness was the best reply.

Lady Frances, as she chose to style herself, was not indeed in her minority. She was now about five-and-twenty, but by her skill in dress, and the artful application of cosmetics, she might pass by taper-light for a fine girl of eighteen. She had, however, so completely fascinated Edmund, that the power of the fabled Circe over her infatuated votaries was not more complete; and thus, while he imagined himself the enviable favourite of a young lady of quality, he was entangled in the snares of one of those elegant and accomplished demireps with which London abounds.

About four o'clock in the morning he retired from the residence of his mistress, elated with success, and intoxicated with the delicious anticipation of the felicity and distinction, so fortunately presented by love to his acceptance.

BRIEF MEMOIRS OF AN AUTHOR.

In the afternoon of the following day, as Edmund passed along the Strand, on his way to the apartments of Mr. Brownlow, he met his Yorkshire friend, Mr. Buersil, with whom he went into a coffee-house to have the pleasure of a short conversation. "Although we are now

well acquainted," said Edmund, "and have travelled and spent many hours together, you have not yet given me any account of your progress as a literary adventurer." "My story," replied Buersil, "is scarcely worthy of your attention, for there is nothing very extraordinary in it, yet a few incidents descriptive of the exertions and embarrassments of an author may amuse you.

"My name, you know, is William Buersil. I am the eldest son of an opulent manufacturer of narrow woollen cloth, who resided at Otley, in Yorkshire. From my evident bias to learning, my father was induced to give me a classical education. I was sent at the age of sixteen from the Grammar School in York to ***** College, Cambridge, where I continued four years, during which I made a considerable progress in my studies. My father intended to educate me for the church, but before I acquired the preparatory attainments requisite for that sacred profession, my hopeful prospect of eminence and usefulness was suddenly obscured by the demise of that worthy parent, who left each of his seven children the sum of one thousand pounds. With their dividend of the legacy, my three brothers pursued the business of cloth manufacturers; but as I was ignorant of that useful art, and too proud to assist in a subordinate capacity, I continued unemployed till I attained

the age of twenty-one, when I left College, took possession of my property, which was soon diminished by improvidence; and at the age of four-and-twenty, having devoted the best part of three years to English composition, I published a volume of poems, which produced me a profit of about one hundred guineas, besides the reputation of being a good versifier.

“ I now considered myself a man of genius, indeed, with inexhaustible resources in my own mind. My enthusiasm was exalted still higher by the passion of love, the object of which was Nancy Villiers, a pretty young milliner, who kept a small shop in Micklegate, York. I addressed my idol in amatory strains; prevailed, and accompanied her triumphantly to the altar. For two years our time flew on wings of down, but soon after the birth of our first-born son, my wife's business declined, in consequence of her determination to suckle her own offspring. This offended some of her best customers, who upbraided her with what they termed a vulgar prejudice, but Nancy continued inexorable; her boy repaid her cares, and grew one of the loveliest and most thriving children in York; and I was too sincere a lover, and too sentimental a husband, to censure the conduct of a woman whose maternal affection I respected.

“ My pen, the ready instrument of my will,

recorded some lively effusions of the Muse on this subject; but Apollo himself could not melt the obduracy of tax-gatherers and parish overseers. Our landlord, too, felt no sympathy for two young persons, whom he considered indolent and flighty; our stock in trade was sold by auction, and with the residue of our money, which amounted to about fifty pounds, we took private lodgings, and enjoyed for some months all the luxury of connubial and parental love in our obscure retirement.

"In this situation, my wife was brought to bed of another son, and the state of our purse, which, like *Æsop's* basket of bread, daily became lighter, alarmed me, and stimulated my invention. I produced a novel, which I handed to a friendly critic for perusal. His encomium was extravagant, but he did not stop with mere approbation. He soon found a purchaser for my merchandise, a Yorkshireman, with whom he was intimately acquainted, and who is an opulent publisher in London. This bookselling patron offered me thirty guineas for my manuscript, which I gladly accepted. He then gave me an order for two volumes more, of equal quantity, at the same price. This second novel I transmitted to him about twelve months ago. He then proposed to me that I should come to London, and superintend a periodical work,

and during my journey to town, I first had the happiness to become acquainted with you. When you honoured me with a visit in my humble lodging, you had an opportunity of seeing my wife and children." "Yes, and of admiring them too," said Edmund, turning aside, and taking Bank of England notes to the value of twenty pounds out of his pocket-book, "and I request you to present this gift to your wife, from a friend of maternal and conjugal virtue." With these words, he hastily put the money into the hands of Mr. Buersil, and taking advantage of his surprise, left the Coffee-house before he had time to express his thanks.

Mr. Vere then went to the chambers of his friend Mr. Brownlow, and found him busy among his papers. "I have prepared a few more observations on Society and Manners in London," said the satirist, "and amused myself with digesting them in the fanciful form of an elementary treatise on the universal science of satire. They might be published with the utmost safety to the bookseller, notwithstanding the existence of the Blasphemous and Seditious Libel Bill, which has recently become a law. Indeed, the impious audacity of certain impudent and unprincipled scribblers required repression; and however we may regret any restraint on the liberty of the press, we cannot conscientiously

blame the authors of those restrictive measures, which the profaneness and infidelity of a few obscure, but mischievous and needy adventurers provoked, by reiterated attacks on whatever we hold sacred. My production is comparatively innocent, though several of the observations are rather severe on certain public characters, who have obtained temporary celebrity." "I have no doubt but I shall be much amused, if not instructed by your production, Sir," said Edmund, "and shall avail myself of the present opportunity, to request that you will read it to me." Brownlow assented, and arranging his manuscript, read as follows :

**SATIRE MADE EASY ; OR, INSTRUCTIONS IN
THE ART OF POLITE CENSURE.**

Among the useful and ornamental arts which contribute to the gratification of mankind, the art of satire, as it is the most general, is also most popular. Indeed, so universal is the propensity to this delightful recreation, that it can scarcely be termed an art, but seems in a great degree to be the instinctive or natural bias of an active and ingenious mind, capable of perceiving, and prompt to ridicule the errors of others, while it kindly overlooks its own. But however strong the aptitude of the youthful tyro, engaged in the

acquisition of this fashionable accomplishment, may be, much scientific information respecting the principles and practice of refined scandal is obtainable from satirical books, and still more from polite conversation.

The antiquity of satire is unquestionable, inso-much that it claims priority of all the other sciences. If we examine the pages of ancient history, we shall find that all the celebrated philosophers, poets, and orators of Greece and Rome were arrant libellers. What were the animadversions of Socrates, Diogenes, Seneca, and other sages, against existing vices and follies, but the censure of indignant truth? And the more just the application of blame to the delinquent, the more fatal to him the satire, for according to the axiom of one of our English luminaries of jurisprudence, "the greater the truth, the greater the libel."

Since the modern and accelerated diffusion of knowledge in all its branches by the instrumentality of a free press, no art seems to be promulgated with such ardour and success as the science of satire. From the nature of things, it must ever be popular, as it is at once so grateful to our vanity, and may be so easily pursued. By its aid we are enabled to depreciate an enemy, and even sometimes to aim a shaft of censure at the bosom of a friend. Our ancestors were not,

it appears, complete adepts in this excellent art, but simply preferred benevolence and neighbourly sympathy, to that exquisite zest for censure, which in the present enlightened era, constitutes one of the most delicious gratifications obtainable at a fashionable fête.

Ancient bards, particularly the comic poets, for a long time usurped the empire of satire, and nobody was allowed to have a rightful claim to the honourable appellation of satirist, who could not censure, or defame another in sonorous verse. But modern authors have broken the trammels of metrical composition, and admitted the term satire to be equally significant of censorious productions whether in prose or verse. The exhilarating and cordial influence of tea, essentially promoted this fascinating art; and the eloquence of beautiful young ladies and their attendant beaux on the proper subjects of scandal, suggested the propriety of exalting prosaic, and especially colloquial disquisitions on characters and manners, to the rank of genuine satire.

Some of the most popular productions of modern literature are strongly satirical, particularly polemical and political tracts, novels, poems, and even biography. Descriptions of modern manners and characteristics, are mostly censorious, and some of them ludicrously satirical. The charges of certain judges to juries, are remark-

able for the caustic, if not misanthropic spirit of their satire, especially when animated by ardent hostility against such literary offenders as have the temerity and presumption to censure statesmen invested with power.

Satire being thus held in such general ~~and~~ deserved estimation by persons of all ranks in civilized society, and so profitable, if not honourable to the ingenious practitioner, the study of this elegant art may now be considered as indispensable to the complete accomplishment of a young lady, or gentleman, as the arts of dancing, singing, playing upon the piano-forte, or conversing in broken French. Hence the author of this elementary work anticipates success, and considers himself in some degree a public benefactor, by communicating the precepts and examples which he collected, while engaged in the study and practice of satire during several years.

Censure is considered by some scrupulous moralists, as the offspring of vanity and malice; but although we are all willing to satirize the actions of others, we should be offended with the charge of being vain or malicious. From the gossiping disposition to defamation sprung satire, or the public exposure of vice and folly in a high station. By degrees, power prevailed over truth; satire was condemned as libellous, and the satirist punished as an invidious vilifier.

It may appear paradoxical to the honest and unsophisticated admirer of genuine satire, when he is informed that a simple statement of facts is considered the most dangerous, if not atrocious kind of libel. For instance, if a young lady has been guilty of a slip in her moments of levity, the censor who should expose her folly, even if he had ocular demonstration of the fact, would probably be condemned to imprisonment, by the verdict of a dozen of his peers! He must, therefore, by a kind of literary, or colloquial circumlocution, beat about the thicket with due caution, if he hopes to start his game with impunity, otherwise he will incur the penalty inflicted on a poacher. If the subject of satiric investigation be a notorious knave, a pettifogger for instance, who incites litigation in the neighbourhood where he resides, there must not be the slightest insinuation thrown out, that the gentleman is dishonest, malignant, or mischievous. No, the censor must by rhetorical ingenuity praise him for his activity in enforcing just claims, and protecting the property of his clients. His disinterestedness may be commended, by stating the moderate remuneration required for his patriotic exertions, to set his neighbours together by the ears; and even the occasional severity exercised by this active limb of the law, when he arrests his dupe for the amount of his bill, must

be mentioned as an additional proof of his love of equity.

From these hints, it must be evident to male students in the science of censure, that the art of libel, like the study of chymistry, however delightful in theory, is dangerous in practice. While the chymist is engaged in the combination of some of the most heterogeneous productions in nature, and proudly anticipates that success which shall place him at the head of experimental philosophers, a sudden detonation in a moment destroys his hopes, scatters the fabric of his fame in a thousand fragments, and he may think himself fortunate if he escapes with his eyes. The witty censor, in the same manner, while he chuckles beyond measure at his glowing exhibition of the peculiarities of some odious public character, is not aware of the mine just ready to explode beneath his feet; but inflated with his imaginary triumph over exalted vice, hastens to amuse the public, and glories in the appellation of Cato Minor, or Juvenal Junior, while a detachment of police officers is actually beating up his quarters, and all the terrors of the law environ his appalled mind with the irresistible impetuosity of an engulfing torrent.

One class of censors has hitherto been screened by the courtesy of custom from legal punishment. The ladies, ever distinguishable for their viva-

cious superiority in the exercise of the tongue, have, with a few exceptions, been graciously overlooked by those sapient dispensers of justice, whose apparent gravity is generally either a cloak for their dissimulation, or the mask of their dulness. Yet, even the magic circle of female charms has recently been broken through by certain lawyers, whose jealousy respecting libel, excites a general suspicion in the public mind, that they dread the exposure of their own faults. That flippant and meretricious satirist, the dearest dear, Mary Ann, who exposed to popular ridicule certain silly amatory effusions, has since, for her attack upon the character of an honourable man, been condemned to *durance vile*. From the frequency of her daring attacks upon the vices of *great men*, this wanton libeller will probably be exalted to a pre-eminence over other female satirists, which may deter them from their favourite pursuit; but for their comfort, I shall disclose a more safe and effectual method for the exposure of their enemies, while they may remain equally secured from responsibility and punishment.

London abounds with bold speculators, and among others, there are certain venturesome publishers, who will risk their personal safety for the sake of gain. Now as some of our most

eloquent females, who feel a praiseworthy ambition to shine as satirists, are not only of high birth but ample fortune, let them imitate a certain rhyming peer, who has long been infected with a *cacoethes scribendi*, or itch, which even the ointment of the Edinburgh Reviewers cannot cure, and *present* their rhapsodical scurrility to a bold publisher. Thus their censorious productions will soon be circulated by every possible means, and be over-praised by hireling reviewers in the newspapers, and held up as models of elegant satire, and fine composition. Poor Mary Ann, however, could not avail herself of this cheap passport to notoriety, and literary fame: she was necessitous, and obliged to *sell* her libels—hence her disgrace. Had she, like the noble Peer above mentioned, *given away* the effusions of her spleen, and *like him* thus candidly admitted that she properly estimated the value of her works when she thought them *worth nothing*, the Argus eyes of Jurisprudence would have discovered guilt only in her mercenary publisher. But as this bold female has long been in the habit of making the best market of her perfections, she could not practise the self-denial of bestowing her libel upon some meritorious vender of printed paper. The consequences have been, trial, condemnation, and imprisonment, for her injudicious censure of an estimable individual.

We shall now proceed to the preceptive part of this elementary work, and occasionally illustrate the rules by apposite examples.

In satirical conversation, as well as composition, the dignity of the subject is a great requisite, for nobody will be attentive to animadversions on the herd of mankind. Besides, the investigation of an exalted character elevates the mind, and stimulates the censorious energy of the satirist. But as there is more glory, there is also more peril attached to the dissection of eminent men; the satirist must therefore avail himself of the aid of inuendoes, and other indirect methods of exposing the folly or vice of his subject. For this purpose a *dash* — may be adopted instead of the real name; nay, on some very delicate or hazardous occasions, a mere blank significant of the worthlessness of the individual satirized, may appear where the distinctive appellation of a great man, or a splendid demirep, should have shone. The ingenuity of the reader will consequently be exercised in the discovery of the personage, by an intense investigation of the illustrative characteristics.

Another mode of exposing the follies of the great, is by the use of asterisks; but although those astral marks are peculiarly appropriate in the illustration of characters connected with every gradation of knighthood, from Knights

of the Post, to those of a higher order, without the utmost circumspection, they may become as dangerous as the detonating balls of the chymist, and as destructive to the unskilful operator.

The article *the*, and the preposition *of*, are sometimes indispensable to the satirist in the designation of the object of his animadversion; but they are ominous signs, especially when antecedent to the initials of a titled subject, for they may then be easily construed into a libel. Indeed the dexterity and judgment of an attorney of any description, particularly an Attorney-General, in the detection of a lurking satire is admirable. One of these public accusers can measure a dash with mathematical precision, and expound an enigmatical libel by the aid of asterisks, or stars, with the astrological exactness of that renowned conjuror, Francis Moore himself, in his *vox stellarum*! Great caution is therefore requisite in the use of these significant constellations.

General satire, is not only the most unexceptionable, but the best and most effectual mode of exposing the errors of any description of professional men; and the student in satire, if he is desirous to censure the higher order of the gentlemen of the long robe, must, if he would succeed, speak in general terms, and then, "*he whom the cap fits,*" like *he who wins the palm,*

"*may wear it!*" He may, for instance, aver, that the mysterious influence of sympathy was never more conspicuous than in the public deportment of the judicial and legal luminaries whom he is about to characterize. In a certain assembly, they can sit as quietly as grimalkin, enveloped in fur, and ruminating on future mischief; they can even listen with the most philosophical equanimity to a debate on the interests of mighty states, the revolutions of nations, and the immense public expenditure of their own country. But let a single hint be suggested for the amelioration of the criminal, or civil code; they start up, and with irresistible eloquence in a good cause, enter their protest against innovation. Their zeal, and their choler too, are excited to the highest pitch whenever any question is agitated, the tendency of which is directly or indirectly calculated to diminish the *fees of office*; nay, so sensitively delicate are they on this tender subject, that they are ready to weep when any measure is proposed which may restrain pettifoggery.

If truth should operate universally on the minds of men, there would no longer be any cause for litigation, and the patriotic labours of lawyers would become mere works of supererogation, instead of the ascendancy of their present influence in all civilized communities. Truth

would no longer be condemned as a libel, nor should we be amused with the *ex officio* exploits of an Attorney General. Our courts of law would, like the temple of Janus, be shut in peace; they would never then resound the eloquence of the advocates of adultery, for there could be no cases of *Crim. Con.* in a virtuous community. But since crimes prevail, legal restraints are indispensable in every community. In an opulent nation, the transfer of property requires more knowledge than the contracting parties often possess, hence the necessity for the aid of an attorney. In this view of things, it must be obvious to the candid censor, that indiscriminate blame is equally unjust and injurious, and observation will soon convince us that those individuals are the loudest in their invectives against chicanery, who have felt, or deserved to feel, the penalties inflicted by a just administration of the laws against the fraudulent violator of them. Hence an honest lawyer, and there are many such, strengthens that social edifice of which he is at once an ornament and protector; nay, even villainous limbs of the law may be successfully employed in the detection of criminals, thus illustrating the adage, "*set a thief to catch a thief.*" Such beings as pettifoggers, and police-officers, who occasionally associate with swindlers

whom they betray for emolument, may be compared to one species of vermin destroying another, and thus removing a nuisance.

In describing notorious characters, the young satirist must not only be circumspect while dwelling on the peculiarities of the individual, but even sparing in the use of asterisks. They are the galaxy of an Attorney General, and by throwing light on the subject may turn a mere scintillation of the imagination into a most false and malicious libel. Indeed, such is the opulence and luxury of the English nation, that in sketching the foibles or vices of one extravagant personage, the satirist may be said to be describing a thousand. For instance, the fashionable rage for driving, notwithstanding the dissolution of the ridiculous Whip-Club, may be censured with propriety in the disastrous exhibition of one of their successors, Sir John Hairbrain, Bart. Not long since, Sir John drove his sociable, four in hand, through Bond-street, in the afternoon, when that thoroughfare of vanity was thronged by the gay, the fashionable, and the proud sons and daughters of opulence. His servant sat at Sir John's left hand, with his arms folded, enjoying a comfortable day-dream; while Lady Hairbrain appeared in the vehicle with a majestic air of superiority. One of the handmaids of Pomona, fresh

from sweet St. Giles's with her wheelbarrow laden with the produce of the English orchard, and the foreign orangery, suddenly crossed the street; the horses took fright at her discordant screams, and set off at full speed over the poor woman, ran against a scavenger's cart, and pitched the beautiful and accomplished Lady Hair-brain into the accumulated filth of several streets; while Sir John himself fell on the pavement, and broke both a leg and an arm; and the agreeable dream of his unfortunate servant was interrupted by a fall into the street. It is to be hoped, that such a deplorable accident, which had nearly been the death of a whole family, will make gentlemen who are ambitious to shine as dexterous charioteers, somewhat more circumspect in the display of talents which may cost them their lives. A few days practice on Wimbledon Common, or in Hyde Park, would be an excellent preparative; as a fall on the turf would be unattended with any danger, except, perhaps, a trifling dislocation of the neck, or the rupture of a blood vessel; while, on the other hand, the loss of the equilibrium in the streets of London, might be attended with several concomitant and incidental dangers; such as being dashed to pieces on the pavement, or trampled on while down, by the horses of some hackney coachman.

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The student in satire, by observations on real life, will soon perceive the general prevalence of false pretences to merit, which are supported in London by various modes of imposition on popular credulity. In this great capital, where every art seems to have nearly reached the zenith of excellence, *the art of Puffing* has been more generally and successfully practised than any other. The art of commendation is always employed as the harbinger, and often as the handmaid, of all the fine and polite arts which embellish society. Yet, however convenient or pleasing its blandishments may prove; like other flatterers, its deceptive praises prevent the exertion of those latent qualities in the individual, which if properly developed, might have realized that merit with which it endeavours to decorate vanity and indolence. The deception of puffing is often fraudulent, and sometimes dangerous. Like the shameless quack who presents his high priced and inefficacious potion to the lips of infirmity, under the imposing name of cordial balm of Gilead, or vegetable syrup, false praise deludes its dupe into fatal security, and certain error. This general deceiver of the public, eventually deludes even the impostor, who avails himself of the false praise circulated by the medium of a venal press; yet the player, the artist, and even

the author, are too apt to indulge the security of indolence, and entrust their reputation to this false dispenser of temporary fame.

That inferior performers on the public stage, daubers in the art of painting, and poetasters and compilers, should avail themselves of the aid of puffing is natural, for their pretensions, like the charms of a painted lady, daily require cosmetic aid; but when we see persons of genius and eminence stoop to such low, and it may even be said such dishonest expedients to beguile the public, the evil strikes at the root of future improvement. The buffooneries of a posture-master, the capers of a dancer, and the persuasions of an auctioneer, or a vender of lottery-tickets, may require the deceptions aid of a puff; but science and native genius ought never to descend from their real elevation, to decorate themselves with the rainbow hues of evanescent glory, and purchase able praise.

Yet it may be proper here to inform the young student in satirical composition, that most, if not all the pretensions of our successful versifiers, and some of our prose writers too, depend upon the reiterated puff by which their publications have been ordered into the world.

Modesty has been the principal attractive in Scott's poetical productions; who with a dexterity seldom equalled, availed himself of the

daring adventures of border robbers, and Highland assassins ; and by a judicious intermixture of Erse names with old English, occasionally gave an air of original obscurity to his style and ideas, which was mistaken for sublimity. His rhymes are frequently dissonant or harsh ; many of them that are tolerable to a Scottish ear, will not bear the test of English pronunciation ; and many of the exclamations are at once barbarous, ludicrous, and absurd. His principal merit consists in animated sketches of rural scenery ; nor is he deficient in the art of occasionally gratifying his reader, by a description of an affecting incident. He owes much of his popularity to the revival of those ideas of adventurous heroism, which prevailed in the days of chivalry ; even the terms connected with ancient fortification, the Tower—the Dungeon-keep—the Hall—and all the accompaniments of the feudal ages, are brought into play ; and the author artfully, and successfully, introduces scenes of courtly pomp, and amorous as well as chivalrous gallantry into his pieces. Thus he keeps up that pleasing illusion of the fancy, in which consists the excellence of descriptive poetry.

Such are the principal merits and demerits, of the most popular poet of the day ; but whoever shall look for a *moral* in his voluminous ballads, will be disappointed. Morality seems to be a very

secondary consideration indeed, with this poet, nor are his admirers at all fastidious.

That any author, however popular, should have the temerity to extend a ballad over two or three hundred pages quarto, was a new and bold experiment; it succeeded to admiration; and afforded another proof, how easily the pretensions of any literary adventurer are admitted by the generality of modern readers. But seriously, when such excellent ballads as *Barbara Allen*, *Johnny Armstrong's last good Night*, and *The Unhappy Hunting of Chevy Chace*, are purchaseable for a penny apiece, the exorbitant price of two guineas each, for the wire-drawn legendary Ballads of any modern imitator, of the obsolete effusions of ancient and nameless bards, seems unconscionably extortionate on the part of the publisher.

In a commercial country, every individual has a right to make the most of his merchandise; hence Scott is perhaps justifiable in disposing of his stock of *original ideas* to the best bidder; and even in improving with interest what he *borrow*s from others. He undoubtedly owes his success more to the skilful adaptation of his subjects, and his poetry, to the puerile taste of most modern readers of verse, than to any peculiar excellence in the productions themselves.

While they obtain temporary celebrity, like the last farce, or pantomime; the author is rewarded, and stimulated by the hope of future gain, manufactures *another, and another* piece of equal merit in succession, to tickle the ears of the song-singing amateurs of pretty poetry. The pleasing descriptions, and simple narratives of Scott, bring to the recollection of those patrons of genius the songs of the nursery; and by a most delectable association of ideas, revive the innocent pleasure of infancy. Their taste is like themselves yet in its minority; hence those overgrown children are delighted while the Scottish rhymster chaunts the lullaby of reason! Thus the poet is praised, the publisher enriched, and the reader gratified. Indeed such is the happy ignorance, the habitual indolence, and the grateful self-complacency of the majority of readers of modern poetry, that Scott, as a manufacturer, and man of business, has prudently availed himself of that facility of success, which the public affords to poetical industry. This modest bard, in the conclusion of "*The Lord of the Isles*," sends forth his "*humble lay*," as he terms it, without patronage. He had, it appears, intended to dedicate it to a lady of quality, whom he has by a stroke of his pen transformed into an angel. But this is not so extravagant in the last minstrel

as might be imagined, since the power of canonization, nay even of deification, has ever been considered one of the endowments of those dispensers of immortality who can make syllables harmonize. A presentiment of the perishable nature of his eulogium, seems indeed to have crossed the imagination of this bard, who exclaims most querulously,

———"What 'vails the world should know,
That one poor *garland*, twined to deck thy hair,
Is hung upon thy hearse, to droop and wither there!"

This avowal of his own consciousness of the frail, and precarious tenure, on which he holds his poetical reputation, would disarm the most vindictive Critic, did not the continual assumptions of vain egotism offend the reader in his former ditties. But whatever pretensions Scott may have to diffidence, his publishers are certainly *gifted* with sufficient confidence, or they would not require two pieces of gold for a *ballad*, in this age of *paper money*, and at a time when the bank restrictions respecting the issue of specie are continued by an act of the legislature! As speculators intent on making their fortune, these vendors of high-priced *garlands* may think themselves right; but even the most head-headed admirer of Scott's poetical value, thought proper to economize, and patiently wait for the regular

appearance of the Octavo edition of each of his new songs, and thus obtain a comparatively cheap pennyworth of fashionable vaudevil.—The romantic ballads of Scott undoubtedly deserve a place on the same shelf with Langhorne's "Owen of Carron," and "the four and twenty Songs of Robin Hood;" and when, like those popular pieces, they shall be reduced to the moderate price of sixpence apiece, they may possibly outlive their author!

Next to the industrious Scott, may be mentioned the romantic Lord Byron. It would be difficult to point out the proper station of this noble candidate for poetic fame, among the tuneful tribe. He holds much the same place among modern poets, that a performer on the bassoon does in a band. Always noisy, sometimes discordant, and frequently misanthropic; his extravagant sentiments, expressed in a turgid style, are scarcely reducible to the standard of critical investigation. Amid the gloom, and it may even be said, the Stygian horrors of his misanthropy, occasional scintillations of genius flash on the observant eye.

This "rhyming" peer, like other gentlemen-authors, has, it appears, bestowed the effusions of his muse upon a private individual, and a publisher, both of whom have defended his lordship from the invidious report, that he received any

remuneration for his works. "I take upon me," says Mr. Dallas, "to affirm that Lord Byron never received a shilling for any of his works. To my certain knowledge, the profits of the Satire were left entirely to the publisher of it. The gift of the copyright of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, I have already publicly acknowledged; and I now add my acknowledgment for that of *The Corsair*." With respect to his other poems, *The Giaour* and *The Bride of Abydos*, Mr. Murray, the publisher of them, can truly attest that no part of the sale of those have ever touched his Lordship's hands, or been disposed of for his use, and he has constantly, both by *word* and *action*, shown his aversion to receiving money for his productions." This rare instance of a *proper estimation of the value of modern poetry* is worthy of the imitation of most other noble and ignoble versifiers. The whimsical Lord Byron, by his gratuitous labours in the republic of letters, has given us a proof of his disinterestedness, and his vanity.

By a natural climax in satiric investigation, we now come to the laureat himself; and with all his verbosity, and affectation of singularity, perhaps Robert Southey is our best living poet. His great error seems to be an ineffectual and perpetual imitation of the style of Milton, a poet to whom he is in all respects inferior. His

Roderic the last of the Goths is, as he properly terms it, a *tragic poem*, containing many beautiful descriptions of nature, and some affecting incidents described in poetical, though sometimes bombastic language. It is, however, much superior to any of his former attempts at epic poetry; and is, properly speaking, a Romance in blank verse, although founded on some remote incidents of Spanish history. To the blank verse of Southey, however pleasing some epinodes or short passages may be, the general censure of Dr. Johnson seems particularly applicable. "Those who think they can *astonish* may write blank verse, but those who hope to *please*, must condescend to rhyme."

William Wordsworth, another candidate for fame, has published a poem in blank verse, in one large and solid volume quarto. As a descriptive poem, conveying natural, and sometimes beautiful pictures of rural scenery, and interspersed with many judicious reflections on human life, the production of Mr. Wordsworth has merit; but most readers will be disposed to yawn, before they come to the conclusion of a descriptive poem of three or four hundred pages quarto.

On a general and candid review of the voluminous productions of Southey, Scott, Wordsworth, and Lord Byron, it may fairly be asserted, that their pretensions to the name of epic

poets, or even writers above mediocrity, are unsupported by any of their productions.

That our literature has in some instances been injured by that torporific influence of anonymous criticism, which is repressive of the energies of juvenile genius, cannot be doubted; while on the other hand, the barbarisms of bad taste, and the pretensions of vanity, have frequently been corrected by the well-timed censures of those judicious critics, who have written for the *Monthly Review*. The editor of a *Monthly Magazine*, attempted to depreciate this well-established literary journal; but his animadversions on the late proprietor of the *Monthly Review*, require the castigation of the indignant satirist. Many literary men can truly affirm, that they are much indebted to this *Review* for the improvement of their taste. At the same time it must be acknowledged, that the *Monthly Reviewers*, like their contemporaries, are liable to errors, arising from prejudice, the influence of particular religious, political, and philosophical opinions, and other infirmities, which man in his most enlightened state "is heir to." But on a candid comparison with other literary journals, or even the most elaborate productions of the best English, and French critics, the *Monthly Review* will fully maintain its claims to popularity, and continue in due estimation, not only for the general candour of

its critical strictures, but the manliness, liberality, and independence of those political principles, so boldly and so eloquently illustrated in its pages.

A *rara avis*, like a black swan, entitled the *Eclectic Review*, made its appearance a few years ago in the aviary of the Muses. This nondescript journal, may be termed a literary prude, who comes forward with pretensions to superior purity of principle, judgment in selection, and critical acumen. These pretensions have been advanced with varied success, for the *Eclectic Review* like "th' inconstant moon," waxed or waned, according to the abilities of the editor and his coadjutors. In imitation of high life, whatever is vulgar, or common, is excluded from the pale of this *apparently* incorruptible censor. It leaves the disgusting vices, the ridiculous follies, and the absurd fashions of the fleeting hour; to the castigation of inferior critics, and soaring on the wings of Aristotelian sagacity, and Johnsonian precision, rises into the higher atmosphere of literature, where all is pure; and selects such passages, with correspondent garnishing, as may regale the nice amateurs of *Eclectic criticism*. Hence, the most sensitive and modest mortal, may safely read aloud the contents of this decent journal, which is no small praise in this boasted age of refinement, when virtue, and vice, like the colours in shot-silk, are so ingeniously

interwoven by corrupt artisans, that it is difficult to distinguish the one from the other. From this description, it must be evident, that the *Eclectic Review* may be read with profit and pleasure, by persons of taste, whose delicacy will be protected from the rude shock of impiety, ribaldry, and folly, which annoy the general reader.

Indeed, the principal prose writers of the present day are mere compilers, among whom the reviewers are most conspicuous, and remarkable, for the ingenious facility with which they fill the pages of monthly and quarterly *books of scraps*. Dr. Aikin, who is perhaps the most entertaining compiler in existence, has rather ludicrously described the productions of modern prose writers, as a species of cabinet-work; but although he is himself a nice operator, some of his contemporaries are clumsy workmen. This is particularly the case with Quarterly Reviewers, who cannot plead *haste* as an extenuation of their errors: three months are certainly sufficient for the manufacture of one hundred and fifty pages of indifferent prose, in an age when an industrious bard, can work up scraps of antiquity into a legendary ballad, of double the size, in the same time. One quarterly censor, however, the *Edinburgh Review*, is ably conducted; the critics, like their countryman Scott, dexterously

extract the essence of a volume, and after mingling it with their own strong and significant comments, they send it from their manufactory into the commercial world, an elegant and attractive article, like a Birmingham button trebly gilt. Indeed, the whole secret of the art by which the Edinburgh Reviewers have obtained popularity, is their skilful gratification of the worst passions of the human mind. In religion, their *philosophisme* has cherished the pride of infidels; in politics, their bold censure of men in power, whether just or unjust, gratified the predisposition of mankind to depreciate their rulers; and in literature, by a retrogradation of a century or two, and talking *most learnedly* about Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, Ford, Marlow, Cowley, Dryden, and Milton, and illustrating their comments by very beautiful figures and passages; some *stolen*, some *borrowed*; and some *original*, they spared their readers a world of application, and saved them the trouble of rising from their seats, to consult authors by way of reference, though they were ranged around the shelves of their libraries. Thus by complimenting the taste, ministering to the indolence, and cherishing the ignorance of mankind, whom they professed to inform; the Edinburgh Reviewers have established their periodical quantum of criticism, which will doubtless be purchased, read, and

prized, while ~~vanity~~ assumes the garb of intelligence, malignity of satire, and amusing extracts of criticism.

Out of the threescore and ten periodical publications which illumine the literary hemisphere of Britain, were it practicable, valuable materials for a *single miscellany* might from time to time be selected; but what human being could have the patience, even to glance at the thousands of pages of insignificant and half-hatched ideas, which constitute the principal part of these *new and interesting publications*?

The art of printing, which has so long promoted the interests by facilitating the deceptions of empiricism in all its varieties, has also received a new impulse from quack news-writers, and quack mechanics. A German projector, eager like the rest of his countrymen, to catch part of the golden shower of English munificence, has substantiated his claims to patronage by inventing a rotatory printing-machine, for working off newspapers with a celerity hitherto unknown. One or two of the diurnal prints are, it seems, produced by this expeditious medium, and thus political falsehoods can be multiplied and circulated with a velocity, which reminds us of the famous structure dedicated to the Goddess of Lies:

“ With rapid motion turn’d the mansion round ;
With ceaseless noise the ringing walls resound.
There various news I heard of love and strife,
Of peace and war, health, sickness, death, and life ;
Of turns of fortune, changes in the state ;
The falls of fav’rites, projects of the great ;
Of old mismanagements, taxations new ;
All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.”

From these cursory observations on the use of the pen and the press, a youthful student in the art of satire, may be taught caution in the employment of such powerful auxiliaries ; let me now request his attention to a subject which has for ages been the theme of censure with all patriotic individuals, who thought they evinced their public spirit by abusing the Government of the country. That subject is a **GENERAL ELECTION**, which though periodical, affords striking illustrations of manners among the different classes of this great community, when an opportunity is presented for the undisguised profession of popular opinion.

Of the moderation, decency, and manliness of the populace of Westminster, unequivocal proofs were evinced during the last struggle of parties, when a ferocious mob actually pelted Sir Murray Maxwell, while that gentleman addressed them from the hustings in Covent Garden. Yes, the

boasted magnanimity of Britons was nobly shewn indeed, by driving a gentleman from his place, wounded, and disfigured with mire, to make way for a demagogue ! The modest and disinterested Henry Hunt, Esq. also offered himself as the representative of Westminster in Parliament, and obtained the votes of two or three hundred freemen !

I shall now describe the grand exhibition of electors in a certain county.

A GENERAL ELECTION ; OR, JOHN BULL IN HIS GLORY.

That periodical jubilee of freemen, a General Election in this happy isle, may justly be considered a temporary revival of the *golden age*. During sixteen days allowed by the act for polling, the most uncontrolled liberty which a romantic advocate for freewill could desire, universally prevails. Human nature now appears in all its pristine dignity, proclaiming with sound of trumpet, and beat of drum, its disposition to make a noise in the world. No mercenary soldier is permitted to appear in the consecrated district appropriated to the worship of national Liberty, where her votaries riot at will in the sunshine of her cheering influence. There

the liberty of the tongue, and the liberty of the press are employed to some purpose, and the characters of the great, the brave, and the fair, are vilified without fear or remorse by the partisans of the different candidates for popular favour.

During this grand festival of patriotism, the order of society is subverted. Superiors solicit the favour of their inferiors, and with flexible neck, and extended hand, earnestly request the honour of the free and independent elector's suffrage; while he, "good easy man," crammed to the throat at an adjacent tavern, generously complies with an air of consequence sufficiently ludicrous. His female friends are also emulous to share with him, the enviable distinction of wearing the colours of the happy candidate for legislative honours.

On this felicitous occasion, Boniface taps his best home-brewed ale, which by its invigorating energy, fortifies the throat for the sonorous repetition of "Church and King!" "The Majesty of the People!" "Freedom of Election without Bribery and Corruption!" and similar exclamations expressive of party, or individual sentiment. Inspired by the vivifying influence of Sir John Barleycorn, the eye beams with renovated brilliancy, and alternately surveys the banners of the

favourite candidate with a complacent smile, and that of his opponent with an indignant glare. During an election all the senses of the happy voters are gratified, and in this grand entertainment music is a powerful auxiliary to mirth and civic animation. What delightful harmony fills the air! The clangour of cymbals, the ear-straining bounce on the great drum, and the various sounds of the clarion, the clarinet, and the bassoon, arouse the animal spirits to a degree of extatic elevation.

In every county-town and borough, the utmost activity prevails; every nerve is braced to the highest tone of patriotic expectation, and every eye brightens on the approach of that happy moment when the golden—no, the bank note—shower scattered from the portfolio of the smiling candidates for popularity, shall reward the toils of electors, and their assistants. As a preparative, the baker, the butcher, the brewer, and the distiller, send in their best productions, as incitements to good fellowship and constitutional fraternity: the milliner collects ribbons of the favourite colours of the candidates, and exhibits them in her window in the most attractive point of view; while the simpering wives and daughters of the electors, await with palpitating hearts, the blissful moment when they shall be honoured with a chaste kiss by an expectant legislator!

In this great struggle of parties, the original object of the election seems to be totally overlooked ; this is indeed no time for reflection—the people are happy,—what would you have more ? “ Where ignorance is bliss, ’tis folly to be wise.” Indeed, so ingenious is political sophistry, that the friends of ministerial influence, and opposition, are equally gratified with their choice ; and persuaded by the affecting eloquence of declaimers, that Mr. Wiseacre is the most proper representative in the world for the ancient borough of Fuddlington, that sagacious gentleman is elected to the honourable office of representative of the enlightened and patriotic burgesses.

The *enthusiasm* of electioneering has a most powerful influence on the imagination ; a kind of temporary insanity elevates the mind to a degree of poetic *furor*, which is discharged in squibs, lampoons, songs, and epigrams without number, but not without price, for in some instances the poet is rewarded more liberally than even the laureat himself.

Sometimes the partisans of a candidate for a seat in Parliament, are convened a few days prior to the commencement of an election. The following dialogue is a specimen of the diversity of opinion, which commonly prevails on the occasion.

A PUBLIC DINNER IN THE COUNTY OF

W*****.

Present, Parson Plausible, Counsellor Quibble, Farmers Blunt, Bluff, Frank, and Sly, Grindwell, Miller, Pinch'em, Mealman, &c.

Counsellor Quibble in the chair.

Quibble. Now, gentlemen, as the cloth is removed, I shall propose, as a toast, our noble though absent friend, Lord Fuzball.—(*Drunk with three times three.*)

Frank. Why to be sure his Lordship throws dust in one's eyes—yet he gives a pretty long lease.

Bluff. Yes, but he likes to raise the wind on some occasions, for all that.

Plausible. And is not that justifiable? Consider his Lordship's large family, and numerous servants. They cannot live on the air.

Sly. No, that they can't, Parson, and my Lord will take care to have the fruits of our labour for their support. By-the-bye, I have often thought, that several young fellows whom his Lordship employs for footmen, and grooms, might make tolerable ploughmen; or were they even employed to delve in a ditch or a marl-pit,

they would be of some use. Now they seem like pleasure horses to be kept merely for shew.

Quibble. Yes, and so they certainly are. You know, gentlemen, that Lady Fuzball is the daughter of a celebrated artist ; she has always been accustomed to contemplate beautiful objects, and therefore the most agreeable attendants are selected to be about her person.

Blunt. Yet she was not so very particular in the choice of a husband.

Quibble. O you know a title is in itself sufficiently attractive to a lady.

Plausible. I wish, Mr. Quibble, you would proceed from this small-talk to the business of the day.

Bluff. For my own part, Parson, I think the best part of the business is over. We have had a good dinner, which in these times is a very good thing.

Grindwell. You may well say so. I wish every honest fellow in the country had as good a dinner.

Plausible. That is a Radical wish, let me tell you, Mr. Grindwell, and comes most ungraciously from the lips of a miller. Why, man, if the common people were well fed and clothed, they would lose all respect for their betters, the requisite subordination for the support of a

proper equilibrium in society would be lost, and——

Sly. We should be all overset in the mire, I suppose.

Frank. You should not interrupt the Parson, Farmer Sly, you are a queerish sort of fellow, but there is some respect due to the cloth. The Parson is, you know, a very learned man, and his sayings are not easily understood by us common people.

Bluff. Who do you call common people? If it were not for such folks as we, who would pay first-fruits, tythes, and the rent of pews, with several other expences too tedious to mention?

Quibble. Farmer Bluff, you must not cast any invidious reflections on Church and State.

Bluff. Perhaps, lawyer, I'm as loyal a man as thee. The Church and State ought to be very *precious* to us all, for I'm sure we pay *full dearly* for their support. They cost us as much yearly, as, if judiciously laid out, would soon bring all the common lands into tillage, and then we should have bread for——

Pinch'em. An old song, and what would you be the better, Farmer? Would the cheapness of food enable you to pay your rent?

Plausible. I think you have him there, Mr. Pinch'em. I entirely agree with you on the

propriety of promoting temperance among the people.

Blunt. Oh d—n your rescriptions, or prescriptions, or whatever you Political Quacks call 'em; you would soon diet my countrymen into submission, if they were obliged to adopt your regimen. For my own part, I love my country, I wish to see the people happy, and if we must from time to time have wars, I wish to see Britons fed like fighting cocks.

Bluff. Bravo, bravo! give me thy hand, my friend; while we have plenty of such hearty cocks as thee, we need neither fear foreign nor domestic enemies.

Quibble. Domestic enemies! I hope we have nothing to fear on that score.

Blunt. Yes, but we have—and our most dangerous enemies are those limbs of the law, who are always for setting us together by the ears.

Plausible. No personalities, Mr. Blunt, I beseech you. Let us change the subject.

Blunt. With all my heart. I'll give you a toast. Here's the Royal Family.

Plausible. Perpetuity to them!

Sly. You mean, may they live for ever. So then, you're for nothing reversionary.

Bluff. How can you say so, Sly? Don't you know that the pious Doctor expects a living in

Lord Fuzball's gift, on the demise of the incumbent, who is now fourscore.

Bluff. O the secret is out. That accounts for our good Rector's zeal in the cause of the forthcoming candidate.

Frank. What candidate?

Plausible. Really, gentlemen, your facetiousness is so amusing, that I almost forget the object of the meeting. I need not remind you of the patriotism, benevolence, and other sterling qualities of Lord Fuzball, particularly his moderation in raising the rents on his estates only twenty per cent. when so many other landowners require at least forty. Nor has his Lordship been inattentive to the encouragement of manufactures. Ever solicitous to promote the best interests of his country in general, and those of this county in particular, he commanded me to inform you, gentlemen, that his son, the Honourable Mr. Glibb, is ambitious of the honour of being your representative in Parliament.

Blunt. Why, for my own part, Parson, I have no objection to the young gentleman's taking the trouble to *misrepresent* us in the Wittena-Gemote, or assembly of wise men. The late House of Commons was not so *corrupt*, or at least not so *hypocritical* as the long Parliament dissolved by Cromwell. But I have one thing more to remark; it seems to me a grievance, or in other

words, it hurts my pride as a freeholder; to know, that two or three score of petty residents in a rotten borough, can send as many representatives to Parliament as fifteen or twenty thousand substantial yeomen. I have another subject of complaint too, and that is the defective memories of Members of Parliament in general. While they canvass for votes, they are sufficiently attentive; our wives and daughters, nay, the very housemaids are kissed and flattered by these condescending gentry; but before they are a week in town, whether it arises from the thickness of the air, or the noise of London, they seem to lose all recollection of their promises, and vows of patriotism. So we may toil and grumble on, till the next general election, and then we shall have a repetition of the former farce. All their eloquence, too, seems exhausted on the hustings; and even should Mr. Glibb be selected as our spokesman, notwithstanding his apposite name, he would probably be mute in the House, even on a subject of the greatest importance to his constituents.

BOROUGH OF G*****.

Scene—The Town Hall.

Present, Mr. Tangible, Attorney ; Mr. Starveall, Corndealer ; Mr. Sharp, Cutler ; Mr. Gos-

ling, Tailor ; Mr. Ferment, Brewer ; Mr. Pinch, Baker ; Mr. Gloss, Mercer ; and Mr. Frisket, Printer.

Tangible. Well, gentlemen, another auspicious opportunity presents itself for the improvement of our funds. I always rejoice at the dissolution of Parliament. Mr. Speculate, from Bedford-Place, London, has just made his appearance among us, and instead of wasting his time and exhausting our patience by a long unmeaning speech from the hustings, he is now actively employed in dividing ten thousand pounds into suitable presents for the worthy and independent Burgesses of G*****. I shall only just hint, that this honourable candidate has unlimited credit at the bank of ***, and when every other article is so dear, surely *principles* should not be sold for an old song.

Starveall. You are facetious, Mr. Tangible ; but although we must make the most of the old Borough, let us for the sake of decency keep up appearances, and talk loudly of public spirit.

Gloss. Aye, Starveall, you are in the right, we must always keep the best side out ; in fact, there never was a time when patriotism was so precious ; it is almost as rare as gold.

Frisket. Never mind gold, neighbours, while we can get plenty of paper we shall do very well. Give me only a few reams of virgin paper, and

I'll engage to confer all the cardinal virtues on our favourite candidate, by a single squeeze of my free, and impartial press.

Sharp. No doubt of it, Frisket ; you printers are devilish keen blades, and can cut up any party, according to the price paid for dissection.

Ferment. All trades must live ; why should not printers be paid as well as other tradesfolks ? You do not consider what risks they run—in danger of being prosecuted by Government, if they disclose too freely the state of public affairs ; and of being thrown into the mashing tub of popular indignation, if they approve of the measures of administration.

Gosling. Why, yes, the most ignorant fellow will be meddling, and although as stupid as my goose, he will presume to censure those measures as you call them, by which our rulers, like just and judicious tradesmen, are enabled to cut the coat according to the cloth. If great men will cabbage a little now and then, we ought to make some allowance for human frailty. Mrs. Gosling says we are all no better than we should be ; and when I ventured to vindicate the public spirit of the Burgesses of this most ancient Corporation, she called it a *rotten-berough*, and threatened to throw the goose at my head, if I did not sell my vote for one hundred pounds at least.

Tangible. Nay, *Gosling*, surely you are not such a goose as to expect such a sum for allowing a good-natured gentleman, to take the trouble of appearing as your proxy in Parliament. There is also something due to rank, station, and influence, you know. There's Mr. Signum the banker, will expect two hundred pounds; the Reverend Simon Cleanhands an equal sum, and I shall consider myself entitled to half as much. If you can get fifty pounds for your vote, you may think you have taken the proper measure of the illustrious Mr. Speculate, our worthy representative—when he has paid handsomely for that enviable honour.

Gosling. Well, well, I'm no scholar; I must be content with what I can get. All men, I find, are as partial to cabbage as tailors themselves.

Pinch. Why not, *Gosling*? For my own part, I can boast of producing as fine light palatable bread as any man in England.

Ferment. Yes, *Pinch*, when weighed you will be found wanting.

Pinch. Whatever deficiency there may be in my weight, neighbour *Ferment*, there is a still greater lack in your manufacture. Your ale has neither body, nor spirit.

Gosling. Then it resembles our good old Borough.

Tangible. Hold your tongue, you goose! Our

Borough is highly *venerable, respectable, and valuable*. It is an excellent merchantable commodity, and reminds me of a couplet of Hudibras:

The real value of a thing,
Is just as much as it will bring.

SATIRICAL STRICTURES ON MODERN EDUCATION.

The youth of all the higher and middle classes in society have a manifest advantage over those in a lower station ; yet it will be found that, in consequence of injudicious management, they derive little benefit from contingent circumstances. The indulgence of infantine caprice, so prevalent in this metropolis, is one great source of folly and vice. From a ridiculous affectation of tenderness, many mothers lay the foundation of the future obstinacy of their sons, by gratifying their childish passions. Such falsely good-natured beings will exclaim, "I cannot bear to make my child unhappy, even for a moment ; poor fellow ! he will have trouble enough when he grows up ; sorrow will come too soon !" This absurd idea is very common among parents, who imagine their children will be taught the regulation of their passions by experience.

Boys are indulged, lest severe restrictions

should break their spirit, and render them timid; hence they become assuming and impudent, and on their entrance into life are like a luxuriant tree, whose superabundance of branches and foliage prevents it from producing any good fruit, till the severe hand of experience lops its redundancies.

How irrational are those parents who permit their sons to attain maturity, with only a few fashionable accomplishments! They step out into life with all their passions and desires in full vigour; where, impatient of contradiction, and unaccustomed to controul, they are often involved in embarrassments and quarrels. Enchanted by the smile of pleasure, the giddy youth revels in her illicit enjoyments. Fascinated by public amusements, and misled by dissolute companions, he pursues the phantom of happiness without reflection. The stews, the gaming-table, and the tavern, consume his health and fortune; till ruined, emaciated, and forsaken, the wretch is left to pine in hopeless despondency; or unable to meet his *naked heart alone*, terminates his vain-glorious career by suicide! Such, alas! are too often the fruits of an improper education.

Young clergymen would be the most proper instructors of youth. Being well taught themselves, and coming fresh from classic ground, with their faculties invigorated by polite learn-

ing, they are fully competent to the task of inculcating knowledge; and, from their preparatory study of ethics, they are proper guardians of the morals of others.

Men of genius would find ample room for their active minds to expatiate, in tracing, and aiding, the development of the human understanding. Nor will any man of sense object to the avocation, who will take the trouble to recollect that some illustrious writers have presided over youth, as masters and assistants in academies. Milton, Johnson, and Goldsmith, "*poured the fresh instruction o'er the mind*;" nor can we rationally consider that employment as a degradation of talents, which contributes so essentially to the diffusion of knowledge.

When the pupil has been initiated in the elements of useful science, and while the susceptible heart throbs with generous feelings, the beauty of morality should be exhibited in the most engaging garb. The simple and sublime precepts of Christ, will awaken that benevolence which is the source of human felicity on earth. The tutor will have an opportunity to contrast the fanciful doctrines of the heathen, with the elevated and godlike dignity of Christianity; and the unerring precept, "Whatsoever ye would that all men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them," will, by making an early and permanent im-

pression, guide the happy being in the path of justice.

Elegant literature, such as poetry, history, biography, and natural philosophy, may be studied with success. With a mind thus imbued with divine and human knowledge, the youth, when he steps into the world, will feel and act up to the dignity of a rational being. He will be a column at once to adorn and strengthen the fabric of society; he will perceive his dignified situation in the order of created beings, and rejoice in the honourable privileges of a man and a Christian.

This sketch is submitted to the consideration of the middle and lower classes of the community, whose very imperfect mode of education requires improvement, especially as many of the school-masters are incompetent to a trust on which so much of the happiness of the present and future generations depends! Happy, thrice happy, would London soon be, if those miserable children who are now taught the arts of deceit and thievery, were taught to read and write, and had their minds early fortified with pious precepts, to enable them to resist the influence of evil communications.

The human soul comes pure and innocent from the hands of its holy Creator; by its union with the body, it becomes liable to the errors and vices

of fallen man, yet continues endued with faculties, which, under proper regulations, are productive of good ; while its exquisite susceptibility renders it liable to receive continual impressions from surrounding objects. Hence the vast importance of our infantine years, and the necessity of the early and gradual inculcation of the moral duties.

Parents, look around ! behold the little blooming creatures whom Providence has committed to your charge. Ah, cultivate their hearts ; rectify their judgments ; and their grateful reverence will reward your love ! Do not imagine that your duty to your offspring is confined to supplying them with mere necessaries. That is, indeed, indispensable ; but their minds require a much more important kind of nutriment. Instil piety to God, and love to mankind, as the two great principles of human felicity. Teach them to regard the whole creation as the production of one great and good Being, whose wisdom is unbounded. As their faculties expand, let them be initiated in the principles of useful science, and taught some art conducive to the common good. Then shall your daughters be celebrated for their modesty and virtue, and your sons become honest, industrious, and intelligent men, the glory of their parents, and an honour to their country.

MODERN MANNERS.

The English national character, in its state of unalloyed simplicity in the country, is one of the most amiable in the world. Dignified, sincere, honest, modest, it resembles Denham's beautiful description of the Thames ;

" Though deep, yet clear ; though gentle, yet not dull ;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full."

By mingling with adventurers from various nations, in London, the purity of the genuine English character is lost. In the city the love of gain predominates to such a degree that tradesmen converse with complacency on the subject of wealth obtained by Quacks, puffing Publishers, and other impostors.

The pride of merchants and tradesmen, from their consciousness of possessing wealth, is absurd ; yet they are as proud of the contents of their warehouses and shops as if they had obtained the goods merely by their own industry. But in a philosophical point of view, the merchant is the *warehouseman to the public*, who attends to serve the purchaser with the produce of a hundred climes.

Still more ridiculous is that pride in dress, which prevails among the frivolous of both sexes

in London. The tailor or milliner might with some propriety feel complacency, on viewing the productions of their taste ; but the wearer appears as much gratified with a costly dress, as if it were a peculiar privilege.

Contrasted with opulence, we behold human nature reduced to a wretched state of degradation in this populous city ; insomuch that poor boys are reduced to the necessity of *sweeping chimnies*, and indigent old men are compelled by want to sweep the streets. Menial servants are converted into mere machines ; and the herd of perfumers and hair dressers who attend on the affluent, obtain their livelihood by flattery and servility. A step higher is still worse ; for the *vicious*, or as it is called the *fashionable world*, gives existence to a train of underlings too hideous to be mentioned.

The indecent behaviour of young coxcombs in the streets ; their scrutinizing stare, and insipid grin, are at once disgusting to the manly mind, and a proof that purity of heart is almost a stranger among the fashionable butterflies who lounge in Bond-street and St. James's Park.

A dangerous cause of the corruption of manners among the laborious classes are the ale-houses, especially on a Saturday night, when mechanics assemble to *receive* and to *spend* their week's wages. Many of the passages of the

public houses in several parts of the town, are so crowded with unfortunate girls, that it is difficult to pass along, and they actually stand up in two rows to allure the inebriated mechanic, who is induced to indulge in wantonness, while his wife and children are starving at home.

A most hideous picture of human depravity is also exhibited in the passages to the Theatres, while a multitude of dissolute persons of both sexes wait to be admitted at half price. The saloons are still more dangerous to the inconsiderate votary of pleasure.

That the *Public Theatres* of London contribute much to the refinement of manners will scarcely be denied by an accurate observer of human nature; but do they not also tend to the refinement of vice, and the depravation of morals? They do! and have introduced a certain *pertness* of manners, which is substituted for wit in common conversation, and an affectation of sensibility instead of genuine humanity.

Private Theatres are particularly pernicious to society; at these orgies of folly and rant our sober citizens insensibly become the votaries of licentiousness, and the man of the world soon learns to act a fictitious part both *on* and *off* the stage. This fact has been but too truly ascertained; nay, a tradesman who had been a conspicuous actor at a private theatre, recently called

a meeting of his creditors, who generously compromised by the acceptance of *ten* shillings in the pound. In consequence of this *prudent step*, our *actor* soon afterwards adorned the front of his house with a portico, supported by elegant columns, and surmounted with his name written in *letters of gold*! Such is the excellent morality inculcated at private theatres; nor are our public places of entertainment calculated to make men either wiser or better. The theatre may amuse those beings, who, lolling on the lap of luxury, sigh for something new; but it is an undoubted fact, that when the gloss of novelty is worn off, which at first rendered the stage so enchanting, almost every person of good sense is disgusted with the tinsel trappings, and painted faces of the Thespian tribe, who appear very little superior to the gesticulators at Bartholomew fair.

At the same time it must be acknowledged, that the stage, under proper regulations, might be productive of the most excellent effects in the improvement of morals, and it indisputably tends to the refinement of our manners.

Both tragedy and comedy might be engaged as powerful auxiliaries of virtue; but they are but too often the handmaids of sensuality.

As for pantomime and farce, they were always puerile and contemptible; and such amusements as now attract the mob near Westminster and

Waterloo bridges, must give the stranger a curious idea of the taste of the people of London.

Musical parties are disgraceful to a warlike people like the English. What can be more frivolous, effeminate, and absurd, than to behold a muscular fellow straining his throat through all the variations of a modern *bravura*, and imitating theatrical songsters? Such exertions might become an Italian, but they degrade a manly Briton.

“ Our wives read novels and our daughters plays ;
To *theatres* and *Fancy Balls* they throng,
And all our grace at table is a *song*.”

EDMUND ROBBED. — RECEIVES A LETTER FROM HIS MISTRESS. — IMPRISONED ON A CHARGE OF FORGERY. — A MOTHER'S LETTER TO HER SON.

When Mr. Brownlow concluded, Edmund said, “ You have, Sir, by the variety of topics introduced in your production amused me much; and if you publish it, your reputation as a satirist will, I think, be established. It is now a propitious moment to offer your pamphlet; the *Satirist*, the *Scourge*, and similar publications, which disgraced the English press, no longer insult the public eye; and even the political ethics of Cabbett, Wooler, Sherwin and Co. will probably

cease to inflame the ignorant and discontented herd of idle and profligate artisans, and a few thousands of the *enlightened* and *liberal* residents of the metropolis, whose invectives against taxation, the ministry, and the episcopacy, originate in their envy, avarice, and total absence of religious principle and feeling." "Why, my friend," replied Brownlow, "though I differ from you in opinion respecting the politics of the day, and must for the sake of consistency, as a Whig, occasionally censure Tories in power, who, by-the-bye, however, are very clever fellows, or they could not have retained their places so long; yet you are perfectly right as to the probable success of my trivial observations on society, and if every lover of scandal in London and Westminster will only patronise my work so far as to purchase a copy, the sale will exceed even that of Moore's Almanack. But enough of this; you know we are to go to the Fancy Ball in ***** square next Friday night; I shall call at Mr. Bolton's about ten o'clock, and shall expect you to be ready at that hour."

This point being settled, Edmund parted with his friend; as he proceeded to the entrance of Mitre Court, the passage was crowded by a promiscuous throng, attracted to the spot by a dispute between two gentlemen. Edmund endeavoured to pass through the crowd, but found

himself very much jostled by several young men who surrounded him, and one of whom struck him with his elbow in the breast. While he pushed the assailant from him, and by a blow in the temple brought him down, he felt his coat pocket violently pulled, and in putting down his hand found that his skirt was cut in several places, his inside pocket cut open at the bottom, and his pocket book, containing bank notes to a considerable amount, taken away. There was no redress, and having now reached Fleet-street, he called a coach, and on his arrival at Mr. Bolton's hastened up stairs to change his coat, for the purpose of concealing his misfortune. His money was now considerably diminished; he was convinced that Brownlow's account of the turpitude of civilized man was just; and sighed to think that a community, which afforded such numerous gratifications as that of London, should thus abound with depredators, who were a disgrace to the human species.

When he went down to join Mr. Bolton's social circle in the drawing-room, a letter was presented to him, which at the first glance he knew to be in the handwriting of Lady Frances ———. He put it in his pocket with some emotion, which was observed by Mrs. Bolton, who smiling said, "You are rather incurious, Mr. Vere, respecting the contents of the letter,

and yet I think I perceived that you were somewhat affected by the superscription, how far the contents may prevail in exciting similar emotions, is yet unknown." "O Madam," replied Edmund in a cheerful tone, "this epistle is merely from a young friend, with whom I have been acquainted about three weeks; it is probably unimportant. As for the concern, the traces of which you perceived in my countenance, it arose partly from the circumstance of my having been robbed in the street this evening." "Ah, my friend!" exclaimed Mr. Bolton, "you must learn to keep good hours, and a sharp look out too, if you hope to escape from the dexterity of our active citizens. But how much did you lose?" "About one hundred and fifty pounds, Sir, which I imprudently kept in my pocket book; but I thought it safe in my inside pocket. The pickpocket, however, by cutting a few geometrical figures on the skirt of my coat, soon opened an entrance to my treasure, and I deserve to lose it for my inattention."

About ten o'clock Edmund complained of a slight indisposition, and made that a pretext for retiring to his bedchamber at that early hour. On entering the room he broke open the letter with all the eagerness of a successful lover, and read the following lines.

DEAR EDMUND,

The unexpected return of my father from the continent, requires this brief notification of an event with which our mutual happiness is so intimately connected. He arrived at noon to-day in excellent health and spirits, and purposes to set out with me to Renfrew Castle in Scotland; so that unless we are to be separated beyond the probability of a future union, or even a meeting, it will be requisite for you to meet me at the house of a friend, No. —, Conduit-street, Bond-street, to-morrow evening at eight o'clock. Your determination during that interview will decide the fate of your

FRANCES *****.

"Then we must get the start of the old gentleman," cried Edmund, "and at Gretna, in his native country, realize that bliss to which an austere and proud parent would never consent." He then opened his trunk, and examined the state of his funds: nearly one hundred pounds yet remained. "It will be quite sufficient for our matrimonial excursion," said he, "and afterwards my father will readily give us a supply." With these pleasing reflexions he retired to rest, and fell asleep amid that delicious reverie in which the anticipations of approaching happiness

passed through his imagination in all the beautiful forms of love, embellished with gayest tints of hope, and illumined by the sunny smiles of joy. He little knew the twofold peril to which he was exposed, by the wiles of a demirep, and the arts of a sharper.

Next morning after breakfast, Edmund went to his chamber, and made up a small parcel of luggage for the following night's intended elopement. As the morning was frosty, and the weather fair, he walked out on a morning visit to Sir Thomas Touchstone; but he had not proceeded four hundred yards from Mr. Bolton's door, when he was accosted by a man who followed him, with the inquiry, "Pray, Sir, is your name Vere?" "Yes, Sir," replied Edmund. "Edmund Vere, Sir?" "Yes," rejoined Edmund, with some surprise at the inquisitiveness of the stranger, "that is my name, why do you ask?" "Because, Sir, I have a warrant against you on a very serious charge. I request, Sir, that you will make no resistance," continued the man, seeing Edmund look angry. "I am an officer of the police, Sir, and am merely doing my duty. You must come with me, Sir." The officer then pulled out a pistol, and making a signal to another confederate, a coach was called, in which Edmund went with the two officers to the Police Office.

in Queen Square, where a magistrate was then sitting.

When Edmund entered the office, he was recognised by the jeweller to whom he had paid the Bank Post Bill which he received from Raymond. "This, may it please your worship," said the tradesman, "is the person who paid me the forged bill." A clerk from the Bank of England attended to prove the forgery. Edmund inquired whether he might send for a friend; but the magistrate, rather sternly, informed him that his offence was not bailable; and without hesitation wrote his mittimus. He was conveyed in a coach without delay to Newgate, and on entering this abode of misery and crime, was taken to a felon's cell. He was shocked, and inquired whether he could not be accommodated with a better apartment. "Yes, yes," replied the turnkey, "if you can command money; its power is great even in a prison." "Then take me to a more comfortable place." The turnkey, however, locked him in; but returned in about half an hour, and led him to a room tolerably furnished, and where a good fire softened the rigour of a winter's day. The turnkey now desired to know whether he wished for refreshments, and Edmund ordered a mutton chop and a bottle of wine. Not that he felt the cravings of hunger, but because he supposed that

the profits of whatever he ordered would cause the turnkey to treat him with more attention and humanity. He then wrote to Mr. Bolton, with a short account of his situation, and gave the turnkey a crown to dispatch an errand boy with the letter.

When alone, Edmund endeavoured to calm the perturbation of his mind. The events of the morning had been so unexpected, as well as calamitous, and passed in such rapid succession, that a review of them seemed like an unpleasant dream ; but when he looked around, and beheld the bolts and bars with which he was environed, he shuddered with instinctive horror at his dreadful situation, and sickened while he execrated the treachery of mankind.

While he indulged these gloomy reflections, the door of his apartment was opened, and Mr. Buersil entered with a countenance as pale as death. He happened to be passing as Edmund stepped out of the coach, and the idea that he might be of some service, induced him to call at the prison, on his return from a printing office to which he was taking some copy of a work which was then in the press. There was some consolation in the presence of an acquaintance ; and, as Edmund arose to shake hands with Buersil, tears started from the eyes of the Yorkshire critic, while he exclaimed, " Good Heaven !

Mr. Vere, what can this mean? Why do I see you here?" Edmund then, in a few words, informed his friend of his irreparable misfortune, and the countenance of the hearer was expressive of the grief of his mind. "Nothing can save you, Sir," said he, "but the discovery of the villain, who, while he swindled you out of your money, meditated your destruction. Do you know his name, and can you describe his person?" Edmund satisfied Buersil respecting both these particulars, and he hastened away to employ a number of police officers to discover the miscreant.

About four o'clock in the afternoon Mr. Bolton arrived at Newgate. Edmund felt humiliated at this interview; his friend perceived his chagrin, and hinted the necessity of immediately writing to his father. "I shall write to Mr. Vere," said he, "with a simple statement of circumstances; he will doubtless hasten to London, where I hope that our united influence will extricate you from this dreadful misfortune." Edmund concurred with his friend in this plan, and Mr. Bolton soon afterwards departed from the prison.

Dinner was now served up to the solitary dupe of metropolitan deception: and notwithstanding the tremendous abyss into which he was plunged, yet the excellence of his constitu-

tion enabled him to take some refreshment with a good appetite. After dinner he reviewed the events of his life since his arrival in London, and discovered that his open and unsuspecting heart misled him to cherish too good an opinion of mankind. But Lady Frances, the lovely and tender Lady Frances, surely she was not deceitful; that idea alone operated as a cordial to his spirits; but he recollected with grief, that it was impossible for him to gratify their mutual wishes by an elopement. An apology was indispensable: he did not think it decorous to date his letter from a prison; and therefore wrote as it appeared from the Chapter Coffee House, informing her that an unforeseen event put it totally out of his power to meet her on the following evening.

On the fourth afternoon of Edmund's confinement Mr. Bolton again visited him, and informed him that his father had arrived that morning, and was busily engaged in consulting lawyers on the nature of the charge against him, and the possibility of effecting his speedy liberation. The tears filled Edmund's eyes, and his bosom heaved with filial gratitude and affection to so good a parent. "He will visit you this evening, my friend," said Mr. Bolton, "so keep up your spirits and hope the best. Your other relations have not forgot you; here is a letter from your

mother, which you will probably like to read without witnesses ; I shall, therefore, retire." With these words he left the room, and Edmund with a palpitating heart, and almost overpowered by his emotions, perused the following effusion of maternal love.

A MOTHER'S LETTER TO HER SON.

This is my first letter to my only son, and oh ! in what a situation is my Edmund ?—The child of my youth, and the darling of my heart, in prison—perhaps in chains ! Oh Edmund ! forgive your mother's womanish lamentation, for I must pour forth the feelings of my full heart to you, my dearest child ;—instead of imparting comfort to you, I myself need consolation—for anguish, bitter and indescribable anguish, has taken possession of my soul. I tremble at every sound—I dread every knock at my door, lest intelligence, not to be survived, should be announced by some messenger. When you set out for London, I felt sad forebodings of evil ; but confiding in the virtue of my boy, I hoped you would escape the snares of that seat of folly and iniquity.

I looked into Cowper's Task the other day,

and turning to his description of London, met the following passage:

"The shark is there,
And the shark's prey."

I shuddered at the danger with which you were surrounded. The next day's post brought the dreadful tidings, that you were imprisoned in Newgate on a charge of forgery! In an instant, Spring Hill House, so long the abode of innocence and serenity, was changed into a house of mourning. "A letter from Mr. Bokon," said your father. "Are there no letters from Edmund, Sir?" exclaimed Maria and Harriet both at once. "No," was the reply. I kept my eye on your father while he read, awaiting in anxious expectation of hearing some news from you. He suddenly ceased to read—turned pale—and rising, walked up stairs with the open letter in his hand. I followed him in breathless terror. "Is Edmund ill, my dear?" said I. "No," said your father, in a hollow tone that pierced my heart. He threw himself on a sofa—gasped for breath—and seemed actually dying, when the first tears I ever saw him shed, afforded him momentary relief. I threw my arms round his neck and wept with him, still ignorant of the full extent of our common calamity. At length

your father said in a low and solemn tone, "Edmund a criminal—in irons—and in jeopardy of his life!—bankruptcy, beggary, pain, nay even death itself were felicity to a degradation like this." I could hear no more—my head grew giddy—the sight forsook my eyes, and with a groan I swooned away. On my recovery, I found your father and sisters supporting me in bed, and mingling their tears. "She lives! our beloved mother and friend lives!" exclaimed Maria. "Thank God! thank God!" was all your father could utter, with his eyes turned towards heaven in solemn devotion.

Since that time I have been rather unwell. I weep, yet tears give me little relief; for the horror I feel every time I think that my only—my amiable boy—a youth so universally esteemed and beloved, has become the victim of villains, for their accomplice he can never have been—to think that my kind-hearted Edmund, the pride and hope of our family, now lies imprisoned for a crime, which is of such a nature as to render even mercy inexorable—that he may be tried, convicted, condemned—I would not conclude the sentence for the wealth of England! My child, on whose honest brow, the dignity of virtue is so distinctly impressed, can never suffer*****. No! that Providence which protected his infancy and youth, will, if a mother's prayers are heard, yet

interpose to save my beloved ; restore him to honourable society, and defeat all the artifices of the emissaries of hell.

Your pocket-bible now lies open before me, and I find the following words marked with a pencil, perhaps by your own hand : “ My son, when sinners entice thee, consent thou not.” Why did not my dearest child take this celestial monitor with him to London ? What are the accomplishments of polished life, or the curiosities invented by human ingenuity, in comparison to that wisdom which at once humanizes, enlightens, exalts, and renovates ; and that faith which opens the portals of immortality and happiness ?

I send this letter under cover to Mr. Bolton : your father set out yesterday for London. Adieu, my son ! The blessing of a tender, solicitous, and mournful mother, and above all the protection and blessing of HIM who is able to save, be your safeguard and consolation in this period of dire tribulation—of imminent peril ! Farewell, my beloved Edmund ! Your sisters join their prayers and tears with mine. Farewell.

MARY VERE.

Spring-Hill House, January 20, 1820.

This tender and monitory letter was perused by Edmund with various emotions. Sometimes a strong sense of shame at his own folly, in being so easily outwitted by a sharper ; then indigna-

tion against the miscreant who had brought him into his present dangerous situation ; but the predominant idea was grief, for the sufferings of his pious and affectionate mother. "Ah!" cried he, with a voice broken by excessive sensibility and sympathy, "I have destroyed the health, and interrupted the serenity of that pure mind which never felt anguish for its own indiscretion, because it has ever been virtuous. My dearest parent now languishes under the two-fold affliction of fear and sorrow, and my unhappy inexperience is the cause of her misery. O merciful Creator, permit me to escape from this destructive snare in which I am entangled, and my life shall be devoted to thy glory, and the welfare of my fellow creatures." Overcome by strong emotion, Edmund threw himself on his knees, and poured forth his supplications to the great preserver of men. His mind was tranquillized by devotion, and he arose with a presentiment that deliverance was nigh. Whilst he continued in this state, his father, accompanied by Mr. Bolton, entered the room ; Edmund felt a blush rise to his face as his father advanced with an extended hand. Mr. Vere pressed the hand of his son, but could not speak, and the youth, quite overcome by the distress of his parent, turned away his face—sobbed, and wept audibly. Mr. Bolton took the hands of the unhappy father and son, and leading them to

might return from that town by the coach. I was compelled by a shower of snow, to seek shelter in an ale-house on the common. On my arrival, I found that several persons had availed themselves of the hospitality of my landlord, and among others, three gentlemen from London, who had taken possession of a small room in the rear of the house, separated from a front parlour by a partition. As I sat musing over my glass of negus, I heard whispers, and curiosity incited me to listen. A small crevice in the wall enabled me to observe the party, and to hear their discourse. "You must be very cautious, Raymond," said one of them, leaning towards another, "or you will certainly be taken. Recollect that your stay in or near London, may prove fatal." "True," replied another, "but luckily, my dupe will suffer, and then I need not dread either witness or prosecution. In the mean time, however, it will be advisable to go to the continent; I intend to sleep at ~~London~~ in the Borough to-night, and to-morrow morning, before sun-rise, I shall set out in the coach for Dover." "That will be advisable, Raymond; I wish you a good voyage, and a speedy journey to the world unknown to your Lancashire friend."

"I had now heard enough," continued Buerst, "to convince me that the criminal who betrayed my friend, was in view. I started up, in-

formed the landlord secretly of the circumstance, who immediately sent to Mitcham for a constable; and borrowing a sword from my host, placed myself near the door of the room where Raymond sat, resolved to take him prisoner, or die on the spot. When the constable arrived, we entered the room; surprised the party before they could stand on their defence, and made them prisoners. We brought them to town in one of the Mitcham stage coaches, and you know the rest."

Mr. Vere expressed his thanks to Buersil in a very animated manner, and insisted on his acceptance of two hundred pounds for the service he had rendered his son. Mr. Buersil soon afterwards parted with Edmund, who was glad of an opportunity of retiring from the observation of his friends, in whose presence, notwithstanding his probity, he felt deep humiliation.

But though his pride was deeply wounded, his passion for Lady Frances continued undiminished. This he felt the moment he was alone; and anxious to learn whether she had been taken to Scotland by her father, he set out on foot, soon after dinner, for her residence in Wimpole-street.

When he arrived at the door, he found it open, and passed along the hall unperceived by any of the servants. Lightly tripping up stairs, he ap-



proached the door of the drawing-room, when the sound of his charmer's voice caused him to stop. She was in conversation with another person, and seemed in high spirits, as she laughed heartily. He listened a moment, and from the expressions of her companion, he was convinced her father was not present. Jealousy made him impetuous and inconsiderate ; he rushed into the apartment, and beheld his beautiful Dulcinea del Toboso, sitting familiarly on the knee of a young gentleman, with her arms around his neck, and her head on his breast. They both turned their faces towards the door ; Lady Frances uttered a scream, and fell on the floor ; her companion raised her, placed her on a sofa, and turning fiercely to Edmund, demanded why he presumed to intrude on his privacy in his own house. " Your house ?" cried Edmund, " is not this the residence of Lady Frances ***** ?" He was answered by a contemptuous laugh from the gentleman, who, turning to the lady, exclaimed, " Well, Fanny, what new frolic have you been playing ?" " I'll tell you another time," whispered she ; " get this rustic away as well as you can." Edmund heard the latter part of her speech ; he was now convinced that he had been nearly allured into marriage by an accomplished demirep ; and looking at her with indignant contempt, he turned on his heel,

walked down stairs, and departed from the house with indescribable feelings.

On his return to Mr. Bolton's, he joined the social party; but his effort to appear cheerful was unsuccessful; and from time to time he fell into a short and unpleasant reverie, which his father, and Mr. and Mrs. Bolton, attributed to his feelings, on a review of his late embarrassment. He was rallied into some attention by the good humour of his host, and was more lively towards the close of the evening's conversation. When he retired to his chamber, however, to "meet his naked heart alone," he felt all the mortification and misery of a rustic dupe to the dangerous artifices continually practised in London. "To what purpose," cried he, in agony, "have I listened to the cautions of Brownlow, when I am thus imposed upon at every corner? But there are gradations of virtue, and models of worth among mankind; let me cultivate an intimacy with them, and be more circumspect in my future intercourse with strangers; for I find, to my deep regret, that—

"A man may smile, and smile, and be a villain,
At least I'm sure it may be so in London."

As for woman, who could believe that such a beautiful and courteous being, as the girl I once loved, could be so unblushing a deceiver? Never

again will I trust to my own sagacity in the choice of a mistress : no—I must employ Brownlow, or some other adept in the science of physiognomy, to find that rare combination of female excellence, a beautiful face, a modest mind, and an affectionate heart.” After this rhapsody, Edmund went to bed, where the “balm of hurt minds,” a sound sleep, operated as a complete restorative.

AN UNEXPECTED EVENT.—A JAUNT TO LANCASHIRE.—A FAMILY MEETING.—CONCLUSION.

A week soon passed away from the time of Edmund's liberation, during which his father looked over the state of his accounts with his partner Mr. Bolton, and when that business was finished prepared for his return to Spring Hill House. Edmund was obliged to appear as a witness to criminate Raymond, and intended to remain in town till the termination of the sessions at the Old Bailey in February ; but an incident equally unexpected and unforeseen, required his immediate presence at his birthplace. A letter from his sister to their father, communicated intelligence of a most afflictive nature. It was as follows :

DEAR FATHER,

I entreat you to return home as speedily as possible.—My mother is very ill indeed: she was so overcome with joy on receiving an account of Edmund's release from prison, that nature sunk under the strong emotion. She is now, thank heaven, quite serene; but so debilitated, that I shudder at my anticipations. Perhaps Edmund can accompany you. Return, I beseech you, without delay.

MARIA VERE.

Spring Hill House, Jan. 28, 1820.

Mr. Vere read this letter with inexpressible anguish, and raising his eyes to heaven, exclaimed, "In what a dreadful series of calamities has the inexperience of Edmund involved our once happy family! but perhaps the fears of Maria have magnified the danger, and my beloved wife will yet be permitted to cheer and enlighten her family and friends." He then hastened to inform his son that their presence was required at home; and they proceeded in a chaise and four, with the velocity of a winter's gale, towards Lancashire.

On their arrival at Spring Hill House, they were shocked at the stillness and solitude of a spot, so often the scene of rural gaiety and ani-

mation. Edmund followed his father into the hall with a heart palpitating with affectionate apprehension. They went into the parlour, where, in a few moments, Maria and Harriet came to meet them. The paleness and evident affliction of the young ladies terrified their father, who articulated, with extreme difficulty, and in a voice almost stifled by emotion, "How is your mother?" "Ah, Sir!" said Maria, in a querulous tone, "she is, I fear ——" Sobs interrupted articulation, but tears brought a friendly relief. "This morning," continued she, "Dr. L—— paid his regular visit; he seemed much alarmed at the state in which he found my mother, and appeared to consider her recovery hopeless. He ordered no medicine; but I persuaded my dear parent to take a little warm whey, and about four hours ago she sunk into a deep sleep, from which she has not yet waked, and perhaps it may prove salutary." "O heaven grant that it may!" cried Edmund, kneeling down on the floor, and with upraised eyes and hands, while the tears trickled down his cheeks, he solemnly ejaculated, "Most merciful BEING of Beings, bless and restore, I beseech Thee, my parent to her friends! that mother whom I ever loved, but whose sacred life I have unwittingly endangered!" Mr. Vere raised his son, pressed his hand, and sitting down on a sofa

beside him, they gave full vent to their mournful feelings by an effusion of tears, while the young ladies hastened up stairs to be in attendance upon their mother.

In less than half an hour a female servant came to inform the gentlemen that her mistress was awake, and expected to see them. Edmund started up, and followed his father. They entered the chamber, where Mrs. Vere, supported by her daughters, sat up in the bed. On their approach she held out her hands, and with a look of ineffable benignity, and tender affection, said, in a low voice, "My prayers have been heard, I am permitted to see my dearest friends again." She paused.——Mr. Vere held her right hand, and Edmund her left, while they bent tenderly over her. What a change had ten days made in the appearance of this excellent woman! She was only in her fortieth year, and admired by her friends and acquaintance for the beauty of her person, and the amiableness of her disposition. But the vermeil bloom of health which lately adorned her cheek, gave place to the faded hue of the withered rose; her eyes, which beamed with the animation of health, and the beauty of sentiment, were now hollow, yet they still glistened with the light of sensibility; her features were shrunk, and the expression of her pallid countenance was that of extreme debility. Mr. Vere gazed on the ruins of his Mary with

grief and tenderness—he would have spoken, but a solemn awe interrupted the speech of all present, except the dying saint. “You are both welcome home,” said she; “my last wish is gratified by your presence. My departure will now be a triumph. My ever faithful and tender husband, bow with resignation, as I do, to the will of our GOD—for our daughters, I have no fear—they are both amiable and pious, and as such are under the particular protection of OMNIPOTENCE—our Edmund too, restored to honour, reputation, and society, will, I trust, be preserved from future evil. My dear Edmund,” continued she, turning her eyes towards her son, “your return in safety has realized my hope—beware of evil communications; read your bible; let it ever be your guide, and you will be happy for ever—I now have done with life—yet these earthly ties——” said she, in a voice attuned by tenderness, while she gazed alternately on her husband and son——“the heart feels a pang at parting with those we love”——She paused——feebly pressed the hands which held hers——then sunk down in the arms of her daughters, and with a deep sigh expired, while her happy spirit soared to the blissful regions of immortality. But what pen could describe the scene which ensued, or the grief of the survivors? * *

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FREE STRICTURES

ON

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Dans l'art d'intéresser consiste l'art d'écrire. DELILLE.

IF we estimate the intellectual powers of a people by their literary productions, those of the English will be found of the first order, and entitled to pre-eminence. Beautiful specimens of style and composition, on every subject which can gratify the curiosity, improve the knowledge, or polish the manners of a human being, may be found in our language; and we can produce the works of native philosophers, poets, and historians, unequalled by those of the literati of any other nation either ancient or modern. For this peculiar excellence in the brightest emanations of the mind, we are principally indebted to the Reformation, which first set the inquiring spirit of man free, and erected that powerful organ of knowledge, the Press. Science and taste, offered their powerful aid to truth; the valuable facts, discovered and recorded by the experimen-

tal philosopher, were adorned with the graces of poetical and prosaic composition, and wisdom and beauty were united by reason.

We have now the treasures of ancient and modern literature in our native language, for several of our ingenious and learned men have, by spirited and elegant translations of the ancient classics, and of the valuable works of Continental writers, enriched the English library with the wisdom of all ages; and thus, in the true spirit of universal benevolence, imported whatever was rare, elegant, or beautiful in foreign languages, and exported their own original productions, to instruct and enlighten the comparatively uninformed and superstitious nations of Christendom, nay, of every part of the habitable globe. The English reader may now obtain from the works and translations of his countrymen, sufficient information for every purpose of utility or entertainment; and this communicable facility, has contributed to a general taste for literature, and the consequent increase of books in this opulent country; insomuch, that a library is now considered as indispensable in a magnificent mansion, as any other kind of ornamental and costly furniture. Nor is this love of knowledge confined to the opulent, for many industrious tradesmen, and ingenious artisans, expend that money in the purchase of books which their more impro-

vident or vulgar neighbours would have wasted in Bacchanalian orgies ; and thus, a very general diffusion of soientific, moral, and divine truth, has gradually exalted the character of the nation for correct habits of thinking, and improved good sense, above that of other European contemporaries. Indeed, a retrospective glance at the progressive improvement of our national literature, will afford a pleasing illustration of our present manners, morals, and the superior civilization which we have so happily attained.

The comprehensive and invaluable works of **BACON**, **LOCKE**, **NEWTON**, and other English philosophers, enriched our literature with the treasures of human wisdom ; while the sublime and pathetic poetry of **SHAKSPEARE** and **MILTON**, and the harmonious productions of **DRYDEN** and **POPE**, established the superiority of the British muse. These immortal sages and bards were succeeded by other authors, whose taste and judgment gave the last polish to the language in which they wrote, while their lively censure of the foibles and vices of their contemporaries, and their eloquent recommendation of a pure and practicable morality, improved the manners of the age. At the commencement of the eighteenth century England could boast of men of genius whose excellence in every species of composition was unequalled in the world. English

literature was brought to the highest possible perfection by the emulative efforts of ADDISON, POPE, WATTS, ROWE, SWIFT, GAY, and THOMSON. These elegant writers were succeeded by JOHNSON, GOLDSMITH, HAWKESWORTH, YOUNG, GRAY, and several other eminent authors, whose productions at once contributed to the refinement of language, manners, and morals; and in the present age, COWPER, by his exact descriptions of rural scenery, and modern manners; his manly censure of profligacy; and his impressive and energetic illustrations of the value of civil and religious liberty, and the happiness communicable by humanity and piety, has promoted the best interests of society with greater success than all his contemporaries.

A general taste for the beauties of literature has thus been happily cherished in England, where the most powerful efforts of the free and enlightened human mind have been successfully exerted for individual reputation and public benefit. Reading has in the present age become a favourite amusement with the people of this country; from the opulence supplied by manufactures and commerce, the art of printing has been improved at least to a co-equal degree of elegance and beauty with any other of the fine arts, and a very general dissemination of knowledge and intellectual entertainment has conse-

quently been effected, especially among the genteel classes of society. From this universality of reading, a considerable number of writers have sprung up, and the utmost facility has been afforded to their literary essays by those periodical publications termed magazines, which presented a favourable medium for the voluntary contributions of youthful genius, in its first efforts for the acquisition of popular approbation.

Another species of literary composition has for ages been generally patronized in England. The natural love of novelty suggested to inventive genius, the production of romances. Several voluminous narratives, abounding with marvellous exploits and incidents of the days of chivalry, for centuries occupied the shelves appropriated to prosaic works of fiction; but these were displaced to make room for those lighter pieces, known by the general name of Novels, in which every variety of romantic composition was adopted, according to the taste of the writer. These productions soon became popular; in them the intrigues, perilous adventures, vicissitudes, and sufferings of lovers, were detailed in the familiar style of conversation, and the imagination was captivated by a narrative related with an ease and ingenuity which gave it all the charms of reality. The novels of RICHARDSON, FIELDING, SMOLLETT, and GOLDSMITH, have estab-

lished our claims to superiority in this branch of literature, though our countrymen undoubtedly availed themselves of the aid of foreign novels and romances; and it must be acknowledged, that for genuine, amusing, and characteristic satire, we have no composition in our language equal to *Don Quixote*, and *Gil Blas*; works which have immortalized their authors, and established the claims of *CERVANTES* and *LE SAGE*, to the admiration of mankind.

The epistolary novels of *RICHARDSON* became so popular, that numerous imitators appeared and vanished in succession. Circulating libraries now began to be established in the most populous cities and towns of England, and reading gradually became one of the amusements of the common people. Publishers, who had hitherto treated authors with civility and even respect, began to assume more consequence, and this was increased by the servility of a new tribe of literati; those translators, abridgers, and compilers, who produced a variety of mutilated works, such as abridgments of *Universal History*, *Tours*, and the *Beauties* of eminent poets and prose writers.

In poetry, there has also been a considerable revolution of taste, and like most innovations, it has been prejudicial. Our modern satirists, particularly *CHURCHILL*, *DR. WOLCOT*, and *LORD BYRON*, are equally sarcastic and liberal. An-

other description of poets sprung out of modern refinement. DR. DAEWIN, with his "gossamery lines;" his repulsive personifications; his gorgeous ornaments; and his philosophic gravity, rendered his "Loves of the Plants," more absurd and less attractive than Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. He was praised and idolized by those sensitive souls whose nerves were braced to a perfect unison with his melting melody; but the poet and his admirers, unfortunately for themselves, sunk to the inevitable oblivion of dullness and false taste. Another description of rhymsters obtained a temporary patronage. The Della Crusca tribe of affectation and rant, for a while abused the public ear; and these sonorous wittings were succeeded by the exquisite votaries of simplicity, who came forward with their claims to popular admiration. Among these, SOUTHEY, COLERIDGE, WORDSWORTH, CAMPBELL, and even THELWALL and MONTGOMERY, claimed the meed of simple poetry: and simple indeed it was. But SOUTHEY, undeterred by his failure as a simple son of the muses, aspired to be sublime. It had long been acknowledged that we could only boast of one epic poet, but the patriotic Robert Southey resolved that we should have two; and lest his first heroic effort should not be sufficient to substantiate his claims, he favoured the world with a second and a third nar-

rative in blank verse. Other performers on the lyre, like the ancient competitors for the crown at the Olympic Games, also aspired to the fame of epic bards, and in this age, so prolific of memorable events, and rapid improvements in all the arts, we can enumerate three epic poems from the pen of SOUTHEY ; one by PYE ; one by CUMBERLAND ; and one by COTTLE ; besides three *epic ballads* by the indefatigable SCOTT ! A severe critic may indeed exclaim : " You cannot with propriety call those rhapsodies epic poems ; compared with the *Paradise Lost*, they vanish like stars on the approach of solar light." This may be true ; but no liberal critic will expect impossibilities. These gentlemen all mistook their talent when they touched the lyre of Apollo.

While our poetry has thus descended into the regions of absurdity, and the Bathos, with the exception of Cowper's *Task*, which rises among modern verse like an oak surrounded by under-wood, the art of novel and romance-writing has been brought to a degree of perfection, to which RICHARDSON and FIELDING were strangers. Indeed, so rapid has been the production of novels, and so strong the similarity of character and incidents, that with the mere variation of names, the majority of them might be supposed to have been prepared for the press by the aid of

a copying-machine. The inferiority of those productions, however, has contributed to that superficial flippancy, and assuming impertinence, so perceptible in the world; and vice, mingled with absurdity, was introduced about twenty years ago by the translation of German romances and plays. These extravagant productions of a wild and vitiated imagination, gave a new direction to the current of popular taste. Nothing but ruined castles, the rendezvous of banditti, or supposed abode of spectres, could be endured; and after the nerves of our wives and daughters had been sufficiently agonized by those monstrous productions of foreign intellect, a few of our own worthies took up the pen to assert the honour of British absurdity. Among these patriotic scribes, the celebrated ANNE RADCLIFFE was pre-eminent. By her detailed descriptions of phantoms that filled her phrenetic imagination, landscapes that never met the human eye, and woods and rocks that never appeared in picturesque wildness on the summit of the airy precipice, and her animated sketches of Italian assassins, half-consumed corpses, pictures overhung with crape, daggers encrusted with blood, and chains fastened to rocks in subterranean darkness; this enchantress conjured up a host of horrors, which revisited the reader in terrific dreams, and altogether formed such a combi-

nation of absurdities as might be expected to emanate from the mind of a writer who was afterwards the inmate of a mad-house. ANNE RADCLIFFE, however, neglected to give her novels that tincture of sensuality requisite for the gratification of certain readers; but a kind genius took up the pen to supply that deficiency, and in his *Monk*, presented all the seductive abominations which an inflamed imagination, a corrupt heart, and a mind devoted to demonology, could bestow. That the hideous romances of this English sensualist, and the immoral dramatic pieces of KOTZEBUE, and SCHILLER, have vitiated thousands among the higher classes of society, is evident from the frequent trials for adultery, which from time to time disgraced our Courts of Justice. The pernicious influence of ribaldry and profaneness is now somewhat diminished; one of the promoters of adultery has assumed a more dignified character; and the vicious votaries of sensuality will not, it is to be hoped, again be able to boast of the example of a great debauchee, in vindication of their debasing pursuits. Such are some of the most dangerous errors arising from the abuse of the pen, and the press, in this free country; but mankind, though born to error, have also an inherent predisposition to virtue. The present time affords the animating prospect of an amelioration of

morals by a general dissemination of the principles of truth, through the medium of that gift of divine mercy, the Bible; and under the protection of Providence, we may expect a gradual and durable improvement of public manners, and the consequent disappearance of levity and impiety, in a community where that sacred antidote to infidelity, and vice, is in general circulation. On this subject, the highest flights of eloquence would not be hyperbolical; nor could the utmost aspirations of genius completely describe the celestial felicity conferred by the **CHRISTIAN RELIGION** on mankind emancipated from the bondage of vice. The Bible is indeed the harbinger of divine philanthropy, which at once reveals the promise of future bliss, affords an antepast of endless happiness, and presents the cup of immortality to the trembling and thirsty lips of devout and grateful human beings.

With the more extensive circulation of the Scriptures, a considerable falling off in the production of novels is at present perceptible. The public mind seems satiated with a repetition of dull novels, published in many volumes at an exorbitant price. A spurious kind of moral production has, indeed, been manufactured by "ready writers," for the accommodation of polite religionists, under the titles of "Celebs in Search of a Wife," "Self Control," "Discipline," &c.

and these purified amatory pieces, are actually admitted into the houses of strict moralists, who are deceived by the specious semblance of virtue.

Such is the general state of English literature, which at this moment is so various, multifarious, and extensive, that it would require the application of many years to examine the modern productions of the press. Indeed, so re-productive are those compilers who increase or diminish the works of authors to the size required by their employers the Publishers, that they may be compared to thistles, and other pernicious plants, which scatter their seeds around, and occupy the soil in which something truly valuable might have been brought to perfection. The warehouses of the dealers in printed paper may be compared to "a rank and unweeded garden," where valuable and useless productions of the same soil spring up together; the one affording wholesome nutriment, the other diffusing pestilential effluvia around.

We can, indeed, boast of a few living authors, whose works will delight and instruct posterity. Far be it from the candid satirist to indulge, for a moment, the unfounded prejudice which would exalt the merit of our ancestors by the depreciation of contemporary genius; at the same time it must be acknowledged with regret, that our most

estimable, are not always our most popular writers. Those authors who stoop to amuse the giddy throng, at the expense of their moral principles, are too often successful; but sterling merit will survive such worthless and temporary productions, as the ever-green flourishes in perennial beauty amid the decays of surrounding vegetation. Let not a passion for fame tempt the man of genius from the path of rectitude into the wild regions of licentious imagination. The task of an author is the most important imaginable; it is his duty to ameliorate the morals of society; but errors disseminated by his seductive eloquence, may deprave thousands of intelligent beings! Let him also reflect, that his most secret studies are open to the eye of an omnipresent Creator, to whom he must be accountable for the use he makes of his talents. Under this awful impression, he will devote his mental powers to virtue, and endeavour to the utmost of his abilities to instruct the reader.

The novels of Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Goldsmith, delighted their contemporaries by faithful descriptions of nature, and exact exhibitions of character; and they still amuse. In imitation of those masterly romancers a host of inferior writers appeared, and

“Corresponding misses filled the ream,
With sentimental frippery and dream.”

But the works of these *ephemera* have long been removed from the shelves, and another race of novelists exerted their abilities to charm and astonish young ladies and gentlemen. That affectation of refined sentiment uttered in the silly phraseology, *supposed* by those sapient writers to be the perfection of fashionable conversation, was both ludicrous and nonsensical. Even Miss Edgeworth's *Tales of Fashionable Life*, are in some instances liable to this censure. What opportunity had this recluse spinster, or the still more refined old maid, Miss More, to make observations on persons of quality, except at the public theatre? Yet such censorious gossiping as fills their pages, has long been estimated by the ignorant reader as faithful sketches of characters and manners.

Another class of novel-writers, without the abilities of Mrs. D'Arblay, Miss More, or Miss Edgeworth; certain esquires, knights of the post, and ladies who have been abandoned by their *protectors*, sit down and compose such a farrago of scandal and falsehood as "The Spirit of the Book," "The private History of the Court of England," and similar literary forgeries for mere emolument, and written in a style which sets criticism at defiance. If such writers were to become English classics, we should soon degenerate into the barbarism of the fifteenth century ;

- but happily for the honour of our country, its language is too firmly established to yield to any innovation; such productions are the mere bubbles of literature, and like bubbles, they disappear successively, while the true imitations of nature and passion remain.

Yet let us not be too confident of the stability of our excellent language, for at this moment its purity is menaced by no common attempt to re-introduce vulgarity among us. In books, as in dress, and furniture, that capricious goddess, Fashion, from time to time assumes the authority of an arbitress, and her dictates are obeyed by the passive, the giddy, and the gay. Novelty ever charms the crowd, and whoever can produce something *new, strange, and uncommon*, may anticipate temporary success. Thus the metrical Tales of Walter Scott produced a rich harvest to the author and publisher, and the romances of an anonymous Scot, have since bewitched the *gude* folks of England, to a degree of frenzy unequalled even by that absurd rage for German novels and plays, which inflamed the imagination of thousands in London, in the beginning of the present century. Nothing less than the blasphemous execrations of continental banditti, and atheistical villains, could satisfy the lovers of sublime composition then; and it appears, that nothing but the coarse manners,

savage ferocity, disgusting amours, and insane raving of Caledonian fanatics, and lunatics, can please now. Even the public theatre resounds the melodious names of Donocha Dhu, Dumbidikes, Madge Wildfire, and Macgregor; and sober citizens, with their wives and daughters, eagerly peruse the adventures of profligates, Border robbers, and Scotch beldams, in the drawing room; or hasten to behold the representation of those interesting personages on the stage, where, happily for the morals of the auditory, the characteristic sentiments of knaves, and fools, are mostly delivered in a dialect which requires the aid of a glossary.

By adroit management those northern bubbles have been kept afloat for several months, to the great emolument of the authors and publishers. The authors, for it cannot be supposed that such exquisite productions of genius emanate from a single mind, have hitherto, like our literary reviewers, worked unseen, and as darkness is one source of sublime emotion, obscurity renders their romances doubly valuable. Various modes of puffing have been resorted to for the excitement of public curiosity, and to effect the transfer of the *aurum tangibile* from English into Scottish coffers. Sometimes Walter Scott is the reputed author, then the son of a Scotch Baronet, whose honourable parent will not let

him publish his name as a romancer, is reputed to be the enviable favourite; but the probability is, that those novels and tales are the offspring of the brains of several money-loving Scotchmen, including those original geniuses, the **EDINBURGH REVIEWERS**. Hence, the success of Caledonian Romances is almost certain, for the publishers have two strings to their bow; first, an unequalled production of genius, the principal beauties of which are concealed in language as unintelligible as the prophetic responses of the ancient oracle at Delphos, and afterwards, the advantage of a favourable review by a friend to the firm.

Like our successful tragedians, those authors have profited by the influence over the mind of the reader, obtainable by a masterly development of the violent passions of human nature. Hence, delight and terror are alternately excited, and the attention captivated by those celebrated narratives. They have also chosen a remote period for the fable, the incidents of which are narrated in a dialect, the obscurity and barbarism of which places it beyond the grasp of English criticism. Indeed, these ingenious novelists may be compared to alchymists, who have discovered that long-sought-for *desideratum*, the philosopher's stone, by which Caledonian *brass* is transmuted into English gold;

and while they dance in a circle round their crucible, like the witches in Macbeth round the cauldron, they may triumphantly exclaim, in the words of a French proverb,

“ O l'utile secret que de mentir apropos.”

The success of ingenious Scotchmen in the art of novel and romance writing, has given them a decisive pre-eminence in a species of composition to which they heretofore had no claim. The celebrity of the Scottish nation in various branches of science and the useful arts, has, indeed, been great for ages. In medicine, surgery, criticism, and compilation, or book-making, the philosophers and literati of the northern division of our island have long obtained distinction. Nor have their improvements in agriculture been trivial; and as for horticulture, a Scotch gardener is almost as common as a Scotch piper. Even the produce of the English corn field often undergoes the skilful manual operation of a Caledonian baker, before it is fit for the nice palate of an English lady.

In modern, or rather ephemeral literature, they evidently aspire to be the monopolists of genius, and even to regulate the prices of the book-market. In what other period of the history of *British*, for it cannot be called *English*

literature, were eight shillings demanded for a volume in twelves, written in a jargon which required the elucidations of a glossary or lexicon to enable the common reader to understand it? But such is the charm of novelty, and such the imposing influence of genuine impudence combined with ingenuity, that the vulgarisms of the semi-barbarians of former ages, have prevailed for a time over the refined language of Addison, Pope, and Johnson, and every pretty lipping miss, and every fashionable coxcomb, must run the risk of suffocation by pronouncing words of Gaelic etymology, while the drawing-room re-echoes the sonorous and guttural phraseology of the wild mountaineer, instead of the elegant language of Rousseau, or the more musical verses of Petrarch.

During the influence of this new species of composition, the progress of correct articulation is not only prevented in England, but even the Scotch themselves, who were acquiring a pleasing facility in the pronunciation of what may now be termed the obsolete English language, are obliged to turn with a silly kind of approbation to the study of "Christ Kirke on the Green," "The Cherrie and the Slae," and similar productions of the Scottish muse. In fact, Scotch snuff and Scottish phraseology, did fair to extinguish the passion for rapée and French, nor

does it seem unreasonable, that after the nice noses in high-life have been tickled with pungent *snishin*, the fine ears of the polite world should be harmonized in perfect unison by such mellifluent and enchanting phrases, as, "And so the auld carle," said Madge, "I wish ye had seen him stoiting about, aff ae leg on to the other, wi' a kind o' dot-and-go-one sort o' motion, as if ilk ane o' his twa legs had belanged to sindry folk."

But this short extract is not sufficient to illustrate the energy, significance, and propriety of the present fashionable Scottish dialect; it may therefore be proper to quote the following dialogue, which may serve as a model of polite courtship, worthy of the imitation not only of our cocknies, but even persons of quality.

Suddenly changing his tone, he resolutely said,—"Jeanie, I will make ye Lady Dumbiedikes afore the sun sets, and ye may ride to Lunnon in your ain coach if ye like."

"Na, Laird, that can never be—my father's grief—my sister's situation—the discredit to *you*."

"That's my business," said Dumbiedikes, "ye wad say naething about that if ye were na a fule—yet, I like ye the better for't—ae wise body's aneugh in the married state."

"But, Laird," said Jeanie, "I like another man better than you, and I canna marry ye."

“Another man better than me, Jeanie?” said Dumbiedikes—“how is that possible?—It’s no possible, woman—ye hae kenn’d me sae lang.”

“Ay but, Laird,” said Jeanie, with persevering simplicity, “I kenn’d him langer.”

But as the admirers of romance seem almost satiated with such wretched gibberish, the Edinburgh junto, ever solicitous to obtain praise and pelf, have recently cultivated a new field of imagination. IVANHOE is the first fruits of their ingenuity, and for this Tale, in three pocket volumes, they have the conscience to demand thirty shillings! Hence, it appears, that the literary merchandise imported from the northern side of the Tweed, rises regularly in proportion to the folly of purchasers, and the price may in time, like the national debt, become so high that it cannot be paid. But as indefatigable perseverance in the acquisition of money, seems to be the grand characteristic of those northern enlighteners, they may, when they have produced a *series* of Anglo-Saxon Tales, turn their attention to the stage, and instruct and delight the people of England by an unequalled *series* of Tragedies, Comedies, and Farces. As for their capacity, can any man doubt it, who recollects that they possess in a pre-eminent degree, one great requisite of popular composition,

" He who hath but *impudence*
To all things hath a fair pretence."

Thus, even the egotism and vanity of Byron in poetry, and Cobbett in politics, have been exceeded by the bold pretensions of the present junto of Scottish poets, romancers, and reviewers.

Among various reports respecting the ingenious authors of the novels and tales, produced in the book-manufactory of Edinburgh, it is now confidently asserted by persons who profess to be favoured with the secret, that a Mrs. Wilson, sister to the *last minstrel* of Scotia, is the principal writer. This account is probable, and as the bard and romancer is a critic, and perhaps, even one of that constellation of dissectors, who may be termed the literary gas-lights of Auld Reekie, his brother censors can occasionally lend him a hand in the composition of those amusing narratives, published so regularly to gratify the opulent people of England. The boasted liberality of their publishers, however, is very questionable, except indeed, the thousands of pounds said to have been paid for the copyright of those popular works, are *pounds Scots*, or one twelfth of the nominal value in English money. Hence, the *seventy thousand pounds* said to have been acquired by a successful

Scotch versifier, dwindles down to less than six thousand pounds sterling, a sum which Pope realized by his translation of the *Iliad*.

THE OLD BOOK TRADE.

A passion for the obsolete productions of authors long since forgotten, or seldom named, having lately infected the brains of a few of our *nobility* and *gentry*, with whom the price of a hobby-horse was a secondary consideration, certain publishers in this metropolis, who like tailors and milliners, always catch at the first hint of any thing *new* and *uncommon*, quickly produced all the dusty and musty folios, quartos, octaves, and duodecimos, of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, which they could collect in the *pure* recesses of their warehouses, and having furbished up the *illuminated* pages, and brushed the covers of those literary caskets, most generously invited the learned and great men of the realm to come and feast, but "*not without money*," at their literary banquet. Whether the bait will attract the *gudgeons* of *black letter*, remains to be seen; possibly, during a lucid interval, those book-fanciers may discover, that it would be more praiseworthy to endow a school for the education of the children of their tenantry, than to pay one or two thousand pounds for the

worthless and illegible production of a departed scribbler. The sober-minded friend of literature must, indeed, smile at the foolish competitions of black letter amateurs, when he is informed that an *English nobleman* paid upwards of *two thousand pounds* for the Decameron of Boccacio! But it is by the extravagance of such *ninnies* that tradesmen live; and those booksellers who are now so active for the accommodation of the excellent critics of the puerile madrigals, the absurd tales, and the obscene narratives of the half-taught bards, who amused James the First and Charles the Second with their ribaldry, may well be termed the *resurrection-men* of antiquated literature. They never disentomb the dead; or rummage the depths of obscurity for the *remains* of unestablished genius without the hope of reward; the subject, whether dissected or embalmed, is received as a treasure by the amateur of *worm-eaten pages*, and the publisher and purchaser are mutually gratified.

Indeed, all the arts of puffing are resorted to without scruple by certain publishers, who emulate empirical quacks and the venders of lottery tickets, in the invention of attractive falsehood. By practice, they have acquired a readiness at embellishment, insomuch that they may fairly claim the palm for successful imposition. If the lottery ticket vender stimulates avarice, by pro-

claiming that his office is the true and only Temple of Fortune; and the quack revives the hope of the dying, by professing to work miracles, the publisher is no less successful in exciting curiosity, and profiting by the credulity of his honest fellow-citizens.

The common trick of dividing *one* impression of a work into *several editions*, has been so long practised by publishers, that like a habit of swearing or lying, the turpitude of the deception excites no remorse. In the art of printing, the word *token* is a technical term for two hundred and fifty sheets, of course the first two hundred and fifty copies of the impression may be termed the *first edition*, the second token, the *second edition*, &c. By this easy expedient, an impression of one thousand copies, will, by a dexterous alteration made by the compositor in the title-page, appear to have passed through *four* editions; and that such is the common practice of some adepts in *the trade* of publishing, need not be doubted. One company of publishers, and a long-tailed company too, has recently published an *annual* work as a *sixteenth* edition! How many editions has Moore's Almanack passed through, according to this mode of calculation?

From the foregoing observations, the *reviewers* are generally the *satirists*, and *publishers* the *pansyrist*s of modern authors. In some instances

indeed, the reviewer humanely lends his aid to the publisher, to preserve the bantling of some addle-pate, and to recommend it to the public till the sale has realized the expence of paper, printing, and advertisements, including puffs; and thus, like an indifferent dramatic piece, which languishes through its nine probationary nights and then expires, many a heavy and worthless volume is palmed on the liberal credulity of the public, by the secret conclave of *publishers and compilers*.

REVIEWERS.

In a free country like England, where the inhabitants are remarkable for good sense, and averse to every mode of oppression, literary Reviewers are the only description of secret inquisitors tolerated and encouraged. How shall we account for this singular deviation from the general manliness and candour of the English character? Have the critics, under the specious pretext of improving public taste, gradually established a tribunal as arbitrary as ever disgraced a despotic government? And has the republic of letters, with all its pretensions to freedom, become enthralled by the arts of a few cunning and avaricious publishers and disappointed authors? Does the influence of Reviewers depend upon

the indolence of their admirers ; or is it supported by their own genuine merit ? Perhaps all these causes combine with the general pre-disposition of mankind to indulge in censure ; and hence, an author is dissected for the amusement of the public.

The present despotism of English Reviewers has been the work of time. At the first establishment of our most popular literary Journal, the *Monthly Review*, little more was attempted by the critics connected with that publication, than a few strictures on the article reviewed, with illustrative extracts. The exercise of unauthorized power assumed by anonymous censors, for the regulation of the republic of letters, was circumscribed by that constitutional liberty of the press, enjoyed by a free people ; and it was not till after the lapse of several years, that the Reviewers exerted their executive authority, and put the law of criticism in force against literary delinquents. Still, however, their decisions and decrees were tolerable, and evidently founded on the principles of our political constitution, with this important difference, that the culprit was not permitted to confront his accusers at their bar, according to the practice of the ancient Romans, and modern Britons. The Reviewers, with the promptitude of despotic authority, at once acquitted or condemned the

author ; and from their tribunal there was no appeal ; for the public opinion was in a great degree influenced by their decisions respecting literature.

That the first Reviewers were actuated by the patriotic desire to refine the national taste, and regulate the eccentricities of genius, will not be denied by the judicious reader of their periodical works ; and the Monthly Review affords the most valuable and interesting History of English and Foreign literature for more than half a century. The young author will in its pages meet with numerous precepts and illustrations respecting composition, which may aid him in his progress ; while the occasional censure of defective knowledge, bad taste, inelegant diction, and vulgar barbarism, may prevent him from falling into similar errors.

The success of the Monthly Reviewers incited other adventurers to exercise their censorious powers. The Critical Review now made its appearance ; and under the influence of the malignant, but vigorous, genius of SMOLLETT, it also obtained a considerable share of popularity ; and as a strenuous and successful defender of morality and corrector of taste, this Journal has, for half a century, been equally respectable and elegant. The strictures of its conductors have, indeed, been of a graver cast than those of the

Monthly Review, which it seems to excel in metaphysical disquisition. Alarmed by the severe animadversions of this Review on the works of others, many a young author has paused in his progress towards absurdity; and by turning into the path of propriety, smoothed by criticism, he eventually arrived at the temple of Fame, which would have been inaccessible by any other road. By mismanagement, or from some accidental cause, this Review for a few years passed into the hands of different proprietors, and lost much of its former consistency of principle, and, consequently, of its influence. Whether it will ever regain its former reputation for fair and manly criticism, is doubtful.

With the increase of books and readers, the number of literary censors also increased; the British Critic appeared as a candidate for popular approbation, and by the defence of orthodoxy and loyalty obtained the patronage of the supporters of church and state. This Review has for several years been a successful opponent to religious and political theorists, who vainly or madly endeavoured to subvert the laws or the souls of their fellow-citizens.

Another advocate for existing establishments has also appeared, under the singular title of the Anti-Jacobin Review, or Churchman's Magazine; hence, impartiality cannot be expected in

the critical decisions, published in a work avowedly under the influence of party spirit.

On a candid investigation of the advantages derivable from most of our literary Reviews, we shall probably discover, that they are often deficient in that critical discernment, and superiority of taste and knowledge, to which their authors make such bold pretensions. One of these anonymous inquisitors of the Muses has adopted the imposing appellation of *The Eclectic Review*; hence, whatever proceeds from its pure recesses, must be good; or, at least, select. Even the *Printer's Devil* must wash his hands before he can venture to touch the immaculate sheets of the *Eclectic Review*. Away with such preposterous affectation of superior purity! Suppose that a few reverend gentlemen have availed themselves of the aid of that masked battery for the annoyance of their opponents, are the people to be cajoled by those pretenders to peculiar excellence in morals and religion? Let them come forward like men, and avow their sentiments, instead of resorting to the common trick of anonymous criticism, for the exposure of their enemies. Truth requires not the aid of any literary censor; not even of that of those northern lights, the *Edinburgh Reviewers*.

The *Edinburgh Review* is now indeed so fairly established by the sound judgment and candid

criticism of its conductors, as far as respects mere literary composition, that it is entitled to particular attention. This quarterly publication was begun about sixteen years ago, by several men of taste, resident in or near the Scottish metropolis; but, whatever may be their merit as critics, they are censurable for the levity with which they occasionally expatiate on subjects connected with theology. They seem eager to display their independence, by that high tone of philosophy which is so pleasing to human pride, and is so completely homogeneous with the *philosophisme* of the French school, and the metaphysical chimeras of the German philosopher, KANT. As sound and manly critics on polite literature, they are inferior to none; and their masterly disquisitions and classical development of the principles of literary taste, are adorned with the beauties of an animated and perspicuous style. In a few instances they have suffered themselves to be influenced by a partiality to Scotch writers, which they have good-naturedly and candidly acknowledged. It is to the credit of the Edinburgh Reviewers, that they seldom have degraded their character by sarcastic strictures on the productions of their contemporaries, particularly the first essay of an inexperienced author. Their great, and it appears their habitual error, is that partiality to infidel philosophy, manifested

by the avidity with which they review and commend the productions of fanciful French theorists, who delight in controverting the truth of Divine Revelation. They might by this time have been taught a little discretion by the fallibility of their political prophecies. They may arrogate to themselves all the attributes of the Muses ; but the oracle of Scotia is not a sufficient substitute for that of Delphos. Born and educated as those *illuminati* have been in the far-famed regions of second-sight, they are only purblind seers when they peer into futurity ; and so erroneous have been their prognostications respecting the things of this world, that they deserve no credit for their vain efforts to shake the faith of the believers in Christianity. The doctrines of Revelation have withstood the vanity and levity of French wits, and German philosophers ; and will continue to rectify the morals, and animate the hopes of innumerable millions of Christians, when the most elegant and nervous productions of modern literary genius, and among others, the works of the Edinburgh Reviewers, shall be forgotten.

NEWSPAPERS.

—To hold as 'twere the mirror up to Nature; to shew Virtue her own feature; Scorp, her own image; and the very age and body of the Time, his form and pressure.—SHAKSPEARE.

Among the numerous advantages bestowed on civilized nations by the art of printing, Newspapers have long formed an excellent medium of universal intelligence. Before the establishment of these paper Mercuries, the generality of mankind continued in a state of ignorance respecting each other, and the globe which they inhabited, except the vague knowledge communicated by the imperfect accounts of travellers.

That we may be able to form some idea of the indispensable utility of newspapers, let us only consider the rapidity of their circulation; their useful communications respecting commerce; politics; new discoveries in the arts and sciences; improvements in agriculture; and advertisements of new publications. In this point of view, they may be said to convey information conducive to the well-being of the social body, as the blood circulates through the animal for the invigoration of its members.

Advertisements on different subjects not only amuse but instruct the reader: but in this respect, it must be acknowledged, that many of our pub-

lic prints disseminate pernicious intelligence. False attestations in favour of nostrums, sometimes disgrace their columns; and the modesty of the reader is not unfrequently insulted by the appearance of advertisements, by which assignations and intrigues are carried on under fictitious names. This is the more reprehensible, as we often, in the next column, find a spirited and well-timed satire on some recent immoral transaction.

Thus, like every other human institution, our public prints are tingured with imperfection, though of general utility; as the same fertile soil is at once productive of nutritious grain and poisonous plants. Till the legislature shall deem it proper to suppress quackery, the editors of our journals will accept money from empirics, for the publication of their advertisements.

Our newspapers exhibit a lively and interesting view of the busy and the gay world; nor are the ridiculous freaks of fashion overlooked by news-writers. The foibles of the vain and the great are commonly too light to be corrected by serious admonitions from the pulpit, and too evanescent to allow the satirist time to attack them in a volume; but our ephemeral censors, like eagles on the wing, instantly perceive and pursue their prey, which is seldom able to elude or survive their grasp. A newspaper is indeed a tremendous inquisitorial instrument; and the most

abandoned character, in high life, would tremble at the idea of being publicly exposed through its magnifying medium. By it we obtain general ideas of the state of the civilized world; and intelligence of affecting incidents which exhibit new views of human nature; and the perpetual vicissitudes of the nations of the earth.

Newspapers are confessedly the best vehicles of political information; and, as such, will ever be highly prized in all free countries. Their suppression might therefore be considered as a preliminary step towards despotism; for it is a well-authenticated fact, that among those unhappy nations subjugated by tyranny, newspapers are either unknown, or those in circulation are under the influence of the government.

In free countries, the case is happily different. Here newspapers become important, and of general utility. The report of the day may sometimes be artfully raised by stock-jobbers, and even the defamation of individuals may defile the press; but such rumours and slanders are soon superseded by the authoritative investigation of truth.

Whoever suspects that newspapers are not the best registers of facts relative to the progress of civilization, arts, and sciences, would do well to inquire whence the materials of our annals are supplied, which furnish the historian with a regular series of interesting facts, arranged in chrono-

logical order?—certainly from newspapers. Thus a combination of materials, collected from the quarry, the mine, and the forest, in the hands of a skilful architect, is reared into a magnificent temple that will endure for ages.

Numerous are the records of philosophical, political, and commercial intelligence, daily presented to the curious, inquisitive, and intelligent people of the United Kingdom. Facts of the utmost importance to this great community, are thus extensively and speedily circulated, and the discoveries and inventions of human research and ingenuity, are not only recorded by the journalist, but the ingenious are stimulated to greater exertions by the emolument and reputation acquirable by merit. But though truth and science often decorate the columns of the ephemeral Journal, error too frequently counteracts their benign influence. The Press, indeed, has long been the efficient organ of inestimable communications, for not only the history of nations, but the records of Revelation, have been multiplied by its aid! All the facts that we know of the present and future worlds, are, as it were, embodied and transmitted by the instrumentality of this useful engine; and its operations, under the guidance of reason and religion, have illuminated the temporal prospects of civilized man, and opened a sunny vista into the regions of immortality. How

strenuously then should we deprecate the misuse of the art of printing ; and how deeply should we regret that obliquity which can make the Press the pander of vice, the tool of falsehood, the advocate of tyranny, and the demon of impiety ! Like Satan transformed into an angel of light, the most debasing vices which contaminate society, assume the imposing forms of humour, wit, and liberality of sentiment, in some of our newspapers, where the pliant slaves of custom invent a palliative for every error however indefensible.

The minds of the common people of England have been disturbed for some months, by the two-penny tracts of political scribes, particularly those of Cobbett and Wooler. The former of these worthies, like the Vicar of Bray, has changed his principles according to the impulse of vanity or avarice. His self-praise is certainly very amusing. He thought it advisable to annoy the present ministry with his Registers from the Columbian shore, but recently returned to Old England, where he informs us, "parliament met for dispatch of business, the very day he landed." His journey from Liverpool to London, is described by himself, much in the style of that of Bonaparte on his return from Elba to Paris ! This honest, faithful, and disinterested STATESMAN, studies hard to enlighten

the Reformers of Lancashire, who in consequence of the act passed to prevent the circulation of *Blasphemous and Seditious Libels*, must pay a higher price for the precepts of their unassuming instructor.

THE ARTS.

Whatever may be the eventual effect of the general diffusion of knowledge by the continual production and reproduction of books, the arts also have contributed to national refinement, and are patronized in this country with more enthusiasm than even literature itself. Painting, engraving, and sculpture, have all been encouraged by the powerful aid of the nobility and gentry ; and Music has been the favourite pursuit of thousands of amateurs and professors. COWPER, with his usual precision and force, has described the state of the Fine Arts in this metropolis :

There, touch'd by Reynolds, a dull blank becomes
A lucid mirror, in which Nature sees
All her reflected features. Bacon there
Gives more than female beauty to a stone,
And Chatham's eloquence, to marble lips.
Nor does the chisel occupy alone
The pow'rs of Sculpture, but the style as much ;
Each province of her art her equal care.
With nice incision of her guided steel

She ploughs a brazen field, and clothes a soil
So sterile, with what charms soe'er she will,
The richest scen'ry and the loveliest forms.

The self-denial enjoined by the regulations of certain sectaries, is evidently hostile to profane literature, and to the sister arts of painting, sculpture, and music, and if generally adopted in society, would exclude many of the gratifications of an improved imagination. Instead of the exquisite pleasure which connoisseurs now feel in the possession of a painting by an Italian master, the man of taste would be necessitated to have recourse to the visible works of creation, for that delight which he had so often tasted, while gazing on a landscape depicted on canvas. The works of nature are indeed inexhaustible, and "*ever charming ever new*," to an unsophisticated mind; but a modern man of *virtu* has different conceptions of the sublime and beautiful, and would rather purchase an accurate imitation of the scenery of nature, than receive gratuitous pleasure from the contemplation of the original. Indeed, from the wanton or extravagant taste of several connoisseurs, we might conclude that they gloried in the violation of the second commandment. Their pleasure grounds exhibit the rude images of heathen gods and goddesses; their apartments shine with charming imitations of feminine beauty; but while

those fine modifications of inert matter are purchased for more than their weight in gold by the votary of taste, the living image of the Deity is passed by with indifference, scorn, or even ridicule, in the public streets by insolent mortals, who, while they pay hundreds for a painting of a favourite horse or spaniel, will not bestow a shilling on suppliant mendicity.

It must, however, be acknowledged, that the cultivation of the fine arts has contributed to the advancement of knowledge, particularly among the ladies. About a century ago an accomplished woman was quite unacquainted with proportions of the human form; except the trifling knowledge obtained in the nursery, by the contemplation of imperfect forms, the modest maiden was not permitted to indulge rational curiosity in the study of an art in which she was most warmly interested. The travels of a few learned ladies on the Continent, and the vivacity with which they described their *discoveries*, at length prepared the female mind for the study of painting and sculpture, and we can now boast of fair philosophers, who could give a very instructive lecture on anatomy! In poetry, indeed, the ladies, who are admirers of whatever is great or beautiful, have been sufficiently luxuriant in their descriptions, insomuch that the lyre waxed wanton beneath the animating pressure of their

glowing fingers; and even DARWIN in his "*Loves of the Plants*," has been equalled, if not excelled by many a modern SAPPHO. We can also boast of fair sculptors, although most of them have had the decency to be content with the production of a *bust* instead of a *statue*.

As for painting, nobody conversant with polite life will contest their excellence in that art; an art which has adorned their faces with the magic bloom, the *purple light of Venus*, which allures so many votaries to pay their adoration at the footstool of beauty. Some female artists have given specimens of their art on canvas and ivory, but they shine brightest in their performances on an animated ground. There, indeed, the dexterity of the pencil in a female hand is conspicuously brilliant, irresistibly enchanting! and as charity begins at home, they are generally most liberal in personal decoration. But the art of beautifying the female form and face, is chiefly confined to experienced artists, while young ladies are merely permitted to make drawings of flowers, foliage, or at most to take a likeness of another in miniature. The art of painting is so great a favourite not only with ladies but gentlemen, that many a wealthy nobleman is in possession of paintings to the value of many thousand pounds. Nay, so far have some noble amateurs carried their passion for pictorial pro-

ductions, that they have actually wedded heroines of the green room, notorious for the application of colours to the *epidermis*! Thus the man of imagination, while enraptured with the illusive charms of a fair phantom, at once gratified his taste and passion.

Female artists possess several advantages over ladies unskilled in the invaluable art of painting; The beauty of an unpainted woman, however perfect, must fade on the assaults of sickness, or the progressive decay of age. But the proficient in painting can, by the delicate distribution of light and shade, baffle time in his invidious warfare against comeliness, and to the last, appear in all the splendour of artificial loveliness. Now, what civilised society would voluntarily forego the pleasure obtainable from a constant exhibition of animated painting; from a display of the fine arts in their highest perfection, an excellence not exceeded even by the Grecian *Lais*, or any other celebrated *demirep* of antiquity? Yet all these artificial ornaments must be sacrificed, should religion, modesty, and decency, prevail over the artifices of the fashionable world.

The dress, as well as the looks of our modish females, would also be modified by the hand of decorum; and instead of the exposure of nudity, or the glance of levity, women would appear in plain attire, emblematic of that purity of heart

so exquisitely attractive, so inexpressibly amiable, and incalculably estimable to the man of worth. The frippery and impertinence of fops would also give place to manly plainness of garb and manners. Instead of the competitions of vanity in a public display on a coach-box, or the front box of a theatre, we should behold the opulent employed in the alleviation of pain, the consolation of the unfortunate, and the relief of the destitute.

As for the *science* of music, its charming and delightful influence cheers and elevates the mind in private parties, in public theatres, in the court, in the camp, and even in the temple of the Deity. The great and unalterable defect of music, is that indistinctness with which it communicates ideas of the passions and sentiments of which it is intended to be the medium. Like the phantoms of a vision its images vanish as soon as they appear, leaving an undefinable sensation on the nerves, which no language can describe. Thus the *love* expressed by music is not the passion, but rather an incitement to love; and hence the dangerous and seductive influence of amatory airs on susceptible hearts. But when music is combined with poetry expressive of tenderness, its influence is increased to such a degree, that it often is made a dangerous instrument of seduction. The modifications of other passions and

affections, as expressed by music alone, are also indistinct. Music has frequently been called in as the auxiliary of valour, but the musician may "*beat the doubling drum with furious heat,*" without being able to conjure up a single spirit. The momentary elevation and vivacity inspired by martial sounds will subside on the approach of danger; and if warriors have no better incentive than music, their courage will expire with the last sound of the instrument, like that of Captain Macheath when he exhausted the contents of his bottle.

MILTON, an enthusiastic admirer of music, has described devotional harmony as bringing "all heaven before his eyes;" but what rational religionist has ever been able to realize this poetic vision? The solemnity of sacred music, as it is called, may prepare some minds for the awful acts of supplication, thanksgiving, and adoration, but can impart no feeling of gratitude for blessings received from the Universal Benefactor, nor elevate the imagination to a nearer contemplation of the ineffable glory of God. Every aspiration of human art, however sublime, must fail and prove inefficient in a communion with the Deity; and like the loftiest flights of the eagle towards the noonday sun, must flag, flutter, and sink, overcome by surrounding glory.

Whatever refinement, grace, or elegance, the

other fine arts have introduced among us, they seem to have operated with a pernicious influence on our morals. Instead of that simplicity, sincerity, and purity of manners, for which our forefathers were celebrated, a certain exotic tinsel has been substituted for our sterling gold.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

Dare to have sense yourselves ; assert the stage,
 Be justly warm'd with your own native rage :
 Such plays alone should win a British ear,
 As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.—POPE.

Public amusements, especially those of the Drama, are peculiarly calculated to give us an insight into the manners and taste of a nation ; as comedies are often satires on existing follies, and from the tenor of popular tragedies we may trace the refinement of the passions. Even farces and pantomimes are not to be overlooked, as they generally exhibit caricatures of the fashionable frivolities of the day.

Theatric exhibitions present so many gratifications to the mind, that they will ever be favourites with a polished people. The eye is delighted with a variety of graceful forms, decorated in characteristic dresses, and displaying the affecting gestures of passion, or the more pleasing agility and grace of motion in the sprightly

dance ; the ear is charmed with the harmony of vocal and instrumental music ; the magic influence of sympathy pervades the mind in unison with the dignified woe of the tragic muse, or the animating sallies of Thalia provoke irresistible mirth. To these charms may be superadded the interesting variety of graceful forms and animated countenances of the audience ; while appropriate scenery, and the splendour of taper-light, give the whole an air of gaiety and pleasure.

With all these attractions, however, it is questionable whether the stage has not contributed to immorality. Under proper regulations it would, as the poet has described it, be a powerful monitor—

“ To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To mend the genius, and inform the heart ;
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold.”

But a candid inquiry will convince us that our most popular plays have a pernicious effect on the mind. Shakspeare's tragedies, Othello, Macbeth, Hamlet, and Richard the Third, contain several indecent passages and allusions, at once *puerile* and *obscene*. Those productions of lewd genius were written to gratify the infant taste of the English nation ; but now, when it

has confessedly attained maturity, let us reject such passages, which have a much greater affinity to *dulness* than the idolizèrs of the Avonian bard would admit.

The introduction of the German drama, in the beginning of the present century, may be considered as a phenomenon in the world of dissipation. That the good sense of the English nation should tamely submit to this revolution of taste, is altogether inexplicable.

When the *Stranger* was introduced to the public, many of our fair dames welcomed him to this hospitable metropolis. Their sympathy for the poor adultress, so ably defended by KOTZEBUE, was a striking proof of their sensibility:—"a fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind:" yet from the disrepute into which conjugal infidelity has since fallen, the system of our male and female *misogynists* does not obtain new proselytes!

As KOTZEBUE eloquently pleaded the cause of adultery in *The Stranger*, so in his *Natural Son* (or as it has been styled by an English playwright, his *Lovers' Vows*) he has placed a kind, unwedded fair-one, in an equally affecting and amiable point of view. *The Noble Lie*, written by the same dramatist, is another proof of the felicity of his invention in the extenuation of guilt.

It has been asserted, and with truth, that though our modern comedies are inferior in humour to those of CONGREVE and FARQUHAR, they are more chaste and delicate in sentiment. The obscene allusion, the impious witticism, and indecent gesture, are gradually vanishing from the English stage; yet enough remains to deserve the animadversions of the moralist. Indeed, with all our boasted refinement, the morality of our theatres seems to consist in varnishing the haggard face of Vice with cosmetics. Their purity, like the cleanliness of our fashionable belles, is not the removal of dirt, but the putting it artfully on as a beautifier !

Some dramatic writers complain of the neglect of managers ; but if we may judge from those rejected pieces which have been published by the authors, there is little reason to regret the fastidiousness of theatrical criticism, as probably most of the plays which have been refused were unworthy of representation. Let it be remembered too, that some managers aspired to the reputation of dramatic writers, and it was but reasonable that they should give their own productions the preference.

With respect to the actors and actresses of the principal theatres, several of them possess considerable talents ; but one general defect is, their apparent consciousness of performing in the pre-

sence of an audience. This gives them an affected air in different characters and situations, while it destroys that pleasing illusion which ought to predominate in the mind of the spectator. Another defect is, the profusion of paint which they use. In their dress too, the actresses are censurable for a liberal display of person, which occupies too much of the spectator's imagination. Modern pantomimes are reprehensible in several respects; for though the frolics of Harlequin and Columbine display a most pleasing variety of motion; the appearance of giants, bears, pumps emitting flame, &c. are ridiculous and puerile.

An absurdity in the audience, especially those in the galleries, is the requiring a song to be repeated, of which, from the distance, they cannot understand a single syllable. All that an actress has to do on this occasion, is to come forward, and articulate a variety of musical sounds, accompanied with a smile, and a graceful attitude. She may save herself the trouble of expressing one word. Were a favourite singer to make the experiment, she would not only receive plaudits, but hear the exhilarating *encore* resounded from the celestial regions; and on a repetition of the *tune*, she might rely on being dismissed with the loudest plaudits of those excellent critics!

Having paid our respects to the two principal theatres, the next in gradation is the Summer theatre, which is certainly conducted with considerable ability and address. To enumerate the defects, or expatiate on the merits of the pieces represented there, would be almost a repetition of what has already been said, excepting that it is more peculiarly devoted to Thalia, and of course, light and airy productions are generally represented. In many instances, during the last season, wit and humour were happily combined for the amusement of the town; but some of the afterpieces were deficient in every respect.

Whatever be the present defects of our theatres, still they furnish the most pleasing and elegant of all amusements to the public. The cessation of theatric exhibitions would render men more unsociable, illiberal, and rude. To use the words of an elegant author, "if men of wit who write for the stage would turn their thoughts upon exciting such good natural impulses as are in the audience, but are choked up by vice and luxury, they would not only please, but befriend us at the same time." Hence it is evident that the representation of immoral dramas must be injurious to public happiness, while the display of Virtue, in her native loveliness, would engage the admiration, and purify the heart of the spectator.

In this enlightened age, the belief in the existence of a Devil seems almost exploded by the irreligious, that is to say, the major part of mankind. But let us merely, by way of illustration, admit that such a being does exist, and according to the idea of the Methodists, that he is very busy among the players. Hence arises a contest, if not a competition between Methodism and the old Gentleman. At the commencement of this just and necessary war, the Devil was in possession of the strongest posts imaginable. The heights of Pride formed his principal strength, Vanity defended his wings, and Self-love was his almost impregnable intrenchment. The Methodist came armed against this old enemy to truth in the divine panoply described by St. Paul; and the conflict has been continued with more than common obstinacy, and with various success, for more than half a century. **BEEZEBUB**, like **BONAPARTE**, is a deep politician, and intrepid general; but his opponents have, as they think, justice on their side, and they hope for eventual success.

There is a striking contrast in most of the measures adopted by the Methodists and their arch opponent, though in some instances they have recourse to similar expedients! The players present their nocturnal gratifications, for which they require a price; the Methodists offer endless

happiness *gratis*. Both parties have availed themselves of the powers of eloquence and music ; but the players, by a greater diversity of gratifications, have hitherto obtained a greater share of popularity. Players call in the aid of the passions, laugh and weep alternately, and employ persuasion to recommend voluptuousness in the guise of morality ; and while they flatter self-love, vitiate the crowd under the plausible pretext of refinement and elegant recreation. On the other hand, the Methodists require the practice of humility, repentance, and prayer, as preparatory to the reception of divine illumination. This discipline, no *spirited* man of the world, or *accomplished* lady, would submit to ; hence the giddy throng followed the fascinations of the theatre, while a considerable portion of the community resolved to embrace Methodism, *and play the fool no longer*.

On his own hereditary dominions, the public Stage, the old Gentleman has firmly established his despotism over the "*lovers of pleasure*." There he marshals all his forces against pious innovators, who disturb the orgies of vice, by sounding the Gospel trumpet. On the boards appear in pompous procession, Tragedians in gorgeous attire, armed with swords, daggers, and poisoned bowls ; their mouths filled with blasphemy, execration, and bombast, and their brows

raised in proud defiance of all opposition :—Comedians laughing at old-fashioned religion ; and, with insidious ridicule, depreciating the zeal of modern reformers ; and buffoons, dancers, and singers, with ludicrous gesticulations, mirth-inspiring music, and graceful attitudes, complete the multiform attractions of histrionic seduction. In opposition to this formidable host, the Methodist Preacher presented himself in a plain dress, Bible in hand, and stood unappalled amid the hisses, execrations, and buffetings of a senseless mob, like Abdiel among the apostate Angels. When he could obtain a hearing, his reproof silenced clamour ; the people stood aghast, while he pathetically described their danger—the gulph of perdition to which they were impelled by their revolt against the will of God, and the insanity with which they rejected the means of lasting felicity, and grasped at illusory and evanescent pleasure.

Thus the players spread all their allurements, and the multitude hastened to participate their joys, and their temporary triumph, over what they termed fanaticism ; but a considerable number of rational beings were convinced by their own conscience, that sacred truth was inestimable ; and the progress of reformation and consequent happiness is now equable, steady, and successful.

The contest between Methodism and the Stage is yet undecided ; the votaries of wanton pleasure adhere with fatal fidelity to that beauteous, but destructive, Syren ; while the religious part of the community shrink from her contagious touch, as they would avoid a pestilence. Doubtless the united exertions of wit, humour, and ridicule, on one side, and emphatical appeals to the heart and head on the other, will divide mankind for ages : but the diminution of the old Gentleman's influence begins to be sensibly felt by his vassals, among whom even some princes and nobles are proud to appear.

On a candid examination of the pretensions of theatrical performers to popularity, perhaps it will be found that they contribute in a small degree to the *refinement* of their fellow-citizens.

That our morals have been purified in the dramatic crucible is, however, extremely doubtful ; but that amorous propensities, a passion to be distinguished as men of gallantry, and a proptitude to vindicate our conduct by the ordeal of gunpowder and lead, has been fomented by Comedies and Tragedies too, no person conversant with the Drama will deny. It is from the heroes of Melpomene, who defy heaven and earth, that men of exalted sentiments receive the finishing polish of refinement, and burning with

a passion for glory, they retire from the Theatre, with a determination to imitate such perfect models of magnanimity.

The phantom of Honour panegyrised by Dramatists, and exhibited by Players, is well described by one of our Poets:

“ But ere we do engage in Honour’s cause,
First know whence Honour is, and what she was.
Scorn’d by the base, and courted by the brave,
The hero’s tyrant, and the coward’s slave;
She lives when in Death’s arms the Soldier lies,
But when his safety he consults——*she dies!*
Bigotted to this Idol we disclaim
Health, peace, and ease, for nothing but a name.”

If duelling, illicit amours, and extravagant generosity, at the expence of integrity, are conducive to the exaltation of man, then he may be sublimated into the very ether of modern refinement by the English Stage: but that our habits of social enjoyment, successful industry, and the benevolent practice of those neighbourly offices so conducive to the comfort as well as the stability of civilized life, can derive aid from scenic illustrations of nature, or artificial imitations of passion, is extremely improbable.

Even in common life, the acquisitions obtainable by the industrious classes, by frequenting the public Theatre, are not less curious than remarkable. A dull being who, in his *natural*

state, can scarcely count his fingers, may, by the aid of the Dramatic art, pass for a very clever fellow. He has only to commit to memory a few of the wretched puns supplied by REYNOLDS'S Comedies; or some of the polite execrations of DIBDIN; and repeat them with an imitation of the droll gestures of EMERY and FAWCETT, to pass for almost as great a Wit as *the Rev. Mr. Beresford*, compiler of the *Miseries of Human Life*!

Indeed, the Stage may, by proper application on the part of ignorant young men and women who wish for improvement, in some degree supply the want of a Boarding-School, or, as it is termed, a polite education. Aspiring young fellows may improve their air, and their consequence too, by imitating the fine gentlemen of the green-room, and may, by proper attention to study, learn all the newest and most emphatical oaths, and other important exclamations, with suitable contortions, which may be classed under the head of ornamental accomplishments. Girls, whose native modesty has given them a certain vulgar air of bashfulness very unbecoming in this age of refinement, may, by attention to the dress, attitudes, leers, and gracefully playful movements of Actresses, become sprightly *rumps*, to the great improvement of their appearance. They may also *shine* in the art of decoration, and

like the ancient Britons, beautify their faces by a variety of cosmetics; and thanks to the activity and zeal of modern chymists, any young woman who is desirous of obtaining the "*purple light of love*," may varnish herself for a few pence, in the highest style of theatrical and meretricious decoration.

So multiform and various indeed are the means of refinement, *alias* corruption, afforded by the stage, that the bare enumeration and description of them would fill a volume. Whatever is costly in nature, or elegant in art, is imitated, if not realized by the histrionic tribe: whose transition, from the tavern to the court or the camp is instantaneous; who at one hour strut as conquerors, or kneeling with the true spirit of chivalry, lay the wreath of victory at the feet of bedizened beauty; and the next, appear in the character of JOHNSON, asserting the authority of that lordly being, man.

The assumed consequence of Players is fomented by many causes. The various characters they personate has a tendency to fill the imagination with strange whimsies. The pride of theatrical performers is exalted to a most egregious degree by the plaudits of an audience, insomuch, that when invested with tinsel regalia, amid the acclamations of attendants, and cheered by the shouts of the excellent critics who decorate the

galleries, the fictitious Emperor, or Conqueror, feels all the momentary, nay, frantic elevation which exalted ALEXANDER into a demi-god.

“ With ravish’d ears,
The Monarch hears ;
Assumes the God,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.”

The amusements of several persons of quality, the ostentatious display of their equipages in the royal parks, and principal squares and streets of London ; their magnificent fetes, and occasional fancy balls, in which theatrical effect is often strongly produced, all have a tendency to exalt the Thespian tribe to unmerited distinction. Indeed the ambition of players, and their love of fame have been illustrated by many events since Thespis and his jovial crew first ascended their cart, and from that enviable elevation gratified the eyes and ears of an admiring populace. In the present age, nothing less than personating a sovereign or a hero will satisfy a first-rate actor, and what heroine of the green-room would stoop to less than royal dignity, unless occasionally to exhibit her powers and graces as a distressed damsel, or a fine lady ?

But ambition of a more beneficial nature, in which realities are preferred to appearances, has fired the fair bosoms of our mimetic heroines.

They have furbished all the armour of love, and displayed their attractions to captivate the hearts of certain soft-headed peers, and tender-hearted commoners, and their success has been so great that they bid fair to transfer a mushroom species of *imposing* beauties and accomplishments from the green-room to the drawing-room. Thus the delights of the stage are, it seems, as precarious as any other kind of earthly enjoyment; for if a favourite female singer, or dancer, a tragic or comic actress, appears for a few nights in all the attractions of paint, lace, nudity, and jewels; nay, even of gewgaws and tinsel, 'tis ten to one but she is carried off by some silly adorer, who, like a giant in romance, bears her in triumph far beyond the ken of her nightly admirers. In this manner no less than three peeresses have exchanged the theatrical diadem for the real coronet of nobility; another histrionic grace, remarkable for her gaiety, vivacity, and agility, has been taken to the arms of a doting banker, and recently, a member of the Lower House, has deprived the public of a tragic heroine, who shone without compeer. In short, so strong has been the passion in high life for accomplished actresses, that little is left us of beauty or excellence to adorn the boards; and unless some new statute be enacted for the preservation of histrionic game, these addle-brained poachers will make prey of

the priestesses of Melpomene and Thalia, waiting *maids* and all !

Happily for the English dramatic art, our tragedy heroes are yet safe. Kean, as a married man, cannot be carried off by some raving dowager, or simpering and sensitive young lady of quality, because the law respecting bigamy affords him protection. We may therefore calculate on the pleasure derivable from his performances for some years to come. It is to be hoped that M'Cready will also be spared to us for a year or two ; and if there are any symptoms of his charms operating too forcibly, we must keep him out of sight for a few nights till the danger is over ; for if the mania for our heroes should seize some spirited ladies, as it has afflicted certain great men, who have been fascinated by the natural, and artificial charms of actresses, the managers may close their doors in despair.

Our dramatic critics have loudly complained of the paucity of new plays exhibited in our principal theatres, and the insignificance of those few which have been performed. But observation and reflection will convince them, that such a deficiency is imputable to the pride, envy, or false taste of managers. When the late Mr. Sheridan was *arbiter elegantiarum* of one theatre, and Mr. Harris of the other, the one was too

vain, and the other too inattentive to encourage contemporary dramatists. Sheridan, who like the Turk, would "bear no brother near the throne," doubtless felt a disinclination to patronise the merit of another dramatic writer ; and when Mr. Kemble was manager, his characteristic reserve, and love of money, operated against the success of any application to him. Mr. Harris, though allowed to be a good-natured and liberal man, had neither taste nor inclination to induce him to encourage dramatic adventurers.

When the management of Drury-lane Theatre was confided to a committee of gentlemen, the old adage, that "what is every body's business is nobody's business," was completely illustrated. Applications on the part of authors were neglected, and even those manuscript plays, which lay on the shelf, to the number of two hundred, or more, were mostly rejected.

If such be the real state of theatrical patronage and management, and who can disprove the assertion, what man of genius and spirit will sit down and waste half a year of his existence in the production of a tragedy or comedy, with which he would be compelled to attend the *levee* of any inferior being, who happened to be invested with theatrical supremacy? The plain matter of fact is, that managers in general have turned their attention principally to the funds of the

establishment, and desirous to fill the treasury, will resort to any expedient for that purpose, regardless of the moral effect of histrionic representations on the community. **AVARICE** is their master-passion, that description of avarice peculiar to London, which collects and grasps money eagerly, to spend it profusely. Thus, the *Honey-Moon* of Tobin, evidently garbled from Shakespeare's *Taming the Shrew*, is snatched, as it were, from the tomb of the author, because it costs the manager nothing but some scenery; *Guy Mannering* is manufactured into one *Melo-Drama*, and the *Heart of Mid Lothian* into another; and any piece which can be *got up* with least expence, is preferred to an original production, for which a price might be demanded by an author.

The crowd of frequenters of the public theatres, go thither for mere amusement; few real critics are to be found there, and some of those are the satellites of managers, who puff any new piece, however trivial, and any performer, however defective, by well written paragraphs and reviews, published in the morning newspapers.

At present the passion of the ladies for handsome public men is chiefly confined to the orators of the pulpit, and the present era is memorable for the frequency of matrimonial union between preceptive saints and admiring sinners;

inasmuch, that an unmarried popular preacher, especially among the Dissenters, may consider his fortune made. While our spirited women confine their partiality to the cloth, we may overlook their indulgence of their amorous propensities; but if they should cast a longing eye on the stage, the histrionic art will be ruined, and even Harlequin, with all his agility, will be unable to escape from their embraces.

That Mrs. Becher was the chief animetic heroine of the English stage since Mrs. Siddons retired, will not be disputed; but when she exchanged the robe, the dagger, and cup of Melpomene for bridal ornaments, and instead of studying the works of Shakspeare, turned her attention to the study and practice of the culinary art, it does not appear that she appointed a *legitimate* successor. Her husband is said to be about forty years of age, and the lady herself at least thirty, so that they both have arrived at years of discretion. It is therefore to be hoped, that they will be blessed with a progeny as discreet and grave as themselves.

The puny attempts of the two Kembles to translate, and alter, certain pieces for representation on the stage; Holman's ridiculous comic effusion, entitled "Abroad and at Home;" the still more preposterous dramatic attempts of Gilmán, and the sober comedies of Mrs. Inch-

bald, have all failed of success. Even the tragedies and comedies of Shakspeare himself, tire by frequent repetition. Every winter the town must be amused with the antiquated manners of the personages characterized by the "Warwickshire wag," whose principal plays are represented for the purpose of proving the abilities of some aspiring actor or actress. Is it liberal on the part of Managers, thus to present the same theatrical fare to their guests ? Indeed the annual appearance of the name of Richard the Third, Macbeth, Hamlet, and Othello, in capitals on the play-bills, demonstrate the inactivity and dulness of the caterers for public taste, who, if they can but fill their treasuries, have few scruples about the means, and little or no solicitude respecting the gratification of their patrons.

It was expected by persons who disapprove of theatrical representations, that the ridiculous exhibition of the boy BETTY, about sixteen years ago, as a hero in tragedy, would irrecoverably have extinguished the passion for dramatic amusement ; but that temporary ebullition of popular curiosity having ceased, Kemble and Mrs. Siddons soon restored the Tragic Muse to her original dignity. The extravagant price of admission to our principal theatres, has since occasioned thin houses in many instances ; and the subsequent disappearance of Kemble and his

sister, was unpropitious to the success of mimetic exhibition. Kean then came into notice, and has since shone without compeer. He may be termed the great man-mountain surrounded by little Lilliputians ; from the mediocrity of talent among his coadjutors, the representation of our most celebrated tragedies must inevitably partake of a ludicrous, if not farcical character ; and this actor, like Godwin's St. Leon, be compelled to exist in solitary splendour, amid the falling stars of the theatrical hemisphere.

Observant and reflecting minds have taken different views of the moral effect of stage entertainments. Thus while some authors have extolled the public theatre as the school of elegance, and knowledge of men and manners, others have condemned it as the lazaretto of mental contagion and defilement. Perhaps both are wrong, and the stage has not that paramount influence on the morals of society which either its admirers or censors have supposed. That theatrical exhibitions have considerable influence over the minds of the young and thoughtless, may however be asserted, and undoubtedly much of the levity, folly, and affectation of numbers of the youthful, and even the middle-aged inhabitants of this metropolis, originates in their imitation of the gesticulations, and repetition of the silly and profane witticisms of buffoons on the public stage.

Players, singers, and dancers will ever be encouraged by a luxurious people who delight in sensual gratification. But as far as respects the wages of a performer, whether five pounds a week, or fifty, is not a subject of satiric animadversion. The influence of the characters which players personate is to be considered, and it certainly is pernicious, if the fact be admitted that the majority of the heroes of tragedy, are **VILLAINS**, and most of those in comedy, **PROFLIGATES**. What moral benefit, for instance, can an audience receive from a review of the ambition, cruelty, and hypocrisy of Richard the Third ; the treachery and treason of Macbeth ; the vengeful jealousy of Othello, the unnatural criminality of George Barnwell ; or, even the *seemingly* justifiable revenge of Hamlet, or Zanga ?

To the candid and sober-minded inquirer it must be evident, that our great places of public amusement, the King's Theatre, and those in Drury Lane and Covent Garden, are magnificent temples of dissipation, where sensuality is deified by the lovers of mimetic exhibition, and whatever can gratify the eye and the ear, is presented to the mind in the most seductive and impressive manner.

ITALIAN OPERA.

"Earthly sounds, though sweet and well combin'd,
And lenient as soft opiates to the mind,
Leave vice and folly unsubdued behind."

It is the chief characteristic of the proud mind, to aspire to the exclusive enjoyment of something unattainable by others. History records the absurd competitions of high-spirited dames respecting excellence in personal decoration; and the arch-fiend, as described in the noblest epic poem ever written, glories even in paramount infelicity, and exclaims—

To reign is worth ambition, though in hell!

To this aspiring disposition of the proud, we may trace the origin of the Italian Opera in England; but however delightful the dialogue and songs breathed by exotic lungs may sound in the ears of those personages who understand the native language of modern harmony, the vain who descend into the pit, and the ignorant who climb to the gallery of the Opera House, only evince their folly, while they fondly imagine they establish their claim to fashionable taste, by their appearance in a theatre originally intended for the amusement of the great.

What, indeed, can be more insignificant than the divertisements of the Italian Opera? So great at present is the sterility of invention among the writers for this spurious species of dramatic entertainment, that Cinderella, after having so

long delighted the overgrown children of this metropolis on the English stage, now makes her appearance as an Italian harmonist ; and her new name, *La Cenerentola*, is most musically repeated by those harmonious souls in the gallery ; and mouths which seem better adapted to receive a large German sausage, are distorted most frightfully in imitating the seraphic graces of Madame Bellocchi, while the flexible limbs of the perfumer's shopman are twisted into all the contortions of that ludicrous buffoon, Ambrogetti.

Such are the rational delights obtainable twice a week at the Italian Opera, where the votaries of harmony and the graces may hear most mellifluous *sounds*—*sense* is out of the question—and feast their eyes on the agility and grace of fantastical French dancers. A passion for music is, indeed, very general in London. As for the real merit or demerit of musical competitors for popularity-on the boards, the subject seems to have been treated in so masterly a manner by Swift, a century ago, that his decision will ever be found applicable and conclusive in settling the claims of the sons of song.

“ THE MUSICAL CONTEST.

“ Some say that Signior Bononcini,
 Compar'd to Handel's a mere ninny :
 Others aver, that to him Handel
 Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
 Strange! that such difference should be,
 'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee!”

APPENDIX.

EXTRACT

FROM

THE POPULATION RETURN,

PUBLISHED ON THE AUTHORITY OF AN ACT PASSED IN
THE FIFTY-FIRST GEO. III.

THE Metropolis of the British Empire, being situated in the two counties of Middlesex and Surrey, could not be distinctly noticed in any preceding part of the *Parish Register Abstract*; its population is exhibited in *five divisions*, and amounts to one million, nine thousand, five hundred and forty-six persons; but considering that fourteen thousand arrivals of shipping, annually, makes a constant, though fluctuating accession to its *population*, to a larger amount than elsewhere; a twenty-fifth part, instead of a thirtieth part, is added, in forming a comparison with the Parish Register Returns. With this addition, the *Metropolis*, in the year 1801, con-

tained nine hundred thousand inhabitants; in 1811, one million and fifty thousand.

THE METROPOLIS.	POPULATION.			
	1700.	1750.	1801.	1811.
1.—City of London, } <i>within</i> the walls, }	139,300	87,000	78,000	57,700
2.—City of London, } <i>without</i> the walls, }	69,000	57,300	56,300	68,000
3.—City and Liberties } of Westminster.. }	130,000	152,000	165,000	168,600
4.—Out Parishes, } <i>within</i> the Bills } of Mortality ... }	326,900	357,600	477,700	593,700
5.—Parishes, <i>not</i> with- } in the Bills of } Mortality	9,150	22,350	123,000	162,000
Total of the Metropolis	674,350	676,250	900,000	1,050,000

1.—The walls of the ancient City of London included a space, now in the middle of the Metropolis, about one mile and a half in length, from east to west, and rather more than half a mile in breadth. The Population has diminished above three-fifths since the beginning of the last century; many streets having been widened, and public buildings and warehouses erected, whereby the number of inhabitants has been thus lessened.

2.—The City of London, *without* the walls, is

an extension of the same ancient city, and is under the same jurisdiction. In computing the increase or diminution of the Population of this district, by means of the parish registers, two difficulties occur; first, because several of the parishes, which form part of it, extend so far beyond its limits, as almost to double the amount of population, if these parishes are included entire. It has, therefore, been necessary to ascertain the increase or diminution upon the entire parishes, and afterwards to apportion it between *the City without the walls*, and the out-parishes, the enumeration returns of the parts *within* the City and *without* being distinct. The other difficulty arises from the disputed jurisdiction of the City of London, as to the Borough of Southwark, a claim which has not been substantiated; and the five Southwark parishes are accordingly here reckoned among the out-parishes.

3.—The City of Westminster, once an episcopal-see, and now the seat of government, adjoins the City of London, extending westward.

4.—The appellation of the *Out-parishes*, is taken from the London Bills of Mortality, which were first used in the year 1562; and from 1603, have been kept in regular series. These bills were intended to afford timely notice of any alarming increase of the *plague*, from which

London was then seldom free. But the crowded part of the city was purified by the memorable conflagration of 1666; in the preceding year, 68,596 persons had died of the plague, which has since entirely disappeared. The bills of mortality purport to exhibit the number of christenings and burials, but are not to be relied upon for the full number of either. A comparison of the results of these bills is subjoined.

<i>Baptisms and Burials within the London Bills of Mortality.</i>				
YEARS.	BAPTISMS.		BURIALS.	
	According to the Parish Register.	According to the Bills of Mortality.	According to the Parish Register.	According to the Bills of Mortality.
1700	16,381	15,616	20,298	20,471
1710	15,270	14,928	23,258	24,620
1720	18,690	17,479	23,450	25,454
1730	18,473	17,118	25,309	26,761
1740	17,400	15,231	29,704	30,811
1750	16,582	14,548	24,199	23,727
1760	16,633	14,951	20,737	19,830
1770	18,589	17,109	22,989	22,434
1780	17,649	16,634	21,511	20,517
1790	20,546	18,980	19,359	18,038
1800	19,177	19,176	25,670	23,068
1801	18,275	17,814	19,434	19,374
1802	20,411	19,918	20,260	19,379
1803	21,308	20,983	19,803	19,582
1804	21,769	21,543	16,829	17,038
1805	21,067	20,295	17,862	17,565
1806	21,655	20,380	17,130	17,937
1807	21,277	19,416	19,319	18,334
1808	21,376	19,906	20,068	19,954
1809	22,108	19,612	17,313	16,680
1810	21,298	19,930	20,951	19,893

Anterior to the year 1750, this comparison is not perfect, eleven parishes having been brought into the bills of mortality, between the years 1726 and 1745.

The number of *unregistered interments* in the Metropolis, has been a question much agitated, on occasion of forming computations for life annuities, and for other purposes. In the last six months of 1794, it was ascertained by the collector of the *then* tax on burials, that 3,148 persons were interred without being registered; and it is not likely that the whole number of interments, or even of burial grounds, were discoverable for the purpose of taxation. If it be assumed that, on account of the unregistered interments, a third part (about 7000 annually) may be added to the registered burials, the mortality of the Metropolis, in 1700, was one in twenty-five; in 1750, one in twenty-one; in 1801, (and the four preceding years) one in thirty-five; since that, only one in thirty-eight; thus shewing a gradual improvement in the health of the Metropolis, to a large amount; but it was to be expected that the extension of population over a larger space than formerly would have this salutary effect.

5.—A few parishes, now forming part of the Metropolis, have not yet been brought into the bills of mortality. The rapid increase of the

population of this district since the beginning of the last century, shews how rapidly the Metropolis increases in extent, although its population has not increased so fast as that of the kingdom in general. In 1700, the Metropolis contained almost an eighth part of the inhabitants of England and Wales; in 1750, above a tenth part, and at present rather less than that proportion.

6.—Objections may undoubtedly be made to the propriety of the limits of the Metropolis herein assumed; it may therefore be right to add, that the total population of all the parishes whose churches are within a circle extending eight miles around St. Paul's Cathedral, (including the aforesaid addition of one twenty-fifth part) amounts to one million two hundred and twenty thousand.

The population ascribed to the City of Paris, is included in a district of this size.

SUMMARY OF THE METROPOLIS.							
YEARS.	BAPTISMS.			BURIALS.			MARRIAGES.
	Males.	Females.	Total.	Males.	Females.	Total.	
1801	10,327	10,447	20,774	11,219	11,154	22,373	9,509
1802	11,806	11,552	23,358	11,720	11,385	23,105	12,171
1803	12,191	12,247	24,438	11,858	11,185	23,043	11,784
1804	12,518	12,249	24,767	10,083	9,568	19,651	10,772
1805	12,055	12,020	24,075	10,744	10,284	21,028	10,230
1806	12,456	12,231	24,687	10,204	9,917	20,121	10,483
1807	12,262	12,292	24,554	11,420	11,121	22,541	10,897
1808	12,391	11,989	24,380	12,202	12,501	24,703	10,988
1809	12,686	12,740	25,426	10,578	9,852	20,430	11,216
1810	12,453	12,218	24,671	12,424	12,228	24,652	11,725
Totals	21,145	119,985	241,130	112,452	109,195	221,647	109,774

This summary of the METROPOLIS is collected from the registers of 86 parishes, within the walls of the City of London; from 12 parishes without the walls; from 29 out-parishes; and from 5 other parishes not included within the bills of mortality; (namely Chelsea, R.; Kensington, V.; St. Mary-le-bone, C.; Paddington, C.; and Pancras, V.) in all, from 132 parishes: and it is believed that no return whatever remains due. Several of the returns mention unentered baptisms, burials, and marriages, to the following amount, viz.:

Annual average number of unentered baptisms, 1,345; burials, 5,753; marriages, 27.

POPULATION of GREAT BRITAIN, at four

COUNTIES.	POPULATION.			
	1. 1700.	2. 1750.	3. 1801.	4. 1811.
Bedford	48,500	53,900	65,500	72,600
Berks	74,700	92,700	112,800	122,300
Buckingham	80,500	90,700	111,000	121,600
Cambridge	76,000	72,000	92,300	104,500
Chester	107,000	131,600	198,100	234,600
Cornwall	105,800	135,000	194,500	223,900
Cumberland	62,300	86,900	121,100	138,300
Derby	93,800	109,500	166,500	191,700
Devon	248,200	272,200	354,400	396,100
Dorset	90,000	96,400	119,100	128,900
Durham	95,500	135,000	165,700	183,600
Essex	159,200	167,800	234,000	260,900
Gloucester	155,200	207,800	259,100	295,100
Hereford	60,900	74,100	92,100	97,300
Hertford	32,600	30,500	107,300	108,700
Huntingdon	34,700	32,500	38,800	43,700
Kent	153,800	190,000	317,800	385,600
Lancaster	166,200	297,400	695,100	856,000
Leicester	80,000	95,000	134,400	155,100
Lincoln	180,000	160,200	215,500	245,900
Middlesex	624,200	641,500	845,400	985,100
Monmouth	39,700	40,600	47,100	64,200
Norfolk	210,200	215,100	282,400	301,800
Northampton	119,500	123,300	136,100	146,100
Northumberland	118,000	141,700	162,300	177,900
Nottingham	65,200	77,600	145,000	168,400
Oxford	79,000	92,400	113,200	123,200
Rutland	16,600	13,800	16,900	17,000
Salop, or Shropshire ..	101,600	130,300	172,200	200,800
Somerset	195,900	224,500	282,800	313,300
Southampton } (Hampshire) .. }	118,700	137,500	226,900	253,300
Carried forward	3,793,500	4,369,500	6,221,500	7,121,500

different Periods in the 18th and 19th Centuries.

5.	6.	7.	8.	9.	10.	11.	12.		
							ANNUAL PROPORTIONS.		
Area in Square Miles (English.)	Divisional Meetings of Petty Sessions.	Acting County Magistrates.	Number of entire Parishes.	Parts of Parishes.	Number of Population Returns, 1811.	Number of Parish Register Returns, 1811.	One Baptism to Persons.	One Burial to Persons.	One Marriage to Persons.
430	5	36	123	3	138	126	32	56	126
744	7	84	148	16	220	157	34	53	144
748	9	86	200	7	238	206	33	49	129
686	11	43	158	6	176	171	30	44	127
1,017	8	46	87	3	494	127	33	50	138
1,407	15	83	212	2	217	205	32	62	141
1,497	6	42	103	—	310	133	35	54	138
1,077	6	36	135	6	318	181	33	56	137
2,488	19	119	464	2	465	469	33	52	113
1,129	8	41	270	2	328	262	35	57	135
1,040	12	54	73	2	293	98	33	50	128
1,525	14	140	404	4	429	401	33	44	128
1,122	14	96	335	7	452	328	36	61	120
971	11	61	213	12	272	225	36	58	150
602	7	56	32	4	256	331	—	—	250
345	2	21	103	6	108	97	31	48	129
1,462	14	133	403	3	440	401	30	41	118
1,806	13	90	68	2	467	187	29	48	108
816	6	38	212	8	336	259	36	57	130
2,787	17	53	630	—	727	614	32	51	126
297	9	220	194	1	243	195	40	36	94
516	9	29	120	3	155	124	47	64	153
2,013	33	130	722	3	752	692	30	50	128
965	7	43	301	6	343	293	35	52	133
1,809	8	36	82	1	554	94	37	53	137
774	6	52	207	3	266	216	32	52	119
742	8	41	214	10	312	225	34	55	138
200	1	11	52	1	60	49	32	53	147
1,403	13	58	206	21	336	228	36	57	143
1,549	16	110	474	2	544	474	35	52	129
1,533	13	107	308	6	394	309	31	49	106
35,500	332	2,195	7,353	152	10,563	7,877

POPULATION of GREAT BRITAIN, at four

COUNTIES.	POPULATION.			
	1. 1700.	2. 1750.	3. 1801.	4. 1811.
Brought forward	3,793,500	4,369,500	6,221,500	7,121,500
Stafford	117,200	160,000	247,100	304,000
Suffolk	152,700	156,800	217,400	242,900
Surrey	154,900	207,100	278,000	334,700
Sussex	91,400	107,400	164,600	196,500
Warwick	96,600	140,000	215,100	236,400
Westmorland	28,600	36,300	43,000	47,500
Wilts	153,900	168,400	191,200	200,300
Worcester	88,200	108,000	143,900	165,900
York, East Riding ..	98,200	85,500	144,000	173,000
York, North Riding..	98,600	117,200	160,500	157,600
York, West Riding..	236,700	361,500	582,700	675,100
England	5,108,500	6,017,700	8,600,000	9,855,400
Wales	366,500	449,300	559,000	632,600
	5,475,000	6,467,000	9,168,000	10,488,000
Scotland	1,048,000	1,403,000	1,652,000	1,865,000
Great Britain ..	6,523,000	7,870,000	10,817,000	12,353,000

different Periods in the 18th and 19th Centuries.

5.	6.	7.	8.	9.	10.	11.	12.		
							ANNUAL PROPORTIONS.		
Area in Square Miles (English.)	Divisional Meetings of Petty Sessions.	Acting County Magistrates.	Number of entire Parishes.	Parts of Parishes.	Number of Population Returns. 1811.	Number of Parish Register Returns. 1811.	One Baptism to Persons.	One Burial to Persons.	One Marriage to Persons.
35,500	332	2,195	7,353	152	10,563	7,877
1,196	8	60	132	13	361	178	32	52	121
1,566	17	104	508	5	521	498	31	53	128
811	10	144	139	2	168	143	36	45	130
1,461	13	76	312	3	328	300	30	55	129
984	4	40	200	9	268	209	35	42	116
722	2	18	32	1	113	63	31	54	135
1,283	13	73	295	14	391	307	35	54	136
674	9	40	167	7	252	197	32	52	132
1,268	11	33	242	1	451	246	30	47	105
2,112	15	53	190	2	530	217	30	51	125
2,633	11	59	198	5	674	278	31	51	123
50,210	445	2,895	9,768	214	14,620	10,313	33	49	120
8,125	75	398	772	56	1,121	846	37	60	136
58,335	520	3,293	10,540	270	15,741	11,159	34	50	122
29,167	Add for Parts of Parishes, Col. 9.....		134						
87,502	Total Parishes....		10,674						
	Scotland..		882	80	1,005				
	Add for Parts of Parishes.....		39						
	Total Parishes....		921						

REMARKS.

Column 5. The English square mile contains 640 statute acres.

Scotland (with its islands), is about equal to Ireland in area, and is half as large as England and Wales.

Column 7. The justices of peace acting under the commission for the Isle of Ely, are included in Cambridgeshire; and the justices acting for the ainstey of the City of York, are included in the East Riding. One hundred and eighty-three cities and towns have magistrates who lay claim to an *exclusive* jurisdiction; but most of them exercise only a *concurrent* jurisdiction with the county magistrates, and some of them no jurisdiction at all.

Column 9. The 270 parts of parishes in England and Wales produce only 134 parishes, two parishes extending into three counties each; 80 parts of Parishes in Scotland, produce only 39 parishes, for a similar reason.

Column 10. The number of places which separately and distinctly levy a rate to maintain their own poor is 14,611, according to the poor return abstract of 1803.

The number of marriages in Devonshire and Hampshire is considerably increased by sailors' marriages, which take place at Plymouth and Portsmouth: and the proportion of marriages in Middlesex is rendered very high by the practice of clandestine marriage, which is easily accomplished in London. The very low proportion of marriages in Hertfordshire shews that this practice extends even to the lower classes in that county.

The FIRST PART of CORRY'S HISTORY of LANCASHIRE will be published in June, 1820.

Mr. CORRY is preparing for the Press, CROMWELL; or, THE ADVENTURER: a Tale, to be comprised in Three Volumes, Twelves.

THE END.



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